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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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REV. C. L. MANN, D.D., M.D., LL.D.—M. E. CHURCH—DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHLAND, BLUFFTON,—

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED LAST SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1891, AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Urgent Need of Advance—The Universal Activity of the Enemy—A Well Equipped Force—Some Startling Facts—Where the Need Lies—Enduement From on High Indispensable—What Men Have Achieved by it in the Past—The Wonderful Outpouring Thirty-three Years Ago—A Time of Financial Convulsion—Charles Finney's Services in the Theatre—Conversions on Shipboard—The History of Unanswered Prayers.

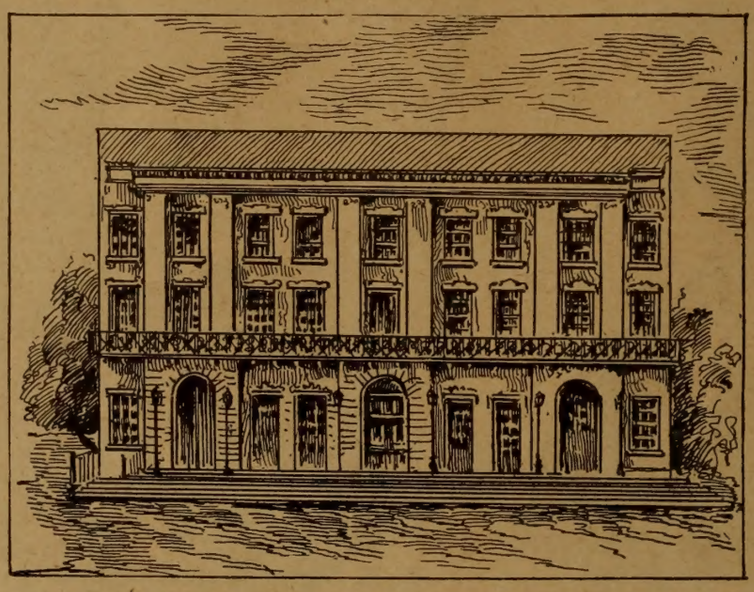
"Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." Luke 24 : 49.

FOR a few months, in the providence of God, I have two pulpits, one in Brooklyn and the other in New York, and through the kindness of the printing-press an ever-widening opportunity. To all such hearers and readers I come with an especial message. The time has arrived for a forward movement such as the Church and the world have never seen. That there is a need for such a religious movement is evident from the fact that never since our world was swung out among the planets has there been such an organized and determined effort to overthrow righteousness and make the Ten Commandments obsolete and the whole Bible a derision. Meanwhile alcoholism is taking down its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and the political parties get down on their knees, practically saying: "O thou almighty Rum Jug, we bow down before thee. Give us the offices, city, State, and national. Oh, give us the offices and we will worship thee forever and ever, Amen." The Christian Sabbath meanwhile, appointed for physical, mental, and spiritual rest, is being secularized and abolished. As if the bad publishing-houses of our own country had exhausted their literary filth, the French and Russian sewers have been invited to pour their scurrility and moral slush into the trough where our American swine are now wallowing. Meanwhile, there are enough houses of infamy in all our cities, open and unmolested of the law, to invoke the Omnipotent wrath which buried Sodom under a deluge of brimstone. The pandemoniac world, I think, has massed its troops, and they are this moment plying their batteries upon family circles, church circles, social circles, political circles, and national circles. Apollyon is in the saddle and riding at the head of his myrmidons would capture this world for darkness and woe.

That is one side of the conflict now raging. On the other side we have the most magnificent Gospel machinery that the world ever saw or heaven ever invented. In the first place, in this country more than eighty thousand ministers of religion and, take them as a class, more consecrated, holier, more consistent, more self-denying, more faithful men never lived. I know them by the thousands. I have met them in every city. I am told, not by them but by people outside our profession, people engaged in Christian and reformatory work, that the clergy of America are at the head of all good enterprises and, whoever else fail, they may be depended on. The truth of this is demonstrated by the fact that when a minister of religion does fall, it is so exceptional that the newspapers report it as something startling, while a hundred men in other callings may go down without the matter being considered as especially worth mentioning. In addition to their equipment in moral character, the clergy of this country have all that the schools can give. All [illegible]æological, rhetorical, scientific, scholastic, [illegible]ry attainment. So much for the Christian [illegible] all denominations. In the next [illegible]r side of the conflict, we have the grandest churches of all time, and higher style of membership, and more of them, and a host without number of splendid men and women who are doing their best to have this world purified, elevated, gospelized. But we all feel that something is wanting. Enough hearty songs have been sung and enough earnest sermons preached within the last six months to save all the cities of America, and saving the cities you save the world, for they overflow all the land either with their religion or their infamy.

But look at some of the startling facts. It is nearly nineteen hundred years since Jesus Christ came by the way of Bethlehem caravansary to save this world, yet the most of the world has been no more touched by this most stupendous fact of all eternity than if on the first Christmas night the beasts of the stall amid the bleatings of their own young had not heard the bleating of the Lamb that was to be slain. Out of the eighteen hundred million of the human race fourteen hundred million are without God and without hope in the world, the camel-driver of Arabia, Mahomet, with his nine wives, having half as many disciples as our blessed Christ, and more people are worshipping chunks of painted wood and carved stone than are worshipping the living and eternal God. Meanwhile, the most of us who are engaged in Christian work—I speak for myself as well as others—are toiling up to our full capacity of body, mind and soul, harnessed up to the last buckle, not able to draw a pound more than we are drawing, or lift an ounce more than we are lifting.

What is the matter? My text lets out the secret. We all need more of the power from on high. Not muscular power, not logical power, not scientific power, not social power, not financial power, not brain power, but power from on high. With it we could accomplish more in one week than without it in a hundred years. And I am going to get it, if in answer to prayer, earnest and long-continued, God will grant it me, his unworthy servant. Men and women who know how to pray, when you pray for yourself, pray for me that I may be endued with power from on high. I would rather have it than all the diamond fields of Golconda, and all the pearls of the sea, and all the gold of the mountains. Many of the mightiest intellects never had a touch of it, and many of the less than ordinary intellects have been surcharged with it. And every man and woman on earth has a right to aspire to it, a right to pray for it, and, properly persistent, will obtain it. Power from on the level is a good thing, such power as I may give you, or you may give me, by encouraging words and actions. Power from on the level, when we stand by each other in any Christian undertaking. Power from on the level when other pulpits are in accord with ours. Power from on the level when the religions and secular press forward our Christian undertakings. But power from on the level is not sufficient. Power from on high is what we need to take possession of us. Power straight from God. Supernatural power, Omnipotent power, all-conquering power. Not more than one out of a thousand of the ministers have it continuously. Not more than one out of ten thousand Christians have it all the time. Given in abundance, these last ten years of the nineteenth century would accomplish more for God and the Church and the world than the previous ninety years of this century.



Old Burton's Theatre, New York, where Charles G. Finney Preached.

A few men and women in each age of the world have possessed it. Caroline Fry, the immortal Quakeress, had it, and three hundred of the depraved and suffering of Newgate prison under her exhortation, repented and believed. Jonathan Edwards had it, and Northampton meeting-house heard the outburst of religious emotion as he spake of righteousness and judgment to come. Samuel Budgett, the Christian merchant, had it, and his benefactions showered the world. John Newton had it. Bishop Latimer had it. Isabella Graham had it, Andrew Fuller had it. The great evangelists, Daniel Baker, and Dr. Nettleton, and Truman Osborn, and Charles G. Finney had it. In my boyhood I saw Truman Osborn rise to preach in the village church at Somerville, New Jersey, and before he had given out his text or uttered a word, people in the audience sobbed aloud with religious emotion. It was the power from on high. All in greater or less degree may have it. Once get it and nothing can stand before you. Satan goes down. Caricature goes down. Infidelity goes down. Worldliness goes down. All opposition goes down.

Several times in the history of the Church and the world has this power from on high been demonstrated. In the seventeenth century, after a great season of moral depression, this power from on high came down upon John Tillotson and Owen and Flavel and Baxter and Bunyan, and there was a deluge of mercy higher than the tops of the highest mountains of sin. In the eighteenth century, in England and America, religion was at a low water mark. Cowper, writing of the clergy of those days, said:

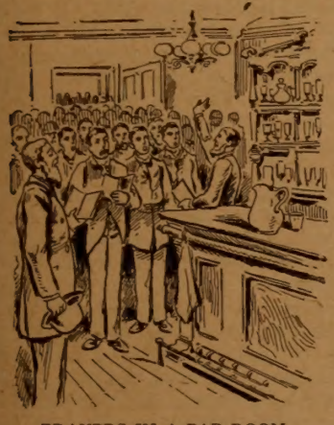
> Except a few with Eli's spirit blest
> Hophni and Phineas may describe the rest.

The infidel writings of Shaftesbury and Hobbes and Chubb had done their work. But power from on high came upon both the Wesleys and Lady Huntingdon on the other side the Atlantic, and upon William Tennant and Gilbert Tennant and David Brainerd on this side the Atlantic, and both hemispheres felt the tread of a pardoning God. Coming to later date, there may be here and there in this audience an aged man or woman who can remember New York in 1831, when this power from on high descended most wondrously. It came upon pastors, and congregations, and theatres, and commercial establishments. Chatham Street Theatre,

New York, was the scene of a most tremendous religious awakening. A committee of Christian gentlemen called upon the lessee of the theatre and said they would like to buy the lease of the theatre. He said, "What do you want it for?" They replied, "for a church." "For wh-a-a-t?" said the owner. "For a church" was the reply. The owner said: "You may have it and I will give you a thousand dollars to help you on with your work." Arthur Tappan, a man mightily persecuted in his time, but a man, as I saw him in his last days, as honest and pure and good as any man I ever knew, stepped on the stage of old Chatham Theatre as the actors were closing their morning rehearsal and said: "There will be preaching here tonight on this stage," and then gave out and sang with such people as were there, the old hymn:

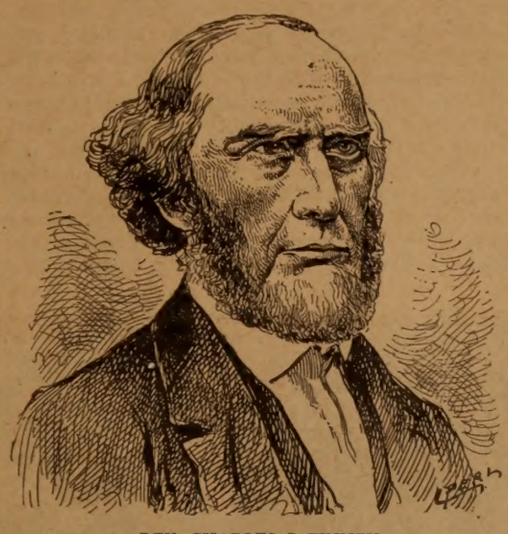
The voice of free grace cries, escape to the mountain,
For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain.

The bar-room of the theatre was turned into a prayer-room, and eight hundred persons were present at the first meeting. For seventy successive nights religious services were held in that theatre, and such scenes of mercy and salvation as will be subjects of conversation and congratulation among the ransomed in glory as long as heaven lasts. But I come to a later time—1857—remembered by many who are here. I remember it especially as I had just entered the office of the ministry. It was a year of hard times. A great panic had flung hundreds of thousands of people penniless. Starvation entered habitations that had never before known a want. Domestic life, in many cases, became a tragedy. Suicide, garroting, burglary, assassination were rampant. What an awful day that was when the banks went down. There has been nothing like it in thirty years, and I pray God there may not be anything like it in the next thirty centuries. Talk about your Black Fridays! It was Black Saturday, Black Sunday, Black Monday, Black Tuesday, Black Wednesday, Black Thursday, as well as Black Friday.



PRAYERS IN A BAR-ROOM.

This nation in its extremity fell helpless before the Lord and cried for pardon and peace, and upon ministers and laymen the power from on high descended. Engine-houses, warerooms, hotel parlors, museums, factories from twelve to one o'clock while the operatives were resting, were opened for prayers and sermons, and inquiry rooms, and Burton's old theatre on Chambers Street, where our ancestors used to assemble to laugh at the comedies, and all up and down the streets, and out on the docks and on the deck of ships lying at the wharf, people sang, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," while others cried for mercy. A great mass-meeting of Christians on a week-day, in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, telegraphed to Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, in New York, saying: "What hath God wrought?" and a telegram went back, saying "Two hundred souls saved at our meeting to-day." A ship came through the Narrows into our harbor, the captain reporting that himself and all the crew had been converted to God between New Orleans and New York. In the busiest marts of our busiest American cities, where the worshippers of Mammon had been counting their golden beads, men began to calculate, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" The waiters in restaurants after the closing of their day's work knelt among the tables where they had served. Policemen asked consent of the Commissioner of Police to be permitted to attend religious meetings. At Albany members of the New York Legislature assembled in the room of the Court of Appeals at half-past eight o'clock in the morning for prayer and praise. Printed invitations were sent out to the firemen of New York saying, "Come as suits your convenience best, whether in fire or citizens' dress, but come! come!" Quarrymen knelt among the rocks. Fishermen knelt in their boats. Weavers knelt among the looms. Sailors knelt among the hammocks Schoolmasters knelt among their classes. A gentleman travelling said there was a line of prayer-meetings from Omaha to Washington



REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY.

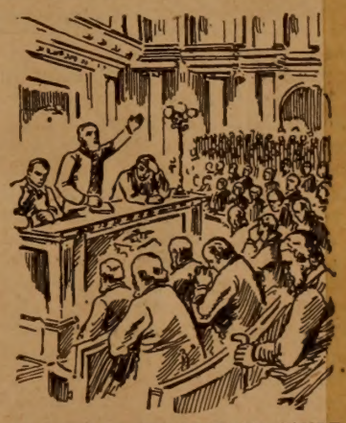
City, and, he might have added, a line of prayer-meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, and from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico.

In those days, what songs, what sermons, what turnings to God, what recital of thrilling experiences, what prodigals brought home, what burning tidings of souls saved, what serfdom of sin emancipated, what wild rout of the forces of darkness, what victories for the truth! What millions on earth and in heaven are now thanking God for 1857, which, though the year of worst financial calamity, was the year of America's most glorious blessing. How do you account for 1857, its spiritual triumphs on the heels of its worldly misfortune? It was what my text calls the power from on high.

That was thirty-three years ago, and though there have been in various parts of the land many stirrings of the Holy Ghost, there has been no general awakening. Does it not seem to you that we ought to have and may have the scenes of power in 1857, eclipsed by the scenes of power in 1891? The circumstances are somewhat similar. While we have not had national panic, and universal prostration as in 1857, there has been a stringency in the money market that has put many of the families of the earth to their wit's end. Large commercial interests collapsing have left multitudes of employees without means of support. The racked brains of business men have almost or entirely given way. New illustrations all over the land of the fact that riches have not only feet, on which they walk slowly as they come, but wings on which they speed when they go. Eternal God! Thou knowest how cramped, and severe, and solemn a time it is with many. And, as the business ruin of 1857 was followed by the glorious triumphs of grace, let the awful struggles of 1890, be followed by the hallelujahs of a nation saved in 1891.

Brethren in the Gospel ministry! if we spent half as much time in prayer, as we do in the preparation of our sermons nothing could stand before us. We would have the power from on high as we never have had it. Private membership of all Christendom! if we spent half as much time in positive prayer for this influence as we do in thinking about it and talking about it, there would not be secretaries enough to take down the names of those who would want to give in their names for enlistment. We would have hundreds of cases like those recently reported when a man said to an evangelist, "I am a lost sinner. Pray for me. My wife has been a professor of religion for years, but I knew she did not *enjoy* religion, and I said if that was all there was in religion, I did not want it. But for the last few days she has looked and acted in such an elevated and glorious spirit that I cannot stand it, away from God. I want the same religion that inspires her." Come! Come! all through the United States, and all through Christendom, and all around the world let us join hands in holy pledge that we will call upon God for the power. Oh, for a power from on high, the power that came at Pentecost, yea, for ten thousand Pentecosts. Such times will come, and they will come in our day if we have the faith and the prayer and the consecration.

As the power from on high in 1857 was more remarkable in Academies of Music, and Lyceum halls, and theatres than in churches, why not this winter of 1891 in these two Academies of Music, places of secular entertainment where we are, during the rebuilding of our Brooklyn Tabernacle, so grandly and graciously treated by the owners and lessors and lessees; why not expect, and why not have the power from on high, comforting power, arousing power, convicting power, converting power, saving power, Omnipotent power? My opinion is that in the cluster of cities by the Atlantic coast, there are five hundred thousand people now ready to accept the Gospel call, if, freed from all the conventionalities of the Church, it were earnestly and with strong faith presented to them. In these brilliant assemblies, there are hundreds who are not frequenters of churches, and who do not believe much, if at all, in ministers of religion or ecclesiastical organizations. But God knows you have struggles in which you need help and bereavements, in which you want solace and persecutions, in which you ought to have defence, and perplexities in which you want guidance, and with a profound thoughtfulness you stand by the grave of the old year, and the cradle of the young year, wondering where you will be, and what you will be when "rolling years shall cease to move." Power from on high descend upon them! Men of New York, and Brooklyn, I offer you God and heaven. From the day you came to these cities, what a struggle you have had! I can tell from your care-worn countenances, and the tears in your eyes, and the deep sigh, you have just breathed that you want reenforcement, and here it is. A greater than Blucher, when he reenforced Wellington, greater than the Bank of England, when last month it reenforced the Barings; namely, the God who through Jesus Christ is ready to pardon all your sin, comfort all your sorrows, scatter all your doubts, and swing all the shining gates of heaven wide open before your redeemed spirit. Come into the Kingdom of God! Without a half second of delay, come in!



SERVICE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

Many of my hearers to-day are what the world calls, and what I would call, splendid fellows, and they seem happy enough, and are jolly, and obliging, and if I were in trouble I would go to them with as much confidence as to my father, if he were yet alive. But

their rooms at night or when the excitements of social and business life are off, they are not content, and they want something better than this world can offer. I understand them so well I would, without any fear of being thought rough, put my right hand on their one shoulder and my left hand on their other shoulder, and push them into the kingdom of God. But I cannot. Power from high, lay hold of them!

Years ago, at the close of a religious service in Brooklyn Tabernacle, a gentleman most distinguished in appearance, and with remarkable cerebral development came forward with his wife and daughter, and said to me in a most courteous and elegant way: "Let me introduce you to my wife and daughter who wish a some counsel in regard to religious matters," and the three sat down. After I had conversed with the wife and daughter, I turned to the gentleman, and said: "Perhaps you have some interest yourself in these matters?" "None whatever," was the reply, polite yet firm. But before the meeting had closed I saw his hand lifted to his forehead, and his eyes closed, and I said: "Sir, have you not changed your mind and are you not thoughtful on this subject?" He said: "I am: since coming to this seat, I have sought and found Christ as my Saviour and I have but one desire more and that is, before I leave this house to join my wife and daughter in making profession of the Christian religion. I have been known as on the wrong side long enough." What was it that had come upon him? It was power from high.

At the first communion after the dedication of our former church, three hundred and twenty-eight souls stood up in the aisles and publicly espoused the cause of Christ. At another time four hundred souls; at another time six hundred; and our four thousand five hundred membership of but a small part of those within those sacred walls pledged themselves the vows of Christian. What turned them? What saved them? Power on the level? No. Power from on high.

But greater things are to be seen if ever these cities, and ever this world is to be taken for God. There is one class of men and women in all these assemblages from whom I have especial interest, and that is those who had good fathers and mothers once, but they are dead. What multitudes of us are orphans! We may be forty, fifty, eighty years old, but we never get used to having father and mother gone. Oh, how often we have had troubles that we would like to have told them, and we always felt as long as father and mother were alive we had some one to whom we could go. Now I would like to ask if you think that all their prayers in your behalf have been answered. "No," you say, "but it is too late, the old folks are gone now." I must courteously contradict you. It is not too late. I have a friend in the ministry, who was attending the last hours of an aged Christian, and my friend said to the old Christian: "Is there no trouble on your mind?" The old man turned his face to the wall for a few moments and then said: "Only one thing: I hope for the salvation of my ten children, but not one of them is yet saved; yet I am sure they will be. God means to wait until I am gone." So he died. When my friend told of the circumstances eight of the ten had found the Lord, and I have no doubt the other two before this have found him. Oh, that the long-postponed answers to prayer for you my brother, for you my sister, might this hour send down power from on high.

The story of these unanswered prayers for eternity only knows. They may have been offered in the solemn birth-hour. They may have been offered when you were down with scarlet fever or diphtheria, or membraneous croup. They may have been offered some night when you were sound asleep in the trundle-bed, and your mother came in to see if you were rightly covered in the cold winter night. They may have been offered at that time which comes at least once in almost every one's life when your father and mother had hard work to make a living, and they feared that want would come to them and you. They may have been offered when the lips could no longer move and the eyes were closed for the long sleep. O, unanswered prayers of father and mother, where are you? In what room of the old homestead have they hidden? O, unanswered prayers, rise in a mist of many tears into a cloud, and then break in a shower which shall soften the heart of that man who is so hard he cannot cry, or that woman who is ashamed to pray! O, arm-chair of the aged, now empty and in the garret among the rubbish, speak out! O staff of the pilgrim who has ended his weary journey, tell of the parental anxieties that bent over thee. O family Bible with story of births and deaths, rustle some of thy time-worn leaves, and let us know of the wrinkled hands that once turned thy pages, and explain that spot where a tear fell upon the passage: "O, Absalom, my son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

"Captain and Crew Converted on a Voyage from New Orleans to New York."

Good and gracious God! What will become of us, if after having had such a devout and praying parentage, we never pray for ourselves! We will pray. We will begin now. Oh, for the power from on high, power to move this assemblage, power to save Brooklyn and New York, power of evangelism that shall sweep across this continent like an ocean surge, power to girdle the round earth with a red girdle dipped in the blood of the cross. If this forward movement is to begin at all, there must be some place for it to begin, and why not this place? And there must be some time for it to begin, and why not this time? And so I sound for your ears a rhythmic invitation, which, until a few days ago, never came under my eye, but it is so sweet, so sobbing with pathos, so triumphant with joy, that whoever chimed it, instead of being anonymous, ought to be immortal:

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree:
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free—
O, wretched sinner come!

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts opprest—
O, weary sinner, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the cross:
Count all thy gains but empty dross,
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O, needy sinner, come!

Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears,
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears:
O, trembling sinner, come!

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTHLAND.

Dr. C. L. Mann's Great Enterprise for Promoting Industrial and Higher Education in the South.

THE whole South, and that large section of the North which is in hearty sympathy with every well-conceived effort to promote the welfare of the South, will be interested in the pictures that appear this week on the first page of this journal, and in the story of an enterprise which seems destined to supply its most urgent need. What that need is, cannot be a matter of doubt with any man who has both a personal knowledge of the condition of that section and a realization of the power of religious education to benefit any people. The lower panel of the illustration represents the central building of the University of the Southland, which, it is hoped, will soon be erected in Alabama, (from the design of the architect, Mr. G. M. Pollard.) The upper panels contain a portrait of its founder and Chancellor, Dr. C. L. Mann (from a photograph by Davis Garber, 747 Broadway, New York), and a picture of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Anniston, which he founded.

The idea of the University is an outgrowth of the work which Dr. Mann has been doing in Alabama during the past ten years. Dr. Mann had completed a course of medical training with the object of going out as a medical missionary to China. In his Christian home, he had been led under the tender influences of a saintly mother and a godly father to give his heart to God and to consecrate his life to the cause of the Saviour. He had been preaching for several years, his first sermon having been delivered, with a wood-pile for a pulpit, when he was only fourteen years of age. God had blessed his labors to the conversion of many, and the young man was full of enthusiasm and a desire to go to the front where the battle was raging most fiercely between the forces of Christ and Satan. China offered such a field and Dr. Mann, having gained by hard study and practice of the healing art, that medical qualification which has been found so valuable an aid to the work of the Christian missionary, was preparing to set out for that field. It was then that he listened to words from the lips of a man who had just returned from a tour in the South, which gave to the current of his life a new direction. He was deeply impressed by the story he heard of the misery, destitution, ignorance, and degradation in which thousands of the people were living in the Southern States. That was a call nearer home, and, after prayerful consideration, Dr. Mann felt it his duty to respond to it.

The next year found him at Birmingham, Ala., then a mere village. From the Conference which was sitting at Weedowee, Clay County, he obtained an appointment to labor in South Alabama. He went there and began Christian work, living with the poorest of the people and sharing their humble homes and frugal fare, learned the nature of their lives, their difficulties, and their sorrows, as no mere visitor could. He soon arrived at the conviction that

next to the religion which was a necessity for their souls, their crying need was such education as would raise their lives in *this* world to a higher level. Some of the most grievous cases of poverty that he met with were the result of ignorance. One instance is worthy of record, as a specimen of many others. A man who had managed by the most rigorous self-denial to accumulate savings to the amount of $300, was induced to purchase some land for $500. The balance was to be secured on mortgage, which was also to cover money advanced for the purchase of tools, seed, and provisions for the use of the family until the crops were realized. One crop was gathered in and a payment on account was made. The man toiled on in hope; but just as a second crop was approaching maturity his farm was seized under the mortgage and he and his wife and children and his aged mother were turned out of doors. The whole of his two years' work and his original hoard of $300 had been sacrificed, and he had to start life anew. It was all legal; the mortgage deed, which the man had signed with his mark, sanctioned all the proceedings, but the man had not been able to read it. In numberless similar ways the poorer class of the people are being swindled by unprincipled men, who take advantage of their ignorance. Dr. Mann saw them, sorrowed with them and sought a way to help them by helping them to protect themselves.

His first step was to organize a school, and get a charter for it, to secure for it the protection of the State. The erection of the building required a tremendous effort. He secured donations of lumber, volunteer laborers did much of the work, without pay, and Dr. Mann was his own architect and general manager. The value of the building, with the site, was estimated at $5,000. It was opened with sixty students and a curriculum including the higher branches was arranged. After a year thus spent in Southern Alabama, Dr. Mann returned to Birmingham with the object of more widely extending his work. A school was established in Northwestern Alabama, another, in the Northeastern district, was revived; also a new log school-house was built in connection with a very neat frame church. Still another school was established at Bluffton, and a church was built. At this place Dr. Mann also secured two hundred acres of land and succeeded in interesting in his enterprise the Bluffton Land Ore and Furnace Company. This company is one of the corporations which, since the war, has found in the South a veritable mine of wealth. The land they own and work, yields the finest ore on the Continent. They are very liberal people who, feeling a concern for the welfare of the people around them, entered enthusiastically into Dr. Mann's plans. They have generously undertaken to erect, on the land he has secured, a building which shall be the glory of the State, and which shall serve as a nucleus and centre of educational work. To this all the schools Dr. Mann has organized, and others that may be hereafter formed, in other districts, will send their brightest pupils to gain the benefits of a University course. This is the magnificent stone edifice, a picture of which appears on the first page. It is to have a frontage of three hundred feet, wings each two hundred feet, and to be five stories high, making one of the finest college buildings in America. Bishop Mallalieu, in his address at the breaking of ground for the new building, said: "Who would have thought, twenty-five years ago, that upon this magnificent summit, looking out upon these grand mountain peaks and this beautiful valley, there should rise a glory of architecture, a poem in rock? Yet this is being accomplished before our eyes." Governor Seay said: "In behalf of the State I extend ardent sanction to it, and trust with confidence that its work will be commensurate with the grace and power of the great denomination of Christians under whose auspices it is founded." Dr. Wm. F. Warren, President of Boston University telegraphed, "Welcome! Boston University sends cordial congratulations and good wishes."

Dr. Mann is now engaged in raising funds to make this institution all that he, and the generous donors who are building it, desire to see it. Having the gift of the building to begin with—a gift like that of Peter Cooper to New York, and that of Andrew Carnegie to Allegheny City, Pa.—Dr. Mann is sanguine of success. It is true he needs much. The University must be furnished plainly, but substantially; it must have a library and educational apparatus and appliances for the school of Technology which is to be a prominent feature of the University. There must also be an endowment for the support of Professors. All this requires money. Here is an opportunity for the North to show its sympathy for the South in a practical way. There is no better way of helping a people than by helping them to help themselves, and that is the nature of this enterprise. The young men who are to be the leaders of the State will there receive the best kind of preparation for the discharge of their responsible duties.

Dr. Mann is fortified with the strongest kind of recommendations from eminent men. Dr. Talmage writes: "I rejoice in the establishment and prosperity of the University of the Southland, and hope that you may obtain all needed re-enforcement in carrying on your great educational enterprise." The Rev. R. S. Rust, D.D., LL.D., Hon. Secretary of the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society, writes: "I congratulate you upon what you have already accomplished, which is truly marvellous. . . . I pray that your enterprise may be crowned with success." Similar words of sympathy and commendation come from Bishops C. H. Fowler, Thomas Bowman, John P. Newman, J. N. Fitzgerald, H. W. Warren, John H. Vincent, D. A. Goodsell, John F. Hurst, W. X. Ninde, and many other well-known men. So endorsed Dr. Mann will find a sympathetic hearing from the Churches and the public, and will, we trust, achieve the success for which he has so ardently labored.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Purchase of a Ring Recently Saved a Lady from expulsion from a boarding-house at Saratoga, N. Y. She was young and beautiful and had with her a child of three years of age. She noticed after a short stay in the boarding-house that the other lady boarders avoided her, and she could not imagine the reason. All her efforts to be friendly with them were repulsed, and their aversion increased after her husband visited her there. Finally the boarding-house-keeper told her that she must leave. The ladies in the house objected to her presence there. They said that although she had her child with her, they did not believe she was married, as she wore no wedding-ring. The lady explained that she was married when she was only seventeen and her husband, who was only two years older, was too poor at the time to buy a ring. Since that time, though, prosperity had shone upon them, their expenses had increased and other things had appeared more necessary than the ring. She produced her marriage certificate and promised to write at once to her husband. He answered in person and together they visited a jeweller's and purchased a ring wherewith to satisfy the scruples of the boarders. The marriage-certificate ought to have been sufficient to satisfy them, but society is apt to attach importance to symbols. Too much importance is sometimes attached to them, as when people are more concerned about the sacraments than about union with the Saviour. (Ezek. 33: 31.)

The Cause of the Permanence of Tattoo Marks on the human skin may be inferred from the report of an investigation recently made by a surgeon in Mount Washington University Hospital, Baltimore. He, in common with other surgeons and chemists had experimented with the object of discovering some agent which would remove the India ink marks made by the tattooing-needles. He failed as others have done and was curious about the cause. A short time ago a sailor died in the hospital and his body, being unclaimed, was dissected. On the sailor's arm a coat-of-arms had been tattooed in various colors. The surgeon removed the skin and found that the marks were clear in the flesh beneath. He removed one layer of flesh after another and still the pattern appeared. At last the bone was exposed and, to his astonishment the surgeon found the coat of arms clearly defined on its white surface in the original colors. It had not penetrated the bone but it had marked it. The surgeon says he shall make no more attempts to remove tattoo-marks; he has no hope of taking out marks that have made their way to the very bone. Sin has the same penetrating quality and no system of philosophy has found a way to remove its indelible stain. Neither repentance nor reformation can eradicate it. The sinner finds no remedy until he applies to "the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth us from all sin." (1. John, 1: 7.)

The Exclusion of a Healthy American Ship from British ports in the West Indies has caused some surprise and no little annoyance to the officers. The United States Cruiser *Petrel* has been on her first long voyage. She put in at Porto Rico a Spanish island in the West Indies. There was an interruption at that port of telegraphic communication, owing to a break in the cable. It was being repaired, so the cruiser waited two days in the port, the officers visiting the quaint town and making the acquaintance of Spanish officers there, and on a Spanish gunboat then in the harbor. They passed a pleasant time and were sorry when the day came to resume the voyage. Their regret at leaving, however, was soon changed for regret at having been there at all. On arriving at Tortola, the ship was refused admission to the harbor as the English quarantine all vessels arriving from Porto Rico. On December 22, the *Petrel* steamed away for St. Kitts and there, too, she was warned off. The captain protested that the ship was new and there was not a case of sickness on board, but it made no difference. The authorities said that any ship coming from Porto Rico must be excluded for fifteen days, no matter what her condition might be. It would be useless attempting to enter any English port before the expiration of that period. If such precautions were used against *moral* infection, there would be a revolution in society. At present, society welcomes not only men who are known to associate with immoral people, but men who are themselves notoriously immoral, and this in defiance of the Apostolic command. (II. Cor. 6: 17.)

A Marriage Contract Signed in Fun Appears likely to cause some embarrassment to two young people in St. Louis. At a large party in an aristocratic mansion in that city, on Christmas Eve, fun and merriment and practical joking were unrestrained. Some one suggested that there should be a marriage and a young lawyer, who was one of the guests, sat down and drew up a marriage contract. Then signatures were looked for and in the prevailing hilarity two young people were soon found who carelessly attached their signatures to the document. Several others signed as witnesses and no more was thought of it until the young lady returned home and told her parents of "the joke." Her father was concerned about the matter and the next day sought the lawyer who had the contract in his possession. On examining it and consulting the marriage laws of the State, they found that the lawyer had unwittingly made the contract a valid marriage. Both parties to it insist that they only signed in fun and had no idea they were being really married. But the law takes no account of inadvertence and it is believed the contract will hold good until it is dissolved by legal process. In this feature it is an exact contrast to union with Christ, of which marriage is a type. In *that* case all forms are worthless and intention is all-important. Though in the excitement of a revival a convert may declare and honestly believe that he has entered into that union, it does not exist unless he has given himself entirely to the Saviour to be his in body, soul and spirit, with all that such an offering involves. (Rom. 12: 1, 2.)

PRE-MILLENNIALISM IN THE CHURCH.

Dr. McBride's Address of Welcome at the Recent Conference in Brooklyn, Held in His Church.

MR. PRESIDENT and Brethren of this Conference, I salute you in the name of our divine Master. I bid you welcome to the Centennial Church and the city of Brooklyn. When we learned of your purpose to hold a meeting of this kind we at once concluded that this was the most appropriate place for such a meeting. Brooklyn is a beautiful city, beautifully situated. It was once entitled to be called the City of Churches. We regret that it can no longer be honored by such distinction. It is outranked in this respect by many other cities. A constant stream of humanity from all lands has poured into our borders. Half our population never go to church. We trust, therefore, that your coming among us, beside creating a relish for Bible study and a new interest in the

Neglected Truths of Prophecy,

will be instrumental in awakening the Christians of this community to an appreciation of their privileges and of the tremendous responsibilities that rest upon them.

We welcome you because you are Bible believers. To us this is most important. Perilous times have come. The old Book is being assaulted as never before. The batteries of hell have opened upon it. The forces of evil are confederated for its destruction. From every quarter within the Church as well as without, men are assailing it with a virulence and a violence hitherto unheard of. Instructors and infidels, doctors of divinity and defamers of divinity, professors of religion and protestors against religion, higher critics and critics for hire are seeking to undermine the Word of God and blow up the rock on which we stand. Its inspiration, its authenticity, its credibility and authority are questioned or denied. Its accounts of the creation and the flood are pronounced pure fiction. The authors of "*Lux Mundi*" have sacrificed the pre-Abrahamic stories. Eve is a fabrication, and the account of Jonah legendary. We believe the old book from cover to cover. We have no sympathy with what is called

The Higher Criticism,

or any other work of darkness. We take no stock in Elohistic or Jahvistic documents. We have no need for redactors. We believe that all Scripture is God-breathed; that men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit; that every chapter, verse, line, jot and tittle on the original parchments was inspired. We believe its professions, its promises, its precepts, its stories of Eve and Lot's wife, of Jonah, and of the flood. It is enough for us, as the late Canon Alldon has said, that Jesus Christ set the seal of his infallible testimony on the whole of the Old Testament and went out of his way to sanction the very parts that modern sceptics reject. We believe in the ultimate triumph of this Book. The Word of our God shall stand forever.

Again, we welcome you as pre-millennialists. You believe in the second personal coming of our Lord; that the same Jesus who was taken up into heaven shall so come in like manner as he went. This is an old Baptist doctrine. In this belief you are in the true line of apostolic succession. That it was

The Belief of the Apostles

no one who reads the New Testament candidly and impartially can doubt. One verse in twenty-five, or three hundred verses speak of it. Equally certain is it that it was a post-apostolic faith. The historian Gibbon shows that it was held by the whole Church of Christ until the Council of Nice. It received its first check when Constantine, in imperial splendor, ascended the throne and dreamed of a millennium of which he should be the head. And the apostate Church of Rome is heir to all this fallacy. Said Cardinal Manning, "In the person of Pius IX. Jesus Christ reigns on earth." The Waldenses in the mountains have ever held firmly to the ancient hope. And the best, and holiest, and most learned men of the eighteenth century believed it. Among them we might mention Gill, the distinguished Baptist commentator, and Bunyan, and Toplady, and Wesley, and the great Bengel.

In our own century this doctrine has come prominently to the front, and it has been supported by a host of illustrious names in Germany and in England, in Scotland and the United States. Alford has remarked that since the French Revolution

The Majority of Interpreters,

both in number, learning and research, adopt the pre-millennial advent, following the plain and undeniable sense of the sacred text. "Never since the martyr age," as Dr. West puts it, "has Christian Chiliasm attained such distinction. Christian people are perceiving that our view is the true optimistic view of the future. You take a hopeful view of the situation. This is not what is commonly said of you. We have been told that you are indolent and fanatical, raving pessimists who look only on the dark side of things, that your teaching is destructive to the best energies of the Church, that it cuts the nerve of missions and paralyzes the right arm of evangelism. We don't believe it. It is, to use the vigorous language of Luther, "A falsehood forged by Satan." If there are any indolent men in the ministry they are not pre-millennialists. I never knew a lazy pre-millenarian. What could impel men to

Consecration and Effort,

more than the belief that the Lord may come at any moment? The times are fraught with evil. The very air is oppressive, heavy with the tidings that we have heard. But who has proclaimed these doleful tidings? Who speaks of the outlook as being dark and discouraging? One voice has reached us from boastful Chicago. It announces that "there are 300,000,000 nominal Christians thoroughly corrupt and worldly, while about 100,000,000 professing Christians are worldly, apathetic, sleeping as if drugged by some fatal opiate; that in the last one hundred years the heathen population has increased 200,000,000, while the number converted to Christianity is estimated at 3,000,000. Another voice reaches us from that centre of light and culture, Boston. It says: "Large masses, very many of them native population, go upon Sunday excursions instead of attending worship. The communistic, anarchistic and other radical revolutionary theories assailing government, social order and religion have been promulgated in the largest centres of our population.

The Spirit of Atheism is in the Air.

It steams up from the slums. It organizes in leagues. It has its presses. Large batches of organs of atheism are published in New York and Chicago." Another voice is heard, this time from New York. It says: "The increased licentiousness, the materialism of the age, the absorption in money-making, the dying out of religious influences in sparsely settled districts all tend to show a change in the condition of our land which demands careful consideration. Probably one-half our people never enter a church." "Our great cities," says another "are baptized in a torrent of foreign immigration, are reeking with the vileness of licentiousness and Sabbath desecration. Continental Sundays are on the free list. Seventy-five per cent. of the children of New York city do not attend Sabbath school." One other quotation, this time from the world's metropolis, London: "Just now the whole of civilized society seems to be in a state of intense agitation. Never before, perhaps, in the history of the world has there been so much

Evidence of Unrest.

Everywhere the old foundations are breaking up, the convictions are giving way, while the creeds are rapidly losing their hold on the popular mind. Confusion reigns everywhere. The demon of disorder holds undisturbed sway throughout the whole of the religious and social realm." There is much more of the same sort of thing about rum, Romanism and rebellion against religion and righteous rule. Who confess and deplore these evils? Pessimistic pre-millennialists? No; optimistic post-millennarians. Every man of them is careful to say he is not looking for the Lord to come in person, and also that he is not a pessimist. This is what these leaders of thought see. And they stand amid this general demoralization, helpless and appalled. With them "the millennial period is far off, somewhere in the depths of the illimitable future." No wonder our hearts are heavy. They bring us no hope. But you, brethren, while you agree with them as to the condition of the world, tell us to lift up our heads. "The night is dark," you say, "but the morning cometh." Soon the sun shall arise and shine in splendor, dispelling the darkness and ushering in the millennial day.

GOD'S CARE OF ELIJAH.

S. S. LESSON FOR JAN. 18, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. I. KINGS 17: 1-16; GOLDEN TEXT, PS. 34: 10.

Israel's Degradation—Witnesses for God in Every Age—Elijah Raised Up—Bears a Message to Ahab—Directed to Hide Himself—The Provision Made for Him—Its Failure—A Widow's Straits—A Testing Command—Elijah's Unfaltering Obedience—The Widow's Faith.

ISRAEL fell deeper and deeper into idolatry. Jeroboam, having given it government patronage, this terrible sin laid hold of the people who readily followed their ruler, and the kings who succeeded him on the throne of Israel all of them "did evil in the sight of the Lord," until Ahab the son of Omri surpassed them all in his daring worship of false gods. It is in times of deepest declension that

God Develops His Prophets.

It would seem as though, in every age, he would raise up some witness who should prefigure in some point or other, the Bride of the Lamb, "the Lamb's wife," whom he is gathering out from the nations in this dispensation. God wants for prophets, men and women who are altogether yielded up to him, and who can carry out his purposes in loyal and unquestioning obedience.

Elijah the Tishbite was such an one. Of his antecedents we hear nothing; what matters it? he was no man of the world where such things count. God had a message to the king, and needed a messenger. Elijah never left his presence. Is it then to be wondered at that when he needed a heart which understood him to minister to Ahab he should find it in this man? He could trust Elijah to speak with the authority of one to whom God's presence meant more than the king's, and he could trust him to say what he had to say without adding anything and without drawing attention to himself. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word."

What it had cost Elijah of suffering in shame and grief for the idolatry of Israel before he came to the point of delivering this message, we know not. There may have been in Elijah's previous life months or years of crying and sighing for the abominations which were in the land, God's cause was Elijah's cause; he lived for nothing else. But no sooner was this bold, decisive message delivered to the king than the Lord bids him to hide himself. "The word of the Lord came unto him, saying, get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan."

Hide Thyself!

What? A man who has such courage? Most men who have to do with the training of evangelists would have said, "Elijah is just the man we want, he fears nothing and nobody, he must be set free from business, and all which can hinder him, he will make a splendid evangelist." They would have sent him all over the towns and villages of Israel to preach about the true God, and to testify against Baal-worship. But God said, "Hide thyself," and Elijah followed God. Few Christian workers understand God when he speaks thus to them, and when through a failure of physical strength, or through pressure of family, or other circumstances, he calls

one of his prophet-children apart to get more deeply acquainted with himself, and fitted for a service which he can trust only to the few, let not his child misunderstand him, or compass sea and land to get rid of the sickness or whatever hindrance may seem to stand in his way, in order to get back into the same work he has done before. God has something far greater in store, and he calls his child to be patient and trust him to work out his purposes. A true prophet must learn to be dead and his life "hid with Christ in God." (Col. 3 : 3.)

But what would people think of a prophet, who, having been so bold in the presence of a king, should hide himself away as though he were ashamed of his testimony? It was not necessary that Elijah should undertake to maintain his reputation as a prophet; he was not a man to run away from the clear direction of God from selfish motives, as Jonah did. The court of Ahab for an unflinching testimony, or the brookside to learn more deeply and intensely the thoughts of his God, came alike to a man who had really and not in theory only, yielded up his will to God. But how would he be maintained? By what means could his life be sustained under such circumstances? Again, this was no question for Elijah. The Lord was his Shepherd, he could not want. God can never permit the consequences of following him to be deleterious to his own prophet-children. "It shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." Such was God's provision. The prophet's experience, had he consulted it, would have gone to prove that such means of livelihood were most untrustworthy. His self-esteem, had he yielded to it, would have rebelled against being thus set aside after such a proof of faithfulness as he had given in his testimony to the king. But God's direction to hide himself applied not only to his relations with other men, but with himself, too. Elijah's personality must be hidden from his very self that he might learn to know his God. In simple obedience, "he went and did according to the word of the Lord," and the Lord did according to his word, too, for "the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook," —God's supply was sure.

A prophet of the Lord must be
A Tried Man.

God is jealous over his prophet-children. He will not leave them in the simple light of any part of his truth without letting them be put to the test, that he may prove to them, and to others also, his faithfulness, and also how far they can trust him. The famine which Elijah had predicted began to make itself felt in the land. Did Elijah forget when he spoke to Ahab, that he also would have to suffer? When he prayed to the Lord that it might not rain in his God-inspired prayers for the people of Israel (James 5 : 17), did it not strike him that he, too, might have to suffer from thirst? Yes; Elijah had counted the cost, his prophet-vocation did not admit of personal considerations, and he knew he could count upon his God.

"After awhile, the brook dried up;" day by day the stream diminished, until only a few drops of water trickled among the stones, and at last not even a drop could be seen. Had God forgotten his servant? Meanwhile, in the city of Zarephath, God was dealing with a widow woman who had an only son. While the water of the brook Cherith dried up, the little provision of this poor widow was becoming rapidly exhausted, until only a handful of meal remained of all her store, and a little cruse of oil. Things were at their worst with Elijah's circumstances, and also with the widow's, when God's hand interposed, in its wonder-working power, to rescue both. First, he speaks to Elijah, "Arise, get thee to Zarephath which belongeth to Sidon, and dwell there; behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee." A widow woman in a time of famine! Who that was possessed of any manliness would take the last bit from a widow and her son? "No; the ravens and the brooks were truly God's direct provision, but this is too humbling." So would speak human nature which values itself. But Elijah was a true prophet, who did not argue, but obeyed.

"So He Arose and Went."

Arrived at the gate of the city, he met the very woman, and begged her to fetch him "a little water in a vessel." Almost in despair as she was, the poor widow broke off from her occupation, and went to fetch the water, but when the prophet called after her, "Bring me a morsel of bread in thine hand," it was more than she could bear. "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in the cruse, and behold, I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and for my son, that we may eat it and die." Less instructed than the prophet, she looks to her own resources and sees no hope. Would this not shake the faith of the man of God? Would he now make any further claim on this distressed widow? Yes; behind him was the declaration of his God, "I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee," and he would leave to him all the consequences of his obedience. Elijah still standing before his God, more than before the widow woman, spoke as a prophet, "Fear not; go and do as thou hast said, but make me thereof a little cake first, for thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel, the barrel of meal shall not waste nor the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth." The woman, broken by her trouble, and recognizing the authority of Elijah's God, believed and was blest. A cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall not lose its reward. A widow cannot receive a prophet of the Lord into her house without being enriched by it. Thus the Lord fits his prophets for their ministry. Oh let us prize all the discipline by which our God lovingly tries us and tests our faith. Let us learn to live above the opinions of men. Our humiliations, the apparently false positions in which we find ourselves, are the very means which God provides for our purification. The straits, in regard to circumstances to which he may bring us are the very means through which he manifests himself as "Jehovah Jireh," and those who have experienced his wonderful interventions can truly say, "The Lord does provide."

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY ELIJAH.

A Story of the Sunday School Lesson for January 18. "God's Care over Elijah."

MANY years ago a man lay one night in a Scottish castle awaiting execution. His offence was the preaching of the Gospel and the denunciation of Mariolatry and the abuses of priestcraft. His name was Wishart. With him, and affectionately waiting on him, was a young man who had been his pupil and afterwards his friend and helper. The young man was urging a strange request. He wanted to declare himself, and die with his master, at the stake. "Na, na," said the elder, "return to your bairns, and God bless you; ane is sufficient for a sacrifice." The young man obeyed; sadly took his leave and went to the boys he was teaching, who were the "bairns" Wishart had spoken of. He lived to be the nearest prototype of the prophet Elijah that this world has seen in Christian days. The influence of the work he did in Scotland, extended to England, and afterward to New England. In this country and at this day we have reason for thankfulness that in that hour of Scotland's crisis God sent forth John Knox as, in an earlier time, he sent forth John the Baptist, "in the spirit and power of Elias."

The work Knox had to do was very much the same as that of Elijah, and he felt, as Elijah felt, the voice of God calling him to it. He saw his queen leading the nation into sin. She came from France to rule Scotland. By nature and by education she was inclined to the evil influences which crush the life out of a nation. Not only was she subservient to Romish priests, but her private life was impure. Her example was pernicious and her religion was demoralizing. But she was beautiful and graceful and charming. Her winning manner made her influence stronger and, therefore, more dangerous. It was a critical time, but the stern old Puritan was equal to his duty. He went to her with his solemn message. "Who are you," Mary asked, "that presume to school the nobles and sovereign of this realm?" "Madam," Knox said, "a subject born within the same." A noble answer, containing within it the assertion of the rights of the meanest subject to liberty of conscience and patriotic concern for the welfare of his native land. It required no little courage to stand thus, face to face, with a young and beautiful queen and reprove her. Mary, it is said, burst into tears as the preacher's words fell upon her ears and there were nobles around her and in sympathy with her whose passions, stirred by the sight of those tears, might have made Knox's life rather precarious. But neither concern for his own safety nor the grief that such a man must have felt in causing pain to his queen, could make Knox untrue to his duty.

God's care over the man was wonderful. Again and again attempts were made to assassinate him. He was shot at through the windows of his home in Edinburgh, and again through a window in his church, while he was preaching, but the Lord's hand preserved him from harm. The castle in which he had taken refuge was capturd by the French king, who was bent on putting down the Reformation in Scotland, and Knox was carried off prisoner. For nineteen months, loaded with chains, he rowed in the French galleys, and again and again his life was in danger from his brutal keepers. On one occasion an image of the Virgin Mary was brought to the boat in which Knox was toiling with other prisoners, and the wretched men were permitted to kiss it. When it came to his turn he asked what it was, and was told it was "Mary the mother of God." "Mother? Mother of God?" he cried, "This is no mother of God, this is only a painted board. It is fitter for swimming than being worshipped." And he threw the thing into the river. It was a dangerous thing to do, there and then; but Knox was protected of God and lived to return to Scotland and preach again the truth as it is in Jesus.

At times, as it was with Elijah, he hid himself for a short period, but when the violence of the storm was past, Knox was again at the front directing the movement which Queen Mary vainly attempted to suppress. Much is said in our day about the vulgar insolence with which the plebeian priest treated the refined and beautiful queen. But his speeches, read in the light of the circumstances and of the danger that menaced Scotland under Mary's rule, do not seem insolent. Knox was serving the King of kings, and he did not concern himself with the selection of courtly phrases and flattering speeches in delivering his message, but he spoke respectfully, though firmly. Mary had to be told in unequivocal terms that she was sinning against God, that in attempting to establish Romish idolatry in Scotland she was setting up rebellion against God, and Knox told her *that*, plainly and warned her of the consequences. He did not wish to see his country over-ridden by a horde of foreign eclesiastics and his people seduced into error. With such a danger imminent, he stood up manfully against the Queen, thinking, doubtless, that it was better that she should weep than that his country should be enslaved. Hard, firm, inflexible as the great Hebrew prophet, he stood there for his God and the right, and God protected him. When in his old age he came to die he pointed significantly upward in response to the question, "Have you hope?" and with a smile he passed away. "He lies there," said the Earl of Morton, standing by the side of the open grave in which they laid the body of the brave servant of God—"He lies there who never feared the face of man."

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THANKS AND CONGRATULATIONS.

ON this editorial page we wish to celebrate the prosperity of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. During 1890, tens of thousands of new subscribers have been added to our list and within the last few months we have witnessed an increase of circulation that has probably never been paralleled in the history of religious journalism. We have no words sufficient to express our gratitude to God and the people. So we enter the new year with high hope, and we ask all the friends of aggressive Evangelism throughout the world to join us in forwarding the best interests of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has these many years been graciously blessed of God in its attempts to present the truth to the people. Truly the prospects are brightening by the hour. May all our pens and types, as well as our hearts and voices, be consecrated to God!

COLD EARS.

IT is cold, cold, fearfully cold! We see the people running along the street in seal-skin caps and big mittens. They come in blowing. They stand on the corners waiting for cars or stages. The thermometer tending to zero. They rub their stinging ears. They beat their arms around them. What do they do that for? To keep warm, they answer us sharply, as though we ought to know without asking. It is no spite that makes them seize the rims of their ears and pull and pinch and shake them. But as the process went on, we thought to ourselves: that is what is the matter with a great many people. They suffer from cold ears. We have seen people in church, both summer and winter, the atmosphere at most genial heat, sitting with frosted ears, yet making no attempt to warm them. There are your critics, with astonishing cold ears. They listen. They measure your words with an iron rod. They weigh them in brazen balances. Words of invitation or entreaty may go forth from you red-hot, but by the time the ardent utterances reach them, the warm message somehow gets cooled off. These critics sit in freezing imperturbability. Their tympanum is hung with icicles. They are congealing critics. They are dying of cold ears. What they want is friction. Our plan is first to get them good and mad. We never can do anything with such people till with some vigorous exhortation we have pulled their ears. Somehow you must get the circulation started.

Among the best saints in our Church are those whom we once made hopping mad by what we said about their worldliness, or greed. We could do nothing with them till by some hair-cloth denunciation we had cured their cold ears. By some recent physiological explorations we found out that every man had six ears. On each side the external ear, the middle ear, and the internal ear. That is the reason they get so awfully cold, there are so many of them exposed. Two ears are an embarrassment in such weather as that of to-day; but what to do with six is a still more absorbing question. Nature intended that we should have no excuse for dull hearing when she gave us six, the outer one defined by learned men to be a cartilaginous funnel, covered by the integument, serving to collect sonorous vibrations, and we suppose the others quite as tremendous. In every case school teachers and ministers must wake up these six ears appertaining to each individual, or fail. That was what made the schoolmaster of our boyhood days (perish his memory!) pull our ears till he sometimes almost pulled them off. It was only a mean way of quoting a good precept, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." We would all be better off if we imitated yonder man at the street corner,—if, in church and lecture-hall and family and everywhere, by healthful and vigorous friction we tried to get rid of cold ears.

We noticed, however, that many of the people in this fiercest day of all the winter were more troubled with their hands than their ears; and they stood, some in one place and some in another, whacking their arms about their body till you could hear the thump a block off. Jack Frost had evidently attempted to shake hands with them, and, like some over-cordial people, gripped them too hard. There they stood pounding themselves, first throwing their arm around one way and then throwing their arm around the other way, until they seemed to be in quite a glow. Why did they not pound the brick wall, or the lamp-post, or some of the passers-by? Ah! they had found out that the best way to get themselves right was to smite themselves rather than somebody else. We all need some self-whipping. Much of the time we give for the chastisement of others we might better spend in chastisement of ourselves. When the Church is cold, instead of shaking others we had better do like the stage-driver while waiting on the corner on a winter morning, and begin to whack ourselves. The reason that the Pharisee did not get warm was because he trounced the Publican. The reason that the Publican did get warm was because he beat his own breast. We give our best oats of moral reflection to somebody else's horse, letting our own horse gnaw an empty manger. We pull away at the mote in our neighbor's eye while we have no anxiety about a beam in our own, large enough to keep a saw-mill busy.

At which cold-day considerations we drop our pen, wipe it carefully out, and lay it upon the rack, and taking our position in mid-floor, began to imitate the stage-driver; and having first rubbed our ears for a moment to get them in a pleasant glow, we hurl our right hand across our chest in one way, and our left hand across our chest in the other way, with rapid and emphatic stroke, not only chastising our own short-comings, but at the same time starting up lethargic circulation, and getting our hands warm, warmer, warmest.

A GREAT AWAKENING.

UNDER the sermon of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., which we publish to-day, there were marvellous scenes witnessed both in Brooklyn Academy of Music and the service under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the New York Academy of Music. In Brooklyn between two and three hundred persons rose for prayers at the close of sermon. The reporters' table around which a dozen journalists were seated was the place of an unusual awakening. A reporter arose among the group of newspaper men and asked for prayers. A gentleman came up to Dr. Talmage, as soon as he had pronounced the benediction, and said, "Why did you preach that sermon?" The man trembling with emotion said he thought it was preached for him. A gentleman from Colorado said that for a long while he had attended no service, but that during this meeting he had quite decided to be a Christian. A large number of persons said that during the morning service they had been converted. The scene was again repeated in the New York Academy of Music in the evening. It was a very stormy night, but an immense throng of people (about 5,000) were present. There was a great rising for prayer and the room behind the stage was occupied by people who came after the benediction had been pronounced, for religious conversation and to take part in advising those who were seeking after religion. The whole day was indeed a great FORWARD MOVEMENT.

BRIEF NOTES.

The number of immigrants who landed at New York last year was 371,593, against 315,222 in 1889. Cabin passengers to the number of 99,189 also landed.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has accepted an urgent invitation to hold meetings this month in Providence, R. I. The churches in Philadelphia are hoping to secure him for a series of services in that city during February.

Professor and Mrs. D. B. Towner have just concluded a series of revival services at Monson, Mass. The meetings were well attended and a large number of converts were received at the concluding jubilee service.

At the January Meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy on Monday last, the subject for discussion was "The Religious Future of Our Country." It was opened with a scholarly paper by Rev. E. L. Thompson of Bridgeport, Conn.

Evangelist J. H. Weber has commenced work at Bridgeton, N. J., in the new church just dedicated by Bishop Andrews. He has been laboring during the holidays at Waltham, Mass., in Emmanuel M. E. Church. Mr. Weber was there three weeks, during which one hundred persons made profession of faith. The movement commenced by him, in Atlantic City, N. J., in November last is still going on.

Contributions to the fund for supplying Colored Ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $43.25. They are from: Chesterville, Ont. Can., $1; Essex, Mass., $1; Fairfax, Que. Can., $4.25; Heislerville, N. J., $1; N. Y. City, N. Y., $2; Glen's Falls, N. Y., $1; E., Des Moines, Iowa, $6; Shenandoah, Iowa, $1; Watermills, N. Y., 50 cts.; St. Louis, Mo., $6; Philadelphia, Pa., $1; Delaware, O., $2; Rock City, Ill., $2; Norwood Park, Ill., $5; Syracuse, N. Y., 50 cts.; Warsaw, N. Y., $1; Detroit, Mich., $1; Washington, D. C., $7. On behalf of the ministers whose names this amount will enable us to add to our mailing list, we heartily thank our friends who have sent it. We have still many applications on hand which we hope it will yet be our privilege to comply with.

Rev. Thomas Harrison commences services in Seventeenth Street M. E. Church, New York, on Sunday next. The meetings he has been conducting in Meriden, Conn., have been wonderfully blessed. The crowds desiring to hear him were so large that Trinity Church would not hold them, and Delavan's Opera House was engaged. During the previous eight weeks he labored at New Haven, Conn. He had engaged to stay there ten days, but at the end of that time, so mighty was the work and its promises so rich, that he was induced to prolong his visit. This, as stated in these columns at the time, involved a disappointment for the friends in Seventeenth Street, but it was justified by the results in New Haven. During the services there less than 638 persons knelt at the altar. Mr. Harrison was assisted by many ministers and Christian workers. Among them were Mr. Willets, who led the singing, Mr. Bowman, Railroad Superintendent, and Mr. Augus, who was the means of leading sixty-eight persons to the altar during the meetings, her own son among the number.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Explorer Schliemann Dead—Parnell and O'Brien Meet—Death of Gen. Spinner—The Indian War Spreading—Great Fires in London and New York.

In the Death of Heinrich Schliemann, the world loses one of the most distinguished archæologists of any age. He was born at Ankershagen, in Mecklenburg, in 1822, his father being a Lutheran clergyman. While yet a mere child, he delighted to study history and philology, and when other lads of his own age were playing outdoors, little Heinrich buried himself in the poems of Homer and in Greek mythology. At fourteen he went off as a midshipman to Venezuela, but was shipwrecked. On returning home he studied languages, and in two years mastered English, French, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese. Sometime afterward he was sent to St. Petersburg by a commercial firm in Holland, and there he added Swedish, Russian, and Polish to his acquirements. In 1856 he began his travels, which have been the means of disclosing to the world many of the secrets of the ancient civilization which had till then lain buried. He went to China, India, Japan, and Greece, and settled down at Athens, where he married. With a force of workmen he excavated the ruins of ancient Hissarlik and dug up many of the treasures of prehistoric ages, lettered bricks, sculptures, arms, vessels of bronze, terra cotta, gold, and ivory. His discoveries enriched the world, and the "Schliemann Museum" of antiquities affords light on the days of Homer, King Priam, the wars of Ilium and Mycenae, and the arts, architecture, religion, social life and character of the people who lived in a stage of the world's history of which no previous records existed. Honors were showered on him and all the learned societies in Europe applauded the wonderful discoveries of the Mecklenburg boy, who had brought to life and light the ancient heroes and told the story of their great wars, their loves and their deaths. He wrote a number of books on his discoveries which are everywhere recognized as standards. His wife, who was his devoted companion and assistant in much of his work, is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments and high Christian character.

The Greatest Fire London has Experienced in years visited that city on December 29th, consuming $2,000,000 worth of property in the business qnarter, including engineering works, a large fur emporium, the Welsh Church, St. Benet's Church and many other valuable buildings in the district around Victoria and Thames Streets, near Blackfriars Bridge. Salvation Army headquarters narrowly escaped destruction. The steeple of St. Benet's Church was ablaze and, at great peril, the firemen mounted with ladders and extinguished it. At the same time another conflagration was raging at Hackney, a suburb of London, where thousands of gallons of spirits exploded, shaking five miles of buildings and causing terror in London.

One-half of Manhattan Island was Illuminated on the morning of December 3rd, when the Fifth Avenue Theatre and Herrmann's Theatre, on Broadway and Twenty-eighth Street, were destroyed by fire. During the evening smoke had been observed in the Fifth Avenue Theatre but it was not till after midnight that the fire broke out. It is believed to have been caused by a gas explosion which ignited some fireworks that are used in the play of "Cleopatra." Soon the whole building was a roaring sea of flames and Herrmann's play-house adjoining was also burning. The roof of the Sturtevant House caught fire from the flying sparks. The entire resources of the Fire Department were called into action but both theatres were destroyed. Six firemen perished in the flames. They had gone to the roof of Herrmann's Theatre and were about to apply the hose when a great wave of fire enveloped them and they were seen no more. Fully ten thousand people watched the fire. The loss on the Fifth Avenue Theatre was $200,000, on Herrmann's Theatre $65,000, and on the Sturtevant House $15,000.

Indian Treachery Led to a Sanguinary Fight, near Hermosa, South Dak., on the 30th of December, in which between two and three hundred Indians and 25 soldiers were killed. Big Foot's band of hostiles had surrendered and were being disarmed, when, on a preconcerted signal, they pulled guns from under their blankets, and opened fire on the troops at short range. Col. Forsythe, who was in command of the soldiers, at once gave orders to turn the Hotchkiss guns on the rebels, and when the firing, which lasted half an hour, was ended, there were 62 dead Indians on the field and as many more in the ravines to which they had fled. This action is believed to have wiped out the last of the old band of Sitting Bull. There is great excitement at Pine Ridge Agency over the battle, as it is feared that the 5,000 Indians there may be incited to revolt, in which case it would go hard with the handful of infantry at the Agency. A bold attempt was made by *Two Strike*, the leader of the hostiles, to ambush the Seventh Cavalry on the 30th. The Seventh had just repulsed an attack on their supply train, when

word arrived at Pine Ridge that a Catholic Mission, a mile distant, had been fired by the Indians. The cavalrymen were immediately dispatched to the scene and found that *Little Wound* and *Two Strike*, with some 1,800 redskins and hostiles, had planned a trap for the wearied soldiers, doubtless intending to massacre the entire regiment. About 300 Indians engaged the troops, the rest being concealed. Soon the soldiers were surrounded and had it not been for the timely arrival of the Ninth regiment, they might have fared very badly. The Indian police (see illustration in this column), of whom there is a considerable body at the Agency, have not been engaged since the fight in which Sitting Bull died, as it is feared that they may be won over to the side of the hostiles. Thus far, they have proved loyal.

Gen. Francis Elias Spinner, ex-Treasurer of the United States, and for many years one of the best known public men in the country, died of cancer at Jacksonville, Fla., on the evening of December 31. He was born in the township of Mohawk, N. Y., on January 21, 1802. After receiving a common-school education, he learned the trade of a confectioner and then that of a saddler. He was made Deputy Sheriff of Herkimer County, N. Y., in 1829, and was afterwards Sheriff. He held various other offices and went into the banking business for several years, after which, in 1854, he was elected to Congress. He was an active Republican from the organization of the party until the day of his death. President Lincoln appointed him

Treasurer of the United States in 1861 and he held the office until 1875. Under his rule and by his suggestion women were first employed in the Government offices. His peculiar handwriting which was likened to "a string of eels," and was seen on every Treasury note and bill, was known all over the Union. After leaving office, his health gave way and he went to Florida where he has lived ever since. Under his control the United States Treasury became the greatest of American financial institutions. Hundreds of millions passed through his hands during the war and afterward, and yet when he retired there was only a discrepancy of a few cents in the books which he insisted on having investigated. The balance ultimately came out exact. He was a man of amazing energy and resources where finances were concerned. It is related of him that when a Confederate army threatened the National Capital, he got a large number of mail bags from the Post Office, packed all the money the vaults contained in them, and stood in readiness to take a tug and steam down the Potomac, all the other avenues of escape having been blockaded or destroyed. He obtained his military title from the fact that he was Major-General of Militia in New York. A portrait of Gen. Spinner is given above.

Parnell and William O'Brien met at Boulogne, France, on the last day of the year and conferred as to the proposed retirement of the former from the leadership of the Irish party. No definite result seems to have been reached and it was expected that the conference would last several days. Cablegrams were kept constantly flying between Paris and London and Dublin while the two men were closeted together. One rumor is to the effect that Parnell is willing to retire, provided the party unite in re-electing him to Parliament, thus preserving his prestige and enabling him to do voluntarily what he declines to do under compulsion. Parnell is said to favor O'Brien as his successor.

Holland has Signed the Anti-Slavery Act of the Brussels Conference, after a long delay which threatened to nullify the whole work of the Conference. According to the agreement the Congo State was to participate very actively in the putting down of slavery in Africa, and Holland was to establish new stations in the slave-catching centres, and to impose a heavy tax on spirits imported to the Upper Congo. A year ago, the Berlin Conference had established free trade on the Congo, and as unanimous consent was required to reverse any of the Berlin decisions, Holland was able if she so willed to block the later Conference at every point. She insisted upon the right of the Hague merchants to flood the Congo region with rum; but now she has yielded and the civilising work will go on.

Thirty Thousand Doses of Koch Lymph Ar- rived in this country by a single steamer a few days ago. Physicians just returned from Berlin assert that the demand in that city for the famous remedy is so great that robbery is resorted to by some who are determined to have it at all hazards. Meanwhile, there are evidences of a slight reaction in the general enthusiasm over the discovery, and the anti-Kochites, led by Professor Billroth of Vienna, the most distinguished surgeon in Europe, are pointing out the fact that cures are yet unheard of. On the other hand, German and American physicians have unshaken confidence in the lymph when tuberculosis is treated in its incipient stages. Experiments are now going on in many American cities, the outcome of which is being closely watched by the medical world.

CAMP LAW AND CAMP LIFE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Law of Cleanliness—The Divine Presence in the Camp—I. An Instructive Comparison—The Church like a Camp—In Its Separation—In Its Posture of Defence—Of Aggression—On the March—A Temporary Rest—II. A Special Privilege—The Presence of Love—And Observation—III. Corresponding Conduct—Must Wear Uniform—Cromwell's Order—A Warning—A Promise.

"For the Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp, to deliver thee, and to give up thine enemies before thee; therefore shall thy camp be holy; that he see no unclean thing in thee, and turn away from thee."—Deuteronomy 23 : 14.

GOD takes note of matters which persons who are falsely spiritual speak of as beneath their observation. If the Lord cares for such things, we must not neglect them. But oh, what condescension on his part that his Spirit should dictate to Moses concerning these grosser concerns! I bow before the majesty of a condescension to which nothing is too low. Observe, also, how it shows us the all-reaching character of the law of Moses. It overshadowed everything; it guided, arranged, restrained, or suggested all the acts of the people under its tutorship.

Dear friends, the great thing that I would bring out at this time is the spiritual lesson of the text—how the Lord would have his people clean in all things. The God of holiness commands and loves purity—

Purity of All Kinds.

He saith, "Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord." If cleanliness be next to godliness—and I am sure it is—it ought to be observed by those who profess godliness. Does not the same text which says "having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience," also say, "and our bodies washed with pure water?" The Christ who redeemed us did not redeem us that we should be covered with filthiness. He has redeemed the body as well as the soul, and he has made it to be the temple of the Holy Ghost; surely we must cleanse his temple, and not suffer it to be defiled. I like the idea of those sailors on board ship, who knew that the ship was going down, and therefore, put on their Sunday's best, that they might die as clean and neat as they could. I would not care to die in filth, or to live in it. Now, if God speaks about this matter of cleanliness, I am sure I may do so, and ought to do so.

Still, I pass on from that to the greater lesson of the passage. You will notice that the presence of God in the midst of his people was all-reaching and everywhere. No part of the camp was exempt from God's walking in it. Not merely in the holy place was God, or in the holy of holies between the cherubim, but he was everywhere in the streets of the canvas city, and in the outskirts thereof. When troops of Israelites went out to war, and consequently cast up temporary camps, they were to remember that God was still walking in the midst of them; and this was to be the great motive power of their lives—the presence of God. The high privilege of being a people near unto Jehovah involved continual watching that nothing might offend his sacred majesty. O sirs, every man, whether a Christian or not, ought to remember that God is everywhere, that there is no escaping from his presence, that even the shades of night furnish no veil under which we may sin with impunity.

I. First, then, here is

An Instructive Comparison.

The Church of God is in many respects comparable to a camp. It is a camp for separation. Men who are encamped are separated from the traders, householders, and others near whom they are tarrying. They are separated especially from the adversaries with whom they are at war. When you come near to a camp, you are challenged by the sentry, for you must not come there without warrant. In war-time a picket is sure to be in your path whichever way you come near to the camp; for during a campaign warriors are a separated people, and must keep themselves so. Such ought the Church of God to be. We are crusaders, and are separated from the mass for the service of the cross which we bear on our hearts. We are in an enemy's country, and we must keep ourselves to ourselves very much, or else we shall certainly fail of that holy military discipline which the Captain of our salvation would have us strictly enforce.

A Dreaded Reproach.

The reproach to-day, dreaded by feeble minds, is that of being narrow-minded, bigoted, strict, precise. Let us willingly take it up. It is *his* reproach: let us not attempt to escape it. Let it be our resolve that, as far as ever we can, we will be nonconformists to the ways even of worldly Christians. Let us not be conformed to this world, but transformed in the spirit of our minds. Ours be the holy dissidence of spiritual dissent from evil, the sacred separation of Separatists from error. Are we a camp, dear friends? The question might lead us to judge others: I will put it in the singular. Am I a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb? If so, I must, as a soldier, live in my barracks, or abide in my lines. I must be separated.

Next, it is a camp, because it is on the defensive. As I have said before, we are marching through an enemy's country. The children of Israel marched through the wilderness, and the Amalekites frequently harassed them, and slew the hindmost of them; as the Amalekites harass us, and, alas! they slay the hindmost of *us*. It is not those that are to the front for their Captain, not those who follow close to the standard, nor those who go forth armed in his strength, that fall by the enemy. Those who play about in the rear, who gather up the stones of the desert, and hoard them up as a treasure—it is those upon whom the Amalekites pounce. I heard say of a certain clergyman, that he told his bishop, when he went to a ball, that he was "off duty"; but his bishop very properly replied, "When is a clergyman off duty?" I put the same question to a Christian:

When are You Off Duty?

Never. Brethren, we are soldiers at all times, and must never doff our regimentals. We must keep rank, and march in serried order, for every day is a battle to the Church of God.

It is a camp, too, especially, because it is always assailing the powers of darkness. It is carrying the war into the enemy's territory. That, no doubt, is the special intention of the words of our text. We have a world to conquer, and we cannot afford to loiter. We have a kingdom to set up for the Lord of Hosts, and we must not sleep, for the adversaries of the Lord are raging. We are an army, sworn to war against the Canaanites of error and sin, to cast down their walled cities, to break their idols, and to cut down their groves. The Church of God is the great army of peace, purity, liberty, love: she wars against sin, she wars against oppression, she wars against falsehood, uncleanness, intemperance, unrighteousness; and her fight has only yet begun. Do you not feel, my brethren, dwelling in this wicked city of London, that our appropriate description is a camp?

And next, dear friends, the Church of God is a camp because

We are On the March.

A camp is pitched in one spot for temporary purposes, for the army is moving on to-morrow, and then the camp will be in another place. The Israelites, especially, were not dwelling in the desert; they were only marching through it into the land that God had promised to them. It is well for us to recollect that we are ourselves in a movable camp, marching, marching onward, marching forward; but ever marching and moving. This is not our rest. We are not at home: we are on foreign travel. Alas! I am afraid that we do not realize this, but are like the children of Israel, who took forty years in the wilderness to perform a journey which, I suppose, might have been accomplished in forty days or less. It was not far, after all, from Egypt to Canaan; we should think nothing of it as a journey now; and even for that great mass of people, who necessarily travelled slowly, it needed not to have been a long passage; but they took forty years over it, because they marched this way and that way, in endless mazes lost, wandering rather than journeying towards a definite spot. Do you think that a great many Christian people are practising the same method of motion without progress? We ought to be advancing in grace, in knowledge, in earnestness, in holiness, in usefulness, and if not, we scarcely realize the figure of a camp.

Temporary Occupation.

Yet, once more, no doubt a camp, as formed for temporary purposes, was a token of the Church; for although the Church stands still and abides, yet in her individual members she is subject to the same law of decay, and death, and change, as the rest of the world. Soon shall the camp cease; and the soldiers become citizens, and the tents be exchanged for mansions. The Church is militant upon the earth for a season only. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow. O brethren, we are at present rather a camp than a city; for we pass away, and our brethren also, as the days fly by. To us also there remaineth a rest, but we recollect that here we have no continuing city, we seek one to come. We endeavor to make the camp as comfortable as the desert will permit; but it can never be a home. You can never reckon upon anything like steadfast abiding in one place when you are following camp life. Such is the life of the believer; camp life is his lot, and it is well for him to be prepared to rough it.

II. Secondly, I come to notice

A Special Privilege.

The text mentions a privilege specially promised to Israel, but I am sure, to a very high and real degree, enjoyed by ourselves. "The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp, to deliver thee, and to give up thine enemies before thee." By this walking is intended a special presence of love. The Lord is present in his Church in a higher sense than in the world. The Lord walks in the midst of his Church as a man takes pleasure in the walks of his garden. The Church is the garden of the Lord, his paradise. "His delights are with the sons of men." The Lord, with unutterable care, is in the midst of his Church. Remember how he says, "I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment; lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."

God is present in the camp of his people with a special presence of observation. He sees all things; but his eyes are, in the first place, fixed on his Church. With burning glance he searches the very heart of professors. There is a discipline in the house of God which is carried on, not by Church officers, nor by the Church itself, but by the providence of God. Men die before their time, and others are sick who might be well; sick, I mean, through

Ill Behavior in the Church

of God. Thus saith the apostle: "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." If you are not my child I have nothing to say about your behavior: I leave you to your own father. But if you are my boy, my child at home, I must speak to you, I must correct you, for I bear a responsibility towards you. So it is with God. He will bear much from the ungodly which he will not endure from his own people. The Lord cries, "Be ye holy for I am holy."

Again, dear friends, the peculiar privilege of Israel is to have a special presence of salvation. "The Lord thy God walketh in the midst of thy camp to deliver thee." God is with his people, to help them in their times of trouble, to rescue them out of danger, to answer their cries in their necessity, to save them in the hour of temptation. He is with us to deliver us in all things in which we require deliverance. Have we not found him so? Have you any troubles and difficulties, dear friend, and are you a child of God? Do you belong to Christ? Well, the Lord is with his people to deliver them. Should not this be a grand argument why the camp

should be holy, for if he hears our prayers, we are bound to obey his precepts?

III. I have only to dwell for a minute or two upon the last point a little more distinctly—

A Corresponding Conduct.

Observe, then, that this rule, that the camp be holy, applies to the commonest places wherein we are found. "Therefore shall thy camp be holy." As I have already said, men generally think that they may take great license in a camp; but the Lord says, "Therefore shall thy camp be holy." Holiness is the ordained livery of a servant of God, and he that does not wear this garment has disgraced himself and his master. He is wearing, in fact, the livery of the King's enemies. Let him mind what he is at. If my memory does not deceive me, when Oliver Cromwell was first contending with the king, the soldiers who joined him were mostly gentlemen-farmers, and they wore their own buff jerkins; and as many on the other side were dressed much the same, mistakes were made; and, in a rough-and-tumble fight, they did not know cavalier from roundhead. So Cromwell said, upon a certain occasion, that all his soldiers must be dressed in a certain color, and not a man should be in his troop who did not come by such a day with such a coat on. Well, you say, why should they wear uniform? Some of them did not like it; but his orders were peremptory, that no man should be with him if he did not wear

The Regulation Dress,

since by their common array they knew each other, and could not be mistaken in a scuffle. Holiness is the white raiment of the believer; be sure that you put it on, because, otherwise, we shall not know you, and you will be mistaken for an enemy.

But now, notice this, too. While this holiness pertained to their commonest things, it was also ordered that every unclean thing was to be put from them. "That *he* may see no unclean thing in thee." This is an awful text. I will not preach about it, but I will just repeat it to you again: "That he may see no unclean thing in thee." Ah, me! We often see unclean things in ourselves, do we not? Yes; but we often overlook much uncleanness, and do not notice it because our eyes are dim. We have lost, perhaps the spiritual nostril that would smell the unclean thing. Our senses have become perverted by the foul world in which we live. But then, think of this—the pure and holy God—the thrice holy God—he speaks of himself in this sort, "That *he* see no unclean thing in thee." Brothers, sisters, what a house-cleaning this calls for! What hard sweeping this requires—that "*he* see no unclean thing in thee!"

A Terrible Warning.

Note well the fearful warning which is added. If there be in the camp an unclean thing tolerated and delighted in, and *he* see it—if it becomes conspicuous and grievous to *him*, then the worst consequences will follow—"Lest *he* turn away from thee." Oh! what would happen to us if the Lord were to turn away from us as a Church? Horror takes hold on me at the thought. The pastor will die in due time: that is a small matter, for the Lord can send another. But if the Lord were to pass away from us, what an overwhelming desolation! Ichabod would be written in large capitals across this house if the Lord were gone. And yet my wonder often is that he has not gone, when I remember the unclean things that I have to see and mourn over. I see very little compared with what the Lord sees, but I see enough to make me tremble. The Lord sees much about us that grieves him, even when we think there is nothing amiss. Let us pray that the Lord must not go from us.

I have done: but there is a little fragment that follows my text which I want some of you to get before I go. Read this. This follows the text. It is a curious thing that it should follow the text. "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him." I wonder whether any runaway has come into our place of worship to-night. Certainly there are some of Satan's slaves here. I would recommend you to run away from the devil, and not give him a moment's notice. Run away in a twinkling. If you do run away and get among the Lord's people we will never give you up to your old master. He may come here after you; but we know him, and are not to be deceived by him in this matter. He has come here after many; but we have not given up any of his runaways, and by God's grace we will never part with *you*, but

Defy the Man-catcher

to take you away. Jesus says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out;" and so you see he will harbor you, and not return you to your master. Come, then, be free from Satan's power. Strike for liberty! Your tyrant lord has no right to you. I know you sold yourself, but you were not your own to sell; you were stolen goods. The devil can have no more property in you than you had in yourself, and that was nothing, for you are not your own. Though I have dealt faithfully with the uncleanness of professing believers, I now invite the vilest and foulest to come to Jesus for safety and liberty. Ransomed sinners may dwell among us, in whatsoever place they shall choose. Neither will we oppress them with hard questions or irksome duties, but we will bind them to be free, as we are ourselves bound to liberty, in the name of the Lord our God. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon you! If we do not meet again in this wilderness below, may we meet, when camp life is over, in the city above, to go no more out forever! The blessing of the Lord rest on you evermore!

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Dodge's Conversion.*

THE Rev. Dr. Nettleton was in the midst of his evangelical labors. The young man heard him repeatedly. He was greatly impressed. Before turning to his home, he called upon the Rev. Dr. Hawes, pastor of the Centre Church, whom he knew, and who said as they parted:

"What, William! Going home, and taking that hard heart with you?"

That arrow hit the mark.

"I will exchange it for a heart of flesh," said he to himself. The opportunity soon came. In a night or two, a prayer-meeting was held over which his father's assistant, Mr. Erastus Hyde, an excellent man, presided. Presently a call was made upon those who would do so to rise for prayers. Instantly William was on his feet. His next younger sister Mary at once joined him. A dozen others did the same. It was the beginning of an interest which soon kindled the country. This was on Sunday evening, June 8th, 1821—a memorable date. On the first Sunday in May, 1822, William, with Mary at his side, made a public confession of faith; and the vow thus taken was kept to the end. Thus the cross marked on him by his mother's finger, was remarked by the Holy Ghost. He threw himself immediately and with characteristic ardor into Christian work and this, too, he never afterwards intermitted, not for one day.

A Scene at "Dodge Hall."

"Dodge Hall" was as full of good things during the Conference as a turkey on Thanksgiving Day. The house was largely given up to guests, and became (what it was quite in the habit of being) a free hotel. European celebrities abounded, gentlemen whom the Dodges had met abroad, like Sir Charles Reed, M. P., and the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, honored alike as a writer and a preacher. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge opened their doors on one memorable evening to the "Alliance," and received their guests to the number of eight hundred. The scene recalled the day of Pentecost. Here were Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, and Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians—all speaking of the wonderful works of God.

In the midst of this orderly confusion, with the harmonious jangle of these cosmopolitan voices ringing through the rooms, some one remarked to Mr. Dodge that he had stayed his roof up with all the pillars of the church. "Yes," was the quick retort; "but I agree with my friend Mr. Moody, that the Church has too many pillars—we want more lights."

Sundays in London.

The Sundays in London were days of special delight. Mr. and Mrs. Dodge heard the pulpit celebrities, conformist and non-conformist, high church, low church, broad church and hazy. They admired the English style of preaching; and found it as a rule, more biblical and practical than the American. Pulpit and pew seemed wide awake.

"What hymn would you suggest to go with my sermon, Professor Park?" asked a young Yankee preacher.

"Well," was the reply of the Andover Jupiter, "I would suggest, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

"What do you think of my train of thought?" queried another.

"Your train only needs a sleeping car," was the cruelly candid answer.

Morality in Business.

"If one would be a good salesman," wrote Mr. Dodge, "he must be all things to all men; and here permit me to say to you, my young friends, that open, frank, upright dealing with customers is the way to secure their confidence and trade. I sometimes almost desire those days back again, for then young men had opportunites that cannot be enjoyed by those of this day. Then business of all kinds was conducted on moderate capital, and the number of merchants doing business on their own account in proportion to the amount of business done, was far greater than now, and particularly in the dry-goods and hard-ware trades. Then, young men, if of undoubted character, starting with a very moderate capital, could command a fair credit, and, with very light rents and general expenses, could grow year by year into a large and better business. If economical, they could afford to begin house-keeping with fair prospect of success. Now, business is in comparatively few hands, with large capital and many clerks, with sales every month, yes, every week, amounting to what very few then reached in a year."

A Slave's Benediction.

There was a wayside inn just large enough for their accommodation. On Sunday morning, the New Yorkers held a service in the dining-room. Many negroes crowded to the door and windows, attracted by the singing. Some of these, when the meeting closed, asked Mr. Dodge to open the dining-hall to them for evening worship. He gladly consented and led the meeting. After a few remarks and prayer, he threw it open, and the blacks carried it forward in hallelujah measure. Their weird melodies, their forms swaying to the cadence of the music, their fervent prayers, broken in upon and emphasized by the "amens" and "bless de Lord's" of the sympathetic congregation, all made a picture which the memory framed and treasured. The emotional nature of the negro race leads them into affiliation with the more emotional churches. They love to be where they can explode their feelings in ejaculations. One old man, a Presbyterian elder, and the only one in the whole region, thus expressed it: "We's Methodists and Baptists by natur' and only Presbyterians by grace." Mr. Dodge quite won the hearts of these poor slaves by his unaffected kindness; and on Monday, when he and his party were about to take the train, an old colored aunty voiced the feelings of her people in a benediction:

* From *William E. Dodge, The Christian Merchant*, by Carlos Martyn; a volume of the Series of American Reformers issued by *Funk & Wagnalls*, New York. A biography of universal interest to Christians.

The Great Meeting in London in Aid of the Persecuted Russian Jews.

"De Lord bless yer, Mas'r Dodge, all de way from dis airth to heaven."

That blessing, trembling from those black lips, meant more and would go further than any mere pretentiousness.

How a Noble Heart Failed.

One day, while making a benevolent call with Mrs. Dodge, he was seized with violent pains, and returned to his home. The paroxysms yielded to treatment, but returned during the night and at intervals for several days. It was difficult to keep him housed, his habits were so active. The 7th of Feb., 1883, he passed into his library, attending to certain complicated work relating to his wife's estate, of which he kept a separate account. That night through overwork, his pains returned, but relief came, and he fell asleep. Upon arising the next morning, he looked reassuringly into the anxious face of Mrs. Dodge, told her that he felt much better, nearly completed dressing and asked her to fetch his wrapper. She started to get it, but was arrested by a startled call, and turning found him sinking to the floor. With his head upon her lap, he breathed feebly once or twice, opened his eyes, looked about in a dazed way, and closed them forever.

THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

A Great Meeting in England to Express Sympathy with the Persecuted Race.

(See Illustration.)

WITH the beginning of 1891, the new Anti-Jewish law goes into effect in the Czar's dominions. It is a brutal and barbarous law, and adds heavily to the load of indignity and injustice that is already heaped upon the Hebrew by the Muscovite. Expressions of sympathy have already been publicly made in many large cities throughout the civilized world, New York included. A great meeting was held at the Guildhall, London, lately, under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, to represent "public opinion on the renewed persecutions to which millions of the Jewish race are subjected in Russia, under the yoke of severe and exceptional edicts and disabilities." Among the distinguished persons on the platform on that occasion were the Lady Mayoress, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Earl of Meath, Lord Denman, the Marquis of Ripon, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Sir N. Fowler, M. P., and a host of others prominent in social, financial and ministerial circles. Speeches were made strongly urging that the government should take steps to remonstrate with the Russian government on the severity of the laws directed against the Hebrews and resolutions expressing the warmest sympathy for the oppressed people were adopted and directed to be forwarded to the Czar. The resolutions will be incorporated in a memorial and delivered by a special deputation to the Emperor Alexander in person.

In all the European capitals, outside of the Czar's own territory, a similar feeling of cordial sympathy exists. The present law reduces the Jews in Russia to the level of slavery in many respects, refusing them the humblest rights of citizenship, discriminating against them in privileges granted to other races in Russia, and forbiddiug them to hold or own real estate, besides depriving them of such property of that character as they now possess. These blows at their liberties added to the existing laws aimed at their religion, will go far toward driving them *en masse* from a land which has never afforded them shelter except grudgingly. An exodus of Hebrews from Russia may be looked for at no distant date, according to the expectations of influential compatriots in England and this country.

SHAVING WIDOWS IN INDIA.

ONE of the most cheering bits of evidence, says a writer in *Our Day*, of the growth of humanitarian ideas is contained in the action of the barbers of Bombay. They are 400 strong, and at a formal caste meeting, resolved that to shave the heads of Hindoo widows, as an outward sign of their degradation, was an act of sheer oppression, and that henceforth any member of the craft doing so should be expelled from the caste. The penalty insures the observance of the pledge and hereafter, in Bombay at least, widows will no longer be subjected to this cruelty, and a custom sanctioned by long usage, religious feeling, and social arrangements will be openly set at naught by one of the lowest trades in the country. It is true that similar improvements have been made by the English in India, such as abolition of the practice of suttee, the slaughter of female infants, and suicides at the festival of Juggernaut, but they have been accomplished under the pressure of law, and apparently without lessening the sanction of the people for such cruelties. In the present instance, however, one of the lowest castes has formally renounced a lucrative practice because they believe it to be cruelly oppressive.

DEATH OF A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

(See Portrait on page 13.)

IN scarcely any town in this wide land could the sad news, which came from Florida on Christmas Day last, be told, without awakening a sorrowful response from some heart. Here and in all English-speaking lands there are thousands of Christian people to whom the name of Martha J. Inskip is peculiarly dear. For about forty years, her voice was heard helping, fostering, encouraging the work in which her husband was engaged, assisting him, and by her strong personal magnetism deepening the impressions his words had made. Since his death, nearly seven years ago, she has labored on alone, or with the band of friends whom he gathered around him, proclaiming the doctrines he taught, and testifying to the certitude of the experience which he declared to be attainable. Her living voice has fallen into silence now—the silence of the grave, but her words will never die, for they are living in the lives of multitudes who through God's blessing on her labors are walking on the heights to which she pointed them.

In the year 1836 there was what Mr. Inskip significantly describes as "a breeze" in the Conference to which he belonged. He, then a young man of twenty, had taken to himself a wife who was only seventeen years of age. That so very junior a preacher should have married, occasioned much comment among the older members and there was some shaking of heads and talk of juvenile imprudence. "Did you confer with the brethren?" asked one reverend member. Mr. Inskip replied in the affirmative. "Yes, I suppose you did, with George Hagany, a boy, like yourself," was the disgruntled comment. But the deed was done and the Conference, if it thought Mr. Inskip imprudent, did not visit upon him any penalty for the imprudence. Near the close of his long life of usefulness, Mr. Inskip said, "Matches are made in heaven, was a motto in use formerly, and perhaps was then more true than it is now. I fully believed it at the time, and as it appertained to myself I have never since doubted it for one moment. Forty years' experience has confirmed the conviction." The lady in question, who must have been gratified with this testimony from him after forty years associa-

tion, was Martha J. Foster, of Cecil County, Maryland. She was one of a family of twelve children, only one of whom now survives her. She had been converted at a camp-meeting in her childhood, and had already given evidence of a very high degree of spiritual attainment. She at once entered heartily into her husband's life of usefulness and, as he joyfully acknowledged in after years, he owed to her, under God, more than any one else, his ministerial success. The life of the one was the life of the other, and in their labors and successes they were inseparable.

Mrs. Inskip's profession of the blessing of perfect sanctification preceded that of her husband. It was made at Sing Sing Camp-meeting, August 19, 1864. Nine days later, in his own church in Brooklyn, Mr. Inskip declared himself a seeker for the blessing. Then throwing off the backwardness he was feeling, he cried with eyes raised to heaven, "I am, O Lord, wholly and forever thine." That was the commencement of the special work to which both Mr. and Mrs. Inskip devoted all their future lives, and the revival that began that day, in that church, was only the beginning of a series that in this and other lands sprang up under their labors.

Since Mr. Inskip's death, in 1884, his widow continued the children's work in which she had been so wonderfully successful and was active in all the work of the National Holiness Association. A few months ago she went to Florida, and secured ten acres of land which she intended to devote to the use of a camp-meeting association. During her visit there she enjoyed the friendship and help of Dr. Bateman, to whom, in September last, she was married. The happiness which she naturally anticipated has been but short. A little before Christmas she was seized with peritonitis and on December 25, she entered into her reward.

The Late Mrs. Bateman (formerly Mrs. John S. Inskip).

(From a photograph by Stauffer.)

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 846.)

WHILE Nora's friends, the Appletons were concerned about her moral and spiritual state, her uncle had not been idle in the matter that concerned her temporal well-being. He was eager to see her mistress of the Hazelcroft estate, and was often in conference with Gabriel Grubb on the subject. He had not yet learned why that worthy was concerned in the matter, nor what was the exact nature of the "key" of the possession of which Gabriel had spoken. It may, however, help my readers to a better understanding of the situation, if they are informed of the facts that were so carefully concealed from Abram Hardale.

In the dark and gloomy office behind the Abbey Church at Settleworth, a little while before the rumors began to be rife concerning Nora Mansford and Gerald Towneley, and before the roses began to pale upon Nora's tearful cheeks, Gabriel sat rather closely closeted with a stranger, whose general appearance it becomes necessary to describe. He was a tall, well-formed man of middle age, and was apparently endowed with a good deal of strength and vigor. His hair was fast losing its original color of dark brown, and had assumed that indefinite hue which betokens the not distant approach of age, and which is conveniently described as iron grey. His well-trimmed whiskers and moustache were as yet comparatively untouched by the hand of time, and a close observer might have noticed that they were not exactly of the same color as the locks that grew upon his temples. The man had a furtive look in his brown eyes, a mixture of cunning audacity and fear.

Long years ago this individual had been a close companion of Gabriel Grubb. Their childhood and youth had been spent in company, and with them in those bygone days consorted a third, like-minded with themselves. Their tastes were low, their conduct discreditable, and as they grew out of the school-boy life into manhood, they came to be known as the "three dis-graces of Settleworth."

Gabriel Grubb; sly, mean, and shifty, became, as we have seen, a solicitor, and slid into a sort of conventional respectability, favorable to the pursuance of a life of chicanery and mal-practice just within cover of the law. Rupert Mansford, the least disreputable of the three, not innately either vile or low, but weak of will and basely moulded by his stronger chums, after a reckless sowing of wild oats, became, as we have also seen, a breaker of the law, a convict, who died in his brother's home at Ooramarra Farm, though he was supposed te be drowned at sea in the transport ship that took him out some years before. The third was Jasper Rawdon, who became an actor, and having remarkable histrionic abilities, might have climbed to the top of his profession. He was, however, a rogue ingrained, and following the bent of his own evil disposition, he soon slid down into criminal ways and among criminal classes—found Rupert Mansford in the big city, and dragged him down too. So they became partners in crime, partners in punishment, and after herding together in the Ooramarra convict settlement, escaped—the one to lose his life at the hands of a baser comrade, and that comrade, after a desperate course as a bush-ranger, to return to England, and resume his "friendship" with Gabriel Grubb. So it came to pass that Jasper Rawdon and Gabriel Grubb, sat and plotted amongst the cobwebs of the latter's "Grab'em shop," to use the suggestive name that Abram Hardale had bestowed on it.

"Now, then," said Rawdon; "I think you and I thoroughly understand each other, friend Grubb. One word from you could make things hot for me. But on the other hand, it would spoil your own little game to say it; and I've the power to say another word about you that would certainly send you across the herring-pond at Government charges, to bear me company."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gabriel Grubb. "Just so, Jasper, just so. That's the straightest way of putting it. We might grow sentimental and talk about auld acquaintance; and I won't deny, I am glad to have you back again. But that's neither here nor there when it comes to business like this. We've everything to gain by sticking to each other—"

"And everything to lose if we don't," said Jasper Rawdon; and Gabriel Grubb put on his crystal discs; looked hard at Jasper Rawdon, and said, "Just so!"

"Now to business. How do matters stand? Some of it, you've picked up. Some of it, I've picked up. Piece the two and there you are, you know."

Gabriel Grubb arose from his desk, opened a large iron safe, which stood at his elbow, and produced from a big bundle of old and dusty documents a parcel of deeds, on the back of which was written in large characters, "The Deeds of the Hazelcroft Estate."

"When Rupert Mansford gambled away this estate," said the solicitor, "it was not his own, but his elder brother Richard's, who sailed away from England in 18—and has never since been heard of on this side the water. Rupert Mansford could not produce a selling title, and being driven to his wits' end, he came to me, and asked my advice. He offered me a share of the purchase-money——"

"Cut it short, Grubb, cut it short," said Rawdon, impatiently. You took me into your confidence, I was then an articled clerk in the office you had left. We forged the necessary papers which did the business for him, and Hazelcroft was sold into the Towneley family on the strength of it. That's how the matters stood until——"

"Until I found these papers in an old escritoire at Hazelcroft Hall," pursued Gabriel Grubb, taking up the thread of the story, "when we were searching for some papers belonging to the family. Now, how best to turn them into gold; that is the question."

"It can be proved," continued Jasper Rawdon, "that when Rupert Mansford sold the estate, the real owner Richard Mansford was living in Australia, so that the sale under any circumstances was null and void. It can be proved also that Rupert Mansford is dead, and that he died before his brother Richard, the true owner of the estate. It can be proved that Richard Mansford is now dead"—the wretch did not say who it was who shot him and did not know that he had recovered—"and therefore the true heiress and owner of Hazelcroft Estate is Nora Mansford his niece, the niece also of old Abram Hardale, an old villain, whom may the dogs——"

"Stop, my friend, stop! Don't get excited. We'll set Abram Hardale to rights, only wait a bit. He hasn't come into my 'Grab'em shop' for nothing. All in good time, my boy;" and as he spoke Gabriel Grubb rubbed his hands and chuckled with delight.

It was arranged that Rawdon should enter Grubb's employ under the name of Edwin Wilson as a sort of clerk, bailiff, and general help, so as to give a reason for

his stay at Settleworth, though it was a part of the scheme that he should put himself in evidence as little as possible. Rawdon was not long in seeing "how the land lay," and in taking stock of his surroundings. His old theatrical experience helped him in the matter of disguise. He got himself up in the flashy style he admired, and took for his model in dress no less a person than Gerald Towneley.

The plotters soon found that they could not get the estate out of Squire Towneley's hands without a fight. The old squire had been greatly pleased with the possession of Hazelcroft estate. The hall itself was not large, but it was beautifully situated, and most attractive and inviting in its general appearance, and the few hundred acres that attached to it were well wooded, well watered, and were said to be unsurpassed in fertility in all the region round about. His eldest son would, of course, inherit Towneley Chase; his second son was provided for by lands which had come to him from his mother's family. If only his third son, Gerald could bring to a close that series of ruinous operations generally known as the "sowing of wild oats," Hazelcroft was just the place for him to settle down at, and take his proper place in "society." So, at any rate, his father thought, and even held out the pleasant bait to the young man, in the hope that it would tend to estrange him from his questionable comrades, and still more questionable habits.

It was therefore a disarrangement of this scheme, when, on behalf of the grim old carpenter, Gabriel Grubb officially challenged the Squire's title to the property, and claimed it on behalf of Nora Mansford, only child of Rupert Mansford, and sole heiress of Richard Mansford, the rightful owner of Hazelcroft, who survived his brother Rupert, and had never made any legal transfer of the property. It was clear therefore, Gabriel Grubb took pains to show, that Rupert Mansford had never any right to sell it, and that Squire Towneley's kinsman had no right to will it, the purchase being utterly invalid. Furthermore, it was affirmed that Richard Mansford had subsequently died in Australia; and having made no testamentary disposition of his property, Nora Mansford, the sole surviving relative, was the indisputable heiress of the family estate.

Of course Squire Towneley was not going to submit tamely to such a demand as this. He at once prepared himself by the aid of a lawyer, and being in possession of the property, had the proverbial nine points of the law on his side. So it was that with some reason for confidence, he ventured to engage in a law-suit.

Old Crusty had shrunk a little at first from attacking an opponent who wielded so long a purse. But then, Gabriel Grubb had made matters so clear, and was so sure and certain of success that he felt impelled to "burn his boats," that is to say, to let the lawyers burn them for him. Besides, the grim old cynic, displaying a weakness that cynics as a rule, one thinks, should be free from, was so thoroughly bent on making his niece "a lady" that he declared at last he would spend all he possesed to "gain the girl her rights."

It is easy enough to prophesy how this sort of thing would end. We know what is likely to befall the earthen pan when sailing down stream in company with the iron pot; but like hood becomes certainly when pan and pot clash against each other in contending currents; and no surer, speedier road to bankruptcy was possible to the carpenter than that on which he had now resolved to travel.

"Mr. Magrath," the tenant of the Hermitage seemed to be greatly interested in the important quarrel which was now assuming a very serious aspect. He was even known to have paid at least one visit to York, during the earlier proceedings in court. Law proceedings, however, especially where land is concerned, are slow proceedings, and our friend at the "Hermitage' ceased to take any interest in the gabble of the lawyers or the interpositions of the judge.

Mr. Magrath took to going to Towneley Chase instead. He and the squire seemed to "take" to each other as we say, and their speech with each other was of an interesting quality. What passed between them I will not now stay to tell; but after the first visit was ended, the Squire himself conducted his visitor to the door, shook hands with him with much warmth, and claimed a speedy renewal of his visit. Then following the bearded stranger with his eyes along the gravel drive until he was lost to view in the turning of the road, he retired to the library, saying aloud.

"Well, well, well! who would have thought it; can it be possible. The whole thing is as good as a novel."

Not long afterwards, a proposal was made to Abram Hardale to this effect; Squire Towneley would withdraw from any further litigation, with a view to save costs and trouble on condition that the claimants of the Hazelcroft estate should submit their proofs to a private and friendly examination by himself, his solicitor and a confidential friend.

This intimation was dispatched direct to Abram Hardale who received it with mingled feelings of surprise and triumph, not unmixed with curiosity as to how the change was brought about. He lost no time in taking the letter to the Grab'em shop.

"Grubb!" said he, "the enemy is about to capitulate. Here's the flag of truce!" and so saying he flung the letter on the desk, and relieved his mind by uttering his little, cackling laugh, dry, snappish, low, like the crumpling of parchment in a nervous hand.

Gabriel Grubb took off his crystal discs to read it. He read it again and again, and then said, "Just so. You'd better leave this letter with me. I must take time to think. Come over again to-morrow."

Abram Hardale rose, but before he could depart the lawyer interposed.

"I shall have to ask you to bring another payment on account; the costs are mounting up."

"Another?" groaned Abram, "why that will be the third this month."

After his client had gone, the "clerk" came out, and Jasper Rawdon, for it was he, and Gabriel Grubb set to work to take stock of the situation.

"What's this mean?" said Grubb, showing his confederate the letter Abram had brought. "Can they have got any inkling as to the forged title-deeds?"

"Who is this 'confidential friend?'" said Jasper Rawdon, looking glum and uneasy.

Neither of them had any answer for the other's question. For a few moments they sat in silence, looking at each other. Why should they be so thoroughly discomposed over a document that looked for all the world like full submission? They that live by fraud and falsehood must know that they have a volcano underneath them, and that the crust is thin. Eventually, however, they came to the conclusion that discovery of the forgery was simply impossible, and that the communication which had aroused their suspicion was in fact a confession that Nora Mansford's rights were unassailable, and that they were masters of the situation. Gabriel Grubb suggested that they should take a high stand, and not readily commit themselves to any change of policy until they could see a little more clearly how things were likely to turn.

"Meanwhile," said Rawdon, "it becomes necessary that we should care for our own finances, and old Hardale must hand over a few hundreds to keep the law in motion. We cannot afford to let it rest."

To this suggestion Gabriel Grubb had a ready answer. He nodded emphatically, and said, "Just so."

(To be Continued.)

IF you were to take a box-car nine feet wide and twenty feet long and fill it with 16 ESTEY ORGANS, it would take 12,500 box-cars to hold 200,000. Allow 20 cars to every engine and it would take 625 engines to pull the 200,000 ESTEY ORGANS. Allowing two feet of space between the cars for coupling, there would be a train of cars alone, not counting the engines, which would reach over 52 miles.

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BARON James Rothschild was always on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated more than one novel to him. Once, when Balzac was obliged to make a trip to Germany, and when, as often happened with him, he was in money difficulties, he went to the Baron, who, with his usual benevolence, advanced him £140, giving him also a letter of recommendation to his nephew in Vienna. The letter was unsealed, according to custom. Balzac read it, found it cold, poor, and unworthy of him, and never took it to the nephew. Returning to Paris, he went to see Baron Rothschild. "Well," said the latter, "have you seen my nephew?" Balzac proudly answered that he had kept the letter. "I am sorry for you," said the Baron; "have you got it with you!" "Yes, *parbleu*—here it is," "Observe this little hieroglyphic below the signature; it would have opened a credit of 25,000 francs (£1,000) for you at the Vienna firm." Balzac bit his nails and said nothing more. This somewhat resembles the action of many who, whilst professing attachment to the Lord Jesus, refuse compliance with his injunctions, because they do not accord with their notions, and thus they lose the rich benefits Christ offers to them.

ESCAPE FROM A SERPENT.

A MISSIONARY named Dahne, who took to his abode in the extreme west of Dutch Guiana in 1757, had his life threatened over and over again by roving Indians; he was constantly ill, yet he persevered in his lonely labor for Christ. The account of the great danger in which his faith saved him from a terrible death, is best given in his own words: "One evening, being unwell, and going to lie down in my hammock, upon entering the door of my hut, I perceived a large serpent descending upon me from a shelf near the roof. In the ruffle the creature stung or bit me two or three times in the head, and, pursuing me very closely, twined itself several times round my head and neck. Supposing that this would be the occasion of my departing this life, I, for the satisfaction of my brethren, wrote the cause of my death in a few words with chalk upon the table, 'A serpent has killed me,' lest they should charge the Indians with the deed. But on a sudden that promise of our Saviour to His disciples was impressed upon my mind, 'They shall take up serpents, and they shall not harm them,' and seizing the reptile with great force, I tore it loose, and flung it out of the hut. I then laid down to rest in the peace of God."

...ITHFULNESS OF A KAREN SERVANT.

THE Rev. J. Hackney, missionary at Rangoo, when at a village called Toloh, was joined by a young Karen named Morsee, who wished to follow him from place to place, and help him in his work. After a few days he was taken ill, and had to be left behind in the care of a friend. Mr. Hackney went on to the next village, a place called Zaminee. While he was there, he was astonished to see Morsee staggering on Sunday morning. He was ill with fever; weak and weary he fell fainting at Mr. Hackney's feet. He had crawled after them all the way, and at night he slept under a tree in the jungle. For the next twelve days he was quite delirous, and had to be watched night and day. Mr. Hackney doctored him regularly, and hired four men to carry him from village to village. He became so emaciated that he could not even sit up, and was quite delirious for days, uttering the utmost nonsense. Mr. Hackney's one desire was to get Morsee from Zaminee to the railway station as soon as possible, but could not do so. "At Kon-Nya bor," writes Mr. Hackney, "I thought he would die, and that I should have to bury him on the road. He is now much better, and rapidly gaining flesh, and I intend preparing him for Catechist work."

AN AVARICIOUS MAN'S DEATHBED.

"GIPSY SMITH," a noted British revivalist, tells the following incident: "I can look back and see plainly the figure of a man with whom I was brought up. His whole ambition was to make money. Into the pursuit of wealth he entered with his whole heart and he was successful, but he was never satisfied. As he heaped riches upon riches he became more and more discontented, finding fault with, and grumbling at his wife and family and all around him. When I would have spoken to him about Christ and his soul, he only laughed at me and told me I was mad. But God put his finger upon that man; in the night-time he was taken seriously ill. The first word he said, as his friends crowded around him, were, 'Send for Smith!' What?' they said 'Send for a man you consider mad?' 'Yes.' He knew in his heart that it was he who had been mad to trifle with the things of eternity. I was sent for, and obeying the summons with all haste, was soon by his side; but when I again told him about Christ the only way of salvation, he did not seem to understand what I was saying. He had neglected God in the day of his strength, and now when about to enter into eternity, he had nothing upon which to lean, and without the guiding hand of the Spirit, he groped about in the dark and was unable to find Christ, the door of salvation. He died and his soul passed out into the night. He might have been saved, for he had at one time attended open-air meetings, and seemed to feel his need of pardon, but he had turned from Christ to the world and sinned away his day of grace."

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BY ANNA SHIPTON.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. 8 : 2.

"Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."—Heb. 10 : 35.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears ;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path,
Carried my Lord on their crest ;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed,
There was not a wound in my aching heart,
But the balm of His breath hath healed.
Oh, tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known,
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain,
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water-springs by the way ;
For the glowing pillars of flame by night,
And the sheltering cloud by day.

And if to warfare, He calls me forth,
He buckles my armor on ;
He greets me with smiles, and a word of cheer,
For battles His sword hath won ;
He wipes my brow as I droop and faint,
He blesses my hand to toil ;
Faithful is He, as He washes my feet,
From the trace of each earthly soil.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace ;
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting place.
Has He changed for me? Nay! He changes not,
He will bring me by some new way,
Through fire and flood, and each crafty foe,
As safely as yesterday.

Never a watch on the dreariest halt,
But some promise of love endears ;
I read from the past, that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.
Like the golden pot, of the wilderness bread,
Laid up with the blossoming rod,
All safe in the ark, with the law of the Lord,
Is the covenant care of my God.

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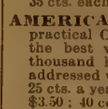
AGENTS Send for  **E. B. TREAT'S** Catalogue of new books. **Shots at Sundry Targets**, by Talmage $2.50. Quick sales. Big pay. Also, **Mother, Home & Heaven**; 400 best authors Edited by T. L. Cuyler. $2.75. 192,000 sold. **5000 Curiosities of Bible** $2. By Mail.

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"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." John 10:16.

HERE is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a nice little property fenced off all for ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing we might go in and pluck the flowers and look at the deer and the statuary. It is a father's orchard and there are bars to let down, and gates to swing open. In my boyhood days, next to the country school-house where I went, there was an apple orchard of great luxuriance, owned by a very lame man who did not gather the apples, and they went to waste by scores of bushels. Sometimes the lads of the school, in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents who fell through the same temptation, would climb over the fence and take some of these apples, and notwithstanding the fact that there was a surplus, and all going to waste, the owner of that orchard, reckless of making his lameness worse, would take after these lads, and shout, "Boys, drop those apples, or I'll set the dog on you!" Now there are Christians who have severe guard over the Church of God. They have a rough and unsympathetic way of treating outsiders. It is a great orchard into which God would like to have all the people come and take the richest and the ripest fruit, and the more they take the better he likes it. But there are those who stand with a hard and severe nature guarding the Church of God, and all the time afraid that some will get these apples when they really ought not to have them.

Have you any idea that, because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been surrounded by hallowed influences, you have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out so nobody else can sit there? You will have to haul in your elbows, for there will come a great multitude to sit at the table, and on both sides of you. You are not going to have this monopoly of religion. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

McDonald the Scotchman has on the Scotch hills a great flock of sheep. McDonald has four or five thousand head of sheep. Some are browsing in the heather, some are on the hills, some are in the valleys, a few are in the yard. One day Cameron comes over to McDonald and says, "McDonald, you have thirty sheep; I have been counting them." "Oh, no!" says McDonald, "I have four or five thousand." "Ah!" says Cameron, "you are mistaken; I have just counted them; there are thirty." "Why," says McDonald, "do you suppose that is all the sheep I have? I have sheep on the distant hills and in the valleys, ranging and roaming everywhere. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

So Christ comes. Here is a group of Christians, and there is a group of Christians; here is a Methodist fold, here is a Presbyterian fold, here is a Baptist fold, here is a Lutheran fold, and we make our annual statistics, and we think we can tell you just how many Christians there are in the world; how many there are in the Church, how many of all these denominations. We aggregate them, and we think we are giving an intelligent and an accurate account; but Christ comes, and he says, "You have not counted them right. There are those whom you have never seen, those of whom you have never heard. I have my children in all parts of the earth, on all the islands of the sea, on all the continents, in all the mountains and in all the valleys. Do you think that these few sheep you have counted are all the sheep I have? There is a great multitude that no man can number. Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

The Shepherd and the Sheep-fold.

Christ, in my text, talks of the conversion of the Gentiles as confidently as though they had already been converted. He sets forth the idea that his people will come from all parts of the earth, from all ages, from all circumstances, from all conditions. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

In the first place, I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd will find many of his sheep among those who are at present non-church-goers. There are different kinds of churches. Sometimes you will find a church made up only of Christians. Everything seems finished. The church reminds you of those skeleton plants from which by chemical preparation all the greenness and the verdure have been taken, and they are cold, and white, and delicate, and beautiful, and finished. All that is wanted is a glass case put over them. The minister on the Sabbath has only to take an ostrich feather and brush off the dust that has accumulated in the last six days of business, and then they are as cold and beautiful and delicate as before. Everything is finished: finished sermons, finished music, finished architecture, finished everything. Another church is like an armory, with the sound of drum and fife calling more recruits to the Lord's army. We say to the applicants, "Come in and get your equipment. Here is the bath in which you are to be cleansed, here is the helmet you are to put on your head, here are the sandals you are to put on your feet, here is the breastplate you are to put over your heart, here is the sword you are to take in your right hand and fight his battle with. Quit yourselves like men."

There are those here, perhaps, who say, "It is now ten, fifteen years since I was in the habit, the regular habit, of church-going." I know all about your case. I am going to tell you something that will be startling at the first, and that is, that you are going to become the Lord's sheep. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; you don't know my case: you don't know how far I am from anything of that kind." I know all about your case. I have been up and down the world. I know why some of you do not attend upon Christian services.

I go further, and make another announcement in regard to you, and that is, you are not only to become the Lord's sheep, but you are going to become the Lord's sheep this hour. God is going to call you graciously by his Spirit; you are going to come into the fold of Christ. This sermon shall not be so much for those who are Christians. I have preached to them hundreds and thousands of times. The sermon that I preach now is going to be chiefly for those who consider themselves outsiders, but who may happen to be in the house, and the chief employment of the Christian people here to-day will be to pray for those who are not accustomed to attend upon Christian sanctuaries.

When the steamer *Atlantic* went to pieces on Mars Rock, why did that brave minister of the Gospel, of whom we have all read, go out in the lifeboat? Why did he not stay and look after the passengers that got ashore, wrapping flannels around them, and kindling fires for them, and preparing them food? There was plenty of work to be done on the shore for those who had already escaped. Ah! that brave man knew that there were others who would take care of those, and so he said, "Man the lifeboat! Pull away, my lads, pull away! Yonder is a man; there is a woman freezing in the rigging. Pull away!" I see the oar-blades bend in the strong pull of the oarsmen. Then they come up to the wreck. The woman is frozen. She drops into the wave—alas! poor woman—and washes out to sea. But then Mr. Ancient says, "There is a man yet hanging to the rigging. Pull away, my lads! pull away!" They come up, and he says, "Hold now there five minutes, and we will save you. Steady! steady! Now give me your hand. Leap! Thank God he is saved! Thank God he is saved!"

So there are men now in the breakers. They have made a shipwreck of life. While we come out to save them, some are swept off—swept off before we can reach them—and there are others still hanging on. Steady there among the slippery places! Steady! Leap into this lifeboat! Now is your chance for heaven! This hour some of you are going to be saved. Far away from God, you are going to be brought nigh. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Christ says that ministers of the Gospel are to be fishers for men. Now when I go fishing I do not want to fish in anybody else's pond. I do not want to go along Hohokus Creek, where

there are ten or fifteen men fishing, and drop my line just about where they are dropping their lines. I should like to get in a Newfoundland fishing-smack and push out to sea fifty miles beyond the breakers. I do not think the Church of God gains a great deal when you take sheep from one fold and put them in another fold. It is the lost sheep on the mountains you want to bring back—the lost sheep on the mountains. And they are coming to-day.

You are now this hour in the tide of Christian influences. You are going to be swept in; your voice is going to be heard in prayer; you are going to be consecrated to God; you are going to live a life of usefulness, and your death-bed is going to be surrounded by Christian sympathizers; and devout men will carry you to your burial when your work is done, and these words will be chiselled for your epitaph: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And all that history is going to begin to-day. "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find many of his sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. I do not know whether it was through hearing Theodore Parker preach, or whether it was reading Renan's Life of Jesus, or whether it was through some sceptic in the store or factory. Or it may be—probably is the case—that you were disgusted with religion and disgusted with Christianity because some man who professed to be a Christian defrauded you, and he being a member of the Church, and you taking him as a representative of the Christian religion, you said, "Well, if that's religion, I don't want any of it."

A Heroic Clergyman's Life-boat Experience.

I do not know how you came to reject Christianity, but you frankly tell me you do reject it; you do not think the Bible is the Word of God, although there are many things in it you admire; you do not think that Christ was a divine Being, although you think he was a very good man. You say, "If the Bible be true—the most of the Bible be true—I nevertheless think the earlier part of the Bible is an allegory." And there are fifty things that I believe you do not believe. Nevertheless they tell me in regard to you that you are an accommodating, you are an obliging person. If I should come to you and ask of you a favor you would grant it, if it were possible. It would be a joy for you to grant me a favor. If any of your friends came to you and wanted an accommodation, and you could accommodate them, how glad you would be!

Now I am going to ask of you a favor. I want you to oblige me. The accommodation will cost you nothing, and will give me great happiness. Of course you will not deny me. I want you as an experiment to try the Christian religion. If it does not stand the test, discard it; if it does, receive it.

If you were very sick, and you had been given up of the doctors, and I came to you and I took a bottle of medicine from my pocket and said, "Here is medicine I am sure will help you; it has cured fifty people," you would say, "Oh, I haven't any confidence in it; they tell me all these medicines will fail me." "Well," I say, "will you not, as a matter of accommodation to myself, just try it?" "Well," you say, "I have no objection to trying it; if it will be any satisfaction to you I will try it." You take it. Now you are sick in disquietude, sick in sin. You are not happy. You laugh sometimes when you are miserable. There come surges of unhappiness over your soul that almost swamp you. You are unhappy, struck through with unrest. Now will you not try this solace, this febrifuge, this anodyne, this Gospel medicine? "Oh," you say, "I haven't any faith in it." As a matter of accommodation, let me introduce you to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Physician. "Why," you say, "I haven't any faith in him." Well, now, will you not just let him come and try his power on your soul? Just let me introduce him to you. I do not ask you to take my word for it. I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. Perhaps the clergymen may be prejudiced; perhaps we may be speaking professionally; perhaps we may give you wrong advice; perhaps we are morbid on that subject; so I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. I ask you to take the advice of very respectable laymen, such as William Shakespeare, the dramatist; as William Wilberforce, the statesman: as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the electrician. These men never preached—they never pretended to preach—but they come out, and putting down, one his telescope and another the electrician's wire, and another the Parliamentary scroll—they come out and they commend Christ as a comfort to all the people, a Christ that the world needs. Now I do not ask you to take the advice of clergymen. Take the advice of these laymen. It does not make any difference to me at this juncture what you have said against the Bible; it does not make any difference to me at this juncture how you may have caricatured religion. Take the advice of men who are prominent in secular affairs, as these men whom I have mentioned, and others who immediately occur to your mind. You see I do not scoff at scepticism. I never scoffed at scepticism. I had a good reason for not scoffing. I have been a natural sceptic. I do not know what the first word was that I uttered after entering this world, but I think it must have been "why?" There were times when I doubted the existence of God, when I doubted the divinity of Christ, when I doubted the immortality of the soul, when I doubted my own existence, when I doubted everything. I have been through the whole curriculum of doubt, and you can tell me nothing new about it. I have come out from a great Sahara desert into the calm, warm, sunshiny land of the Gospel. I know about the other land. I have been there. You can tell me nothing new about it; and I know all about the other condition of which you do not know anything—the peace, the comfort, the joy, the triumph of trusting in God, and in Jesus Christ whom he has sent. So I am not scoffing in regard to it. There are some things I believe that you do not; but there are some things that I believe and you do believe. You believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Now let me tell you, God loves you more than all of them together; and you must come in, you will come in. Christ looks in all tenderness, with the infinite tenderness of the Gospel, into your soul, and he says, "This is your time for Heaven;" and then he waves his hand to the people of God, and he says, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold."

Again I remark, the Heavenly Shepherd is going to get many of his sheep among those who have been flung of evil habit.

It outrages me to see how soon Christian people give up the prodigal. I hear Christian people talk as though they thought the grace of God were a chain of forty or fifty links, and when they had run out then there was nothing to touch the depth of a man's iniquity. If a man were out hunting for deer, and got off the track of the deer, he would hunt amid the bushes and the brakes longer for the lost game than he will look for a lost soul.

They say if a man has had the delirium tremens twice he cannot be cured. They say if a woman has fallen from integrity she cannot be redeemed. All of which is an infinite slander on the Gospel of the Son of God. Men who say that know nothing about practical religion in their own hearts. How many times will God take back a man who has fallen? Well, I cannot give you the exact figures, but I can tell you at what point he certainly will take him back. Four hundred and ninety times. Why do I say four hundred and ninety times? Because the Bible says seventy times seven. Now, figure that out, you who do not think a man can fall four times, eight times, ten times, twenty times, one hundred times, four hundred times, and yet be saved. Four hundred and ninety times! Why, there is a great multitude before the throne of God who plunged into all the depths of iniquity. There were no sins they did not commit; but they were washed of body, and washed of mind, and washed of soul, and they are before the throne of God now forever happy. I say that to encourage any man who feels there is no chance for him.

A DEATH-BED LAMENT.

Good Templars will not save you, although they are a grand institution. Sons of Temperance will not save you, although there is no better society on earth. Signing the temperance pledge will not save you, although it is a grand thing to do. No one but God can save you. Do not put your confidence in bromide of potassium, or anything that the apothecary can mix. Put your trust in God! After the Church has cast you off, and the bank has cast you off, and social circles have cast you off, and all good society has cast you off, and father has cast you off, and mother has cast you off, at your first cry

or help God will bend clean down to that ditch f your iniquity to help you out. Oh, what a God e is! Long suffering and gracious!

There may be in this house some whose hand rembles so with dissipation they could hardly old a hymn-book. I say to such, if they are ere, "You will preach the Gospel yet; you will et, some of you, carry the Holy Communion hrough the aisles, and you will be acceptable o everybody, because everybody will know you re saved and purified by the grace of God, and consecrated man, wholly consecrated. Your usiness has got to come up, your physical ealth is to be rebuilt, your family is to be re-tored, the Church of God on earth and in leaven is to rejoice over your coming. "Other heep have I which are not of this fold." If this s not the Gospel, I do not know what the Gos-el is. It can scale any height, it can fathom ny depth, it can compass any infinity. I think ne reason why there are not more people sav-d is we do not swing the door wide enough pen. Now there is only one lass of persons in this house bout whom I have any despondency and that is those who have een hearing the Gospel for perhaps twenty, thirty, forty years. heir outward life moral, but they ell you frankly they do not love ie Lord Jesus Christ, have ot trusted him, have not been orn again by the Spirit of God. hey are Gospel-hardened. The ospel has no more effect upon iem than the shining of the ioon on the city pavement. The ublicans and the harlots go into ie kingdom of God before they. hey went through, some of iem, the revival of 1857, when 00,000 souls were brought to od. Some of them went through reat revivals in individual nurches. Still unpardoned, unlessed, unsaved. They were ierely spectators. Gospel-harden-d! After awhile we will hear that iey are sick, and then that they re dead, and then that they ied without any hope. Gospel-ardened. But I turn away from l such with a thrill of hope to iose who are not Gospel-harden-d. Some of you have not heard, erhaps, five sermons, in five ears. This whole subject has een a novelty to you for some me. You are not Gospel-ardened; you know you are not ospel-hardened. The whole ubject comes freshly to your mind. I hear ome soul saying, "O my wasted life! O the bit-r past! O the graves I stumbled over! Whith-r shall I fly? The future is so dark, so dark, very dark. God help me!"

Oh, I am so glad for that last utterance! That as a prayer, and as soon as you begin to pray, iat turns all Heaven this way, and God steps l, and he beats back the hounds of temptation their kennels, and he throws all around the ursued soul the covert of his pardoning mercy. heard something fall. What was it? It was ie bars around the sheepfold, the bars of the nce around the sheepfold. The Heavenly hepherd let them fall, and the hunted sheep f the mountain come bounding in, some with ece torn of the brambles, and others with et lame from the dogs, but bounding in. hank God! "Other sheep have I which are ot of this fold."

God forbid that any of you should have the mentation of the dying nobleman who had ad every opportunity of salvation but rejected l, and who wrote or dictated these words: Before you receive this, my final state will be etermined. I am throwing my last stake for ernity, and tremble and shudder for the im-ortant issue. Oh, my friend, with what hor-or do I recall the hours of vanity we have wasted together; but I have a splendid passage to the grave. I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy. I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependants sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief; but Oh, which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? And which of these will bail me from the arrest of death? While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may be hearing my just condemnation at a supreme tribunal. Adieu!"

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE IN CEYLON.

(See Illustration on page 29.)

THE edifice depicted in the illustration on page 29 is the *Bana Maduwa* or Buddhist temple, at Pantura, in Ceylon. It was erected by pious laymen for the accommodation of travelling priests, who go from city to city collecting alms. Here the people might come to them with their offerings, and the priests could read to them Buddha's sacred precepts. Sometimes these readings are continued for several consecutive days and nights, one priest taking up the reading as another concludes.

The Late Mrs. A. R. Brown. *(From a photograph by Fredricks, New York.)*

On the left upper corner is shown the worship of a priest, a newly admitted child of ten or twelve, with his attendant behind him. He carries a begging bowl in which he receives the dole of food that the pious devotee offers. These candidates are admitted at the close of the readings, when they have to recite certain stanzas, renounce their relatives and worldly possessions, bathe, shave their heads and eyebrows, and put on the yellow robe which covers one shoulder and leaves the other exposed, after which they are carried in procession around the town. The full-fledged priests cover both shoulders (as shown in the right-hand panel of our picture).

Since 1795, when Ceylon became a possession of England, mission work has been carried on in the island. It was, however, only in 1814 that a really vigorous and organized effort was made to preach the gospel to the masses. In that year a band of Wesleyan missionaries arrived at Colombo and began earnest work among the people. Other denominations have also sent out Christian laborers who speak hopefully of the progress made. In 1870, especially, there was a remarkable work of grace in the island. It extended through all parts of the island and among the converts were Buddhist priests, Singhalese in the south, Tamils in the north and large numbers of natives in all the cities. Beside these, many merchants and clerks from Christian countries who were doing business in Ceylon were converted and worked with the missionaries among the people. The population of the island is about three millions.

THE LATE MRS. A. R. BROWN.

Superintendent of the New York City Mission and Tract Society.

A LIFE full of labor and Christian usefulness—a life of close following of the steps of him who "went about doing good" closed on January 2. It was that of Mrs. A. R. Brown, of New York, whose portrait (from a photograph by Charles Fredricks, 770 Broadway, New York), appears on this page. For nearly twenty years Mrs. Brown has been doing Christian work among the poor of the city, of the most beneficent kind. With a heart full of sympathy for the sick and suffering, the poor and "them that are out of the way," she helped them in their difficulties, and pointed them to him who invited the weary and heavy laden to come to him and find rest.

She was born June 6, 1826, and began her work in New York in 1873. Her place was at the head of the band of forty-five noble self-devoted women who form the corps of workers in the Woman's Branch of the City Mission. What the character of their work is, any one may see who leaves Broadway and the avenues in which the wealthy live and explores the streets near the rivers, and especially the miserable habitations on the East-side. There misery and destitution, and squalid poverty abound. To those poor families the visits of the City missionaries are like the visits of an angel of mercy, bringing with them not only spiritual consolation, but sympathy and material help. Mrs. Brown organized and directed this work, and she was well fitted for the task. She had a keen faculty of reading character and her choice of workers was unerring. Always ready with advice to one in difficulty, ever willing to assist personally in a crisis, she was the life and soul of the blessed work. Directly and indirectly, she was a friend to everyone in trouble or in need whose case came under the cognizance of her helpers.

The institutions she started for the development of the work were many, and they bear the marks of practical wisdom. The Day Nurseries for the children of the poor were one of her conceptions. There the women, who have to earn bread for themselves and their families by daily labor, find a place where they can leave their little ones in safety, under kindly care while they are at their toil. The corps of trained nurses who minister by the bedside of the sick poor, was another of Mrs. Brown's kindly arrangements. Besides these, Mrs. Brown established and directed the Home for Christian Workers in this city, which has been a boon to many a toiling laborer in the Lord's vineyard. The Societies of Helping Hands for poor women and Sewing Schools for children were among her favorite enterprises. Her brain was continually at work devising some means for meeting the urgent needs of the poor which were disclosed by personal contact,

and her hand was quick to carry out with vigorous energy the ideas that she had prayerfully planned.

On January 2, she laid down her work forever. She had none of this world's goods or honors, but she has gone into the presence of him who said: "I was a-hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. . . . Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Warning Bell Silenced—A Curious Probate Suit—A Village Pest—The Collection of a Debt.

An Ingenious Device for an Automatic Bell buoy was on exhibition last week, in New York. These buoys are anchored over sunken rocks or on dangerous shoals, to give warning by night and day to mariners. Those now in use have a bell suspended over a saucer-shaped float. Underneath the bell is a ball which rolls to and fro as the float rolls with the waves, striking the bell, when unimpeded, at each motion. The new device has three tubes twelve inches long, at equal distances on the exterior of the bell and pointing to its outer surface. In each tube is a ball which when it rolls to the bell-end of the tube strikes the bell itself. The advantage of this plan is that the motion of the balls cannot be impeded. With the old shape it sometimes happened that weeds or driftwood would float under the bell and prevent the ball rolling, thus silencing the bell. This increases the danger which the buoy is set to prevent, because the mariner, knowing a buoy is placed over the perilous spot, is not apprehensive that he is near it when he hears no warning sound. A similar augmentation of danger occurs in the case of sinners who are in the habit of listening to unfaithful preachers. When the driftwood of worldliness and fear of offending wealthy pew-holders get into a preacher's heart, his silence on the subject of prevalent sin may involve the shipwreck of many souls. God says to such: "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." (Ezek. 33: 8.)

A Schooner's Desperate Struggle for Life was witnessed from the New Jersey coast on Dec. 26. A terrific storm was lashing the sea into foam. The wind drove rain and hail in the faces of the people on shore, so that they could scarcely bear to look seaward. A group of men from the life-saving station was intently watching a large three-masted schooner which was being driven slowly but surely toward the shore. The crew had thrown out anchors, but they were evidently dragging a furrow along the bottom, unable to get a hold firm enough to bear the tremendous strain. The vessel rolled almost on her beam ends as the immense waves struck her sides, and the tops of her tapering masts described graceful curves against the dark back-ground of the sky. One moment the whole of her deck was clearly visible from the beach, and her crew could be seen clinging to anything that would keep them from slipping into the sea; the next moment she rolled over until her keel could almost be seen. The crew sent up no signal for help, but seemed to be intent on saving the vessel. Foot by foot she was drifting nearer the fatal coast. At last one of her anchor chains parted and then her doom seemed inevitable. By that time the life-saving men had their rocket apparatus in position and the first shot sent a line into the rigging. The crew saw it and understood. They made it fast, and then one by one they took their places in the breeches-buoy and were drawn ashore. So high was the sea that in several instances the man in the buoy passed through the water on his way to the shore and was almost drowned. But all were saved. Would that it were possible to say so much for every man to whom the way of salvation through Christ is offered! Unhappily men do not realize their spiritual peril as they do physical peril, though it is infinitely more dreadful and the way of escape is so simple and sure. (Heb. 2: 3.)

A Remarkable Suit to Invalidate a Will is to be tried shortly in the courts of Boston, Mass. The will is that of a man who died last October in Revere. His estate was worth over a hundred thousand dollars. He had six children, to whom he left trivial sums. The balance of his property he bequeathed to various religious and philanthropic institutions. The children of the testator are opposing probate on the ground that the will must have been made while the man was under undue influence. They state, and they have witnesses to prove, that their father was an exceedingly wicked man, remarkable for his profanity and his contempt for religion. The expressions used in the will are those of a man of piety, and they are consequently taken as an indication that the testator was not of sound mind when he made it. It is probable, however, that his mind was sound enough. He may have had the idea that his bequests would atone for his wicked life. It is a foolish notion, but many entertain it, and a still greater number who are too well-informed to hope to purchase a place in heaven by a post-mortem money payment, show similar folly by thinking that after a life of sin they may enter heaven by offering to God in their dying hour a belated repentance. (II. Cor. 6: 2.)

The Disappearance of a Mischievous Bird has delighted the people of a village in Connecticut. Some months ago, a tame crow which located itself at Chaplin annoyed the citizens. It seemed to be possessed by a spirit of mischief. It would kill chickens, uproot flowers and pick the fruit off trees. If it saw a window open, it would fly into a room, peck at the pictures, tear books and papers to pieces, and if it noticed any light article that pleased its fancy, would carry it away and bury it. The loss of several valuable rings and sleeve-buttons was charged to the account of the crow. It seemed to have a particular fancy for following the village doctor, often to the good man's annoyance, as he did not deem it exactly proper to be followed about by a bird of ill omen when visiting sick people. Several times he has been obliged to turn about and drive home when he has seen the bird flying along with him, so sensitive were his patients to the presence of the bird. Last week a flock of crows flew over the village, and the pest of the village joined them on their way south. No more fervent wish has been expressed in the community in a long time than that the miserable mischief-maker may never find its way back again. Why the good people did not put an end to their annoyance by shooting the crow, does not appear. That would seem to have been the most simple and effective way of acting toward a *bird* "possessed by the spirit of mischief." The problem is more complicated when that spirit enters into a *man*. The best method in that case is for the community to pray that God will change his nature. We know that the Spirit of God can do that with the worst, even with those of whom Solomon said: "They sleep not except they have done mischief and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall." (Prov. 4: 16.)

A Payment of Government Money has been delayed through the ignorance of the creditors. Some years ago, the Government became indebted to the Panama Railroad Company to the extent of $13,000 for the transportation of troops. The Company applied for the amount, but were informed that there was no money in the Treasury available for the payment. A special act of Congress would be needed to appropriate the money. The Company imagined that it would be necessary to send a man to Washington to arrange for such legislation and possibly to bribe members of Congress to pass the bill. At that time they were not prepared to take the matter up, and at length it was forgotten. After the lapse of several years the existence of this claim was recalled to the attention of the Company, and an agent was commissioned to go to Washington and arrange for the passage of a special appropriation. He was a foreigner and knew nothing of Congressional ways. He applied for advice to a gentleman whom he casually met, who happened to be file-clerk of the House. This gentleman said that he believed the House had already dealt with the claim. He searched the files and found that about four years ago an appropriation had been passed to pay the Panama Company's claim. Armed with this special statute and his power of attorney, the agent marched off to the Treasury, and was paid without demur. He expected to have to lobby a bill through Congress, and was astonished at the ease with which his business was done. Similar astonishment is often felt by awakened sinners when they realize the way of salvation. Expecting that they must do "some great thing," or go through some agonizing experience before they can be saved, they are surprised to learn that they have only to claim the salvation God has promised to all who believe on Jesus Christ. (John 3: 16).

THE ORIENTAL SHERBET-SELLER.

(See Illustration on first page.)

A GROUP familiar to travellers in Palestine and other Oriental lands is pictured in the illustration on the first page of this journal this week. It is taken from a photograph secured by Dr. Talmage during his recent tour in the Holy Land. In Jerusalem, Damascus, and other cities, such a figure as that in the picture may be seen on any of the streets. He is generally an Arab, or of mixed race in which Arab blood preponderates. Strapped to his shoulders is a large bottle, or earthenware jar, or a goat-skin containing the means of assuaging thirst. In very dry seasons, he can find a ready sale for plain water, and when water is more plentiful, he fills his receptacle with sherbet or lemonade. He lengthens the spout of his jar by the simple contrivance of fixing a tube to it, and by bending his shoulders he can fill the cup without taking the jar from his back. The dexterity with which he performs this feat without spilling his stock-in-trade is extraordinary and is acquired only by long practice.

To the American traveller the spectacle of people so buying a drink of water or sherbet on the street is a strange one, and there are other scenes which indicate that now, as in Bible times, there is a scarcity of water that is an important consideration in Oriental life. Numerous Scriptural allusions acquire greater significance when this fact is realized. Evidently it was the custom in ancient times to fetch the water for the supply of the household from a considerable distance. Rebekah, though the daughter of a man of substance, was engaged in this occupation when Abraham's servant saw her. (Gen. 24: 16.) When Jesus sent his disciples to prepare the Passover they were told that they would meet "a man bearing a pitcher of water." (Mark 14; 13.) The possession of a well was then a matter of some moment as is proved by the formality with which Abraham had his ownership of a well attested. (Gen. 21: 30.) Isaac's contention about his wells (Gen. 26: 19-22.) is also an evidence of the same kind, and it is mentioned later on as a fact of special distinction about a man that he "had a well in his own court" (II. Samuel 17: 18.) To Oriental ears, therefore, a meaning we cannot fathom would be attached to such an invitation as that of Isaiah, "Ho everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters" and to the characteristic which John noted in the Celestial city that there was "a river of the water of life, clear as crystal." But in those lands, as in this more highly favored one, the blessing which water symbolizes, that living water whereof if a man drink he shall never thirst, is neglected and, though it is offered freely and without price, men will not drink of it.

ELIJAH ON CARMEL.

S. S. LESSON FOR JAN. 25, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. I. Kings 18 : 25-39 ; Golden Text, I. Kings 18 : 21.

Elijah's Period of Waiting and Learning—The Appointed Time—The Message to Ahab—Obadiah's Fear—The King Waiting on the Prophet—Executing His Orders—Elijah's Appeal to the People—The Test Proposed—The Scene on Carmel—The Answer by Fire—The Hour's Triumph Compensating for the Three Years' Discipline.

ELIJAH had learned the important lessons which were to fit him for an exceptional service. But he must learn also to wait God's time. God is never in a hurry, and "he that believeth shall not make haste."(Isa. 28 : 16.) A man who is sure of his God does not fear that he will lose the right opportunity for action. He knows that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven" (Eccl. 3 : 1), and that he who always knew when his hour was come will not fail to fix the right moment for us in everything which shall happen. Unbelief can hurry, but faith can wait. It was only

"After Many Days,"

that "the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying, Go, shew thyself unto Ahab, and I will send rain upon the earth. And Elijah went to show himself unto Ahab." He had learned to trust consequences with his God. Elijah did not plan out his journey, or scheme in what way it would be best to approach the king—God had the plan, and Elijah had only to fall into it. In the way, he met Obadiah. When God's children learn to trust him, nothing which happens is accidental, they see God's hand in every meeting, in every accident. It was the most natural thing to send word to Ahab by his house-steward, "Go, tell thy lord: Behold Elijah is here." But he met with an unexpected difficulty ; Obadiah, who had an office in Ahab's house was afraid to carry Elijah's message to the king, and Elijah, whom Ahab had sought for throughout his own and other lands, did not fear to meet him. How is this ? The one man was a child of God and feared him. When he could serve him without great personal danger he would do so. He had hidden and sustained a hundred prophets of the Lord during Jezebel's persecution ; but he could not trust the Lord. "What have I sinned that thou wouldst deliver thy servant into the hand of Ahab to slay me ?" And he pictured to himself consequences which might arise, "Thou sayest, go, tell thy lord, Behold Elijah is here, and it shall come to pass as soon as I am gone from thee, that the Spirit of the Lord shall carry thee whither I know not ; and so, when I come and tell Ahab, he shall slay me." Oh how many there are who do not dare to follow the Lord because of some possible consequences which after all may never happen. Obadiah knew that Elijah was God's servant, that he would not give him a direction which was not true and divine, but he shrank from possible consequences which were, after all, the result of imagination in a heart which did not really trust God, or believe in his care for his children.

Elijah did not stay to argue with Obadiah ;

Solemn Hours Were at Hand.

The supreme moment for which all his life had been a preparation was drawing on, and he only said, "As the Lord of hosts liveth before whom I stand, I will surely shew myself unto him to-day." So the timid man went his way to tell Ahab ; "and Ahab went to meet Elijah," the king waited on the prophet ; it was becoming that it should be so. Ahab met Elijah with the words, "Is it thou, thou troubler of Israel?" (R. V.) Elijah was a messenger, he spoke not his own words but, standing there in the presence of his God as his mouthpiece, with his life in his hand, he dared to speak all the words which God put in his mouth ; "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim. Now therefore send, and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves (or Asherah) four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table."

Who is this man that presumes to issue his commands to a king? A conscious messenger of him who is the King of kings. Elijah had seen the power of his God over death itself, which conquers kings, and he feared not Ahab, but his God. But who is this king that one day sets a price upon the head of the prophet, and seeks him in other lands ; and now that he is present ; instead of commanding his instant execution, obeys his orders as though Elijah were king, and he but a subject ? Ahab could not do otherwise ; the presence of the unseen God was with his servant, and Ahab must obey.

Ahab Obeyed ;

how long it took to convoke all this people we know not—some days probably. When God has his messenger ready, he can use the enemies of his truth to advertise and to gather the meeting where their power is to be overthrown. Elijah's mission was one of words and of deeds also. "How long halt ye between two opinions ? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, than follow him." Searching words; but the people remained unmoved. Deeds must follow, an indisputable proof of the reality of Israel's God must be given to the people. God must himself appear on the scene. Elijah was not at a loss; with his eye on his God all the time, and doing everything at his word, he makes another appeal, "I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord, but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them therefore give us two bullocks, and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on the wood, and put no fire under; and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on the wood, and put no fire under; and call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and

The God that Answereth

by fire let him be God." Elijah was alone against eight hundred and fifty prophets, who had court patronage and public opinion on their side, but he had the living God. And so sure was he of his succor, that he would take no advantage. Let *them* choose their bullock; I will take whichever they leave me — only let no earthly fire kindle the sacrifice. The people now break silence; to their eye Baal's prophets had the advantage; they said, "It is well spoken." Then began the real battle; the preparation of the bullock was a little thing, but when it came to making a real prayer to an unreal God, the falsity of their position was discovered. Oh, put things to the test; God's truth can stand any real test. Eight hundred and fifty prophets unite in the cry, "O Baal, hear us!" Hour after hour passed by, the prophets worked themselves up into a frightful excitement, and prayed with all their might, they leapt around their altar, they cut themselves with knives until they bled, they did their part with all their physical strength. Oh, how many Christians pray like these heathen prophets, crying, striving, putting their whole energy into their prayer, as though the answer depended on the amount of energy which they could bring to bear upon God.

Does God Live?

Does God hear ? Does God care ? Can I be sure of an interview with God, and that he truly hears me ? This is the line for a child of God to take. The prophets of Baal troubled themselves in vain, put to a real test all their religion broke down. Let us learn to wait God's hour, and do all we do at his word ; he will know how to deal with those who oppose him. "There was no voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded." The prophets of Baal had had their chance, and it was only failure : now every eye was turned on Elijah. Baal had proved himself to be no God, he could not answer by fire. "Come near unto me" was Elijah's first word to the people. Elijah had nothing to hide ; there were no occult mysteries in the service of Jehovah. "They came near, and he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down" with twelve stones, representing the twelve tribes of Israel. He claimed Israel for God, and God for Israel ; if Israel's God should appear on the scene, there must be a witness that Israel was his people.

Elijah did nothing to make easy the answer to his prayer. So sure was he of his God that he took what might have seemed unnecessary pains to make the answer as difficult as possible. He dug a trench about the altar, and, having arranged the wood, prepared his bullock, then commanded that four barrels of water should be poured over it, and not once only but three times, so that the bullock, the wood, the stones were saturated with water, and the trench also was filled. Fearless man, who has God assuredly on his side ! And now the moment was come for the appeal for God to

Answer by Fire.

Elijah knew God too well to prepare a prayer beforehand, he was not agitated or excited, like Baal's prophets. We may well believe that the silence was breathless, now that the clamor of Baal's prophets was stilled. "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel." This was the burden of his heart. "And that I am thy servant and that I have done all these things at thy word." For himself he asks only the witness that he was authorized from on high thus to command the king, and to assemble Israel to this wondrous test. "Hear me, O Lord, hear me that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." This was all ; but this was enough. "Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench." God had answered by fire. God had triumphed. And the result? Was it worth the while for Elijah to remain so long in the school of God, apparently useless ? Would this one hour show a greater result than if he had used all his time in preaching ? "When all the people saw it, they fell on their faces, and they said, The Lord, he is the God, the Lord, he is the God." It was a national return to the living God. Elijah's schooling had been worth the while.

THE WILLEBROEK INTERVIEW.

A Story of the S. S. Lesson for January 25—Elijah and the Prophets of Baal.

ONE day in early spring a number of men were engaged in earnest discussion in a room at Willebroek, a village midway between Antwerp and Brussels. As it was, centuries before, on Mount Carmel, the whole future of a nation was hanging in the balance, and, as on that other day of supreme crisis, one man was standing up for right and truth and God, against many advocates of error and superstition. One man alone barred the way to the utter ruin of his country. He had been brought there as a last resort to undergo the pressure which the truly great and good always find the most difficult and painful to withstand—the loving, tender appeals of dear friends.

He had withstood the arguments of a bishop renowned for his diplomatic skill ; a meeting had been arranged in which a deputation of the Knights of the Golden Fleece was to deal with him, but suspecting treachery he had avoided it. His king, the son of his powerful patron, had made special request of him, and the king's sister had exerted all her charming influence over him, but the man was inflexible. What was to be done with such a man, whom neither authority nor cajolery nor self-interest could win from the right and the true ? Possibly, his private friends, the companions of his youth might influence him. This it was that was now to be tried. He had need of all his firmness, of all his strength of conviction when he consented to that interview, for he was a man of strong emotions, of warm attachments and of loving fidelity to his friends. It needed an Elijah-like faith to keep him true in such a crisis.

It was easy to see by the workings of that noble face, how fierce was the conflict going on in his

soul. All that was required of him was his signature to a document to which his friends had already set their hands. If he signed, riches and honor and power, the friendship and favor of mighty potentates would be his. The ease and luxury to which he had been accustomed from childhood would be continued to him. Beloved men and women with whom he had long acted in concert, would rejoice, and association with them would still cheer and delight him. But if he signed, he knew that the favor of God would be withdrawn from him, and his country would be given over to the power of men who knew no mercy and felt no compunction. William of Nassau—for it was he—must have felt much as Elijah felt on Carmel when he saw all the power and prestige and influence in his country ranged against him. Philip, of Spain, was resolved on making Holland and Belgium Roman Catholic. The inquisition, that potent agent of propagandism, was to be introduced, heretics were to be hanged and burned, and William was asked to give his consent to the iniquity. Philip was determined to carry out his plans and if William resisted they were to be carried out in spite of him. Mansfield and Egmont, whom he loved, urged that William's resistance would exasperate Philip and make him more tyrannical and cruel and it would not save the Netherlands. Why not yield and trust to Philip's promises of clemency and moderation? To resist him was to wreck all his future life. William could expect nothing in the future but hopeless struggles against superior forces. He must resign peace and honors and pleasures, and become an exile in constant danger of death. Egmont pleaded hard with him, but William was immovable.

Then the tables were turned. In solemn, pathetic language William addressed himself to Egmont. The interview had been long and stormy. The crisis was now past. William had taken his stand and the voice of the one man pleading for God and the right was raised in solemn adjuration.

His love for Egmont had, in his own noble and pathetic language, struck its roots too deeply into his heart to permit him in this parting interview to neglect a last effort to turn him, even if his words were disregarded He endeavored to show his friends on what a thin, trembling crust they were venturing when they placed confidence in the promises of the Spanish monarch. He pointed out how many times those promises had been ruthlessly violated, and how often trust in the king's clemency had been unavailing. But Egmont was all hope and sanguine in his expectations of royal favor.

"Alas, Egmont," answered the prince," the king's clemency of which you boast will destroy you. Would that I might be deceived, but I foresee too clearly that you are to be the bridge which the Spaniards will destroy so soon as they have passed over it to invade our country." With these last solemn words he concluded his appeal to awaken the Count, for whom he felt a greater affection than for Mansfield, from his fatal security. Then, Mr. Motley tells us, as if persuaded that he was looking upon his friend for the last time, William of Orange threw his arms around Egmont and held him for a moment in a close embrace. Tears fell from the eyes of both at this parting moment and when this brief scene of simple and lofty pathos terminated, Egmont and Orange separated, never to meet again on earth.

Seldom has so much depended on the decision of a single man. The future prosperity and glory of the Netherlands was in his keeping, and the noble manner in which he fulfilled his trnst has gained for him the love and veneration of patriots of all subsequent time.

For William there was no Carmel to which he could summon the people for ocular proof of the righteousness of his cause. His walk must be by faith and he must trust where he could not see. Yet he never wavered. Defeated in the field again and again, he remained true to his God and his country. Egmont fell as he had predicted. The land became a hideous spectacle. The charters of freedom all over the country were superseded by brute force! Its industries were suffering, a worthy intelligent population began to desert the land in droves as if the pestilence were raging, while gibbets and scaffolds were erected in every village and a sickening universal apprehension existed of still darker disasters to follow. Yet supported by his conscience and by the power of God, William held on, seizing every advantage that dexterity and the blunders of his adversaries placed within his reach, until at last he saw the independence of his country formally acknowledged and the tide of persecution and cruelty rolled back.

The noble Prince fell at last under the assassin's hand, but in his last moments how he must have been supported by the consciousness that, by his fidelity to God and the truth he had saved his country from the curse.

WHEN WILL JESUS COME AGAIN?

Reasons from Scripture why the Second Advent may be Expected Before the Millennium.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

THAT our Lord will come again in the glory of his royal Person is clearly taught in Scripture. As an article of faith it is reiterated in all the evangelical creeds of the Church from the beginning. That there will be a millennium of universal holiness on the earth is also definitely revealed in the prophetic Word, as it has been the anticipated hope of the Church universal. We now submit the following propositions as indicating the relations one to another, of these two events, viz.: The King and the Kingdom.

I. The present age is

An Elective Age.

From the day of Pentecost till now, under the most faithful and powerful preaching, no one city or country has been wholly converted. The husbandman sowed wheat, but the enemy sowed tares. They grow together until the end. The tares never become wheat. They are not transformed by preachers, but gathered out at the end by angels, and burned with fire. The Son of Man and his mighty angels will introduce the Kingdom-age when the children of the wicked one, those who have not been regenerated, shall be rooted out. Then shall the true wheat be gathered into the heavenly garner. The same purposes are unfolded under the figure of the drag-net. When it was full they drew to shore, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away. Such is the picture of the end of this age, when the wicked shall be severed from among the just. The wicked are not absorbed into the just, but removed from them. There can be no millennium then till after the end of this age. There is no room for a converted world while tares mingle with wheat and bad fish are found in the same net with the good. The separation takes place when our Lord arrives from the distant country, who will therefore himself inaugurate millennial conditions.

The Church Opposed Till the End.

II. The Church is always represented in this age *as a martyr*. She is to be a faithful witness, and as such will bring opposition from the world against herself. Not for the beginning of the age only did our Lord declare, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." (John 16: 33.) Persecution is not a relic of barbarous ages. "All that live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution." (II. Tim. 3: 12.) Let but a faithful Church antagonize a godless world and instantly will the hatred shown by Pharisees and Sadducees, Herodians, and Gentile rulers at the beginning intensify against every loyal disciple of the Master. Nor will this antagonism to the Christ-life in his Church be exhibited by Chinese Buddhists, or Hindoo Brahmins, by Turkish Mohammedans, or African Pagans alone, but also by the millions of Christianized, but not converted formalists of America, England and Continental Europe.

If then, this antagonism to Jesus by philosophers, scientists, men of letters, aristocrats, plebeians, money lovers; by the intemperate, the infidel, the sceptic, the unclean, and the formal religionist, as well as the cultured heathen, and cannibalistic pagan continues until the Lord shall come, where is there room for a period of universal righteousness, unselfishness, and practical brotherhood before his predicted arrival? Scoffers and unbelievers will certainly continue to the end until they are overtaken by judgments more terrific than those which overwhelmed the ante-diluvian world, or doomed the wicked city of Sodom.

If the world is converted, and all men are found righteous before our Lord's second coming, what means this awful Scripture, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power—in that day." (II. Thess. 1: 7-10.) Will not our Lord find the wilfully ignorant and the consciously disobedient in the midst of their rebellion? As refusers of his grace now they will be the subjects of his wrath when he comes again. There will be no converted race to hail him, Lord of all. The same world which cast him out at first, and opposed his Church during the centuries will be found arrayed against him to the end.

The Advent and the Resurrection.

III. The resurrection of the righteous dead will surely *precede the millennium*. The unrighteous dead will also be raised, but not until after the millennial Kingdom—the thousand years reign of Christ and his saints. This is not a matter of interpretation, but of Scripture statement. (Rev. 20: 5.) Another Biblical statement declares that the first resurrection (viz.: the resurrection of the righteous dead), will take place immediately when Jesus comes. (I. Thess. 4: 16.) This also proves beyond question *the precedence of the Advent to the millennium*. Toplady, a man deeply learned in the Scriptures, and withal of fervent piety thus confessed his faith: "I am one of those old fashioned people who believe the doctrine of the millennium, and that there will be two distinct resurrections of the dead: first of the just and second of the unjust; which last resurrection of the reprobate will not commence till a thousand years after the resurrection of the elect." Toplady preferred to follow the Fathers and the Apostles, rather than the new-fashioned folk of whose pretended luminosity holy Manton wrote, "All new light is old darkness revived; it is neither new nor light."

That the resurrection had been denied from the beginning we know from Paul's condemnation of Hymenæus and Philetus, who overthrew the faith of some by claiming that the resurrection had passed already. The Swedenborgian followers of Hymenæus and Philetus may well weigh the serious words of the late Prof. Christlieb: "Whoever denies the bodily resurrection should be honest enough no longer to speak of resurrection at all. Resurrection does not refer to the spirit, the continued existence of which the Scripture takes as a matter of course, but only to the body, and its issuing alive from the grave. Only that can rise again that has been laid down in the grave, and that is only the body not the spirit."

Remember, then, O my reader, that the resurrection of the believer is connected with the blessed hope of our Lord's return. When he is manifested, we shall be manifested, and then, too, one thousand years before the end of the millennial day. Let us triumph in this our hope. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection." And let us rejoice that when Christ comes this second time in his personal glory, them also which sleep in Jesus will be given one to another.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

FACE TO FACE WITH GOD.

THERE is an art in everything. If, when the harvests are ripe, we should go into the fields, we would find that while one husbandman goes over the field, cutting down the grain with great exhaustion, halting at the end of the first swath before he has strength again to strike into the grain, another man goes for two or three hours without halting, save to sharpen his instrument—goes from one side of the field to the other without any special fatigue. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to swing the scythe, and in the other he does not. One man will go out with a fishing apparatus that has cost him fifty dollars, and catch absolutely nothing the livelong day; while another man, with an apparatus prepared with his own jackknife, will catch so many of the spoils of the water that his basket will scarcely hold them. What is the difference? In the one case, the man knows how to fish; in the other, he does not. We acknowledge that there is an art in everything. Is there any art in religion?

Why is it that one man starts out inthe Christian life and makes rapid advancement? He seems to walk across the field, going from one degree of grace to another, getting stronger and mightier in the Christian life, with no especial drawback, his misfortunes and his trials becoming his coadjutors, so that at the end of thirty years he can look back and see that he has made one long, complete triumph; while another man will be thirty years in the Church of God and achieve nothing, standing where he was at the start, or having retreated, not really having so much faith or usefulness as the first year. Why is it that one man goes ahead and the other goes back? Is there any art in religion? There is. No man gets on in the Christian life by accident. There is no such thing as hap-hazard. If a man advance in the Christian life rapidly and mightily, it is because he employs certain means and does certain things in order to gain those achievements.

There is one great secret of advancement in religious experience, and that is *secret prayer*. It is very easy to come into a public assemblage, and stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our head and lift our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning, or at noon, or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, and for scores of years—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help. No one can pray in public his whole prayer. Take the best man in the world, and let him rise up before God in public assemblage, and tell all his temptations and sorrows and annoyances and grievances and deficits, and he would clear the room in ten minutes. People would say, "We didn't come into the house of prayer to-night to have our ears and hearts insulted." We knew an excellent Christian man who had the habit in prayer-meeting, of telling the most astounding things of what he used to do and where he used to go. We all believed in him as a useful man; but we all wished he would not go so much into particulars. It edified no Christian ear, it advanced no Christian heart. And yet there is a place where a man ought to be able to tell everything to his God, to review all his past life, to count up all the wonderful deliverances, and take all the annoyances and the grievances of the present moment before God; but if he has no closet of secret prayer, where shall he do that? There is no such thing as stalwart Christian character except that which grows in private, and which starts from secret communion with God—an out-and-out unlimited utterance such as a man cannot give in a public religious assemblage.

GOOD LETTERS.

WE notice that the change of postmasters still goes on. The right administration of their office has so much to do with the public welfare, that no good citizen can be indifferent. What vast strides since, in the fifteenth century, the butchers and drovers were the carriers of letters from place to place, and the reception of perhaps half a dozen letters was more than the average of a lifetime, until now, on cheap paper, with cheap pen and cheap ink, we may put all we have to say in an envelope, and with a two-cent stamp on the outside, and the name and residence of our friend or correspondent on the back of the envelope, we may commit it for lightning travel to its place of destination! Let this blessing be rightly appreciated by all the people, and all attempts to injure the postal system, by blackmailing, the transmission of the dishonest and unclean, come to exposure and imprisonment. What a day we live in! Through what quick and confidential modes the world is brought together in sympathy! May all these agencies, postal, telephonic and telegraphic, be consecrated to God and the world's betterment, and all we say, and all we write, and all we do, be productive of usefulness! But nothing will ever take the place of the letter. It has a privacy that never belonged to the telegram; it has a voice which never dies. Some of us have such letters stuck away among our valuables, and though the hand that wrote them long ago has turned to dust, the written words are to-day as warm with sentiment and love as the hour they were posted. A letter of Christian advice, a letter of kind admonition, a letter of condolence, is potent beyond the spoken word, and will live after the hand that wrote it has forgotten its cunning. Claudius wrote a letter to Felix; David wrote a letter to Joab; Mordecai sent letters to the Jews; Paul carried letters to Damascus; but all these have less meaning for you than the last letter written you by your departed father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or child. May we all have the grace of Christian correspondence! May our lives instead of being misdirected letters in the dead-letter post-office, be living epistles read and known of all men!

BRIEF NOTES.

The Customs duties collected at the port of New York last year amounted to $163,235,263.

The amount collected in the churches, in London, on Hospital Sunday was $210,000. This was $5,000 more than in any previous year.

There is a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor in the Wisconsin State Prison which has more than a hundred members and is doing good work.

The returns so far received of the Hospital Sunday collections in New York show an increase over former years. At Grace Episcopal Church the collection amounted to $1,450.

Two thousand women of India, have signed a petition to the Queen of England, asking that restriction may be put on child-marriages by raising the marriageable age of girls from ten to fourteen years.

Young Men's Christian Associations are being organized in Jerusalem, Ramleh and Lydda. Mr. Hind Smith who is engaged in the work has secured the co-operation of the Bishop of Jerusalem.

Rev. Thomas Harrison received a warm welcome at Seventeenth Street M. E. Church last Sunday. The services have opened with the best prospects of success. There is a promise of a great outpouring of the Spirit.

Rev. C. E. Andrews, the pastor of the Congregational Church, at Somerville, Mass., is successfully carrying on the revival work in the Windsor Avenue Church, Hartford, Conn., which was begun by E. W. Bliss of Chicago, a few weeks ago.

Rev. E. P. Telford, after finishing his labors in Grace Church, Jersey City Heights, has commenced a series of meetings in Trinity M. E. Church, Boston, Mass. After three weeks in that city he hopes to return to Jersey City to labor in Hedding M. E. Church.

Mr. George Grenfell the eminent missionary explorer, whose portrait and life we recently published, has returned home for a brief rest after his extensive journeys. He says that although he has travelled more extensively in the Congo Basin than any white man, he has never had occasion to fire a shot at a native.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has been holding meetings for a month past, in Akron, O. All the churches in the city united in the work, which was carried on under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Eleven hundred cards were handed in by inquirers, of whom many have already united with the Churches.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has had a prosperous voyage to India and has commenced his labors in Calcutta. Large numbers of invitations from other cities have been sent to him. He says that the mission stations are deplorably under-manned and begs that Christian people in this country will pray that more missionaries may enter the field, and that God will bless his work in India.

Rev. Jacob Freshman has just issued the ninth annual report of the work of the Hebrew-Christian Mission, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York. It is a record of a year of prosperous work which inspires gratitude to God for all that has been wrought in this important mission. During the year another installment of 5,000 has been paid, leaving now only $5,000 to be raised to free the edifice from debt.

A warning against Zenana workers in India, has been issued by the Mohammedans of Lahore. It cautions Moslems throughout India, against allowing Christian women to enter their homes, and against sending children to Christian schools. It threatens all who disregard the warning with public exposure. It is feared that this circular will close many avenues of usefulness which have been opened by devoted Christian ladies in India.

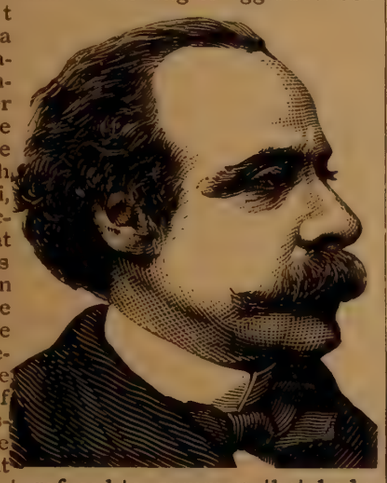
Mr. S. H. Hadley issues an earnest appeal for financial help in carrying on the old Jerry McAuley Mission in Water Street, New York. We published, in April last, a description of the work there and of the good Mr. Hadley is doing in the rescue of outcasts and the depraved of both sexes. The institution is now sadly crippled by lack of funds and its philanthropic efforts are curtailed just at a time when they are most needed. Gifts of money or clothing would be gratefully received by S. H. Hadley, 316 Water Street, NewYork.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Fisheries Dispute—Ex-Attorney-General Devens Dead—A Massacre in the Carolines—Work in Congress—Mrs. Fogg's Noble Bequests for Charity—The Indian Troubles—A Chilian Revolution.

All the Correspondence between Lord Salisbury and Premier Blaine on the Fisheries question has been sent to Congress by the State Department. The point in contention involves the right of the United States to forbid all foreign vessels from cruising, or fishing within twenty marine leagues of the islands of St. Paul and St. George, between May 15 and October 15, each year. The violation of this right by Canadian vessels from 1886, till now, has resulted in the partial destruction of the seal fisheries. In his letter, Mr. Blaine shows why England's offer to arbitrate had been declined, and claims essentially that the jurisdiction of the United States over these waters is as well defined as that of England over the river Thames. He announces that the President will ask Britain to agree to a distance of twenty marine leagues, within which no ship shall hover around the seal-breeding islands between the dates mentioned. In conclusion, Mr. Blaine repudiates the statement that this country demanded at any time that Behring's Straits should be a closed sea, except for the purpose and period described. There are now hopes that the entire matter will be settled by arbitration. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the English Minister at Washington, believes that a peaceful solution is exceedingly probable and there may be a suspension of sealing for a time—the number of the animals having been perilously reduced by over-zealous sealers.

Peace and War Alternately Hover Over the republics of South America. Buenos Ayres dispatches record the outbreak of a revolution in Chili, the result of the long struggle between President Balmaseda and the majority in Congress. Ever since the close of the war with Peru, Chili, though victorious in that struggle, has since been in interneci ne trouble. The Chilians demanded the enactment of reform measures by the Congress, but the President refused to summon that body. The financial inflation of the war period has been followed by a general shrinkage and exchange with Chili is lower than in many years. American merchants dealing with that republic do not anticipate any serious outcome of the revolution beyond a temporary hindrance to business. Jose Manuel Balmaseda, whose portrait is given in this column, is fifty years of age, and has, since 1864, held many high offices in the Chilian Government. He visited this country twenty-four years ago in an official capacity. At the breaking out of the war between Chili and Peru, he was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic, to pledge it to non-intervention, and he succeeded. After filling the post of Minister of the Interior from 1882 till 1885, he was rewarded for his services by being elected to the Presidency.



Charles Devens, Jurist, Soldier and Orator, Died in Boston, of heart failure, on the 7th inst, at the age of seventy. Judge Devens was United States Marshal for Massachusetts when the war broke out and he went to the front at once as Major of the 3rd Battalion of Infantry. He was wounded at Ball's Bluff and was then made Brigadier-General. He was in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg and Fair Oaks being disabled at the latter engagement, and again at Chancellorsville where he led a division of the Eleventh Corps. Despite all his wounds, he was the first at the head of his troops to occupy Richmond. After the war, he was appointed to the Supreme Bench, and in 1877, resigned to accept the Attorney-Generalship under President Hayes. At the close of his term, he was again appointed to the bench. Judge Devens was a man of singular force of character, and exemplary Christian conduct. His decisions on the bench were as sound and upright as his bravery on the field was admirable.

The International Monetary Conference met in Washington last week, and was called to order by Mr. Blaine. Peru, the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chili, Ecuador, Hayti, Hawaii, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Venezuela and the United States were represented. A number of very interesting addresses were made. Senor Romero, of Mexico, was chosen as President of the Conference. In view of the non-arrival of several delegates, the Conference adjourned without action, subject to the call of the chair. It will reassemble shortly when action will be taken looking to legislation placing all the countries in the Conference on a footing of monetary reciprocity.

Returns from Three Hundred and Sixty-Eight districts of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the vote on the question of changing the Constitution of the Church so as to admit women as representatives to the General Conference, have been received. From these it is seen that 196,928 were cast in favor and 117,674 against the proposed amendment, the ladies having a majority of 76,254. These districts comprise about three-fifths of the entire country, so that if this ratio holds, the ladies will have about 100,000 majority on the great question at issue.

A Few Weeks ago, "The Christian Herald" published a statement describing the serious condition of affairs at Ponape, in the Caroline Islands, where, owing to the interference of the Spanish Jesuit priests, the natives had risen in revolt against Spanish rule. Mr. Herbert Rand, of Carthage, Ills., the recently appointed U. S. Consul, has just received letters from his brother who has been a missionary to the Carolines for the past eighteen years, which contain startling accounts of outrages committed by the natives against their white oppressors. Since the beginning of the revolt, three hundred foreigners have been killed, including one hundred and ninety Spanish soldiers and many officers. The houses of all the missionaries at Ponape have been raided, looted and gutted, little else being left of the structures than a mass of ruins. The whole trouble has arisen from Jesuit interference, with the view of driving out the Protestant missionaries. The Catholics for a time succeeded, but their plots have now recoiled upon themselves.

The Leading Features in Congress, thus far, during the present session were the death of the Election or "Force" bill and the great Silver debate in the Senate. By a vote of 34 to 29, the Election bill was displaced on January 5, the Financial bill coming up instead. Seven Western Republicans: Jones, Houp, Stanford, Teller, Washburn, Wolcott and McConnell voted with the Democrats to shelve the "Force" bill, and it is generally understood that there are exceedingly faint hopes of its resurrection during the present session. When the debate on the Financial bill opened, Mr. Stewart (Nevada), moved to amend by adding a free coinage clause, which would remonetize silver and restore it to the place it occupied before it was excluded from the mints of the United States and Europe. The debate promises to take a wide range, and to occupy the attention of the Senate almost exclusively for a considerable time.

Parnell Still Maintains the Fight for Political life and prestige. He and William O'Brien again conferred at Boulogne on the 6th inst. John J. Clancy and John Redmond, two members of the Irish Parliamentary party, being present. The decision reached points to the choice of John Dillon as the leader of the party instead of either Justin McCarthy or William O'Brien. This arrangement, it is said, will heal all the differences in the party, and facilitate the retirement of Parnell. It is again asserted that Mr. Gladstone, who has been greatly shaken by the Parnell episode, contemplates early withdrawal from public life. He wrote to a friend recently that he "feared his end had come, so far as public life and politics are concerned." He has published a letter declaring that he made no offer of office to Parnell at any time, and that when he spoke to Mr. Morley of Parnell's retirement it was not of a temporary but an immediate retirement, leaving the question of permanency undiscussed.

All Indications Point to a Big Battle Between the hostile Cheyennes and Sioux and the troops under General Brooke (see portrait), before the present troubles in South Dakota are ended. There are still about 4,000 Indians camped at different points in the Bad Lands, and Gen. Miles is endeavoring to surround them by a strong military cordon, so as to compel surrender. He has about 8,000 available troops. Occasional brushes with the enemy during the week have increased the alarm at Pine Ridge, and there is talk of the Indians being determined to burn the agency buildings and massacre the small garrison, but this Gen. Miles declares improbable. Col. Forsythe, who commanded at the Wounded Knee Creek battle, has been suspended on charges of unsoldierly conduct, and responsibilty, for the deaths of over 60 squaws and children found on the field after the fight. Army officers have already superseded several Indian Bureau Agents by the President's orders, and the entire Sioux reservation is now under military control. The big hostile camp is on White Clay Creek, near the White River, where it is almost impossible for them to be surprised or stampeded by the troops, although they can be shelled out. Lieutenant Casey, of the Twenty-second Infantry, commanding a scouting party, advanced too near the enemy, and, although warned by friendly Ogallalas, was shot dead by a treacherous Brule Sioux. The Ogallalas in the hostile camp quarrelled with the other Indians over the assassination, and a hot fight ensued, which was heard miles away.

One of the Most Liberal Bequests to Educational and charitable institutions in late years was that of Mrs. Elizabeth Perkins Fogg, who died lately, and whose will has just been filed for probate. Harvard University receives $200,000 for an art museum; Yale $40,000 for the aid of students in the theological department; $50,000 is given for a library in the testator's native town of South Berwick, Me.; the Union Theological Seminary receives two bequests of $20,000 each, the income to be loaned or given to deserving students, as the trustees may decide; $100,000 more is divided equally among nine charitable and benevolent institutions in New York City, one being the Young Women's Christian Association, which receives $10,000. This lady, who so nobly dispensed her wealth where it will certainly do great good, was the widow of William H. Fogg, a wealthy New Yorker, and belonged to a leading New England family.

A MAN WHO COULD NOT SAY "NO."

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

An Easy-going King—Easily Persuaded—I. Modern Types of the Man—Choose a Fashionable Religion—Make no Public Profession of Religion—At Peace with Both Sides—Apt to Yield—II. The Cause of the Evil—General Softness of Character—Love of Ease—Cowardliness—Without Fear of God—A Hamburg Burgomaster's Threat—III. Where the Softness Leads—Loss of Self-Respect—Dishonor of Station—Palissy's Answer to the King of France—IV. The Cure.

"Then Zedekiah the king said, Behold, he is in your hand: for the king is not he that can do any thing against you." Jeremiah 38: 5.

"PUT not your trust in princes." Zedekiah professed to be a friend to Jeremiah; but when the princes sought permission to put the prophet to death, Zedekiah's friendship was not worth much. He said, "He is in your hand: for the king is not he that can do any thing against you." Instead of protecting his friend and adviser, he gave him over at once, and left him as a lamb at the mercy of wolves.

Zedekiah was a gentleman of a sort wonderfully common nowadays. A good-natured, easy man; his nobles could get anything they liked from him. He would not act amiss of his own self, but he would follow the lead of others, wherever that might lead him. He had a great respect for the prophet; he liked to visit him, and know what message he had received from God. He did not wish to have it known that he did consult him; but still he liked to steal away in private, and have a talk with the man of God. He much respected the man so sorrowful, and yet so heroic. But when the princes came round him, though he was an autocratic king, and could have snuffed out those gentlemen at once, yet half-a-dozen of them, all very glib of speech, most easily persuaded him, he did not want to have any bother: he would do

Anything for a Quiet Life.

"The king is not he that can do any thing against you." As much as to say: "I cannot say 'No' to you, if you wish it. I am sorry; I think you are wrong, but I will not insist upon my own idea. You may take the prophet and, if you like, you may put him into a dungeon, where he will die. I think you are too hard on a good man, for whom I have a great respect; but at the same time, gentlemen, I am not a man that can stand out against you; and so take him, and do as you please." This is that king Zedekiah: he does not rule, but is ruled by the princes whom he ought to command. "Oh," says one, "you do not mean to insinuate that we have any Zedekiahs about now?" I shall not insinuate anything, but boldly declare that these soft, molluscous beings make up a large proportion of the population, and I think it is highly probable that some of them are here now.

I. I am going, first of all, to *describe the like of this man Zedekiah;* that I may deal plainly with such. This softness of character takes different shapes, but it is the same base metal, the same worthless dross, in every case. In some it takes the form of inquiring into

What Religion is Fashionable

when they settle down in a district. They have a pretty good idea of what truth is. They were taught it by their parents; they have read it in God's Word; they have made up their minds with some distinctness as to what is the correct thing according to Holy Scripture; but they waive their judgment, and prepare to compromise. You see, if you want to get on in business, the best thing is to join with those religious people who are the wealthiest, and most respectable, and fashionable. If you have prospered in business, and saved money—well, the girls want to be married, and the family requires to get into "society," whatever that may mean; so the best thing is not to inquire, "Who preaches the Gospel in this district?" but, "Where will it be best for our commercial advantages, or best for our position in society, and most eligible for the girls?" and there let us go. Children of Judas, thus you sell your Master for forty pieces of silver, and perhaps for less! Iscariot's tribe is a large one. Not that they want to be wrong, they would prefer to be right: not that they wish to take up with false doctrine, they would much rather take up with right doctrine: but, you see, they must be "respectable." Sound doctrine in preference, but good society at any price. Did you never meet with such folk? I have met them frequently. I know that soft fellow, Zedekiah: I have seen him a great many times.

Another one is of this kind. He is a Christian: at least he hopes that he is; and, on examining his own heart, he trusts that he is; but he has

Never Made any Profession:

because, you perceive, if you make a profession, then you are distinctly coming out from the world, and declaring yourself to be on the side of Christ and holiness, and a great deal will be expected of you. This may involve you in a good deal of trouble. Is there not an easier path than this? Why should you choose an unpopular way which will cost you many a friendship, and a good deal of enjoyable company? If you openly follow the narrow way, you will be pointed at: people will expect you to be so very careful and so very holy, and this will cost a deal of painful self-denial. Do you hope to be allowed to sneak into heaven by a back door? Take heed to yourselves, lest you be deceived in this.

Another form of Zedekiah is not uncommon. It is the man who is on both sides. A Christian? Yes, by all means. He takes a class in the Sunday School. "Certainly, sir. Would you not have me active in the cause of Christ?" Of course. He talks to others about the necessity of being found in Christ, and of the excellence of Christian endeavor. We like this young man. But to-morrow night there will be an entertainment of a loose character, and he will be asked to go. Will our virtuous young gentleman yield to the invitation of his worldly friends? Assuredly he will; for he is like putty, and you can mould him at will. "Well," he says, "you know we must not be too strict;" and he goes. Another time there will be sung, in his presence, a song which is a little lewd; and others laugh, and he laughs, too. He says he did not quite like it; yet I do not hear any difference between his laugh and the laugh of others. He is a gentleman who is

"Hail Fellow, Well Met!"

whatever the company that he gets into. A most genial man is he not? Do you not know the gentleman? You know him, but you do not esteem him. Who could? To me he is a frequent sorrow. God deliver us from duplicity!

Then, we have another class of Zedekiahs who are of a better sort, but none too good. I trust that they wish to be true at heart, but they are very weak, and apt to yield. If they live in a godly family they will be pleased to be there, and they will be happy and develop into something very good in its way. But if in the order of providence, they should be cast in a family where there is no religion, certainly they will not attempt to alter the state of things, except it be in the mildest, half-hearted manner. The family will be still without religion though they are there. And if they happen to move to a circle openly opposed to godliness—well, it will grieve them very much at first, and they will be rather restless. It will not grieve them quite so much by and-by; and after a while they will themselves become as much opposed to the thing they now admire as the rest of the folks. These are the prey of wolves in sheep's clothing. They have no stamina, no backbone, no inward root. Be you not of this sort.

II. Now, very briefly, let me search out

The Cause of this Error.

which spoils the character of Zedekiah. Maybe, we may put our finger on an evil which may be cured by grace. It is not always the same in everybody, but with some there is a general softness of character. I do not say that they have a soft place in their head. Possibly I may not say the whole truth if I suggest they have a soft place in their heart; but they are soft altogether; fine material for a potter to work upon. You can cast them into any shape you choose. I will tell you what has often happened in this Tabernacle. A man has come into this place and stood in the aisle, hating the very thought of true religion, with a heart like a flint: and when I have been busy with my hammer, by God's grace I have come down on that flint, and the flint has gone to pieces in a minute, broken to shivers. But others are here who are india-rubber men, and when I am hammering they yield to each blow. I can mould them as I please, but when the sermon is done, they always get back into the old shape. There is a vast difference between the honest obstinacy of the one, and the trivial submission of the other.

Another reason for this softness is a selfish love of ease. Sluggards are by no means an extinct race. Many will pay any tax if they may but dwell at ease. Beware of this in your personal character. A man says, "I admit that I ought to have spoken right out, and denounced evil." "Why did you not?" "Well, you see, I

Do not like Offending People."

Lazy lover of yourself! That is all it comes to. His wish to please his fellows is only a phase of his desire to please himself. The coward wishes to save his precious carcase from trouble, aud let himself go sauntering along the road of pleasure without distressing exertion, so he says, "Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Well yes, sir," to everybody. He destroys his soul for the sake of taking things easy. Do I not speak to a great many here who are of this kind.

Some others, I must say, are if possible, even more contemptible than these. They are cowards. Are there not some here that have thought about eternal life, and would long ago have given serious consideration to their souls' affairs, but they are afraid of—well, I will not mention him; you know who it is that you are afraid of? But so it is the world over. I have known a man afraid of his daughter; I have known many more daughters afraid of their father; many a wife afraid of her husband, and some husbands afraid of their wives, their employers, their brothers, their friends. Soldiers in the barrack-room are often fearful of their messmates; and workmen down at the shop are alarmed because there is one sharp fellow in the room who is an infidel, and would give them no peace if they made an avowal of their faith. It would demean a great many if we were to expose their petty cowardices. Are you not ashamed of yourselves, if it be so?

The bottom of all is, however, that when a man is thus timid about doing right, and can be easily persuaded to do wrong, there is a want of the fear of God in him. He that fears God is under no necessity to fear anybody else. True godliness infuses courage into the heart; in this respect also "perfect love casteth out fear." If we had a sense of God's presence everywhere, we should not dare consent to sin, whoever it was that bade us do so. I remember in the life of my dear friend, Mr Oncken, of Hamburg, when he began to baptize people in the Alster, contrary to the law. He was brought up

Before the Burgomaster,

and that worthy magistrate put him several times in prison. At last Mr. Burgomaster said, "I tell you what it is, Mr. Oncken; the law must be obeyed. Do you see that little finger of mine? As long as that little finger will move, I will put you down in your illegal baptisms." "Well," said my brave old friend, "Mr. Burgomaster, with all respect to you, I do see that little finger of yours; but do you see that great hand of God? I am afraid that you do not see it as I do. But, as long as that great hand of God is with me, you cannot put me down." I opened Mr. Oncken's chapel in Hamburg some years afterwards, and I had a most respectable audience gathered together to hear me preach the Gospel, and in the centre of that audience sat the Burgomaster. He was far more rejoiced to be there than to be carr

ing out an oppressive law. His little finger had ceased in its movements against the Baptists, and there he sat to show what the power of God's right arm could do; for he was listening to the Word of God from a Baptist preacher, in a meeting-house built by the man whom he had been called upon to put down. Oh, why are we afraid of men!

III. I want, in the next place, to show you

Where this Softness Leads.

When a man is like Zedekiah, who cannot say anything against the princes, but must let them have their own way, what comes of it? Certainly nothing that is good. First, I think that such an easy-going creature dishonors his own self. Does yonder young man confess that he cannot say "no": that he must do as he is asked, and cannot stand out against even a wicked request? Then I am sorry for him. Is he a man? Is he not lowering himself beneath the dignity of manhood? I do not know, dear friends, what you think about the opinions of others; but I have always felt that if I could keep a good opinion of myself, so far that my conscience could not accuse me of doing wrong, I was not particularly anxious about what anybody else's opinion of me might be. "But," said one to a good man, "if you do that one pleasant thing nobody will know of it, and so you will not be disgraced in the eyes of anybody." "No," said the good man, "but I should be disgraced in my own eyes if I did it, and I have more respect for my own judgment of myself than I have for other people's opinion of me." This is not egotism, but uprightness of heart.

Palissy's Retort.

Again, dear friends, such trimming brings dishonor upon one's position. Only think of his. "The king—the king," he says, "The king is not he that can do any thing against you;" and further on we read, "Zedekiah the king said, I am afraid." Pretty king that! His kingship was defiled, his crown was stained, when he came into that condition of bondage. King! Call him "slave." Think of a king saying, "I am afraid;" but that is what the French king said to Bernard Palissy, the potter. As nearly as I can remember the story, the monarch said, "Palissy, you must go to mass." "That I never will," said Palissy. "Then I am afraid that I shall have to give you up to be burnt." "There," said Palissy, "your majesty could not make me say such a word as that with all the power you have. I am no king, but only a poor potter, but nobody ever made me say, 'I am afraid.'" Oh, that fear of men, that dread of ridicule!

Shall I tell you what this will still further lead to? Well, you will demean yourself, and degrade your position, and then the day will probably come when you will give up all religion. I have seen it actually done. Yes, I have seen a young man, who has been, at home, almost all that you could desire, and he has come up to London and dropped into a warehouse where there was no Christian feeling; and at first he has gone to a place of worship. But after a while has gone wandering out for a little excursion on the Sabbath, and by-and-by he has become a ringleader among those who are to laugh at sacred things. One has a power of observation here, and sees sad sights perpetually. Little by little every gracious habit is trampled on through fear of man. The weak young man slides down, down, down. By easy descents his life-vessel has glided down the rapids with the current, till at last, he that might fair for Heaven, shoots over the dread Niagara of everlasting ruin. I am afraid, young man, that your easy compliance with bad companions will ultimately lead to your giving up religion. I pray you, pause.

The Cure.

IV. I will finish with this. I would labor to see men from this complaint. I would labor to see them from it by the grace of God. First, I would say to you, remember, dear friend, if you continue in this undecided, yielding condition, you will miss your way altogether. You must grow firm, for without it you cannot be a Christian. It is necessary, in order to obey Christ, that you should take up your cross and follow him. He will never number you amongst his disciples if you say "yea," and yet do "nay"—if you call him Master and Lord, and yet try to please the world. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." You must come out on the Lord's side. The promise is, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." You cannot be Christians without being decided, without having your minds made up for righteousness and faith in Christ.

Do not make any mistake about it. Whatever you seem to gain in personal ease, by halting and hesitating now, it

Will Cost You Dear in the End.

if a man firmly takes his stand, and says, "I am a Christian," it is the best thing to do in the great battle of life. If you yield a little you will have to yield more, and, having yielded more, you will have to yield altogether. If ever the Spirit of God should fetch you out to be clear and decided, it will be awfully hard work to escape from the nets and traps which you are creating by your present yielding. To say "No," however difficult, is an easier thing than to trifle and to hesitate, and almost comply. You lose even when you seem to gain, if you let the tempter have his way.

Do not think, dear friend, that you are gaining anyone's esteem by sinful compliance, for you are doing the reverse: you are lowering yourself before the Philistines. Your example is ruined; your influence is destroyed; you are doing harm, and not good. The men that the world thinks most of are the men that stand up, stand straight, stand firm.

He Wins Respect

who, knowing his mind, and having his mind fixed on Christ and divine truth, becomes a voice for Christ, and speaks plainly and boldly. Men despise you else. If you have no manliness, how can you have any godliness?

In the next world, what must be the doom of the man who was ashamed of Christ, when the Lord himself will say, "I am ashamed of him! I am ashamed of him!" The Lord Jesus is not ashamed of the penitent drunkard: for he cleanses him. He is not ashamed of the repenting harlot, but permits her to wash his feet with her tears. But in that day he will be ashamed of all those who have been ashamed of him. He cannot own us if we deny him.

May God bless this word of mine! I have not so much preached the Gospel as shown you your need of the grace of God to make you decide for Jesus. May that grace be sought and found at once, for his dear sake! I have worn out all my strength in pleading with you. May the Lord himself take you in hand! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

***A Child of Nature.**

FATHER FLYNN was a child of nature, of rustic feeling and rugged frame. He loved horses and dogs; the bishop loved neither. When his own comfort was advanced through their agency, he showed some little interest in them. He had no objection to the fine hare killed by the priest's famous grey-hound Nancy, when presented to him by Nancy's master. He was even seen to pat the priest's horse Music, after conveying him twenty miles on an important visit. But the bishop was extraordinarily good-natured on that day, going far beyond his niggard disposition, inquiring even into Music's pedigree and value. The bishop had horses of his own, but he thought of them only as so much machinery, like his carriages. Weightier matters of the law in relation to Church and State engrossed the thoughts of this consequential dignitary; why should he give his attention or affection to animals—or to human beings either?

He would hunt a heretic to the death, and never paused to question conscience when he set his traps for Protestant "gentry."

The Priest Resigns and Gives his Reasons.

MY LORD BISHOP..... It often goaded me nigh to madness, and drove me to the verge of despair, to observe the scheming, lying, dishonesty, and immorality practiced by leading ecclesiastics in the name of the Church. How often have I heard you say that you hated Protestants for the glory of God! Were I not an Irishman I would possibly have become an infidel. Mercifully has God preserved me from this hell on earth by permitting me to hear and believe the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. I now read the Bible; I believe its inspired statements, accept its gracious invitations, and trust implicitly in its assuring promises. I must believe that Christ, my divine Lord, is an all-sufficient Saviour. The blood of the adorable Redeemer is now my plea; His cross is my glory; his absolution is my salvation. I wish to follow him fully; to be free from every influence which would prevent me from the study of the Bible; to guard my conscience from falsehood and my life from insincerity. You know I could not be a sincere follower of Christ while a priest of Rome; *you*, on knowing my purpose to give God's Word to the people, would be the first to weave a net around my feet from which I could not escape; every Jesuit agent under your instructions would hound me to death. The chapel, rectory, and other property of the Church will be found duly cared for; my housekeeper will resign the keys to your messenger.

* * * * * *

Thought They Saw the Priest's Ghost.

"God be good to us all," said Jimmy McBride, as he gave his version of the story to a questioning group of the emigrants on the ship. "He was drowndid in a lake, an' he came up through the say. There must be a big tunnel under the world."

"Did you see him, Jimmy?" inquired Patsy Dineen.

"Faix, that I did," replied the lying Jimmy, who began to feel self-important in the eyes of his eager listeners, and in order to maintain his newly acquired fame gave free reins to his fevered fancy and Irish tongue. "You see," continued the imperturbable Jimmy, "Father Flynn was a great angler, an' bein' fond of sport he went out with his rod to Lough Coppel. Well, he made a cast, when in a minute a bouncer of a salmon le'p'd for the tail fly. 'Bedad! he missed,' says the priest; 'but I'll get you yet, me boy,' says he, as he threw again as purty a cast as you ever saw over the swirl where me whopper struck the surface. 'Aha, maybe I'll get *you*,' says a voice out in the lake. The priest hadn't a chance to cross himself, his two hands being on the rod, and he being that anxious to hook the salmon, threw again, when, tare an' ages! the rod was whipped out of his hands, and he was dragged down into the pool, and that was the last seen of him till to-night."

A Warm Welcome.

Father O—— (another converted priest) took the weary Father Flynn to his home, where he was bidden sweet welcome for Christ's sake. When presented to Father O——'s queenly wife, she gave him the tender welcome of a warm Christian Irish heart. During the hours which followed he seemed like a man enjoying a delightful dream with the fear haunting him that it was only a dream, soon to melt away. He heard from Father O—— of several priests who had recently fled from Leo to Jesus; how that many of them had been fed, sheltered, and counselled by Father and Mrs. O—— until suitable employment was found for them. He heard with additional wonder that in New York and its vicinity several hundreds of Roman Catholics were converted from idols to serve the living and true God; that a great movement was going on among them throughout the country, and that priests and people were inquiring the way of salvation. "Yes," broke in Mrs. O——, "and Jesus saved you, Mr. Flynn, that you might be his witness.

* *Father Flynn*, by George C. Needham. The story of a Catholic priest's conversion to Christ. *James A. O'Connor*, Bible House, New York, Publisher.

Mount Carmel. (*From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.*)

There are thousands of our countrymen waiting for the opportunity, and you must co-operate with my good husband in preaching to the Irish Catholics the Gospel of God's grace."

MOUNT CARMEL.

(See Illustration.)

WHILE many of the traditions identifying certain places in the Holy Land with events recorded in Scripture are apocryphal, there are some which are evidently well-grounded. Among the latter is the tradition identifying Mount Carmel. The visitor noting the position of the mountain now pointed out, its configuration and surroundings, can have no doubt that it is the veritable mountain, on which occurred that memorable scene in Israel's history which is described in 1. Kings 18. During his recent visit to the Holy Land Dr. Talmage secured a photograph of the mountain, which is reproduced on this page.

Carmel stands on the southern side of the Bay of Acre, running out boldly almost into the Mediterranean and extending almost in a straight line inland for about twelve miles, when it terminates suddenly in a bluff corresponding to its western end. It is a range of hills rather than a mountain and varies considerably in height. At the Mediterranean end it is six hundred feet above the level of the sea, while its eastern end is 1,600 feet high. At one point about four miles from its eastern extremity its head is 1,728 feet in height. Its name signifies park or garden, and it is justified by the surprising fertility of its soil. Hyacinths, jonquils, anemones, etc., grow wild upon it. A recent traveller says, "There is not a flower that I have seen in Galilee, or on the plains along the coast that I do not find here on Carmel still the fragrant, lovely mountain that he was of old." This description, however, only applies to the eastern part of the ridge. Nearer to the Mediterranean, vegetation dwindles, the sides of the mountain are steep and rocky and support only a few dwarf shrubs, and aromatic herbs and a few scattered trees. Its structure is of the soft white limestone with veins of flint, which is common in Palestine. Caves abound; one traveller reports finding as many as two thousand and among them were some of great length. There are also deep fissures so filled with dense jungle as to be almost impenetrable. It is probable that the caves of which Obadiah spoke (1. Kings 18 : 13), in which he hid the Lord's prophets, were on Carmel. To the present day, monks and hermits make their homes in these recesses.

Upon the northwest summit is the old monastery of Carmelite monks. It was founded about 1156, A.D., by Berthold, Count of Limoges, but the monks claim that their Order originated with Elijah himself. They spread to Europe, where they established houses in England, France. and Italy.

The gathering of the thousands of Israel, which King Ahab summoned at the command of Elijah, and must have been held at the eastern extremity of the ridge. It had evidently been previously regarded as a sacred place, for Elijah did not *make* an altar, but "*repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down.*" There was abundant room for an enormous assemblage at the foot of the mountain in the plain that stretches away to Mount Gilboa. From thence the two altars on the hill-side would be in full view, The people could see the eight hundred and fifty priests of Baal clamoring to the idol for an answer to their prayers and cutting themselves in their frenzied despair when no answer came. Then in the twilight they would see the fire descend at Elijah's petition, and the great cry went up, "The Lord he is the God; the Lord he is the God."

Elijah, we are told, went up to the top of Carmel, after that great day. He sent his servant to see if there were any signs of coming rain, and bade him look toward the east. The Mediterranean is not visible from the summ of the eastern bluff, but a few minutes wa would bring him to a crag from which th wide expanse of blue waters can be seen. Ov there on his seventh journey, he saw the clou the size of a man's hand, which eventual spread over the sky and dissolved in the ra for which the people had been longing for thr weary years.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(*Continued from page 14.*)

SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY.

[THE scene of the story is in the village of Setl worth where Abram Hardale, better known as Crusty, carries on business as a carpenter. His sistant is George Appleton, a Christian young man studious habits, the only son of a godly widow. ra Mansfield, Old Crusty's niece, is the daughter his deceased sister, who married Rupert Mansford, aristocratic scapegrace. She was formerly engaged Rupert's elder brother, Richard, and when she marr Rupert, Richard went away broken-hearted to Austra where he engaged in farming and grew rich. Rup became poor, committed crime, and was sent to A tralia as a convict. There he was shot by another c vict, and died in his brother Richard's house. Rich returned home incognito to look after his broth widow and her daughter Nora. He assumes the na of Magrath, goes to Settleworth and hires The Herr age, an old cottage, reputed to be haunted. He he that Nora is in the habit of meeting Gerald Towneley young squire of dissipated habits. George Apple who is in love with her, has also suspected her of be intimate with him, and persuades his mother to w her against him. Her uncle, Abram Hardale, hears she is heiress of an estate in the neighborhood ca Hazelcroft, which formerly belonged to her uncle Rich Mansford, but which her father took possession of sold when Richard disappeared and was supposed to dead. A lawyer named Gabriel Grubb who has an

nvict, named Jasper Rawdon, for is clerk, induces Ahram Hardale commence suit on behalf of Nora r the estate. From this point the ory proceeds.]

T was necessary to Jasper Rawdon's scheme that he should become personally acquainted ith Nora Mansford. He therefore ranged to have a short note nveyed to the unsuspecting girl, forming her that he had a vital cret to impart to her, requesting an interview; giving her the ioice of a public or a private ie, with witnesses or without; t that, as the secrets of other ople besides himself were inlved, the first meeting had better be private. The whole tenor the letter led her to think at George Appleton was involv—so readily do our likings and r interests shape our thoughts d plans. Thus it was that her st grand and vital mistake was ade — a mistake that blighted r life with sorrow. She chose a ivate meeting for the sake of e "other ones" who were said be involved.

"I am very thankful that you ve consented to this meeting, ra Mansford," said the clever tter, when they met, "as you y well judge when I tell you t I have come thousands of es across the sea to get look at your face. Look me," he continued, brushaway, or seeming to, the tears, l speaking in tremulous and ken tones, which told of feelalmost too deep for speech. l, dear, and try to remember e seen my face before."

here was a peculiar sinking, a nameless r, at Nora's heart as she peered into the nger's tender-looking eyes and endeavored unsuccessfully to call his features to rembrance.

O Nora, Nora!" he cried, in anguish of dis, "I had hoped that in spite of the awful rs that have come and gone since I held you ny knee, and listened to your childish prat- you would have remembered me. Look n. O my God! let the recognition come. a, Nora, I am your father!"

My father!"

Hush, hush, my Nora, hush! My life and rty are hanging on a thread. No living tal may know I am here. I hoped to see my ious Anice, too—to say to that dear patient el, 'Anice, forgive me.' But that is forbidme. She is at rest! She sleeps!"

t Nora was speechless. That first shock her, gripped her, stifled her, and would let her go. She gazed at his bronzed face, then began to tremble in every limb. "My r?" she said, slowly, as if talking to her-

Why, I understood he was drowned at more than twenty years ago."

Thought to be, my darling. And now," he inued, sobbing sadly. "I wish to God I had, e Anice is dead without forgiving me; and , Anice's Nora, shuts her heart against me." dead weight fell on Nora's soul, and as if t the unwelcome truth away, she put out ands before her and cried aloud:

lo, no, no! It cannot be true!"

rue!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands spair, "O, heavens! I did not think of If she doubts me, what *shall* I do? n, Nora!"

aightway he told her, briefly, concisely, ly, all she knew of her childhood, of their y affairs, of the wreck of the convict ship, nding in Australia; his desperate escape *a view to find his wife and child.* As he

A Buddhist Temple at Pantura, near Colombo, Ceylon.

"Look at me whether you spoke, the conviction was "borne in on her" that the man was her father—a man with a price on his head, a man of evil life and fame, a man to whom she owed all the bitter sorrow of her life, a man whose very memory was a shame and a disgrace, but still—*her father.*

She stood aghast, irresolute, as one in a dream, saying to herself, "What *shall* I do?"

Then voices were heard and approaching steps. The man placed his finger on his lips.

"Promise me two things, Nora. That you will keep absolute silence. That you will meet me again on Saturday at the same hour in the paddock behind the garden."

She hesitated. He drew a dagger from within his vest, looked wildly round, and said,

"Then I'll die at your feet, and have done with it."

The play of the dagger was something eloquent in its terribleness, and Nora said, "I promise!"

It was a sad thing she did; but I am inclined to think that more than a dozen out of every twenty would have done the same. The poor "father" was more grateful than words can tell. He kissed her hand in passionate excess of feeling; he kissed it again and again. "O, my darling," said he, "your poor father's life is in your hands. But it is safe there."

Then our clever rascal suddenly sped away, leaving Nora Mansford dazed, sick at heart, and miserably unhappy, to return alone to her uncle's house. Rawdon strode exultantly along the pathway, twirling his stick and stroking his moustache in self-gratulation. As he passed the gate of "The Hermitage," he saw two keen eyes, a grey beard and a Tam o' Shanter cap peering over the gate. He shrunk into the shadow and wondered whom they belonged to. Had he but known, it might have interfered with his plans a little. George Appleton, who with his tool bag was treading close upon Rawdon's heels, scowled at him, and would gladly have seized the cane he twirled so vigorously to swing it after another fashion, but then *he* was thinking of Gerald Towneley, whose manner and dress Rawdon had copied with the skill he had learned on the stage, and George was easily deceived; for the night was dark, and there was no moon.

For a few days after Nora's interview with Rawdon, she was altogether too distracted and overcome to determine what best to do. She had vowed that she would keep the matter secret; indeed, if she had not, she did not see how she could dare to make it known. There was something awful in the thought of being the means of driving her father, though he never could be, she felt, a father to her, back again into a hell of bondage, worse than death.

Now and again the thought would occur to her that it could not be true, and that it was all a deception. But this was followed by a calling up of all the agitation and anguish; the love and penitence displayed by her unwelcome companion in that secret interview, and of all the things he told her that could only be known by the parent who had cost her mother such trouble and tears.

Before the Saturday came on which she was again to meet the stranger, all her doubts were scattered, and again she was compelled to come to the conclusion, willy, nilly, that she had been listening to an ow're true tale, and that he was her father, an escaped convict, and that his fate was sealed if his secret was discovered.

This conviction was forced upon her by an interview with Gabriel Grubb, the lawyer, who concluded that it would be wise, to corroborrate the statements of his fellow-conspirator. Accordingly he sent a note to Nora begging her to come to his office, privately, as he had information of great importance to give her. Nora went immediately, wondering what it could be.

Grubb having first pledged her to secrecy, told her that he had learned that her father was not dead as she supposed. That up to a recent date he was serving out his sentence in Australia, but had now made his escape, and the Government was searching for him. Grubb expressed the opinion that the convict, being free, would be sure to try to find Nora, and cautioned her if he should do so, not to make the fact known. He said he had sent for her to warn her of the consequences of doing so, as she might not know them, and might inadvertently put the officers of the law on her father's track. Afterward, when she saw him manacled and dragged off, she might never forgive herself if she had heedlessly contributed to bring such a doom on her own father.

"I have nothing to get and nothing to lose in connection with the matter," said Gabriel Grubb in conclusion. "I tell it you as a friend, if you will allow me to call you so. All the advice I offer you is, if such a thing should be, and it might, that your unfortunate relative should come to you, it will be very advisable, very, to keep the matter as secret as the grave; to render him what help you can, that of course you will do; hang the law, say I, when one's blood relations are in peril; and facilitate his departure to some safer and less suspicious quarter as much as possible. That's all I need to say; we quite understand each other; I shall never interfere further. Perhaps he may never come to see you at all. If he does, you know now what to do."

Nora trembled as she listened. She dare not tell Grubb that her father had already appeared. Grubb saw her agitation, and being satisfied with the result of his communication, with a gallantry unusual with him, guided her faltering footsteps to the street.

It was very needful that he should, for Nora Mansford staggered as if about to fall. Faint and ill, she stood awhile lifting her face to the breeze, and then with a film over her eyes, and a suffocating feeling at the heart, she managed to reach her chamber and her bed. There she lay silent for hours, literally more dead than alive. Of course all she had to do was to put this and that together, and come to the conclusion, "Yes, it's true. He *has* come, and I am the only living being in the world who knows it. Oh! I wish I could die!

Now my readers can understand how sweet Nora Mansford came to be enmeshed, entangled, in a horrible sort of bondage. Rawdon acted his part so well that, although love to her father was out of the question—that was a dead thing, and could not come back to life—yet pity, yearning pity, took its place; and she made up her mind that she would die sooner than put her father's life in peril by the utterance of a single word. Through all the awful trial she had held to that.

During the interviews which took place between Rawdon and his dupe he had prepared her for the line of action she was to pursue when the time came. Her Uncle Hardale was sure to win in the case of "Hardale *vs.* Towneley, *re* the Hazelcroft Estate," and when he did, she was to insist on the sale of the property, and with that money she could dismiss all her fears, for her "father" would immediately repair to America, and rid her of her trouble for evermore. Of course, he was the real heir to the property, but in the eyes of the law he was a dead man. All his hopes were in her, his "darling Nora, his sainted Anice's precious child."

There were naturally many interviews between Nora and her supposed father, and they were always secret ones. He represented, and she could readily understand, the danger of meeting him openly in the day light. He told her that, if they were seen, and he was recognized, he would surely be arrested. That accounted too for his disguise. So every one who saw them together in the dusk in retired places, thought that Nora had fallen into the toils of that wicked young man, Gerald Towneley. Nora was obliged to let them remain unenlightened lest her father should be traced. She kept the secret well until as narrated in a previous chapter, Mrs. Appleton put the question directly to her whether the trouble she was evidently bearing was connected with Gerald Towneley.

"*With who?*" said Nora, startled out of all heed for grammar by the question. There was a world of wonder in her voice and in her look, and dear Widow Appleton already felt guilty and condemned.

"With young Squire Towneley, Nora. You know that you and he have often been talked of, don't you? And people have seen you together at times that might well have raised a suspicion in their minds as to——."

"Mrs. Appleton," said Nora stoutly, and with more spirit than she had exhibited for many a day, "they never, never did. It was a wicked, wicked, wicked story. Why should people talk of me and him? Has George said so?"

That short question, with the soul-look that shone from out the speaker's eyes, was a revelation to Mrs. Appleton; but the mystery seemed now to be growing more mysterious than ever. What could it mean?

"Nora, dear, you must let me speak freely and plainly about all this now. I am sorry I did not press you about it before. If this secret trouble of yours has nothing to do with the young Squire, then it is high time, and more than that, for your own sake that the truth should be known. You have been seen in company with Mr. Gerald Towneley in the lane by the trout stream; at the gate of the paddock behind your uncle's garden; even in the wood on the side of the Settle——"

"Who dares to say so?" exclaimed Nora, standing up with flashing and indignant eyes. "My secret, as you call it, is hard to bear, because it affects the life and liberty of another. What you are now talking of affects myself, and I say it is a wicked, wicked lie."

Poor Nora's store of adjectives and expletives was not large, much to her credit. Having expended her vocal stock of indignation, there was nothing left but to lapse into silence and into tears.

"Does George believe it?" asked Nora suddenly, again with her heart on her lips and in her eyes, the while she spoke.

Mrs. Appleton was about to say "Yes," but she was stopped by that tone and that look. "George isn't one to believe lightly where evil is concerned," she said, a little diplomatically; "and I am persuaded that nothing in the world could convince him you could be guilty of doing so foolish and unwise a thing unless he was to see it with his own eyes."

"And that he never did, and never will," Nora answered. "Does he think he did see it with his own eyes? Does he think so meanly of me—?"

Nora could not sail on that tack any longer; a gust of feeling came without any warning and she collapsed.

"Nay, nay, my dear, you must not think ill of George because his eyes misled him," said the widow, fairly compelled to own the truth. "He did see, or thought he saw—he could be mistaken, I suppose, like other people—Mr. Gerald Towneley in your company at untimely hours, and parting company when surprised. It has filled him with grief and trouble, because he says he knows what young Towneley is—"

"Never mind saying any more dear Mrs. Appleton, I see now what it all means," Nora exclaimed, "I have been thinking all the time that George really did know something of the awful grief that has come into my life. I find now that I was mistaken, and that he knows nothing about it. He thinks I could do what you say! He thinks I——. I'll go now, please. You can tell him he is mistaken. No don't do that; he won't believe it. His own eyes are good enough witnesses for him. Kiss me, and let me go!"

Mrs. Appleton read her lovable and winsome visitor through and through. She read that in her heart she loved her son with all the strength of womanhood. She read that she had no care for all that rumor said, but that George's want of faith in her had sunk into her heart like lead, and that she was going forth with an added load, a burden heavy as death.

As the old lady thought upon her son, her strength and joy, and of his deep, true love for this dainty lassie, as she looked at the girl, whom she fondly loved, and thought of her passing out into the desolate night alone, with her heart-break, and that look of resigned despair upon her white face, she could not bear it. She rose and cast her arms around Nora's neck, and as her own tears fell plenteously down the unaccustomed channel of her cheeks, she said, "I daren't tell George how you've gone away from me. It will break his heart, and you and he are all I have in the world to love."

"Oh, no," said Nora with a sickly smile, "George's heart will never break for me. It would have broken already else, when he knew me to be such as his eyes saw me to be. Oh, keep my secret for me or I shall die. Here let me whisper it into your ear."

She clasped her arms round the widow's neck; put her white lips to her ear, and in a whisper that was louder in its intensity than any shout, speaking slowly, clearly, word by word, "The man whom George saw me with in uncle's paddock was an escaped convict—my own father!"

Then followed an exceeding great and bitter cry, and while yet the widow stood rooted to the ground in silent horror and astonishment, Nora had snatched her bonnet, and had passed with her dreadful trouble into the dark, dark night.

(To be Continued.)

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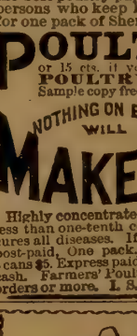

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DR. TALMAGE'S NAMESAKE.

EW days ago, Dr. Talmage, en- the offices of THE CHRISTIAN LD, was warmly greeted by a mrn who, with his son, a bright, gent boy of about fifteen years, aiting there to pay a subscrip- The gentleman was a stranger Talmage, but the story he had showed that the Doctor was anger to him. Indeed, so well e known and so highly esteem- at the youth bore the name of ge, given in the Doctor's honor. H. Talmage Ross is his full men, and he had just arrived v York from St. Kitts, in the Indies, in charge of his father, a well-known Christian worker t and the adjacent islands.

bout twenty years ago," said oss, "I was a sinner without and without God in the world. od put it into the heart of William (now Bishop) Taylor ne to the West Indies on a nary tour. I heard him, and it d God to apply the word to art, and I was brought out of ess into the marvellous light. n to study the Word of God full faith in its absolute cer- and I took for my sheet-anchor ne rule of my future life, the se, 'Seek ye first the Kingdom and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto I looked about for opportu- to labor for the Master, and for him whenever I could n opening. About five years ny conversion I was married, still trusted the Lord for ning, and not curtail my work im, though my expenses ncreased. I trusted in him and vided for all our necessities. our first child was born we ized it as a clear answer to We had promised the Lord he would give us a son we consecrate him wholly to his as Samuel was consecrated mother and taken to minister Eli in the Tabernacle.

ortly after my conversion, I be- ading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ok particular interest in its s of Dr. Talmage's sermons. I nem with a great deal of profit determined to name our boy he famous preacher, whom, I had never seen, I had l to honor. Accordingly we n publicly baptised with the f Daniel Hope Talmage. The s made excellent progress. ne was twelve years old he was ed in the Cambridge Junior examination, held at Coke in Antigua, W. I., his papers nt to England, and he passed. now brought him to New York tinue his studies, and it is nest hope that he will live to the Lord in the Christian y.

m going back to St. Kitts to my work. I belong to the an body, and have been a reacher for a long time. I go ne island to another doing listic work. I have a little s in St. Kitts, and my wife to it while I am away on my ng tours. I am now in robust Three years ago I was a fferer from a painful disease had afflicted me for many I had been under the care of our local physicians, but had derived but little benefit. In the fall of 1887, I came to New York and was led to visit the Gospel Tabernacle, where I heard of Jesus as the Saviour from sickness as well as from sin. I claimed the promise and was anointed by Rev. A. B. Simpson, according to James 5 : 14. The Lord healed me and I have continued in good health ever since. Bless the Lord!"

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AN English evangelist relates the following: "When I was in Chester, a man came up to me and asked if I could tell him where he could get some Gospel tracts for the purpose of distributing. 'I shall be very pleased to give you some for that purpose,' I replied. 'But,' he hastily added, 'I do not want my tracts for nothing, I am willing to pay for them.' 'I am very glad to hear that,' I answered. 'It is refreshing to meet a man who is willing to pay for what he wants in these days when the desire of so many seems to be to get all they can for nothing.' 'Well,' continued the man, 'I was a smoker once but I gave it up, and now I spend the money which I used to spend for tobacco on tracts.' I afterward enquired of the vicar of the parish concerning that man and was told that he was one of the best workers in the district. He taught and took a deep interest in a large class in one of the lowest parts of the town. Are there not many among us who in their unconverted days, spent much on themselves in drink, tobacco, and theatre-going, who now use that money in some other selfish way? Would it not be well to consecrate some of it to the Lord's service?"

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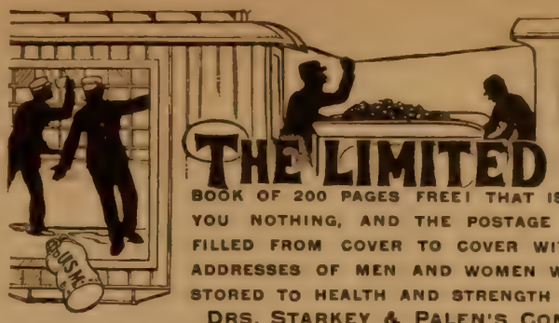

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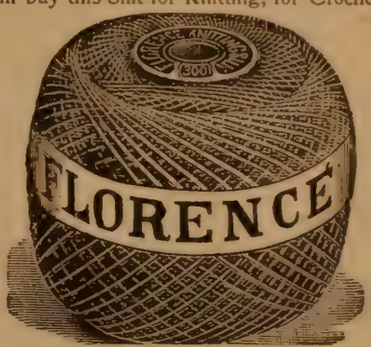

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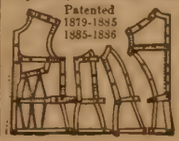

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OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue—
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from moral view.

We saw not the angels that met him there;
The gate of the city we could not see—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
My darling child! I see her yet!

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark—
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.

We know she is safe on the other side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail.

And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
They cross the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.

We only know that their barks no more
Will sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it nears the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;

I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be—
When over the river, the mystic river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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A DEFIANT INFIDEL CONVERTED.

SEVERAL years ago, at a series of evangelistic services in Lebanon, Tenn., writes Rev. E. Payson Hammond in the *Christian at Work*, Mr. Dixon C. Williams began his work as an evangelist in a small way. Quite a remarkable scene occurred at one of the evening meetings. A lady in Nashville had asked me when I went to Lebanon to interest myself in behalf of the proprietor of one of the hotels. I therefore made an effort to see him soon after my arrival. He attended the meetings, and within three days professed conversion. He spoke in a morning meeting in a manner that touched every heart. I was asked to talk with one of his friends, a law student, an avowed infidel. He manifested decided hostility. At the last meeting I preached a solemn sermon, urging every one at once to flee from "the wrath to come." I felt the moving of God's spirit upon my own heart, and saw its effects upon others. Towards the close of the inquiry meeting one of the students from the college in Lebanon approached me and said, "There are two men who have been converted within a few days who will tell their experience if you wish it." I at once requested them to do so.

After they had finished I started for the platform, intending to close the meeting as the hour was late and many had left the hall. When passing one of the pews I discovered the young infidel, and said to him in a low voice, "If your infidelity is better than our religion, why don't you stand up and urge your fellow students to embrace your views?" He at once said in an excited manner, "I will discuss the subject with you." I replied, "This is no place for a discussion, but if you wish to say a word you can do so,"—never imagining that after a solemn meeting like that he would dare to flaunt his sceptical ideas. As I moved towards the platform he said, "I will do it," and followed me. I then said this young man has a word to say. He replied, "I came up here for a discussion." I replied, "I did not promise to discuss with you." "What do you believe?" he asked. I answered, "I believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." He then sprang up in an excited manner, saying, "You cannot prove what you have said." Before he had uttered three more sentences the few who were remaining in the hall, to show their disgust at his insolence, arose to leave. He asked, "Why I did not hold the audience?" I replied, "I did while I was speaking, but they do not believe a word you say," and looking him in the face I added, "You do not either." He then left the hall.

My heart was recently rejoiced to receive from Mr. Williams a full account of the conversion of this infidel, and of his work in the ministry. When he wrote me, this regenerated sceptic was preaching the Gospel in Winnipeg, Manitoba, in the demonstration of the spirit and in power.

THE PIOUS BAKER BOY.

"WHERE'S Alick?" asked a minister of a baker, as he stepped into his store. "Alick is below, sir, in the bakehouse," replied the man of bread. "May I speak with him?" asked the minister. "Certainly, certainly, sir," said the baker; "walk below, sir." As the minister went down the stair leading to the bakehouse, he heard a voice saying—"Lord, help me to serve thee! Lord, keep me faithful! Lord, make me a great preacher!" The voice was Alick's; and when the minister reached the bakehouse, he found the lad, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, kneading dough with all his might, and praying as earnestly as he was working. Unquestionably he was pleased to find the youthful preacher so well employed. No doubt he felt that the appointment which he wanted Alick to fill would be well supplied. The Lord soon called Alick from the bakehouse to the pulpit, from which he fed thousands of hungry souls with the bread of life. The young man carried the working and praying spirit which he had in the workshop into the ministry. The result was, that God made him a useful and honorable man, for our Alick was no less a personage than Alexander Mather, one of the Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference.

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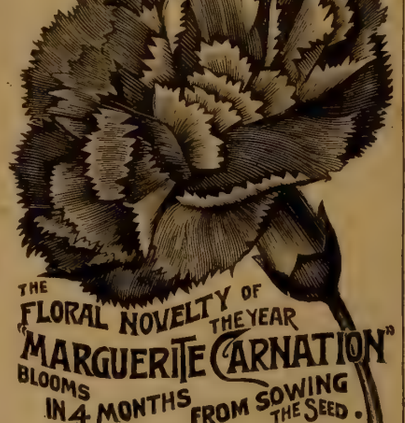

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REV. FRANCIS PENZOTTI, THE AGENT OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, IN HIS PRISON IN CALLAO, PERU. (See page 36)

"COME!"

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"*Come.*" Gen. 6 : 18. "*Come.*" Rev. 22 : 17.

IMPERIAL, tender and all-persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting ante-diluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the post-diluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its sceptre. It is an ocean into which empties ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all solicitants either for good or bad.

To-day I weigh anchor, and haul in the planks, and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the further shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word—"Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven. Our hearts are like our homes; at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years in their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word—"Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity, or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine-glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation!" "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement."

Wreck of the Princess Alice.

"Come with me in a gay bout through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowsing in the corner of the bar-room, said: "There he is; Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

Now we want all the world over to harness this word for good as others have harnessed it for evil, and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them, yea, it will draw the whole earth back to the God from whom it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was scepticism ever brought into love of the truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step and hiccough? No. It was: "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing;" "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire;" "Come with me into associations that are cheerful and good and inspiring;" "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes alarmed when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come then and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, Come! What is the use in waiting? The longer you wait the further off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the *Princess Alice* with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was an awful sacrifice of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out: "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties, and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world—the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the attention of others, the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of others is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swamp-full of annoying insects. On the other hand the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fickleness of tariff legislation, with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in, is a mighty

thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half-way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word—"Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw, or axe, or yardstick, or pen, or type, or shovel, or shoe-last, have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

A MOTHER'S FAITH REWARDED.

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in an humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said: "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said 'what is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said, 'my child, God will provide; thirty years he has already provided for me through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last: He will send us help though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances and, though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this Gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial, are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements and been consoled in those bereavements are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life, who would have been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say—"Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug, or the first tear started, or the first heart broken, or the first accident happened, or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences, and say—"Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world makes, when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow-storm on a prairie of the far West. Night coming on and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh and he said, "I will follow this rut, and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest, or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh round and round. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star, they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul, and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation. "But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can anyone think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues, and green with foliage, and all a-sparkle with fountains, and then not allow his son to live in the house, or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a Government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coast and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge, and then when the life-boat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the life-line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

Lost at Midnight on the Prairie.

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No; no! You need believe but two things; namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things!" Do you, really, believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, you are an heir or an heiress of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore. Just plant your feet hard down and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the Gospel and did not get it. Man alive! Are you going to let all the years of your life go away with you without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a Gospel key that could unlock your incarceration? No; no! As the one word, "Come," has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then send down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark;" "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "Come with us and we will do you good;" "Come and see;" "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come' and let him that heareth say 'come' and let him that is athirst come." The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skillfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam, or Ghent, or Copenhagen, can forget them. Now it seems to me that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky, saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea; all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of Apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming, "Come! Come!" Pardon for all, and peace for all, and heaven for all who will come.

A MESSENGER OF PEACE.

When Russia was in one of her great wars, the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting, "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says 'Peace?'" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says Peace?" and all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says Peace?" Then the messenger responded: "The Czar says, 'Peace.'" That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry, "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "who says Peace?" I answer, "Christ our King declares it:" "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting Peace!

PERSECUTION IN PERU.

THE EXPERIENCES OF REV. FRANCIS PENZOTTI, A PRISONER FOR THE TRUTH.

How the American Bible Society's Agent at Callao was Hounded and Finally Arrested at Priestly Instigation—Penzotti's Little Church—A Barbarous Law Against Religious Liberty—Declared Innocent by One Court yet Held a Prisoner—His Christian Fortitude—The War of the Catholics Against the Bible Society and for the Suppression of the Scriptures.

(See Illustration on first page.)

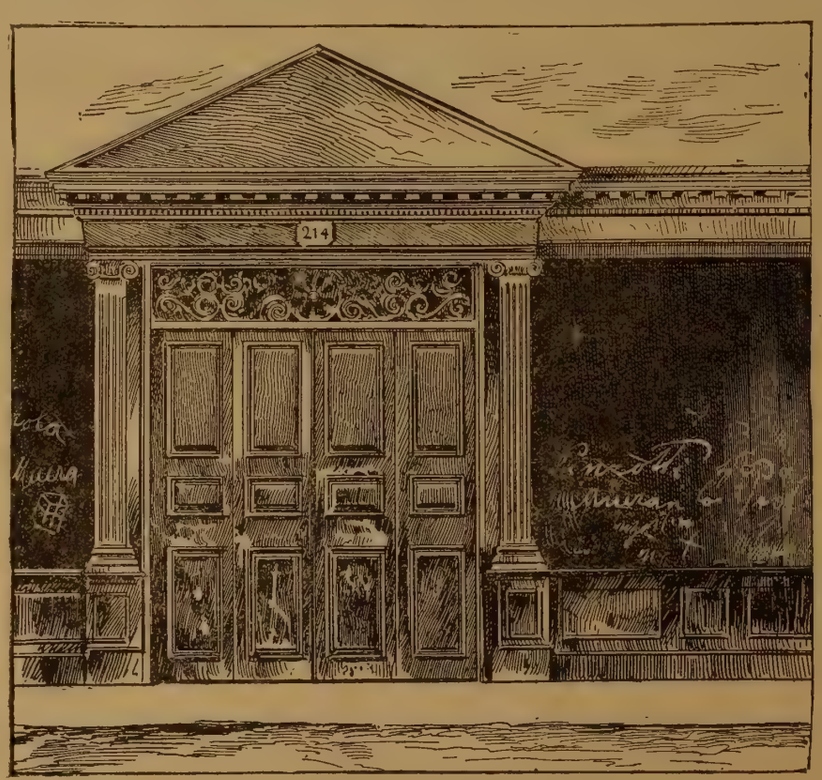
WHEN the glorious roll of those who have suffered for their religion—and borne up under severe trial and persecution with the heroism of martyrs—is made up in heaven, there will surely be found written upon it, the name of Francis Penzotti. Mr. Penzotti was converted years ago under the influence brought to bear upon him by Rev. A. M. Milne, then as now agent of the American Bible Society in South America, and subsequently entered the Society's service as a colporteur. In company with Mr. Milne he afterwards went around the continent of South America, visiting all the republics and arousing great interest by his fervid address and earnest piety. His evident fitness for the work influenced the society to place him in charge of the distribution of Bibles along the western coast of South America. For the last three years he has been in Peru actively engaged in Bible-selling, having charge of all the publications issued by the Society. He established a headquarters at Callao and secured the services of a corps of assistants, all young men of marked ability and earnest Christians.

From the outset of his work for the Society, Penzotti encounterd the enmity of the Romish priests. Wherever he went, their malign influence followed him. At Arequipa, at Cocachacra, and at Callao, they were unrelenting in their attempts to stop the enthusiastic young agent of the Bible Society from selling Bibles, but more particularly from holding services of a religious character. According to the Peruvian Constitution, the recognized State religion is Roman Catholicism, and the *public* preaching of any other doctrine is made a crime and expressly forbidden. There is, however, no prohibition forbidding the private exercise of any religious form of worship. Mr. Penzotti and a number of his fellow-Christians in Callao held regular services at Penzotti's little hall on Colon Street, (a picture of the exterior of which is given in this number.) The hall is in a long, low, one-storied adobe building, and was formerly used as a warehouse. He fitted it up plainly with benches, and a small platform for the preacher, and there, with doors closed, the good missionary would hold services, morn- and evening on Sundays, and Thursday evenings, having as auditors about sixty devout people, many of them natives who had no opportunity in that priest-ridden land of hearing the Gospel except by stealth. The exercises were invariably conducted in a quiet and orderly manner; there was no shouting or loud declamation. On the street, the voices of the worshippers could not be heard, and not a man, woman or child in Callao ever complained of being annoyed. A psalm or hymn, an opening prayer, a reading of Scripture, an exhortation, simple yet earnest addressed to the heart rather than to the ear, and a closing appeal to the Throne—these were the services in that little retired meeting-house. But even there, with the hall tightly shut against the outer world, and with no possibility of annoying the public or in any sense conducting other than a private service, the crafty priests interfered. Occasionally they would peer in at the door, or endeavor to force it, and by trick and stratagem make their way in among the little assemblage and attempt to break it up in disorder. These tactics, however, failed of their purpose, for Mr. Penzotti continued the meetings and the number of his hearers increased.

In many other ways, too, this persecution was manifested. When Penzotti's colporteurs went out on their work, the local priests would follow them and brutally set the mob against them. On one occasion, when two of Mr. Penzotti's agents were at work in Arequipa, one of them—J. B. Arancet—visited Cocachacra and was attacked by the pere of the village who set the mob on him. He was only saved from death by stoning by the timely appearance of the local magistrate, who took him to his own house and afterwards sent him away safely.

In January, 1889, Penzotti was arrested in the streets of Arequipa, while selling Testaments; this, too, by order of the Catholic bishop of that place, who happened to be passing at the time and ordered the policeman to make the arrest. Two of his assistants were also taken and the books and outfit of all three confiscated. In open violation of the laws and Constitution of the country, these men were kept in prison for nineteen days being released on the intervention of the Italian Minister at the capital, Hon. David Segres. On being liberated, they were informed that their books had been burned; but this proved untrue, for, on the authorities being notified that they would have to pay for the volumes, the latter were miraculously resurrected somehow, and sent to Mr. Penzotti.

Although for more than twenty years there has been a Protestant Church at Callao, and no instance of special molestation during that period, the Catholic authorities, stirred up by Mr. Penzotti's activity and by the success he met in his work for Christ, changed their policy of tolerance to one of rabid persecution and subjected him, his family and assistants to a series of malicious and bigoted attacks. Last year the persecution reached a climax, when, on July 25th, Mr. Penzotti was again arrested and thrown into jail, the scene of his incarceration being the "Carcel Publica," where all prisoners sentenced to death were formerly confined. Here he was thrown into a dark and filthy cell, almost entirely unventilated and where he had as companions the lowest outcasts in the country. Nearly forty of them were convicts who had been found guilty of flagrant crimes. In the daytime he was allowed to exercise in the yard of the prison, and was even permitted to see his family and friends, who called to sympathize with him and to give him such words of cheer as they could; but for twelve hours out of the twenty-four he was doubly a prisoner in his noisome cell, whose damp earthen floor and hideous smell made it a place of acute torture. The charge against him was "conducting publicly and with extraordinary frequency a religious service contrary to the laws of the country." An accusation entirely unsustained.



Rev. Mr. Penzotti's Chapel on Colon Street, Callao.

In this dungeon (see illustration on the first page), he lay for weeks before the case came to a hearing. Finally when he had almost lost hope of having a trial accorded him, the Inferior Court heard the case and there was such a showing of reputable citizens in his behalf that it had no hesitation in acquitting him. But in Peru, unlike most other countries claiming to be civilized, a man who is found innocent of crime does not gain his freedom by such a verdict. The law compels all such cases to go before the Superior Court, or higher tribunal where they must be revised and confirmed. The delay of Peruvian law is beyond all precedent. Weeks passed and still the man who had been pronounced guiltless lay in jail, the companion of common convicts. All the papers in Penzotti's case were sent to the higher court and influential parties appeared in his interest, but the wheels of justice refused to move. With the patience and fortitude of a true Christian, he set about making the best of his doleful position, and did what evangelical work he could among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Indeed, they grew so to like him and his gentle ways, that a number of them petitioned the prison authorities to grant Penzotti permission to preach to them; but this was ungraciously refused.

Meanwhile the American Bible Society was not idle. Through the Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Edward W. Gilman, D. D., Secretary Blaine was communicated with, and, although Penzotti is not an American citizen, yet the fact

that he represents the interest of American citizens in Peru, and that these interests have been injuriously affected by the action of the Callao authorities, was deemed by Mr. Blaine to be sufficient reason for action. Accordingly he communicated with the Peruvian government through Hon. John Hicks, the American Minister at Lima. Bail had been refused, as usual in ecclesiastical cases, and every effort by Mr. Penzotti's lawyer, Dr. Jose Maria Vivancio, to secure his freedom had been abortive. Everything that could be done in his interest was submitted in the hope of moving the stolid Government and the inflexible Superior Court to action, but in vain. The little chapel at 214 Colon Street, where the private services had been held, and which at most could seat no more than one hundred and fifty people, remained open, however, and services were still held there. The door and walls were defaced by vile inscriptions, written by Catholics instigated to the work by their priests. "Mueran los Protestantes," (Death to Protestants) "Muera Penzotti," (Death to Penzotti) were among the least offensive of these inscriptions.

At Penzotti's home, too, the same bitter persecution had raged even while the father and husband was in jail. His family lives in the depository of the American Bible Society, 119 Colon Street, (see illustration), on the ground floor. Scarcely a day has passed in which the members of his household have not been insulted. The walls of the building were defaced with foul writings, of a character similar to those on the walls of the little church on the same street. His two daughters, aged sixteen and eighteen, have been sent to Santiago, in Chili, to be out of danger, as the menacing attitude of the Popish partisans and their insults on the streets became so annoying that they could no longer be borne. A Catholic priest, named Vedal, incited his school boys to stone the house and church, and it became dangerous for the missionary's family to show their faces at their own door.

During the progress of the case a consignment of eight boxes of Scriptures, which had been sent to Mr. Penzotti from New York, was seized by the Custom House, with threats of confiscation; but upon representation made by the American Legation that the act was entirely unwarranted, the books were released.

Notwithstanding his long imprisonment, Penzotti's faith in the ultimate triumph of his principles in Callao has not been shaken, nor has his zeal for Christ been diminished. Many of the best citizens of Callao have espoused the cause of the persecuted preacher, and his case has been the theme of excited conversations at many gatherings in the city. He is very generally respected, and among his visitors at the *CasaMata*, popularly called Death-House Prison are some who rank among the best families in the town. The Italians in Callao, the Free Masons, the shipping merchants and many others have taken up Penzotti's cause with much warmth, but the priestly influence is too strong to be overcome. One thing that has undoubtedly impaired Penzotti's chances of release is the lukewarmness of his own government, which apparently accepts the Romish interpretation of the Peruvian Constitution.

Mr. Penzotti, whose portrait is seen behind prison bars on the first page, has been twenty-five years in South American countries. He is a strong, eloquent and persuasive preacher, an indefatigable worker for Christ, and his patience under persecution is such as reminds us of that of Bunyan when he lay in Bedford Jail. A cell cannot stop his activity in the good cause. His last letter to the American Bible Society in New York, received a few days ago, says: "I am yet in prison, and I cannot tell you now when I shall be at liberty. Matters go on very slowly, but effort is not wanting to hasten the conclusion. My family are much afflicted by the prolongation of my imprisonment. I remember frequently what the Psalmist says: 'Sorrow endureth for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'"

It breathes the Christian spirit that animated the ancient martyrs. What he most regrets is his absence from the services in his little church the doors of which had to be securely chained, while the band of devout brothers and sisters met there in private, as the faithful did in Rome centuries ago, to worship the living God.

Penzotti's Home in Callao.

Christians everywhere will join Penzotti in the aspiration that the day may soon come which will witness the birth of religious freedom in Peru—a day in which every man and woman in that priest-ridden land will be permitted to serve God without molestation and persecution.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Nicaragua Canal Company will Have the assistance of the United States Government in completing its undertaking, if a bill, favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, becomes law. It appears that the much-needed engineering achievement is liable to be delayed, if it does not fail altogether, through financial or other causes. It is proposed, therefore, in view of the great public advantages that the cutting of the canal will confer, that the Government should guarantee the payment of the Company's obligations, principal and interest. This will enable the Company to raise all the money it needs to carry out the work. The credit of the United States stands so high that capitalists who might be chary of trusting the company, and, if they lent at all, would charge high rates of interest, will, if they have the guarantee of the United States, lend readily and on easy terms. It is believed that the guarantee will also secure the canal when completed from being closed by any political revolution in the States through which it passes, and will insure its being always at the service of travel and commerce. So much the guarantee of the Government may do to inspire confidence. It is much to be wished that similar confidence were inspired in sinners under conviction, in that "new and living way which Christ has consecrated for us through his flesh." God has given his guarantee, and "he is faithful who has promised." (Heb. 10: 20-23.)

A Physician's Recovery from Accidental Poisoning was described at a meeting of medical men in New York last week. It appears that the hero of the incident lived some five years ago in a country district in Sullivan County, New York. He had occasion to prepare a poisonous lotion and, being hurried, he stirred it with his lead-pencil. Not long afterward, in a fit of abstraction he put the pencil in his mouth and, as his habit was, when lost in thought, he chewed the end vigorously. A strange sensation ensued and the doctor realized what he had done. He knew that he would need skillful treatment or his life would be lost, and he knew, too, that he would soon be in a condition in which he would be mentally incapable of directing the treatment. There was no other physician in the village but there was one seven miles off who could be trusted. Summoning a hack, the doctor told the driver to take him as quickly as possible to the house of his medical friend. The poison took effect quickly. The doctor fell asleep and lay on the floor of the hack. During the latter part of the journey the road was very rough, and the sleeping man was jolted about until he was wide awake, though his senses were so benumbed by the poison that he did not know where he was. On his arrival, the proper remedies were administered and he recovered. But both doctors agreed that his recovery would have been impossible if he had continued to sleep to his journey's end. The jolting over the rough road had saved his life. Yet the poisoned man remembered how he bewailed the disturbance and longed with agonizing desire for quiet sleep. It is often so with the awakened sinner. He would gladly shake of the fears that are distressing him, but when he has come to Christ and been saved from eternal death he is thankful that he was prevented from sinking back into spiritual somnolency. (Ps. 78: 33-35.)

A Remarkable Astronomical Discovery is Reported in a scientific journal. It states that in the group of stars known as the Pleiades, a nebula has been found the existence of which no one had ever suspected. Its discovery was not made by the telescope but by the camera. In taking a photograph of that part of the heavens, for the completion of an astronomical map, the plate was accidently left exposed much longer than was intended. On examining the photograph a well defined nebula was perceived in the constellation of the Pleiades. The reason that the nebula appeared in the photograph, though the telescope failed to reveal it, is explained by the fact that the camera can accumulate impressions—that is to say, it is able by continued exposure to obtain an image of an object which may be so faint that a shorter exposure would give no image, This is a power that the eye does not possess. It is equivalent to being able to see plainly by long gazing what cannot be seen at all by a brief inspection. A significant feature of this discovery is that astronomers are convinced of the existence of the nebula by the testimony of the camera though they cannot see it. It is much to be wished that there was a similar readiness to believe in the existence of spiritual things which are not perceptible to the natural eye but are spiritually discerned. (1. Cor. 2: 14.)

Genuine Devotion is Being Manifested by a husband to an injured wife in Bellevue Hospital, New York. The wife is under treatment there for an injury received on December 26th. She was in a steam laundry on that day, and, while standing at an open window, the wind blew her hair near some belting which was revolving rapidly over a shaft. Suddenly the belting caught her hair and dragged the whole scalp from her head, The doctors in the hospital tried to get the scalp to unite again, but after three weeks of persistent effort they have to confess failure. Her husband, who has been to see her every day since the accident, was informed on Thursday last that nothing could save his wife but grafting skin over the wound. He promptly offered his own skin for the operation. A piece three inches long and one inch wide was taken from his thigh and laid on the raw flesh of his wife's head. In a day or two another piece will be applied, and so, on until the wound is covered. He was quite cheerful under the painful operation and seemed concerned only about his wife's recovery. He will bear the scars as long as he lives. They will be honorable scars—marks of self-sacrificing love. What would be thought of that wife if, when she recovers through her husband's devotion, she should despise and neglect him? Yet men who would unhesitatingly condemn her if she showed such ingratitude, hear without emotion how Christ laid down his *life* to save them and treat his offer of salvation with contempt! (Heb. 10: 29.)

ELIJAH AT HOREB.

S. S. LESSON FOR FEB. 1, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. I. Kings 19 : 1-18 ; Golden Text, Gen. 26 : 24.

The Prophet in Seclusion—Humiliation After Victory—Patient Waiting for the Fulfillment of the Promise—Jezebel's Threat—Elijah's Flight—Discouraged by Self-Contemplation—His Reply to God's Question—The Revelation of the Deity—In the Still Small Voice—Reassured as to a Successor—The Lesson of Trust.

THE prophet Elijah was still upon the mountain, and there remained work for him to do, not in testimony, but in prayer. Only an intense communion with God, in which he was conscious of his presence, moment by moment, would have sustained Elijah on Mount Carmel. But God's promise was not yet fulfilled, "Go, show thyself unto Ahab ; and I will send rain upon the earth." "Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up ; eat and drink, for there is a sound of abundance of rain." Ahab must not be a witness of what should now take place ; eating and drinking was more in accordance with the life he lived—earthly, sensual, devilish.

Elijah Was Alone

in a greater presence than that of assembled Israel, with king, and elders, and prophets. Before them he could stand unflinchingly ; now he casts himself upon the earth, and puts his face between his knees. He must not look at "the things which are seen ;" he has to do with his unseen God. Many a blessed victory for the cause of God has ruined the instrument used, because, after seeing the glory of God, he has gone up to eat and to drink with some Ahab, has heard his name spoken of as a wonderful man of God, and self-consciousness has shut out the consciousness of God's holy presence, so that the instrument had to be humbled by seeing his power decline, by failure of health or some other cause.

Elijah, nevertheless, claims the promise of his God. He sends his servant : "Go up, now, and look towards the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said : There is nothing." Elijah's servant must go up and look towards the sea seven times. Why ? God does not always give a reason for what he does. Let us learn to know his will and do it, and when we get better acquainted with him he will show us what we should not have understood if he had told us earlier.

Elijah Could Wait God's Time.

"And it came to pass at the seventh time that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand." Elijah had not even seen it, but with his eye upon God he recognized the answer to his prayers, and was so sure of it that, without waiting to see for himself, he sent his servant to Ahab to say to him, "Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not." The heaven was black with clouds and rain, but Elijah must witness what took place in Jezreel. The hand of the Lord was on his prophet ; "he girded up his loins, outstripped Ahab's horses, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel."

Might he not expect that Ahab's testimony and that of his people, would be enough to convince and overcome the wicked Jezebel, and that once again the court of Israel, purified from idolatry, might uphold the worship of Jehovah ? Would it not be natural that Ahab in such a case should turn to Elijah for help and counsel ?

Elijah had to be bitterly undeceived. Ahab told his wicked queen all that had happened, but this wicked woman was in no mood to yield to the claims of Jehovah, the God of Israel. Out of all whom Elijah had called to Carmel, Jezebel had refused to come. After all the unanswerable testimony of God on Mount Carmel, after the verdict of the assembled people, Jezebel still withstood God and his prophets, and Ahab had not courage or power to restrain his wicked queen from sending a message to Elijah : "So do the gods to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them (the slain prophets of Baal), by to-morrow about this time. And when he saw that, he arose and

Went For His Life."

The same bold, fearless Elijah, who had stood in the presence of his God, and been his champion on Mount Carmel, now trembles, and flees before one wicked woman ! Did he fear to die? Never ; but things turned out so differently to his expectation. He had waited so long, and in his waiting time his life was one of miracle all throughout ; God had always been true to himself, and now Jezebel seem to have it all her own way again, as though God's witness on Carmel had gone for nothing ! All looks dark. Is it for this that he has so closely followed his God through these years, apart from and misunderstood by men ?

Elijah is perplexed. There is one only way out of his trouble—he must be alone, he must get to the wilderness. Passing Beersheba, he left his servant there, the crisis was too grave, no human presence would be supportable while he came to understand his God. At all times, God's prophets instinctively seek intercourse with God alone, but there are times when it is absolutely indispensable. Once alone, he sat down under a juniper tree. and began to let out his heart, "It is enough ; now, O Lord, take away my life; for

"I am Not Better

than my fathers." Elijah had expected more from God, but also more from himself, as God's prophet, and he was sorely disappointed. One moment of looking away from God to self leaves us open to discouragement. The question was once for all settled upon the cross that nothing is to be expected from ourselves—from the flesh which was nailed to the cross of Jesus. In his sorrow, Elijah slept. God had not forgotten his child ; an angel came and touched him, and he had proof that the same God who had sent him bread and meat for so long by the ravens, had been providing and preparing food for him here in the wilderness while he slept. Then he was not forgotten. It was a ray of light, but the darkness was not yet past ; he lay down and slept again. A second time, the angel came and touched him, and said, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." "And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God." When a human body is fully surrendered to God, God can make it, in exceptional circumstances, independent of natural law.

The solution of the questions which burdened Elijah did not come in a moment. Men who will get answers from God must learn to wait upon the Lord. He sees the moment when our spirits are still enough to take in what he has to communicate to us. The prophet's instinct was to get into a cave and lodge there. Self is a very narrow place ; it sees things and persons in relation to its own little world ; it is like a dark, damp cave. God's word came to him in his cave, "What doest thou here, Elijah ?" His answer shows that he is still in the dark, that he has no light on the point which troubles him, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts ; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away." As though to say, thy cause has been bound up with me, and now, when everything seemed to be gained, is there nothing come of it but that they seek after my life as they did before Carmel ? If there is nothing gained, although I have sacrificed all for thy cause, why should I live any longer ?

God did not explain : As long as the eye of his children is on themselves, they cannot understand ; our eye must meet his to understand him. "Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord," out of thy cave, out of thy narrow view of things, out of the thoughts which give the color of thyself, of what thou art, and hast been, or yet may be, to circumstances ; get into a purer, truer atmosphere, "upon the mount before the Lord." It was the very mount from which God had spoken to the children of Israel when he gave the law. And now God draws away Elijah's vision from himself by a revelation of himself. "A great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind : and after the wind an earthquake : but the Lord was not in the earthquake : and after the earthquake, a fire ; but the Lord was not in the fire." All these things went before the Lord, made ready the way of the Lord ; but after these came

"A Still Small Voice."

It is not in spiritual agitation, violent emotion, tremendous struggles, that we learn to know God. All those may tend to exhaust the energy of the flesh, and so make ready his way, but the Lord is not in them. It is when God can find his way to "the hidden man of the heart, in the incorruptible" (1. Peter. 3 : 3, R.V.), that he can truly reveal himself ; not in the thunders of the law, but in the grace of Jesus Christ, the Word of God. Elijah knew the voice, and came and stood in the entrance of his cave, and hid his face. God repeated his question, but Elijah was not free yet; he repeated his former answer. But he could listen. The journey had not been in vain. "Go, return," said his Lord, and on thy way anoint Hazael over Syria, Jehu over Israel, and Elisha the son of Shaphat to be prophet in thy room. Yes, Elijah, thou art mistaken, thou seest not all which I am doing, thou hast seen only the outskirts of my ways, I have another prophet ready to take thy place, thou art not the only one. Hazael and Jehu must do their part in the destruction of Baal, but thy life of prayer has not been in vain. "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." Yes, Elijah, and thou shalt yet live to see schools of prophets from among that seven thousand, and although the court may remain corrupt, there shall be a band of witnesses which shall maintain the testimony for thy God in Israel.

THEODORE SPRINGER'S TRIAL.

A Story of the Golden Text, for February 1. "Fear not for I am with thee, and will bless thee." Gen. 26: 24.

MRS. SPRINGER sat in the nursery with her youngest child in her arms, humming a soothing lullaby. There was a visitor in her husband's study, his wealthiest lady parishioner, and ever and anon through the closed doors there came the voices of the two as if a very exciting subject was being discussed.

Mrs. Springer's thoughts wandered back to the time when she and her husband came to the village of Ashton—a mining town in Pennsylvania. The congregation was very small and most of their salary was paid by the Home Missionary Society. There were only two families of wealth in the place—the Starbucks and the Towners—and both were irreligious. A short time before, the Towners decided to build a public hall, which they did with a grand flourish of trumpets. Mr. Starbuck died at this juncture, and his widow wishing both to erect a memorial to her husband and to out-do the Towners, offered to build a church for the poor little congregation that was worshipping in a bare uncomfortable room over a stable. It was Mr. Springer's earnest desire that his church would accept half enough for the building and raise the rest themselves, so as to feel more independent, but he could not bring his people to feel as he did. They resisted his urgent pleadings. "Oh, she would not feel it," they said, "if she should build twenty churches, and we are so poor that it may be years before we could raise the money." "Why should we hinder God's work by refusing to accept offered help ?" asked others. Some men would have left a parish where their counsel was unheeded, but Theodore Springer was a faithful, loyal soul. He loved his poor congregation, and though he realized they were taking a wrong

step in regard to accepting so much from a worldly, unprincipled woman, he decided to remain with them and fight and labor and pray. It was bitter, up-hill work, especially after the church was built, and Mrs. Starbuck demanded to be made a member. "If I've done as much as this for you," she argued, "I guess you can do as much for me as to take me in!"

Mr. Springer made repeated exhortations as to the necessity of change of heart, but she replied, "Don't talk to me as if I were a heathen. I am a better Christian than most of your people. By their fruits ye shall know them, I say. And what better fruit can you have than building a church."

"Why, Theodore, what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Springer soon after she heard the front door closing on the visitor, and she opened her husband's study and found him with his head in his hands in an agony of sorrow.

"Oh! there's no use struggling any more, Lucy," the poor man exclaimed, trying to compose himself. "I have about made up my mind that we had better leave this place."

"But, Theodore, that would be running away from duty. God is blessing your labors wonderfully, and now you are being made so useful how can you think of leaving? See how large a number of new members you are to receive next Communion!"

"That is the trouble with Mrs. Starbuck. She has heard of it and she wants to be received, too. She referred to one and another, and asked me was she not as fit as they. She seems absolutely incapable of apprehending spiritual truth. She insists on becoming a member of the church, and cannot understand why I refuse. But I have refused and I fear there will be trouble. I think I had better resign."

"What! quit the work to which God has called you, and desert your post at the bidding of a worldly woman! When Elijah did that don't you remember how God asked him, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?'"

"But I am all alone; the deacons and the church do not think with me. I cannot fight the battle single-handed."

Mrs. Springer took her husband's trembling hand, and tears came into her eyes as she saw his careworn face and eyes with deep circles under them telling of sleepless nights.

"There, there!" she said, "you are all tired out, else you would be the bold soldier that you always have been. My advice is, defer your Communion service for a couple of weeks, and take that time to go up to Aunt Martha's in Vermont, and let her feed and strengthen you. Remember that counsel given by a godly man: If at any time you feel that you cannot bear the burdens of life, do as Elijah did, flee into the silence of solitude and sit under, not the juniper tree, but under that tree whereon the Incarnate Son of God was made a curse for you! God will surely open a way out of your difficulties when you return."

Theodore Springer took his wife's advice, and when kissing her good-by he thanked God for such a treasure.

He could not have gone to a better place than Aunt Martha's. She had cured many a weary, tired out man of God. But his two weeks had not wholly passed away before he received this telegram from his wife: "Come at once, Mrs. Starbuck is ill and wants to see you."

The next train bore him away from his quiet haven of rest, and at the Ashton depot he found his brave little wife, who said:

"I'll take your bundles and you can go immediately to Mrs. Starbuck's."

He found that lady anxiously expecting him. She held out a trembling hand to him as he entered. "God bless you for your faithfulness," she said. "I am very ill and I know I am going to die. I should have died in a false peace if it had not been for you. As I lay here I thought of what you had said. You did not think me fit for the Church and how could I hope God would accept me? And my conscience tells me you were right. Now Mr. Springer sit down and tell me what I must do to be saved."

Never did a man enter on a work more thankfully. It was not easy; for worldliness and pride had eaten into the woman's soul. But the Holy Spirit had prepared the way, and the pastor followed where he had led. He visited her many times during the days of her journey to the dark river. At the last, he stood by her bedside and caught the feeble murmurs of her dying words: "A poor sinner pleading the blood of the Saviour."

"Theodore," said his wife, when he had told her all," are you not glad now that you were faithful to your post and to God? It has come true as he promised: 'Fear not for I am with thee and will bless thee.'"

THE ORDER OF FUTURE EVENTS.

The Rapture of the Waiting Saints, The Great Tribulation and Millennial Reign of Christ.

BY REV. B. PHILPOT.*

LOOKING at prophetic events in the character and succession in which we believe them to be revealed, we may expect the Second Advent to be preceded by a circle of fiery judgments through the whole ten kingdoms of the fourth monarchy (Luke 21: 25, 26), and Matt. 24: 29.) These will constitute the beginning of the great tribulation.

Many of the righteous will be taken from the evil to come, and they which remain will be upheld under it by special strength, and by the latter day outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon them. These troubles will go on increasing till the seventh trumpet sounds, and the sign of the Son of Man be seen in the heavens. After the Lord has appeared and gathered all his saints up to him in the air, the tribulation on earth will grow yet more dark and dreadful.

When Jesus appears on his shekinah throne in the air, he will bid his "dead body" of

Sleeping Saints to Arise,

and his living Church be changed. Then shall the righteous dead "hear his voice and come forth," and all believers which are alive will find their "earthly house of this tabernacle" suddenly clothed upon with "their house which is from heaven;" and both will be "together caught up to meet their Lord in the air."

It is important to mark this distinction between the appearance of our Lord, on his *approach* to the earth, and his subsequent personal coming, or *actual arrival* on Mount Olivet. Observe, also, that the saints are said to come with Jesus from heaven; therefore to heaven they must first have gone to him. One event is recorded in Zech. 14: 5; Rev. 19: 14; the other I. Thess. 5: 14-18. The rising to meet him in the air when he appears, and the coming down with him to Jerusalem, are two distinct events, and between them the judgment of the saints will take place.

Whether the exodus of the dead and living saints will be understood by the ungodly world, is, in some degree, doubtful. Probably their sudden absence from the earth will excite only a passing expression of wonder as to where those meddlers are gone. They, meanwhile, are safe in the ark of their Lord's presence; and then will commence the first act of

A Purely Remunerative Judgment.

This decision will affect the saints only, and award them their places in the kingdom, according to the use they have made of the talents entrusted to them. It is expressly said, that this remunerative judgment will be according to their work. Saved as each will be by sovereign grace, and "justified by faith without the deeds of the law," yet the place assigned to each in the kingdom, will depend on the diligence and self-denial, and painstaking zeal and love, with which each has laid out his talent. The righteous Judge will give to each as his work has been.

This adjudication of rewards will continue till the set time is come for the deliverance of Jerusalem, and the full execution of

Vengeance on the Gentile Confederacy.

During the great tribulation, which begins just before, and goes on through the whole time that Jesus is in the air with his saints, the Jews will have quietly and almost unobservedly gathered together in their own land. They will have rulers of their own and great wealth. The lust after their riches will bring down upon them the armies of the north, and countless masses of the ungodly, led on by the infidel and Papal Antichrists, and the man of sin, who is an incarnation of Satan. For a season they are permitted to oppress mightily the people and city of David. From these, however, a bitter cry reaches the ear of their kinsman Redeemer; and the Mighty One "girds his sword upon his thigh," and "rides forth in his majesty;" and the armies of his saints follow him, and "his arrows are in the heart of his enemies."

We now turn with animating assurance to the blissful reign of Jesus with his saints on earth. The whole creation will, by degrees, be delivered "from the bondage of corruption," into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Judea, for various reasons, will probably be the fairest and foremost in this

Bright Revival of Creation.

The new plains, caused by the earthquake at the descent of the Lord and his hosts will be fertilized by the streams that flow from the cleft of the mountain. The purified atmosphere, and perhaps also the contiguity of the holy city of light, the wondrous abode of Jesus and his saints may all prove agencies in the hand of the Lord for great improvement in the material earth. This renewal of the earth to perfect beauty will not be complete till the close of the Millennium. Then there will be "no more sea" (Rev. 21: 1), probably no more rain; but, as at first, a mist, or gentle dew, will descend and refresh the earth.

There remains one more series of judgments, and one other form of rebellion, wherein the odiousness of sin and God's infinite hatred of it will be fully manifested. We read that numbers will be found, at the close of that period of blessedness, combining for evil, as soon as the tempter shall be permitted to try them. The cause is not revealed; but it seems probable that it will spring from a jealousy of the family of Abraham, and of their holy peace, and magnificent city and temple; and of the special favor of the Lord, which, according to his covenant promise, will rest nationally upon them.

I venture to ascribe this

Last Rebellion.

to a growing envy of the Jews, because the first act of this confederate host is to compass the beloved city and the holy place. But the Lord will remember his covenant, and quickly "send fire from heaven to devour them all;" as in the days of Lot, when he destroyed the guilty cities of the the plain.

Then comes, in order of narration, the judgment of the great white throne. It stands in connection with many events which could not be pre-millennial, and is clearly identified with the final and general judgment of "the rest of the dead." (Verse 5.) If it be not referred to them we have no intimation of their judgment at all.

This is the last recorded act of the Son of Man, simply as Judge. All have received their sentence. "The enemy and the avenger are stilled;" and the whole creation reposes in heavenly rest, completely renewed into the perfection of God's handiwork. The tree of life no longer forbidden to man, will continually furnish the nations with new sources of enjoyment. The holy city of ineffable light and beauty, which seems to be the last and fullest manifestation of Jehovah's glory to man, will descend nearer to our earth, so that "kings will bring their glory into it," and the post-millennial generations will walk in the gladsome light of it, and hold constant and happy intercourse with its inhabitants.

* From his article in *The Prophetic News*, edited by Rev. M. Baxter. The January number contains, beside this article, papers on "Allied Kings in 1892;" "Approaching Judgment Day of Nations," by Dr. Horatius Bonar; "The King's Daughter;" "The Ready and Unready at Christ's Advent," etc. Price, six cents; seventy cents a year. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

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HEART AS WELL AS HEAD.

THERE is much eulogy of mental culture as though that were enough without moral and religious culture, but the more a man knows the worse for society, if he be a bad man. What does the capacity of a man to read amount to if he reads bad books? What does a man's capacity to write amount to if he writes bad sentiments? Better not be able to read or write at all. Knowledge is power for good if sanctified. Knowledge is power for evil if unsanctified. Robespierre, and Rousseau and Byron were illustrations of what men with magnificent mental endowments will do when they have no moral restraint. Those men might better have been born, and lived, and died on the lowest round of ignorance, than to have risen and cursed the world with their cruelties and nastiness. The youth of this country need something besides reading and writing and arithmetic in order that they may be prepared for good citizenship. The great pest of this country to-day is the educated villains. They know enough. They know too much. They know everything. There is no machine more useful than a locomotive. Here I see one standing. Piston-rods, cranks, axles, cylinders, driving-wheels, throttle-valve, all perfect. A good engineer gets on that locomotive, fastens it to a long train of cars, drags an immense value of freightage or life across the continent. He does well. A reckless engineer comes up to that same locomotive, gets on it, and puts it at the rate of fifty miles an hour; comes near a dangerous curve, leaps off, while the train goes on into shrieking and death. That is just the difference between educated mind without moral principle, and educated mind with moral principle. In either case it is a powerful engine. In the one case it drags a long line of good influence across the earth. In the other case, Christian principle jumps off, and moral restraint jumps off, leaving the train to go into terrific demolition. Ignorance is bad, but intelligence is worse, if immoral. Almost everybody talks about the days of Greece and Rome. They had so much intelligence, so many orators, and painters, and poets, and thinkers. No doubt about it. But how about the morals of Greece and Rome? Why is it that when a gentleman is travelling with his family in Europe, and he comes to the museums containing the relics of ancient art, the janitor taps him on the shoulder and says: "Only gentlemen will pass in there." Why? It is because the paintings and the sculpture of ancient Greece and Rome were abhorrent to all decency, and splendid Corinth and magnificent Pompeii were worse than the Five Points in the worst days of the Five Points. Intelligence, art, eloquence, without the Christian religion is defamation, ruin, disaster, woe.

STEP-MOTHERS.

WE have often wondered why it is that the novels and romances always made the step-mother turn out so very badly. She always dresses too much and bangs the children. The authors, if writing out of their own experience, must have had a very hard time. In society it has become a proverb "cruel as a step-mother." We are disposed, however, to think that while there may be marked exceptions, step-mothers are the most self-sacrificing beings in all the world. They come into the family scrutinized by the household and the relatives of the one who used to occupy the motherly position. Neighborly busybodies meet the children in the street, and sigh over them, and ask them how their new mother treats them. The wardrobe of the youngsters comes under the severe inspection of outsiders. The child having been taught that the lady of the household is "nothing but a step-mother," screams at the least chastisement, knowing that the neighbor's window is up, and this will be a good way of making publication. That is called cruelty which is only a most reasonable, moderate, and Christian spanking. What a job she has in navigating the whole nursery of somebody else's children through mumps, measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox! One of the things that we rejoice over in life is, that it is impossible that we ever beome a step-mother. In many cases she has the largest possible toil for the least reward.

Blessed be the Lord who setteth the solitary in families, that there are glorious exceptions. The new mother comes to the new home, and the children gather the first day around her as the natural protector. They never know the difference between the first and second mother. They seem like two verses of the same hymn, two days of the same summer, two strokes of the same bell, two blessings from the same God.

She is watchful all night long over the sick little one, bathing the brow and banishing the scare of the feverish dream. After awhile those children will rise up to do her honor, and when her work is done, she will go up to get the large reward that awaits a faithful, great-hearted Christian step-mother in the land where the neighbors all mind their own business.

WAKE UP!

THE Church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One-half of the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They pay pew rents. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, any enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, and over-mastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One of two things these half-and-half professors ought to do—either withdraw their names from the Church-roll or else go so near the fire as to get warm. Do you know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for God and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying. Wake up! Do something before you are dead. Either help pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way. We want more old-style holiness, the kind they had before railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs. A consecrated heart is momentum for all Christian work. Your gun is well enough, but the gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life! We cannot do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. We cannot pull others out of the surf when our own feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration will be more momentum.

BRIEF NOTES.

Subscribers and friends of this journal will be glad to learn that the new year has brought an enormous increase in circulation, passing far beyond our most sanguine expectations. Though this pressure of business was unforeseen, we confidently hope that there have been few cases of delay and scarcely any errors. Should, however, any friend have cause for complaint, the fact that our mail has averaged over a thousand letters a day must be our excuse for any temporary oversight there may have been, and it will be promptly rectified on our attention being called to it.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is sincerely thankful to be able to report evidences of God's blessing on the services being held in the Academy of Music, New York. On the last three Sunday evenings fully six hundred persons have risen on the invitation of Dr. Talmage to ask the prayers of God's people for their salvation and have remained after the service for special prayer. It is now four months since THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by hiring this large building in the centre of the city, has given the people of the metropolis an opportunity of hearing Dr. Talmage's arousing sermons every Sunday evening. The extent to which they have used the opportunity has been marvellous; at every service they came in greater numbers than the Academy (which holds nearly six thousand persons) could accommodate. Though many were doubtless led there by curiosity, the events of the past few weeks show that the deeper feeling, which the Holy Spirit awakens, has been produced.

The Wesley Evangelists are conducting services in the M. E. Church, South Third Street, Brooklyn, E. D., Rev. S. Smith, pastor. Mr. Cannon reports a very cheering work of grace, and says that many souls are being saved.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, in presiding at the Fifteenth Anniversary of the Railroad Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in New York, on January 13th, said that the membership had now grown to 1,273. During the past year there had been an attendance of 116,926. Ninety-five such branches are now organized, and they are maintained at an annual cost of $140,000. Fourteen of these branches own their buildings.

The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, celebrated its Seventeenth Anniversary yesterday in the Y. M. C. A. building on Twenty-third Street. During the past year the Society has seized over three tons of contraband matter, among which were the plates of several obscene books and other articles used in the fiendish work of corrupting the morals of the community. The energy and activity of the Society in the public interest are beyond praise, and they merit the hearty support of every Christian citizen.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has commenced a series of services in the Young Men's Christian Association Building, in Providence, R. I. The Providence *Journal* says that at the meeting for men only on January 11, the hall was filled in every part and large numbers were unable to gain admission. When all those who were already Christians were requested to rise, less than one-third of those present stood up. Later on, when an invitation was given to any who were desirous of quitting sin and beginning a Christian life to come forward, over one hundred and fifty men and youths complied. A most hopeful work has evidently commenced.

The services the Rev. Thomas Harrison is holding in the Seventeenth Street M. E. Church, New York, are growing in interest and blessing day by day. They are marked by prayerfulness, hopefulness and power. Fifteen young men were among the converts in the early days of last week and there were many other remarkable conversions. An efficient choir, led by Mr. Johnson, conducts the singing, and many Christian workers from New York and Brooklyn have been active in the after-meetings. Mr. Harrison speaks most hopefully of the promise the beginning of these meetings has given. He believes that it indicates a rich harvest of souls.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Revolution in Chili—End of the Indian Troubles in Dakota—New Wonders in the Heavens—An Approaching Royal Wedding—The Silver Bill and Congress—Disgraceful Scenes in the Colorado Legislature.

The Revolution in Chili, which was Announced in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, is now fairly under way. President Balmaseda's official term ends on September 1, 1891, and under the Constitution he is ineligible for re-election. During his administration he has been regarded till now as the friend of progress, and he has carried many liberal measures of reform into effect; but he allowed himself to be persuaded into advocating the election of Don Augustin Edwards, a man of great wealth but most unpopular, and in consequence he is now opposed by the very factions and journals that were formerly his warm supporters. Besides, he has opposed the passage of a new election law and refused to recognize delegates who were appointed to the national convention to be held in February. All these matters, and the fact that the administration has enforced the law preventing army and navy officers from participating in politics, have operated to excite feeling against him. This discontent has been encouraged by Senor Edwards, who, it is said, has been the prime mover in the present revolt. The latest phase of the revolution is the defection of the two warships, *Almirante Cochran* and *Magell*, which are now engaged in blockading the ports from Coquimbo to Iquique. No provisions can now be sent into Iquique, and it is the purpose of the rebels to prevent the nitrate trade, the chief source of revenue of Chili, from being carried on while the present troubles last.

Seven Thousand Hostile Indians Surrendered to the troops under General Brooke and came into the Agency at Pine Ridge, S. D., on the 15th inst. For some time the Indian camp in the hills had been surrounded by the soldiers who occupied three points of a triangle, making escape impossible. There was a long and quarrelsome consultation among the hostiles as to a surrender, and many of the young bucks wanted to stay out and fight; but wiser counsels prevailed, and Brules, Ogallalas and others broke camp, and with squaws, ponies and children trailing behind them in a vast, scattered procession, came over the hills to the Agency. Kicking Bear, the famous chief of the Brules, was the first to turn in his rifle to the soldiers, and his example was followed by the other chiefs in rapid succession. This practically ends the trouble in the Sioux country, for although the Indians at the Agency far outnumber the whites, any attempt at treachery would be instantly punished by a general slaughter. The leading chiefs are coming East to Washington to state their needs, and there is now a chance that the wrongs, which have been largely the cause of driving them to war, may be righted without the intervention of the sword. Dishonest agents and the rum bottle are said to be responsible for much of the troubles in South Dakota.

Recent Photographs of the Heavens, taken with more powerful lenses than were ever before applied to that task, reveal new wonders such as the astronomers never dreamed of. Harvard, which leads all the American colleges in this interesting science, reports that one of its members, Mr. Bailey, has taken during the year, one thousand three hundred views at Corsica, representing nearly the entire heavens, from twenty degrees south of the Equator to the South Pole and these have been mapped off into charts which show stars of the fourteenth magnitude and the spectra of those of the eighth magnitude. Hundreds of new and brilliant stars of various magnitudes have been discovered, some of them bright and steady in their light, while others are variable. In one series of pictures taken by a lady—Mrs. Fleming one hundred and ten new spectra have been discovered. Another lady—Miss Mauny—has discovered a second and unknown star in Beta Aurigae which revolves around the central planet every four days. The closer man gets to God's handiwork, the more he is impressed with its infinitude and its beauty, and the supreme wisdom of that intelligence which has created and directs all thing in the universe.

The next Royal Wedding Abroad Will be that of Princess Louise, of Schleswig-Holstein, one of Queen Victoria's numerous grandchildren, and Prince Aribert, the third surviving son of the Duke of Anhalt - Nassau. The young pair were betrothed at Berlin recently, with the usual simple ceremony peculiar to Germany, in the presence of Emperor William. Princess Louise is in her nineteenth year, having been born on August 12, 1872. She is the younger daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Helena of Great Britain. Her full name is Franziska Josepha Louise Augusta Marie Christiana Helena. Prince Aribert Joseph Alexander von Anhalt, a "Serene Highness," born at the summer palace of Worlitz on June 18, 1864, is the third and youngest son of the reigning Duke Frederick of Anhalt (comprising

PRINCESS LOUISE AND PRINCE ARIBERT.

the reunited Duchies of Anhalt-Dessau, Anhalt-Koethen, and Anhalt-Bernburg.) He is a lieutenant of the 1st Dragoon Guards, of which regiment the Queen of England is honorary colonel. The bride is a charming girl, of a most lovable nature, and the groom is said to be a manly, conscientious fellow, happily far different from many of the princes that surround the European thrones.

One of the most Important Acts of Congress during the present session was the passage by the United States Senate, on the 14th inst., of the Silver Bill, introduced by Senator Vest. It is a free-coinage measure pure and simple, free from all the National Bank and bond legislation contained in the Financial Bill, and is almost identical with the bill passed by the Senate a year ago. It provides that the unit value in the United States shall be the dollar of four hundred and twelve and a half grains of standard silver or twenty-five and eight-tenths grains of standard gold; these coins to be a legal tender all over the country. Owners of silver or gold bullion may deposit the same at any United States mint to be coined into dollars or bars without charge; silver and gold certificates from $1 to $100, redeemable in coin, are provided for, and these also are declared to be a legal tender. The prospects of the Silver Bill in the House are considered good.

A Disgraceful Quarrel took Place in the Colorado State House at Denver, on the 15th. In the House of Representatives or Assembly are two factions whose warfare has been very bitter. One is headed by Jesse B. White, the other by Speaker Hanna. The White men, being thwarted in the selection of a Speaker, held a meeting in the chamber for the purpose of organizing a rump legislature. Speaker Hanna, hearing of this, secured a number of officers to guard his seat and to protect the official records. As he entered the chamber, at 11 A. M., he was shot in the head by a White factionist, the bullet wounding his left cheek. Police Inspector Hawley, hearing the firing, rushed in and was shot in the head by a White factionist, the wound being mortal. Policeman Norris who came to his superior's aid was also shot by the same assassin. The Assembly building was then surrounded by a cordon of police with drawn revolvers. Two companies of State militia were ordered on duty to repress further disturbances. The Legislature adjourned, and meetings are being held all over the State for the purpose of requesting the riotous members to resign.

The Church Army Social Scheme for "Darkest England," introduced into Great Britain twelve months ago, is an adaptation of the German Labor Home Colony System, which is based on personal religious influence. It was also the first to propose the farm and over-sea colony as supplementary to the city labor home colonies. All the other parts of General Booth's scheme have long been, to a large extent, effectually carried out by existing Church and other agencies. They also can effect great economy in funds and power by using the already existing machinery — mission halls and schoolrooms all over the country, now rarely used except on Sundays, will make excellent workshops and sleeping quarters. Ninety thousand pounds have now been given to General Booth for his Social Scheme. He has also received three or four months ago £25,000 from the Self-Denial Fund of London. Nevertheless, Commissioner Smith has had to resign the management of the Social Scheme, for, he says, "I had to face, day by day, the clamoring of destitute and starving crowds. There were not sufficient funds in my hands at any one time to pay the ordinary accounts for goods supplied to the food and shelter depots, the work-shops, and other departments. We were actually summoned for our local rates in several cases as a consequence of our straitened circumstances. If this does not point to pecuniary starvation, it certainly comes very close to it."

Baron Georges Eugene Haussmann, who died of apoplexy at Paris, on January 12, was, in an architectural sense, the father of modern Paris. Of his 82 years of life, fifty were passed in the public service. Under the third Napoleon, Baron Haussman carried out many great works of public improvement which made his name famous all over Europe. He beautified the Bois de Boulogne, extended many of the leading streets and avenues, straightened out the boulevards in old Paris, and constructed public gardens, squares, Halles Centrales, bridges, barracks, asylums and hospitals. He expended on these works over five thousand million francs, employed thousands of the most skilled workmen in Europe,—designers, architects and sculptors, and made Paris the most beautiful city in Europe and the world. The formation of the great avenues, was specially designed with a view to controlling a possible revolution, while a pretence was made of adorning the city. After the fall of the Empire, he left France, but returned when there was a prospect of a restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty. The Republic paid him the distinguished compliment of allowing the name of the Boulevard Haussmann to stand, at a time when all the marks of the old Empire were being obliterated.

At last Professor Koch, Yielding to Great public pressure, has disclosed the secret of his wonderful lymph discovery. The substance is obtained from the tubercular bacilli, with the aid of a forty to fifty per cent. solution of glycerine, in other words a glycerine extract derived from the pure cultivation of tubercle bacilli. Into this extract there passes a certain quantity of mineral salts, coloring matter and other unknown substances, which are easily removed, but the effective substance itself is insoluble even in absolute alcohol. It is possible to obtain from the extract a colorless, dry substance, which would contain the effective principle in a much more concentrated form than the liquid. While he admits that in its effects there is as yet much that is speculative and experimental, he declares it is a positive specific in cases of tuberculosis or consumption. This conclusion is reached after many experiments on animals and observations of its effect on human beings. The revelation of Dr. Koch's secret is already reviving the interest taken in the discovery, whose virtues many distinguished physicians were beginning to doubt.

SIN FORGIVEN.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Men Who Think Lightly of Sin—The Effect of the Spirit's Enlightenment—I. Apt to Deem Pardon Impossible—On Account of Specially Gross Sins—Of the Multitude of Sins—Of their Being Wilful—Of Being Backsliders—Of the Injury Wrought on Others—II. God's Thoughts Superior to Man's Thoughts—In Nature—In Providence—III. His Thoughts of Pardon—Long-Suffering—Complete—Forgives and Forgets—IV. Unlimited Grace.

"*He will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.*" Isaiah 55 : 7—9.

AT first, men have very low ideas of sin. It is a trifle, a mere mistake, a failure of judgment, a little going aside; but when the Holy Spirit begins to deal with them, sin grows to be an intolerable burden, a fearsome thing, full of horror and dismay. The more men know of the evil of sin, the more astounded they are that they ever should have found any pleasure in it, or could have made any excuse for it. Now, it is well when men begin to see the truth about themselves; for even if that truth breaks them into pieces, and grinds them small as the dust of the threshing-floor, it is well that they are delivered from the dominion of falsehood.

At this time, however, while the thought of sin becomes clear, the thought of pardon is not at first so clear. Sin is great, and for that reason the sinner thinks it cannot be pardoned, as if he measured the Lord by his sin, and fancied that his sin was greater than the mercy of God. Hence our difficulty with men who are really awakened, is to raise their thoughts of God's mercy in proportion to their raised idea of the greatness of sin. While they do not feel their sin, they say that God is merciful, and talk very flippantly about it, as if pardon were a trifle. But when they feel the weight of sin, then they think it impossible that sin should be forgiven. In our text God helps the sinner to believe in pardon by elevating his idea of God. Because God is infinitely superior to man, he can abundantly pardon. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." He can abundantly pardon, because his nature is not on our level.

Self-Condemned.

I. Your own thoughts judge pardon to be impossible. Let me show you why. To some it seems impossible that there can be forgiveness for them, because of some special, secret, gross, and grievous sin. Most persons, when they remember their past lives, see a certain spot blacker than the rest. Perhaps more light falls upon that spot than upon any other, but certainly the eye of memory constantly returns to it; and when they take a view of their lives, they are overwhelmed by the remembrance of certain enormous transgressions. In conversing with inquirers, it has been my painful lot to hear many an awful story, which will never be repeated by me. They weep over sins inexcusable, sins foul and terrible; but oh, it has always been a delight to me to be able to say, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men!" I have never heard in secret of any special action that has seemed to me—even *seemed* to me—to be beyond the reach of grace. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Those convicted of sin, who think their cases heinous beyond all others, are sometimes astonished when we tell them that many such have been forgiven, and remind them how the apostle, after he had mentioned all manner of enormities, says, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed." They fancy Christ only came into the world to save saints; but he came into the world to save sinners. They imagine that he saves those who think themselves sinners, and are not truly such; but it is not so. Jesus did not come to save sham sinners, but those that have committed real sin, and ought to be ashamed of what they have done. Jesus died for the guilty. Thinkest thou that the ransom paid in his blood on Calvary was for trifling offences? Nay, verily, the infinite One died because enormous sin was was to be put away. Believe, then, in

A Great Saviour for Great Sinners!

To others the difficulty of pardon seems to lie not so much in some special offence, as in the number of their sins, and the long continuance of them. In your room the air seems clear and pure enough till you let in a beam of sunlight through a hole in the shutter. Look! look! look! Why, dancing up and down in that ray of sunlight there are myriads of objects. So, within the action which appears quite innocent, there may be myriads of evils which are discovered to us by the light of God when the eye of conscience has the scales taken from it. To have lived in sin for twenty, forty, sixty, or eighty years, appears to the awakened conscience to be a very dreadful thing: and a dreadful thing it is. It is cruel to provoke a person for five minutes; to go on provoking him for an hour is abominable; but to provoke God year after year, as sinners do, is a tremendous crime, which might seem to be beyond mercy. So the heart feels, and hence the need for such a text as mine.

Others have been grievously oppressed with the idea that they could not be pardoned because of the wilfulness of what they have done. "I did, on such and such an occasion," says one, "distinctly prefer sin to righteousness. I sinned against great light. Certainly this is a very grievous evil. To sin wilfully is dangerous to the last degree. Wilfulness is the very damnableness of sin.

Sin Committed of Malice

aforethought, against light and against knowledge, is sin indeed. I do not wonder that you think it impossible that you should be forgiven; but I would have you remember that your judgment is nothing as compared with God's Word. and God's Word declares that if you forsake your way and turn to the Lord, "he will abundantly pardon."

"Sir," says one, "I sinned with a great falseness and treachery of heart; for I was baptized and joined a church. I professed to be a follower of Christ, and I have broken my covenant. I did know something of the salvation of Christ, and I sinned against it. I did rejoice at one time in the light of God's countenance, and I wickedly went astray from him." Yes, this is very, very, very grievous. But there is a text that says; "Return, O backsliding daughter:" and I cannot go further until I have sounded it in your ear. May the spirit of God send it into your heart! "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from them." "He will abundantly pardon;" for as high as the heavens are above the earth, so are his ways higher than your ways.

Tempters of Others.

I hear one say, "But, sir, there is about my sin this peculiar heineousness, that I have injured myself and others by my sin." Many a man has to carry in his bones the sins of his youth and though the physical consequences may not be averted, yet I would have him trust in Christ, that the guilt is, notwithstanding, blotted out. We may lead another into sin, and that other may perish; and yet, amazing grace, we may be saved. When David was forgiven, he could not restore Uriah to life, who had been slain through his wicked device. Worst of all, we may have led another into hell. "Oh," says one, "if I have damned another, can I yet be saved myself?" Yes, yes; but as I say it, I feel inclined to stop and ask you to sing,

> Who is a pardoning God like thee,
> Or who hath grace so rich and free?

We cannot undo the mischief of our ungodly lives. The drunkard may become as sober as he pleases, but he cannot bring back those young lads whom he taught to drink. The man who was an unbeliever, and who spoke against God and his Christ, may turn and repent, and be a faithful follower of Jesus: but the wicked things he taught may still linger in many minds, and go on poisoning them to their destruction. Sin is a spreading plague. It is a horrible evil; and were it not for the cross, it would be a despairing business to talk with sinful souls; but the cross, the cross, it rises high above all the hills of sin, and they that look to it shall find that God doth abundantly pardon.

II. But, secondly,

God's Thoughts

of other things are far above yours. I am not going to keep you long on that. It is quite certain that the best thoughts—the most logical thoughts, the most original thoughts, the most correct thoughts you have ever had—are not worthy to be compared with God's thoughts. Now, look in nature. Did you ever think such thoughts as God has thought is creation? You take the wing of a fly, an insignificant thing, and simple enough: but you put it under a microscope and you see it to be a fabric of great beauty, of exquisite delicacy, and of marvellous adaptation to the end for which it was made. Many a person who has looked in a microscope has been overwhelmed with wonder. You put a needle under it, and it is a rough bar of iron; but you take any of the works of God, and magnify them as much as ever you will, you never detect any roughness. Nothing can be better finished than God's little things; even in minute matters his thoughts are not as your thoughts. You fancy that you are so insignificant that he will not forgive you. Oh, but he that spend infinite wisdom upon the wing of a fly will care for you, and spend infinite thought upon you, that he may forgive you.

In Providence.

God's thoughts in providence—how wonderfully they are above ours! You read history, and everything seems to be tangle. The stories of the nations look like "confusion worse confounded"; and yet, before you have read through the chapter, you see in it a plan and a method—

> From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better still, and better still,
> In infinite progression.

God works wonderfully in providence, in ways that we look not for. His thoughts are above our thoughts.

It has even been so in your own mind as to the future. Read the prophecies, and see what is yet to be. God's thoughts about a new heaven and a new earth—how far above ours! The book of Revelation, which gives us parts of God's thought about the future, is not to be understood by us as yet. We have to wait till facts explain it; for God's thoughts are above our thoughts. Why, take a simple matter like the resurrection of the dead. We bury the departed, and their bodies are dissolved. God's thought is that they shall rise again. The seed shall become the flower. God's thoughts are far above any thought that can arise in your soul.

III. I merely throw that in as an interjectory head, to come to this—that

His Thoughts About Pardon

are above yours. God's ways of pardon are far above anything you can ever compass. Look at yourself. Are you not slow to forgive? Some are sadly slow! It is a long time before they can get over an injury. God forgives readily. Through the death of his dear Son he is able, without the violation of his justice, to forgive at once, freely, readily. There are no compulsions with him: "He delighteth in mercy." It is his very self to pardon; for God is love. Do not judge God's heart by that hard heart of yours. He is a God ready to pardon.

You come to an end of your forgiveness before long. After being offended seven times you do not go on to seventy times seven. If you did so, surely you would make a great wonder of it, and think that you deserved great praise. Bnt God goes on to seventy times

seventy times—on, and on, and on, and never comes to the end of pardoning mercy so long as a soul cries to him for forgiveness.

Some things you find it hard to forgive. You say, "Well, now—now, this is really provoking I am of a forgiving spirit, and I have overlooked offences a great many times, but you do not expect me to endure such treatment as this? Surely nobody can expect me to be always trodden on." No, nobody does expect it of you, and if he did he would be disappointed. God does far more in the way of pardon than we ask, or even think.

God Forgetting.

I am afraid I must say of some of you that you forgive, but you do not forget. Now, God promises to forget our iniquities. It is more than omniscience can do to forget; and yet God declares that he does forget. "I will cast all their sins behind my back," saith he. "I will cast their iniquities into the depths of the sea. They shall not be remembered against them any more forever."

Dear friend, I do not slander you when I say that you are not very eager to pardon. Are you? When you have been offended, you think a good deal of yourself, if, after persuasion and humble apology, you are ready to give your hand to the aggressor, and end the dispute. You are not pining to forgive; but God is. It is he, the offended one, who seeks the offender, and proposes to make peace with him. It is he that cries, "Hold," and bids transgressors come to him; yea pleads with them—"Be ye reconciled to God." "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live."

Do you think that any of us would suffer much for the sake of being able to forgive another? "No," you say, "I do not see that I ought to suffer for his wrong. I will forgive him if I can do so freely; but I could not consent to be a loser thereby." Should there be a very serious difficulty in the way, so that you cannot rightly forgive without some atonement being made, would you make the atonement yourself? You exclaim with astonishment, "*I* make the atonement! How can you propose such a thing?" Some time age, a case did occur in which I

Tried to Imitate the Saviour,

and did so with a measure of success. Two brethren had greatly grieved each other. One had acted very shamefully. I entreated the other to forgive him, and as he did not feel willing to do so, I said, "There are certain consequences involved in what he has done. I will bear all those consequences, and you may regard me as the guilty party if you please." Well, he said he could not be angry with me, because I had done no wrong. However, I did bear the consequences of the wrong action, and thus I made peace between the two. The aggrieved brother was able, by my interposition, to overlook the injury, and yet to keep his word; but he regretted that I should be the scapegoat, until I assured him I was pleased to do it, that I might bring them together again. It would not have been wise for me to ask the offended brother to suffer himself the consequences of the other's offences; but this is what God has done. The consequences of our sin he bears; and Jesus dies because our sin involved death. Miracle of mercy!

His Thoughts of Grace.

IV. I might finish here, but I wanted to say, had there been time, that God's thoughts are above yours in all things which concern his grace. Would you mind reading the chapter through again? Just see the very first verse as to the freeness of his grace. Your thought is that you can get nothing without paying for it: God's thoughts are, "Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." But you think that if God were to save you he would perform it in second-rate style. Not he! He will have no niggard salvations. If he supplies his people, it shall be most richly and freely. You that are the guiltiest may come to Christ, and be among the happiest hand the best of his saints. Nobody would eve imagine that a sinner could ever enter into covenant with God—that God should strike hands with guilty men, and pledge himself to grace. I remember

A Man Shut up in Prison,

under a long sentence, he was so violent that he was put into a solitary cell. The chaplain had done all he could as to bringing him to repentance; but one day he read to him this verse: "I will make an everlasting covenant with you." The man said, "I never heard of such a thing. Can God make a covenant with such a wretch as I am? Sir," said he, "it will break my heart"; and it did break his heart, and he became a new man in Christ Jesus under the power of that amazing thought, that God would enter into covenant with such a wretch as he was.

"Ah, well!" says one, "I will go home, and cry to God for mercy." That is your thought. Listen to God's thought. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Breathe a prayer to him now. Look to Jesus with the eye of faith at once! The Lord help you so to do! Your thought is that salvation is to be won through months or years of labor and prayer. But pardon is given as quick as a lightning flash. The sin is there! The sin is gone! The dead soul lives!

The Lost Soul is Saved!

Ah! still you think, "How can I be pardoned?" Listen to this: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Read the rest of the chapter, and say to yourself, over each verse, "This was not my thought; this was not my way." End all your doubts with the last verse: "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Ah, my God! this is not my way, and this is not my thought.

Who is a pardoning God like thee,
Or who hath grace so rich and free?

The Lord bring all of you, who are not saved as yet, to believe unto eternal life! And you that are his people, I beseech you, pray God to bless this word for his name's sake. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Second Isaiah.*

WE see that there is no evidence in the book of Isaiah to prove that it was all by himself, but much testimony that points to a plurality of authors; that from the fortieth chapter to the sixty-sixth there is nowhere any assertion that they are by Isaiah, and that there is no other well-grounded claim of Scripture or of doctrine on behalf of his authorship. We see that the prophecies from the fortieth to the forty-eighth chapter do not only present the exile as if nearly finished and Cyrus as if already come, while the fall of Babylon is still future; but that it is essential to one of their main arguments that Cyrus should be standing before Israel and the world, as a successful warrior on his way to attack Babylon. That leads us to date these chapters between 555 and 538 B.C. Turning then to other evidence—the local color they show, their language and style, and their theology—we find nothing which conflicts with that date, but, on the contrary, a very great deal, which much more agrees with it than with the date, or with the authorship of Isaiah. . . . We are therefore justified in coming to the provisional conclusion, that the Second Isaiah is not a unity, in so far as it consists of a number of pieces by different men, whom God raised up at various times before, during, and after the exile, to comfort and exhort amid the shifting circumstances and tempers of his people; but that it is a unity in so far as these pieces have been gathered together by an editor very soon after the return from the exile, in an order as regular both in point of time and subject as the somewhat mixed material would permit.

The Captives.

The exact numbers of the first captivity of the Jews it is impossible to determine. The annalist sets the soldiers at seven thousand, the smiths and craftsmen at one thousand; so that, making allowance for other classes whom he mentions, the grown men must, alone, have been over ten thousand; but how many women went, and how many children—the most important factor for the period of the exile with which we have to deal—it is impossible to estimate. The total number of persons can scarcely have been less than twenty-five thousand. More important than their number was the quality of these exiles, and this we can easily appreciate. The royal family and the court were taken, a large number of influential persons, the mighty men of the land, or what must have been nearly all the fighting men, with the necessary artificers; priests also went, Ezekiel among them, and probably representatives of other classes not mentioned by the annalist. Jeremiah remained in the city and the house of David and a considerable population, and although Jeremiah himself held a higher position in public esteem since the vindication of his word by the events of 598, yet he could not be blind to the unchanged character of the people, and the thorough doom which their last respite had only more evidently proved to be inevitable. Gangs of false prophets, both at home and among the exiles, might predict a speedy return. All the Jewish ability of intrigue, with the lavish promises of Egypt and frequent embassies from other nations might work for the overthrow of Babylon. But Jeremiah and Ezekiel knew better. Across the distance which now separated them they chanted, as if in antiphon, the alternate strophes of Judah's dirge.

The March.

It is remakable how completely the sound of the march from Jerusalem to Babylon has died out of Jewish history. It was an enormous movement. Twice over in ten years ten thousand Jews at the least must have trodden that way; and yet, except for a doubtful verse or two in the Psalter, they have left no echo of their passage. The roads which the exiles traversed were of immemorial use in the history of their fathers; almost every day they must have passed localities the names of which for at least two centuries had rung in the market-place of Jerusalem. . . . Crossing the Euphrates by one of its numerous passages, the caravans must have turned south across the Habor, and then have traversed the picturesque country of Aram-Naharaim, past Circesium and many other ancient places mentioned in the history of the Patriarchs, till through hills they reached His—that marvellous site which travellers praise as one of the great view-points of the world—and looked out at last upon the land of their captivity, the boundless, almost level tracts of Chaldea, the first home of the race, the traditional Garden of Eden. But of all that we are told nothing. Every eye in the huge caravans seems to have been as the eyes of the blinded king whom they carried with them—able to weep, but not to see. By the route sketched above, it is at least seven hundred miles from Jerusalem to Babylon—a distance which, when taking into account that many of the captives walked in fetters, cannot have occupied less than three months. We may form some conception of the aspect of the caravans from the transportations of captives which are figured on the Assyrian monuments. From these it appears as if families were not separated, but marched together. mules, asses, camels, ox-wagons, and the captives themselves carried goods. Children and women suckling infants were allowed to ride on the wagons. At intervals, were fully armed soldiers, walking

* From the Expositor's Bible: *The Book of Isaiah*, Vol. II., by George Adam Smith, M. A. This volume covers the period of the history of Israel from Isaiah to the Exile, a period of sorrow and humiliation for the nation, but one rich in literature and poetry, to which belong some of the most treasured passages of the Bible. Pp. 474; Price $1.50. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 714 Broadway, New York.

in pairs. If we would construct for ourselves some more definite idea of that long march from Judah to Babylon, we might assist our imagination by the details of the only other instance on so great a scale of exile by administrative process—the transportation to Siberia which the Russian Government effects (it is said on good authority) to the extent of eighteen thousand persons a year. Every week throughout the year marching parties, three to four hundred strong, leave Tomsk for Irkutsk, doing twelve to twenty miles daily in fetters, with twenty-four hours, rest every third day, or three hundred and thirty miles in a montl..

DAVID JAMAL, THE DRAGOMAN.

READERS who have followed with interest the narrative given in these pages of Dr. Talmage's tour in the Holy Land will be glad to see the portrait, which appears on this page of David Jamal, who acted as guide or dragoman to the Talmage party.

David Jamal is a native of Nazareth. He was born in 1851, and is therefore now forty years of age. His parents were Greek Catholics, but during the residence in Nazareth of Mr. Robert Spillman, the American missionary, they made his acquaintance, and were brought under his ministrations to a knowledge of the truth. They removed shortly afterward, with their four children to Jerusalem, where David, then a boy of eight years, was sent to Bishop Gobat's school. He remained seven years in this school, making excellent progress both in English and Arabic. He was so remarkable for his intelligence, that when an application was made to the school for an advanced student to travel with the Duke of Connaught, the son of Queen Victoria, Jamal was selected, and during the trip of thirty days he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of the party. This experience had an important influence on the young man's future. He thought the life of a dragoman, with daily horse-back rides and the society of men of rank and refinement, much more enjoyable than student life; and he determined not to return. "Having debarassed myself," David says, "from the school's yoke, I took up the celebrated course of a dragoman."

He succeeded excellently. Some very distinguished parties visited the sites of the Holy Land under his guidance and all were delighted with his courtesy and intelligence. He was fully occupied and was fairly prosperous. In 1876 he came to America to see the Centennial Exhibition, and while here, gave several addresses on the Holy Land at Sunday School meetings. Two years afterward he again left his native country for a trip to Europe when he saw the Paris Exposition and paid a visit to England. He resumed his profession on his return and, soon afterward, the value of his services was recognized by Messrs. Cook and Son, the famous tourist agents; who appointed him a regular dragoman for their excursion parties—an appointment which he still holds.

David Jamal's life has not been without its dangers and adventures. On one occasion, while conducting a party, of which Canon Tristram was the head, through the country cast of the Jordan, the whole caravan was captured by the Bedouins and was not released until a ransom of $400 had been paid. On another occasion, near the south end of the Dead Sea, some two hundred armed Bedouin robbers surrounded the party which he was conducting, and fired seven or eight shots to scare the travellers. The party had an armed escort, but it was composed of Bedouins, and was just then safely in the rear. David charged the gang single-handed; but a small stream ran in the way, and his horse, in leaping it, struck an overhanging bank, which, giving way, precipitated rider and horse into the water. Scrambling out, David, nothing daunted, continued his course on foot, and going up to the sheik, who was leading the robbers, boldly seized the reins of his horse. David had a gun in his hand at the time, and he thinks it a great mercy that in his anger he did not kill the sheik. But "a calm feeling" overtook him and he and the sheik fell into friendly conversation. In the end the party paid "heaps of money" and was suffered to go on without further molestation. David says, he is "very sure that the daring deed was a strong factor both to arouse their admiration and at the same time to tame their roguish spirits, as it really did."

David Jamal, the Oriental Dragoman.

David holds many certificates and substantial testimonials which have been given to him as marks of appreciation by American and English travellers and has a most excellent record. Dr. Talmage speaks in the highest terms of his efficiency and courtesy.

A JEWISH SCHOOL IN CAIRO.

(See Illustration on page 45.)

A SURPRISING mixture of races is to be found in the famous Egyptian city which is the largest in all Africa and the second in size under Mohammedan rule, Constantinople being the largest. Cairo has a population comprising also representatives of all creeds, though, of course, the Mohammedans are in the majority. Jews and Christians have their places of worship and schools in the city. The aspect of all of the latter is much alike, though in the schools of the different creeds the course of instruction differs radically. The children sit around on the floor and con their lessons under the eye of the teacher. The school depicted in the accompanying illustration is Jewish and the teacher is a Rabbi. The scroll of the Law is the great text book which the Rabbi reads and explains to the pupils.

In the Mohammedan schools nothing is taught but the Koran. Dr. Z. T. Sweeney, our excellent Consul at Constantinople, recently spent a day in Cairo visiting the great Mohammedan school. The largest, called El Azhur, is now one of the chief centres of education for Mohammedan priests. It contains students of all ages from five to fifty. "The students," Dr. Sweeney says, "were seated on the bare floors in little clusters around their teachers, engaged in memorizing the Koran. As soon as they know it by heart they are given a diploma entitling them to teach it. All other teaching in the University is subsidiary to the great object of learning the Koran. When we entered the school our guide warned us to beware of pickpockets, as they abounded among the students." As Dr. Sweeney observes, the fact that such a warning was given to visitors to a theological seminary was somewhat startling.

The Christian schools especially those established by Miss Whately, are more general in their instruction though the Bible is read and studied there and prayers are offered in Christ's name. In Cairo and in outlying districts an effort is being made to maintain the work Miss Whately so well commenced, but the loss of her influence is severely felt.

Miss Whately's wonderful work in Cairo began in 1860, when her physician advised her to try the Egyptian climate for her health. Settled in Cairo for the winter she missed her Sunday School work. She went out into the streets near the house she had hired, and persuaded some poor mothers to let her have their neglected daughters for an hour a day. She taught them sewing and reading and made them learn by heart two texts: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and, "Jesus said I am the way, the truth, and the life." In 1862 she was back again in Cairo and her dozen girls were eager to come again, more girls wanted to come and Miss Whately welcomed them all. She added a boys' school, too, and when she died in March, 1889, she had more than five hundred children under her charge.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Continued from page 30.)

THE rumors current in Settleworth about Nora's twilight walks and talks with Gerald Towneley reached the ears of that young man's father and those of Abram Hardale about the same time. Both were moved by the news, and each decided to have a word about it with Mr. Gerald himself. Squire Towneley's "word" was soon spoken. He had seen Nora, was pleased with her appearance and intelligence and had made up his mind to encourage Gerald to marry her. Mr. Gerald was accordingly summoned into the library where his father was waiting for him.

"No," said the young man, when the Squire had told him of the current reports, "there is nothing in it. I've noticed the girl and flirted with her a little, but I don't mean to marry her. I only wanted a little fun. I could not afford to marry."

"But suppose the money were provided."

A Jewish School in Cairo.

said the Squire, significantly.

"I should be glad of the money but not of the wife," answered Gerald.

"Well, think it over," the Squire said, in a disappointed tone. "It would be a better match than you think, and I would help you with money for I want to see you settle down."

"Well, I'll think it over," Gerald said, the thought crossing his mind that perhaps if he pretended to fall in with the scheme, he might get his father to advance a little money, which he needed desperately. His way of thinking it over was to stroll down to the village inn where he hoped to find some one who would drink with him and play billiards.

He had not walked far before he met Abram Hardale, who, with a bag of tools over his shoulder was on his way to the Towneley mansion to do some small job of repairs.

"Good morning, Hardale," said the young man, "trade must be brisk when you have to help with it yourself. I thought that journeyman of yours attended to out-of-doors business."

"That journeyman has gone about his business," said Old Crusty suddenly. "Till I get another I shall have to attend to the work myself. It will be all the better done."

"Well I'm glad he's gone," said Townely, very sincerely, "I never like him. He seemed always above his business and I thought he was too familiar with that pretty niece of yours. Nice girl, that, how is she?"

"Sick," said Abram solemnly and it seemed to Towneley almost menacingly. "Sick in body and sick in mind, and I'm not sure that you have not had something to do with it, Mr. Gerald Towneley. You've been hanging about my place a good deal lately. I've heard o' your being seen together. There's no knowing what notions a girl will get into her head when a young man like you follows her around." Abram had worked himself up into a temper by this time and he flung his basket of tools to the ground, much as Geoege Appleton had done on a previous occasion, and said, "I want to know what you mean."

"What I mean?" repeated Towneley. "Oh, nothing but what is honorable. I was coming to see you about it."

"Well, you come to-night then. I don't mean to have any nonsense, so the sooner you speak out the better. I'll expect you to-night." Abram shouldered his tools again and walked away, leaving Gerald meditative in the road. The young man, more depressed than ever, then resumed his walk toward the inn.

He had to pass the "Hermitage" and he was surprised as he did so to see its tenant, Mr. Magrath, in a handsome dog-cart, with George Appleton by his side. They were evidently setting out for a drive together.

George Appleton had manifested such ability in connection with the repairs at the "Hermitage" that Mr. Magrath felt justified in employing him in a matter of far greater importance. Accordingly, that morning George received a request from his new employer that he would accompany him on a short journey of some six or seven miles on a matter of business. Nothing loth, George was speedily at the gate of the "Hermitage" where the dog-cart was standing. Mr. Magrath waited for George to mount, and they at once drove off at a brisk pace in the direction of Towneley Chase.

Conversation between the two turned on the Towneleys, whose lands they were skirting.

"That Squire Towneley seems to be a fine old man," said Mr. Magrath.

"A real specimen of the gentleman," said George. "Yes, sir. Squire Towneley will pass his examination with credit."

"By the way, it is noised abroad that young Towneley has fixed covetous eyes on Miss Mansford, your old master's pretty niece. Is there anything in that report, do you think?"

"I hope not," said George, sharply.

"Rather a flirting lassie," continued Magrath, "I'm afraid. Will she angle successfully, do you think, and land her fish?"

"Indeed, sir, you are altogether mistaken in the estimate you have formed of Nora Mansford. She's as good as gold. For all she does she has good and honest reason I'll stake my life on it. As for young Gerald Towneley, I wouldn't credit him with any such idea as honest matrimony, and if he had any such design it would be much better for her to die than to be linked for life to any such a man as he."

"Stake your life, would you?" said his companion, looking him full in the face. "Are you not then aware that she has been seen under circumstances more than once that would warrant caution in staking a sixpence on her prudence, and not much more on her care for her own character?"

George writhed somewhat under this plain and pointed question. He knew to what his companion was referring; and, alas, had no explanation to offer; but faith, full faith in Nora had banished doubt, and he had the courage of his opinions.

"Nothing is more deceptive or dangerous than to argue from appearances," he replied. "I dare say I know what you refer to. But I say this, Nora Mansford is as good as she is beautiful; as pure and upright in thought and intention as any maiden under heaven, and if anybody suggests the contrary—he lies!"

As he said this, George looked as if, for two words, he would hurl his comrade out of the dog-cart. It was quite as much as Mr. Magrath could do to prevent himself from angering him still further by laughing outright at the blunt energy he displayed.

"Do you know anything of Gabriel Grubb?" said he, willing enough to change the subject.

"Yes," said George, still ruffled, and showing it in tone and words. "I know that Grubb describes him a good deal better than Gabriel, and I am strongly of the opinion that Abram Hardale will find it out to his cost. He'll grub him up by the roots if he doesn't take care."

"How's that?" Mr. Magrath inquired, simply.

"Why Abram's got the idea somehow that Gabriel Grubb can make Nora Mansford out to be the heiress and owner of Hazelcroft. I don't believe a word of it; but the old man's got the bee in his bonnet, and it 'll buzz him out of his senses, or at least his money before he's done with the law, I'm afraid."

"But I thought that Rupert Mansford sold that estate," said his companion, quietly. "How then can it possibly come back to his daughter?"

"That's just what I say," said George; "but it is said that when Rupert Mansford, who was a sad spendthrift, sold Hazelcroft to pay his gambling debts, his elder brother, Richard, to whom it really belonged was still living, so that the transfer was illegal. They say, too, at least some folks do, that Squire Towneley's relation, who bought it, deceived Rupert in the purchase money, and that he himself was deceived in the parchments. It is a miserable story altogether, and I'm quite sure that Nora Mansford, even if it could be secured for her, would be none the better, but all the worse for a heritage about which there is so much fraud and falsehood.

"But what of Richard Mansford—did you call him Richard?—the elder brother, I mean? What if he were to turn up and claim the property?"

"I wish to heaven he could," said George, warmly, "for to this day his name is held in true respect and regard; and everybody who knows the whole sad story speaks of the cruel way in which he was served. Besides, if he were to return, Nora would have a protector—one who could preserve her, either from the pursuit of moneyed selfishness or vice. But they say he's dead—more's the pity."

"Dead is he?" said Mr. Magrath, with the ghost of a smile playing round his lips. "Then that puts him out of court effectually, of course. But if that happened to be a false report, and he did ultimately come back, there would be very little hope of anybody who hadn't money, and rank, too, getting the handsome heiress, especially if he should bring with him a fortune, too."

All the while he spoke his keen grey eyes were fixed on George, whose eyes were fixed on some unknown vision straight before him, and heart and mind were alike absorbed. This last sentence spoken seriously and slowly seemed to pierce him like an arrow.

"True," he said. "It is said that nobody smiles, but there is some body to weep for it. I wish from my heart he were alive and here. Nora would be safe and happy, and that is the main thing, after all."

So saying he heaved an unconscious sigh, and was himself startled into consciousness. He lifted his eyes to the face of his bearded neighbor. That worthy gentleman was thinking of the tone, tender and true, in which George had spoken. "This young fellow, he thought, is deep in love, and his love is sterling gold."

There was a deep silence, during which the mare bore them along the shady byways, past field and wood, and stream and copse. It was a beautiful region; a sort of fairyland, George thought, as he wondered if they neared the journey's end. At length Mr. Magrath pulled up at a somewhat dilapidated gateway, which opened into a grass-grown carriage drive. "Here we are," said the tenant of the "Hermitage," "this is the end of our journey;" and so saying he leaped from the dog-cart with more vigor and alacrity than might have been expected of a man with a beard so white. George kept his seat a moment in surprise. He thought there must be some mistake.

"Why, this is Hazelcroft," said he, half dazed, "the very place we have been talking about."

"All right," was the response, "didn't I tell you? Never mind, come along, come along."

A man who had charge of the hall—it was otherwise without a tenant—came forward, and took the dog-cart round to the stables. Then the two men strolled along the gravel-road, between well-grown trees which grew thickly on either side, and whose leaves were just beginning to don their autumn apparel of red and gold.

"I did not tell you," said Mr. Magrath, "that I am a distant connection of the Towneleys, and was still better acquainted with the poor widow to whom this estate belonged. Nay, you need not look confused, you have said nothing about them which is not patent to any observer. The old squire's hands are full, what with county business and one thing and another. His eldest son, you know, is abroad, and Mr. Gerald—well, you have your own opinion of him, you know. So he asked me to come and look at the old place, and see what repairs are necessary before he can advertise for a tenant. Of course, you know that it is now his property, and, like yourself, I don't think that Abram Hardale is likely to get possession of it either for himself or his niece. Ha, ha, ha, the old simpleton! To be led by the nose by Gabriel Grubb."

George had never seen Hazelcroft before, only as he had passed the gate. There was much about its quaint architecture, its old-fashioned angles, gables, and general "auld-warld" appearance, that would at any time have deeply interested him; but its connection with Nora Mansford, however slight and shadowy, now made him doubly observant. It was a fine old place, situated on a slope which commanded one of the most delightful landscapes in the county, and his quick and cultured eyes told him what a lovely spot it might become. The tenant of the "Hermitage" himself seemed to regard it with a sad and wistful look.

"I'm afraid it will be hard work," he said, "very hard work, to repair it so that it shall be *what it was*, Appleton. What do you think?"

"It would be vandalism, and nothing short of it," said George, "to make it anything else. I would undertake, though I'm no architect, to handle it so tenderly that not one mellow mark of the former time shall be lost, only that it should be more beautiful than ever. But it would require money."

"I happen to know," said Mr. Magrath, "that it is the owner's intention to spend any amount of money on it that may be required. Money really is no object; but only on condition that the dear old place is dealt with tenderly and lovingly, so that when it is completed, it shall be the Hazelcroft of thirty years ago." The stranger stood awhile in thoughtful silence; his eyes were fixed, with a far-away look in them, on the boughs filled with beech-nuts; and a sigh, a long, long deep-drawn sigh escaped him before ever he was aware.

They walked through the house together, making notes as they went. Every now and then Mr. Magrath lingered a little, and tenderly touched its quaintly carven wainscot, as if he had difficulty in passing it. At last the dog-cart was brought round. The sun had long since set in a crimson sky, and the darkness was gathering thickly round. The wife of the care-taker had supplied them with an evening meal, and the hours of the night were far advanced when the wheels of the dog-cart crunched along the gravel drive, and went spinning along the by-road that led on to the Settleworth high-road. The night was misty, and the atmosphere was heavy as if it was going to rain. The journey was continued in comparative silence. Each of the two travellers had gathered much material for thought. The tenant of the "Hermitage" was indulging in tender recollections of the long ago; and George was turning over in his mind the events of the day, and wondering much concerning his somewhat mysterious companion, who, though a stranger, had such intimate knowledge of his surroundings, and was in some way connected with the great people of Towneley Chase.

Suddenly a scream was heard, loud, long, and burdened with fear and pain. The driver checked his horse; George started upright in his seat. That voice, although so strained and so unnatural, made his thoughts revert to the fair and sorrowful girl who was always in his heart and almost always in his thoughts.

"What in the world is that?" said Mr. Magrath, evidently very much alarmed. "Somebody in trouble, and no small trouble, too," replied George, filled with an apprehensive terror, that half stopped the beating of his heart. "Drive on, for the love of Heaven, drive on!" he continued, excitedly. "The scream came from the direction of Settleworth. Maybe we shall be able to help."

As if to endorse the young carpenter's suggestion, there came a second cry, a third, and the young man half beside himself with excitement, laid his hand upon the arm of his companion as if to urge him to greater speed.

The very horse seemed to think that the time had come for putting forth its greatest speed, and with its hoofs ringing on the hard highway, it answered quickly to the unusual call upon its powers.

"Halt!" shouted George, at length. The horse, suddenly restrained, was thrown back upon its haunches, and at some peril to himself the young fellow leaped from the still moving dog-cart, and plunged into the misty night. His keen eye, quickened by the thought that had taken possession of him had caught sight of a female form. His distress may be imagined when he saw the sad face of Nora Mansford, her two hands upon her breast, and her tresses, fallen from their foldings, lying dank and wet upon her shoulders.

"Why, Nora!" said the young man, his voice tremulous with unmistakable love and pity. "Whatever are you doing here?"

(To be Continued.)

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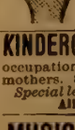

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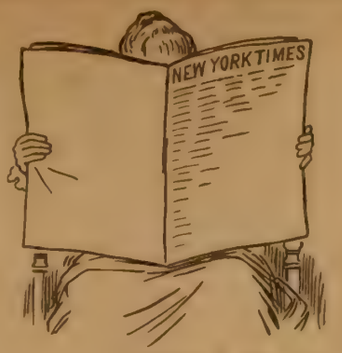
THE RETURN OF THE JEWS.

It is interesting to watch the development of the land of Palestine. Work has been progressing with some rapidity on the railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and very soon the harbor of Jaffa is to be improved, thus rendering travel to the city of Jerusalem convenient and comfortable. It is a little remarkable that the early and later rains are again visiting this country, a thing which has not happened for several generations. As a consequence, agricultural interests have revived. Many of the important building sites of Judea, it is said, have been secured by the Russians, who are manifesting a wonderful interest in affairs in Palestine. But this interest, viewed in conection with their persecution of the Jews, does not seem to indicate any prophecy of good to them from their domination in Palestine.

The immigration of the Jews into the Holy Land, though less than that of the Greeks into the north of Asiatic Turkey, is nevertheless proportionatey large, and is spread over the following cities: Jerusalem, Safed, Tiberias, Jaffa, Hebron, Sidon, Haifa, Acre, Nablus (or Sichem) and Gaza. The number is 35,000, and if smaller settlements which are spread all over the land, are included, the whole number would probably amount to 45,000, so that Jewish population has quadrupled within the last twenty-five years. The colonists show themselves to be able farmers. At the colony known as the Remembrance of Jacob, near Samaria, their vineyards contain 500,000 vines, besides young shoots, 3,000 olive and 3,000 almond trees. All the people are hard at work, and mean to succeed. The Russian Jews have chiefly settled in Judea, and the Roumanian in Galilee. Jerusalem is now growing at a remarkable rate. New buildings are rising daily. Churches, gardens, and institution of various kinds are filling up the formerly desolate neighborhood to a distance of half an hour's walk beyond the limits of the city. The Jews are to the front as builders. Germans, Greeks and Armenians are also at work. The Russians have built a tower on the Mount of Olives, from whose summit the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea can both be seen.

BREWER'S STRANGE CONVERSION.

MR. THORNE relates: "Some years ago, I was asked to go to a public-house to see a poor girl who was dying. As the message was so imperative I hurried off at once, indeed with such haste did I go that I forgot my Bible. When I arrived there I asked the parents of the girl for the loan of a Bible, but the publican gruffly replied, 'I have no need of a Bible and I don't want one, indeed there is not one in the house.' As I thought that this would be my opportunity to speak to either them or their dying daughter, I knelt down and prayed for the three, entreating that all might be brought to Christ. I then went home but had not been long there when a message arrived from the publican, saying, 'Come back.' I at once complied with his request, and found him waiting for me. 'Go in and talk to her,' he said, 'you can do her no harm if you do her no good.' I read the Bible and prayed with the invalid, and day after day returned to do the same. On one of my visits I noticed that the face of the father was lighted with a new joy. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'I have got it!' 'What have you got?' I asked. He could scarcely speak, but pointing to the wall said, 'It is all there.' I looked as he indicated, but could see nothing in particular. 'Ah, you do not see it; you must look closer,' and he pointed to a picture of a brewer's card. You see the motto? '*In God is our trust*,' that is what caused the change. I saw the motto last night. I have seen it hundreds of times before but it never seemed to have the same meaning as last night. I saw that unless a man's trust was in God he was trusting in something which would be sure to fail him.' So that man and ultimately his family were led to God partly by means of a brewer's card."



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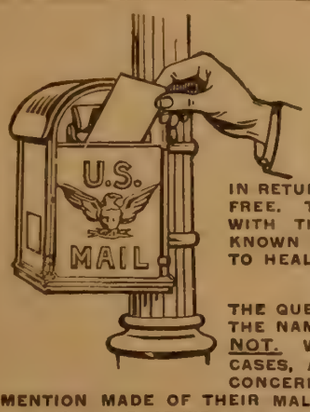

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A CRY.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3 : 20.

SWEET Guest, dear Guest, no more
I lock the low, dim door,
Where long with patience sweet
Have strayed Thy weary feet;
Withdrawing bolt and bar,
I set it now ajar.

It is a poor, dark place,
Unworthy of such grace;
For through its pane, dust-deep,
Only the shadows creep,
And thick have spiders spun,
Nor left space for the sun.

And here no rich banquet
Befitting Thee is set;
Not even bread is mine;
I have no food, no wine,
No damask fine, no silver cup;
How, then, with me canst sup?

Oh! that it were but clean!
For canst Thou really mean
To come and sup wherein
Only foul guests have been—
A dusty dwelling where
All empty is and bare?

Sweet Guest, dear Guest, if Thou
In such canst go, come now!
O come! hungry I wait
Longing, repentant, late,
Withdraw each bolt and bar,
And set my door ajar.

—*Selected.*

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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REVERENCE FOR THE SABBATH.

STONEWALL JACKSON laid down a law for himself of the utmost severity on this question, from which he never afterward swerved. He never posted a letter without calculating whether it would have to travel on Sunday to reach its destination, and if so he would not post it until Monday morning. His own letters he would not read on the Sabbath, but rose with the sun on Monday morning to read them. He owned at one time a considerable amount of stock in a Northern railroad, which did as much business on the first day of the week as any. As soon as he discovered this, he sold out all his shares, and took stock from another company whose dividends were far inferior, because they did not indulge in this amount of Sunday traffic.

A BRAHMIN SAVED BY A SINGLE VERSE.

AT a missionary meeting a speaker stated that the Rev. D. Corrie, afterward Bishop of Madras, was one day sent to visit a dying Brahmin. He went, and was surprised to find the man a true believer in Christ rejoicing in the hope of heaven. Mr. Corrie inquired how he had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. "Do you remember," said the poor man, "distributing verses of the Scripture at this place?" naming the village where he lived. "You gave one to me, and the verse was 'For God so loved the world, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That verse was the means of my conversion." At the same meeting another speaker related an ancedote of a little boy who having heard it said that for every penny subscribed a verse of Scripture might be translated into a foreign language, went home and begged that he might subscribe a penny, and be the means of translating a verse; "and," said the little fellow, "I should wish it to be that verse: 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

SAVED IN AN ATLANTIC STORM.

SOME years ago, Margaret F—— was crossing the Atlantic Ocean as an Irish emigrant to the United States. One night, when the ship in which she sailed was far out at sea there arose a violent storm. The passengers were filled with alarm. Margaret shared the general fear, not that she dreaded death itself so much as to die "unshrived," there being no priest on board—no one there through whom in the last hour, she could secure the absolution of her sins—filled her with agony. The storm abated and passed by, and they arrived safely at their destined haven. Margaret got a situation with a lady to whom with tears she described what she passed through on that stormy night. "What could I do?" she said, "I sat there alone, nobody noticed me—nobody to do anything for me. Oh, if I could only have had a priest there I should have been willing for the ship to have gone down the next hour, but there was not one. Then there came a voice and it said to me, 'Maybe Jesus Christ will be your priest.' I was afraid, but I had no one else to go to. I asked him to forgive my sins himself, and he did, and made it known to my heart. I never was so happy in my life before, so full of peace, as I was when thinking the ship might go down every minute. I did not care whether it sunk or sailed then, for I knew that Christ had pardoned me, and I found him the best priest in the world."

HONEST NORMAN'S PURSE.

NORMAN, a poor charcoal-burner's child, was sitting under a tree in the forest, sobbing. A nobleman in a green coat, who was shooting, saw him, and said, "Boy, what are you crying about?" "Oh!" said Norman, "myfather sent me into the town to buy some medicine at the druggist's for my mother, who has been ill a long time, and I have lost the purse and the money on the way." The nobleman spoke aside to the keeper that was with him; he then pulled a small red silk purse out of his pocket, which contained some gold, and said, "Perhaps this is your perse!" "Oh, no," replied Norman; "mine was very shabby, and there was very little money in it." "Perhaps this is it!" exclaimed the keeper, as he produced an ugly little leather purse. "Oh, yes, that is it!" cried Norman, joyfully. The keeper gave it back to him. The nobleman said, "And I will give you this one with the gold pieces in it, as a reward for your honesty."

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"BABYLON!"

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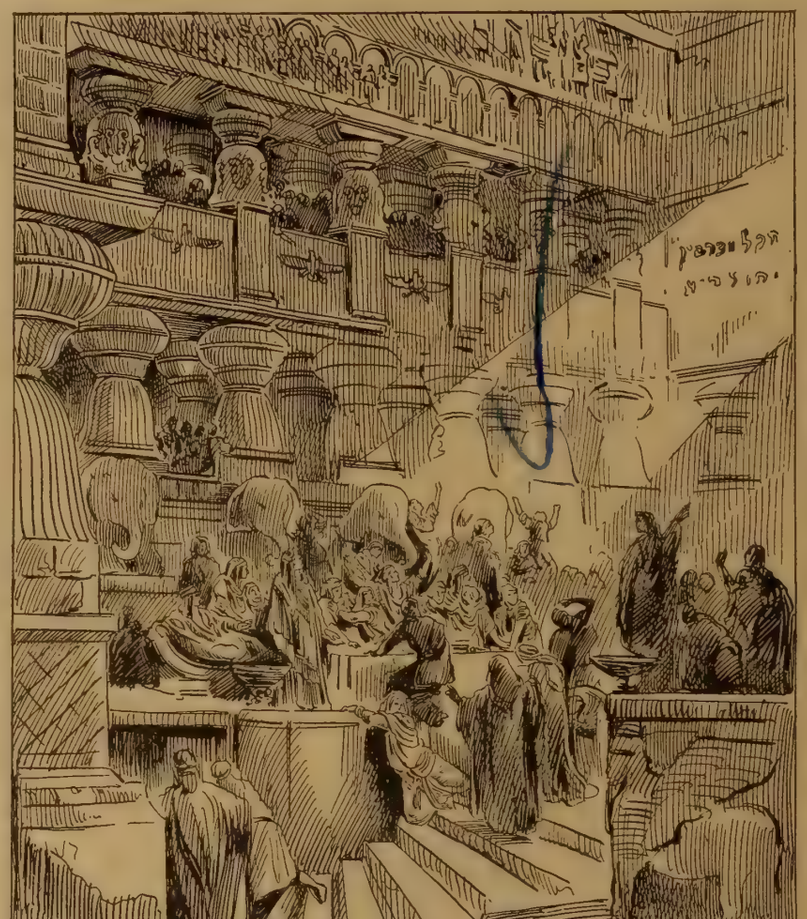
The Magnificent City—Its Bridges, Palaces and Hanging Gardens—A Night Scene—The Feast in the King's Palace—The Sumptuous Carousal—The Orgie Interrupted—A Sight of Terror—Daniel Deciphers the Inscription—The Scene of Slaughter—God's Writing Should be Read—A Monarch Reproved—The Opening and Close of the Banquet of Sin—Death Interrupting the Banquet—Destruction Often Sudden.

"In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans slain." Daniel 5 : 30.

AFTER the site of Babylon had been selected, two million of men were employed for the construction of the wall and principal works. The walls of the city were sixty miles in circumference. They were surrounded by a trench, out of which had been dug the material for the construction of the city. There were twenty-five gates of solid brass on each side of the square city. Between every two gates a great watch-tower sprang up into the heavens. From each of the twenty-five gates, on either side, a street ran straight through to the gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets, each fifteen miles long, which gave to the city an appearance of wonderful regularity. The houses did not join each other on the ground, and between them were gardens and shrubbery. From house-top to house-top bridges swung, over which the inhabitants were accustomed to pass. A branch of the Euphrates went through the city, over which a bridge of marvellous structure was thrown, and under which a tunnel ran. To keep the river from overflowing the city in times of freshet, a great lake was arranged to catch the surplus, in which the water was kept as in a reservoir until times of drought, when it was sent streaming down over the thirsty land. A palace stood at each end of the Euphrates bridge; one palace a mile and three-quarters in compass, and the other palace seven and a half miles in circumference. The wife of Nebuchadnezzar, having been brought up among the mountains of Media, could not stand it in this flat country of Babylon, and so, to please her, Nebuchadnezzar had a mountain, four hundred feet high, built in the midst of the city. This mountain was surrounded by terraces, for the support of which great arches were lifted. On the top of these arches flat stones were laid; then a layer of reeds and bitumen; then two rows of bricks, closely cemented; then thick sheets of lead, upon which the soil was placed. The earth here deposited was so deep that the largest trees had room to anchor their roots. All the glory of the flowery tropics was spread out at that tremendous height, until it must have seemed to one below as though the clouds were all in blossom, and the very sky leaned on the shoulder of the cedar. At the top an engine was constructed which drew the water from the Euphrates, far below, and made it spout up amid this garden of the skies. All this to please his wife! I think she must have been pleased.



The Handwriting on the Wall.

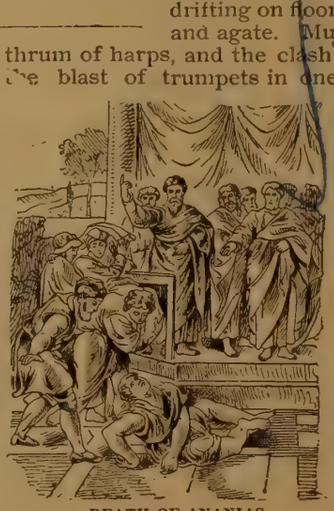
THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

In the midst of this city stood also the temple of Belus. One of its towers was one eighth of a mile high, and on the top of it an observatory, which gave the astronomers great advantage, as, being at so great a height, one could easily talk with the stars. This temple was full of cups, and statues, and censers, all of gold. One image weighed a thousand Babylonish talents, which would be equal to fifty-two million dollars. All this by day, but now night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun; and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour, from starlit flowers and dripping leaf, a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance, and frolic, and promenade. The theatres and galleries of art invited the wealth, and pomp, and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wassail were mingled in every street; godless mirth, and outrageous excess, and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace, to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togarmah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers; while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color-blending of agate and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert, and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

Open wide the gates, and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the robes, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song, and dance, and ovation; and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O, King Belshazzar, live forever!"

Ah! my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came. All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases, inlaid with emerald, and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense wafting their sweetness from wall and table. Gorgeous banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the opened window, bewitched with the perfume of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering rain of diamonds and pearls. Statues of mighty men looking down, from niches in the wall, upon crowns and shields brought from subdued empires. Idols of wonderful work, standing on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries stooping about the windows, and wrapping pillars of cedar, and drifting on floor inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling the thrum of harps, and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of transport that were rippling along the wall, and breathing among the galleries, and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of a thousand banqueters. The sign is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubble kiss the rim. Hoist every one his cup, and drink to the sentiment: "O King Belshazzar, live forever!" Bestarred head-band and carcanet



DEATH OF ANANIAS.

royal beauty gleam to the uplifted chalices, as again, and again, and again they are emptied. Away with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more wine! Give us more light, wilder music, sweeter perfume? Lord shouts to lord, captain ogles to captain. Goblets clash; decanters rattle. There come in the vile song, and the drunken hiccough, and the slavering lip, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, bursting from the lips of princes, flushed, reeling, bloodshot; while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzza! huzza! for great Belshazzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? Out of the black sleeve of the darkness a finger of fiery terror trembles through the air and comes to the wall, circling about as though it would write, and then, with sharp tip of flame, engraves on the plastering the doom of the king. The music stops. The goblet falls from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it: "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Medes and Persians, who for two years had been besieging that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace-stairs. Massacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banqueting-hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn that when God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose. Young men, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh! no," you say; "tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall, it is this lesson: "Accept of Christ, and be saved!" I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepuchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell!" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh! you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was the victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James 1 : 6. "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached: and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed; and the king's chapel was full of lords, and dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell-fire," Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

The Capture of Babylon.

Another lesson that comes to us: there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said; but you look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banqueting-hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn, from its wealth, the tables and the floors, and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up; and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

LATIMER REPROVING THE KING.

Here is a young man who says, "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel well. I can talk better, think better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in the clutches of an evil habit which he tries to break, but can not; and he cries out, "Oh, Lord God! help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer; and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "It biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read corrupt novels. "They are so charming," says he; "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful sprite meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out phials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on, he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage, and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh! what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful sprite, with her wand, meets him again; but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool, stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart, and beckon him on with "Hail, brother! Hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered, and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him; and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words, "This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night!

I learn further from this subject that Death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death. But he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch, Death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing il-

lustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in the United States Senate, or moving a popular assemblage by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought, and mirth, and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

We saw the same thing, on a larger scale, illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—North, South, East, and West. To prepare that banquet, the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweetest fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table, came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the Carolinian from the rice-fields, and the Western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant the corn-fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply-train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come. A handwriting on the wall! The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the North! Woe to the South! Woe to the East! Woe to the West! Death at the banquet!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious, and of those who despise God, will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when that Medo-Persian army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God, and defy the laws of men. The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals, and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble. Suddenly destruction came. One half-hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed; and without remedy.

I am just setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead! as quick as that! Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie; and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise him and defy him. They come suddenly.

Are there any here who are unprepared for the eternal world? Are there any here who have been living without God, and without hope? Let me say to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance be gone. The lungs will cease to breathe; the heart will stop. Nothing will be left but Death, and Judgment, and Eternity. Oh! flee to God this hour! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel! Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation.

Good-night, my young friends! May you have rosy sleep, guarded by him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But oh! art thou a despiser of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldest thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Hear the invitation of the Gospel! There may be some one in this house to whom I shall never speak again, and therefore let it be in the words of the Gospel, and not in my own, with which I close: "Ho, every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters. And let him that hath no money come, buy wine and milk without money, and without price." "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh! that my Lord Jesus would now make himself so attractive to your souls that you can not resist him; and that, if you have never prayed before, or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that to-night you might pray saying:

Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you can not think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you can not think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter: "Lord save me, or I perish!" Or if that be too long a prayer, you need not utter one word. Just look and live!

The Young Women's Christian Association, New York.

A NOBLE GIFT TO WOMEN.

"THE MARGARET-LOUISA HOME" FOR THE TEMPORARILY UNEMPLOYED.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard's Generosity Aids the Young Women's Christian Association of New York to Solve a Difficult Problem—Pure Surroundings and Christian Safeguards for Young Girls who are Strangers in the Great Metropolis.

TO one who has never lived in a great and populous city, it is almost incomprehensible that, amid so much wealth and grandeur, there could be multitudes in misery. Yet in every large centre of population there are thousands who suffer from enforced idleness and the privations it brings. Christian effort has done much to mitigate the trials of the unemployed, and to afford them comfortable and respectable quarters while they are searching for work. But strangely enough, in a majority of cases, the provision has been made mainly for men; the women, although they are sharers in the hardships that follow in the train of idleness, have been left largely to shift for themselves. In Berlin, London and New York, there have been reared elegant edifices for the accommodation of young men who are in search of employment in these great cities. These places are among the best substitutes for a genuine home, supplying all the safeguards needed to keep the youth from contracting the habits and vicious tastes that come from bad company.

On the 19th of January, there was opened and publicly transferred to the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City, the first home of this character for young women ever opened in this country. It comes as a solution to the problem where to place young women who are temporarily in the city looking for occupation—women and girls of good character, but who, if subjected to the severe trials and temptations of city life under circumstances of penury, might very quickly drift into a vortex from which recovery would be almost hopeless. It is to save these innocent ones from sin and danger, that the Margaret-Louisa Home has been so generously established and given to the care and trusteeship of the Young Women's Christian Association, by Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, whose sympathy for her less fortunate sisters has taken this most practical and valuable turn. She has purchased the building and lot at No. 14 East Sixteenth Street, and erected thereon a spacious, six-story building, 50 feet front and 150 feet deep, and fittingly furnished it throughout. The Home—a picture of which may be seen on the first page of this issue—is one of the most conspicuous structures in the neighborhood, and is connected with the Young Women's Christian Association building on Fifteenth Street, by a corridor running through the block. Its parlors, offices, restaurant and laundry, are ample for a large hotel, and there are, besides, 92 beds for the accommodation of the guests. The rooms are rented at a nominal figure. In the restaurant, which is exclusively for women, meals are served *a la carte* and *table d'hote*, and the fare is plain and wholesome.

This noble gift, which is the recognition by Mrs. Shepard of a long-felt want of the Young Women's Christian Association, was privately turned over to the officers of that organization on January 8th, when the deeds were transferred. Mrs. Shepard, who is a lady of wealth in her own right, and a leader in society, is the

wife of Col. Elliott F. Shepard, editor and proprietor of the New York *Mail and Express*. She is a woman of many secret charities. The new Home has been named for her two daughters, Louisa and Margaret. It cost about $300,000. On January 19, a brief service of consecration was held, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. David Greer, of St. Bartholomew's Church, and an address was delivered by the Rev. Dr. John Hall, his auditors filling the chapel connecting the two buildings, and listening with the deepest attention. The only condition imposed upon him, he said, was that he should pronounce no eulogy upon the donor of this munificent gift. He would respect these instructions, because he recognized the spirit in which they had been given. Even while she had been planning the gift, she had striven to keep it so that her left hand should not know what her right hand did. Regarding the object of the Home, he said the new addition was something that had been long lacking in the great work of the Association. Girls from the country, homeless and strangers in the city, might here have a temporary abiding-place, a safe and inexpensive retreat, till they had time to look about, and either find a permanent boarding-place or good employment. The Home was not meant to destroy their self-respect or their self-reliance. After a month's residence, they were expected to make room for others. Any one who had ever come into contact with this class of girls, would know just how much needed such a Home as this was. Girls come here, and would fall into wrong hands and, in their innocence, it might be into evil hands. He would advise all girls who had country homes, to remain there, though they might have less chance of advancement. But if they would come to the cities, it was the duty of good Christians to provide for their safety and well-being, as far as possible. Closing, he spoke in warm commendation of the moral and social safeguards surrounding the tenants of the Home, and the benefits they must derive from constant contact with the pure influences of the Young Women's Christian Association, with its system of Bible teaching and its steadfast dependence upon God.

It is just six years since the foundation stone of the Young Women's Christian Association building, on East Fifteenth Street, was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The building, which is of the Queen Anne style of architecture, five stories high, with a facade of rough-hewn stone and pressed brick, covers a plot of ground seventy-five by one hundred and three feet. Its elegant aud spacious appointments including reading-room, employment office, and educational and the industrial class-rooms, have already been fully described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Without unnecessary adornment, and at most attractive at all points, it is one of the most substantial buildings ever erected in New York for a philanthropic purpose. A picture of the building is given on the preceding page. The scope and influence of the organization are practically unbounded, and the rapid growth of its various departments has shown how much needed it was in a community where but little attention had been paid to the moral and intellectual wants of young women outside of the churches. Besides, the philanthropy has been of the widest and most practical sort; the great object has been to aid the needy to help themselves.

There is to-day no busier, more popular, and more useful place in the Empire City than the Young Women's Christian Association, and the good it has done, and will do in the future, is boundless. It has won the confidence and support of many wealthy Christian people and the new addition to its field of usefulness, which has been placed at its disposal through the kindness of Mrs. Shepard, will go far toward making it a perfectly organized and equipped agency for the elevation of woman and for her spiritual and temporal progress, which should endear it to mothers, sisters, daughters and wives all over this broad Republic.

THE LATE GEORGE BANCROFT.

Sketch of the Career of America's Greatest Historian.

(*See Portrait on page 61.*)

ON another page appears a tribute from the pen of Dr. Talmage to the memory of the great historian, scholar and statesman, whose recent death the nation mourns. It is therefore unnecessary to do more in this place than summarize the events of his long life.

George Bancroft was born at Worcester, Mass., Oct. 3, 1800, and was consequently in his ninety-first year, when he died on January 17, last. He was the son of Dr. Aaron Bancroft, a distinguished Congregational minister, who in his young days, had served as a volunteer in the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. The minister carefully supervised his son's education, and must have been delighted with his progress, for at the age of thirteen, the boy was sufficiently advanced to enter Harvard. He took the four-years' course, and graduated with honor at the age of seventeen. Both he and his family appear at that time to have regarded the pulpit as the natural occupation of his future life. In view of his youth, and mental gifts, a further course of study was deemed advisable as a preparation for his work. He therefore went to Germany, where he spent some time at the University of Goettingen, and gained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Subsequently he studied at Heidelberg, and made the acquaintance of the greatest scholars and writers of the day, including Goethe, Eichhorn, Hereen, Benecke and Bunsen.

In 1822 Mr. Bancroft returned to the United States. For about a year he was Professor of Greek at Harvard, but he withdrew from that position to organize the celebrated Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass. His study of American history and his enthusiastic admiration for the Constitution led to his delivering several orations at national anniversaries and these brought him under the notice of politicians. He was elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts without his consent, and he declined to serve. He continued, however, to take a deep interest in political life, though making literature his chief occupation. In 1823 he published a volume of poems and the next year he brought out a translation of Hereen's *Politics of Ancient Greece*. He also commenced his preparations for the production of the great history, the work with which his name will in the future be chiefly associated. He had the highest conception of the duty of an historian, as is proved by the painstaking and laborious search for original records and for any contemporary documents which shed light on the subject. The first volume was published in 1834. He had withdrawn four years previously from the Round Hill School that he might give his undivided attention to his book. His original design, as explained in the preface, was to write the history of the United States from the discovery of the continent down to his own time. Although he wrote twelve large volumes and was still at work upon the history in his eighty-fourth year he did not get beyond the period of the adoption of the Constitution.

His interest in the politics of his time also contributed to prevent the achievement of the task to which he had set himself, though incidentally it furnished him with opportunities for gaining the accurate information which renders his history intrinsically precious. After serving as Collector of the Port of Boston, by the appointment of President Van Buren, he accepted the portfolio of Naval Affairs in the Cabinet of President Polk. His term of office was signalized by the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, by the seizure of California under his orders, and the occupation of Texas. In 1846, he left the Cabinet to become Minister to England. During the three years of his residence there, beside efficiently performing the duties of the office, he made a minute search of the papers in the Government archives relating to the Revolution, which the British Cabinet courteously placed at his disposal. The material he thus accumulated, was embodied, on his return, in five more volumes of the history. He divided his time between his home in New York and his country residence at Newport, R. I., laboring uninterruptedly on his gigantic undertaking.

The year 1867 found Mr. Bancroft again in Europe, this time as envoy at Berlin. He was first accredited to the Court of Prussia, but during his seven years of service the King of Prussia became Emperor of Germany, and Mr. Bancroft became United States Minister under the new regime. He was in high favor with the aged Emperor and with Bismarck, and used his influence in the settlement of the vexed question of the liability of German Americans to military service. In 1874 he returned to America, and resumed his labors on the history. His twelfth and last volume was published in 1885.

Of late years much of Mr. Bancroft's time was spent in Washington, where he had many friends. His face and figure were familiar to the citizens as he went for his daily rides on horseback in all weathers. He attributed his vigorous health and long life to regular habits. It was his custom to rise at five or six and work until about one and then give the rest of day to exercise and amusement. A carriage accident in 1878, caused him his first serious illness and two years ago he was again laid aside by a severe attack of sickness from which it was feared he would not recover. Last October, however, he reappeared in Washington apparently in his usual health and spirits. Soon after New Year's he contracted a cold, but continued his usual walks and rides. He did not take to his bed until Thursday, January 15, but the following day he became unconscious and on Saturday he died. His son, Mr. John C. Bancroft, who, with his wife, had kept house for the historian since the death of Mrs. Bancroft, in 1886, watched him tenderly and affectionately to the end. His funeral took place on January 20. President Harrison, Secretar, Blaine and other members of the Cabinet, Chief Justice Fuller and a distinguished company of Senators and Foreign Ministers attended the ceremony in Washington, whence the remains were taken for interment to his native town of Worcester, Mass.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Missing Marriage Certificate would be worth a large sum to a citizen of New Haven, Conn., if it could be recovered. He and his children have become entitled to the estate of his wife's brother, who died recently in Germany, worth over fifty thousand dollars. He has been notified that his claim will be admitted on the production of the necessary documents. He is unable to comply, because he has no certificate of his marriage, and that is a fatal flaw in the chain of evidence, which will prevent his getting the estate. It appears that he was married thirty years ago in Germany. He was then a young man about to emigrate to America. The girl to whom he was engaged, consented to marry him only on the eve of his departure. As he was to start early the next morning, they went late at night to the house of a minister, who, having retired for the night, rose from his bed to marry them. The minister gave them a certificate, but omitted to enter the marriage on the church books. He is now dead, and there is therefore no evidence of the marriage but the certificate. The man lost that some years ago, when his pocket-book containing it and other documents was stolen from him. He did not trouble to procure a duplicate, as his wife was dead and he did not think it of much importance. He now perceives that it was worth a fortune and deeply deplores its loss. The time will come when similar unavailing regret will be felt by multitudes. They will grieve, not that there is no record of their union with Christ, but that they did not enter into union with him. It seems a matter of small importance to them now, but then it will be the one indispensable condition of eternal happiness.(Mark 16: 16.)

THE SECOND ADVENT.

Christ to Come in Person Raising the Righteous Dead and Transforming Waiting Believers.

BY JAMES STEPHENS, M.A.

WHEN our Lord Jesus was about to leave his disciples, he said, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself." (John 14 : 3.) This utterance is often referred to as if it were fulfilled whenever a believer is taken out of this world by death. But, when our Lord spoke of coming again to take us to himself, he meant he would come in his own person, and not merely that he would send a servant to fetch us to be with him in heaven. This is evident if we look at Acts 1 : 11. When the astonished disciples were looking after Jesus, who had been taken up from them into the cloud, two men in white apparel stood by them and said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." If death were the coming of the Lord, it could not be said that he shall so come in like manner as he went, for he went in his own person. The coming of our Lord Jesus, then is

A Personal Coming.

The Lord's coming is a coming to take his people to himself. When he comes the bodies of his people shall be redeemed. We, even now, are the redeemed of the Lord, but we look for the day of complete redemption. We know (1. Thess. 4: 16, 17) that "the Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout . . . . and the dead in Christ shall rise first." This is not a general resurrection, but a resurrection merely of saints—of the dead in Christ. Further, "we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air." In 1. Cor. 15: 51, we find that those who are alive on the earth at the Lord's coming, and are thus caught up, are changed in body. "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." In keeping with this we read in Phil. 3 : 20, "Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation, that it may be conformed to the body of his glory." Then shall take place the adoption for which we have waited, to-wit, the redemption of our body. (Rom. 8: 23.) "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." We have a suggestion of what the body of Jesus' glory (to which ours shall be conformed) shall be like in what the three disciples saw on the Mount of Transfiguration. "We shall bear the image of the heavenly," and "then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

When Jesus comes his people shall be made manifest before his judgment-seat. "Made manifest" is the true rendering, rather than "appear," in II Cor. 5 : 10. This is not the judgment of the great white throne recorded in Rev. 20 : 12. That takes place at the second resurrection. This is the Lord

Reckoning With His Servants.

When Jesus comes he will make manifest not only the works of our hands, but the very counsels of the heart. How cheering and encouraging for those who, by reason of physical weakness and infirmity, have been able to do but little! You know how God said to David when he was forbidden to build the temple, "It was well that it was in thine heart to do it." God regarded the desire of his heart. Many may, like him, have been hindered providentially from active work, and yet may have praise. When the the Lord reckons with his own he will put things in the true light, and the faithfulness of the servant of God, however hidden previously, will be acknowledged. Faithfulness in the bearing of trial will be duly owned. At the same time the one who has been privileged to do actual work shall have his faithfulness graciously brought to light and rewarded. "When the Chief Shepherd shall appear the elders who have fed the flock and taken the oversight, not as lords, but rather as ensamples, shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." The winner of souls shall see the fruit of his labor, even as Paul says when writing to the Thessalonians who have been brought to Jesus through his instrumentality. "What is our hope, or joy or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus *at his coming?* For ye are our glory and joy."

The coming of our Lord Jesus for his saints is the necessary step toward the manifestation of the sons of God. "When Christ who is our life, shall be manifested, then shall ye also be manifested with him in glory." (Col. 3 : 4.) "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Then "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." If we suffer with him we shall also reign with him.

The coming of our Lord is a coming in his kingdom. He has, presently, gone to receive for himself a kingdom; and, having received it, to return. Then shall come to pass what is written by the prophet. "The God of heaven

Shall Set up a Kingdom

which shall never be destroyed." This kingdom shall displace the kingdoms of the earth—they shall become "like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor." (Dan. 2 : 35.) Men speak as if this were the spiritual kingdom which arises in the present dispensation through the preaching of the Gospel. But the Gospel does not displace the kingdoms of the earth; it permeates them. The kingdom yet to be set up is one before which no place shall be found for others. "It shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms." The Lord Jesus is looking for his coming, expecting till his enemies be put under his feet, and the kingdom set up which "shall stand forever."

When our Lord comes in his kingdom, he will come to be manifested in glory. Once he came in lowly form. "He came to his own, and his own received him not." The world that was made by him knew him not. He is coming again in the glory of his Father, with all his holy angels. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him."

The coming of the Lord seems to be set before the Church as one that may take place at any time, at any moment. The word spoken of the Thessalonians (1. Thess. 1 : 9, 10) sets forth that there is nothing necessarily between us and the coming of the Lord: "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God; and to wait for his Son from heaven." Their business was to serve God and to look for Jesus. Similarly in 1. Cor. 1 : 7 we find the apostle exhorting the believers to "come behind in no gift, waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Their attitude was clearly that of looking as for an event which

Might take Place any Day

and any hour. Now, let it be remarked here that there are events which must take place before our Lord comes to set up his kingdom on the earth; but these, so far as we know, may take place after the Lord has descended to the air for his saints and taken them to himself. The first stage in the Lord's coming is simply a descent to the upper air. "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." He is not coming to the earth then, but to the air. Afterward, as Jude tells us, "The Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints to execute judgment." When he comes to the air he will gather his saints to himself, and then, in his further progress toward judgment on earth and setting up his kingdom, his saints are with him.

"The day of the Lord," referred to in II. Thess., seems to refer to the time when judgment shall begin to be executed, and so to a time subsequent to the coming of the Lord to the air for his saints. There might be time, then, for the great apostasy to manifest itself between the time of the gathering of the saints to meet the Lord and the inauguration of the day of the Lord. May not the believer, then, look for the Lord's coming at any time? Whenever it is "we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

AHAB'S COVETOUSNESS.

S. S. LESSON FOR FEB. 8, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. I. Kings 21 : 1-16; Golden Text, Luke 12 : 15.

Ahab in Trouble—An Enemy's Arrogant Demand—Ahab Yielding is Subjected to Increased Humiliation—Provoked to Resistance—Israel's Victories—God's Message to Ahab—The King Heavy and Displeased—His Desire for Naboth's Vineyard—Annoyed by his Failure to Obtain it—Jezebel's Crime—The Sentence on Ahab.

WHILE God was educating and perfecting his prophet-child, Elijah, he was also engaged in seeking after the soul of the wicked Ahab. God's patience within this wicked king is a wonderful revelation of his love, and unveils to us much of the unseen workings of God with sinners which shall fully come to light in that day when the hearts of all men shall be revealed.

God allowed Ben-hadad, king of Syria, to come up against Ahab. With all the insolence of a man of the world who knows that he has the advantage of his enemy, the king of Syria makes an audacious claim upon Ahab's silver and gold, his wives and children. Ahab, in his cowardly supineness, with no well-known Almighty God to succor him, meanly yields to those imperious demands, and now Ben-hadad's exactions know no bounds, so that at last the king of Israel is roused, and to the withering, sarcastic boast of Ben-hadad, "The gods do so to me, and more also, if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls for all the people that will follow me," Ahab answers, "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." Neither of these kings set God before their eyes. But God could not forget the seed of Abraham, his friend: idolatrous as they were, they were still his people; and just at the crucial moment, when Ben-hadad had given orders to set his enormous host in battle array, God appears upon the scene. Ahab's heart had not been changed when the fire had fallen from heaven on Mount Carmel, but he knew, in the depths of his heart, that God was true. And now God remembers him, and sends a prophet to the man who does not so much as pray to him!

"Hast thou seen all this great multitude? behold, I will deliver it into thine hand this day, and thou shalt

Know that I am the Lord."

If the manifestation of my power has not conquered thee, I will shew thee my love. To the great surprise of the Syrians, they were thoroughly routed by the army of Israel. The miserable man, instead of yielding himself up to the God who had dealt in such long-suffering with him, made use of his victory to nurture his own pride, utterly regardless of the fact that he was in trust for God! Self was really his god. Ahab spared Ben-hadad in order to justify the scheming flattery of the Syrians and God sent a prophet to him with the message, "Because thou hast let go out of thy hand a man whom I appointed to utter destruction, therefore thy life shall go for his life, and thy people for his people." (20 : 42.)

"The king of Israel went down to his house heavy and displeased;" after all the dealings of his God with him, Ahab did not know the Lord; he lived for himself still, and whatever did not fall out as he wished it, caused him t

be pettish and sulky. "Let them also that love thy name be joyful in thee." (Ps. 5 : 11.) Ahab knew no such joy as this.

"Heavy and Displeased."

What a picture of a man living without God, when anything crosses his will! What a picture, alas! of some who profess to know God, but who live still to themselves, when they are thwarted in their plans and disappointed in their hopes! It is only such as live in a close relationship to their good Shepherd, that can look out upon an upset plan, a crossing of their purposes, an apparent failure in what seemed to be of God, and say with confidence, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." "I know that all things work together for good to them that love God." "Heavy and displeased!" While Ahab was fighting the battles of the Lord, he had from time to time communications from God by his prophets, he had not yet lost all the impressions made on him on Mount Carmel: Jezebel, too, his evil angel, was away from him. But "heavy and displeased," he was peculiarly open to new temptation, and the little drawing towards a better life, towards knowing that God was the Lord, would soon cease to influence him.

Satan had a distraction ready for him. If Ahab had humbled himself and owned his vanity, and repented, he would not so easily have fallen into the trap laid for him. But self-indulged makes self our master. Naboth, the Jezreelite, had a vineyard situated in the very spot which would make a most convenient vegetable garden for Ahab. He coveted it, and offered Naboth to exchange it, and give him a better vineyard, or to purchase it of him for money. But Naboth had strong views about family property, and said: "The Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee." It may be that he feared the taint of Ahab's idolatry and saw that the family inheritance where God had been honored by his forefathers would be defiled by the worship of idols and false gods, if it were to come into Ahab's possession. And Ahab, who had never sorrowed because of his own sin, gave himself up to sulk, and took to his bed, and would not so much as eat, because he could not have his way, and possess Naboth's vineyard.

"Unkingly King!"

The unscrupulous Jezebel was at hand. This wicked, designing woman wanted no God who should rule the conscience and the will; a religion which would minister to her ambition, to her self-gratification, and the priests and prophets of which should be her tools, this satisfied Jezebel. She came to her husband and said. "Why is thy spirit so sad that thou eatest no bread?" And when Ahab told her the reason, she replied, "Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite." With Jezebel, might was right, and the only right she cared for was her own. Truth was unknown to this prophetess of Baal. She wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, to proclaim a fast, to "set Naboth on high among the people," to spare no expense in hiring men as unscrupulous as herself to bear witness against him, "Thou didst blaspheme God and the king," and then, after this mock trial, to carry him forth out of the city and stone him! There were plenty of the followers of Jezebel who could be found to carry out this deed of darkness. Jezebel's money was sure, they would curry favor with her, and she ruled her husband. Thus Naboth died a martyr. "How can God permit such deeds of darkness?" many ask. If there were no hereafter where the wrong things on earth can be put right, it were indeed difficult to understand; but, thank God, a time is coming when the souls under the altar will be heard (Rev. 6 : 9-11), and God's judgment shall be justified.

Jezebel, as soon as she heard the first news of his infamous execution of a righteous man, went to Ahab, and congratulated him that the confiscated vineyard of Naboth was now his property, and the depraved conscience of the King would try to quiet itself that Jezebel, and not he, was the instigator of this foul murder. But the righteous Judge, the true and faithful witness, was looking on. Ahab went down to the vineyard to take possession. But an unexpected intruder was first upon the spot. The man of all in his kingdom who might have been the greatest blessing to him if he had made him his counsellor, the prophet Elijah was there. "Hast thou killed, and also taken possession?" said the prophet to the king. "Thus said the Lord, in the place where dogs licked up the blood of Naboth, shall dogs lick up thy blood, even thine." "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?" said the king to the prophet. "I found thee," was the rejoinder, "because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord." Ahab was king, Jezebel's deed was his deed and he must not, could not, shirk the responsibility of the murderer. God foretold the utter destruction of all his family: the generation of such a man could not be suffered to live! A father cannot sin without bringing evil upon his house; those who live with us are too much bound up with us to be unaffected by the lives we live. And Jezebel, the wicked Jezebel, who stirred up her husband until he sold himself to work in wickedness; what of her? "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel." The climax of their wickedness was their sin against Naboth.

For the first time in Ahab's life, there was evidenced a real brokenness of spirit. "When Ahab heard these words he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and went softly." But would God take heed of any sign of humility in *such* a man? Yes; even in such a man! So wondrous is the mercy of our God! There was but one heart in all Israel who would understand this mercy of God to such a worthless, depraved sinner. A prophet who lives in the presence of God can come the nearest to a sinner. To Elijah, he said, not to Ahab himself, "Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me?" Only Elijah, who had been so broken on Mount Horeb, would appreciate the grace and tenderness of God towards such a man. "Because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days, but in his son's days will I send the evil upon his house."

A WASTED AFTERNOON.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for February 8. "Take heed, and beware of covetousness." Luke 12: 15.

"WHERE is Charles?" Mr. Barbour asked of his wife as he came in from his office and seated himself at the table on which the evening meal was spread.

"He came in early," Mrs. Barbour replied, "and went straight to his own room. He did not seem well, I thought. He was out skating in the afternoon and I did not expect him till late but I suppose he had enough of the ice, for he came in looking tired and cross."

The bell was rung as usual at meal-time and several children came in and took their seats at the table. Charles came last and his face still wore the cloud his mother had noticed earlier in the day.

"What is the matter, my boy?" Mr. Barbour asked.

"Nothing, papa, I'm tired, that is all."

"Been skating too long?" the father asked.

"No, I did not skate at all. I went down to the lake but I did not stay."

"Nothing more was said then, but after the meal was over Mr. Barbour went into the room where the children prepared their lessons for the next day, and spoke to his son. Charles was sitting with his algebra before him, but his abstracted, gloomy look showed that he was not studying.

"Charles," said his father, "what is wrong? Are you in any trouble? Tell me what worries you, my boy? What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing worries me, Papa. I was wishing I had a pair of skates like Reginald Wharton's. You should just see them. They are nickel-plated, and have the new patent grip. He says they cost more than ten dollars. His uncle sent them to him for a present. They're splendid."

"Your skates looked quite shabby compared with them, I expect."

"Yes, I hated to put them on. They're old fashioned, too. I wish I had skates like his, I can skate better than he can."

"So you came away in disgust and would not go on the ice at all? Was that it?"

"Yes, Papa; I did not feel like going on with my old skates. Couldn't you buy me a pair like those? I know just where they came from. I would be a good boy and do everything you wanted me. Oh, I wish you would."

"Don't your old skates answer the purpose? You seemed to me to go along pretty well the other day, I noticed, when I was down at the lake."

"Oh, yes; I can use them, but the others look so much nicer and they are easier to fix on. I should so like them."

"Well I suppose I could buy you a pair, but you know we are not very well off. I promised your mother a new sack next week, but she might do without it. She would have to do without it, if I bought the skates, for I could not afford both. Will you ask her and settle, it between you?"

"O Papa I could not do that. Mamma needs the sack."

"Well, then, my boy, you will make your old skates do, will you? I thought you loved your mother well enough to deny yourself for her sake. Now don't you think you were foolish to lose an afternoon's pleasure?"

"I suppose I was; but I could not help it. I felt disgusted to see that boy who can't skate a bit with such a nice pair of skates."

"Oh, yes; I can understand it. The feeling is in all of us more or less, and it makes men, as well as boys, miserable. You will save yourself a good deal of misery if you learn to control such feelings. If you indulge them and give way to them they will get the mastery over you, and unfit you for the duties of life. You can conquer them easily now, but in a few years they will not be so easy to overcome if they are allowed to have their way. Now if you had put on your old skates this afternoon and had an hour or two of exercise, you would have come home happy instead of being disgruntled and miserable. Your enemy had his way in the little kingdom of your mind, which you ought to rule yourself, and he has caused you suffering. Put him down, my boy, for your own sake. When you grow to be a man, you will be always repining if this spirit grows with you. It leads to mischief, too. Sometimes a man dwells so long on things that others have, and he has not, that he is tempted to take them. An undisciplined mind gets weak and helpless. Its principles of right and honesty and justice are defeated by this usurper, who has no right to rule, but has grown strong by being fed and pampered. Wars have been caused by it, when the demon of covetousness holds sway in the heart of a king. One of the most destructive wars of the last century, in which thousands of men lost their lives, resulted from the covetous desire of King Frederick of Prussia to get Silesia from Austria. People call him Frederick the Great, but there was no greatness in him. Overcome it, my boy; try to get on in life, but do not waste time and strength and peace of mind in coveting what does not belong to you. Remember, "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses."

"The Christian Herald" Binder.— Numerous Applications have been received from readers of this journal for a case in which the copies of the paper, as they are received, may be placed and kept clean for binding at the end of the year. To meet this demand, a stock of such covers has been prepared, and they are now on sale at this office. Each cover is made of strong cloth, with the name of the journal stamped in gilt letters on the outside. It is large enough to hold fifty-two copies, and is fitted with the new patent apparatus for holding the papers securely. A cover will be sent, postage paid, to any address in the United States, on the receipt of *one dollar*.

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GEORGE BANCROFT.

WHEN, last Tuesday, through one door of St. John's Church, Washington, the procession of the boys' choir clad in white, marched in, chanting a funeral hymn, and from the opposite door the casket containing the body of George Bancroft entered followed by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the President and his Cabinet and representatives of many governments, it was one of the most impressive scenes I have witnessed. Who was it to whose memory the nation made such solemn obeisance? A Congregational minister's son, he had started from among New England hills and had risen by his own industry and exaltation of moral character until Lamartine, and Guizot, and Humboldt had recognized him as friends, and at the Courts of St. James and Berlin he had been received as Minister Plenipotentiary, and in the Presidential Cabinet of his own country, he had been honored as both Secretary of the Navy and Secretary of War.

At ninety-one years of age he puts down a pen which had saved from obliteration the early history of this American continent and produced a library of its own—a pen that began its work when the opinion on the other side the sea was thoroughly established that American literature was an impossibility. Foreign nations might hang up in their museums specimens of our Indian tomahawks and scalping-knives, and the taxidermist might surprise the world with the size of our bears and eagles stuffed and preserved, but that the American brain could produce a paragraph worth reading or chime a canto worth hearing was not to be thought of. Then to demolish this prejudice came Washington Irving with his essays, Longfellow and Bryant with their poems, and Emerson with his epigrams, and George Bancroft with his history, and all the world is reading them and among the most exquisite sculpture of Westminster Abbey is the form of Henry W. Longfellow and last Tuesday the most significant garland on the casket of Bancroft was that placed there amid the solemnities of the occasion by the hand of Count Arco Valley, the German Minister, at the command of his emperor, telegraphing from Berlin.

About such a life and such a departure as this of George Bancroft, there is something supremely beautiful. To have done so much for the intelligence and happiness of the world, and then to go up to join her who five years before had ascended, charges and surcharges his name with glory and splendor everlasting. The only time I saw the illustrious historian and diplomat and Christian, was on the reviewing platform at Washington, on the day when the armies of the Union, at the close of our Civil War, were marched through Pennsylvania Avenue, a spectacle that eclipses in my memory all other grandeurs. But now he too has passed in review, marching on in that great procession that moves upward through pearly gates and amid shining ranks and before golden palaces and is now giving account for the use he made of the brilliant faculties with which he had been entrusted. Into the mighty company of the historians has he passed, the men who by their genius embalmed the ages: Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Josephus, Rollin, Prescott, Macaulay, Bancroft.

WHO OWNS IT?

BEFORE Columbus and the one hundred and twenty men embarked on board the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinto* and the *Nina*, on their eventful voyage, what did they do? Took the Sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ. Coming in sight of land, what song goes up from all three decks? "*Gloria in Excelsis.*" What did they first do stepping from shipboard to solid ground? All knelt in prayer, consecrating the New World to God. What did the Huguenots do, landing in the Carolinas; and the Hollanders, landing in New York; and the Puritans, landing in New England? With bent knees, uplifted faces and heaven-beseeching prayer, they took possession of this Continent for God. How did they open the first American Congress? With prayer in the name of Christ. Beside that, see what God has done for us. Open the map of our North American Continent, aud see how the land was shaped for immeasurable prosperities. Behold the navigable rivers, greater and more numerous than any other land, running down to the sea in all directions—prophecy of large manufactures and easy commerce. Look at the great ranges of mountains, timbered with wealth on the tops and sides, and metalled with wealth underneath; 180,000 square miles of coal; 180,000 square miles of iron. The land so contoured that extreme weather seldom lasts more than three days. For the most of the year the climate is bracing, and favorable for brawn and brain. All fruits, all minerals, all harvests. Scenery which displays an autumnal pageantry which no other land pretends to rival. No South American earthquakes. No Scotch mists. No English fogs. No Egyptian plagues. No Germanic divisions. The happiest people on the earth are the people of the United States. The poor man has more chance, the industrious man more opportunity. How good God was to our fathers! How good God is to us and our children! To him, blessed be his mighty name, to him of the Cross and the triumph, to him who still remembers the prayers of the Pilgrim Fathers and Huguenots and Holland refugees, to him this land shall be consecrated.

THE DUELLO.

WE see here and there an attempt to revive what was called the "code of honor," which was only another mode of assassination. Two men offended at each other's words propose to settle the difficulty by the exchange of pistol-shots. Let such behavior be laughed to scorn and the law treat such offenders as criminals. This is too late in the world's history to restore the old modes of polite and gentlemanly murder. This nation had enough of that in the old days when North and South could not agree on the slavery question. If two such brilliant men as Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr could not make the duello right, no two upstarts of our time can lift that which is despicable into righteousness.

BRIEF NOTES.

The twelfth triennial conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of all lands is to be held next August in Amsterdam, Holland.

The American Congregational Union reports last year as the most prosperous one in its history. Its income was $155,530, $76,300 of which came from churches and individuals.

Union revival services, under Evangelist B. Fay Mills, were begun in Evanston, Ill., January 22. Extensive preparations were made for the work, and the people are entering into it with prayerful energy.

Miss Ella I. Newton, of the Foochow Mission, addressing the Woman's Board of Missions, at the recent annual meeting said there was great need of more workers in China, and no limit to the opportunities for work.

The Congregational Year-Book gives 4,730 as the number of Congregational churches in the United Kingdom, and 711 in the colonies. The churches in England and Wales return 2,732 ministers, 2,115 of whom have charges, and sittings for 1,647,500 persons.

The welcome news comes from Ionia, Mich., that as a result of God's blessing on the services recently held there by Dr. L. W. Munhall, more than two hundred persons have been received into the churches, and, one of the pastors says: "There are many more to follow."

Rev. Somerset Gardner has closed his services at Paterson, N. J., after three weeks of blessing. The Rev. Thomas Hall, the pastor of the church in which the meetings were held, speaks in strong terms of the interest awakened and the conversions which followed. The special meetings held by Mrs. Gardner were also remarkable for their interest and power.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley report excellent results from their recent tour in Manitoba. At Sault Ste Marie they remained four weeks with much success. They also visited Port Arthur and Portage La Prairie, and in each place there were crowded meetings and many converts. They are now in the midst of a blessed revival in Portland.

A new Presbyterian Church has been organized in Newark. N. J., recently. For some time past a cause has been growing up in connection with Park Presbyterian Church in that city. It has been known heretofore as Park Chapel, but has now been regularly constituted by the Synod in regular organization, as North Park Presbyterian Church.

Messrs. Brown and Buell are laboring at Canton, Ill., in the Baptist Church. The Canton *Daily Register* expresses its surprise at the large congregations attending in spite of the fact "that a Comedy Company is playing every night in the Opera House at popular prices." It may be inferred that the citizens have found something in Mr. Brown's preaching and Mr. Buell's singing which the Comedy Company cannot supply.

Rev. J. H. Weber writes from Bridgeton, N. J., that at the meetings he is holding in that town there have been "over three hundred seekers in less than two weeks. About 250 converted. 150 the last four nights. From one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five seekers every night. Church too small. Hold meetings in the factories at noon. The whole town stirred. All classes coming." Mr. Weber himself vouches for these astonishing figures.

Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, the famous managers of tours and excursions are arranging for the trip of a large party through the Holy Land, to start on March 11. Dr. Talmage and the publisher of this journal willingly bear testimony to the perfection of the arrangements which Messrs. Cook & Son make for the comfort of the travellers who journey under their conduct. Any reader desiring to join this party may obtain particulars by addressing Messrs. Cook & Son, 261 Broadway, New York.

The congregations at Seventeenth Street M.E. Church, New York, are increasing daily. Mr. Harrison manifests all his old-time energy and power. The work is advancing beyond the highest expectations of the church and the evangelist. Two services are held every day. During last week 140 knelt at the altar. These are chiefly outsiders, many of whom have come from Brooklyn, Jersey City and Harlem, on the invitation of friends in the church who are anxious for their conversion. One hopeful sign is the large number of young men who have been brought in during the meetings.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Death of King Kalakaua—Senatorial Elections last Week—The Perturbed Southern Republics—A Great Bank Failure—Europe's Siberian Winter.

David Kalakaua, King of the Sandwich Islands, died at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on January 20. This civilized monarch of a once savage country has for a number of years been a figure of considerable importance in the commercial and diplomatic world. He was born in Hawaii in 1836, and was related to the royal family, although that fact alone did not give him the throne, as the Hawaiians elect their king whenever the succession is not provided for by the reigning monarch. King Lunalilo died without an heir, and Kalakaua was chosen by the people. On ascending the throne, he named his sister, Princess Liliouokolani, as his successor, and when he visited this country and Europe, she acted as Regent. Since the beginning of his reign in 1874, great material progress has been made in the Islands, which although very rocky and volcanic, are unusually fertile in certain parts. He fostered commerce, increased the exports of the kingdom, and added largely to the royal revenues. England tried on several occasions to secure control of Hawaii, but the interests of Americans have thus far predominated. Soon after Kalakaua's reign began, a revolution sprung up at Honolulu, the capital, the object being to enthrone Emma, the wife of a former king. American and British marines supported Kalakaua and the rebellion was quickly crushed. Kalakaua, accompanied by his spouse, Queen Kapiolani, made a tour around the world in 1881. Soon after his return the administration of public affairs became so wasteful and extravagant that the Islands fell back through poverty and loss of trade into many of the old barbaric customs, and paganism and slothfulness were everywhere. The king obtained heavy loans of gold and squandered it recklessly, paying as high as $75,000 for a birthday celebration and $60,000 for a funeral. At last the foreign capitalists interfered to save the little kingdom from financial ruin. The conservative party called on the king to dismiss his corrupt ministry and particularly his adviser, a man named Gibson, and in 1887, a new ministry and constitution were secured, William L. Green, an American planter, being at the head of the new Cabinet. Since that time the progress of the Islands has been uninterrupted. At the funeral ceremonies in San Francisco on the 22nd, one hundred thousand persons lined the streets through which the cortege passed on its way to the wharf. The body was placed on the warship *Charleston* and taken to Hawaii for interment.

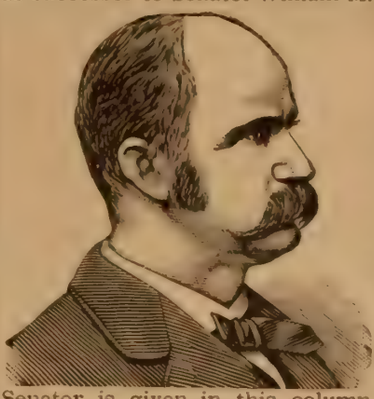
The Future of the Negro in America is a topic which seems to attract a great deal of attention in England at present. A few days ago the London *Times* published a sensational article in which it warned Americans that the black man was fast overtaking the white in the race of population, and would, in another twenty years, outnumber him in the South. Reconstruction, it declared, has been a failure and the negro will yet have to be sent back to Central Africa by this Government as the only means of solving a problem which is expanding in proportions every year. The article attracted but little attention on this side of the Atlantic, where the situation is thoroughly understood and where the strong English prejudice against yielding the colored man his rights, socially and legally, does not exist.

Like other European Rulers, John Bull is prone to getting up an occasional war excitement for the diversion of his subjects. Just now he is amusing them by a show of activity in naval circles, which he claims to be justified in consequence of the attitude of this country on the Behring Sea affair. The fact that the United States has a considerable naval force in Pacific waters furnishes a pretext for talk in London official circles about the mobilization of an American fleet in Behring Sea, although Mr. Blaine has repeatedly explained that the force now there is no greater than it has been in any season for a number of years past, being five ships with 31 guns and 856 men, instead of a great fleet with 118 guns and 3,000 men, as the London *Times* represents. Meanwhile our own State Department is somewhat sensitive over the fact that England, in sending out invitations to the different governments to the World's Fair at Jamaica, West Indies, has either purposely or through inadvertence omitted to invite the United States. Secretary Blaine regards it as an intentional snub.

The Failure of the American National Bank of Kansas City, the largest institution in Missouri, on the 19th, occasioned a feeling of uneasiness in the Southwest during the week. The capital stock of the bank was $1,250,000, and when the Clearing House Association took action in the case, the bank offered as security collateral representing over $1,000,000, which was declined, and this precipitated the failure. Bad business methods were at the bottom of the trouble, and it has been brought out in the investigation that the institution was kept afloat for months by other banks, in Kansas City, which could not afford to have it close its doors. Its officers had hypothecated all its most valuable securities, made loans amounting to $800,000 and called for $1,000,000 more, which alarmed the conservative bankers of the State. There was a heavy run on the bank for some days before it closed its doors.

The Past Week has been One of Unusual Agitation among the South American Republics. In Peru, a strong opposition to the administration of President Remigio M. Bermudez, has developed which may at any time break out in open rebellion. Bermudez, who was born at Tarapaca, in 1836, succeeded President Caceres, and during his administration the country has seen the most prosperous period it has enjoyed since the war with Chili. Bermudez has had a military training and after leaving the army, held the post of Prefect of the Department of Trujillo. During the war with Chili he did good service in the field. A portrait of the President is given in this column. From Chili the news comes that the revolution in that country is still spreading. A portion of the army has made common cause with the insurgents. Britain, France and America have each ordered war vessels to Chilian waters to investigate and to protect their interests there. Three of the largest Chilian ironclads are now controlled by the rebels and the principal ports are either blockaded or in the hands of the revolutionists. President Balmaceda has issued a manifesto, asserting his authority, but it has produced little effect. It is not believed that the rights of foreigners will be seriously interfered with, although for a time commerce may be at a standstill.

The Chief Political Interest during the Week has centered in the Senatorial Elections. In New York, Governor David B. Hill was chosen as successor to Senator William M. Evarts, having on joint ballot 81 votes, and Evarts 79. This is regarded by many as effectually putting him out of the category of Presidential candidates, for 1892, at least. A portrait of the new Senator is given in this column. Governor Hill, who took office when Governor Cleveland resigned to assume the Presidency in 1885, and who was elected in the following year, has been in politics nearly all his life. He has been famous of late years as a rival to Mr. Cleveland for the Democratic Presidential nomination, and represents the wing of the party opposed to the latter's renomination. The other significant results of the elections were the defeat of Ingalls in Kansas, the re-election of J. Donald Cameron, in Pennsylvania; Daniel W. Voorhees, in Indiana; Mitchell, in Oregon; Vest, in South Carolina, and Teller, in Colorado. In the other States the elections were without excitement.



Peace again Reigns at Pine Ridge, the Seat of war during the recent Indian trouble. All the hostiles have submitted and handed in their weapons, although many of the young bucks have retained their Winchesters and turned in old and useless muzzle-loaders to the army officers. Abundant rations are being doled out, and there is now a prospect that the farmers and settlers will enjoy a season of comparative peace. In consequence of the representations of Gen. Miles, the Government is considering the matter of disarming all the Indians in the western country, and forbidding them the use of Springfield and Winchester rifles, as they do not need these weapons for game, and only carry them for purposes of war.

Europe is Experiencing a Siberian Winter, and the rigor of the present season is such that in London, many deaths from freezing and starvation have occurred; in France, wolves have overrun a large part of the outlying northern districts, and killed several children. The olive crop is ruined; the Pyrenees are cut off from the world by a great snow blockade; Mediterranean steamers are coming into port covered with snow and ice; in Spain, wolves driven from the forests by hunger, are killed in the streets of the cities; and even in Algiers—where the climate is semi-tropical—a great part of the country is covered with snow. A similar condition of affairs prevails at Tunis.

European Kings and Princes are Looking forward with a good deal of interest and some little anxiety to the forthcoming Memoirs of Bismarck, which it is now settled will be published in Hamburg within a few months. Emperor William tried every means to persuade the old Chancellor to forego certain portions of these memoirs but in vain; Bismarck will let them see the light as a matter of self-vindication. They contain hundreds of autograph letters from distingnished persons which are introduced in fac-simile to verify certain statements made by the author. It is asserted that at the last moment the Emperor may see fit to resort to other measures than persuasion, but if so publication would doubtless be only so delayed, not prevented.

THE CITY'S GLORY.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Text that Tests—Does a Man Seek or Avoid God's Presence?—I. The Glory of the Most Glorious Place—Appearances in Early Times—God's Dwelling in the Tabernacle—In the Temple—In the Catacombs—In the Modern Church—In the Millennial Age—II. The Glory of the Church—God's Presence Assures Sound Doctrine—Purity—Vitality—Happiness—III. The Glory of Any Place—The Home—In Pain—In Labor—Conversions in a Workshop.

"The name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there [*or in the Hebrew 'Jehovah-shammah.'*"] —Ezekiel 48 : 35.

THESE words may be used as a test as well as a text. They may serve for examination as well as consolation. It is esteemed by the prophet to be the highest blessing that could come upon a city that its name should be, "Jehovah-shammah the Lord is there." Even Jerusalem, in its best estate, would have this for its crowning blessing: nothing could exceed this. Do we reckon the presence of the Lord to be the greatest of blessings? If in any gathering, even of the humblest people, the Lord God is known to be present in a peculiarly gracious manner, should we make a point of being there? Very much depends upon our answer to these queries.

Doubtless many would be greatly pleased if there were no God at all; for in their hearts they say, "No God." God is not to them a father, a friend, a trust, a treasure. If they were to speak from their hearts, and could hope for a satisfactory answer, they would ask, "Whither can I flee from his presence?" If a spot could be found wherein there would be no God, what a fine building speculation might be made there! Millions would emigrate to

"No God's Land,"

and would feel quite at ease as soon as they trod its godless shore. There they could do just as they liked, without fear of future reckoning. Now, friend, if you would fain escape from the presence of God, your state is clearly revealed by that fact. There can be no heaven for you; for heaven is where the Lord's presence is fulness of joy.

Will you permit these thoughts to saturate you for a little space? I have spoken them with the desire that each one of us may ask himself, "Is the presence of God my delight?" If so, I am his, and he will be with me. On the contrary, is the presence of God a matter of indifference, or even of dread? Then my condition is one of guilt, disease, and danger. May the Lord, of his infinite mercy, set me right! This much may stand as a preface; but it must not be treated as most prefaces are, namely, left unread, or glanced over and forgotten. I pray you, carry it with you all along.

I. Now kindly notice that, according to our text, the presence of God is the glory of

The Most Glorious Place.

The prophet Ezekiel has been telling us many remarkable things which I shall not attempt to explain to you: and my chief reason for not doing so is the fact that I do not understand them. If I could open up every dark saying, it is not just now the time to go into an explanation of all the sublime mysteries which were seen by the eagle eye of Ezekiel, for I seek present practical edification; and this we can gain in an easier way. It is clear from the text, that when God shall bless his ancient people, and restore them to their land, and the temple shall be rebuilt, and all the glory of the latter days shall arrive, this will still be the peculiar glory of it all, that "*the Lord is there.*" The prophet works up a climax, and closes his book of prophecy with these glorious words, "*the Lord is there.*"

What a glorious state this world was in at the very first in the age of Paradise, for the Lord was there! I might say much of that fair garden of innocence and bliss, but the best thing I could say would be the Lord was there. Alas! that has vanished. Withered are the bowers of Eden: the trail of the serpent is over all landscapes, however fair. Yet days of mercy came, and God's saints in divers places found choice spots where they could converse with heaven. In the first days our gracious God spake with his people in their daily walk, as Enoch; or under the oak, as Abraham; or by the brook, as Jacob; or before the bush as Moses; or near the city wall, as Joshua. Wherever it might be, the place became to them the gate of heaven, for the Lord was there.

Ancient Dwelling Places.

In the days when God had called out unto himself a chosen nation, he revealed himself at Sinai, when the mountain was altogether on a smoke, and even Moses said, "I do exceedingly quake and fear." Well might he feel a holy awe, for the Lord was there. I will not dwell upon the glory of the tabernacle that was pitched in the wilderness, with its costly furniture and its instructive rites, for after all, the glory of the tabernacle was that the Lord was there.

In Canaan itself the days of sorrow came when the nation went after other gods, and the Lord became a stranger in the land. When he returned, and delivered his people by the judges, then the nations knew that Israel could not be trampled on, for the Lord was there. This was the glory of David's reign. This was the shout of the joyful people. "The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge." You remember how, in after ages, when Solomon was crowned and his reign of peace had been inaugurated, he built for God a temple adorned with gold and precious stones. The excellence of the temple was seen when, on the opening day, the Lord revealed himself, and "the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled

The House of the Lord."

I almost tremble while I remind you of the truest temple of God—*the body of our Lord.* The nearest approach of Godhead to our manhood was when there was found, wrapped in swaddling bands and lying in a manger, that child who was born, that Son who was given, whose name was called "Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." All along, through thirty years and more of holy labor, ending in a shameful death, God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. In the gloom of Gethsemane, among those sombre olives, when Jesus bowed, and in his prayer sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling to the ground, he was "seen of angels" as the Son of God bearing human sin. Speak of Gethsemane, and we tell you God was there. Before Herod, and Pilate, and Caiaphas, and on the cross—the Lord was there. The thick darkness made a veil for the Lord of glory, and behind it he that made all things bowed his head and said, "It is finished." God was in Christ Jesus on the cross, and we, beholding him, feel that we have seen the Father. O, Calvary, we say of thee, "The Lord is there."

Here I might fitly close, for we can mount no higher; but yet we could not afford to leave out those other dwellings of the Invisible Spirit, who still by his presence

Makes Holy Places

in this unholy world. We have to remind you that God is the glory of the most glorious living thing that has been on the face of the earth since our Lord was here. And what is that? I answer, Jesus is gone: the prophets are gone; and we have no temple, no human priest, no material holy of holies. And yet there is a special place where God dwells among men, and that is *in his Church.* He has but one—one Church, redeemed by precious blood, called out by the Holy Ghost, and quickened into newness of life—this as a whole is the dwelling-place of the covenant God. Because God is in his Church, therefore the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. "The Lord is there" might be said of the Church in all ages. I have seen the crypts and underground chapels of the catacombs, and it made one feel that they were glorious places, when we remembered that the Lord God was there, by his Spirit, with his suffering people. When holy hymn and psalm and solemn prayer went up from the very bowels of the earth, from men who were hunted to the death by their foes—the Lord was there.

In this land of ours, when a few people met together, here and there, to hear the Gospel and to worship, they made cottages, caves, and hollows in the woods, to be "holiness unto the Lord." Ay, and when crowds met beneath your Gospel oaks, or gathered together by the hillside to listen to the pure word of grace, the Lord was there, and souls were saved and sanctified. When the Puritans solemnly conversed together of the things of God, and held their little conventicles for fear of their adversaries—God was there. On Scotland's bleak moors and mosses, when the covenanters gathered in the darkness and the storm, for fear of Claverhouse and his dragoons—God was there. Those who wrote in those days tell us that they never knew such seasons in the days of peace as they enjoyed among the hills, amid the heather, or by the brook-side; for Jehovah-shammah, the Lord was there. And so onward, to this very day, wheresoever the people of God lift up holy hands and worship him, the Lord is there."

Flying forward, as with a dove's wing, to the future that is drawing near, we bethink us of the truth that there is to be

A Millennial Age

—a time of glory, and peace, and joy, and truth, and righteousness. But what is to be the glory of it? Why this, "Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is there!" The Lord Jesus Christ will come, and begin his personal reign on earth among his ancients. In like manner as he went up into heaven, and the disciples saw him, so will he descend a second time, to be seen here among men; and his glorious presence shall fashion the golden age, the thousand years of peace. Then shall the nations shout "The Lord is come." What hallelujahs will then rise to heaven! Welcome, welcome, Son of God! How will all his faithful ones rejoice with joy unspeakable, and sing and sing again; for now the day of their reward has come, and they shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father! In all the glory of the latter days everything is wrapped up in this one word, "the Lord is there."

Up yonder, whither many of our beloved ones have already gone: up yonder, within that gate of pearl where eye cannot as yet see. What is it that makes *heaven*, with all its supreme delights? Not harps of angels, nor blaze of seraphim; but this one fact, "the Lord is there." What must it be to be with God? This perfect bliss may be ours this very day. The veil is very thin that parts the sanctified from the glorified. Enough of this. I have proved my point, that the glory of the most glorious place is that "the Lord is there."

The Glory of the Church.

II. Suffer me for a few minutes to speak to you on another point: the presence of God is the best privilege of his Church. It is her glory that "the Lord is there." If the Lord be among us, the consequences will be, first, the conservation of true doctrine. The true God is not with a lie: he will not give his countenance to falsehood. Those who preach other than according to his word, abide not under his blessing; but are in great danger of his curse. Trust-deeds and confessions of faith are useful in their way, even as laws are useful to society but as laws cannot secure obedience to themselves, so articles of belief cannot create faith or secure honesty; and to men without conscience, they are not worth the paper they are written upon. If the Lord be among his people they will cling to the eternal verities, and love the doctrine of the cross, not by force of law but because divine truth is the life of their souls.

Where God is present the preservation of purity will be found. The Church is nothing if it it is not holy. It is worse—it is a den of thieves. Setting the seal of its pestilent example upon evil living, it becomes the servant of Satan, and the destroyer of souls. Who is

to keep the Church pure? None but God himself. If the Lord is there, holiness will abound, and fruits of the Spirit will be seen on all sides. Where God is, there is the constant renewal of vitality. A Church all alive is a little heaven, the resort of angels, the temple of the Holy Ghost. In some of our churches everybody seems to be a little colder than everybody else. The members are holy icicles. A general frost has paralyzed everybody; and though some are colder than others, yet all are below zero. No human power can keep a Church from the frost-bite which numbs and kills. Except the Lord be there, growth, life, warmth—are all impossible.

A Power in the World.

When the Lord is there, next, there is continuing power. With God there is power in the ministry, power in prayer, power in all holy work. Is it not said of the godly, "His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper"? This is so with every church where the Lord abides. His presence makes it a power with its children and adherents, a power with the neighborhood, and a power with the age.

Furthermore, whenever it can be said of an assembly, "the Lord is there," unity will be created and fostered. Show me a church that quarrels, a church that is split up into cliques, a church that is divided with personal ambitions, contrary doctrines and opposing schemes, and I am sure that the Lord is not there. The children of God should be knit together. Saints who dwell with God love each other "with a pure heart, fervently." Some professors act as if they hated each other: I may not say, "with a pure heart," but I will say, "fervently." Where God is present the church is edified in love,

III. I shall now close by noticing, in the third place, that since this presence of God is the glory of the most glorious place, and the choice privilege of the most privileged, it is our exceedingly joy. The presence of the Lord is

Our Delight in Every Place.

We will think of our own dear homes. What a delightful family we belong to if it can be said of our house, "Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is there"! Has it a thatched roof and a stone floor? What matters? The father of the family lives near to God, and his wife rejoices to be his fellow-helper in prayer, while the children grow up to honest toil and honorable service. Assuredly that cottage home is dear to God, and becomes a place where angels come and go. Because God is there, every window looks towards the Celestial City.

Here is a Christian who lives alone, apart altogether from family life. All his dear ones are dead, or far away. In his lone chamber, when he bows his knee in secret prayer, or whenever he takes his walk abroad to meditate, if he be indeed a true lover of the Lord Jesus, "the Lord is there." Wherever the believer's lot is cast, if he lives in fellowship with Christ, he may say of his quiet room, or of the garden-walk, or even of the stable or the loft, "Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is there. "The Lord is very gracious to his lonely ones. They can say, "And yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me." Put you in a hospital, or in a workhouse: what matters it, if Jehovah is at your side?

In Suffering.

Some of us can bear witness that we have had the nearest approaches of God to our souls in times of intolerable pain, and even in seasons of intense depression of spirit as to earthly things. "I was bronght low, and the Lord helped me," said David; and we can say the same. The Lord has said, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;" as much as to say, "If I am not with thee anywhere else, I will be with thee then." We may say of the refining fire and of the threshing-floor, and of the oil-press, God has been there. In the time of trouble he has been a very present help. One might almost say, "Send me back to my prison again," as one did say who lost God's presence after he had gained his liberty. One might well cry, "Ah! let me have back my pain if I may again overflow with the joy of the Lord's presence."

Yes, but when Christian people go forth to work, when you come to your Sunday School, or go out with your bundle of tracts, to change them on your district, or when you join a little band and stand on the street corner yonder, and lift up your voice in the name of Jesus, you may expect, if you go with prayer and faith, that it shall be written, "Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is there." It is only a young man standing up in a cottage to speak, and he has not much to say; yet there are penitential tears, and broken hearts: it is so, for God is there.

And now, from this time forth, beloved, ye that fear God and think upon his name, wherever you go, let it be said, "Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is there." Make every place, wherever you go, to be the house of God. A dear brother of ours went to a shop where he worked with four ungodly men, but

His Lord Went With Him.

It was not long before we had the privilege of baptizing that friend's master and all his shopmates, for the Lord was there. The other day there came a fresh man to work who could not bear to hear a word upon religion, but our brother was the means of his conversion, and the new man is coming among us, warm with his first love. Write across your workshop, "The Lord is here." If you cannot do it literally, do it spiritually, "Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is there."

What shall I say to those who do not know the Lord, and do not care for him? O friend, the day will come in which Jesus Christ will say to you, "I never knew you: Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity," Do not let him say that; but to-night commence an acquaintance with him. May his Holy Spirit help you so to do! I am sure the Lord Jesus Christ could not say to me, "I never knew you." It is impossible, because I could reply to him, "Never knew me, Lord? Why, I have been to thee with so many burdens, I have run to thee with so many troubles, that I am sure thou knowest me as one knows a beggar whom he has relieved many times a day. "Blessed be his name, I know him, and lean all my weight upon him. They that know him shall be with him, and he will receive them unto himself forever, and this shall be their glory —"Jehovah-shammah, the Lord is there." With him shall they dwell, world without end. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Charles Lamb's Early Years.*

Among his schoolfellows, Charles formed special friendships with a few select spirits; and in Coleridge—"the inspired charity-boy"—he found a life-long companion. He looked up to the elder lad—dreary, dejected, lonely—with an affection and a reverence which never failed all through life. . . . There is a Charles Lamb prize given every year, as fitting it should be, to the best English essayist among the Blue-coat boys, consisting of a silver medal. When a man, Lamb used to go and see the boys; and Leigh Hunt, who entered a little later, has left us a pleasant picture of one of these visits. . . . Lamb's little rooms in the Temple held a motley crowd. Low-browed rooms they were, set about with worn, homely, home-like furniture; his favorite books—his sole extravagance—on these shelves all about. His ragged veterans he called them; "the finest collection of shabby books I ever saw; such a number of first-rate works in bad condition is, I think, nowhere to be found." . . . He never forsook a friend ragged or rich in raiment or in repute. "I cannot scatter friendships like chuck farthings, nor let them drop from mine hand like hour-glass sand."

Playful and Tenderhearted.

Lamb's sense of fun bubbled up at most inapt times. Acting conversely, his trembling sensibility set the tears trickling down his cheeks while he was writing a playful paper; and made him even shed tears in the Strand, "for fulness of joy of so much life." If our friend laughed at others he was just as ready to laugh at himself; and his hissing of his own play is historic. One evening when Lamb was in marvellous vein, and met that immortal Comptroller of Stamps who had begged to be introduced to Wordsworth (the poet), and who insisted on having the latter's opinion as to whether Milton and Newton were not great geniuses, Lamb took a candle and walked over to the poor man, saying: "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" Haydon (the painter), and Keats (the poet), got him away, but he persisted in bursting into the room, shouting: "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs!"

His Love for His Sister.

Lamb did not overrate her. Mary Lamb was no common-place creature, and she impressed all who knew her as a woman of fine judgment, of noteworthy good sense, full of womanly sympathies, sweet and serene. Hazlitt commended her as the wisest and most rational woman he had ever known. In her bearing toward her brother she was gentle and gracious always. Barry Cornwall has told us that "her face was pale and somewhat square, very placid, with grey intelligent eyes;" and Dr. Quincey called her "the Madonna-like lady." Her genuine literary qualities first had a chance to show themselves in 1806. Charles writes: "May is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakspere's plays to be made into children's tales. She has done them capitally, I think," (and again) "she begins to think Shakspere must have wanted—imagination;" and she, too, has left a pretty picture of their common work. "You would like to see us as we often sit writing at one table, like an old literary Darby and Joan, he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he is finished and then he finds he has made something of it."

* *In the Footprints of Charles Lamb;* by Benjamin Ellis Martin; Recollections of the Gentle English Essayist and his Times; Illustrated; *Charles Scribners' Sons*, New York, Publishers.

THE GOSPEL IN JAPAN.

Mr. J. McLain Brown's Life of Consecration in Y. M. C. A. Work and His Labor of Faith in Japan.

AMONG the Christian missionaries now laboring in the Mikado's dominions there is one whose past services in this country and whose faith in God render his personality peculiarly interesting to American Christians. He is Mr. J. McLain Brown, whose portrait appears on the next page. Some of our readers were among the group of Christian friends who stood on the dock at San Francisco on September 23, 1890, and waved him good-bye as he leaned over the rail of the Pacific steamer *Rio de Janeiro*, surrounded by other missionaries, who, like him, were quitting their native land and beloved friends to preach the Gospel in heathen lands. They will be glad to see his portrait in our pages, with that of the veteran missionary, Dr. C. S. Eby, with whom he is now laboring, and the picture we give of the shell of their church in Tokio, a photograph of which Mr. Brown has kindly sent.

Mr. Brown is a native of Washington, D. C. His early life there was one of sinful pleasure. Wild, wayward, reckless, he was a ready victim of the temptations in which that city abounds. But about seven years ago the Holy Spirit touched his heart, and the man was changed. It was a wonderful change. His former love of sin, his delight in pleasure, his habits of sensual gratification fell from him like cast-off garments, and he became a new man, active, vigilant, energetic, indefatigable in the service of Christ.

The church with which Mr. Brown connected was the first sphere in which he labored, but that did not find him all the opportunities for which his soul craved. He entered vigorously into the work of the Central Union Mission, and became prominent in its active and aggressive efforts. He also joined the Young Men's Christian Association, and, there, too, he labored strenu-

Mr. J. McLain Brown.

Ruins of the Central Mission Tabernacle, Tokio, Japan.

ously to win souls for the Master. The delight he found in this labor of soul-winning and the success with which God blessed his efforts were intimations that such a man could not disregard. They were evidences that God had still further use for him in his vineyard, and Mr. Brown was glad to respond to the call. He finally gave up all secular employment, and devoted himself to the Y. M. C. A. as its assistant secretary. There his routine duties were efficiently and punctually discharged, and the time left to him after their performance was used in personal work among the young men of the city, many of whom he was blessed in leading to the Saviour. His bright cheerful face, his magnetic personality, his winning manner, and his sad experience of the temptations of Washington life made him an effective worker in the Master's service.

Mr. Brown's work in the Washington Y. M. C. A. became widely known, and calls came to him from other fields. He went to the Association at Charlottesville, Va., and a revival of religion occurred before he had been there many months. A large number of young men were won for Christ and went out into the town to bring in others. Thence he was transferred to Frederick, Md. There a similar movement resulted from his energetic and aggressive labors. At the urgent request of the State Secretary, he removed to Cumberland, Md., to organize an Association in that town. He succeeded in that effort. Not only was an Association formed but an evangelistic impulse was given to it which brought large numbers of young men into the fold of Christ.

While laboring at Cumberland, he heard of the wonderful opening there was in Japan, for the kind of work which had become peculiarly delightful to him, and in which God had so signally blessed him. Hearing that in Tokio alone there were eighty thousand young men—University students and others, who knew not Jesus, the longing to go to them and tell them of the Saviour filled his heart. He offered his services to two Mission Boards, but their expenditures for Japan were already as large as their resources warranted and his offer was declined by both. That answer would have satisfied some men that they were justified in remaining among their friends in their native land. Mr. Brown, however, could not rest at home with the consciousness of that field of work waiting for laborers. He laid the matter in prayer before God, asking a clear indication of the Divine will. He thought that if the means of travelling to Japan came into his hands it would be such an indication. They came; and Mr. Brown recognized their coming as an evident call to the work. He at once prepared to start. Some thought him rash in setting out without any visible means of support, but Mr. Brown is a man of strong faith and believed that God having called him to the work, would provide him with food and clothing necessary to his living. Affectionate farewells were spoken. The ministers and Christian workers at Cumberland were sorry to lose him. They held a meeting at which they spoke gratefully of the work done and bade him God-speed. At the Central Union Mission, in Washington, a similar meeting was held and in September last, Mr. Brown sailed with the good wishes of his old friends for his success. "I cannot express my feelings," Mr. Brown writes, "as I stood and looked back upon the receding shores of my native land, perhaps for the last time, and thought of the loved ones whose faces I might never see again, but I blessed God that he counted me worthy to go as his Ambassador to carry the news of eternal life to Japan, and those precious words of comfort and cheer, 'Lo! I am with you always,' came to me with a force and inspiration I had never known before."

Rev. C. S. Eby, D.D.

Mr. Brown has found the field of labor all that he expected it to be. His letters are written in the most hopeful strain. Many of the students speak English fluently so that he is not without opportunities of usefulness while acquiring the Japanese language. "They are bright, intelligent fellows," Mr. Brown says, "and already several have called for conversation on their eternal interests." What their influence will be, none can measure. They come from all parts of the Empire and every one who is converted will carry to his home the glad tidings and become a missionary in his turn. In this way the good seed may be sown among the thirty-three millions of Japanese, eighteen millions of whom have never heard the name of Jesus.

True to his principle of trusting God for everything, Mr. Brown receives no salary. He is connected as a volunteer worker with the Central Mission at Tokio. Its building was recently burned down, but, as will be seen by the accompanying picture, taken from a photograph, its restoration is in progress, and will soon be completed. It will accommodate a thousand persons, and there is no doubt of its being filled. The Christian work there is under the charge of Rev. C. S. Eby, D. D., whose portrait appears on this page. He was formerly a member of the Canadian Methodist Episcopal Church. Like Mr. Brown, he is working without salary, depending for his own support and the expenses of the Mission entirely upon God.

It is a privilege to help so consecrated a worker as Mr. Brown in such a field. That he is the right man to succeed there has been fully demonstrated. It is not possible for every Christian who longs for the salvation of that great nation to personally labor in the field, but all may participate, by contributing to the support of the worker. That God will provide for him, as he does for all who put their trust in him, there can be no doubt. It only remains to be seen who will be the Lord's instruments. That privilege is open to every one, and it is a grander privilege than any of us can realize in this life. We are told that the time is coming when a gift to a disciple will be recognized and rewarded, and how much more when that gift is to a disciple whom it aids in carrying on the work of the Lord. We sincerely hope that God will put it into the hearts of many of our readers to avail themselves of this privilege. Any subscriptions for this object will be gratefully received and promptly forwarded to Mr. Brown in Japan, if addressed to *Mr. George W. Wheeler, Central Union Mission, Washington, D.C.*

A BRAVE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

AT the close of the first day's fight at Fredericksburg (on December 13, 1862), hundreds of wounded were left dying on the field. Their agonizing cries went up for "Water! Water!" but none could help them and the roar of the guns mocked their distress. Many who heard the poor soldiers' piteous appeals felt the pangs of human compassion, but stifled them under necessity. But at length one brave fellow behind the stone rampart where the Southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy, and rose superior to the love of life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to Gen. Kershaw's headquarters, and, finding the commanding officer, said to him, excitedly: "General, I can't stand this any longer." "What's the matter, sergeant?" asked the General. "Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water." "But do you know," said the general, "that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?" "Yes, sir, I know it; but to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying, I'm willing to run the risk. If you say I may, I'll try it."

The general hesitated a moment, but finally said with emotion; "Kirkland, it's sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it, I hope God will protect you. Go."

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall and applied himself to his work of Christ-like mercy. Wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before his first service of love was finished everyone in the Union lines understood the mission of the noble soldier in gray, and not a man fired a shot. Hatred forbore its rage in a tribute to the deed of pity.

A RESCUE FROM THE TRACK.

A NARROW escape from a horrible death took place in Baltimore, Md., on Jan. 21st. A man who was walking late at night along the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, stumbled over a prostrate form. Stooping down to see what it was, he found that it was the body of a young man who was lying unconscious across the rails. He had barely time to drag him aside before the Western Express shot around a curve and swept over the spot where, a minute before, the youth had been lying. When restored to consciousness, the rescued youth said that he had been attacked by some roughs, and had attempted to get clear of them by running across the track. They had thrown stones at him, one of which had struck him on the head and stunned him. His assailants must have gone away, leaving him insensible on the track. But for the man finding him there as he did, he must have been killed. There are men all around us whom temptation and sin have overthrown and who are unable of themselves to escape eternal disaster. Many might be saved, as this young man was, if Christians would extend to them a helping hand, and lead them to Christ. (Luke 14: 23.)

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(*Continued from page 46.*)

WHILE Gerald Towneley was "enjoying" himself in convivial fashion with his friends in the village inn, in the later evening hour of that day; while Abram Hardle was seated in his solitary sitting-room, "expecting" the young squire to come and speak to him "above board" concerning Nora—that sad and sorrowful maiden was holding a secret interview with Jasper Rawdon, that accomplished rogue and hypocrite, who had so successfully assumed to be her convict father.

The Late George Bancroft. (*See page 53.*)

For some time the two had not met: Nora herself had begged and pleaded with her "father" not to ask it, as the risks of discovery were so great. The consummate actor had strengthened his hold upon her sympathies; had so successfully laid siege to her tenderer feelings, that her pity for him was very deep and very real.

On this occasion, Nora made her way in furtive fashion through the shadows, along the road towards Towneley Chase. Turning down a narrow lane which led to nothing but a few green fields, she perceived her poor, penitent, lonely, hunted, peril-environed father, who met her with outstretched hands, a sad, sweet smile, and words of melting meekness and affection. He imprinted one light, respectful kiss upon her brow, and said:

"Welcome, once more, dearly welcome, Nora! Ah, if you only knew what these moments are to me! Stray gleams of sunshine through a coal-black sky; strains of music breaking the awful silence of night. O Nora, dear, often when I am alone, and that you know is always, except when you bless me with your presence as you bless me now, I am so wearily lonely that life—but there, how can you know, sweet girl? I'll say no more. I must bear my burden alone. I ought to, and I will. Nothing has come to me but what I deserve. Silence best befits these lips, and silent they shall be!"

But they were not, they merely changed the subject, and just now that was—money. Could not Nora give him money to keep life in him? He did not mention any sum, but the drift of it all was she must do her best to meet his needs, until the sale of Hazelcroft enabled her to send him away in peace.

After a lengthened interview of an unusually distressful character, so far as Nora was concerned, she said, "I must go now; uncle wished me not to stop away long, as he expected someone who would ask to see me this evening."

"Nora!" said her companion, with the suspicion that always accompanies rascality. "You have not hinted to any living mortal that I am here?"

What could Nora be but silent? She remembered her burst of agonizing confession to Mrs. Appleton. So she stood perfectly speechless.

"Speak, girl! Have you flung a halter round the neck of your miserable father by entrusting his secret to another?" As he spoke he seized her wrist, and looked into her two eyes, with a look, as she thought, which had in it more of rage than apprehension. He hissed his question at her. "Have you? Yes or no?"

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Then go home and sleep in the happy consciousness that you have murdered your own father." The brutal word, stupidly and foolishly said, even when considered from his own stand-point, had more effect than he intended. He meant to work upon her fears, and to get the whole story of her breach of faith from her that he might know better what to do. What he did was to drive the blood to heart and brain in a rush, and to extort this answer while reason was reeling on her throne:

"Yes, it was to be. You murdered my mother; it is just that I should murder you!" Hereupon she uttered a scream loud and long, and flung herself upon him, as if she would tear him limb from limb. Jasper Rawdon was not equal to the situation his own vexation had created for him. He felt that he must disappear, and that at once, Leaping over a gate in the blind lane in which he had met his "daughter" for the last time, he left her to "cool down," as he put it to himself, and to make her way home with what speed she might.

And Nora Mansford did reach home, but not by her own witting or in her own strength. She wandered aimlessly up and down the lane; equally aimlessly, she wandered along the road that led to Towneley Chase. The night darkened; the stars came forth in hosts; the dews fell thick and heavy, and a mist lay upon the ground. Still Nora Mansford wandered on; now lifting her hands to heaven; now clasping them across her brow; and now looking at them as she turned them to and fro, as if to see if any blood-stains rested there—and every now and again she said, not loudly, but with an awful intensity, "I have murdered my father." Still she wandered; and the darkness deepened, and the silent stars looked down, and the night wind made moan around the hapless maiden, as she wandered to and fro, flitting like a ghost through the gloom, her locks wet with the dews of the night. She was quiet for a time, her senses dulled and stupefied by the excess of her remorse; then her imagination pictured her father being led back in fetters into durance, and the sight forced the cries from her lips, which George Appleton and Mr. Magrath heard as they were driving home from Hazelcroft. It was an evident relief to her when she recognized George. She laid her hand right willingly in the hand he held out to her, as she said:

"O George, I'm so glad it's you, Take me home. I've been ill, oh, so ill, and something stole across my brain. Where am I, George? Take me home. I'm better now, I think."

George took her up in his arms, carried his burden, a sadly light one, to the dog-cart, saying only this: "Yes, poor child, I'll take you home. You are quite safe now. But how did—"

"Hush! Take me home," she said. Then the idea of "murder," again took hold upon her, and she broke into hysterical weeping, crying, "No, No! Better leave me here to die!"

Then George knew that no questions could be safely asked. He soothed her with kind words, as a mother might, and again she was still. By the aid of his wondering companion, who displayed the deepest grief on learning who she was, Nora was lifted into the vehicle, was closely wrapped in the rugs with

which the travellers were provided, and so carefully held in the arms and near the heart of one who "could have died for her," she was borne as swiftly as it was safe for her to go to her home under Abram Hardale's roof.

That little household was in strong commotion. Tabitha Crowle had been for the last hour or two in a state of fretful worry, and indeed, of deep anxiety, because of the unusual absence of her favorite. It was, alas, no uncommon thing for Nora Mansford to steal away in the evening hours, but never to stay out so late or anything like so late as this.

Abram Hardale, too, was in one of his very crustiest moods. He had gone in and out, displaying growing irritation and vexation every time, asking every time he came in, "Has that lass come home yet?"

"Not yet," Tabitha would reply meekly, to keep him within bounds. "I daresay she's at Mrs. Appleton's. She'll be coming by-and-by."

At last the old man got waspish, angry, and began to say strong things. He remembered his interview with Gerald Towneley that morning. He thought of the young squire's failure to keep his word as to the "interview" he professed to desire. He jumped to the conclusion that the "slippery scoundrel," as he now chose to call him, had run off with Nora, and that her good name, and her chances of a "good marriage" into the Towneley family were gone for ever.

In his queer way he loved Nora, and every now and then there was a choking in the old man's throat, as he thought of any such harm coming to her. Fully convinced as time passed without Nora's return that something was wrong and that Towneley was at the bottom of it, the wrathful carpenter poured forth his vials of wrath on the head of Tabitha Crowle. Nothing but this was needed to rouse the faithful Tabitha into vigorous championship of the absent Nora.

"The little hussey's been wheedled off by that young scape-grace, Towneley," said Abram, on one of his sudden incursions into Tabitha's kitchen. "That's *my* opinion."

"*Your* opinion, is it?" said Tabitha bluntly. "It's a fair pattern o' most o' yours. They're most o' 'em thin bits o' things; an' yet you chuckle over 'em like a hen wi' one rickety chicken. There's fifty things that might hap'en to mek her late, fifty honest reasons an' good uns; an' yet you go an' pick aboot the only one there is that has no credit in it, as though you'd raather it was that than any other. You're just like a blue bottle, you'll only settle on a raw place; an' if there isn't one, you'll choose a spot o' red paint i'stead of it."

It may well be imagined that as the hours passed slowly by the relations between the carpenter and his housekeeper became very strained indeed, so much so that eventually, Abram roundly charged Tabitha with acting as the accomplice of his erring niece.

"I reckon you know all about it," said he, "if the truth was known. The girl could hardly carry on her tricks if some other woman wasn't as weak as she is, and helped her to her own ruin. How much are you to get for your share—?"

Tabitha's tongue was in general quite a sufficient cudgel to drive her defeated antagonist from the field, but the indignant and disgusted housekeeper had no words for this last outrage. So she started to her feet, closed those capable digits of hers convulsively, and would have paid him for his intolerable insult by a blow if the carpenter, conscious that he was in the wrong, and made cowardly by the fact, had not slipped out of the kitchen. He began pacing the yard where the wood was piled, and where crippled carts, and wounded wagon-wheels were waiting repairs. This was his occupation when the dog-cart was driven up in haste, and the now spent and helpless Nora was lowered into her waiting uncle's arms. In one moment the hard and iron look passed off from Abram Hardale's features; he looked on the wan, white face of Nora, folded her closely in his arms, printed a kiss upon her brow, and carried her to her chamber without a word. If Abram Hardale had only treated his sweet charge in that fashion from the day the unfriended lassie first crossed his threshold, what sorrow he might have saved her, what bitter trouble might have been made impossible. He had given her shelter, food, and clothing, but not the far more precious gift of heart and home.

Tabitha Crowle was now herself again. George had hasted for a doctor to attend to Nora, Abram Hardale was humbly at Tabitha's beck and call to fetch and carry, and wait upon her slightest word, and Tabitha was where Tabitha's tender touch and warm heart and practical skill found noble and fitting place by the poor, weak, swooning maiden's side, a "ministering angel" indeed.

And what could the doctor say, but that she must have had a shock; that she was dreadfully weak and unnerved; and that a slight stimulus was all that he dared administer. Good nursing was all she needed, and a mind at rest. The first she was certain to have, for her loving Tabitha was by her side; the second, alas, she could not have, because of the secret that was eating her young life away—and of that not even to Tabitha Crowle did she say one word. In the unrestful dreams of that long night, she frequently uttered vague words, half uttered some broken sentences—among which the expressions "father," "shame," "murder," found a place; but of these Tabitha Crowle and her co-watcher, Abram Hardale, could make nothing but set it all down as the reasonless vagaries of a wandering mind. Poor Nora!

Very early the next morning, indeed, immediately after she had received the news of Nora's strange condition from the lips of her son, the Widow Appleton repaired to Abram Hardale's, and gave Tabitha Crowle to understand that she had come to stay. "Not to take your place, Tabitha," she took care to say, "for nobody could do that, I think, in a sick-room, but to relieve you and help you as best I may."

No sooner was Mrs. Appleton installed by Nora's bedside than that sorely-tried maiden seemed to settle into calm. The sympathetic widow knew her secret, and although her confession of her agonising trouble had cost her dear, it was an unspeakable relief to have somebody by her before whom she need not be always on her guard, lest she should drop some word that might serve as a clue, and put the life and liberty of her "father" into unsafe hands.

But the calm which fell on Nora's nerves aud spirits brought with it a weakness that came perilously near a complete collapse. As she lay there in the cosy chamber, which was the only spot in the wide world where she felt herself in harbor, out of the trying storm, her face was as white as the pillow on which her head reclined, and her strength was so low that she could only speak in whispers, to catch which the widow had to bend her ear almost to her colorless lips. Mrs. Appleton was seriously alarmed and was full of fear lest the frail tenement of clay should fail to hold the sorrowful soul in life. Nora herself had the impression, not in the least unwelcome, that she was going to die.

"Are you better dear?" asked the widow as Nora waked out of a long sleep.

Nora smiled sadly. I shall never be better in the way you mean, dear friend," Nora answered. "I know Jesus is going to take me home. I am not sorry. I shall see my mother and be at peace. You will not tell my secret when I am dead Mrs. Appleton? Don't bring any harm to *him*."

"No, no, never without your consent. But I wish you would let me tell George or your uncle Hardale, instead of bearing all your burden yourself. It would relieve you and it might be good for him. He should not stay here; he ought to go to some safer place. Let me tell some one, Nora and get advice for you."

"No, no; you must not," said Nora, and the widow forebore to press her further.

(To be Continued.)

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A CONVERT'S TESTIMONY.

PREACHERS are sometimes puzzled to the evidences of conversion, there are some that are unmistakable. An illustration is found in an ident which occurred at the New rk Academy of Music on Sunday ening, January 11. There was a nifest work of the Holy Spirit at E CHRISTIAN HERALD service there that night, and many were deeply ved. When Dr. Talmage invited se who desired the prayers of d's people for their salvation to nd up, fully three hundred arose. tong them was Mr. J. H. Gregory, well known citizen of Key West, , who was visiting this city. He evidently in earnest and on uary 18, he was at the Academy in, and then accepted Christ as Saviour. Now Mr. Gregory had go through a struggle before he y reached peace. He was under influence of a strong and not unural feeling of resentment. He left an enemy behind him in rida toward whom he was deeply bittered. Mr. Gregory, it appears, uilding a new house. The adjat lot is in the possession of a lthy citizen who showed considere ingenuity in embarassing the kmen who are putting up Mr. gory's house. He put up a fence y one inch and a half from the r house so that the workmen ld not proceed with the work. Gregory protested and offered to uild the fence at his own expense is neighbor would postpone it the house was finished. The ghbor, however, was intractable. insisted on it remaining, in spite he inconvenience it was causing. ed, when the fence was acntally destroyed by fire it was mptly rebuilt before the workmen ld take advantage of its absence. s conduct Mr. Gregory regarded nneighborly; and when he left rida for New York his resentment inst the man who had annoyed was at the boiling point. In the demy, when the Holy Spirit ched his heart, the thought of this came up in his mind. To his surprise, he found that it aroused angry feeling. All the resentment, ation and hatred the memory of man was wont to excite had disappeared. He felt kindly to him. The seemed no longer an enemy, but rother. The love that filled his rt, extended to his adversary and he been there he would have ped his hand in friendship. "I going back to Florida," said Mr. gory as he told the story, "with e but the kindest feelings toward and I shall let it be known that grace of God has taken away all animosity. I am a new man. rything seems different to me. I forgive easily. I love every one, n my enemy." So much God's e can do with the hardest heart.

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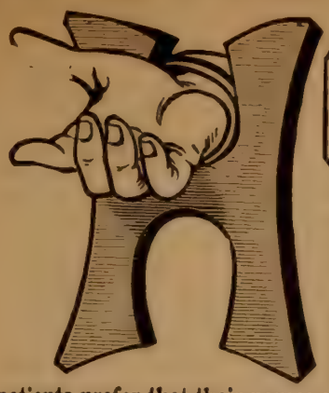

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I MAY not always know the way,
Wherein God leads my feet;
But this I know, that round my path,
His love and wisdom meet;
And so I rest, content to know
He guides my feet where'er I go.

Sometimes above the path I tread,
The clouds hang dark and low;
But thro' the gloom, or thro' the night,
My heart no fear can know,
For close beside me walks a Friend
Who whispers low, "*Until the end.*"

I may not always understand
Just *why* He sends to me,
Some bitter grief, some heavy loss,
But though I cannot see—
I kneel and whisper thro' my tears
A prayer for help, and know He hears.

My cherished plans and hopes may fail,
My idols turn to dust,
But this I know my Father's love
Is always safe to trust:
These things were dear to me, but still,
Above them all I love His will.

Oh, precious peace within my heart;
Oh, blessed rest to know
A Father's love keeps constant watch,
Amid life's ebb and flow;
I ask no more than this; I rest
Content, and know His way is best.

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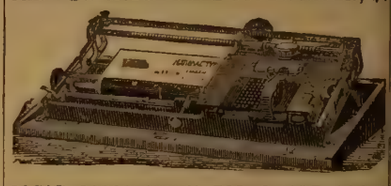

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VOLUME XIV., No. 5.
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"One thing thou lackest." Mark 10 : 21.

THE young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable, and frank, and earnest, and educated, and refined, and respectable, and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you : "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was no more appropriate to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a great multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are not lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is, perhaps, no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones, hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these winter evenings, the children at the stand with their lessons, the wife plying the needle, and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home. Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard, and apology. You have on appropriate apparel. I shall wear no better dress at the wedding than when I come to the marriage of the King's Son. If I am well clothed on other occasions, I will be in religious audience. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblage, I shall have on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of everyday life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come to-night to your house, you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one; or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means, "I'll stand by you," and after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say : "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store," and the man goes off, giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian. It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while ; but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says : "I am a sinner." You respond : "So am I." Some one says : "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say ; "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you ; and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account : "One thing thou lackest."

Christ Knocking at the Door.

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You do not know what is the matter with you. You say : "I did not sleep last night. I think that must be the reason of my restlessness ;" or, "I have eaten something that did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. O my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition. Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or stung with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever. I never shall forget one man in my first parish, who, in excruciation of body, cried out : "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I can't think of my sufferings when I think of Christ." Why his face was illumined. There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of Christ, while there is great joy in his service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than six months, who would stand up to-night, if I should ask them, and say in those six months they have had more joy and satisfaction than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin-shop to-night, and when the gang of young men come out, ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they jeer, and they shout ; but nobody has any idea that they are happy.

I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an aged man arose in a praying circle, and said : "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and it broke my heart ; but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, escaped from all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and you see I am getting old, and it is rather hard upon me ; but I am sure God will not let me suffer. He has not taken care of me for seventy-five years now to let me drop out of his hands." I went into the room of an aged man —his eye-sight nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone—and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said : "I would like to go over and join my wife on the other side of the flood, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy there." What is it that gave that aged man so much satisfaction and peace? Physical exuberance? No ; it has all gone. Sunshine. He cannot see it. The voices of friends. He cannot hear them. It is the grace of God, that is brighter than sunshine and that is sweeter than music. If a harpist takes a harp and finds that all the strings are broken but one string, he does not try to play upon it. Yet here will show you an aged man, the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction such melody, that the angels of God stop the swift stroke of their wings, and hover above the place until the music ceases. O religion "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ, I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul : "One thing thou lackest."

I remark again, that you lack the element of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 260 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend, immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley ; but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candy to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own

art. You know that the flight of an arrow epends very much upon the strength of the ow, and I have to tell you that the best bow at was ever made was made out of the cross Christ; and hen religion kes a soul and ts it on that, and lls it back and s it fly, every me it brings wn a Saul or oliath. There e people here of gh social posi- n, and large ans, and cul- ed minds, who, they would me into the gdom of God, uld set the city fire with reli- us awaken- .

"GOD WILL NOT LET ME SUFFER."

Oh, hear you not the more than million ces of those in these two cities who are un- nverted? Voices of those who these two cities are dying in ir sins? They want light. They nt bread. They want Christ. ey want heaven. Oh, that the d would make you a flaming ngel. As for myself, I have rn before high heaven that ll preach this Gospel as well as n, in all its fullness, until every e of my body, and every faculty my mind, and every passion of soul, is exhausted. But we all e a work to do. I cannot do r work, nor can you do my work. l points us out the place where are to serve, and yet are there people in this house who are ty, forty, fifty, and sixty years ge, and yet have not begun the t work for which they were ted? With every worldly equip- t: "One thing thou lackest." gain, you lack the element of onal safety. Where are those ple who associated with you rty years ago? Where are those ple that, fifteen years ago, used cross South Ferry, or Fulton y, with you, to Brooklyn? Walk n the street where you were usiness fifteen years ago, and ow all the signs have changed re are the people gone? How y of them are landed in eter- I cannot say, but many, many. I to the village of my boyhood. The houses anged. I passed one house in which once ed a man who had lived an earnest, useful and he is in glory now. In the next house ser lived. He devoured widows' houses, spent his whole life in trying to make the worse and worse. And he is gone—the man and the miser both gone to the same . Ah, did they go to the same place? It infinite absurdity to suppose them both in ame place. If the miser had a harp, what did he play on it? O my friends I com- l to you this religion as the only personal y. When you die, where are you going to? n we leave all these scenes, upon what s will we enter? When we were on ship- l, and we all felt that we must go to the m, was I right in saying to one next me: onder if we will reach Heaven if we do go to-night." Was I wise or unwise in ask- iat question? I tell you that man is a fool never thinks of the great future.

I apply this subject to the aged—not here—not many in any assemblage. Peo- not live to get old. That is the general Here and there an aged man in the . I tell you the truth. You have lived enough in this world to know that it can- tisfy an immortal nature. I must talk to you more reverentially than I do to these other people, while at the same time I speak with great plainness. O father of the weary step, O mother, bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years, who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! O, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this: "One thing thou lackest"?

Oh, if you could only feel the hand of Christ smoothing the cares out of wrinkled faces. Oh, if you could only feel the warm arm of Christ steadying your tottering steps. I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out: "One thing thou lackest." It was an importunate appeal a young man made in a prayer-meeting when he rose up and said: "Do pray for my old father. He is seventy years of age and he don't love Christ." That father passed a few more steps on in life and then he went down. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it is. It is so hard a thing that it cannot be done by any human work; but God Almighty can do it by his omnipotent grace; he can bring you at the eleventh hour—at half-past eleven—at one minute of twelve he can bring you to the peace and the joys of the glorious Gospel.

"One Thing Thou Lackest."

I must make application of this subject, also, to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources but have you no treasures in heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prospered man, if you reject Christ, and reject him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds down the hill-side, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed!"

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you cannot pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash-barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot-bath was the streaming blood of his own heart. O you poor man! O you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to him to-night. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, Thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to Thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will he? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says: "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

If you have ever been on the sea, you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Sometimes you go along two, three, four, five, six, and seven days, and do not see a single sail; but when a vessel does come in sight, the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near, then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water: "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? Whither bound?" I know what service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of that sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, Thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help all prayers for our future deliver-

"PRAY FOR MY OLD FATHER."

ance! O, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live. Taste and see that the Lord is gracious. In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving, and heaven is so near, drop your sins, and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow, or drop from the throne, uttering just four words — four sad annihilating words: "One thing thou lackest."

THE DEATH-BED FRIEND.

If you pay money, you take a receipt. If you buy land, you record the deed. Why? Because everything is so uncertain, you want it down in black and white you say. For a house and lot twenty-five feet front by one hundred feet deep, all security; but for a soul, vast as eternity, nothing, nothing! If some man or woman, standing in some of these aisles, should drop down, where would you go to? Which is your destiny? Suppose a man is prepared for the future world, what difference does it make to him whether he goes to his home to-day or goes into glory? Only this difference: if he dies he is better off. Where he had one joy on earth, he will have a million in heaven. Where he has a small sphere here, he will have a grand sphere there. Perhaps it would cost you sixty, or one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars to have your physical life insured, and yet free of charge, I offer you insurance on your immortal life, payable, not at your decease, but now, and to-morrow, and every day, and always.

My hope in Christ is not so bright as many Christians', I know; but I would not give it up for the whole universe, in one cash payment, if it were offered me. It has been so much comfort to me in time of trouble, it has been so much strength to me when I have been assailed, it has been so much rest to me when I have been perplexed, and it is around my heart such an encasement of satisfaction and blessedness that I can stand here before God, and say: Take away my health, take away my life, take everything rather than rob me of this hope, this plain, simple hope which I have in Jesus Christ my Lord. I must have this robe when the last chill strikes through me. I must have this light when all other lights go out in the blast that comes up from the cold Jordan. I must have this sword with which to fight my way through all those foes on my way heavenward.

WILL WE REACH HEAVEN TO-DAY?

When I was in London I saw there the wonderful armor of Henry VIII. and Edward III. And yet I have to tell you that there is nothing in chain mail or brass plate, or gauntlet, or halberd, that makes a man so safe as the armor in which the Lord God clothes his dear children. O, there is a safety in religion. You will ride down all your foes. Look out for that man who has the strength of the Lord God with him. As a matter of personal safety, my dear friends, you must have this religion.

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. Chiefly to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding-houses. They have but few social advantages. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart fails them. Young man, to-night, at your bedroom door on the third floor, you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying: "O, young man, let me come in; I will help thee, I will comfort thee, I will deliver thee." Take the Bible out of the trunk, if it has been hidden away, take that Bible that was given to you long ago by some loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray, and pray and read, until all your disturbance is gone, and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man. "Escape for thy life!" Escape now! "One thing thou lackest!"

The Birth-place in Southampton, Eng., of Dr. Isaac Watts.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ISAAC WATTS.

THE whole Church throughout Christendom is indebted to the famous writer whose hymns will probably never be entirely displaced by modern poets. For nearly two centuries they have been favorites with churches of many denominations. The accompanying illustration is a picture of the house in which Isaac Watts was born, July 17, 1764. It was a scene of grievous trouble in those days of Stuart tyranny. The father of the poet was seized, soon after his son's birth, and sent to prison for the "crime" of attending a Congregational Church. A tradition survives in the old town, that the young mother, with her babe in her arms, used to issue from the house daily and take her way to the vicinity of the jail where her husband was confined, and stand there for an hour, so that he might be cheered by seeing her from the window of his cell. He was released after two years, and lived to see his son a minister.

REV. THOMAS HARRISON.

The Boy Preacher's Early Life and Evangelistic Wo in the Great Cities of the Union.

WE are assured, on infallible authori that they who turn many to righteou ness shall shine as the stars forever a ever. In this world, they whose lustre attrac the public eye, are the millionaires, the pron nent statesmen, the great soldiers and mo archs of the time; but the day is coming wh men will give honor to men of far oth achievements. The wealth and pomp and g ry of the world will bring no honor and give pleasure equal to that which the servant Christ will enjoy as he sees some soul in t presence of God who learned the way the from his lips. Many Christians realize the fa now, and all such will be glad to learn son thing of the man whose portrait appears on t first page, and who has been used of God in th work in our day to a truly remarkable exte During the past fifteen years he has devoted his time and energies and talents to it, and has pleased God to crown his labors w the salvation of multitudes of souls. Th the result has come from the power God and not from his own merit or eff none would be more ready to declare th Mr. Harrison himself. The Spirit, like t wind, bloweth where it listeth. Men wo der that so many souls are moved unc Mr. Harrison's preaching, and ask what the secret of his power. To him it is n a mystery. He depends wholly and sol on the Spirit's work and his one aim is become, through self-forgetfulness a self-submissiveness, an instrument whi can be used in the work which first a last is of God. There is no other expla ation of the extraordinary success whi has followed his labors everywhere.

A Visit to Seventeenth Street

Methodist Church, New York, where M Harrison is now laboring, well repays student of the methods of successful eva gelistic work. The area presents a sce of upturned, eager faces, each one mark by the same emotion, that of intense e nestness and enthusiasm, while in no few cases the eyes are filled with tea here tears of heartfelt sorrow, there te of joy. Parents weeping with gladn that the prayers of their lives are be answered in the conversion of their ch dren; sinners weeping, as they see for first time how loving and patient a be is the God against whom they have belled. Following the direction of concentrated gaze of the congregati what do we see? Moving to and across the platform, with a quick, nerv step, is a slight, pale young man, in appearan a mere boy, but little over five feet in heig with neither beard nor whisker, his short, li hair brushed straight up from a high intellec al forehead, and with piercing eyes of remar ble brightness. Every gesture, every mo ment is the expression of a highly nervous te perament, in which the physical seems to lost in the spiritual and mental.

The sermon is usually very short, and is the most part directed to one point. With the vigor Mr. Harrison possesses, he attacks citadel of the will. He is profoundly impres with the conviction that the great stumbli block by which men are kept from Christ is same as it was in the days of the Master, w exclaimed, "Ye will not come unto me that might have life." Mr. Harrison assumes t his hearers know how they may be saved, a also that they need salvation, therefore he c fines his utterances on those points to a striking illustrations which set them vivi before the mind.

Then he applies himself to what he consid the main difficulty, and words of warning, entreaty, of encouragement, fall in a torr from his lips. But the signs following—str

ien dissolved in tears; children solemly giv-
g themselves to God; hardened sinners fling-
g themselves on their knees entreating mercy,
o not seem to be the effects of his appeal as the
ord "effects" is usually understood. These
gns are rather the result of an unseen influ-
ice, a mighty wave which rolls in irresistible
ower over the assemblage, swaying all hearts
nd carrying men into the ocean of God's love.
he greatest of all miracles, far surpassing
ose worked on material and visible objects—a
oral, spiritual miracle, in which the heart of
one is turned into the heart of flesh, is work-
l by Almighty power, and we stand still in awe,
rgetting the instrument employed, and say,
Thou didst it."

Thomas Harrison is a native of Boston, Mass.,
id was born December 25th, 1854. He is the
n of a pious mother, whose prayers on his be-
alf, that he might be brought in early life to
sus and the means of bringing others to him,
ave been abundantly answered.

His Conversion

as thus described by himself at a camp-meet-
g in Ohio, not long ago: "If ever there was
Christian on earth my mother is. It was my
other's constant prayers that guided me. But
efore I yielded, these influences bothered me a
reat deal, they worried me; and after school
would throw my books down, and go to my
om and pray and weep. One summer I went
own to New Brunswick on a vacation. I was
aving a good time till one morning I received
telegram from home, running thus: 'Freddie
dead:' I felt inclined to yield at that solemn
me, but I didn't.

"I was standing the next winter on the street,
the snow, and leaning against a cold icy
mp-post, lost in thought, when I seemed
hear a voice saying to me, 'Now or never.'
ut I said 'Good God, you don't ask me to get
own in the snow and ice. I can't kneel here
the street; just wait till I get to my room,
nd I'll give up all. I'm afraid Lord, I'll freeze
ere.' Again I seemed to hear the voice, 'Now
r never.' Again I remonstrated but a third
me the words 'Now or never' thrilled me. I
ave up, and cried 'Now, Lord,' and he re-
eved me as quick as a flash. That's the way
was converted."

At that time Mr. Harrison was engaged as
lerk in a store, but God had other work for
im to do, and by the advice of the Rev. Daniel
ichards, pastor of the Dorchester Methodist
piscopal Church, he at once commenced a
ourse of training for the Christian ministry.
Ie entered as a student at Wilbraham Academy,
f which the Rev. Edward Cook was at that
ime principal, and after remaining there some
ime and receiving license to preach, he was
eceived into Brooklyn Lay College under the
are of Dr. Talmage.

A Baptism of Fire.

Mr. Harrison's success as a gatherer of souls
vas as sudden as it is remarkable. It was mani-
ested first at Long Plain, whither he went on a
isit to a friend and preached in the church
here. No results came until one day, Mr. Harri-
on and his friend went out into the woods, and
neeling there on the ground besought God for
ower. That their prayer was answered, was
oon proved. A revival commenced, which
tirred the whole neighborhood, and continued
nany weeks.

The following spring Mr. Harrison attended
he meetings of the General Conference

At Baltimore.

During his visit he preached with marked suc-
ess in the Eutah Church, and the services were
ttended by many ministers of the Baltimore
hurches, who were struck by the evidences of
ulpit power in one so young. The summer
vas spent in close application to study and ac-
ive work in his native State, and in the fall he
eturned to Baltimore to hold special services.
The work commenced at the Franklin Street
Church in November, 1876. For six weeks he
abored there with great success and then ac-
epted invitations to other churches in the city which were similarly blessed. At one church—the Union Square Methodist—the services continued for twenty weeks and at the concluding meeting about a thousand persons made a profession of faith. Dr. France, the pastor of the church, kept a careful record of the converts, many of whom joined other churches, and many months afterward said that he personally knew of over nine hundred of the thousand, and they were then leading consistent Christian lives.

For about two years Mr. Harrison made Baltimore his headquarters, from which he made excursions to Trenton, N. J., to Washington, D. C., and to Georgetown, D. C., and attended the camp-meetings in Ohio and Pennsylvania. At the Foundry Church, Washington, the results which characterized the Baltimore work were witnessed and a large addition was made to the church. At one of the meetings, the late Chief Justice Waite was present. He watched the proceedings for some time and listened to the testimonies of the converts; then turning to Gen. Fisk, who had accompanied him, he grasped his hand and said, "This is the happiest hour of my life." *(See Illustration No. 4.)*

A memorable day in Mr, Harrison's life was the last day of his work at Wharton Street, Philadelphia. It was a day of jubilee over a thousand souls brought in during the services. The first service of the day was a praise service at six o'clock in the morning. Five hundred persons were present at that early hour. The crowning event of the day, however, was the sermon preached by Bishop Matthew Simpson at the noon service. The church was packed in every part and every inch of standing-room was occupied. The numbers present and the event celebrated moved the eminent bishop to more than even his usual eloquence, and he preached such a sermon as will never be forgotten by any who heard it. *(See Illus. No. 1.)*

During the next few months, Mr. Harrison labored at Trinity Church, Lima, Ohio, at Wharton Street, Philadelphia and in Buffalo, N. Y., and in each town the work was signally blessed. In May, 1880, Dr. Talmage invited Mr. Harrison to hold services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. They were continued week after week, with a work of grace continually widening and deepening. Frequently, the large edifice, holding upward of five thousand persons, was not large enough to accommodate all who came. *Dr. Talmage said* at the close of the meetings: "I wish as a part of my service to express my heartfelt, unqualified approval of the way brother Harrison works, his services eclipse the ways of all other evangelists I have ever seen.'

A Re-ordination.

The subject of illustration No. 2, on first page, is one among many delightful recollections of the evangelist's life. It occurred in the great revival at Springfield, Ill., when two thousand two hundred converts assembled to praise God for their new life. Bishop Bowman, the senior Bishop of the M. E. Church, took part in the service. He looked around at the immense gathering, and then, crossing the pulpit, placed his hand on Mr. Harrison's head, and in impressive tones said: "I ordain you, in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, to go forth and win more souls for the Master." It was a solemn scene, and one that the Evangelist will never forget.

Among many prominent men who have given their hearts to God under Mr. Harrison's ministrations one especially, for personal reasons, is remembered with thankfulness. At one of the services during the revival at Danville, Ill., Mr. Harrison was surprised to see among those who rose to ask for prayer General Black, afterward Commissioner of Pensions. He went forward with others to the altar, and before he left the meeting was rejoicing in Christ. During the remainder of the meetings he was one of the prominent workers in leading other souls to the Saviour. *(See Illustration No. 3.)*

It has been impossible to give here more than the faintest idea of the extent of the blessing which has attended Mr. Harrison's labors in the various cities he has visited. Sufficient has been said, however, to show that in a very marked and extraordinary degree God has owned and blessed his work. We are sure that many earnest men among our readers would be glad if they, too, could render similar service to the Master. In order to give them practical help in such efforts, we have induced Mr. Harrison to furnish for publication in this journal a series of articles containing hints suggested by his extensive experience of revival work. They will be on the various features of evangelistic service, including preparations for a revival; the opening; the influence of music and the place it should have; the methods of dealing with seekers; care of converts; reminiscences of great revivals and kindred subjects. We earnestly hope that these articles, which will be thoroughly practical, may be made useful to many laborers in the Lord's vineyard and so his kingdom may be advanced.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

An Offer of a Passage to Africa for One Dollar has tempted a large number of colored people in Georgia to invest. On January 17 a man who acted as their deputy waited on the Passenger Agent of the East Tennessee Railroad at Atlanta, and asked for special rates for about five hundred persons to Savannah. The agent was incredulous but on investigation, he found that there really were that number in Atlanta, waiting for transportation to Savannah. They were going to Africa, they said, where they would be able to live in plenty without work. They had bought tickets good from Savannah to Africa for one dollar each, and they produced them to convince the agent. The tickets were gaudily printed cards merely authorizing "the bearer to start for Africa." There appears to be no doubt that the deluded people had really paid one dollar each for the cards and it is stated that over fourteen hundred have been sold in the State. Their preachers had vainly endeavored to disabuse their minds and some of them had been hooted at and threatened with violence for their pains. Some unprincipled schemers must have taken advantage of the ignorance of the poor people to defraud them of their money. The prospect of ease and luxury to be obtained at so low a rate was an offer they could not resist. It may be hoped that in future they will give more heed to the words of their preachers, who while they caution them against trusting in such delusive promises, will tell them how they may really reach a land of bliss unspeakable without money and without price. (Heb 11: 16.)

The Love of a Visitor to New York Led to his death recently. During the past two months, a young man has been staying in the city, who represented a firm of merchants in Vienna. He was sent here to sell goods for his employer, and was instructed to visit Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities after canvassing New York. Immediately on his arrival, he called upon a lady, whose husband is at present in Vienna, and delivered to her a parcel with which the husband had intrusted him. He became infatuated with her and spent his time in her company instead of attending to his business in New York, and then proceeding to other cities as directed. His employers receiving no orders from him, grew dissatisfied and finally ordered him to return. He replied admitting his non-success in New York, but promising to immediately start on a Western tour. But he lingered, being unable to break the spell of his guilty infatuation. On January 20, he received imperative orders to return to Vienna immediately. The letter drove him to desperation, and he committed suicide. Probably few men would have taken their lives for such cause; but there are many, who are losing their souls rather than give up some cherished sin. Numbers of men are in the position, in which the soul can be saved only by a sacrifice so painful that Christ likened it to cutting off the right hand and are unable to make the sacrifice, and do not pray to God for the necessary strength. (Matt. 5: 30.)

ELIJAH TAKEN TO HEAVEN.

S. S. LESSON FOR FEB. 15, BY MRS. M. BAXTER II. KINGS 2: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT, GEN. 5: 24.

The Two Exceptions to the Rule of Death—Two Men in Close Communion with God—The Translation a Type of the Coming Rapture—Elisha's Persistent Companionship—His Choice of a Blessing—The Condition—The Mantle of Elijah Falls Upon Him.

TWO men only, out of all the myriads who have peopled this earth, have been taken away without dying. Both these were men of faith. "By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found because God had translated him: for before he was translated, he had this testimony that he pleased God:" Elijah was a man of faith in the living God. "Enoch walked with God," Elijah stood before the Lord God of Israel: both were inseparably connected with, both intensely dependent on, their God. Every step of the one, every word and action of the other, sprang out of the will of their God, which he revealed to them, and which they accepted from him.

"Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," but God knows how to make

His Own Exceptions.

Jesus has "destroyed him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil," "he hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." But only two men, and those both Old Testament men, have so entered into the thought of our God as to be able by faith to be translated that they should not see death. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." When the Church of Christ understands her vocation, and her heavenly citizenship, and when she has put on her beautiful garments, and the beauty of her Lord is upon her, then he shall come and receive her unto himself without dying. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." (I. Cor. 15: 51, 52.) Just at the present time, when everything seems to be in suspense and breathless, as though waiting for some great thing to happen, may we not believe that the Lord's coming for his Bride will be the possible solution of the state of things? Is it not the greatest of all coming things? Therefore the translation of Elijah may have a bearing on the present state of things in the Church which is of infinite importance to us.

Elijah knew that he was going to be translated. Elisha knew it, too, and so did the sons of the prophets. The Spirit of God shows "things to come" (John 16: 13), to such as are not absorbed with things present. The king and his nobles knew nothing of what was passing, but Elijah, who saw now the answer to his prayers, and the fruit of his life of solitude, and intense consciousness of God, in the springing up of schools of the prophets around him, saw in them also some development of spiritual intelligence. They all knew, and could put the question to Elisha, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master to-day?"

Elijah Longed to be Alone.

The more intimate our acquaintance with our God, the more intense is our longing for solitude; and the more impossible it is to hold on our way with man unless we are much alone with our God. Three times the prophet urged on his follower Elisha to leave him. "Tarry here, for the Lord hath sent me to Bethel, . . to Jericho, . . to Jordan." And three times Elisha withstood his master! He too, had a life alone with God. The mantle of Elijah had been cast upon him without his seeking for it; but since God had called him, Elijah himself should not stand in the way of his vocation. The sons of the prophets were easily disposed of with their question, "Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day? Yea; I know it; hold ye your peace" was all he had to say to them.

Some forty miles had been traversed: why all this journey? We know not; it may be that Elijah left the breath of prayer on every acre of ground over which he passed. Fifty sons of the prophets, who were aware of what was about to happen, stood to view afar off, and the two prophets stood by Jordan. What would happen next? "Elijah took his mantle and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither." Already the powers of the world to come were upon him, that which was not impossible with God was not impossible to him, as he stood almost separated from earth already, on the brink of Jordan. Where God bid him go there was no barrier strong enough to restrain him; mountains, rivers, everything must give way.

One intense God-begotten desire filled the soul of Elisha, but he had so drunk into the spirit of his master that he did nothing, even by a word, to bring it about. It is unbelief and not faith which is anxious about the fulfilment of God's promises. He knew that his God was to be counted upon, that God was in as full earnest in calling him to his vocation as he was in accepting it, and although his master's moments upon earth were numbered, and it looked as though the time would pass, and he should lose the opportunity to obtain his request, Elisha knew that his God had all in hand; and he waited on in silence. And not in vain, "It came to pass when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee before I be taken away from thee." It was God's answer. Not in vain had he followed the untiring steps of Elijah through that long journey, not in vain had he been true to his vocation to follow Elijah even when Elijah himself would discourage him. Not in vain had he kept silence and counted the presence of his God something more to be appreciated than even the last moments of his prophet-master upon earth. "Ask what I shall do for thee." Elisha needed no time to come to a decision; the same strength of purpose which had made him slay his oxen when he was first called, and burn his old farm implements, now centred in the only desire of his heart. "Let

A Double Portion of Thy Spirit

be upon me." Elijah was not a popular man, he was hated and feared at court, his stern, uncompromising, unearthly holiness of life, was a witness against the spirit of the age in which he lived. A double portion of his spirit would prove of no earthly advantage to Elisha; it meant, perhaps, persecution, misunderstanding, poverty, hardship among men. But Elisha had seen a life of fellowship with God; glimpses of the unseen world and its realities had been given him in the ordinary life of a man who was always face to face with God.

Elisha looked on things with a prophetic eye, and had learned to weigh things in heavenly balances. He had come to see that acquaintance with a God that answereth by fire was of far more vital importance than acquaintance at court, for Ahab was worsted with all his prophets when challenged by the man who represented God. He had seen that numbers count for nothing when they are opposed to God, all Baal's prophets were weaker than the one man who simply trusted in his God, and he had seen the voice of a nation suddenly turned round to the witness of that one man who had the living God on his side. The light of eternity shone upon his prophet-soul, and Elisha judged not according to man in the flesh, but according to God in the Spirit. But oh, how few there are who judge as Elisha did! How many there are, even among Christians, who think that a fair show in the flesh, something which man can see, and admire, and appreciate, is of more value than that life "hid with Christ in God" which "the world knoweth not, because it knew him not." A life which makes no noise, attracts no attention, and yet, wherever it is seen, leaves the impress of God behind it.

"Thou hast asked a hard thing; but

If Thou See Me

when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so." No sons of the prophets could follow in the miraculous pathway of the divided Jordan, only Elisha had faith to follow; he knew he was anointed for his vocation, and he began to understand the solemnity of his mission. He had had faith to walk through the divided waters, and had seen things of time and sense subject to his master's faith in God; should he fail just now when the test was to keep a steady eye on the world unseen by man? There are few who look fixedly on the unseen; men must have something tangible for their senses to lean upon, a reason which may commend itself to their intelligence, a feeling which may commend itself to their hearts, anything but the living God himself.

The ice was broken; the silence in which the two prophets had travelled that wondrous journey ceased; "they talked together," but Elisha's eye was fixed upon his master. "While they still went on and talked, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." The Lord has heavenly hosts at his command; he is not confined to earth for instruments to do his will. He can send at his bidding "twelve legions of angels." (Matt. 26: 53.) Elisha was never disconcerted after this time; he learned his lesson that God can carry out his purposes by other than earthly instruments. In apparent danger of death at Dothan, he still saw God's chariots and horses around him (II. Kings 6: 17). "Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." He knew that he had obtained his request, and in token of it, he tore his clothes in two pieces, and took up, as his own henceforth, the mantle which dropped from the ascended Elijah. And with it he claimed and believed in, the double portion of his spirit, to be the prophet of the Lord in his room.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for Feb. 15. Gen. 5: 24: "And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

"WHY did the minister say that God took him, mamma?" The question was asked by a boy of some twelve years, who, nestling close to his mother's knee, as, clad in deep mourning, she sat rocking herself in a low chair. They had just returned from that heart-breaking journey to the cemetery, the misery of which still crushes us with its desolation as it has done all who have gone before us.

"God did take him, Henry. Oh! if it were not that I knew that, my heart would break," said the widow, more to herself than to the boy.

"Does that comfort you then, mamma? I should have thought it made it worse. You can't think so much of God as you used to, if it is he who has taken Papa from us."

The widow shuddered. The wound was so fresh and the boy was unconsciously laying it bare before her eyes. Was he voicing a thought that, struggle as she would, she could not quite put out of her mind? "I must," she exclaimed wildly, "I must; I will not listen to the enemy. God is good; though he slay me I will trust in him. Yes, my boy, we will hold fast our faith all the more now when we shall need it more."

"But why did God take him, mamma? You said God loves us and he loved Papa. It seems a strange thing for anyone to do who loves us. I thought when we loved people we tried to make them happy. This makes us miserable. You have been crying ever since Papa died and I am sure I feel dreadful. Why *did* God take him, mamma?"

Ah! if the poor mourner could have told her boy the reason for the blow, how much lighter her burden would have been! What a mystery it all was to her! Her darling husband, so good so kind, so necessary to her and her boy, cut down in his prime—who could tell the reason! Yet the boy must not be allowed to cherish hard thoughts of God. If they were allowed to strike their roots into his young mind the mischief might be life long. "We do not know the 'why,' Henry," she said gently. "We have

to believe that there is a reason without knowing it. That is what we call faith. You know I love you, do you not?"

"Oh, yes; mamma?"

"Well, suppose you had a book or a toy that you were very pleased with, and I took it from you for some reason that you were not old enough to understand, you would be puzzled. You might wish you knew the reason, or you might wish I did not take it away; but it would be very hard, after all I have done for you, if you thought it was a proof that I did not love you. I should expect you to believe that I loved you still and that I knew best what was good for you. God expects that of us."

"It is not good for us to have Papa taken away," said the boy stoutly.

"Oh! it must be," said the widow, clasping her hands in agony. "It does not seem so, but God knows. We must trust him."

"Perhaps, it is good for Papa."

"Ah, yes, there is no doubt of that." The right string was touched. The mother could tell her boy of the happiness of those whom God takes. She had no doubt of that. She talked to him of Enoch, who, after walking with God for centuries, "was not, for God took him." Of Elijah, whom he took in a chariot of fire. Of Ridley and Latimer and Hooper, who, in later times, also left this world for the other in chariots of fire, willing to go, after bearing their testimony to him in the world. She told him that the passage was short, whatever the equipage, whether it was by violence or, as in the case of his father, it was only by ordinary sickness. The walk with God ended in the presence of God. Where else could it end? All creeds were summed up in that rule of conduct. She urged her boy to that walk, to the purity of life, the constant prayerfulness, the conscious dependence for guidance on the Unseen, which the walking with God implies, and assured him that in the end, whenever it might come, the state beyond the grave would be the fuller and more conscious experience of the light which had shone on the earthly path.

The boy listened, watching the light that beamed in his mother's eyes, and wondering that she should lose the sense of her burden as she talked. She also was walking in the light; and, years afterward, when he, too, was bearing the heavy weight of bereavement, having laid her dearly loved form in the grave, he was comforted by the thought once so dark to him, that God had taken her.

THE TWO AGES: A CONTRAST.

The Characteristics of the Present and Future Ages as Outlined in Prophecy.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

THAT the different characteristics given in the Scriptures of the future should describe *the same age* cannot be conceived. Both the present age, and the millennial age, were future to the prophetic writers, and to our Lord. They were not, however, describing in their predictions these distinct ages as one and the same, inasmuch as there would be found both sharp contradictions, and irreconcilable statements. By noting the ages, however, within their circumscribed limits, we see how exactly the predictions fit to each dispensation, as key to lock.

I. We may now examine the features of

The Present Age.

1. It will continue an age of worldliness and pleasure-seeking. Our Lord compares the days of the period when he shall come, to the days that were before the flood, and to the days of Sodom. The people then were solely occupied with selfish and worldly pursuits—eating, drinking, marrying, buying, selling, planting, building. (Luke 17: 26–30.)

2. It will remain a scoffing age. The Apostle Peter declares "there shall come in the last days scoffers," whose sneers and jeers are specially aimed at the promises concerning the Lord's return. Untruthfulness will mark such scoffers. The boast that "all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation," proves them false to history. They are willingly ignorant, or rather they wilfully forget, that the first world created was overflowed with water, and so there was an interruption to the material earth in its continuance from the beginning.

3. It is an anti-Christian age. The lawless spirit had begun to assert itself in the latter days of the Apostles. This seductive spirit is to gain in power until it shall betray itself in its most awful development in the coming Man of Sin. (I. John 4: 3; II. John 7.)

4. It is a sadly-mixed age. Wheat and tares grow together; good and bad fishes are in the same drag-net; sheep and goats are undivided till the end; wise and foolish virgins are found in each other's company.

5. It is an age of progressive deterioration. In Daniel, second chapter, the political governments of this age are described as iron mixed with clay. Nebuchadnezzar was the head of gold; the Medo-Persian power was represented by less valuable metal; the Grecian kingdom still shows the process of deterioration, while the Roman kingdom, still in existence in its divided form, is the basest of all metals. Alas! the golden age of human government seems to have been in the distant past. (Dan. 2: 37–44.)

6. It is a Satanic age. An age of demons who roam the air in freedom, and of Diabolos, head and chief of all spiritual foes of God and man. The devil is the "god of this world" or age; its prince and dictator. He who is a murderer from the beginning still plies his nefarious trade; he who is a liar from the first is not the less truthful now. Cunning, cruel, rebellious, hating every good thing, this mighty being rules in the hearts of all who are disobedient to God, and blinds the minds of all who refuse to believe the message of his grace.

Yes, the age in which we live is all this and much more. It is the age of oppression, of brutality, of licentiousness, of infidelity, of injustice, of conceit, of physical disasters, of fleshly defilement, of mental dismay and of moral darkness. Even to the end, it will be an age of perils, of pestilences, of persecutions, and will close with a visitation of plagues both terrible and incomparable. It will continue to be an age of shams and pretensions in religion, in science, in culture, and in social position. It will to its consummation, be an age of false teaching, of unsound doctrine, and of enervated piety.

No, these are not the ravings of a hypochondriac; they are sober statements and clear deductions from the infallible, unfailing and divinely originated Scriptures, and are to-day in the process of fulfillment before our eyes. But is there nothing good in this age? Yea, O, believer. God is sovereign in this age. His Church is chosen, called out, and cemented into an organic body in this age. The Gospel is preached to this end, the Spirit works for this purpose. But this Church redeemed from among men is not loved by the world. The world hates the Church, calls her names, persecutes her, chokes the seed of the word, supplants the wheat, and threatens to engulf this vessel of mercy with waves of wrath, and storms of tribulation. The end of this age then, is not golden for the world, but gloomy with dark convolving clouds of wrath from heaven. God is on the side of the Church and ever will be; the Father above for her; the Son with her; the Spirit in her. But for the harlot-world is reserved judgment unspeakable, and punishment eternal.

II. Turn we now to the Word concerning

The Age to Come.

We do not imperceptibly glide into this glorious millennium. There will be an interruption of present events. The King invested with governmental authority by the Ancient of Days will come and purge away all that defileth and offendeth. Christ will come as a thief to the unready, and as lightning in swift haste. His legions will promptly attend to his commands, and his behests obey. What then?

1. The wicked shall be driven away like chaff, and all who refused the Gospel shall be destroyed both root and branch. The earth will be purged of its ungodly inhabitants, i.e., of those who did not like to retain God in their knowledge and who received not the love of the truth that they might be saved. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, after the rebellious are driven forth into the outer darkness. Oh! my soul how terrible is the penalty of disobedience. (II. Thes. 1: 8; 2: 10; Matt. 13; 40-42, 49, 50.)

2. The Antichrist or man of sin, who will appear on the scene at the end of this age, with all power and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceiveableness of unrighteousness in them that perish, even that outlaw whose coming will be accompanied by Satanic energy with lies and works of falsehood; he who will oppose the living God and our Lord Jesus, shall be instantly destroyed by the breath of the descending Christ, and put to rout by the manifestation of his presence. (II. Thes. 1: 7-9.)

3. Satan the God of this present age will also be bound and remanded to the abysmal depths of the great pit. Although not as yet receiving the final sentence of doom he will be held prisoner of war by the great Immanuel for the space of one thousand years, i. e., during the blessed millennial age. (Rev. 20: 1-3.)

4. Christ as Son of Man will then be here in person, attended by his mighty ones, and the redeemed Church, to reign over a purified earth. He will take his rightful throne as the legal successor of David and display his ensign the lion of the tribe of Judah. Hail mighty Prince! Welcome thou glorious one who cometh in the greatness of thy might, King of kings and Lord of lords! (Luke: 1 32; Rev. 19: 11-16.)

5. In that age God's covenant with Israel will be fulfilled. Gathered out of all nations, re-united and established in their own land the yoke of the oppressor shall be broken and every enemy subdued. The land kept for them, now given to them by the God of their fathers for an everlasting possession. Their city and their country, Jerusalem and Palestine; to be thereafter the commercial and religious centre of the world. He that scattered Israel will gather and keep him ever more. Great shall be their temporal prosperity; greater still their spiritual acquisitions. Their land shall produce wheat, and wine, and oil, and milk, and honey in plenty while their souls shall be abundantly satisfied with the goodness of Jehovah. (Isa. 61: 4-6.)

6. In that age also will all the nations, who had not heard of Jesus, now speedily hear of him and learn to love his name. For he will pour his Spirit on all flesh. Ethiopia shall suddenly reach out her hands to God, who will take them and draw that continent to his feet. The land of Sinnim, too, and the Isles of the sea shall hear that the King has arrived, and will promptly pay him homage. Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. The kingdoms of the world will joyfully accept his sovereign rule. Then shall holiness prevail and righteousness extend from the river to the ends of the earth. The year of Jubilee will then have come. (Isa. 2: 4-14.)

7. In that golden age, the seventh or sabbatical year of the world's history, wars will cease from the earth, peace will be universal, the discord of creation shall cease, the animals will be in subjection to man, and in peaceful accord with each other. Earth's fertility will be restored, her bosom will throb with abundance; famines, pestilences and poverty shall be unknown. The life of man will be as the life of a tree: the three score years will be multiplied. (Isa. 9: 6; 11: 6-9; 41: 18-20; 65: 19-22.)

These are but the outlines of millennial times sufficiently revealing however the superiority of that promised age over the age in which we live. To us, in our present environment, is the word sent; "I beseech you therefore brethren by the mercies of God, to present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God which is your reasonable service. And be not fashioned according to this age; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE DEAD STATESMAN.

"DEATH at the Banquet" was the subject upon which I preached Sabbath before last, in the morning at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and at night at the Academy of Music, New York. And now in the death of our honored and brilliant Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, at the banquet of the Board of Trade last Thursday, we have a startling illustration of the same subject. But what a wide contrast between the two banquets—the one of Belshazzar's carousal, the other an assemblage of our useful and beloved citizens in the interests of commerce and our country's welfare! On the wall of one banqueting room was the handwriting of doom and overthrow, on the other the handwriting of commercial opportunity and national advancement. Whatever post-mortem may reveal, it is evident that this talented cabinet officer was slain of the fatigues and exhaustions of public speech. There seems to be so little effort required to address a public assemblage, that the world has little appreciation of the drafts on cerebral and nervous resources, as when Chandler of Michigan, after his Chicago speech, expired in the hotel, and as when Henry W. Grady, after his address at Boston, had only strength enough to get home to Atlanta to die, and as now when the Secretary of the United States Treasury finds in his own decease the peroration to his wise and resounding utterances. It looks so easy to make a speech or lay out a line of policy or work the brain, that many who toil chiefly with the hand have but little sympathy with those who toil with the intellect. Ah! it may be easy to talk platitudes and while away an hour in the uttering of glib nothings, but to take as much thought as that which appeared in the speech of Secretary Windom, and utter it in such a way as to impress the leading merchants of New York, who listened to him, is a tremendous thing to do, and no wonder that there was a physical reaction that took his life.

More sympathy is needed between occupations; and while the world needs to have more appreciation of the toils and hardships of hammer and trowel and axe and spade, it also needs to have higher appreciation of the exhaustions of pen and speech. I talked with Mr. Windom upon one occasion concerning the demands upon those who manage the finances of a nation, and he gave me an insight that was appalling. To keep a national exchequer right side up when every political accident who happens to get into Congress has a theory of his own as to how the finances of the nation ought to be handled, required an equipoise, a broad common sense, an independence of character, a persistence which few possess. But all these qualities our lamented Secretary of the Treasury manifested from first to last. We have had plenty of poets and historians to tell the story of the American sword and the American hammer, and the American plough, but no one has as yet told the story of the American dollar, and that will not be told until we shall have specially able biographers of such United States Treasurers as Alexander Hamilton, Albert Gallatin, William H. Crawford, Samuel Ingham, Thomas Corwin, James Guthrie, Salmon P. Chase, John Sherman, Daniel Manning and William Windom. And now this last financier falls at his post. In his utterances that night in New York he was only doing in a more popularized way what he had been doing in the Treasury Department at Washington. "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Among his last great deeds was the relief of our national money market a few weeks ago. Had he made a mistake then our national finances by this time might have been a total wreck, our banks down and starvation trampling the multitudes. That we have emerged from that awful monetary exigency and that every day gets brighter and brighter is owing to the clear-headedness and practical sagacity of him who lies unconscious amid the weeping household to whom he only a few days ago gave parting salutation. May the God of all comfort sustain them. What a series of calamities among the families of the Presidential Cabinet. First the family of the Secretary of the Navy, then the family of the Secretary of State, and now the family of the Secretary of the Treasury passing under the shadows of bereavement, each new wound, like this last, opening all the other wounds. Let the prayers of the nation continue to ascend in behalf of all the stricken households, and may God spare the other homes that have as yet been untouched by mighty sadnesses. Would that such an occurrence as this we now bemoan might soften political asperities, and that when our public men deliver any political sentiment suavity of discussion might take the place of billingsgate and objurgation.

Who will take his place is a question that will be dominant for days to come. In time of war the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy bear the greatest responsibilities, but in time of peace like this, upon the Secretary of the Treasury comes the greatest weight. There may be a hundred men who feel themselves capable for such a post, but there is only one man fully competent. There is never a surplus of right material for any position. But when God removes an important man he has always some one competent to take his place. Who that one is, in what senatorial or legislative hall or on what judicial bench or in what influential place he now sits, I cannot say, but I pray God that he may point him out so plainly that he may be selected for the vacant chair. The financial welfare of this land has so much to do with the moral and social condition of our people that no patriot or Christian can be indifferent as to who shall be the successor of him now fallen at the banquet.

BRIEF NOTES.

The manifestations of divine power at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD services in the Academy of Music, New York, have been so marked on the past few Sunday evenings, as to attract the notice of the secular press. The New York *Herald* of January 26, said:

"The sermons which Dr. Talmage is preaching at the Academy of Music are producing remarkable results in the way of arousing serious interest in religious matters in the minds of many persons who have not been in the habit of giving much thought to spiritual things. Multitudes of people who are not regular church-goers attend these services. The great building is always crowded and whatever the weather may be, many are turned away unable to get in. On the last four Sundays the Doctor's Sermons have been particularly earnest in their exhortations to sinners to come to repentance, and after every service hundreds of persons have risen to ask for the prayers of the congregation, and have remained behind after the regular proceedings to talk with the preacher on religious matters. In the past month over one thousand persons have come to repentance in this way; and among them it is said, are many members of the dramatic profession, who, perhaps, because the Doctor preaches in a theatre have come to attend these services in considerable numbers."

The publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is profoundly thankful to God that this effort has been so blessed. He is sure that every subscriber will rejoice with him that the journal's increase of prosperity, has enabled it to commence and sustain so grand a work, as this of opening that great building to the non-church-going thousands of New York. He hopes that every subscriber will regard himself as a partaker in the undertaking and will pray that its success may continue and increase.

The death of the French painter Meissonier is reported in a cable dispatch, received since the paragraph was written which appears, with his portrait, on the next page.

Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church, is laid aside by illness caused by overwork. He is suffering from nervous prostration, and absolute rest for a few weeks is necesaary. All who know the good bishop and the value of his work, will pray for his speedy and complete restoration to health.

Rev. E. P. Telford's meetings at Charlestown, Mass., were exceedingly successful. There were large audiences and every night there were decisions for Christ. Mr. Telford began work at Hedding M. E. Church, Jersey City, N. J., on February 1.

Three Sunday Schools have been established in Alaska, by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, during his five months' tour in that territory, from which he has just returned. The schools are to be controlled and supported by three distinct denominations. They are the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches, each of which has charge of one school.

Rev. George C. Needham is lecturing each noon in Chicago on The Jewish Tabernacle, and preaching afternoons and evenings. The work in Immanuel Baptist Church is most encouraging, The evangelist, in addition to his evangelistic work, is the selected teacher for Moody's Bible Institute, during February. Dr. A. J. Gordon at present occupies the professor's chair.

A gratifying and spontaneous testimonial was received at this office last week from the Utah University, Ogden, U. T. The Rev. Samuel Small, D.D., A.M., President of the University, paid us a visit and delivered an official notification that, "in testimony of the eminent character of Louis Klopsch, A. M., (publisher of this journal) of his distinguished services to God and humanity," the Board of Directors had chosen him to be a member of the Board of Visitors of that institution.

The French Evangelical Church in New York, has for some time past been supporting a home for the use of French girls who come to New York seeking employment. Much good has been done by this means in protecting them from temptation, and helping them to obtain situations. During the past three years over eight hundred young women have had temporary shelter there. The good done encourages the managers to make an effort to render the institution permanent by purchasing the house now rented. Subscriptions for this praiseworthy object may be sent to Rev. Henri L. Grandlienard, 126 West 16th Street, New York.

Rev. H. Parrish, F. R. H. S., is holding services in the Sixteenth St. Baptist Church, New York, with many tokens of God's blessing. Dr. Pogson, the pastor of the church reports many conversions. Mr. Parrish belongs to the Primitive Methodist Church, and has done some excellent work in the Stepney district of London, England. Mrs. Parrish who is assisting her husband by holding women's meetings, and in the singing, is an experienced worker. She took up the famous Mrs. Reaney's work among the women of London, and proved an invaluable worker. Churches wishing to avail themselves of the visit of Mr. and Mrs Parrish to this country may address them at 353 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Sudden Death of Secretary Windom—A Terrible Mine Explosion—Painter Meissonier ill—The Anti-Slavery Congress—The Fair and the "Force Bill," Etc.

A Frightful Explosion of Fire-Damp Occurred in the Mammoth Mine, No. 1, of the Frick Coke Company, near Youngwood, Pa., on the morning of Jan. 27th, resulting in the death of at least 130 miners, who were at work in three of the shafts. The main shaft leading to the mine is 110 feet deep. The mine is connected by interior workings with No. 2 mine, owned by the same company. No trace of the dreadful fire-damp had ever before been known in these mines, and for that reason the common coal-digger's lamp was used. Early on the 27th, the men went to work as usual. They went down in merry mood and worked until a few minutes past nine o'clock, when those above heard a noise like distant thunder and felt a trembling of the ground. A cloud of black smoke shot out of the mouth of the shaft of the Mammoth Mine to a great distance in the air. When it settled down, the workers began to pour out of the mouth of No. 2 Mine, and they, with the people above, ran toward the shaft of No. 1. All was silence below. A searching party went down and were appalled at the sight that met their gaze. Dead bodies lay in heaps, in various attitudes, some as though asleep, and others who seemed to have expired in agony, as the flame of the fatal damp had swept past them, scorching their poor bodies and often burning them beyond recognition. Not one man was taken out alive. The explosion had shattered the mine, and for a time it was feared that fire would add to the horrors of the calamity. The bodies were recovered with some difficulty, mutilated remains being scattered in every direction. The funeral of the victims took place on Sunday and was a sad and imposing spectacle. Many of the dead were buried at Scottdale, where they formerly lived or had relatives.

The most Stirring Political Event of the week, in some respects, was the defeat of Senator Ingalls of Kansas, by Judge W. A. Peffer, the Alliance candidate, for United States Senator, whose portrait appears in this column. Judge Peffer was born of German parents, in 1831, and was a farmer till 1850, when he went to California. He entered the army when the war broke out and, after its close, studied law. State Senator, editor, lawyer, and agriculturist, he is immensely popular with the masses in Kansas. He is a man of striking personal appearance, with strong, rugged features, and full flowing beard—the very opposite of Senator Ingalls, physically as well as mentally. He was never on the bench, but having served as Judge Advocate in the army, the title clung to him.

Patriotism and Politics have Somehow got sadly yet not unreasonably mixed together in connection with the World's Fair and the Force Bill. Several Southern and Western State Legislatures adopted resolutions that unless the Election Bill now before Congress were shelved and the threat of a "Force Bill" removed from Southern eyes, that section of the country would make no appropriation for the Fair. The New Jersey Legislature adopted a similar resolution. Indeed, so extensive was this threatened boycotting of the Fair by the politicians that had it been carried out it would have seriously imperilled the National show. When the Force Bill came up in the Senate, there was a great clash of arms and many strong speeches were delivered. On Monday, the 26th Jan., during the debate, a motion was made by Senator Wolcott of Colorado, to take up the Reapportionment Bill and, to the astonishment of all, it was carried, Senators Cameron, Jones, Stewart, Teller, Washburn and Wolcott—all Republicans—voting with the Democrats. This, together with the action of the various legislatures on the Fair appropriation, has gone far toward destroying the hopes of the supporters of the Election Bill.

Death Stopped the Banquet of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation at Delmonico's New York City, on the night of Thursday, Jan. 29th. Two hundred and fifty of

the most distinguished men in the nation were seated at table, the diners were in the full tide of gastronomical and oratorical enjoyment, and brilliant speeches were being made. The Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the Treasury, had just finished a remarkably interesting and witty speech on the financial question, and as he sat down his face was wreathed in smiles at the applause his views had received. This was about ten o'clock. On one side of Mr. Windom sat President Ambrose Snow of the Board of Trade and Transportation, and on the other was grey-bearded Secretary Tracy of the Navy Department. Along the line of the table of honor, one could see such great men as Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, ex-Secretary of State under President Cleveland, Hon. Wilfred Laurier, of Canada, Hon. Murat Halstead, of Ohio, Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, Attorney-General Miller, and others equally distinguished. As Mr. Windom resumed his seat, he gasped suddenly and loudly and then slid off his chair to the floor, where he lay leaning against the chair with his eyes set and his pallid face wearing a ghastly expression of suffering. The guests forgot the feast, the speakers were silent, and all rose to their feet, conscious that something serious had happened. Secretary Tracy dashed some water in the face of the fallen man, and three physicians of the party raised him and carried him to an adjoining room, where every effort was made to revive him, but in vain. He had expired of apoplexy six minutes after being stricken. Gloom fell on the company and within a few minutes after the sad event, the banquet hall was deserted. The news of her husband's death was conveyed to Mrs. Windom while she was attending a reception at the home of Postmaster-General Wanamaker in Washington, by President Harrison in person. William Windom (whose portrait is given on this page) was born in Ohio, sixty-four years ago. He was educated at the common schools and studied law, being admitted to practice in 1850. The young attorney moved to Minnesota where he soon became an active Republican, and in 1858 was sent to the House of Representatives. He served ten years in that body, and in 1870 was appointed United States Senator to fill an unexpired term, being twice afterward elected. While Senator, he showed himself a master of financial legislation, In 1881, he was chosen by President Garfield for Secretary of the Treasury, and was soon acknowledged as the only man in the Cabinet who was able to oppose Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State. The achievement by which he signalized his term of office was one of the most brilliant in financial history. The Government was paying five and six per cent. on the bulk of the public debt, though money was worth only three to four per cent. in the market. He announced that in three months he would pay off $202,000,000 of the debt bearing six per cent. interest, excepting any of the creditors who might in the interval offer to exchange their bonds for bonds bearing three and a half per cent. Similar measures were then taken with the $470,000,000 of five per cents., with a like result. He was reappointed to the treasury portfolio by President Harrison.

The Anti-Slavery Congress Assembles in Brussels during the present week, and will be attended by delegates from all the European Governments as well as many ecclesiastical and philanthropic organizations. The Pope has taken a deep interest in it, and among those in attendance will be a number of French, Italian and German bishops, sent at his request. The object of the Congress is to secure the adoption of measures for the certain suppression of the slave trade in Africa, and to arrange for the enforcing of these measures by the Governments interested. The base of operations will be the Congo River, and the authorities of the Congo Free State will heartily co-operate.

English Statesmen and the British Press are again discussing the probabilities of Gladstone's resignation. The latter, however, maintains silence, although it is said to be well understood that, unless events take a turn more to his liking, the Liberal leadership will soon be vacant. One journal, the Chester *Courant*, claiming to possess authentic information, asserts that within the last two weeks, dissensions have arisen between Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues which nothing but withdrawal can heal.

Lovers of Art in This Country will Learn with regret of the serious illness of the famous painter, Jean Louis Meissonier, who is suffering at his home in Paris from bronchitis. M. Meissonier was born at France in 1815, and, going to Italy while still very young, devoted himself to the study of the painting of *genre* pictures, most of them representing a single figure. His extraordinary skill in detail has placed him foremost among painters of works of this character. After a hard struggle, prosperity came at last, and, in 1836, he found himself famous on the merits of a single picture, "The Chess Player." The story is told that he painted a portrait of Mrs. Mackay, wife of the California millionaire, which so displeased that lady, on account of the absence of all flattery, that she paid $15,000 for it and immediately destroyed it. A portrait of Meissonier is given in this column.

A GRACIOUS DISMISSAL.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Word of Sorrowful Import to the Woman—The Balm with the Bitterness—I. A Delightful Assurance—That She was Saved—Personally Given—To Her Direct—The Record Superior to the Voice—A Deliberate Statement—Illogical Doubts—II. A Considerate Precept—What She was to go From—The Cavillers—The Public Eye—What She was to go To—Her Home—Her Life Trial—Further Service—A Vision left for Duty—The Blessing of Holy Quiet—Foolish Conduct in a Bank.

"And he said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."—Luke 7 : 50.

THE main part of my subject will be—that gracious dismissal, "Go in peace." To her who had been so lately blest, the word "Go," sounded mournfully; for she would fain have remained through life with her pardoning Lord; but the added words "in peace" turned the wormwood into honey—there was now peace for her who had been so long hunted and harried by her sins. Rising from the feet she had washed with tears, she went forth to keep her future footsteps such as those of a believing, and therefore saved, woman ought to be.

A Permanent Benediction.

Our Lord, in the instance before us, sent a penitent away from the chill atmosphere of self-righteous cavilling, and thus relieved her of a controversy for which she was not fitted; but I see more than that in this benediction. It looks to me as if our divine Master, when he found this poor sinner so full of love to him that she washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, having by a parable explained to the Pharisee the reason for the greatness of her love, then said to her, "Go in peace,"—meaning that word not only to be cheering for the necessary purpose of the moment, but to go with her, and to attend her all the rest of her life, until, when she came into the dark valley, she should fear no evil, for she would still hear that sweet voice saying, "Go in peace." What music to have heard! What music still to hear!

Now, I would to God that the word which I shall speak at this time might be honored of the Lord to serve that sacred purpose to some here present. May it be a life-word to certain of you! May it be to others of us who have long known the Saviour a revival of our rest, and may we get such a draught of peace from Jesus that we may never thirst again!

I. First, consider

A Delightful Assurance.

The ground upon which the penitent woman might go in peace was that she had been saved. The Saviour assured her: "Thy faith hath saved thee." She was not saved otherwise than we are saved; but she received the common salvation by like precious faith. The way of salvation to her was faith in Christ: there is the same way for us, but she had what some of you, no doubt, would greatly like to have: she had an assurance that she was saved from the Lord's own mouth. I think I hear some saying, "I should go in peace, I am sure, if the Lord Jesus would but appear to me, and speak, and say with his own lips, 'Thy faith hath saved thee.'" It is natural that you should think so; it must have been rapture to receive a benediction from the mouth of our King, our Saviour. Yet, dear friends, we must not hang our confidence upon a mere circumstance. For a mere circumstance it is, whether Christ shall literally stand before you in the flesh, and say, "Thy faith hath saved thee," or whether he shall say it to you by the record of his own Word.

It does not make much difference as to my faith in what my father says to me, whether I meet the venerable man in the morning in my garden, and there hear his voice, or whether I get a letter by post in his handwriting, and he says to me upon that paper just what he would have said if I had met him face to face. I do not require him always to come up the hill to my house to tell me everything that he has to say: I should think myself an idiot if I did. Now, what I would not do to my earthly father, I certainly would not do to my heavenly Saviour. I am perfectly satisfied myself to believe what he writes to me; and if it be so written in his Book, it seems to me to be quite as true and sure as if he had actually come from heaven, and had talked with me, or had appeared to me in the visions of the night. Is not this the reasoning of common sense?

"Well," say you, "we go with you there, but, then, he spoke that word

To Her Personally,

We should never have any more doubts, but should go in peace, if he said that word of assurance to us. You see, it is not merely that Jesus himself spoke, and said, 'Thy faith hath made thee whole,' but he looked that way; he turned towards her, and she knew that he referred to her. There was no mistaking to whom the assurance was given. Our Lord put it in the singular number, and said, 'Thy faith hath saved thee.' I want it to come home just so to me." Yes, but I think that this is a little unreasonable, too; is it not? Because if my father (to carry on my figure) were to speak to me, and to my brothers, and to my sister, and were to say, "Dear children, I have loving thoughts concerning you, and I have laid up in store for your needs," I do not think that I should say to him by-and-by, "Now, father, do you know that I did not believe you, or derive any pleasure from what you said, because you spoke to others beside myself?" I should be a most unreasonable kind of body if I were to talk in that way; and my father would begin to think that his son was qualifying for a lunatic asylum. Surely, it should not be less easy to believe that God would deal graciously with me in company with thousands of others than that he should pursue a solitary plan with me as the lone object of his love. Is it not so?

One of a Company.

"Ah, yes!" says one, "but you have not hit on it yet, I want to know that I am one that is in that plural, and I want to know that I really am one of those to whom Jesus speaks in his Word." My anxious friend, you must know it; and you may know it most certainly. It is written, "He that believeth on him hath everlasting life." It need never be a question whether you believe in him or not; if you trust him, that is the gist of the matter. You can readily ascertain whether you do really trust him, or do not trust him. If you do trust him, you are his, and every promise of his covenant is made to you.

It is most profitable for us that we should read our Lord's declaration over and over again, and put it in all sorts of shapes, and see how it remains evermore faithful and true. It is more assuring to you to find it in the volume of the Book than it would be if the Saviour met you to-night, and said to you, "Thy sins are forgiven thee. Thy faith hath saved thee."

The Record Excels the Voice.

If I were conscious to-night that, at some period of my life, I had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken to me, the very spot of ground on which it occurred would be exceedingly dear and sacred to my spirit; but I am certain that when I grew depressed, when darkness rushed over my soul, as it does sometimes, I should be sure to say to myself, "You never saw anything of the kind. It was a delusion, a figment of imagination, a delirium, and nothing more." But beloved, when I get to this Book, and see before me the sacred lines, I know that I am not deluded. There it stands, "God so loved the world, that he gave his Only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I am sure about that, and I am sure that I believe, and therefore I am sure that I am saved.

We must either throw away this Book by beginning to talk about "degrees of inspiration" and all that foul rubbish, or else we are logically bound to be sure of our hope, and to rejoice in it. I warrant thee, O my hearer, that as long as thou standest fast by the belief that this is a sure Word of testimony, thou wilt know that thou are saved! You may doubt whether you believe or not; but given that you do really and unfeignedly put your trust in the Lord Jesus, that the cause of faith will be followed by its effect—salvation. "Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace." Don't worry any longer: go in peace. Have done with questioning; end debate; go in peace. Go about your business, for the work of salvation is done. You are a saved soul: go and rejoice in finished salvation, and ask no more questions. "Wherefore criest thou unto me?" said God to Moses, "Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Wherefore do you question and doubt any longer? Go forward to enjoy what God has prepared for you; and as you are saved and justified in Christ, now seek sanctification, and all the other blessings of the covenant of grace which lie before you in Christ Jesus your Lord.

II. We come, secondly, to hearken to

A Considerate Precept.

Our Lord, with wise tenderness, dismissed the beloved object of his pardoning love, and bade her "Go in peace." This precept divides itself into two parts. There is, first, "Go," and then there is "Go in peace." Now, in "go" there are two things: to go from and to go to. Where was she to go from? First, she was to go from these quibblers. Simon and the Pharisees are as full of objections as a swarm of bees is full of stings. This was not a happy place for a childlike love to linger in. Her soul would have been among lions. Jesus seems to say, "Do not stay to be tormented by these cavillers. Thy faith hath saved thee; go. You have gained a great blessing; go home with it. Let these people argue with each other; you have a rich prize, take it out of the reach of these pirates." Oftentimes I believe that the child of God would find it to be his greatest wisdom, whenever he is in company that begins to assail his Lord, or to denounce his faith, just to go about his business, and let the scoffers have their scoffing to themselves. Some of us have thought it our miserable duty to read certain books that have been brought out against the truth, that we might be able to answer them; but it is a perilous calling. The Lord have mercy upon us when we go down into these sewers; for the process is not healthy!

I think that he meant, besides going away from the men, "Go

Away from Publicity

into which you have unwillingly stepped." If our Saviour had been like some excellent people of the present day, he would have said, "Stand before all these men, and tell your experience. I shall require you to be at half-a-dozen meetings this week, and you must speak at every one of them." A splendid woman, was she not, who washed the Saviour's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head? She might have exhibited her eyes and her hair, and told the gracious story. Who can tell but several would have been impressed by the narrative! The Saviour said to the woman—so excitable, for she was all that, as well as grateful—"Thy faith hath saved thee: go in peace." As much as to say, "There are certain of your own sex that you can speak to.

Find Some Poor, Fallen Woman

to whom you can quietly tell of my pardoning grace. But yours is a case in which the very beauty of your character will lie in the quietude of your future life. 'Thy faith hath saved thee.' That is enough for thee. Thou hast come upon the stage of action by that splendid act of thy love; but do not acquire the habit of winning publicity. Do not aspire to display thyself in a bold and heroic attitude, but go in peace." He almost seems to say, "Subside now into thy family. Take thy place with the rest of thy sisters. Adorn by thy future purity my doctrine, and let all men see what a change has been wrought in thee."

The difficulty with some people is that they are always wanting to practise the sublime. Alas! they often fail by just one step, and become ridiculous. They are *always straining after effect;* and, hearing of what has been done

once, by one choice person, they must do it themselves, and they must keep on doing it. O my sister! there may come a time when you will have to speak for Christ, and speak openly before many; but to-morrow you had better go home, and see to the children, and make home happy for your husband. You will glorify Christ by darning stockings, and mending the socks of the little ones, quite as surely as by washing his feet with tears. You make a great mistake if you have not a piety which will take you into domestic life—which will help you to make the drudgery of life a divine service.

A Monk's Vision.

Do you not think that he even meant that she was now to cease from that singular fellowship with him that she had enjoyed? We must do that which the Master bids us do, as well as sit at his feet. I am tempted to tell a story which most of you must know concerning the famous man of God, who, in his cell, thought he saw the Lord Jesus, and under that persuasion he worshipped with rapt delight. But just then the bell at the convent-gate rang, and it was his turn to stand at the door, and deal out bread to the hungry. There was a little battle in his mind as to which he should do—tarry with his Lord, or go to hand out bread to the poor mendicants. At last, he felt that he must do his duty even at the cost of the highest spiritual bliss. He went and distributed the bread, and when he came back, to his great delight, the vision was still there, and a voice said to him, "If thou hadst stayed, I would have gone; but as thou hast gone, I have therefore stayed still to commune with thee." The path of duty must be followed, and no spiritual enjoyment can excuse us from it. Never offer one duty to God stained with the blood of another. Balance your duties, and let not one press out another. "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." Do not think that thou needest to be all day long at thy Bible, or all the evening at thy prayer. There is a time for everything.

Work at Home.

That leads me to speak of what she was to go to. It seems to me that the Saviour said, "Now go home. You have been a fallen woman: home is the place for you. Go home to your mother and father, or other relatives. Seek a home. Be domesticated. Attend to your own work. Whatever your place is, go to it. Leaving daily duty was the source of temptation; return to walks of usefulness, and habits of order, and this will be your safety. You will be less likely to be led away if you have work to occupy head, and heart, and hands."

Go forth to your further service: "Go in peace. There are some to whom you can tell of my love. Oh, how you will tell it! You that have washed my feet with your tears, go and shower those tears over fallen ones like yourself. Go use those eyes, that you may look my love right in their hearts as you are speaking to them. Go all your life in peace, and do for me all that I shall put in your way to do for me." That is what I think our Lord meant. Brethren, do not think of sitting here to enjoy yourselves; but go off, and glorify your Redeemer's name. Go!

Disregard Criticism.

Our Lord meant, "Go in peace" in reference to all the criticisms of all these people who have looked at you. Do not mind them. Do not trouble about them. What have they to do with you? It is enough for a servant if his master accepts him: he need not mind what others have to say about his service. Thy faith hath saved thee. Forget all the unkind things they have said, and do not trouble thy heart about the cruel speeches they may yet make. Go in peace, and be under no alarm as to upbraiding tongues.

And then I think he meant, "Go in peace about what thou hast done." I know the need of a word like that. I have preached the Gospel: I have thrown my whole soul into it; and after it is all over, I have felt bound to chide myself that I did not do much better as to style, or spirit, or length, or some other matter. Oh, but if the master accepts it, one may go in peace about it! This woman had done a very extraordinary thing in washing Christ's feet with tears, and wiping them with the hairs of her head; and when she got away, she might have said to herself, "I wonder that I was so bold. Was I not immodestly conspicuous? How could I have done it! Have you not sometimes done a brave thing for Christ, and then afterwards felt just like that? So the Master says to this woman, "Go in peace. I have accepted thee and thy loving service Do not trouble about what thou hast done. It is all sweet to me, and has a rich perfume of thy great love. Never fret about what you have done. You have done the right thing. Thy faith hath saved thee. Go in peace." I want us to have just that kind of peace—peace about what we have done for our Lord, even as we have peace about sin forgiven, and peace about human criticisms.

The last word I have to say is this: There are many poor souls who talk about coming to Christ, who are not yet saved; and they are always hearing about faith, and thinking of it, and yet they never do, in very truth, believe. Now, do not hear or debate any more about faith, but believe. Trust Jesus Christ, and think no more about your own trusting. Thou shalt think of it as a thing done, I mean, but not as a thing to be done.

Money Unclaimed.

Well, but I notice some say that they believe, but it is not believing, because if it were believing, they would "go in peace." A person comes to the bank with a cheque. He believes it to be honestly his, and the signature to be correct. He puts it down on the counter, and the clerk puts out the money. But see! The man does not take it! He stands and loafs about; and the clerk looks at him, and wonders what he is at. At last, when the person has been there long enough to wear the good man's patience out, the clerk says, "Did you bring that cheque to have the money?" "Yes, I handed it in." "Well, then, why do you not take the money, and go about your business?" If he is a sensible man, he delays no longer; nay, he would not have delayed so long. He takes the money, and departs in peace. Now, dear soul, if thou hast a promise from God—"He that believeth is not condemned," or "he that believeth hath everlasting life"—dost thou believe? Then take the blessing, and go about thy business. If you believe, you are saved: if you doubt that fact, you are rather an unbeliever than a believer. Take up your money, and go home. "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Trust Jesus! Thy faith has saved thee. Go in peace. The Lord help you truly to believe, for Jesus' sake! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Bleak Work Above the Clouds.*

ALMOST every one is familiar with the duties and the functions of the observers of the Signal Service. But on Mount Washington their duties are peculiar. Seven observations must be made daily. The recording-sheet of the anemometer must be changed at noon. Three of the seven observations must be forwarded in telegraphic cipher to the Boston station. Routine office work—letters received and sent—must have attention between times, and several blank forms must be filled with statistics. The battery and the wire of the telegraph plant must receive careful attention, and the matter of repairs is no inconsiderable one. The station on Mount Washington is the bleakest, and, with one exception, the coldest in the service. Three to four men, including a cook, are usually there, with one cat and one dog. Life would be very hard to bear there were it not for the click! click! click! of the telegraph instrument, which is the active connecting link with the world—the main-stay and hope of these recluses. And then flirtations with the world's operators is a necessity. A regular consternation occurs in camp when a storm breaks the wires and connection is lost. In such cases the observers risk their lives in storm and cold in search for the break, rather than be without the assurance of safety which the click seems to impart. The men live on as good food as can be. The larder is supplied in September, and the "refrigerator" (the top story of the observatory), is stocked at the same time. Meat and poultry are placed there already frozen, and they do not thaw "during the season." The water-supply comes from the frost-feathers. Care is taken that two or three barrels of these are stored in the back shed always, and a boilerful of them in a half-melted condition is ever upon the cook-stove. A water famine has been known to occur, when, from the oversight of the cook the supply of frost-feathers has been allowed to go down, or "poor weather for frost-feathers" comes along. A drink of this all-healing feather water can always be found on the stove, icy cold, if the cook attends to his duty.

*From *Scribner's Magazine* for February, which also contains articles on "David Livingstone," "Neapolitan Art," Etc.

Stanley's Greatest Achievement.

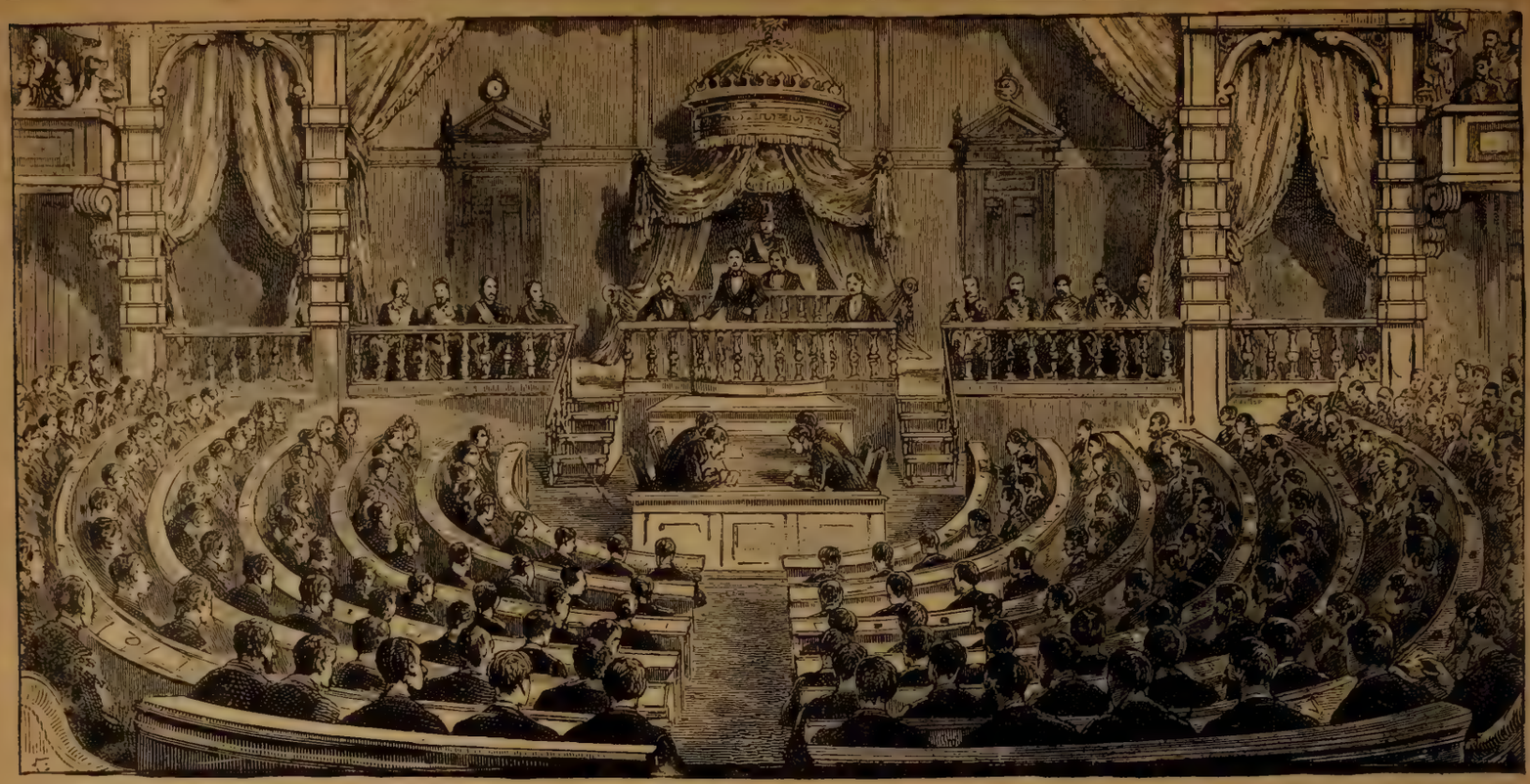
Livingstone did more, perhaps, than any other single man to fill up the blank which he found on the map of Africa at the beginning of his thirty years' wanderings; but he died and left unsolved the mystery of that mile-wide river that swept away northward past Nyangwe. The next white man that found himself standing on the banks of that mysterious river at Nyangwe, and wondering where it went to after it disappeared among the primeval forests, was Commander Cameron. Not long after Cameron, in October, 1876, Henry Stanley and his mongrel band of dusky and faithful followers found themselves face to face with the great problem at this same Nyangwe. Stanley was not the man to turn aside from such a magnificent problem, the one great mystery that now remained for solution in the Dark Continent. We all know the result. In eight months after leaving Nyangwe, Stanley had been able to trace down to the Atlantic the course of the Congo, one of the greatest rivers of the world, to place upon the map of Africa its most striking features; a river which is certainly destined to play a great part in the development of whatever resources Central Africa is able to produce.

A Typical Japanese Street Scene.

Next we turn into the "Ginza," the "Broadway" of the metropolis of Japan—a really fine thoroughfare, with paved sidewalks, tramways in the middle, and shops of a superior description. Here ebbs and flows the full business life of the city, and mingling with it, as elsewhere, the clattering pattens, the mothers and sisters with the babies on their backs, the children kite-flying, the traders sitting over their glowing charcoal braziers; the hawkers of fish, dried radish, cakes, persimmons, toys, pipes, kites, and flags; the coolies with their balanced loads; the blind old samisen-players; the Buddhist priests; the pretty musmees with their hair like black marble and pigeon-feet; the imperturbable slit-eyed babies; the acquaintances meeting in the street and profusely bowing and saluting; the Japanese officers riding along, each with his *betto*, or groom; the flower-pedlars; the bullockmen; the bird-dealers; the tea-houses, the little funny house-fronts and opened interiors; the bath rooms, the temples, the stone-yards, the basket-works, the gliding rice-boats—*tout le tremblement*, in fact, of the wonderful and ever-interesting capital city of Japan.

Eating with Chopsticks.

Chopsticks, far from being awkward, are the most convenient as well as the cleanest table utensil, once the secret of their use is learned. It cannot be taught in words. There is an indescribable knack of fixing one stick firmly, and hinging the other with the first and second finger, so as to play exactly upon the fixed stick, which renders the little implements perfect for everything except, of course, juice or gravy and soup. You can even cut with them by inserting the points close together, and then forcibly separating them; and as for handiness



The Opening of the First Japanese Parliament under the New Constitution.

and precision of grasp, in a little wager at this very restaurant, even I myself picked up with the *hashi* twenty-two single grains of rice in one minute from a lacquered tray, being beaten by a Japanese lady, whose swift skill dexterously conveyed as many as forty-nine.

OPENING THE FIRST JAPANESE PARLIAMENT.

(See Illustration.)

MUCH more significance attaches to the opening of the Japanese Parliament, a picture of which is here given, than such ceremonies have in other lands. It was the practical fulfilment of a pledge made by the Mikado or Emperor twenty-three years ago. At that time a revolution occurred in which the petty governors or Daimios were overthrown, and the Mikado Matsuhito became the supreme ruler of the empire, recovering the prerogatives exercised centuries ago by his predecessors.

The Mikado, on regaining the power formerly inherent in his office, promised the people a constitution. It speaks volumes for the patience of the people that they have waited nearly a quarter of a centnry for him to fulfil his promise. It would appear, however, that the years of waiting have not been wasted. The Mikado and his advisers have carefully studied the systems of government now operating in other lands. We cannot but admire the astuteness with which they have profited by the experience which has cost other nations years of labor and sanguinary struggles. The fierce conflicts through which France passed on the way to emancipation from the rule of the Bourbons and the Napoleons; the long years of blind groping and obstinate contention by which England gradually curtailed the prerogatives of the throne, and the vicissitudes of our own century's effort to reach true self-government, have been turned to account in providing Japan with a constitution adapted to the peculiar condition and character of her people.

Conservatives and radicals alike wonder at the skill with which the Mikado has protected his own rights while extending to the people all the power, which, in their stage of advancement, may be safely intrusted to them. There are, as in other systems, two houses of legislature. The upper house is a composite body. It has 252 members, of whom ten belong to the royal family, 139 are of various orders of nobility, 59 are men distinguished for learning or service to the State, and the remaining 44 are elected from among the highest tax-payers in the fifteen provinces of the empire. The Mikado, learning a lesson from the humiliating experience of England, grants the members a seat for life only, and does not make membership hereditary. The lower house consists of 300 members, elected by popular suffrage.

The interior arrangements of the legislative chamber are very similar to those of the Chambers of Deputies of the European Continental nations: there is nothing peculiarly Japanese, or Asiatic, in the architecture, the decorations, or the furniture. Our illustration is copied from a native journal in the Japanese language, printed and published at Tokio. The hall is simply painted, the walls of a ruddy terra-cotta hue, the galleries in white, grey, and gold; at the upper end is a raised platform, with a balustrade and two small flights of steps to it, and a curved tribune, or rostrum, for the member whose turn it may be to speak, above the reporters' table. The Mikado's throne, a gilt chair of State, with a small table on which are placed two pots of burning sticks of fragrant wood, is sheltered by a large canopy, hung with crimson silk.

COUNT ITO,
President of the House of Peers.

This experiment of constitutional government will be watched with universal interest and with the best wishes of all liberty-loving people. Earnest prayers will also be offered by Christians of all nations, that this system of government may not be the only lesson the Japanese will learn from the experience of other peoples. As they have learned from western statesmen, how they may be politically free, so they may learn from the western missionaries now among them, how to be followers of him, who, if he make them free they will be free indeed.

THE REVIVAL IN TORONTO.

CHEERING news comes from Toronto, where Rev. C. H. Yatman has been holding services in the Metropolitan M. E. Church, a picture of which appears on the next page. Mr. Yatman went there on the last day of 1890, and took part in the watch-night service. The meetings commenced at once and, from the first, there was evidence of the presence of the Spirit. Soon it became necessary to hold two meetings a day, at each of which a large crowd gathered in the famous church. All classes were represented, but the most marked feature was the large number of wealthy business-men who were present. One after another, these men became concerned about their salvation and, by the blessing of God, were led to Christ. Dr. Simpson, of Paterson, N. J., who, at Mr. Yatman's request, went to help him in this promising field, says, that he saw merchants and business-men, some of them reputed millionaires, weeping over their sins and kneeling in earnest prayer for God's mercy. At the closing meeting held on January 26, Mr. Yatman gave a farewell address to the immense number of persons who had made profession of faith during his visit. Among these were one hundred young people from the Sunday school. Mr. Hooker, the pastor of the Church, says that the Metropolitan Church has had no such revival before in its history. Mr. Yatman is now on his way to Denver, Colo., where there are to be union meetings in Trinity Church.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(*Continued from page 62.*)

ONE evening during Nora's illness, Richard Mansford—or Mr. Magrath, as he was known in Settleworth—was standing at the gate of the "Hermitage," when he saw Gerald Towneley turn down a by-lane close by. He was walking in the shadow, and as it seemed to him there was a secret and surreptitious air about his movements that provoked his curiosity. In answer to his call, Phelim, who was in the garden, was soon by his side.

"There is some one in the lane, Phelim. He has just turned the corner. Follow him, and tell me where he goes, and who he is, that is, if you know him."

"Sure, an' it's the young squire, sor," said the Irishman, after a brief glance down the lane, "an' it's afther no good that my gintleman is, I'll warrant."

"Mr. Magrath" was greatly stirred and perplexed concerning the fair young girl at the carpenters's cottage. The line he had adopted since his arrival in the neighborhood had been dictated by prudence and had been followed with the best of motives. He had a strong feeling now that he had made a blunder, and he determined if possible, to repair it by a redoubled watchfulness over Nora. To this end he was bent on getting at the real truth as to these assignations of hers with the young reprobate of Towneley Chase.

Phelim made a rapid pursuit, keeping in the shadow until emerging he met his man just where the light of a gas lamp shone full on face and features. The man was standing as if uncertain whether to go forward or return. Phelim passed him, giving him a full, broad look the while. The Irishman started, turned round, and looked again. The man scowled at him, and crossed the road. Said Phelim to himself as he sauntered slowly on, "Shure an'ever a bit is it the young squire. But I've seen my gintleman before; that I could swear. I've got his picture hung up here," said he, tapping his forehead; "but the name isn't unthernathe it."

He followed his quarry until the latter had passed the gate of the Hermitage. His master was still standing by the gate. "Well, Phelim," said his employer, "Is it Mr. Gerald Towneley?"

"Only in the gin'ral get-up av' him," said Phelim. "There's plenty av' Towneley about him to desave the eye in passing; but he's no more Gerald Towneley than he's my grandmother, who's been dead this twenty years, God rest her sowl. The gin'ral height an' build av' 'em is just the same, an' more by token, the hair on the upper lips av' 'em must have come from the same shop, an' the gloves likewise. But I had a good look at him under the gaslight. The face is familiar, but I can't place it. Anyway I'll know the chap again if I sees him."

The subject dropped for the present. Phelim turned in and set about preparing supper.

The tenant of the "Hermitage" had much food for thought. "Phelim can't be wrong in his judgment," he said to himself. "Is this Nora's secret visitor? Who is it? What game is he playing?"

Meanwhile, Jasper Rawdon made his way by devious paths to the dingy quarters of Gabriel Grubb. Scarcely had he made his presence known to the principal spider in that region of cobwebs, than he was accosted by his co-partner in crime, who spoke in a tone of much vexation and alarm.

"What in the world have you been up to?" said Grubb. "I've a notion you've upset the apple-cart. It's my opinion that you had better clear off."

"Hallo;" said Rawdon, vexed at the tone his "friend" was taking, and still more vexed at the intimation that he was the only party in peril. "What's the matter?"

"Nora Mansford has been scared out of her seven senses by some fool who ought to know better," said Grubb. "She was found like a mad woman wandering through the mist and darkness of the night. She was brought home by George Appleton and that mysterious old meddler at the 'Hermitage.' Mrs. Appleton is nursing her, and they say that she knows more than anybody else what——"

Silence ensued; a long spell of it. Gabriel Grubb and Jasper Rawdon both knew that they were standing on the edge of a volcano, that the fires were quickening, and that the crust was thin. The attorney was wondering what it would cost him to buy the departure of his colleague, so as to save himself, or how to sell him so as to secure the same result. The convict was wondering how to replenish his exchequer so as to be in a position to seek fresh woods and pastures new, now that the Settleworth meadows were likely to prove barren.

"Who is that bearded old fellow at the Hermitage?" said Rawdon, breaking the long silence at last. "He looks a bit of a miser. How's he off for money, I wonder?"

"I can hardly make him out," replied Grubb; "but they say at York that he's a millionaire who has gone queer by the sudden accession to a pot of money, and that he daren't invest it for fear of losing it."

"It would be a kindness to take care of it for him," said Jasper Rawdon, with a low laugh. "We should certainly know what to do with it, shouldn't we?"

"Just so; but it is too risky a business, my boy," answered the attorney, dwelling on the "too" as though his only objection to share the booty was the peril attached to getting it. "Besides," he continued, in a significant tone, "I'm afraid you're already 'up a tree,'—"

"And where are you, Gabriel Grubb? If I have to go to destruction you'll have to show me the way!" said Rawdon, rising to his feet in wrath. "I can bear the rack if it's only for the pleasure of hearing you squeal."

So saying the dear friends parted company. Rawdon went out into night, and Gabriel Grubb locked himself in with a view to devising in quiet some plan for saving his own carcase from the wolves of retribution, whose menacing howl seemed already to fall upon his ear.

Out into the dark strode Jasper Rawdon; out into the fields, to pace the ground in solitude, and settle, if he could, what it was best to do. If Nora Mansford died, all his dreams of gold died, too. If she lived, still her secret was in somebody else's keeping; and she herself, half-demented, and despairing—she was not to be depended on for an hour. Oh, if he only had money, a good supply, he might escape from the meshes of the net he had so strongly woven around himself. Money he must have under any circumstances. And why not? There was doubtless plenty at the Hermitage, and if Grubb was chicken-hearted he was quite able to manage that business by himself, and there would be no division of the swag.

That night the tenant of the Hermitage sat up late, thinking and planning. When he retired at last to bed, he could not sleep; he could but lie still and think.

In the middle of the night he heard a slight noise, the noise as of a saw or file moving with cautious and measured stroke. Hastily and quietly donning his dressing-grown, he stepped down stairs in stockinged feet, and followed the guidance of the sound till he came to a side door leading into the kitchen garden, a door that was seldom used. It was not light enough to let him see the motion of the little blade, but the slight noise continued and the silent watcher was assured that a burglary was intended.

Quickly and quietly he withdrew. He was a brave man and a strong one, a man without fear. He had determined to let the man effect an entrance and then to secure him with a view of handing him over to the authorities, and of saving others from such untimely visitations. He soon apprised the faithful Phelim of what was going on, and in a few moments that honest henchman, "good at need," was at hand with his favorite weapon, the "Tipperary staff" for offence or defence as the case might be. His master armed himself with a pistol, the same that had done duty in the defence of Ooramarra, and a stout cudgel, and then silently stood in a small recess to watch and wait.

The saw was evidently in the hand of an expert, and very soon an opening was made; a panel of the door was displaced. After that the burglar was enabled partially to insert his body; thus he could draw the upper and lower bolts, and then let himself in through the open door. He did not close it after him, but proceeded along the passage, and turned into the dining-room; through the dining-room he passed on to a small room which was used as a library. Here the tenant of the "Hermitage" kept his cash—a considerable sum, too, for he had no banking account at Settleworth.

The burglar found the door locked. He did not seem at all surprised, but began again to manipulate with a gimlet previous to the insertion of his thin steel saw. "Mr. Magrath" began to think that the saw had had enough to do, so stepping forward, he seized the intending robber round the waist, pinned his arms tightly to his side, and flung him backward on the carpeted floor.

Muttering an emphatic malediction the man struggled desperately to loose his right arm; and, despite his opponent's great strength, would have succeeded but for the intervention of Phelim. The Irishman, with his customary readiness, had come to the fray provided with a good stout rope, and bound him as tightly as a running noose and a strong grip made possible. There was nothing for it but to submit.

"Don't murder me!" the rascal cried. "I know it's all up with me. Look, there's a knife in my side pocket. You can take it; I can do no more."

Master and man were inclined to call him coward as well as thief. "Let him get up, Phelim. Slacken the fellow's bonds a little," said Magrath.

As soon as the cord was loosened the burglar pulled out his hand, drew a pistol from his breast

The Metropolitan M. E. Church, Toronto.

pocket, and fired at the Irishman, whom he regarded as the more formidable adversary of the two. The aim was true and deadly, and would have settled all Phelim's earthly affairs for him effectually. His master, however, never took his eye off their prisoner. He saw the dire intent, and struck the pistol arm upward with his cudgel. The bullet found a place, not in honest Phelim's heart, as was intended, but in the ceiling of the room, affording proof positive of the murderous design.

"Och, darlint!" quoth Phelim, flinging himself on the burglar, and gripping him as in a vice." If that's what you're after, sure you'll be better kept. The cord was now used with more judgment, and the man was effectively fettered, and as "harmless," as Phelim put it, "as a shillaly with the nob an' the handle gone."

He was now conducted to the sitting-room, a light was produced and the "double" of Gerald Towneley stood confessed. In a moment the Irishman, seized by a sudden inspiration, loosed and lifted the flapped cap which seems the favorite headgear of the burglar fraternity, brushed his hand across his forehead, and revealed an ugly scar above the temple, which it was evidently a part of its owner's hair-dressing operations to keep hidden from public view, "Phelim Magrath, his mark!" shouted the Irishman, triumphantly; "sealed, signed, and delivered at Ooramarra Farm! I thought I knew yer ugly face." Then did Jasper Rawdon turn livid with apprehension and surprise. He stared at the speaker in silent terror.

"Yes, in truth, it is surprisin'," said Phelim. "Your black heart an' murtherin' hands put the rope round your neck at last. Do you know who that is, you dirty, foul-hearted spalpeen?" So saying, Phelim pointed to his master, who was standing silently in the shadow regarding the rascal with wrath and repugnance. When he stepped forward and stood upright in the full light of the lamp, Rawdon cried in horror, "Richard Mansford! Risen from the dead!" and as if to show that even in Jasper Rawdon there was a limit to human deviltry, he turned ghastly white and sick with fear and awe.

"Yes," was the reply, "it is Richard Mansford, whom you shot at in hope to kill, and who lives to avenge his brother's blood!—that brother who lies in his grave at Ooramarra, with the wound made by your dagger in his heart!"

Now, indeed, the double-dyed villain knew that the game was up. His devilish hardihood for the nonce forsook him utterly. He seemed to be surrounded and confronted with all the rascality of his life, and with all the murdered victims who had fallen by his hand. And so he collapsed, and would have fallen, had not Phelim Magrath upheld him and placed him in a chair.

Then he began to whimper and to appeal for pity. Then a ray of hope crossed the black horizon of his midnight sky, as he intimated that he knew where the original deeds of the Hazelcroft estate were—could give information about——

"Silence!" thundered Richard Mansford. "I cannot make terms with a red-handed villain. If you have anything to confess, out with it, or else keep silence, for fear that I forget that you are a man, and in my anger and contempt shoot you down as if you were a dog!"

Convinced that he had nothing to hope for on those lines, and that unconditional surrender and a clean breast were likeliest to serve his turn, Rawdon blurted out the secret of the deeds, compromised Gabriel Grubb, acknowledged the design to fleece Hardale, and was proceeding to speak of Nora.

"Hold!" said Richard Mansford. "Don't soil the maiden's name by passing it through your evil lips. I suppose you are the cause of all her grief."

Rawdon hung his head like the felon that he was, half essayed to speak, and then lifted a furtive look at the man whom he had so foully wronged.

"Out with it!" said Richard, "I see there's something infernal yet to come. Out with it!"

Then at last the wretch confessed that he had personated the dear girl's dead father, and had burdened her life, and closed her lips with a horrible secret that was eating out her very heart.

It was as much as the shocked and astonished listener could do to refrain from felling him to the ground. "Poor child!" he said. "Poor child! Living on the rack, and suspected of wrong at the very time she was being tortured by a lie!"

He paced the room to and fro in a perfect tempest of excitement. The grey dawn of the morning was peeping at the window, and when he saw it, he turned to Phelim Magrath, and said:

"I cannot wait, Phil, I cannot wait. Go and fetch Abram Hardale. He's an early riser, and by the time you get there you can do your errand. Call at the constable's as you come back, and tell him to bring his handcuffs, and take this rascal to the Round House. Be quick!"

In the course of an hour or so the old carpenter was standing in the unfamiliar precincts of the "Hermitage." In his presence the burglar kept his head down, and seemed loth to look him in the face.

"Hardale," said Richard, speaking hotly, as though he could not get calm again after hearing the diabolical confession he had listened to; "Here's the author of your niece's anguish and distress! He has made her believe that he is her father, that he might the more successfully rob her and you. It is a wicked lie. I saw her father buried, and can find his grave. You can read the truth of what I say in his hang-dog face. Tell him it's a lie!" he shouted, striding up to Rawdon, with clinched hand and face quivering with wrath. Rawdon involuntarily lifted his head, startled by the tones of thunder and the menacing advance.

"It's a lie," said he, and said no more.

By this time the constable had appeared upon the scene. His movements, like all the rest of his fraternity of that day, were slow, but they were fairly sure. The handcuffs were duly placed, and in somewhat pompous fashion, staff in hand, and with true official stride, he marched his prisoner out of the "Hermitage," along the road and through the town to the Round House, as the House of Detention was called, previous to bringing him in the due course of events before the bench of magistrates for final committal to the York assizes.

(To be Continued.)

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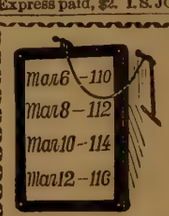

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AFRICAN NATIVES BECOMING TEACHERS.

A SOUTH African missionary goes out in the cool of the evening to meditate; he is sitting on the bullock-wagon enjoying for a few minutes the quiet beauty of thescene. Presently he catches sight of two figures wearily crossing the plain on the other side of the river, in which, alas, no water can be found now. Soon they emerge from its dry bed, and seeing the missionary by the wagon, joyfully approach him, sure of a welcome, and respectfully salute him with 'Good-day, master.' 'Good-day, boys; where do you come?' 'From Kimberly, master!' 'Kimberly! that is a long way off.' 'Where are you going?' 'We want to stay here, master!' 'But this is not your home, and we are already crowded. Where do your friends dwell?' 'Across the Zambesi, master!' 'Why, then, do you wish to tarry here?' 'We want to be taught by you, master! We were heathens when we went to Kimberly, but we are Christians now; and we desire to teach our own people about Jesus, but we don't know enough yet; so we want to stay here and learn.' They then handed a letter to the missionary from the missionary at Kimberley, the result of which was that he agreed to allow them to stay, they promised to support themselves whilst there.

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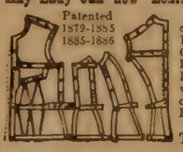

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And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me, the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet.

But pray, that when the tempest's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unfathomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go,
About the places of my dreams,

I do not ask for love below,
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

Youth, joy, wealth—Fate I give thee these;
Leave faith and hope till life is past;
And leave my heart's best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

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THEY BRIGHTENED HER LIFE.

A GIRL with a spinal complaint, who was obliged to spend all her life on a sofa, had four brothers. The eldest was a very tall, strong fellow, who took the lead amongst his friends in boating and cricket. "Harry," asked a companion, "how did you develop such splendid muscles?" "Well," said Harry, "I have a little crippled sister at home, and I'm the only one in the house who can lift her from one room to another, without giving her the slightest pain. I take plenty of exercise, and keep up my strength for her sake." The second brother, Fred, played the piano and violin very well, and once a friend asked him why he gave so much time to his music. "The fact is," said Fred, "I've an invalid sister at home, and it gives her such pleasure to hear me play, that I learn all the new music I can, for her sake." The third brother was clever with his brush, and when he went for a walk over the heath-covered hills, or by the rushing mountain stream in the valley below, he would take out his paints and make a sketch, and when he returned home he would sit by the side of his little sister and by means of the sketch describe to her the beauties of nature, that she had never seen. The fourth brother was always reading, and he used to cull a little story from his books to tell his sister. How her sad life must have been brightened by the kindness of these good brothers! What was it that made them so thoughtful to give her pleasure? Love and pity. They saw her weakness and pity made them use their strength and talents for her sake. It was just so with the Lord Jesus. He saw how we were lost, and that no one but himself could help us. Our helplessness, our misery, drew pity from his loving heart, and so he came here as a baby, that he might live amongst us and save us. (Rom. 5: 6.)

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

THE Rev. John McNeil says in a sermon published in *The Signal:* "I met a man to-day who told me of a friend of his who had an eagle. He had caught it when it was young, alive and unwounded, and had kept it and fed it and brought it up and tamed it as far as it could be tamed. He had kept it shut in and domesticated. But he was going to emigrate to the other side of the world, and he thought where would he bestow his eagle. There was no use in taking it away. And then he thought, Well, I will bestow it on nobody. I will give the eagle its freedom; and he opened the henhouse where he kept the eagle—(Oh, there is a kind of sermon in it; there are a lot of eagles living in henhouses)—he opened it and he took the bird up and set it in his back garden, and to his great disappointment, did not fly. It went about very likely enjoying the wee bit bigger walk that it had, but it did not fly, so he actually lifted it and put it upon the garden wall, and it looked down, and he began to be a little sad and sorry, and wished that he could have talked to the bird, and told it what the poet said about it, and how it is the symbol of freedom and of power to soar into the very eye of the sun. But suddenly, he said, a cloud that had been there passed away, and a burst of warm bright light came out, and the eagle looked up. Could it remember the days of its youth? It gathered itself together, and it lifted up one wing, and stretched it out, and it lifted up the other, and then with a scream, away it went, and it was soon a mere mote far away in the blue heavens. That is what faith does to the soul that gets quick touch with God. All the chains are broken. The prison door is opened, and everyone's bands are loosed. 'They that wait on the Lord mount up with wings as eagles.'"

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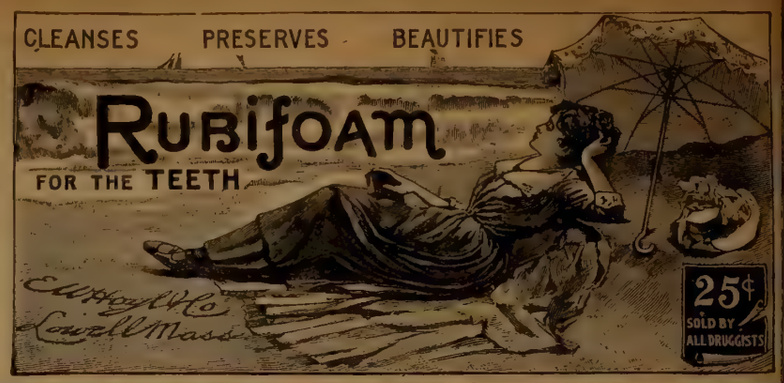

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THE SHEIK IN CHARGE OF JEREMIAH'S GROTTO, NEAR JERUSALEM, THE SUPPOSED SITE OF CALVARY.

THE SNOW.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE LAST SUNDAY.

The Snow-Crowned Mountains of Palestine—Job's Microscopical Investigation—What the Snow Meant to Two Boys—God in the Littles—The Realm under the Thumb—The Snow's Accumulated Power—Stops Traffic and Communication—A Tragedy on the Alps—Demoralized Napoleon's Army—The Power of Insignificant Workers—Their Recognition and Reward in Heaven—The Usefulness of Sorrow—The Snow's Cleansing Power—The Bell-Crowned Guiding Posts in the Scotch Snow Drifts.

"Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" Job 38 : 22.

GROSSLY maligned is the season of winter. The spring and summer and autumn have had many admirers, but winter, hoary-headed and white-bearded winter, hath had more enemies than friends. Yet without winter the human race would be inane and effortless. You might speak of the winter as the mother of tempests; I take it as the father of a whole family of physical, mental and spiritual energies. The most people that I know are strong in proportion to the number of snow-banks they had to climb over, or push through, in childhood, while their fathers drove the sled loaded with logs through the crunching drifts high as the fences. At this season of the year when we are so familiar with the snow, those frozen vapors, those falling blossoms of the sky, those white angels of the atmosphere, those poems of the storm, those Iliads and Odysseys of the wintery tempest, I turn over the leaves of my Bible and—though most of it was written in a clime where snow seldom or never fell—I find many of these beautiful congelations. Though the writers may seldom or never have felt the cold touch of the snowflake on their cheek, they had in sight two mountains the tops of which were suggestive. Other kings sometimes take off their crowns, but Lebanon and Mount Hermon all the year round and through the ages never lift the coronets of crystal from their foreheads. The first time we find a deep fall of snow in the Bible is where Samuel describes a fight between Benaiah and a lion in a pit; and though the snow may have crimsoned under the wounds of both man and brute, the shaggy monster rolled over dead and the giant was victor. But the snow is not fully recognized in the Bible until God interrogates Job, the scientist, concerning its wonders, saying: "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

THE CZAR'S QUEST.

I rather think that Job may have examined the snow-flake with a microscope; for, although it is supposed that the microscope was invented long after Job's time, there had been wonders of glass long before the microscope and with the telescope of ing her days were below thought of. So and long ago as when the Coliseum was in its full splendor, Nero sat in the emperor's box of that great theatre, which held a hundred thousand people, and looked at the combatants through a gem in his finger-ring which brought everything close up to his eye. Four hundred years before Christ, in the stores at Athens, were sold powerful glasses called "burning spheres," and Layard, the explorer, found a magnifying glass amid the ruins of Nineveh, and in the palace of Nimrod. Whether through magnifying instrument or with unaided eye, I cannot say, but I am sure that Job somehow went through the galleries of the snowflake and counted its pillars and found wonders, raptures, mysteries, theologies, majestics, infinities walking up and down its corridors, as a result of the question which the Lord had asked him, "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?"

Oh, it is a wondrous meteor! Humboldt studied it in the Andes twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. De Saussure revelled among these meteors in the Alps and Dr. Scoresby counted ninety-six varieties of snowflake amid the Arctics. They are in shape of stars, in shape of coronets, in shape of cylinders, are gobular, are hexagonal, are pyramidal, are castellated. After a fresh fall of snow, in one walk you crush under your feet Tuilleries, Windsor Castles, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, St. Mark's Cathedrals, Alhambras and Sydenham Palaces innumerable. I know it depends much on our own condition what impression these flying meteors of the snow make. I shall not forget two rough and unpretending wood-cuts which I saw in my boyhood side by side: one picture of a prosperous farmhouse with all signs of comfort, and a lad warmly-clothed looking out of the door upon the first flurry of snow, and his mind no doubt filled with the sound of jingling sleigh-bells, and the frolic with play-

Mount Hermon's Snowy Peak.

fellows in the deep banks, and he, clapping his hands and shouting: "It snows! It snows!" The other sketch was of a boy, haggard and hollow-eyed with hunger, looking from the broken door of a wretched home, and seeing in the falling flakes prophecy of more cold and less bread and greater privation, wringing his hands and with tears rolling down his wan cheeks, crying: "Oh, my God! It snows! It snows!" Out of the abundance that characterizes most of our homes may there go speedy relief to all whom this winter finds in want and exposure!

And now I propose for your spiritual and everlasting profit, if you will accept my guidance, to take you through some of these wonders of crystallization. And notice first, God in the littles. You may take alpenstock and cross the *Mer de Glace*, the Sea of Ice, and ascend Mont Blanc which rises into the clouds like a pillar of the Great White Throne, or with Arctic explorer ascend the mountains around the North Pole and see glaciers a thousand feet high grinding against glaciers three thousand feet high. But I will take you on a less pretentious journey and show you God in the snowflake. There is room enough between its pillars for the great Jehovah to stand. In that one frozen drop on the tip of your finger you may find the throne-room of the Almighty. I take up the snow in my hand and see the coursers of celestial dominion pawing these crystal pavements. The telescope is grand, but I must confess that I am quite as much interested in the microscope. The one reveals the universe above us; the other, just as great a universe beneath us. But the telescope overwhelms me, while the microscope comforts me. What you want and I want especially is a God in littles. If we were seraphic or arch-angelic in our natures, we would want to study God in the great; but such small, weak, short-lived beings as you and I are, want to find God in the littles.

When I see the Maker of the universe giving himself to the architecture of a snowflake and making its shafts, its domes, its curves, its walls, its irradiations so perfect, I conclude he will look after our insignificant affairs. And if we are of more value than a sparrow, most certainly we are of more value than an inanimate snowflake. So the Bible would chiefly impress us with God in the littles. It does not say, "Consider the clouds," but it says, "Consider the lilies." It does not say, "Behold the tempests!" but, "Behold the fowls!" and it applauds a cup of cold water, and the widow's two mites, and says the hairs of your head are all numbered. Do not fear, therefore, that you are going to be lost in the crowd. Do not think that because you estimate yourself as only one snowflake among a three days' January snow-storm that you will be forgotten. The birth and death of a drop of chilled vapor is as certainly regarded by the Lord as the creation and demolition of a planet. Nothing is big to God and nothing is small. What makes the honey industries of South Carolina such a source of livelihood and wealth? It is because God teaches the lady-bug to make an opening in the rind of the apricot for the bee who cannot otherwise get at the juices of the fruit. So God sends the lady-bug ahead to prepare the way for the honey-bee. He teaches the ant to bite each grain of corn that she puts in the ground for winter food in order that it may not take root and so ruin the little granary. He teaches the raven in dry weather to throw pebbles into a hollow tree that the water far down and out of reach may come up within the reach of the bird's beak. What a comfort that he is a God in littles! The emperor of all the Russias in olden time was looking at a map that spread before him his vast dominions, and he could not find Great Britain on the map, and he called in his secretary and said: "Where is Great Britain that I hear so much about?" "It is under your thumb," said the secretary; and the emperor raised his hand from the map and saw the country he was looking for. And it is high time that we find this mighty realm of God close by, and under our own little finger. To drop you out of his memory would be to resign his omniscience. To refuse you his protection would be to abdicate his omnipotence. When you tell me that he is the God of Jupiter and the God of Mercury and the God of Saturn, you tell me something so vast that I cannot comprehend it. But if you tell me he is the God of the snow-flake, you tell me something I can hold and measure and realize. Thus the smallest snow-flake contains a jewel-case of comfort. Here is an opal, an amethyst, a diamond. Here is one of the treasures of the snow. Take it for your present and everlasting comfort.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

Behold, also, in the snow the treasure of accumulated power. During a snow-storm let an apothecary, accustomed to weigh most delicate quantities, hold his weighing scales out of the window and let one flake fall on the surface of the scales and it will not even make it tremble,

Jews to the Re- you want to express extreme triviality of we pla you say, "Light as a feather;" but a snow-flake is much lighter. It is just twenty-four times lighter than water, And yet the accumulation of these flakes broke down, a few days ago, in sight of my house, six telegraph poles, made helpless police and fire departments, and halted rail-trains with two thundering locomotives. We have already learned so much of the power of electricity that we have become careful how we touch the electric wire, and in many a case a touch has been death. But, a few days ago, the snow put its hand on most of these wires and tore them down as though they were cobwebs. The snow said: "You seem afraid of the thunderbolt; I will catch it and hurl it to the ground. Your boasted electric lights adorning your cities with bubbles of fire, I will put out as easily as your ancestors snuffed out a tallow candle." The snow put its finger on the lip of our cities that were talking with each other and they went into silence, uttering not a word. The snow mightier than the lightning.

In March, 1888, the snow stopped America. It said to Brooklyn: "Stay home!" to New York: "Stay home!" to Philadelphia: "Stay home!" to Washington: "Stay home!" to Richmond: "Stay home!" It put into a white sepulchre most of this nation. Commerce, whose wheels never stopped before, stopped then. What was the matter? Power of accumulated snow-flakes; on the top of the Appenines one flake falls, and others fall, and they pile up, and they make a mountain of fleece on the top of a mountain of rock, until one day a gust of wind, or even the voice of a mountaineer, sets the frozen vapors into action and by awful descent they sweep everything in their course — trees, rocks, villages—as when, in 1827, the town of Briel in Valais was buried, and in 1624, in Switzerland, three hundred soldiers were entombed. These avalanches were made up of single snow-flakes. What tragedies of the snow have been witnessed by the monks of St. Bernard, who, for ages have with the dogs been busy in extricating bewildered and overwhelmed travellers in Alpine storms, the dogs with blanket fastened to their backs and flasks of spirits fastened to their neck, to resuscitate the helpless travellers, one of these dogs decorated with a medal for having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, the brave beast himself slain of the snow on that day when accompanying a Piedmontese courier on the way to his anxious household down the mountain, the wife and children of the Piedmontese courier coming up the mountain in search of him, an avalanche covered all under pyramids higher than those under which the Egyptian monarchs sleep their sleep of the ages. What an illustration of the tragedies of the snow is found in that scene between Glencoe and Glencreran one February, in Scotland, where Ronald Cameron comes forth to bring to his father's house his cousin Flora MacDonald, for the celebration of a birthday, and the calm day turns into a hurricane of white fury that leaves Ronald and Flora as dead, to be resuscitated by the shepherds. What an exciting struggle had Bayard Taylor among the wintry Appenines.

In the winter of 1812, by a similar force the destiny of Europe was decided. The French army marched up toward Moscow five hundred thousand men. What can resist them? Not bayonets, but the dumb elements overwhelm that host. Napoleon retreats from Moscow with about two hundred thousand men, a mighty nucleus for another campaign after he gets back to Paris. The morning of October 19th, when they start for home is bright and beautiful. The air is tonic, and, although this Russain campaign has been a failure, Napoleon will try again in some other direction with his host of brave surviving Frenchmen. But a cloud comes on the sky, and the air gets chill, and one of the soldiers feels on his cheek a snow-flake, and then there is a multiplication of these wintry messages, and soon the plumes of the officers are decked with another style of plume, and then all the skies let loose upon the warriors a hurricane of snow, and the march becomes difficult, and the horses find it hard to pull the supply train, and the men begin to fall under the fatigue, and many not able to take another step lie down in the drifts never to rise, and the cavalry horses stumble and fall, and one thousand of of the army fall, and ten thousand perish, and twenty thousand go down, and fifty thousand, and a hundred thousand, and a hundred and twenty thousand and a hundred and thirty-two thousand die, and the victor of Jena and bridge of Lodi, and Eylau, and Austerlitz where three great armies, commanded by three emp . ors,

Crystals of Snow as Seen under a Microscope.

surrendered to him, now himself surrenders to the snow-flakes. Historians do not seem to recognize that the tide in that man's life turned from December the 16th 1809, when he banished by hideous divorce his wife Josephine from the palace and so challenged the Almighty, and the Lord charged upon him from the fortresses of the sky with ammunition of crystal. Snowed under! Billions, trillions, quadrillions, quintillions of flakes did the work. And what a suggestion of accumulative power, and what a rebuke to all of us who get discouraged because we cannot do much, and therefore do nothing.

"Oh," says some one, "I wonld like to stop the forces of sin and crime that are marching for the conquest of the nations; but I am nobody, I have neither wealth nor eloquence nor social power. What can I do?" My brother, how much do you weigh? as much as a snow-flake?" "Oh yes." Then do your share. It is an aggregation of small influences that will yet put this lost world back into the bosom of a pardoning God. Alas that there are so many men and women, who will not use the one talent because they have not ten, and will not give a penny because they cannot give a dollar, and will not speak as well as they can because they are not eloquent, and will not be a snow-flake, because they cannot be an avalanche. In earthly wars the generals get about all the credit, but in the war for God and righteousness and heaven all the private soldiers will get crowns of victory unfailing. When we reach heaven—by the grace of God may we all arrive there!—I do not think we will be able to begin the new song right away, because of the surprise we shall feel at the comparative rewards given. As we are being conducted along the street to our celestial residence, we will begin to ask where live some of those who were mighty on earth. We will ask, "Is so-and so here?" and the answer will be, "Yes, I think he is in the city, but we don't hear much of him; he was good and he got in, but he took most of his pay in earthly applause; he had enough grace to get through the gate, but just where he lives I know not. He squeezed through somehow, although I think the gates took the skirts of his garments. I think he lives in one of those back streets in one of the plainer residences."

Then we shall see a palace, the door-steps of gold, and the windows of agate, and the tower like the sun for brilliance, and chariots before the door, and people who look like princes and princesses going up and down the steps, and we shall say, "What one of the hierarchs lives here? That must be the residence of a Paul or a Milton, or some one whose name resounds through all the planet from which we have just ascended." "No, no," says our celestial dragoman, "that is the residence of a soul whom you never heard of. When she gave a charity her left hand knew not what her right hand did. She was mighty in secret prayer, and no one but God and her own soul knew it. She had more trouble than anybody in all the land where she lived and without complaining she bore it, and though her talents were never great what she had was all consecrated to God and helping others, and the Lord is making up for her earthly privation by especial raptures here, and the King of this country had that place built especially for her. The walls began to go up when her troubles and privations and consecration began on earth, and it so happened—what a heavenly coincidence!—that the last stroke of the trowel of amethyst on those walls was given the hour she entered heaven. You know nothing of her. On earth her name was only once in the newspapers, and that among the column of the dead, but she is mighty up here. There she comes now, out of her palace grounds, in her chariot behind those two white horses, for a ride on the banks of the river that flows from under the throne of God. Let me see. Did you not have in your world below an old classic which says something about "these are they who came out of great tribulation, and they shall reign forever and ever?'"

As we pass up the street I find a good many on foot, and I say to the dragoman, "Who are these?" And when their name is announced I recognize that some of them were on earth great poets and great orators and great merchants and great warriors, and when I express my surprise about their going afoot, the dragoman says, "In this country people are rewarded not according to the number of their earthly talents, but according to the use they made of what they had." And then I thought to myself: "Why, that theory would make a snow-flake that falls cheerfully and in the right place, and does all the work assigned it, as honorable as a whole Mont Blanc of snowflakes." "Yes, yes;" says the celestial dragoman, "Many of

these pearls that you find on the foreheads of the righteous, and many of the gems in the jewel-case of prince and princess, are only the petrified snowflakes of earthly tempest, for God does not forget the promise made in regard to them: "They shall be mine, said the Lord of hosts, in the day when I make up my jewels." Accumulated power! All the prayers and charities and kindnesses and talents of all the good concentered and compacted will be the world's evangelization. This thought of the aggregation of the many smalls into that one mighty is another treasure of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion of the usefulness of sorrow. Absence of snow last winter made all nations sick. That snowless winter has not yet ended its disasters. Within a few weeks it put tens of thousands into the grave and left others in homes and hospitals gradually to go down. Called by a trivial name, the Russian "grip," it was an international plague. Plenty of snow means public health. There is no medicine that so soon cures the world's malaria as these white pellets that the clouds administer. Pellets small enough to be homœopathic, but in such large doses as to be allopathic, and melting soon enough to be hydropathic. Like a sponge every flake absorbs unhealthy gases. The tables of mortality in New York and Brooklyn immediately lessened when the snows of last December began to fall. The snow is one of the grandest and best of the world's doctors.

NAPOLEON VANQUISHED BY SNOW

Yes; it is necessary for the land's productiveness. Great snows in winter are generally followed by great harvests next summer. Scientific analysis has shown that snow contains a larger percentage of ammonia than the rain, and hence its greater power of enrichment. And besides that, it is a white blanket to keep the earth warm. An examination of snow in Siberia showed that it was a hundred degrees warmer under the snow than above the snow. Alpine plants perished in the mild winter of England for lack of enough snow to keep them warm. Snow strikes back the rich gases which otherwise would escape in the air and be lost. Thank God for the snows, and may those of February be as plentiful as those of December and January have been, high and deep and wide and enriching: then the harvests next July will embroider with gold this entire American continent. But who with any analogical faculty can notice that out of such chill as the snow comes the wheat, without realizing that chilling sorrows produce harvests of grace! The strongest Christians, without any exception, are those who were by bereavements or sickness or poverty or persecution, or all of them together, snowed under, and again and again snowed under. These snow-storms of trouble! They kill the malarias of the soul. They drive us out of worldly dependence to God. Call the roll of all the eminently pious of all the ages and you will find them the sons and daughters of sorrow. The Maronites say that one characteristic of the cedar tree is that when the air is full of snow, and it begins to descend, the tree lifts its branches in a way better to receive the snow and bear up under it, and I know by much observation that the grandest cedars of Christian character lift higher their branches toward God when the snows of trouble are coming. Lord Nelson's coffin was made out of the masts of the ship *L'Orient* in which he had fought so bravely, and your throne in heaven, O suffering child of God, will be built out of conquered earthly disasters. What gave John Bunyan such a wondrous dream of the celestial city? The Bedford penitentiary. What gave Richard Baxter such power to tell of the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and give his immortal *Call to the Unconverted?* Physical disease which racked every nerve of his body. What made George Whitefield so mighty in saving souls, bringing ten thousand to God when others brought a hundred? Persecution that caricatured and assailed him all up and down England, and dead vermin thrown in his face when he was preaching. What mellowed and glorified Wilberforce's Christian character? A financial misfortune that led him to write: "I know not why my life is spared so long except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." What gave John Milton such keen spiritual eyesight that he could see the battle of the angels? Extinguishment of physical eyesight. What is the highest observatory for studying the stars of hope and faith and spiritual promise? The believer's sick-bed. What proclaims the richest and most golden harvests that wave on all the hills of heavenly rapture? The snows, the deep snows, the awful snows of earthly calamity. And that thought is one of the treasures of the snow.

Another treasure of the snow is the suggestion that this mantle covering the earth is like the soul after it is forgiven. "Wash me," said the Psalmist, "and I shall be whiter than snow." My dear friend Gasherie De Witt went over to Geneva, Switzerland, for the recovery of his health, but the Lord had something better for him than earthly recovery. Little did I think when I bade him good-bye one lovely afternoon on the other side the sea, to return to America, that we would not meet again till we meet in heaven. As he lay one Sabbath morning on his dying pillow in Switzerland, the window open, he was looking out upon Mont Blanc. The air was clear. That great mountain stood in its robe of snow, glittering in the morning light, and my friend said to his wife: "Jennie, do you know what that snow on Mont Blanc makes me think of? It makes me think that the righteousness of Christ, and the pardon of God cover all the sins, and imperfections of my life, as that snow covers up that mountain, for the promise is that though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Was not that glorious! I do not care who you are, or where you are, you need as much as I do that cleansing, which made Gasherie De Witt good, while he lived and glorious when he died. Do not take it as the tenet of an obsolete theology that our nature is corrupt. We must be changed. We must be made over again. The ancients thought that snow-water had especial power to wash out deep stains. All other water might fail, but melted snow would make them clean. Well, Job had great admiration for snow, but he declares in substance that if he should wash his soul in melted snow, he would still be covered with mud like a man down in a ditch. (Job 9: 30.) "If I wash myself in snow water, an make my hands never so clean, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch and mine own clothes shall abhor me." We must be washed in the fountain of God's mercy, before we can be whiter than snow. "Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord." Oh, for the cleansing power!

If there be in all this audience one man or woman whose thoughts have always been right, and whose words always right, and whose actions always right, let such a one rise, or if already standing, lift the right hand. Not one! All we, like sheep, have gone astray. Unclean! unclean! And yet we may be made whiter than snow, whiter than that which, on a cold winter's morning, after a night of storm, clothes the tree from bottom of trunk to top of highest branch; whiter than that which, this hour, makes the Adirondacks and the Sierra Nevada and Mount Washington heights of pomp and splendor fit to enthrone an archangel.

In the time of Graham, the essayist, in one mountain district of Scotland an average of ten shepherds perished every winter in the snow drifts, and so he proposed that, at intervals of every mile, a pole fifteen feet high, with two cross-pieces be erected, showing the points of the compass, and a bell hung at the top, so that every breeze would ring it, and so the lost one on the mountains would hear the sound and take the direction given by this pole with the cross-pieces and get safely home. Whether that proposed plan was adopted or not I do not know, but I declare to all you who are in the heavy and blinding drifts of sin and sorrow that there is a cross near by that can direct you to home, and peace, and God; and hear you not the ringing of the Gospel bell hanging to that cross, saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it?" No wonder that the sacred poet put the Psalmist's thought into rhythm with that ringing chorus we have so often sung:

A LAST LOOK AT MONT BLANC.

Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want thee forever to live in my soul.
Break down every idol, cast down every foe!
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!
Whiter than snow! yes, whiter than snow!
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!

Get that prayer answered, and we will be fit not only for earth, but for the heaven where everything is so white because everything is so pure. You know that the redeemed in that land wear robes that are white, and the conquerors in that land ride horses that are white, and John in vision says of Christ, "his head and his hairs were white," and the throne on which he sits is a Great White Throne. By the pardoning and sanctifying grace of God, may we all at last stand amid that radiance!

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In glittering armor bright,
The armies of the living God,
Throng up the steeps of light.
'Tis finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Throw open wide the golden gates,
And let the conquerors in.

THE SHEIK OF THE GROTTO.

(See Illustration on first page.)

AN interest that thrills every Christian heart, attaches to the hill near Jerusalem, in the almost perpendicular side of which is the cavern known as Jeremiah's Grotto. A photograph of this spot and of the sheik, who is its guardian, was secured by Dr. Talmage during his visit to the Holy Land, and is reproduced on the first page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD this week. A tradition says that here Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations, but there is no evidence to support it. There is far better reason for believing that this hill is the veritable Golgotha, the place of a skull, where our Lord was crucified. Its position outside the walls of Jerusalem, yet "nigh to the city," its conspicuity, its name of *Kranion*, and its striking resemblance to a human skull, led Dr. Fisher Howe, who visited the place in 1853, to suggest that this place was probably the real Calvary. Further study confirmed his opinion and, on his return to America he published a book on the subject. Since that time the theory has been endorsed by the late Gen. Gordon, Dr. Charles S. Robinson of New York, and Dr. Selah Merrill formerly Consul, at Jerusalem.

The hill is some seventy or eighty feet high, and very precipitous on the side facing the city. Its top is rounded by nature like the arch of the forehead, and the two caverns in its side look like eyeless sockets. It must have borne the same resemblance in Christ's day and for ages before, so that it was not unnatural for the

Jews to speak of it as Luke does, according to the Revised Version, "When they came unto the place which is called The Skull, there they crucified him." (Luke 23: 33.) It is also one of the few places around Jerusalem which would be visible to "many beholding afar off."

"The yawning cavern of Jeremiah," says Dr. Thompson, "extends under the cliff about one hundred feet, and there are various buildings, graves, and sacred spots, arranged irregularly about it, walled-off, plastered and whitewashed. Under the floor of the caverns are vast cisterns. Lighting our tapers we descended about forty feet into the deepest one. The roof is supported by huge, square columns, and the whole, neatly plastered, is now used as a cistern. The water was pure, cold and sweet. This place is in Moslem hands, but the keeper allowed us to explore every part at our leisure." On the top of the hill are many Moslem graves, and this fact, doubtless, has prevented the hill being built upon or sold to strangers.

HOUSE AND TOTEMS IN ALASKA.

(See Illustration.)

REFERENCE is frequently made in the descriptions of Alaska, and its people—which are read with more interest since the Government has made our possession of that bleak province, the basis of diplomatic dispute, to the curious totem-poles, which are seen in the Indian villages of the Territory. It may interest our readers to have the accompanying picture of two of these totem-poles, which are those of a Tongass Chief whose dwelling, seen in the picture is near Fort Simpson.

There is a general impression that the totems are Indian idols, but, whatever they were in the past, it does not appear that they are now objects of worship. They are generally from thirty to fifty feet high, with a diameter of about three feet at the base, and tapering slightly upward. They may be divided into two classes, the clan or family pillars, and those erected as memorials of the dead. They do not differ in appearance, though they do in their location, the family totem being near, or actually part of the home, and the funeral totem, being erected over the grave. The Indians themselves cannot explain the carvings, nor why any particular carving should be identified with a particular family. In this they are not more unenlightened than the noble families of Europe, who cannot give the reason for the designs on their coats-of-arms. In some case, too, the dragons, and other devices on European escutcheons are as grotesque as those on the Indian totems. It is not improbable that if it were possible to trace back the history of these proud families, it would be found that the animal, or bird which now figures on their coach-doors, on their silver-plate and their writing-paper was once the totem of the tribe of uncivilized barbarians from which they are descended.

Indian House and Totems in Alaska.

A VETERAN REVIVALIST DEAD.

A REMARKABLE man wonderfully honored of God in winning souls for Christ, was called to his reward last week. In these days of rapid movement and of soul-stirring incident, men have almost forgotten James Caughey, and many did not even know that he was living a quiet, secluded life in his New Jersey home. The announcement of his death will, however, stir many a memory among the elders in Israel. They will remember the mighty awakenings in Canada, in England, in Ireland, and in our own country which followed his labors. They were talked of with wonder and thankfulness to God when many of the evangelists now in their prime were boys at school and before some of them were born. It is fifty-seven years since he was ordained and admitted to the Troy Conference, and fifty years since he set out on his famous tour. He went out trusting in God for his support, believing that he was directly called to the work of evangelization in Europe and he preached with the unction of a man, assured in his own heart that he was sent of God. It was said at the time, by persons who followed his labors, that not less than twenty thousand souls were won during that pilgrimage of seven years. Besides that, thousands of Christians in the Churches which he visited were quickened, and aroused to seek a richer blessing and to attain a fuller endowment of grace and power.

Of late only a few dear friends have succeeded in gaining personal intercourse with the veteran evangelist. His public work, he felt, was finished, and as the years passed, he more and more sought seclusion. But his doors were readily opened to men of kindred spirit. Some two or three years ago the Rev. Thomas Harrison (whose portrait appeared in this journal last week), was warmly welcomed by the aged servant of Christ. "I had studied his life and work," Mr. Harrison says, "I had thought about him and asked questions about him for many years. His stirring words had been an inspiration and a quickening to me in all my revival work and I longed inexpressibly to see him in the flesh before he departed hence. At last an opportunity occurred. Accompanied by Brother Stephen Merritt I went to his home at New Brunswick. We received the stereotyped answer that we could not see Mr. Caughey, but we persisted and I sent in my name. The door was opened and the stalwart old man (he was six feet or more in height, with flowing white hair thrown back like the mane of an old lion) stood there with extended arms, uttering the words 'Come in thou beloved of the Lord.' I found the man, whose voice thundering the terrors of the law had startled multitudes to flee from the wrath to come, as sympathetic as a woman and as tender as a child. We had an interview I shall never forget. He asked me of my work and talked with me of the revivals of by-gone times. At the last he prayed over me with a power and a fervor such as an Apostle nearing the close of his life might have used, and then I left him to see his face no more on earth. I regard that visit as one of the most memorable events of my life."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Railroad President's Debt to a School teacher was heartily acknowledged in Kansas recently. An official in the Postoffice Department who was riding over the Fort Scott & Wichita Railroad got into trouble with the conductor who refused to recognize his credentials. Ultimately the matter was referred to the President of the road. The President promptly passed the official, and then entered into conversation with him. After whiling away an hour in learning all about himself and his family, the President said, "I know your wife, sir; I was in her school more than thirty years ago when she was a teacher in Ohio. She once gave me a sound whipping for laziness, and it changed me. But for her firmness I should now have been a plodder on the farm." The time will come when, seeing more clearly than we do now the meaning of the trials of our own lives, we shall thank God for the discipline that now we groan under. (Heb. 12: 11).

Patients Poisoned by Hothouse Flowers have been frequent visitors of late to the hospitals and the offices of private physicians in New York. A daily journal says that their malady was the same in all cases. It was that of mild blood-poisoning and closely resembled in its symptoms, the disease prevalent among the men who prepare hides for the tanner. One physician has had under treatment six patients during the past two weeks, who all work in a well-known florist's establishment up-town. The peculiarity of the cases excited his curiosity, and he made an investigation to discover the cause. He found that the disease originated in the hands which had been pricked by the thorns on rose-stems. Further questioning disclosed the fact that a powder of which Paris-green is one of the ingredients had been used in the hot-house to kill the insects, which infest the rose-trees. It is supposed that the powder adhered to the rose-stems, and was introduced into the blood, when the thorns pricked the hands. It is somewhat startling to learn that danger lurks in a thing so beautiful and fragrant as a hot-house rose. They who deal with spiritual maladies would not be so much surprised as the physicians were by such a phenomenon. Their experience is that the poison, which affects the soul finds an entrance more frequently by means of something which is gratifying to the senses than in any other way. (Col. 3: 5, 6.)

An Aristocratic Bridegroom Received a Lesson from an American captain recently. A steamer of the North German Lloyd line was discharging her passengers at the pier at Hoboken, N. J. Among them was a German baron who had come to marry the daughter of a wealthy brewer whose acquaintance he made during her visit to Germany. The captain who is in charge of the pier was busy entering the names of the passengers as they left the ship to go to their respective destinations. "What is your name?" the captain asked of the noble stranger, when his turn came. The baron began to enumerate his titles and many Christian names, but had not got more than half through when the busy captain interrupted him. "Oh," said he, "that will do; you left all those titles behind you in Germany; you are in America now. What is your last name?" The baron was exceedingly taken aback, but he gave the desired information which the captain recorded, and, so Americanized, the baron passed out to meet his friends. It may be hoped that the young man will some day reach another place where his titles will be similarly uncalled for. None are received in heaven but they who enter simply as sinners saved by the grace of God. (Col. 3:11.)

THE FOUR JUDGMENTS.

The Times of the Gentiles Terminating in Judgment Followed by the Millennium.

BY T. B. BAINES.

THE "times of the Gentiles" began with the kingdom of Babylon, the head of gold in Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic dream. Then came the kingdom of the Medes and Persians, symbolized by the breast and arms of silver; the Greek monarchy, set forth in the belly and thighs of brass; and afterward the stronger and more enduring dominion of Rome, represented by the legs of iron. After this, "the times of the Gentiles" changed their nature; iron and clay mingled together, or the rule was divided among kingdoms of various origin and character, though all connected with the dismembered Roman Empire. Another vision shows us that in this last stage

The Roman Empire will Revive

in a ten-kingdomed federal form, under the presidency of one especially energized by Satan. It is when it has reached this phase that judgment will descend, a stone cut out without hands falling on the Gentile powers and crushing them to pieces, after which it grows into a mountain that fills the whole earth; or, as interpreted by Daniel, "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all the kingdoms, and it shall stand forever" (Daniel 2 : 44.) Such is the history, prophetically traced, of the yet uncompleted "times of the Gentiles."

While these were running their course, the Jews—that is, the two tribes forming the Kingdom of Judah—fulfilled the seventy years of captivity foretold by the prophet Jeremiah. At the close of that period, the Babylonian Kingdom having been destroyed and the Persian established on its ruins, Cyrus issued a decree permitting the Jews of the captivity to return to Jerusalem, in virtue of which a small band, without political power or position, found their way back to the ruined city, and there rebuilt the temple. Nearly a century afterward, the same Gentile power gave a "commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem." From this "commandment" dates Daniel's.

Prophecy of Seventy Weeks.

It is divided into *three parts*, of seven weeks, of sixty-two weeks, and of one week. During the first part, of seven weeks, the city was rebuilt. The second part, of sixty-two weeks, comprehends the time from the completion of the city to the cutting off of the Messiah. The third part, of one week, which yet awaits its accomplishment, carries "the times of the Gentiles" to a close, "finishes the transgression" of the Jews, and brings in "everlasting righteousness," the desolator being destroyed, and the Messiah's kingdom established. During the coming in of the Gentiles, God's purposes of earthly blessings are suspended. The stream of prophetic time ceases to run. It stagnated, so to speak, after the sixty-ninth week, when Messiah was cut off, and will not again begin to flow till after the fullness of the Gentiles has come in, and God once more takes up the thread of his purposes concerning the earth. During this last unfulfilled week of Daniel's seventy weeks there will commence

The Judgments

which precede the "day of the Lord," or the establishment of Messiah's kingdom. These judgments may be broadly divided into four different classes.

I. *The Jews and the rest of the Israelites will be restored*, but only after fearful troubles, from which but a portion will escape. The Jews, who rejected the Christ, will receive the Antichrist, will enter into covenant with "the prince that shall come,"—the last phase of Gentile power, and will worship his image, "the abomination of desolation," set up in the holy place. The remnant of faithful ones who refuse to have part in these last scenes of wickedness and lawlessness will be persecuted with fearful persistency and malignity, many of them killed, the rest driven into exile. The time will be one of untold tribulation, so that, but for its shortness, no flesh could be saved.

Then the Lord himself will appear in power and great glory, destroying with the sword out of his mouth the followers of Antichrist. Those who "abide the day of his coming," the purged remnant who "come out of the great tribulation," having "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," shall be a holy people, their dross purged away, their judges restored as at the first, and their counsellors as at the beginning, and Jerusalem shall be "called the city of righteousness, the faithful city." The elect remnant of Israel also will be brought back, and made to inherit the land.

II. But besides the purging judgments referred to, there will be other acts of righteous government and retribution reserved for that dreadful period. Babylon, especially, that is,

The Corrupt Carcass of Christendom,

will come into remembrance. The blood shed and the crimes committed in the name of Christ will then be righteously avenged. The beast and his confederates, themselves, following a still more fearful delusion, will hate the scarlet woman and make her desolate; the very power which has supported her will turn against her; and the cup which she hath filled shall be filled to her double.

III. The fall of Babylon shows the doom of that soulless profession of Christ and that lifeless ecclesiastical organization which will survive when all true believers have been removed to the Father's house. But by whom is this apostate, corrupt system destroyed? By the beast and his coadjutors, that is, by that wicked head of the Gentile powers whose pride and blasphemy will at length draw down the lightnings of God's avenging wrath — the impious chief of those kings of the earth who shall "take counsel together against Jehovah, and against his Anointed."

This associated Gentile dominion is the third class dealt with in the judgments of the last week. The confederacy, headed by the prince and energized by Satan, will form a league with the mass of the Jews and their false Christ, and will gather together their forces to battle; when Christ will appear in his glory, followed by the armies of heaven, take the beast and the false prophet and cast them alive into the lake of fire, and afterward destroy their followers with the sword that proceedeth out of his mouth. So end "the times of the Gentiles."

IV. But there is another class of judgments. This power which God uses, like the Assyrian of old, as a scourge to the unfaithful Jews, will, when the hour for judgment comes, itself also be visited. When Jerusalem is besieged and half the city has been carried off, Christ will appear for its deliverance, the besieging host will be cut off, and the remnant of the people saved. This will close the preliminary judgments. The nation having been purged, Babylon consumed, the last Satanic form of Gentile dominion overthrown, and the enemies who sought to destroy Jerusalem scattered, Christ's kingdom will be established on earth. The saints, who have come purged out of the great tribulation, will receive dominion under him. Satan will be cast into the bottomless pit, while the Bride, the Lamb's wife, seen in figure as the New Jerusalem, will reign with Christ a thousand years.

It is a solemn thing to trace the incurable hatred of the human heart to God. A thousand years' experience of Christ's righteous and blessed rule will not suffice to change the nature of man. No sooner is Satan loosed from his imprisonment than the nations rebel, but only to be at once destroyed with devouring fire from heaven. This last outbreak of human wickedness brings the world's history to a close. Then the dead, who had no part in the first resurrection are raised, are judged according to their works, and are cast into the lake of fire. Satan, death, and hades are all similarly destroyed. And now, the last enemy having been vanquished, the work of reconciliation, founded on the blood of the Cross, is completed; a new heaven and a new earth are created, in which righteousness not only reigns, as during the thousand years, but permanently dwells.

Such, as traced out in the Word of the living God, is the prospect before the world. Are these the things which Christians are looking for?

A BROTHER'S VICTORY.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for Feb. 22. "Not by might nor by power but by my spirit saith the Lord."—Zech. 4 : 6.

"WHERE have you been, Robert?" The question was asked by Robert's elder brother, Edward, who, coming out of school, saw him walking demurely homeward.

"What is that to you! Mind your own business," was the younger boy's surly reply.

"It is my business," said Edward. "You have no father to look after you now, and I am going to do it. I know you have not been to school and I insist on knowing where you have been."

"Well, you may find out if you can; you aren't my father," said Robert. "I am not going to be bossed by you."

"We shall see about that. I will not have you disgrace your mother and sister and me, if I know it. What do you think will become of you if you play these tricks? I won't have you going off playing with blackguard boys instead of going to school."

"Oh, who are you? I shall go where I like without asking you."

The dispute ended in the natural way by the elder boy giving his brother a thrashing. He did it conscientiously, too, with a vigor that he hoped would leave an impression on the boy's mind and render him more respectful for the future, and less disposed to question his authority. He was sixteen and Robert was only twelve. Edward knew well that some authority was needed in the case or Robert would go wrong. Their father had been dead only a few weeks and the elder boy was concerned over his brother's thus early doing what he had never dared do while his father was alive. Being the eldest son, Edward considered that he was now the head of the family and responsible for discipline. His mother was too kind and gentle to make her authority felt, and besides, had always been disposed to be indulgent with her younger son. Edward loved his mother dearly, but he thought it would have been better for all her children if she had displayed more firmness. While his father was living, it had not been so necessary, but now that he was gone, the mother's laxity might be disastrous, especially to Robert.

"What have you been doing to Robert?" was the mother's greeting when Edward entered the home. "He ran in just now crying bitterly, and he says you have been beating him. You are cruel to hit a little boy like that. Oh! what shall I do, if my children take to quarreling! You dare not have done it if your father had been alive. You naughty, wicked boy! Why do you distress me like this? Do you want to break my heart?" The widow burst into tears and would not be comforted.

Robert was allowed to stay at home that afternoon and was petted and comforted by the injudicious mother. The next day, on the way to school Edward seized the opportunity of speaking to him. "Now mind what you do," he said, "if you don't behave I'll beat you again."

"If you do, I'll tell mother," answered the boy. "She says you shall not hit me."

"You behave and then there will be no need. If you don't you'll catch it" was the retort.

"You look troubled, Edward" said his Sunday School teacher, who met the boy that evening on his way home. "Yes, Mr. Willoughby, I feel so" said Edward. "Perhaps you could help me, I am in a difficulty that I cannot see my way out of."

"Tell me all about it, my boy, I will help you if I can."

Edward told his story and ended with, "I am determined to punish him when he needs it and keep him straight if I can. Am I not right?"

"Do you know what is the strongest thing in the world, Edward?"

Edward thought a moment of wind and water and steam and finally said, "No, I am not sure what is the very strongest, but what has that to do with it?"

"Everything; the strongest thing we know of, that which has won more victories, has overcome strong men, broken hearts and conquered stubborn spirits, is love. Why not try that?"

"Oh, Robert gets enough love from his mother, he don't need it from me."

"You are mistaken; no one gets enough love. If you try it you will find that Robert will appreciate it. You do love him, now; but let him see that you do. Think kindly of him, help him with his lessons and let him see that you are anxious for his welfare. You have no idea how it will influence him. God rules the world by love. Our highest conception of him is that he is love. Let his spirit be in you and you will conquer."

It was a hard thing to do. Edward struggled with his own masterful spirit a long time before he succeeded. But one day after a kind word to his brother, Robert looked up in his face, and said in a surprised tone, "Why I did not know you cared for me." It was a revelation to both. Edward was surprised that Robert should have felt his caring so much. After that the victory was easy. It was won not by might nor by power, but by the spirit of the Lord.

ELIJAH'S SUCCESSOR.

S. S. LESSON FOR FEB. 22, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 2: 12-22. GOLDEN TEXT, ZECH. 4: 6.

Elisha's View of Elijah's Ascent—The Significance of the Rent Garments—The Mantle Taken Up—A Symbol of the Prophet-Vocation—The Waters Divided—Elisha's Succession Recognized by the Presence of Elijah's Spirit—The Search for the Prophet—The Healing of the Waters.

ELISHA'S eyes were disciplined; he had a single eye; therefore his whole body was full of light. (Luke 11: 34-36.) He had learned the lesson of the Preacher, "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eye-lids look straight before thee. . . . Turn not to the right hand nor to the left." (Prov. 4: 25, 27.) His journey with Elijah had developed a unity of purpose, a consciousness of his vocation which manifested the true prophet character. Those who are ready for any distraction, who have eyes and ears open for all which is around them, and who are subject to every influence never can make prophets of the Lord. Deep, intense, concentrated attention to God characterizes his prophet children. All through that wondrous day when Elisha followed Elijah, in spite of his master's opposition, in spite of the sons of the prophets, his eyes had been turned from the things of time and sense. A double portion of "his master's spirit" filled his horizon; he saw all else as though he saw it not. Thus when God's horses and chariot of fire appeared, the eyes turned heavenwards were able to take in the heavenly vision. "Elisha saw it, and cried, my father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." The sign which Elijah had given him was, "If thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee." He had seen, and the double portion was his! Called, anointed, clothed with a double portion of Elijah's spirit, Elisha could now go forward to fulfil his vocation.

The prophet Elisha had no regrets for the oxen and the land, for the homestead and the farm, which he had left to follow Elijah; he wasted no time in regrets for his master; Elijah had needed no funeral, how could Elisha weep? Something of heaven had come down to take a heavenly man to the sphere to which he belonged; was it a cause for weeping? But "Elisha took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces." Henceforth nothing of his own must remain, nothing of the past, no covering but Elijah's mantle, nothing which should remind himself or others of his own earthly life.

A prophet must be a separated man. Just as long as a child of God relies on any earthly advantage which he possesses, of family, money, talent, experience, physical strength, or even spiritual knowledge, he has not, as yet, torn his clothes in two pieces, there is still something of himself which invests him. Elisha could not let the mantle of Elijah, as it fell from an opened heaven, form only a part of his own clothing; it must be

All or Nothing.

If we are "clothed upon, that mortality may be swallowed up of life," it becomes an instinct to do away with all that is of self in our life. Old things have very definitely, "passed away; behold, all things are become new." "He took up also the mantle of Elijah that fell from him." In rending his own clothes, he surrendered anew his own life for his vocation; in taking up the prophet's mantle, he accepted the prophet-life, and no other. There are many who are troubled about the question of recreation or amusement. The apostle Paul settles this matter in these words, "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." (1. Cor. 13: 11.) Children must play: it is as unnatural to a child not to play as it is unbecoming in a man to play like a child. There are many whose spiritual age is that of a child; distraction and even amusement are possibilities to them, because the greatness of their vocation has never so dawned upon them as to make them "put away childish things;" they are childish still. Spiritual maturity has always a dignity about it which makes childish things an impossibility. A man who lives in the light of eternity, in the consciousness that he is "a man sent from God," that eternal issues hang upon the moments that are passing, the words and deeds which are being spoken and done,—has no room in his heart and life for trifles. Everything partakes of the greatness which fills his soul. He may have the tenderest heart of compassion for others, can make allowance for those who have not put away childish things, but he cannot himself come down to their level, or forsake the atmosphere of eternity in which he dwells, for the littleness and narrowness of a life filled with considerations which belong only to the world and time and sense.

"The mantle of Elijah" was a reality to Elisha. Elijah's life was characterized by his own account of himself; "The Lord God of Israel before whom I stand." In taking possession of the mantle, Elisha took possession of the life—a life

In the Presence of his God.

He went back to the Jordan, no longer with Elijah, but more than ever with Elijah's God. He smote the waters, and said, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Why should not every barrier give way before God and him as before God and Elijah? He was not disappointed, the waters recognized their Master with the prophet, and "parted hither and thither; and Elisha went over." Oh, how many of God's children have reasoned out in an intellectual way that the powers and gifts of the early Church have not been recalled, and in a carnal spirit, and with a life full of self, have sought to revive them, and have failed! In order to know anything of real heavenly power, there must be a forsaking of the earthly, the tearing of our own clothes before taking upon ourselves the mantle of Elijah. When eternal life in a man dominates his own life, then "the power of an endless life" (Heb. 7: 16) is manifest; when the earthly life predominates in a Christian, there is a proportionate lack of the power of God. Those who are always taken up with difficulties, and who see impossibilities at every step, have not accepted the prophet's mantle, they do not stand before the Lord God of Israel, with whom nothing is impossible.

Elisha did not need to explain matters to the sons of the prophets; the presence of God with him told its own tale, and it ran from one to another, "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha." There are some who cannot have the least communion with God without treasuring it up to tell at some testimony meeting, that they may impress others with the sanctity of their lives. Oh, how much greater is it when, like Elisha, the fruit of dealings with God in private so manifests itself that all are obliged to say, "The Spirit of God is upon him!"

The Great Lack

of the Christianity of this age is depth. There is plenty of activity, feverish activity, plenty of talking, preaching, Bible exposition; but oh, so little real acquaintance with God! The sons of the prophets were awed with the presence of God in his prophet, and "bowed themselves to the ground" before him. But they could not be quite satisfied that Elijah had really left this world, they had conceptions which were very much limited to earth, and they were in great anxiety lest, after all, Elijah should not be really gone to heaven, but only carried by the Spirit to the top of some mountain or dropped in some valley! They were even zealous to rescue him from some terrible fate; they actually sent an expedition of fifty strong men to deliver him from God's neglect! How like poor near-sighted man! Was it likely that horses of fire and chariots of fire, God's own heavenly instruments, should do their work so badly? Would God allow Elijah to be under the impression that he would take him up into heaven, and then only remove him from one place on earth to another? It is not thus God does his work. Elisha said, "ye shall not send." They overpowered him at last, and the prophet let them have their way, as the only means of proving to them how unbelieving were the lines on which they acted. After three days of fruitless search they returned, and Elisha said, "Did I not say unto you, go not?"

Men who are in Need

soon discover those who have power with God. Surface Christians do not find them out. Elisha tarried at Jericho. Like his Master before him, he could not order his own steps, he knew that his God had a will about his going out and coming in. The men of the city came to him and complained of the unwholesomeness of the water and the consequent want of fertility of the soil. Elisha, who was all the time in communion with his God, and no doubt, directed by him, said, "Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. And he went forth unto the spring of waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha." It was his first, "Thus saith the Lord," the first manifestation of God's working through him in public. If Elisha had not tested his God at the Jordan, if he had not torn his own clothes, to be fully invested with Elijah's mantle and spirit, if he had not persevered with his one request, "A double portion of thy Spirit," he would have failed at this crisis. He had not failed his God, and his God would not fail him.

"I have Healed

these waters" would have been a bold word if he had not been quite sure that God bore witness to him. But Elisha was trying no experiment; his God was with him. Elisha cast in the salt at the *spring* of waters. So does every true prophet. There are some who heal the hurt of the daughter of God's people slightly, but none do this as sent of God. The spring must be cleansed where it bursts forth, the thoughts and intents of the heart must be made clean.

Volume XII., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1889, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, and 1888 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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SCANDALIZATION.

HOW many people spend half their time in hunting lies! You see a man rushing anxiously about to correct a newspaper paragraph, or a husband, with fist clinched, on the way to pound some one who has told a false thing about his household. Oh, the folly of such a hunting excursion! Falsehoods are monsters with thick hide. After a shower of bullets has struck their side they lift their hind foot to scratch the place, supposing only a black fly has been biting.

Henry VIII. in a hawking-party, on foot attempted to leap a ditch in Hertfordshire, and with his enormous avoirdupois weight went splash into the mud and was hauled out by his footman, half dead. And that is the fate of men who spend their time hunting down lies. Better go to your work and let the lies run. Their bloody muzzles will have tough work with a man usefully busy. You cannot so easily overcome them with sharp retort as with adze and yard-stick. All the howlings of California wolves at night do not stop the sun from kindling victorious morn on the Sierra Nevada, and all the ravings of defamation and revenge cannot hinder the resplendent dawn of heaven on a righteous soul. By all reasonable means set yourself right, but do not get hot and fretful and exasperated, for in such a mood you do yourself more harm than all your enemies can possibly accomplish. Under all the assaults of this life cultivate a Christian good-humor. But my chief object in these lines is to excite a disgust for the gossip and scandalization always abroad in every community. This disposition to hurl people down and gloat over their disaster is simply diabolic. Our Lord, in the best sermon ever preached, said: "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Put me down for the defendant in every case that comes up between now and the hour of my death, until the guilt of the defendant is demonstrated; and then, instead of gloating over his fall, I will try to help him up and pray for his pardon to an all-forgiving God. I wonder what would have become of us if God was as hard on us as we are hard on our fellows? I am sorry for all who pass through the criminal courts to incarceration, whether their imprisonment be righteous or unjust. I am sorry for anybody in trouble. I abhor the spirit which says in regard to any of the fallen: "Good for him!" Such a spirit is poor return to the God who decreed that the cradle of our infancy should be rocked by Christian mothers and who has all our lives long encompassed us by elevating influences. Give all who are assailed the benefit of the doubt. Peddle no scandal. Listen not to whispers, and remember the resounding and portentous words of the inspired apostle who declared: "He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy."

RUINED BY PROSPERITY.

I HAVE known men, before their success, kind and humble, and loving and genial, and useful and obliging, and positively Christian, who, after their success, became hard and cruel, and overbearing and infidel. A man wants the grace of Christ at that crisis to keep him rightly balanced. Joseph was as much a Christian in Pharaoh's court as in the dungeon. Daniel forgot not God amid the roystering excesses of the Babylonian palace. Queen of Sheba bowed down before the King of Heaven amid the glitter of gold and the perfume of gardens of frankincense. A man can be as good walking upon Axminster as though he lived on the floor of a shanty. There has been many a man who has ridden through in magnificent equipage on earth, and at death got out of his carriage only to mount the chariots of salvation, in glory sweeping through the streets of heaven. It is all nonsense for men to talk against money as though it had no uses. But, success in life of any sort must be accompanied by the grace of God, or it is ruin. It was Solomon that said, "The prosperity of fools shall destroy them." And where there are one hundred men who can stand trouble, there is not one man that can stand success. The Israelites got along tolerably well when they were hungry, and when they were thirsty, and when they were smitten in the desert; but after awhile they wanted something more worthy of mastication, and they asked for meat, and the Lord sent a great flock of quails, and they darkened the heavens, and they fell all around about the encampment, and the people said, "Ah, now what a fine time we shall have!" and they ate of these quails, and they ate and they died. They got through with the hardship and the hunger, but not so with the prosperity. And I see scores of men who are going on in life, now persecuted and tried and set upon, and they are maintaining their Christian character; but give them a little brilliant success and they are gone. It is not the troubles of life that slay men. It is the quails!

FIDELITY.

THERE are enough accidents unavoidable to make accidents by recklessness fourfold inexcusable. There are so many ways of getting out of this life, it is not necessary to expedite wholesale departure. There needs to be promptness of arraignment in all such cases, to show that the people take negligence under such circumstances as manslaughter. But is it not a matter of gratitude, after all, that with such vast multitudes perpetually on the wing, there are so few casualties? While we condemn the unfaithfulness here and there evident, what a host of brakemen, of conductors, of engineers, of telegraph operators, are very diligent! They receive no praise for doing well—only condemnation when they relax. What a grand thing if all railroad companies and all manufacturers and all employers once in a while tried the effect of commendation for faithful services rendered! How many men, weary of brain and weary of hand, and weary of foot and weary of eye, and weary of back and weary of soul, would pluck up new courage for their toil at one word of approving recognition! No, the world's way is to be oblivious if you do well, and to be thunderously irate if you come short.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Year-Book of the United Brethren gives the following statistics: Organized churches, 4,208; itinerant ministers, 1,467; local preachers, 584; members, 197,123; Sunday Schools, 3,460, with 214,790 scholars.

The West Presbyterian Church, New York, of which Dr. John R. Paxton is pastor, has raised $40,000, for the rebuilding of the Presbyterian Hospital. One member of the church, who insists on remaining anonymous offered $20,000, if the other members would contribute the same sum and his offer has been accepted.

Interesting revival services are being held in the Third Baptist Church, Germantown, Pa., by the pastor Rev. W. E. Needham, assisted by his brother Rev. B. C. Needham. Fifty persons rose to ask for prayers on the night of Sunday, January 25. An original feature of the service is that the pastor illustrates his remarks by rapid, but spirited sketches before the audience.

Dr. Edward Judson and his Church on Friday last held their first service in their new church in Washington Square, New York, a picture of which with a portrait of Dr. Judson appeared in this journal on Dec. 24. The first service was appropriately a prayer-meeting. Last Sunday Dr. Judson preached there for first time.

An appeal is issued on behalf of the farmers of Rawlins Co., Kansas. They are brought into extremity by the loss of their crops through the protracted drought and hot winds of last season. They are now without feed and seed. A committee has been formed to relieve their urgent wants. Subscriptions may be sent to the chairman, Mr. J. E. Nicols Achilles, Rawlins Co., Kan.

A cheering account of the success of Rev. J.H. Weber, at Bridgeton, N. J., is sent by Mr. C. W. Shoemaker of that town. He says that the effects of Mr. Weber's work are felt all through the place, in the churches of all denominations, the homes, and the factories. During the four weeks' services it was not uncommon to see two hundred persons at one time in the inquiry-room. The church, which holds 1200 persons, was crowded every night. Mr. Weber is now laboring in Boston, Mass.

Contributions to the Fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $13. They are from: Johnstown Centre, Wis., $1; China, Me., $1; North Monmouth, Me., 50c.; Allegheny, Pa., 50c.; A Friend, $1; Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y., $1.50; Western Union, Wis., $4.50; Footville, Wis., $1; North Burns, Mich., $1.50; Newark, N. J., 50c. We have also received the sum of $10 which the donor desired to be given to *poor widows*, and it has been done.

At the stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society on February 5, grants of books were made to the value of about $6,354, including $2,000 for colportage. Funds were also granted to the amount of $750. Issues from the Bible House during the month of January were 80,897 volumes; issues since April 1, 872,786 volumes. In reference to the Penzotti case (a full account of which with pictures was given in this journal on January 21), there was no good news to report. The Board was informed that Mr. Hicks, of the United States Legation, had telegraphed that he had watched the case closely, and had had almost daily promises of Mr. Penzotti's release which the Foreign Office deemed certain; but although his imprisonment has continued for more than six months, a decision does not seem to have been rendered as yet.

A wonderful work is going on at Reading, Pa., where Dr. L. W. Munhall is conducting union services. The *Morning Herald* of that city says that "the history of Reading has no precedent with which to compare the immense crowds that turn out twice a day, to hear Dr. Munhall, and Prof. and Mrs. Lowe, the sweet singers, and take part in the services. The outpouring was phenomenal and hundreds were unable to get within sound of the voices of the speakers and singers. Last Sunday afternoon, the First Presbyterian Church was crowded and in the evening the Academy of Music, with a seating capacity of 1800, was more than crowded. The hundreds turned away hastened to the court house, where an overflow meeting was held, and found that building packed to suffocation and the corridors so completely filled that they could not enter there. A fair estimate places the attendance at the three meetings at between 10,000 and 15,000."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Poet Whittier will Write no More—Premier Crispi's Fall—An Explorer's Mishap—World's Fair Difficulties—An Alabama Race War—Fatal Floods in China, Etc.

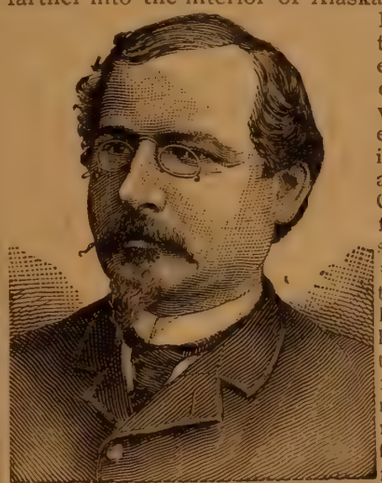
"The Gentle Quaker Poet," John Greenleaf Whittier, after a long and beautiful literary career, has at last laid down his pen, his waning physical powers compelling him to rest during the days that still remain to him. Few poets in this century have sung in a strain at once so pure and lofty, and so intensely devotional as Whittier. Since the death of Emerson, no man in America has been so loved by the literary world, and in summer the Oak Knoll Cottage, near Danvers, Mass., and the old house at Amesbury, in winter, have been the objective points of thousands of pilgrimages. There, with his dogs, his feathered pets and his beloved books, the snowy-haired man passes his declining years. He is now eighty-four, but his spare form is still straight and his eyes undimmed, although his step is less firm and his handclasp less strong than of yore. The life of Whittier has been an open book. His childhood was passed in poverty, and he worked on a farm and afterwards as a shoemaker, studying whenever he found an opportunity. At twenty-two, he was editing a newspaper in Boston, and was beginning to be known somewhat as a poet. Since 1836, he has issued many volumes of pure, sterling verse, full of lessons of Christian love and brotherhood. Among the best known are his "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "National Lyrics" and "Hazel Blossoms." His portrait is given in this column.

A Notable Reunion, which Illustrates in a comprehensive manner, the benefits of co-operation between master and workmen, took place at the town of Dolgeville, N. Y., a few days ago. Less than twenty-five years ago, Alfred Dolge began the business of making piano sounding-boards there. He had been a workingman himself and knew the hardships of his class, so he resolved to devote the balance of his life to the experiment of profit-sharing with his own workmen. The result has been a success beyond all expectation. From a village of 200 people, the place has grown to a population of 2,500; every workman in the great factories is a partner, according to behavior and length of service, and every man is insured by the general concern. After ten years, the artisan receives a profit annually equal to fifty per cent. of the wages he earns; after thirteen years, sixty per cent.; sixteen years, seventy per cent.; nineteen years, eighty per cent.; twenty-two years, ninety per cent., and twenty-five years, one hundred per cent. When he reaches sixty he is pensioned, or the amount of the endowment is paid to his heirs. Almost all are house-owners and there is, to all appearance, no happier or more prosperous community in the Union than this same town of Dolgeville. Schools, lyceums and libraries are provided, and there is a fine public park. All this has been accomplished by co-operation. Best of all, it is a moral God-fearing town and the rum-seller has no abiding place there. Churches abound, and they are strongly supported.

What with the Opposition from several Southern and Western States, and the apathy of other sections that might have been reasonably expected to take an active interest in the approaching World's Fair, Chicago is encountering many serious difficulties in raising the funds necessary to go on with the national show. It is now estimated that the expenses to be incurred before the Fair opens will be $5,000,000 in excess of the receipts. There is talk of a plan for bonding the receipts from admissions to cover the expenses. The immediate needs of the Board of Directors will require about $15,000,000, and there are now $950,000 in the hands of the Finance Committee, which will soon be exhausted in the construction of buildings. Still another project for tiding over the difficulty, is to increase the capital stock of the Exposition Company to $10,000,000. which, with the $5,000,000 to be got from the sale of city bonds, will carry the Fair through. In spite of these difficulties, there is little doubt that the management will succeed in raising all the money needed. Besides, when it is well under way, it is believed that those States that are lukewarm, will patriotically join with the rest of the Union in making the Fair a grand national success. The Finance Committee will report this week.

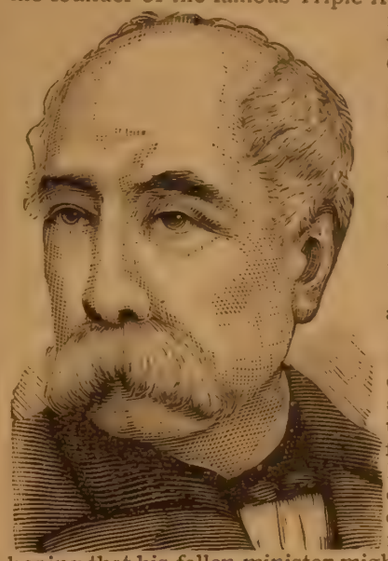
A Wedding of National Interest was that of Miss Marie Louise Shepard, daughter of Col. Elliott F. Shepard, and grand-daughter of the late William H. Vanderbilt, to William Jay Schiefflin, the grandson of John Jay, which was celebrated at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, on February 5th. Many of the best known families in the country were represented among the guests, including the Whitneys, Astors, Goelets, Dodges, Phelpses, Sloanes, and Vanderbilts. There were in all some two thousand guests at the ceremony. Some of the presents were very beautiful and costly, one being a "sun" of a hundred diamonds, surrounding a very large thirteen-carat diamond, and another a necklace of diamond pendants. It was the mother of the young bride, Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, who, three weeks ago, formally dedicated to the Young Women's Christian Association of New York, the new Margaret-Louisa Home for Working-women, so called after her two daughters. A description was published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, one of the foremost of American explorers, who has twice faced death in the Arctic and has penetrated farther into the interior of Alaska and the far Northwest than any other white traveller, had a very narrow escape from instant death at Mason City, Ia., a few days ago, somewhat similar to that of Emin Pasha at Bagamoyo, two years ago. He had not yet fully recovered from the fatigues of his latest exploration in Alaska. Climbing a stairway in his hotel, he missed his footing and fell downward ten feet or more, lighting upon his head on a pile of trunks. The nose and five ribs were broken and the spine injured. It was in 1880 that Schwatka, then a very young man, led the memorable Arctic search party which afterward made his name famous. A portrait of Lieutenant Schwatka is given above.



A Race War, which broke out lately in Alabama, has already resulted in the loss of several lives. The trouble began between the white and black miners, at a place called Carbon Hill, some distance from Birmingham, the whites being determined to drive out the colored miners. Of 1,000 employees at these mines, only about 125 are black. According to the telegrams, many of the latter were shot down without provocation. The Mayor of Carbon Hill called on Governor Jones for assistance, and two companies of troops were sent to the scene of the disturbances. On their arrival, the rioting ceased. Several arrests were made.

Seldom Does a Great Statesman meet so singular and unexpected a defeat as that sustained by Signor Crispi, the Italian Premier and the founder of the famous Triple Alliance. The refusal of the Italian Chamber to ratify his Spirit Taxes bill precipitated the crisis and the Premier and Cabinet were forced to resign. To himself, as well as to King Humbert, this collapse was sudden and unlooked for. The King declined to receive the resignation, hoping that his fallen minister might be able to reconstruct the Cabinet; but the large majority by which his bill was defeated in the Chamber left little encouragement, and efforts are now being made to compose a new Ministry. It is not improbable that the Marquis de Rudini may be the next Premier. Signor Crispi, whose portrait is given in this column, was a Neapolitan lawyer and took an active part in the revolt that overthrew the kingdom of the two Sicilies. After a short exile in France, he returned to Italy and was elected to the Chamber of Deputies from Palermo. Four years ago, he succeeded Depretis as Premier. His greatest achievement in that capacity has been the formation of the Triple Alliance of Italy, Germany and Austria. He is now about sixty-two years of age.



Recent Floods in China have Caused a Frightful loss of human life. In the province of Wen Cheean alone, it is estimated, 1,000 persons have perished. Temples, bridges, public buildings and walls are destroyed in ten districts of Schuan. Fire followed the floods at Pel Chang destroying thirty-five houses. The suffering throughout China, especially among the poor, is appalling. Bread is at famine prices.

The Revolt in Portugal, which seems to have been brewing ever since the successful rebellion against Dom Pedro in Brazil, was short-lived. The three companies of soldiers who began the movement and who depended upon the support of their comrades in Oporto and elsewhere, were routed within a few hours by the loyal government troops and the ring-leaders either shot or arrested. It is said that at least fifty persons were killed and two hundred injured in the fight in Oporto. An attempt to excite a rising among the marines met with even less success, the leaders being arrested. A number of civilians have also been arrested, and they, together with the naval and military offenders, will be tried by a military court and probably shot within a few days. So ends the first effort at establishing a Portuguese Republic.

Germany is Uneasy over the Reports concerning the young Emperor's health. It is said that Kaiser Wilhelm has developed symptoms of the disease that killed his father, the Emperor Frederick, and that the ailment in his ear has taken an aggravated form, occasionally confining him to bed for days at a time. Still he is very courageous, and dislikes being made an object of sympathy.

A PRIVATE INQUIRY.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Eli's Intercourse with God Interrupted by his Sins—The Messages Sent by Third Persons—I. The Question to Samuel—Implies that God Speaks to Men—How He Speaks to Them—His Words Should be Deeply Pondered—And Remembered—And Repeated—Must be Told in Full—The Consequences of Unfaithfulness—II. The Man Who Asked the Question—Willing to Learn from a Child—Anxious to Know the Worst—III. Personal Questions.

"What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee?" 1. Samuel 3 : 17.

THE Lord would not speak directly to Eli, although he was the High Priest. In ordinary circumstances it would have been so; but Eli had grieved the Lord, and thus had lost his honorable standing. God had not cast him off; but he viewed him with such displeasure that he would only speak to him through another person: even as great kings, if they are offended with their courtiers, send them messages by other hands. The Lord sent, first, a man of God to warn Eli of what would be the sure result of his want of firmness with his sons; and when he gave him a second warning, it was sent through one who was a little underling in his family.

The Prophet Set Aside.

O ye saints, who live upon familiar terms with the Lord, take heed of sin, lest you lose your close communion, your favored fellowship, and stand in a second place! God will speak to you; but it will be in warning, and in a roundabout way, and not face to face, with his lip to your ear, as he has been wont to do while you have pleased him. God will not cast you off; but he may set you aside for a time. You may still hear his message through others; but he will be silent to you personally. You may have to live in the frigid zone of doubt and anxiety, instead of sunning yourselves in the full blaze of divine love.

Further, when God had sent a man to God to Eli, and the message did not arouse him to a sense of his sin in over-indulgence of his sons, and toleration of evil in those under him, the Lord sends him a word of threatening by a child. Eli was a man of God, and, notwithstanding his great chastisement and his mournful death, I doubt not that he died in the Lord; but he brought dishonor on his own name, and he was condemned to know that his holy office would not be continued in his line, and that none of his descendants should live to old age. He had not duly honored the Lord, and therefore he heard the sentence pronounced on him and on his race. Oh, brethren let us beware of sin, of allowing sin in those under our charge, lest the Lord lay us low, and send an affliction upon us, which shall cleave to our race forever.

I. First, let us view this question as addressed to Samuel. The first remark which we shall make upon it is that

God does Speak to Men.

Otherwise this would be a senseless question: "What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee?" God does communicate with mortals, He has done so in the inspired volume of his sacred Word. Every line in this priceless volume was dictated by the Spirit, and is a message from God to men. This book is to be read as the record of Jehovah's voice. It is the phonograph of our Father's speech in days gone by. What he has spoken aforetime by his voice, he continues to speak to us by his written Word. God, in a renewed manner, speaks to us by his Word when his Spirit applies it to us individually. We never truly hear the voice of God in Scripture until the truth is spoken home to each heart and conscience by the Holy Ghost. Revelation must be revealed to each one; otherwise it soon comes to be a veiling of truth, rather than a discovering of the Lord's mind. The revelation is clear enough in itself; but we have not the opened eye till grace bestows it.

Moreover, our God has ways of communicating his mind to his children by those of his servants who speak in his name. He directs the thoughts of his ministers, and suggests their words, so that they speak to the cases of those who are led to hear the Word of God. By our own thoughts, also, the Lord communes with us. If we will be still before him, he will prepare our hearts, and in silence we shall hear his voice. It would be a strange thing if God could not, and did not, communicate with his own children; and it is still more strange and sad that, though he does speak, his people are slow of heart and dull of hearing. Our God speaks to us also in providence. In choice favors we hear his soft and tender tones; in chastisement and rebukes we hear the sterner notes; but

Every Sound is Full of Love.

Our next observation is, that when we hear the voice of God we should be deeply impressed by it. Young Samuel gave evidence that he deeply felt the responsibility of having heard the voice of God. We read that "Samuel lay till morning:" he did not go to sleep, but he did not leave his bed. He lay still, and thought. After hearing that terrible word which made his heart heavy, and caused his ears to tingle, like a wise child, he lay still, and pondered it in his soul. He did not rush in upon Eli, for the news was hard to tell; neither did he seek out another confidant. He had been called to be the Lord's prophet, he was conscious of his commission, and he became sober beyond his years. "He lay till morning." What thoughts passed through his mind on his lone bed! I would to God that, after every sermon, all my hearers, young and old, had a quarter of an hour alone! A night of wakeful thought over it would be better still. Don't hurry through Scripture, but pause for the Lord to speak to you. Oh, for more meditation! Samuel "lay till morning." Wise child that! With such work before him for his head and his heart, he did well to lie quiet, take breath, and collect his strength.

Next, the heavenly voice made such an impression on his mind that

He Feared to Tell It

to Eli. The message was so dreadful that he dreaded to repeat it to him whom it most concerned. When you and I know God's word, and hear God's voice in it, it will often strike us with a solemn awe which will quite overpower us. Marvel not that "the child Samuel feared"; and especially feared to show Eli the vision. I say that, when you and I hear the voice of the Lord our God, it will create in us deep emotions of fear, of joy, and of holy reverence, and we shall know of a surety that it is no little thing to hear the word of the Most High. We shall tremble at his word, yet we shall rejoice to hear it.

I would say, next, that we should store up in our memories whatever God says to us. These are not things which we can safely allow to slip. What is written in this book should be transferred to our memories. It is a good thing to learn passages of Scripture by heart, even as classical scholars treasure up the words of their favorite authors. It is a good thing to have texts of Scriptures used from day to day to sweeten the breath, and then laid by in the heart to perfume the character.

A Mind Well Stored

with Biblical lore will be a great consolation to us, should we live, like Eli, till our eyes are dim, and we cannot see to read. *The Bible in the memory is better than the Bible in the bookcase.*

One more remark. Looking at the text in its light toward Samuel, we learn that we should be able to tell what we hear from God. We find Eli saying to Samuel, "What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee?". If God has spoken to us, somebody or other will need to know, and will have a right to be informed. It may be that many whom we esteem will wish to know what God has spoken to us; and we must be prepared, even though it be with a measure of fear and trembling, to tell them the solemn tidings. What is whispered in our ear in the closet we may have to speak on the housetops.

Samuel did his work very carefully and completely. We read, "and Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him." He said nothing more and nothing less than God had spoken. You know how difficult it is to repeat a story correctly. Additions and subtractions are weeds which it is hard to keep out of the garden of conversation. Alas! this holds good even of the Word of the Lord: how many add to it or take from it! But the child Samuel repeated his story correctly, because the fear of the Lord was upon him. When you do tell the Gospel, tell it correctly; for it is wonderfully easy to make another Gospel of it; and the tendency to do so is very powerful in these days. How many are proclaiming a mutilated Gospel, and are not telling "every whit!" Some part of revelation they think too high, or too dry, or too orthodox or too something or other; and so their overweening conceit induces them to leave it out. Oh, do not so, I pray you!

A Painful Duty.

It was a very painful duty, which the holy child was called upon to perform. Samuel loved his foster father, and for him to mention the tremendous doom pronounced upon Eli's house must have caused him great grief of spirit. But he bravely repeated the dread words of the Most High. There are certain truths in God's word which we tremble to think upon. Do you dream that we have any pleasure in the doctrine of eternal punishment? We speak of the wrath to come, and the everlasting punishment which God apportions to the impenitent, with fear and trembling; but we speak of it because we cannot escape from the conviction that is taught in the word of God.

And, dear friends, to communicate the message of God was a very weighty duty to the child Samuel. Read what Eli said to him. "I pray thee hide it not from me: God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide anything from me of all the things that he said unto thee." My brother in the Gospel, what if you and I should keep back some painful part of God's message, and God should do so to us, and more also? I cannot bear to be lost; and yet I shall be lost if I decline to warn others of their danger, and of the doom of unbelief. I cannot bear to be cast away for ever from the presence of God; yet this woe will be unto me if I preach not the Gospel, and do not declare the whole counsel of God. This is an awful outlook for us. May we never dare to tone down the more severe parts of the story, and flatter men in their sins; for if we do this, God will mete out to us a portion with the condemned!

Why Eli asked the Question.

II. Let us now view the question as it comes from Eli. I understand from Eli's question, first, that we should willingly learn, even from a child. "What! shall I, a man of seventy or eighty, learn from a child?" says one. Yes, unless you are more foolish than Eli, you may do so. Eli, with all his faults, was willing to hear what God might speak, even if he heard it from the lips of the child Samuel. How unwise people are when they will not hear a man, but make up their mind that he knows nothing! Some would not hear the most precious truth from the lips of a man whom they despise. Certain of the friars in Luther's day confessed that much of what Luther said was very true, and a reformation was certainly very much needed; but then, they would not have it from such a fellow as Luther—a renegade monk, too, who spoke so rudely! Erasmus could be endured, but Luther made such a noise about it. Teaching is often judged, not by its own value, but by the prejudices which people may happen to have concerning the source from which it comes. "I do not like him," says one. Well, what does it matter whether you like him or not? What does he say? If a thing is true, never mind who says it. Believe it.

Next, learn from Eli that we should be willing to know the very worst of our case. Let me repeat that word: we should be willing to know the very worst of our case. I have used this expression in my own prayers many a time:

—"Lord, let me know the worst of my case." I suggest it as a very excellent petition. Surely, we do not wish to be left in

A Fool's Paradise,

pleased with the idea that we are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, when all the while we are naked, and poor, and miserable. We desire to be informed as to our own condition. We would know even the frightful truth, the humbling truth, what some would even call the degrading truth—if indeed it be truth. We wish to be degraded, if to know the truth would make us feel degraded.

Next, we should desire to hear the whole of God's word. Like Eli, we should demand faithfulness. We should say to the teacher, to the friend who is dealing with our soul, "I pray thee hide it not from me; but be faithful to me." You do not go to a surgeon that he may falsely assure you that you have no wound; and I hope you do not come here that I may give you unsafe comfort, and make you feel content in sin. Let those who are foolish desire to be lulled into the deadly slumber of delusion, but for yourselves seek after the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and love that which humbles you, and draws you nearer to your Lord.

Dear hearers, pray for us who are preachers of the Gospel, that we may be made faithful, and kept so. You know the prevailing currents of these times are toward flesh-pleasing teachings. Men aspire to be clever, and to that end they must appear to be bold thinkers, highly cultured, and far removed from the old worn-out notions of orthodoxy. Many are the *floral displays in sermons!* Sheaves of corn are too plain and rustic. This is the age of bouquets and wreaths of rare flowers. Paul must give way to Browning, and David to Tennyson. Brethren, there are enough in the novelty business; we have something better to do.

III. And now, we conclude by considering the question, to and from ourselves. I put

A Series of Questions

to you very briefly, and with great solemnity. Have we ever asked the Lord to speak to us? Yes, yes, my sister, I know you have; and you, my brother, you have done still more, for God has already spoken to you. But here are many unconverted people, and I am much rejoiced that you care to come to such a place as this. I do not attribute your presence in every case to the highest motive, for you come to hear a preacher, of whom you have heard much talk: and at another time you will go to hear some noted orator in another place. Did you ever say to yourself, "I will hear what God the Lord will speak"? This would be a far better object than listening to human rhetoric.

Next, have we all regarded what God has spoken? When we were young, on a Sabbath-day, we heard a word from the pulpit which seemed to go through us. But

What Came of It?

The tears we shed, were they tokens of coming conversion? Is it not sadly true that Monday found us at our old tricks? We had forgotten what manner of men we were. Was it not so? Is it so still with some of you? The Lord have mercy upon you if it be so! If you have been brutish and obstinate, may grace subdue you.

A further question is this: Have we shaped our lives by what God has said? I know many people who read their Bibles and know what the Scripture means, but they never practise what God says to them. Oh, my hearers, to know the word of God and not to put it in practice, is to make rods for your own backs; for he that knew his Master's will and did it not, was beaten with many stripes. The more you know the more stripes will come upon you, if you have knowledge only, and not obedience.

Next, brethren, have we told what we know? That is a practical point. I speak to quite a number of Christian men and women who would have to confess, "No; I am like Samuel, so far that I fear to tell Eli the vision." You were going to speak to the person who sat in the pew with you the other Sunday, and you almost got a word out, but it died on your lips. For idle words you will have to give an account. You did mean to pray with your child, mother, but you have not done it yet. What if she dies before you have done so? Good friend, you meant to speak to the man at the next bench in your workshop. Ah, you have meant to do it so many times! I had a friend, a dear friend, who is now, I trust, in heaven, and there was a man who used to take orders from him for goods, and bring them to him when finished. He was a good and punctual workman, but not a Christian. Well, my friend intended—ah! he intended for years—to have a quiet conversation with that workman about his soul. One day the goods came in, but a woman brought them. She said, "I am So-and-so's wife. He finished these goods; but he is dead." My friend said that

The Words were Like a Bullet

to his heart; for he had so often thought of the man, and often said to himself, "I must and will speak to him the next time he calls;" but somehow, when he came into the shop, business was brisk, and he looked over the goods and paid for them as quickly as he could, and never began a conversation. Now the man was beyond the reach of warning or instruction. Do not let it be so with any person with whom you come in contact.

Do as Samuel did: tell the whole of it if they ask you to tell them, or if they do not ask you to tell them. Those who do not ask you are probably those who have the most need of your efforts. There is an art in private conversation, I believe. Certain of our dear friends are always telling out the Gospel on all sides, and they seem to do it with much ease. I speak of my Lord also to individuals, but I must confess that it does not come so easy to me to speak to an individual as to preach to thousands. We must school ourselves to it. That art of button-holing, and coming into close contact with individuals, is one that we must cultivate, and we must not be satisfied until we become expert in it; for it is one of the chief ways in which men are saved. May God help you in this and all other duties. Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Anonymous Prophet.*

THE name Zechariah—"The Lord remembers"—is a common one. The prophet of this name, who wrote the first eight chapters of this book was a contemporary of Haggai, and his chief task like that of his older colleague, was to rouse the people to rebuild their ancient temple. . . . . There is yet another "Zechariah, son of Jeberechiah," who is mentioned by Isaiah (8 : 2), and since the author of chapters nine to eleven in the book of Zechariah is different from the author of the first eight chapters, Bleek and others have supposed that they were written by the Zechariah whom Isaiah knew. This is only a conjecture. The name seems to have been borne by many persons of note. . . . The three chapters nine to eleven are probably the work of some prophet, whose name is no longer recoverable. They may have been by some one, who bore the common name of Zechariah, but their whole style and purport shows that they could not have been written by the post-exile prophet, whose utterances, we have before us in the previous eight chapters, [one expression Zech. 11 : 12, 13 is ascribed to Jeremiah in Matt. 27 : 9.] . . . . Internal evidence makes it almost certain that in chapters twelve to fourteen, we are face to face with yet another prophet, and one who lived neither like the contemporary of Haggai, in the period after the exile, nor yet like the author of the other three chapters in the anarchic close of the history of the Northern Kingdom, but a little after Habakkuk and shortly before the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar.

* From *The Minor Prophets*, by Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., one of the excellent series of volumes on Men of the Bible. This volume is one of the best of the whole series and the most useful inasmuch as the ordinary reader knows little about the men of whom it treats, and the author's learning and research sheds new light on his subject. Pp. 245; Price $1; Published by *Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.*, 38 West 23d Street, New York.

A REDEEMED CHURCH.

REV. DR. TERHUNE'S SUCCESSFUL PASTORATE.

See illustrations on next page.

THE First Reformed Church, on Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, is a stately edifice, capable of seating fourteen hundred people. It was built in 1869, a period when inflation of everything, including human hopes, was at its height. So, although the cost of labor and materials was at high water-mark, and the sale of the smaller church in which the congregation, in charge of Rev. E. S. Porter, D.D., had formerly worshipped, left but $1,200 in the treasury, sagacious judges descried no peril in the enterprise. Not until financial ebb had succeeded financial flow, and the cost of the completed building was found to have exceeded $136,000, was uneasiness as to the result of the undertaking felt by the solid men of the congregation.

The rally along the whole line consequent upon the discovery of their position, reduced the debt to about $50,000, which was safely funded. This load, with the weary weight of interest, was borne for twenty-one years! Now and then, it was necessary, by special effort, to shake off floating debts, the inevitable accretion of funded indebtedness carried under such circumstances. At one time the floating debt amounted to $10,000, at another, since the present pastor entered upon his office, to $7,000. These were paid off without diminishing the main debt. Embarrassment and anxiety were increased, after some years, by the ill-health of Dr. Porter, and the deaths and removals of valuable parishioners, and work became struggle. When in 1883, Dr. Porter's confirmed invalidism compelled his resignation, it seemed a forlorn hope which Rev. E. P. Terhune, D.D., was called upon to lead.

Dr. Terhune's pastorates of eighteen years in Newark, N. J., and of five years in Springfield, Mass., justified the confidence of his new flock in his generalship. In the prime of vigorous maturity, magnetic in manner, earnest in study, and eloquent in speech, he brought his best powers to bear upon the difficult task committed to him.

The "backbone" of the First Reformed Church on Bedford Avenue is stanch. When the fortunes of the parish were at the worst, the "staying power" of men of means and of women who added to their faith, works, was manifest. Dr. Terhune only waited to assure himself of this before attempting a feat pronounced by the outside world to be an impossibility. If was a foregone conclusion in community and denomination that all efforts to free the church would result in mortifying defeat.

Rising in the the pulpit upon the first Sunday in January, 1889, the intrepid leader told the audience—a small one by reason of a fierce storm—that the debt must be paid in full, and how it could be done. He was ably seconded by Mr. Edward Kimball, and before the close of that stormy Sabbath, $33,000 were pledged by responsible parties. Within the month the whole amount was subscribed, and each pledge signed as a "legal promise to pay." The subscription-paper was put into the hands of an able treasurer especially appointed to receive funds and discharge obligations, and the work began in serious earnest. Each organization connected with the church assumed a share of the load. The Ladies' Aid Association pledged $5,000, the Sunday School, $2,500, and the Society of Christian Endeavor, $500. At the end of the two years allotted for the payment of the debt, every subscription had been paid.

So silently was the great emprise carried forward that comparatively few of the congregation were prepared for Dr. Terhune's announcement on the first Sabbath of 1891, that they "would worship that day in their *own* sanctuary,—that the building so dear to them was now truly—and for the first time—the House of God."

The solemn jubilee service of the next Sunday was felt by the rejoicing people to be the real

Rev. E. P. Terhune, D.D.

The First Reformed Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

consecration of the church they had fought to save. An eloquent commemorative discourse was preached by the pastor in which his own part in the Great Deliverance was modestly minified by his determination to honor him who had given thirty-four years of zealous service and his very life to secure the end his people that day commemorated. Dr. Terhune was followed by a son of the late revered incumbent, Rev. E. S. Porter of Bridgewater, Mass., whose congratulatory address to church and pastor was full of feeling, and was listened to with profound emotion.

On Tuesday evening, January 6th, 1891, the general joy was evinced by the gathering in the chapel and parlors of the church of the congregation and their invited guests. Happy faces and glistening eyes testified to the passionate loyalty of a tried and faithful people to the church of their love. There were musical numbers, given by the choir—the best in that quarter of the city,—brief addresses; the presentation to Dr. Terhune of a superb writing-service of solid silver engraved with a suitable inscription,—lastly a supper to which all were made welcome. The surprise-gift to the pastor was presented on behalf of the women of the church, by Mrs. R. N. De Nyse. Her address was exquisite in sentiment and diction, eliciting from a distinguished divine the exclamation: "Who says that women ought not to preach!"

One section of the beautiful tribute to the pastor ran as follows: "Through your life among us and your words, we have been encouraged to do our part. We have been drawn nearer to *God* when you have prayed with and for us, and every lesson from the pulpit in the dear old building over yonder had in it a message of *God's* love true and sweet, and many an appeal that our hearts be given to him who gave his life for us.

"We would thank you for this, and for the many times you have brought cheer to the sick and consolation to the dying; for sympathy bestowed when we were bowed down with sorrow or care. Through your kindness to us and your fidelity to your work you have made our hearts cling more closely to this church, and we rallied at your bidding with renewed energy and strength to make this our church-home."

In his grateful response, Dr. Terhune referred to the signal services rendered by his "true yoke-fellows" through the long contest that led to the triumph of the church. "Who would not work gallantly with such a backing—rather let me say—with such a vanguard of noble women?" he said. "But for them—their faith, their prayers, their patience, their labor of love—we should, to-night, be compelled to register failure, not success."

He then introduced "the friend of his boyhood, and of all his later years, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who had come to rejoice with us." Dr. Talmage said:

"Friends and neighbors: It requires no talent to get a church in debt, but requires earnestness and faith and Christian genius to get it out, and that work has been accomplished by my friend of many years, Dr. Terhune, leading on his church to this magnificent consummation. Most men are best appreciated after they are dead, their bodies safely under ground and their souls in glory. I want the pastor of this church to know that his work is appreciated by Brooklyn and the world while he is yet in life and health and full strength, with many years of active service before him. One word of ante-mortem appreciation is worth a whole library of post-mortem praise. If I should live long enough to do a good thing, tell me of it instead of telling my tombstone. Those who have helped in this stupendous undertaking of raising a big church debt, ought to be happy about it the rest of their days. What self-sacrifice and holy pluck and persistence and power to put the foot on all obstacles, are represented in this triumph. How glad I am to meet your pastor under such jubilant circumstances. He was the son of a Presbyterian elder, and myself the son of a Reformed Church elder; but Dr. Terhune has landed in the Reformed Church, and I have landed in the Presbyterian. His father and my father, who were great friends on earth, are now in the same Church Triumphant. Yes, in our boyhood, Ed and I studied together, we rode together, we walked together, and before we were fortunate enough to meet our lifelong companions, we called on the ladies together, and in all the years I never knew him to say a wrong word or do a mean thing. But I must say I think that one of the grandest things he ever did since he entered this life was to knock off the shackles of debt from this beloved church, which now opens the brightest chapter of its history. The same characteristics that put this work through successfully were his characteristics when a boy. When Terhune started to do anything he stopped not until he accomplished it. Dr. Terhune has done for this church that which no other man that I know of could have done, and this building will stand as his monument long after all of us now in the harvest-field shall have quit work. If he never preaches another sermon or does another thing for God and the world, he will have a right to rejoice that he has put this church in a stronger and grander position than it ever occupied. Thanks to the Committee of Reception who invited me to come again within the borders of the Reformed Church. Dear old Church! Baptized at her altars as I was, ordained by her ministry and my parents carried out to their last sleep under her benediction, I never think of her without a throb of affection, and you will not blame me for stopping a moment to kiss my mother. May the blessing of God be upon her ministers and her churches! Health upon all her cradles, and garlands upon all her graves!"

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILI.

REPORTS of serious disturbances in Chili, have arrived during the past few weeks, and have caused much surprise, as Chili has hitherto prided herself on her immunity from the internal broils to which other countries in Central and South America are subject. According to the dispatches received, a portion of the Chilian navy revolted on January 7th, and blockaded the ports of Valparaiso, Iquique, Coquimbo and Pica, and seized Tarapaca. The army is said to have remained faithful to the Government and to have defeated the insurgents in a sharp conflict on shore. The dispatches go on to say that the insurgents were surprised at the attack of the troops as they had confidently relied on their co-operation. Precisely what has occurred it is impossible to say at present. The representatives of Chili in this country do not credit the news contained in the dispatches. They say that as they come by way of Buenos Ayres, owing to a break in the direct cable off the coast of the

Valparaiso, Chili, From the Sea.

Ecuador, they are untrustworthy as they are liable to be tampered with there by persons financially interested in discrediting Chili. There is little doubt, however, that an insurrection has taken place though its successes may have been exaggerated.

For nearly a year there has been a great deal of discontent in Chili. The people there are slow to move in open revolt, but much indignation has been expressed against President Balmaceda, and his unpopularity was rapidly approaching a dangerous point in December last. It arose out of a conflict between the President and Congress. It was asserted that the President had interfered in an unconstitutional manner with the election of members of Congress, and was intriguing to promote the election of Senor Enrique Sanfuente, a personal friend of his own, as his successor. The Congress also expressed a want of confidence in the President's Cabinet, and at length took the extreme course of refusing appropriations until the unpopular ministers were dismissed. The President complied, but the new cabinet was far from satisfactory to Congress. A new electoral law was then passed, of a character precisely opposite to that which is now agitating our own Congress. Its aim was to prevent government control of the elections, and place them wholly under the management of the local officials. It was charged that Balmaceda defeated this law by private orders to the provincial governors. Indignation meetings and public protests of all kinds were made, but the President continued firm both as to his endorsement of Sanfuente, and his determination to control the elections. The popular feeling was displayed very unequivocally during a visit which the President paid to the harbor works of Talcahuano, when the people with many prominent citizens of Valparaiso and Santiago manifested their resentment. This was also voiced in the press, and some arrests were made among the editors in consequence. With the public feeling in so explosive a state, some such outbreak as that reported was considered in December last, very likely to occur.

Valparaiso, a picture of which is here given, is the city that next to Santiago, the capital, exercises the greatest influence in Chili. It is built in the shape of an amphitheatre, the houses rising in terraces on the sides of the hills, which overlook its bay. It is strictly a business town, its chief buildings, being the custom house and bonded warehouses, the banks, warehouses, merchants' establishments and some unusually fine shops. Its population is about 125,000, with a large foreign element. The wealth and culture of the people may be inferred from the club-houses famous for their luxury and display, the excellent libraries and public reading-rooms and the picture galleries in which are many celebrated masterpieces.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(*Continued from page 78.*)

THE morning was now considerably advanced, and the unusual sight in quiet Settleworth of a handcuffed prisoner being marched through the streets had gathered quite a little crowd, and a noisy one. Tramp, tramp, tramp, amid buzz and shout and jeer, the constable and his prisoner marched along the roadway. They had to pass the premises of the old carpenter, under the bedroom window in the gable end of the cottage from which a white sad face was looking out. Nora Mansford caught sight of the constable and his staff; then of the bright steel handcuffs on the prisoner's wrists; then of the face of Jasper Rawdon, haggard, hopeless, and wearing withal a pleading look, as he fixed his eyes on her face. "My father!" she exclaimed, and uttering a low cry, long and despairing, Nora sank upon the ground, The shame, the disgrace, the horror and the agony found its culmination; and when the astonished Tabitha discovered her, the scarlet hue of fever was on her cheek, and the unnatural blaze of dominant unreason in her eye.

The girl instantly sprang to her feet as if in an agony of terror, and shrank back into a corner of the room.

"I've murdered him!" she cried, "I've murdered him!" Then rushing past the horrified Tabitha, she sprang through the open door, through the yard, on the highway, bounding on rapid as a deer, with one fell object in her seething brain, one dreadful goal in view, the river Settle and a grave in its flowing waters.

Near the bridge that spanned the river was a footpath that lay by the river side. At a place where the Settleworth woods sloped right down to the river's edge was a still, deep reach of water, locally known as the Trout Pool, half shadowed by umbrageous trees, a beautiful spot, and a favorite resort of Nora at times when her heart was more than usually oppressed and weary.

George Appleton had risen early that morning, as he usually did, and had set to work in the little room he called his "study," upon the plans he was constructing for the renovation and repairs of Hazelcroft. Long and closely he sat with pencil, compass, rule and pen, but all the while he labored under an unaccountable constraint that he could not shake off. At last he threw his pencil on the drawing-paper set before him, and hastily left the little room.

"Mother," said he, as he passed through the cosy kitchen in which she was preparing the morning meal. "I must have a 'dip' this morning to freshen me up a little, and wash off the blues. I'll be back in half an hour." Providing himself with towels for his bath, he made his way to certain, safe and moderate shallows in the neighborhood of the Trout Pool, his customary bathing resort. He had divested himself of coat and vest, when he paused in astonishment at the sight of a white form with hands outstretched and hair floating in the breeze in rapid flight, speeding towards the Pool.

"Nora!" he shouted, as he spurned the ground in hot pursuit. His stride was long and his speed was swift; but his involuntary cry had only served to urge her to more determined effort. Long before he reached the place he saw her make one fearful bound from the bank, and plunge into the very middle of the Pool, with a splash that startled the stock-doves from their perches in the wood, and forced the agitated wavelets to either shore.

Hastily taking off his boots, for he knew well the hazard of the venture, and with a prayer to heaven on his lips, he dived to meet her as she rose, caught her garments in his hand, and brought her up; loosed her, and in an instant had his strong arm around her. Then began a strange fight for life or for death. The strange fires that were burning in brain, and nerve, and muscle, were not to be easily quenched even in the spasms of death, and Nora commenced a fierce and hostile struggle to free herself from his embrace. He gasps for breath; the floating dress folds itself round his one free arm, and hampers him. He is sinking! No, a desperate effort rids him of the clinging fetter, and again he makes for the farther which is now the nearer shore. Suddenly he remembers that the set of the stream has worn the bank sheer almost to the very bottom. How shall he, how can he, get her ashore? His strength is failing. Thank God, her strength is failing, too. Her resistance grows less and less, and when at length he touches the steep bank, she lies limp and still across his tired arm.

But his strength is all but gone. In vain he tries to find a foothold in the yielding soil. He is at the bank, but he cannot touch the bottom with his feet. O, for a helping hand! O, even for a bending bough! A little to the right of him is the old

elm with the crooked roots projecting outward from the river edge. He must swim again and reach one of them. He is desperate. Love and pity give him strength. His right hand grips a naked root, too thick, alas, to grasp, but his hand is on it, and for a moment or two he can rest him there. The root is wet and slippery with his wet hand; he feels his fingers sliding from it. A cry escapes him; his head droops, his left hand with its precious load droops, too. Another cry, or rather groan, leaves his white lips. Then all is dark!

With the disappearance of Nora through her chamber door, Tabitha Crowle found her wits again, recovered from the palsying effects of her astonishment, and, rushing after the flying girl, raised a hue and cry that told the neighborhood that help was needed. Abram Hardale had returned from the "Hermitage;" Richard Mansford had come with him to reveal himself to his niece, and to end forever the effects of the horrible delusion of which she was the innocent victim; and honest Phelim Macgrath who had been to the Round House, finding a pardonable gratification in seeing the "bla'guard haythen," as he called him, safely housed in jail, was brought on the scene by Tabitha's wild cries.

Tabitha ran with a speed that would not have been wisely prophesied concerning her, and the three men followed her. Phelim was close to her heels as she took the wood-land way across the bridge and among the trees. It was he that heard George Appleton's despairing cry. Scarcely had that last despairing groan left George Appleton's white lips, than Phelim's vigorous grasp was on his wrist, and Phelim's hand was wrapped around Nora's dripping robes, the while his leg found purchase around the tree. Other hands were stretched to help, and the rescued maiden and her brave rescuer were laid side by side on the green bank of the river which had well-nigh been their grave.

With the young carpenter the matter was not very serious. He soon showed signs of returning consciousness. He was spent and weak, and had to be borne by sympathetic hands to his home which was not far away. With Nora it was far otherwise. She was in utmost peril, if she were not already dead, for Richard, at the outset of his efforts for her recovery, perceived no single sign of life. Gentle as a woman, tender as a mother, skillful as a doctor, he went about his work in a way that excited the admiration of the by-standers, who stood in silent sympathy, or busied themselves under his direction to render what help they could.

Eventually, after many fluctuations of hope and fear, Nora gave evidence that the spirit still tenanted its frail casket, and having had her wrapped in warmest clothing, her uncle Richard arranged for her careful transfer, not to Abram Hardales's more distant abode, but to the "Hermitage" near by, where his conscience told him she ought to have had her home for many a day.

For many days Nora Mansford hovered between life and death. It was an anxious time. At last, youth, a sound constitution and good nursing with God's blessing, gained the battle, and Nora Mansford was so far her old self again as to make it possible and advisable to inform her of the happy things that it would give life to her to know.

She had only known the tenant of the "Hermitage" by sight, but had often spoken to Tabitha concerning him. His face and mien, his tone and bearing, had won upon her, and she had said many a time how kind and good he looked.

Richard Mansford never relaxed his care over her during those days of suspense, and there were no bounds to his joy when she slowly and painfully crept back to life. He reproached himself that he had not gone straight to his natural duty when he left Australia, and reached his native shores; had he gone direct to his brother's daughter and taken her to his heart, from what floods of agony he would have saved her. As he looked at her, he thought of this with tears of repentance in his eyes, and a great pain at his heart. Now he resolved to lose no time in telling her all.

One morning having learned from Tabitha that she was better than usual, he went to the room where she was reclining on her invalid's couch, and asked her if she felt well enough to hear good news.

On Nora's assuring him that she was, he said, "Well then, I must introduce myself. You may call me uncle, my dear. My name is Richard Mansford, I am the brother of your own father, now lying in his grave on my farm at Ooramarra, in Australia. I saw him buried, and I reared a stone there to mark the place," said he quietly.

Nora strove to rise in her great wonder, but her uncle quietly laid his hand on her, saying softly.

"All is well, sweet niece, all is well. You wonder, how it happened that so heavy a sorrow could come to you as that you have borne so silently and so long. You have been the victim of a cruel deceiver, who personated your father for his own gain; whose lies are now quite exploded, and who is in good keeping in York jail awaiting his trial, not for his nefarious crime against you, but for the burglary at the 'Hermitage.'"

For a few moments Nora lay perfectly still with her eyes closed, lay musing, and as I think, talking with her God. Then she opened her eyes, looked at her new found relative with glistening eyes, and said as she stretched her arms to him:

"Kiss me, dear uncle, and help me to thank God!"

Richard Mansford did as he was told, glad and grateful that he had done the right thing at last. The touch of his neice's lips was the pleasantest sensation that had come to the lonely man for many and many a day, and he proceeded to tell her all she ought to know.

The conversation soon turned, under his deft management, to her rescue from Trout Pool, of which she know nothing, so strictly had her uncle warned others to forbear from imparting the news. The past was a blank to her from the moment, when she saw Rawdon with the hand-cuffs on. She listened intently as he told of her mad plunge into the Trout Pool of the dreadful struggle between herself and her rescuer, of his hard, doubly perilous toil in bearing her to the shore; of his weakening limbs and failing strength, as he vainly strove to place her on the bank; of his last effort to hold on by the slippery root. Then a red spot came upon her cheeks, and her uncle felt he must close the stirring story soon. He had used only personal pronouns, and no names, in the narrations hitherto.

"But who was it, who saved me? I have not heard that yet," said Nora, excitedly.

"Well, well," said her uncle, with a smile. "I don't think that Settleworth, or any other place is over rich in gallant souls, who are equal to a courageous deed of that sort. Do you know of one?"

"It was George Appleton," she said, blurting it out as though the thought itself had leaped out as soon as it was born, clothing itself as it came, in words.

"That's the hero!" said her uncle, "for it was unmistakably heroic, out and out!"

Then memory produced an echo: "Nora, I could die for you!" Memory produced a picture. She saw the young carpenter standing by his bench, manliness incarnate, as she thought, with love in every glance of his eye, and anxiety for her stamped on every feature of his face, as he said those strong words. Her face was scarlet, and turning from her uncle she hid her face in her pillow, and constrained herself to silence in a battle with emotion that threatened hard to leave her vanquished on the field.

Richard Mansford rose and left the room. He had been making revelations to his wondering niece; she in turn had made a revelation to him!

(To be Concluded.)

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HOW A FEW CONVERT MANY.

DR. A. W. DOUTHWAITE, a medical ssionary, says that abont thirty urs ago an officer, named Yu Yah-an, in the service of the Imperial inese) Government, while station-at Ning-po listened to the preach-of the missionaries. He was after-rds discharged from the army, l became an earnest Buddhist mis-nary, and gained many proselytes. 1875 Mr. Douthwaite opened a ssion station at Kin-hwa, and Mr. , who had not forgotten what he i heard fifteen years before, attend-the services, was converted, and er being baptized, was received o the Church. Several months er he was taken ill, and, Mr. Douth-ite says, "During his sickness his propagandist spirit was rous-within him, or rather, the irit of God so stirred his soul to thusiasm that, before he had fully covered, he requested me to send n forth as a missionary to the ad-ning province Kiang-si. I well re-mber his earnest entreaty to be owed to go, 'For,' he said, 'I have hundreds on the wrong road, and w I want to lead them to the way truth: let me go. I ask no wages, r do I want any of your money; I ly want to serve Jesus.' I, of rse, sent him away gladly, and as was too old and feeble to walk, gave him a little money to defray i travelling expenses. Three weeks er he returned, bringing one of i former Buddhist converts, a stout, ly-looking old farmer, named Yu ng-hyi, who seemed almost wild h delight at having, as he said, und the truth, after searching in n for forty years.' The old man yed with me several days, and then gged to be baptized before return-g home. At first I declined to re-ve him into the Church, as I knew little about him; but he pleaded earnestly, saying that he was an l man and would never be able to ke such a long journey again,' that yielded, and baptized him. Six eks after, he turned up again, ac-mpanied by six of his neighbors, n who showed plainly that they re earnestly seeking for something at would satisfy their souls, as their n religion failed to do. I enter-ned and instructed them for veral days, then sent them back to eir villages to tell others what they d learned. They were subsequent-baptized, and through their efforts ne others—men and women—were l to trust in Christ, while I had arge of that work."

MASSA FORGIVEN BY HIS SLAVE.

A HELPFUL little volume, just out, r the workers is, "Seven years ong the Freedmen," by Miss M aterbury, Polo, Ills.—a teacher ll known to many in Illinois—de-iling the quaint and thrilling scenes her experience—"truth strang-," oftimes, "than fiction." One day e chore-man came to Miss M. aterbury, to be taught a prayer; all e scholars had a prayer to say and e wanted one. John was past mid-e life and very ignorant. The acher began the Lord's Prayer, a ntence at a time, explaining as the sson progressed. "Thy kingdom me" was all right. "Forgive us ur debts as we forgive our debtors." What dat mean?" said he. "That ou must forgive everybody, or God will not forgive you." "Stop, teacher; can't do dat," and he went away. After vacation he appeared, saying: "Now go on wid de prayer. I dun forgive him. Ole massar once gib me five hundred lashes, and hit me wid a crow bar, an' t'row me out fur dead, and I met him on de street, an' wouldn't speak at him, but to-day I met him, an' said 'How d'ye?' Now go on wid dat prayer!"

WHERE HE FOUND THE LORD.

PREACHING in the East London Tabernacle, in aid of the Seaman's Christian Friend Society, the Rev. Archibald Brown related this incident: "There came to me here one day a grand looking fellow. I had not to ask whether he did business on the water, for the sea-breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said, 'Where did you find the Lord? In a moment he answered, 'Latitude 25, longitude 54.' I confess that rather puzzled me. I heard of people finding Jesus Christ in these galleries, and down these aisles, and in all sorts of places, but here was something quite different. 'Latitude 25, longitude 54! What do you mean?' He said, 'I was sitting on deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it I saw the truth, and I received Jesus in my heart. I jumped off the coil of ropes saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not know on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude."

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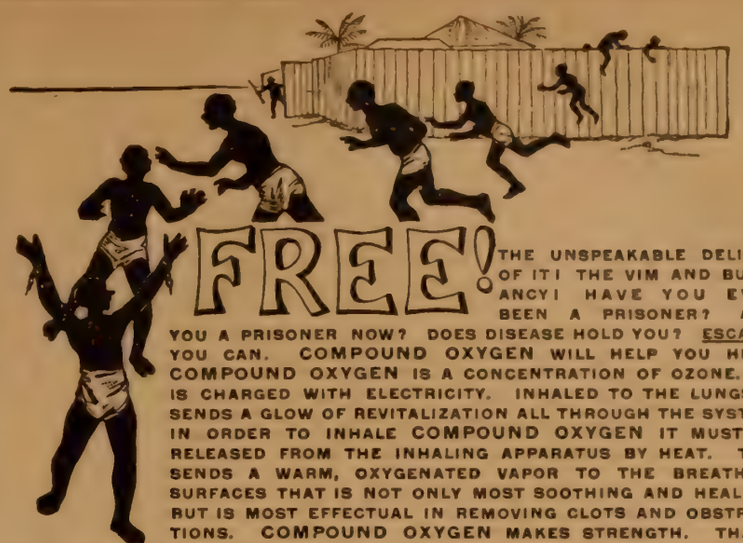

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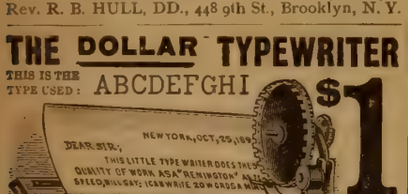

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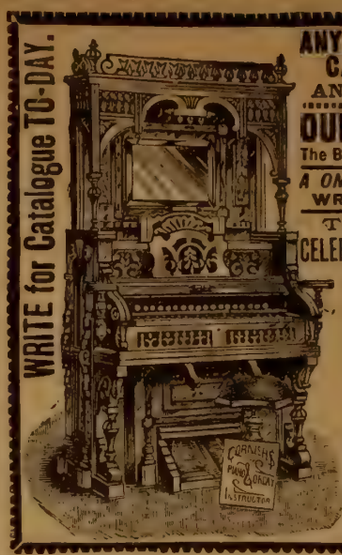

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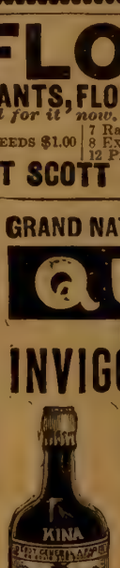

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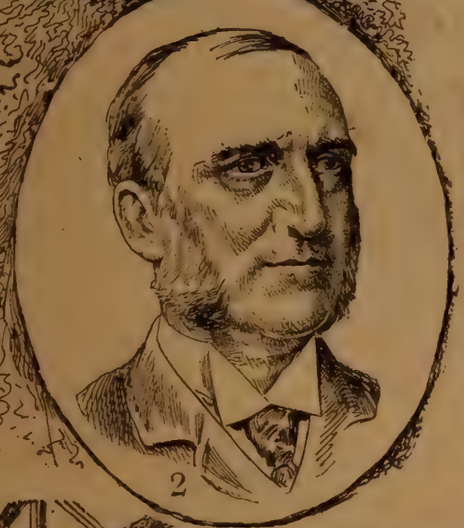

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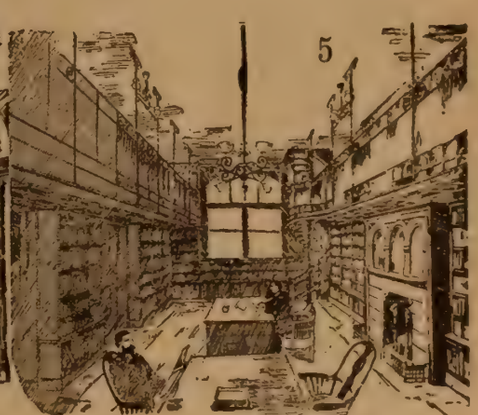

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PRACTICE, NOT THEORY.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC LAST SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1891.

Ocean Craft with too much Sail and too Little Tonnage—Jerusalem's Hallowed Site—Practical Religion, the Great Want of the World—Wanted in the Market—The Prevalence of Adulteration—A Liturgy for Wheat-Speculators—Wanted by Employers and Employees—By Professional Men—By People in Elevated Society—Tippling Ladies—Wanted in the Marriage Relation—The Old Religion with New Appliances—Illustrious Examples of Practical Religion—The Consecrated Home of the Crossleys.

"Faith without works is dead." James 2 : 20.

THE Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connected with salvation. Good works will never save a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no genuine religion. There are those who depend upon the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside. Their religion, for the most part, is made up of talk,—vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk. They will entertain you by the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christians in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as can tell this ocean craft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast stay-sail, foretopmast studding sail, maintopsail, mizzen-topsail—everything from flying jib to mizzen spanker, but making no useful voyage. Now, the world has got tired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion applied in all possible directions.

Yonder is a river with steep and rocky banks, and it roars like a young Niagara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does nothing but talk about itself all the way from its source in the mountain to the place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fertilizing rill into the adjoining field. It has not one grist mill or factory on either side. It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs. No one cares when that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But yonder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral lullaby the water-lilies asleep on its bosom. It invites herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of luxuriant farms. The birds of heaven chanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to hail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who lives for himself. The other river is a man who lives for others.

Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said: "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will try to cheer him up, and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." The other brother said: "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help him along, and I will take some of the sheaves from my farm in the night-time and set them over on his farm, and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, and night after night; but every morning things seemed to be just as they were, for though sheaves had been subtracted from each farm, sheaves had also been added, and the brothers were perplexed and could not understand. But one night the brothers happened to meet while making this generous transference, and the spot where they met was so sacred that it was chosen as the site of the city of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded, it will nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory setting forth the idea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed, that is the spot fit for some temple of commemoration.

The Midnight Meeting of the Two Brothers.

I have often spoken to you about faith, but now I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical religion to go into all merchandise. It will supervise the labelling of goods. It will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the merchant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Practical religion will walk along by the store shelves, and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chiccory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar, when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world, it will go down the streets, and it will come to that shoe-store and rip off the fictitious soles of many a fine-looking pair of shoes, and show that pasteboard is sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the plug of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash-barrel, in front of the store, the cassia bark that is sold for cinnamon and the brickdust that is sold for cayenne pepper; and it will shake out the Prussian blue from the tea leaves, and it will sift from the flour plaster of Paris and bonedust and soapstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalcules from the brown sugar.

There has been so much adulteration of articles of food that it is an amazement to me that there is a healthy man or woman in America. Heaven only knows what they put into the spices and into the sugars and into the butter and into the apothecary drug. But chemical analysis and the microscope have made wonderful revelations. The Board of Health in Massachusetts analyzed a great amount of what was called pure coffee, and found in it not one particle of coffee. In England, there is a law that forbids the putting of alum in bread. The public authorities examined fifty-one packages of bread, and found them all guilty. The honest physician, writing a prescription, does not know but that it may bring death instead of health to his patient, because there may be one of the drugs weakened by a cheaper article, and another drug may be in full force, and so the prescription may have just the opposite effect intended. Oil of wormwood warranted pure from Boston was found to have forty-one per cent of resin and alcohol and chloroform. Scammony is one of the most valuable medical drugs. It is very rare, very precious. It is the sap or the gum of a tree or a bush in Syria. The root of the tree is exposed, an incision is made into the root and then shells are placed at this incision to catch the sap or the gum as it exudes. It is very precious, this scammony. But the peasant mixes it with cheaper material; then it is taken to Aleppo, and the merchant there mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes on to the wholesale druggist in London or New York, and he mixes it with a cheaper material; then it comes to the retail druggist, and he mixes it with a cheaper material, and by the time the poor sick man gets it into his bottle, it is ashes and chalk and sand, and some of what has been called pure scammony after analysis has been found to be no scammony at all.

Now, practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own hands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up, they were, after a while, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years, trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by building a church or a university or a hospital—deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with the gift He would forget the swindle. Now, as such a man may not have any lit-

MRS. CROSSLEY'S PRAYER.

urgy in which to say his prayers, I will compose for him one which he practically is making: "O Lord, we, by getting a 'corner' in breadstuffs, swindled the people of the United States out of ten million dollars, and made suffering all up and down the land, and we would like to compromise this matter with thee. Thou knowest it was a scaly job, but then it was smart. Now, here we compromise it. Take one per cent of the profits, and with that one per cent you can build an asylum for these poor miserable ragamuffins of the street, and I will take a yacht and go to Europe, forever and ever. Amen!"

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten his estate wrongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he cannot atone for it. After awhile, this man who has been getting a "corner" in wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" on him. He goes into a great, long Black Friday. There is a break in the market. According to Wall street parlance, he wiped others out, and now he is himself wiped out. No collaterals on which to make spiritual loan. *Eternal defalcation!*

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise; it will also rectify *all mechanism, and all toil.* A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day. You say when a thing is lightingly done, "Oh, that was done by the job." You can tell by the swiftness or slowness with which a hackman drives whether he is hired by the hour or by the excursion. If he is hired by the excursion, he whips up the horses so as to get around and get another customer. All styles of work have to be inspected. Ships inspected, horses inspected, machinery inspected. Boss to watch the journeyman. Capitalist coming down unexpectedly to catch the boss. Conductor of a city car sounding the punch bell to prove his honesty when a passenger hands to him a clipped nickel. All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Patchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Ravined horses, by skilful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect fly-wheel that halts the whole train with a hot-box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the world of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the exchange for the better.

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer from sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his half three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his cattle in the winter storm, and it will keep the old elder from working on Monday afternoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field, and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned professions. The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never earned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenceless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the apothecary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school-teacher,

An Oriental Farmer.
"They began this day by a prayer to God."

making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sins of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its achievements.

Yes, this religion, this practical religion will come and put its hand on what is called *good society*, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated conviviality.

Yea, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the successful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail-car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps you may find her at the reception in most exalted company, but she has made too many visits to the wine-room, and now her eye is glassy, and after awhile her cheek is unnaturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of excruciating laughter about nothing, and then she offers sickening flatteries, telling some homely man how well he looks, and then she is helped into the carriage, and by the time the carriage gets to her home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was all.

Yea, this practical religion will have to come in and fix up the marriage relation in America. There are members of churches who have too many wives and too many husbands. Society needs to be expurgated and washed and fumigated and Christianized. We have missionary societies to reform Mulberry Street, in New York, and Bedford Street, Philadelphia, and Shoreditch, London, and the Brooklyn docks; but there is need of an organization to reform much that is going on in Beacon Street, and Madison Square, and Rittenhouse Square, and West End, and Brooklyn Heights, and Brooklyn Hill. We want this practical religion not only to take hold of what are called the lower classes, but to take hold of what are called the higher classes. The trouble is that people have an idea they can do all their religion on Sunday with hymn-book and prayer-book and liturgy, and some of them sit in church rolling up their eyes as though they were ready for translation, when their Sabbath is bounded on all sides by an inconsistent life, and while you are expecting to come out from under their arms the wings of an angel, there come out from their forehead the horns of a beast.

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but *the old religion brought to new appliances.* In our time we have had the daguerreotype and the ambrotype and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention and the telephonic invention and the electric light invention; but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. So this electric Gospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Now you say, "That is a very beautiful theory, but is it possible to take one's religion into all the avocations and business of life?" Yes, and I will give you some specimens. Medical doctors who took their religion into every-day life: Dr. John Abercrombe, of Aberdeen, the greatest Scottish physician of his day, his book on "Diseases of the Brain and Spinal Cord," no more wonderful than his book on "The Philosophy of

the Moral Feelings," and often kneeling at the bedside of his patients to commend them to God in prayer. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, immortal as an author, dying under the benediction of the sick of Edinburgh; myself remembering him as he sat in his study in Edinburgh talking to me about Christ, and his hope of heaven. And a score of Christian family physicians in Brooklyn just as good as they were.

Merchants who took their religion into everyday life; Arthur Tappan, derided in his day because he established that system by which we come to find out the commercial standing of business men, starting that entire system, derided for it then, himself, as I knew him well, in moral character A 1. Monday mornings inviting to a room in the top of his storehouse the clerks of his establishment, asking them about their worldly interests and their spiritual interests, then giving out a hymn, leading in prayer, giving them good advice. Arthur Tappan. I never heard his eulogy pronounced. I pronounce it now. And other merchants just as good. William E. Dodge in the iron business, Moses H. Grinnell in the shipping business, Peter Cooper in the glue business. Scores of men just as good as they were.

Farmers who take their religion into their occupation: Why, this minute their horses and wagons stand around all the meeting-houses in America. They began this day by a prayer to God, and when they get home at noon, after they have put their horses up, will offer a prayer to God at the table, seeking a blessing, and this summer there will be in their fields not one dishonest head of rye, not one dishonest ear of corn, not one dishonest apple. Worshipping God to-day away up among the Berkshire Hills, or away down amid the lagoons of Florida, or away out amid the mines of Colorado, or along the banks of the Passaic and the Raritan, where I knew them better because I went to school with them.

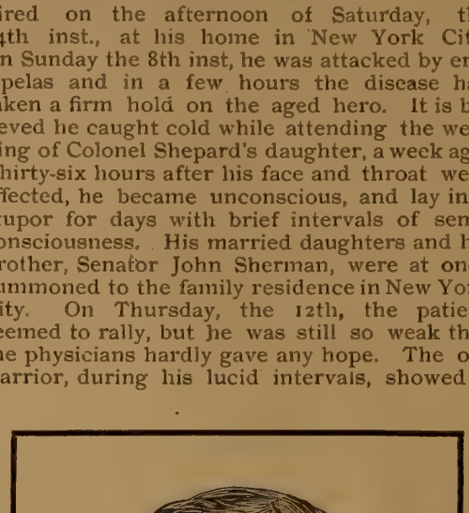
Mechanics who took their religion into their occupations: James Brindley, the famous millwright, Nathaniel Bowditch, the famous ship chandler, Elihu Burritt, the famous blacksmith, and hundreds and thousands of strong arms which have made the hammer and the saw and the adze and the drill and the axe sound in the grand march of our national industries.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to him your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory, and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough.

In the latter part of the last century a girl in England became a kitchen-maid in a farm-house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halifax. They were industrious; they saved money enough after awhile to build them a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front door-yard, knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow: "O Lord if thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent, one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral: Consecrate to God your small means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." "Have faith in God by all means, but remember that faith without works is dead."

GENERAL SHERMAN DEAD.

AS THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press the sad intelligence comes of the death of General William T. Sherman. He expired on the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th inst., at his home in New York City. On Sunday the 8th inst, he was attacked by erysipelas and in a few hours the disease had taken a firm hold on the aged hero. It is believed he caught cold while attending the wedding of Colonel Shepard's daughter, a week ago. Thirty-six hours after his face and throat were affected, he became unconscious, and lay in a stupor for days with brief intervals of semi-consciousness. His married daughters and his brother, Senator John Sherman, were at once summoned to the family residence in New York City. On Thursday, the 12th, the patient seemed to rally, but he was still so weak that the physicians hardly gave any hope. The old warrior, during his lucid intervals, showed a



soldier's courage, making no murmur over his sufferings. Many distinguished men visited the home and some few were admitted to the sick-room, among the latter being Dr. Talmage. Gen. Sherman was born in Ohio on February 8, 1820, over 71 years ago. His military career is well known to all Americans. He succeeded Gen. Grant as General of the United States army in 1869, holding the command until his retirement several years ago, when he was succeeded by the late Gen. Sheridan.

The attack of erysipelas which proved fatal was the third he had sustained within a few years. The sad event plunges a whole nation in sorrow, for the grand old soldier was beloved everywhere. A more extended notice of the event will be published in the next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

AN ORIENTAL BAZAAR.

THE scene pictured by the artist in another column, wherein the merchants of an Eastern city are busily trafficking in the shadow of the pillars of a temple, is one familiar to travellers in Oriental countries. In Alexandria, Beyrout, Port Said, Cairo and Jerusalem, such groups are often encountered in the public squares, beside some venerable pile, or wherever a mart of trade can be established. Awnings are hung, the shawls, tapestries, cloths and laces are displayed in little piles on the steps, or upon improvised stands, and are spread out in tempting fashion to attract the eye of the passerby. It was such a scene as that in the picture that the Scriptures describe, in relating the incident where the Savior drove the traders and money-changers from the temple.

CHRISTIAN RAILROAD MEN.

THERE ARE NOW NINETY-FIVE Y.M.C.A.'S AMONG THE RAILROAD EMPLOYEES OF AMERICA.

How a Noble Work Was Started in New York and Extended Throughout the Union—Cornelius Vanderbilt Gave it the First Impulse—The Handsome Quarters of the Metropolitan Railroad Branch—Hundreds of Souls Brought to Christ—Centres of Christian Activity.

(See illustrations on first page.)

THE city of New York contains a large number of benevolent and philanthropic institutions which are unknown to the general public, but which exert an immense influence for good upon those for whose benefit they have been especially established and are being maintained. Among these is the Railroad Branch of the Young Mens' Christian Association, which originated in the city of Cleveland in 1874, and was introduced into New York in the following year. The early history of the association was romantic in the extreme. It originated in the mind of an employee of one of the roads centering at Cleveland, who had been repeatedly discharged because of his intemperate and dissolute habits. When he was converted to Christ, he at once determined to provide religious privileges for his fellow railroad men and, with the co-operation of the corporations themselves, a reading-room was opened in the Union Depot at Cleveland. A great revival soon broke out among the men, and

Hundreds were Converted.

Meetings were held in the shops and round-houses, and personal visitation was made through the yards and upon the trains.

This movement soon came to the attention of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was then the First Vice-President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and he at one determined that a similar undertaking should be inaugurated in this city. A vacant room was found in the basement of the Grand Central Depot, it was fitted up, furnished comfortably and supplied with papers and other current periodicals. At first the men for whose benefit this reading-room was intended were suspicious of it, and the attendance was very small. The secretary, Mr. O. R. Stockwell, was a man of rare tact and he succeeded during the time of his occupancy of the position in disabusing the railroad men's minds of erroneous ideas, and laid the foundation of the present highly successful work. Few who are not brought into close personal contact with railroad men understand the

Peculiarities of their Lives

or appreciate the force of the temptations by which they are constantly surrounded. The strongest of these come from the fact that most of their leisure time is spent at points remote from their places of residence, where the conservative influences of the home and the family are lacking. The irregularity of their lives, the fatiguing nature of their employment, the long and frequent periods of service, render them to a large extent, inaccessible to the ordinary agencies employed by the Church. Even when they are able to spend the Sunday at home they are quite likely to neglect Church attendance because the habit of worship has been broken. Their exclusiveness adds to the difficulties which others find in approaching them, and yet this is the natural outgrowth of the discipline of the companies and of the constant propensity of those who travel to exhibit to railroad men the worst traits in their characters.

The Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York did a quiet modest work in the reading-room in the basement of the big depot, until the fall of 1885, when the generosity of Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is its chairman, provided the attractive building of which we give an illustration on the first page. The membership is now nearly 14,000 and is constantly increasing. The building is thoroughly adapted to the needs of the men. On the first floor there are reading and social rooms, with great open fire-places, and in the

latter the men are allowed the privilege of smoking, but in other parts of the building it is prohibited. Some of these are also illustrated in the present issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The Library, which contains more than six thousand volumes, is in charge of a competent librarian, and is used by more than five hundred different men in the course of a month. On the floor below are located the gymnasium and bowling alleys, where the clerks employed in the offices of the various companies and such others as may be disposed to do so, can exercise, and the bath rooms, which are splendidly fitted up with porcelain tubs, nickled showers, and a big plunge. The hall of the building where entertainments and lectures are given, is on the second floor, and on the third are sleeping rooms, and a restaurant where food is furnished by the Association at cost price. Educational classes and religious meetings are held at regular intervals.

The work of the Branch in New York is under the direction of a Committee of Management

Composed of Prominent Railroad Officials

among whom are, in addition to Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the Chairman, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Mr. H. Walter Webb, Mr. J. D. Layng, and Mr. E. V. W. Rossiter. The members of the Branch are appointed on various committees with special charge of the several departments. There is no distinction made in the membership between Roman Catholics and Protestants, all being equally welcome to the enjoyment of the privileges which are provided, but the management is kept in the hands of active Christian men. The support of the institution comes from three sources: appropriations by the companies, dues from the members and contributions by the Chairman.

While the headquarters of the New York Branch are at the Railroad Men's Building, it also maintains rooms in which similar work is done at West Seventy-second Street roundhouse, at Weehawken and at New Durham. The New York Branch is the largest of

Ninety-five Similar Societies

in the United States and Canada, all of which are succeeding in providing for the comfort and elevation of railroad men.

From the beginning Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt has been the prime mover and leading spirit in the undertaking. To his generosity, administrative abilities and constant attention, is due the general interest which is now being taken in organizations of this kind, as well as the success which has crowned his labors. His personal popularity among his employees is due to his kindly spirit, upright Christian character and to the utter absence of ostentation in the disposal of his benefactions. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew has aided the undertaking in all possible ways, and his addresses at the various anniversaries are largely looked for by the members. During the present season a large number of the men have been converted, and they make the best kind of Christians. Groups of them have gone out to hold special railroad meetings in churches round about, and their visits have been productive of great good.

THE SIOUX CHIEFS IN WASHINGTON.

The Indian Leaders Discussing their Grievances with Secretary Noble.

(See Illustration on page 108.)

A DELEGATION of Sioux Indians had several interviews last week with the Secretary of the Interior. On page 108 is a picture of a group of the chiefs, reproduced from a photograph which was taken during their visit to Washington.

The Indians were invited to speak freely both as to the recent troubles and their general grievances. As to the latter, they complained of the quality and quantity of the rations, but their chief complaint was, as it has often been in the past, of the number of people who have squatted on their lands. They were unanimous in their desire for more and larger schools and declared that they wished to send their children to learn "the white man's ways." Little-no heart added that the Christian people on the reservation were doing a good work in civilizing the people, and their influence was always on the side of peace and good government. All the speakers urged the appointment of civil rather than military agents.

The Sioux story of the recent hostilities was pathetic in the extreme. If their account is true, the battle at Wounded Knee was a disgraceful outrage—a massacre, not a battle. The Sioux say that when they were surrounded, one man among them, not a leader, but a man generally despised, fired his gun and killed an officer. Instantly the soldiers began firing and the Indians were shot as they stood. Some made a break for the ravine, and they were pursued and shot. But the worst part of the story was told by Turning-Hawk and American Horse. They said that the soldiers fired upon the women who were apart from the men, and at some distance. The women also turned and ran, but they had their babes on their backs and could not run fast. The soldiers easily overtook them and shot them down, the same bullet in many cases killing child and mother. In one case, the mother was shot and her child was found alive at her breast after she was dead. The women were without arms, so that the massacre was inexcusable. Mr. Cook, an Episcopal clergyman at Pine Ridge, who accompanied the delegation and assisted in interpreting, said that one of the officers boasted in his hearing that Custer's massacre had been avenged. It may be inferred that the Departments of the Interior and of War did not believe these statements, for Col. Forsyth who commanded at Wounded Knee, and who had been suspended by Gen. Miles, has been reinstated. The accusations are, however, too horrible to be disposed of by a mere Departmental report. The country will expect from the President, as a man of Christian profession, a thorough and complete investigation.

An Oriental Market Place.
(*See page 100.*)

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Wife's Heroism Saved Her Husband's Life, recently, at Angelica, N.Y. The man had committed a murder and was on trial for it. He was attended constantly during his trial by his wife whose devotion enlisted much sympathy for him. It was chiefly out of compassion for her that the jury convicted the prisoner of a minor offence. During the trial the question was repeatedly raised of what had become of a third bullet from the pistol with which the murder had been committed. It was not answered until after the verdict had been rendered. Then the wife sought a physician and asked him to extract the bullet from her own person. When she heard of the murder she expressed sympathy for the dead man and her husband in his anger shot her. Fearful lest it might increase her husband's danger if it were known that he had shot her, too, she would not even call in a doctor, but bore her suffering in silence for weeks until he was safe. Then she made her secret known to save her life. It is strange that a man so brutal should inspire such love in a woman's heart; but it is well for us all that love is not measured by the merits of its object. If God had not loved us while we were yet sinners no man would have been saved. (Rom. 5 : 8.)

A Phonograph in a Kitchen has Caused trouble between a house-keeper and her boarders in Newark, N. J. The facts were disclosed in the course of a trial on February 5, in which one of the boarders was sued for defamation of character. It appears that the boarders have been complaining of late of the quality of the food supplied in the house. The boarding-house-keeper alleged that the fault was with the cook. One of the boarders who is a clerk in a notion store placed a phonograph in the kitchen and taught the cook how to operate it. The next day the instrument was brought up and the lady, not knowing what it was, consented to turn the handle in the presence of all the boarders. The instrument reproduced a conversation in which the cook was blamed for giving too high a price for provisions and was exhorted to buy cheaper articles. The boarder insisted that the person whose observation the phonograph reproduced was the keeper of the boarding house, and appears to have convinced the other boarders that it was so. Hence the suit. It was not surprising that the lady was mortified if the voice was indeed her's. The phonograph is an inconvenient instrument for people to have near them who are in the habit of saying things which they do not wish to have disclosed. There are none who would not be more careful of their utterances than they are if they realized the truth of our Lords declaration, that "Every idle word that men speak they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." (Matt. 12: 36.)

A Severe and Almost Fatal Shock was Received from a swaying wire in New York, on January 30. A broker's clerk left the office about noon on that day to go to his lunch. As he crossed Beaver Street opposite Delmonico's restaurant he had the sensation of being struck by something heavy from above. He does not remember anything more until he opened his eyes and saw a crowd around him. He looked around for the heavy case, or whatever it was that had felled him, for he was then lying in the slush of the gutter. There was nothing to be seen that could have dealt him the blow, but he heard some one speak of the electric-light wires and looking up he saw a wire, its broken end, hanging just above him. That young man, in common with other citizens, has, doubtless, walked many a time in the light which was carried by the wire that so nearly proved fatal to him. He suffered by the negligence of the Company, who ought to have had their wires underground, but there are disasters of which this was typical in which the sufferer will have none but himself to blame. They who walk in the light of the Gospel yet do not accept Christ, will find that the Gospel which might have been "the savor of life unto life" was to them "the savor of death unto death." (II. Cor. 2 : 16.)

THREE SCENES ON AN OLD FARM.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for March 1. "The Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them." John 5 : 21.

SCENE *First:* An old farm-house. An oil-lamp on a long table. A strong, middle-aged man sitting at one end, with an open book before him. Next him a woman with tears in her eyes, evidently his wife. At her side two children of six and eight years respectively. On the other side of the father a boy of sixteen years, a girl of eighteen, another of fourteen and a boy of twelve. At the other end of the table are several of the young people employed about the farm and two or three women helpers. It is early morning two hours before sunrise.

The farmer reads from the first chapter of Proverbs: "My son hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck. My son if sinners entice thee consent thou not," and so on to the end of the chapter. Then chairs are pushed back and all kneel down for prayer. The farmer opens in his usual way, thanking God for the preservation of life and health, and prayer for a continuance of blessing. But he abbreviates a little this morning as he has a special subject on which he wishes to enlarge. He prays for his son. This son is to set out this morning, it appears from his prayer, for a city at some distance to enter a house of business. The farmer is not very clear about what his life there will be, or the nature of his duties, but he knows that however he may be situated, he will need God's blessing. He prays that he may not forget the God of his father and his grandfather, that he may read his Bible and take it as a lamp to his feet and that God will preserve him from the evil. His voice breaks a little as he pleads for the boy and the mother's sobs become audible. Then, as he closes with the Lord's prayer, all present join in and they rise from their knees. The servants separate to their morning duties and presently the vehicle is at the door in which the boy is to travel to the nearest railroad depot. Then good-byes are said and the mother weeps over her boy and the father puts his hand on his head and solemnly commends him to God.

Scene Second: Three years later. The farmer is at the country post-office asking if there are any letters for him. There are deep lines on his forehead now. He looks as if he had passed through some trouble and much anxiety since we saw him last. He does not ask eagerly for his mail; but much as a man might ask who would regard "no news as good news." But there are three letters, all from the same city—the city where his son is employed. He starts with surprise and almost terror as he receives them. Evidently that son of his has given him cause for apprehension. He opens one of the letters. It is the one addressed in his son's writing. He turns to the window out of the sight of the postmaster to read it, and sighs heavily. Then he groans as his eye takes in the few sentences it contains. He opens a second letter which is in a lawyer's handwriting. It seems to contain an appeal, for the farmer shakes his head decisively. The third letter is in a business hand, probably from his son's employers. He reads it through mechanically, but he does not groan over that. The blow that seems to have crushed him was his son's letter.

The farmer drives home slowly. He dreads the close of his journey. "Wife," he says when he is home and has called her aside, "I have bad news. God help you to bear it. The boy has gone from bad to worse. He has brought disgrace on us all and on our honored name. The first who ever bore that name to disgrace it. He is dead to us now. He has written it himself here in this letter. He says we must try to forget him, to think of him as dead. I could have borne it better even if he really were dead." The mother covers her face with her hands and weeps silently. The other children are told something of what has occurred. Not all; the parents cannot tell them all. Their brother's name must not be mentioned any more. It is a gap in the family circle as decisive as if death had invaded it.

Scene Third: The farmer and his wife are elderly people now. The mother's hair is quite white and she wears spectacles as she reads or sews. The father stoops a little and does not walk with so elastic a step as he used to have. They are sitting together in the evening. Some of their children are married now and the family circle has thinned, though grand-children come, now and again, to make the old place ring again with childish laughter. A stranger has come in and, being a clergyman, is received cordially. He has a story to tell. It is the story of a repentant prodigal. The story of one who ran away long years ago to avoid arrest for theft, who settled in a distant land, reformed and prospered. He tells how he has been led to seek the forgiveness of God how he has returned and made full restitution and how rejoicing in God's acceptance, he wants the forgiveness of his father and mother. "Forgive him!" exclaims the old man. "Thank God that he asks it. Yes with all our hearts. Where is he? Bring him in. It is like bringing the dead back to life."

OUR LORD'S PROPHECY.

Christ's Words of Consolation and Warning Respecting His Second Coming.

BY REV. ALDER SMITH, D.D.

WE must always remember that there are two stages in our Lord's Second Coming, and though the second part (when his feet shall stand on the Mount of Olives, and he shall come with all his saints) must be during the last days of the final portion of the Great Tribulation mentioned in Daniel and in Zechariah, yet the first portion *for* his saints will probably be before the great trouble, or at its commencement. We find the lightning flash of the rapture, "For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be"—is mentioned in Matthew, before the verse which commences with "Immediately after the tribulation of those days."

The Two Stages of the Advent.

I firmly believe the two stages of the Lord's second advent are mingled in his prophecy, and thus concealed from the eyes of the world, in the same way that the two advents of our Lord were blended, in the accounts given of them, in the old prophets. In Luke 27, we read: "For as the lightning, that lighteneth out of the one part under heaven, shineth unto the other part under heaven; so shall the Son of Man be in his day." "I tell you, in that night there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left." This is the rapture; but we read in Matthew: "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light. And then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory. And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds from one end of heaven to the other."

Christ Comes First for His Church.

From these, and other verses, we may conclude that our Lord will come first for his Church, as suddenly and as universally as the lightning flash, and he will then gather his elect from the uttermost part of earth to the uttermost part of heaven. I believe the gathering of God's elect in Matthew 24: 31, by the angels, and "with a great sound of a trumpet," to be indicative of the rapture of the Church of Christ at the first stage of the second advent. Read in the First of Thessalonians 4: 15–17, and in I. Cor, 15: "For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." These verses undoubtedly refer to the rapture of the living saints when our Lord comes; and this event clearly follows the trumpet sound, and the raising first of the dead in Christ.

The gathering together of God's elect in Matthew and Mark is the same gathering as is mentioned in the Second of Thessalonians 2: 1: "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him;" and there is no doubt that St. Paul here refers to the rapture of living saints, at the first stage of the Lord's advent, spoken of in his first epistle, and which I have just read. We know that great troubles are coming upon this earth before our Lord again stands on the Mount of Olives with his saints; and we have the cheering words of St. Luke: "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Note the words. "begin to come to pass," as if the rapture would take place before the world was convulsed with trouble. In Luke 17, we read: "And as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man." "Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot." Noah was safe in the ark before the flood came, and Lot was removed out of Sodom before the city was destroyed and "thus shall it be in the day when the sun of Man is revealed." That is, watchful Christians who are looking for the Lord's coming, will probably be removed before the final great troubles come upon the earth.

Our Lord will undoubtedly come as a thief in the night for his Church, when least expected by the world, as we read in Matthew 24: 43–44, and in Luke 21: 34–36. Here again is a statement, that faithful Christians will be accounted worthy to escape the great troubles that are coming, and to stand before the Son of Man, and the lightning flash of the rapture. Now there is one

Difficulty in Our Lord's Prophecy,

—viz., the verse: "Verily I say unto you. This generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." But "this generation" is proved to be the Jewish race by Matthew 23: 32–39, where our Lord denounces them as a generation of vipers, filling up the iniquity of their fathers, whose house would be left desolate, and who would not see him again, until they hailed him as the Blessed One coming in the name of the Lord. This of course, is still future, and it proves that "they" must refer to the Jews as a race.

The Lord may now come at any time for his Church, although it is very probable that that day will not come as a thief on watching Christians. It is very possible (very probable I think) that some of the Jews may first be restored at Jerusalem in unbelief, and that they will then see him whom they pierced. In the parable of the "ten virgins" we read of the midnight cry before the Bridegroom appeared, and we hear of the Master's knock before he comes in. There is also "the Son of Man in heaven." This (whatever it is) may synchronise with the advent. At any rate, the foolish virgins who represent the unwatchful, worldly church—those who will be eternally saved but who will not be accounted worthy to escape the Great Tribulation, will not have time to buy any oil when the cry comes, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh," but will be left behind. Therefore it is easy to see that the proper attitude of Christians ought to be one of watching and praying.

Signs of the End.

It does not say anywhere that we shall not know the period of the Lord's return; and in fact we have two signs given us that we may know of the approach of the end. Matt. 24: 14, "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." Only as a witness. Surely that is now almost an accomplished fact. There is certainly no civilized nation where the Gospel has not been preached as a witness; and when it has been preached in

all nations, then shall the end come. We also read about the fig-tree putting forth its leaves. There is a reference here to the Jewish nation; so here, the putting forth of leaves symbolises the future reviviscence of that race, which the Lord declared should not pass away till all things be fulfilled. Surely the Jewish fig-tree is commencing to bud!

Therefore be ye all ready, and "let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord, when he will return from the wedding; that when he cometh and knocketh, they may open unto him immediately. *Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching:* verily I say unto you, that he shall gird himself, and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them." Surely this refers to the marriage supper of the Lamb! With such a prospect as this before us, what manner of persons ought we to be?

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.

S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 1, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 4: 25-37. GOLDEN TEXT, JOHN. 5: 21.

The Ministry of the Still Small Voice—The Miracle of the Cruse of Oil—Elisha's Hostess at Shunem—Her Care for His Needs—The Promised Child—His Death—The Mother's Appeal to Elisha—The Staff Insufficient—The Struggle Between Life and Death—Restoration of the Child.

ELISHA had secured the "double portion," the right of the first-born. (Deut. 21: 17.) Yet, although he was anointed at God's command to be a prophet in Elijah's room (I. Kings 19: 16), his ministry was of a very different order. In Elijah's ministry, the wind, the earthquake and the fire must rend the mountains and break in pieces the rocks before the Lord (I. Kings 19: 11), to make way for the "still small voice." Elijah's was a ministry of judgment; famine and fire from heaven accompanied his testimony. But Elisha was the minister of the "still small voice," the messenger of mercy. It was through him that God sent deliverance to Jehoram's army, when, allied with Jehoshaphat and the king of Edom in making war with Moab, their water supply had been cut off. (II. Kings 3.) It was through him that the poor widow's pots were filled from one cruse of oil, when the creditor was about to seize her sons in payment for the debt. (II. Kings 4: 1-7.) Wherever he went, Elisha carried with him the presence and power of his God. It was no transient thing that the sons of the prophets had recognized in him that his master's spirit rested upon him, Elisha was always

A Man of God!

In the course of his ministry, he one day visited Shunem, a town of Issachar, not far from Carmel. A rich woman lived there, a person of means and influence, who constrained him to accept of her hospitality. A strong tie drew together this man of God, with his holy God-commissioned ministry as prophet, and this woman of God, equally in charge for him, who was placed as mother of her people, in her large estate to care for them as God's instrument. Elisha became a frequent visitor at her house. With all the delicacy of a true woman, a woman of God, he would make him at home there. So she said to her husband, "Behold now I perceive that this is a holy man of God which passeth by us continually. Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candle-stick: and it shall be when he cometh to us, he shall turn in thither." Blessed woman whose husband is one with her in ministering to God's prophets! There are some who offer

Hospitality to God's Messengers,

but with a selfish motive, to enjoy their society, and to make on them constant demands of time and attention. This woman's arrangement was not to facilitate her enjoyment or her husband's enjoyment, in the society of the prophet, but that Elisha's communion with his God might be unhindered. She knew him too well to surround him with all the appliances of wealth and luxury, her gifts were not such as would have indulged her taste or generosity in giving, but such as accorded with the heavenly life of the prophet. Oh, for women with a like spirit! Their ministry is of untold value in the Church of God; these are true Marys, who sit at the feet of Jesus, and serve him as his disciples, and verily they shall not lose their reward.

But nothing was further from the Shunammite's mind than reward. The privilege of being permitted to minister to God in his servant was in itself more than any earthly recompense. But he who says, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over shall men give into your bosom" (Luke 6: 38), is not backward to repay in like measure. One day when Elisha was quietly communing with his God in the prophet's chamber, and his heart, no doubt, going out in gratitude to God for such a tender provision for him, he must have found his heart drawn out in prayer for his hostess, and the "still small voice" must have whispered an answer, "Call this Shunammite.... Say now unto her, Behold, thou art careful for us with all this care; what is to be done for thee? Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host?" There are some whose great ambition is to be known and recognized by great people. The Shunammite was of another spirit. "I dwell among mine own people," was her noble answer; the woman was a living sacrifice, finding more pleasure in ministering than in being ministered to.

Elisha was at a loss, but glad to be so; this woman was a true disciple of such a prophet, and the atmosphere of such a spirit amidst the prevailing idolatry—must have been a great refreshment to him. What is then to be done for her?" he asked of Gehazi. And the servant, who had probably fraternized with the servants of the house, hit on just that which her heart desired but had long despaired of. "Verily, she hath no child," "Call her." And the woman who would ask nothing for herself received the unlooked for intimation; "Thou shalt embrace a son." Her first impulse was to look at the natural impossibility of such a thing. But it was even so: and the woman, who had delighted herself in the Lord, and in serving him, just in the sphere he had placed her, experienced the truth of this promise "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart."

All true gold must pass through the fire. God tries us just where we feel the most keenly; otherwise the trial is no real trial. The boy in whom she delighted was peculiarly God's gift to her, and probably the possibility of his being taken from her never once crossed her mind. And when, on a hot day in harvest time, a servant came with the little lad in his arms, struck down with sunstroke, and looking like death, the shock must have been almost too much for her! "He lay upon her knees till noon and then died!" Under the circumstances of his birth, she found a difficulty in saying "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Could God give only to make it possible for her to know such a grief? But how explain this unrequested gift so suddenly snatched away? How recognise the hand of love? Deeper down than the loss of her child: there was the question,

"What can God Mean?

What has He to say?" Her first act was one of faith. She took the little corpse and laid him in Elisha's room, until God and His prophet had explained matters in the presence of that dead child. She could not resume life in her ordinary surroundings. She must go to the prophet: no messenger would do; she gave no explanation to her husband. When life and death transactions have to take place between God and his children, no presence of man, even of the nearest and dearest must intrude; she came to the man of God on Mount Carmel,—the place of God's visitation by fire; she needed just now a God who could answer from heaven. Elisha saw her, and sent Gehazi to meet her and say, "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" Intuitively this woman perceived a lack of spiritual power in Gehazi. She could not open her heart to him. Between her and God there might be darkness; she could not understand; but there was no breach. She could still acknowledge that God did right, and her soul satisfied with God, and her will laid down, spoke in the depth of an unshaken faith!

"It Is Well."

But in Elisha's presence it was another matter. This man understood her; she could not hide from him what she hid from her husband and Gehazi: the question which remained unanswered in her heart. She fell at Elisha's feet, and held them. Gehazi would have thrust her away, but Elisha understood that something unusual had caused this unwonted emotion. "Let her alone, for her soul is vexed within her, and the Lord hath hid it from me, and hath not told me." Elisha expected to know, and to know from God, by right of his prophet vocation (Amos 3:7), that which concerned one of his true servants. Those who live enough in the silence of God to listen to the "still small voice" receive communications from God which other ears are not fine enough to distinguish. "Did I desire a son of my Lord, did I not say, Do not deceive me?"

Elisha saw all the situation, and standing there on the spot which had witnessed the fire as God's answer from heaven to a man who had not feared to pray for the resurrection of the dead, Elisha was ready to follow his master. The mantle which had smitten the waters still clothed him. But Elisha knew himself as only an instrument; God must do the work; and he could do it if he would by any man. Calling Gehazi, he said, "Gird up thy loins and take my staff in thine hand, and go thy way: if any salute thee, answer him not again; and lay my staff upon the face of the child." It was a desperate errand, and Gehazi must be undistracted. But there needed something more than this, and the spiritual sensibilities of the Shunammite discovered it as she said to Elisha, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." And she was right. Gehazi went on before to do his errand, but he had to return with the humiliating acknowledgment, "The child is not awaked." Oh how many godly parents, how many teachers, have to make the same confession. "The child is not awaked,—not roused from sin, not converted to God!" Elisha accompanied the mother, and God accompanied Elisha. When he entered the death-chamber, the Lord of Life stood with him. Gehazi was left outside, and the struggle between

Life and Death

commenced. Which should conquer? "Elisha prayed unto the Lord;" no prayer of invitation; he prayed as an instrument of a present God, whose mind was made known to him. The Creator who first made man was in that chamber, and Elisha knew it. "Then he went up, and lay upon the child," it was no experiment, life touched death; he "put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and the flesh of the child waxed warm." But death was not yet conquered, the prophet left the death chamber, paced to and fro in the house, but spoke to none. He had not prevailed, but his God. It was victory now, he "went up, and stretched himself upon him," and life returned! It is a picture of the Church of Christ in face of the powers of death, which Christ has conquered by dying (Heb. 11: 14); we are living in days when, if ever, there are signs of Christ's return, when the dead in Christ shall rise, and the living saints be caught up alive to meet him. (I. Thes. 4: 17.) But there need to be Elishas in these days, with life enough to conquer the prevailing death. And the Shunammite? Was it not a greater gift to have her son restored to her from death than if she had never gone through such a trial of her faith? She now knew Israel's God as never before. The God of the resurrection should be that mother's stay for time and for eternity.

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ADMIRAL PORTER.

IT stuns me as though I had been struck a blow between the eyes the announcement that our friend, Admiral Porter, has gone. He was one of the most gracious and splendid men I ever knew. When a few moths ago he took me through his great house and showed me the trophies of many naval battles, and the presents he had received from all parts of the world, it seemed to me that he was strong enough to become a nonagenarian if not a centenarian. But full of years and honors, and beloved both by those for whom he fought and against whom he fought, has ascended. A private letter from him received years ago in which he expressed his Christian faith, gives me confidence in the happiness of his destiny. How they pass away, those who fought on federal and confederate sides! Many of those who were antagonistic on earth are side by side in heaven. None of us surely are without warning in these times when death is cutting such a wide swath, with his sharp scythe. Be ye also ready.

ALL HAIL, SOUTH AMERICA!

THE President's proclamation swinging wide open the door of commerce between Brazil and the United States, is the beginning of a movement which will make every dollar invested in North American manufactures worth two dollars, and lift our laboring classes into a greater prosperity than they have yet dreamed of. The simple fact is, that the tropical countries are now buying from transatlantic nations almost everything, and from us almost nothing, and the tide ought to turn, and the tide will turn.

In a recent year five billion three hundred and sixty-nine million dollars' worth of goods manufactured in the United States, and only two per cent, taken by foreign markets! Is it not a marvel that American manufactures are not as dead as the proverbial door nail? My only wonder is, that nine-tenths of the manufacturers have not gone into bankruptcy, and ninety-nine one hundredths of the factory hands have not gone into starvation or the almshouse; and it will be worse if the battle is to go on between Lowell spindles here and Manchester spindles there, between foreign merchants who want tariffs down and American merchants who want tariffs up. There is no relief for us in the markets of Europe, and there will be none until

"Moons shall wax and wane no more."

This nation to-day, like a silly drygoods merchant who stands behind the counter haggling with a small customer about three yards of tape, when there are at the counter, impatiently waiting, three princesses wishing to purchase their bridal trousseaus. May God arouse this nation from its commercial idiocy!

In South America are regions nearly three times as large as the United States without manufactories, without woollen goods, without agricultural implements, without telegraphs, without telephones, without shoes, without sewing-machines, without ten thousand things that we have and they must have. Not tens of thousands, but millions of consumers. Where shall they get their supplies? They are getting them from another hemisphere three thousand miles away, and we at their next door are buried under a surplus of those very things. They are able to trade with us for their sugars and coffees, and spices and fruits, and valuable woods, and a thousand other commodities. We need their's as much as they need our products. But look, and then hang your heads at the statement that, while our next door neighbors, the Southern republics, and Brazil and neighboring colonies import six hundred and seventy-five million dollars worth of goods a year, only one hundred and twenty-six million dollars worth are from the United States—one hundred and twenty-six million dollars out of six hundred and seventy-five million dollars—only one-fifth of the trade ours. European nations taking their four fingers and leaving us the poor thumb. The sister republics on the American continent, with a foreign commerce amounting to four hundred and twenty-eight million dollars, trade with us to the feeble and paltry sum of sixty-three million dollars. There is nothing but a comparative ferry between this country and the West Indies, while there are raging seas and long voyage between them and other continents, yet they import one hundred and sixteen million dollars worth of goods, and only thirty-one million dollars worth come from us.

Now, all this is going speedily to be changed, and it is going to be the solution of the labor question, of the bread question, of the communistic question, of the over-production and under-consumption question, and nearly all the other questions. It is going to set all the mills on the Merrimac, and the Connecticut, and the Susquehanna, and the Chattahooche, and the Alabama running day and night with double set of hands, and calling for ten factories where we have one, and putting all the men out of employ into work at good wages, and it is going to change this story of dull times into a prosperity which will roll on in full tide until the Mississippi loses its way to the gulf of Mexico.

They are soon coming to trade with us, Bolivia, Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela, Salvador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Brazil and the brunette West Indies to meet the blonde and smiling United States. Hail! Marriage day of North and South. While the pessimists have been hunting up the burial service to read at the death of American commerce, and the stops of the organ were being pulled out for the Dead March in Saul, I, an optimist, both by nature and by grace, take up in anticipation the bright-covered wedding liturgy, and as the blonde North takes the brunette South by the hand, saying, "With all my wordly goods I thee endow," I cry, "Whom God hath joined together let neither foreign despotism nor American demagogism ever put asunder." Then let all the organs and choirs and orchestras make everything, from the Montreal ice palace to the halls of the Montezumas, quake under the rolling thunders of the march of North and South American progress.

In anticipation I nail on the front door of the Nation an advertisement: Wanted, one hundred thousand men to build South American railroads, as long as from here to San Francisco. Wanted, five thousand telegraph operators. Wanted, twenty million dollars worth of dry goods and hardware from New York city. Wanted, all the clocks you can make at New Haven, and all the brains you can spare from Boston, and all the bells you can mould at Troy, and all the McCormick reapers you can fashion at Chicago, and all the hams you can turn out at Cincinnati, and all the railroad iron you can send from Boonton and Pittsburg. Wanted, wanted right away, and wanted by express, wanted C. O. D., wanted by railroad train, wanted by steamer. Wanted, lawyers to plead our causes; wanted, doctors to cure our sick; wanted, ministers to evangelize our population; wanted, professors to establish our universities.

BRIEF NOTES.

Miss Harriet S. Benson of Philadelphia has offered to defray one-half the expense of establishing and supporting a mission in Alaska, if the Reformed Episcopal Church will undertake the work.

Rev. Thomas Harrison held a "mid-winter camp meeting" in Seventeenth St. M. E. Church, New York, on Sunday last. Five services were held during the day, the first commencing at 9:30 a. m. The interest in the meetings, the numbers attending, and the good that is being done, have decided the Evangelist and the church to continue them for some time longer.

Mr. S. H. Hadley, of the Jerry McAuley Mission in New York, is doing good work at the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C. Among the converts is one man who went on the first night of the services because he was an old friend of Hadley, who had not seen him since Hadley quitted his evil ways and became an evangelist. He once saved Hadley's life in a drunken spree. In giving his testimony he said: "If Jesus can save such a man as Hadley, I can trust him to save me."

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Reading, Pa., were concluded on Sunday February 8. The announcement that they were his farewell meetings attracted enormous assemblages. The Metropolitan Hall would not contain near all who desired to attend. Overflow meetings were held in the First Presbyterian and Immanual Evangelical Churches by Revs. Chapman and Stevenson. The young men's meeting in the afternoon was well attended and the attendance at the meetings was estimated at over 5,000. Over one hundred persons made profession of faith at the last meeting.

Rev. H. Parrish and Mrs. Parrish, the evangelists from Stepney Green Tabernacle, London, were laboring last week at the Macdougal Street Baptist Church, New York. The audiences were large in spite of the unfavorable weather. Many souls have been led to Christ and the good work is still going on. The purely evangelistic character of the work of these evangelists is proved by the fact that although they belong to the Primitive Methodist Denomination, their labors are so acceptable to other churches. Any church desiring to avail itself of their visit to this country may address Rev. H. Parrish, 333 West 14th Street, New York.

Mr. George W. Wheeler, of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C., asks us to acknowledge the receipt by him of the following sums for the support of Mr. J. McLain Brown's work in Tokio, Japan, whose portrait appeared in this journal on Jan. 28: Mrs. A. M. Bruen, $100; Mrs. Fanny Loesch, $50; "In our Saviour's Name," $10; C. Riehle, $10; J. H. Chandler, $7.50; Wilbur Bissell, $5; Julius Ives, $5; James C. Crabtree, $2; H. Clark, $2; D. L. C., Morgantown, N. J., $2; Eliza J. Cook, $2; "In Christ's name," $1; D. D., Buffalo, N. Y., $1; No Name, $1; G. H. Harvey, $1; "One who loves to do something for the Lord," Lowell, Mass., $10. Mr. Wheeler would be glad if subscribers would send him their names and addresses, so that he may keep them informed of Mr. Brown's work from time to time.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Admiral Porter Dead—Siberian Prison Horrors—Rescued From a Coal Mine—Canadians and Reciprocity—The New Queen of the Sandwich Islands—Foreign Affairs, etc.

Admiral David D. Porter, of the United States Navy, died at Washington of heart disease, on the 13th inst, after a long illness. He came of a race of sea-kings, and was the son of the famous Commodore David Porter, who commanded the frigate Essex in the War of 1812. His grandfather was also a Captain David Porter who in the early days of the Revolutionary War commanded the sloop gunboat Delight. David D. Porter the grandson, had been associated with the sea from his infancy. In 1829 he was a Naval Cadet; a few years later he was serving in the old war ship Constellation, under the renowned Commodore Biddle. Gradually promoted, the opening of the Civil War found him in command of the Powhatan. He bore a prominent part in many of the naval battles of the war, notably the capture of the Mississippi River forts, the siege of Vicksburg, the bombardment of Alexandria, and the reduction of Forts Fisher, Jackson and St. Philip. The close of hostilities saw him commander of 35 vessels, and he was promoted to be Vice-Admiral in 1866. In 1870, on the death of Farragut, he was appointed Admiral of the Navy. He has always been a favorite with the American people. He leaves a widow and six children, two sons being in the Navy and a third in the Army. A portrait of the late Admiral is given above.

The Czar has Reconsidered the Proposed Enforcement of the repressive laws against the Hebrews, this step being taken upon the representations of his Minister of Finance, Vyschnegradsky, who feared that the wholesale exodus would seriously affect the Imperial Treasury as well as the mercantile interests of the country. Already, in anticipation of withdrawal, many millions of roubles had been taken out of Russia and the relations with foreign bankers were also affected. The persecuted race were encouraged to leave by the munificent gift of Baron Hirsch, whose fund of $2,500,000 will shortly be placed in the hands of a Committee in New York, for the purpose of aiding the Hebrew immigrants who come here from Russia. It is said that the Committee will include such men as Seligman, the great banker, and ex-Minister Strauss, who formerly represented this country at the Turkish Court.

Three Men were Buried Alive for 115 Hours in Slope 3 of the Susquehanna Coal Company's mine at Grand Tunnel, near Nanticoke, Pa., last week, and were rescued by their comrades after hope had been almost abandoned. The mine had flooded and John Rineer, William Cragie and Michael Shetlong were 4,000 feet from the mouth of the pit when the water rushed in. During all the five days and nights they were in total darkness and had neither food nor drink. They had a supply of air however, and this kept hope alive until they heard the cheering voices of the rescuing party. Their first act, after replying to the shouts, was to fall upon their knees in thankfulness to God for his mercy. Their escape is regarded as one of the most wonderful ever known among mining accidents.

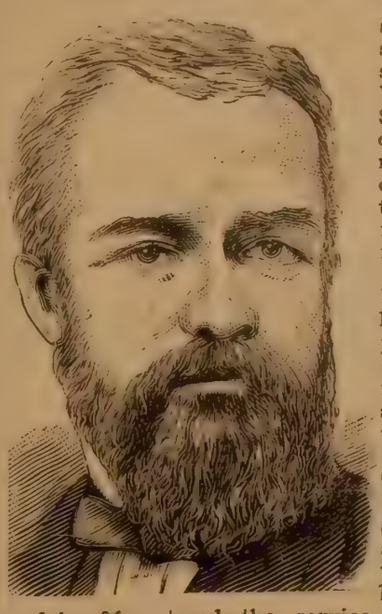
Signor Crispi, the Fallen Italian Premier is not to be crushed by defeat. He has refused a title offered him by King Humbert and, like Cincinnatus who resumed a plough after filling the highest civic honors in Rome, has returned to his law books and once more hung out his modest sign as an attorney. The new Ministry seems to be a rather weak one, and Crispi has magnanimously promised to attack it only in the event of its opposing the *Dreibund*, or Triple Alliance of the German, Austrian and Italian Cabinets, which he firmly believes to be necessary to the welfare of Italy and the peace of Europe. There are many in Rome who believe that Crispi's recall is imminent.

A Thrilling Story of the Horrors of a Siberian prison is told by Captain Joseph W. Morris, an American, who while sealing with his vessel, the *Helena*, was captured by a Russian government steamer and with his crew of Americans and a number of Japanese fishermen taken to Vladivostock. His trial was a farce, being conducted in Russian, a language of which he could not speak a word. According to the Captain's tale, he was deported to Siberia where for two years and a half he labored in the coal mines as a convict. His food was one pound of dry bread per day, and he was shackled to a Polish prisoner, who at first tried to beat him but latterly grew more friendly. The Pole sickened and died and Captain Morris was compelled to work with the dead man's body still attached to the end of the bar to which the two had been chained. His narrative of his efforts to rid himself of this ghastly companion is only equalled in sadness by his statement that, three days after the death of the Pole, a pardon came for the man who was no longer alive to benefit by the Emperor's clemency. Morris had abandoned all hope of ever seeing home or friends again when, one day he, too, was pardoned and restored to liberty. This is the first instance on record where the Russian government has ever voluntarily restored to life and liberty any one who has been sent to the mines of Siberia.

Canadians have been Actively Discussing for several days past a remarkable manifesto, issued by the Premier, Sir John Macdonald, in which he takes decided ground against unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, which, he says, means annexation. This, he points out, is admitted to be the view held by the ablest of American politicians. He believes there is enough loyalty in Canada to defeat the schemes of reciprocity projected by Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright, and he warns Canadians that the great question upon which they will shortly be called to decide will be whether they are to endanger the possession of the heritage bequeathed to them by their forefathers and submit to direct taxation for the privilege of having their tariff fixed at Washington and ultimately becoming a portion of the United States. For himself he enthusiastically says: "A British subject I was born and a British subject I will die." In spite of the government attitude, the public opinion is said to be overwhelmingly in favor of reciprocity. Sir John Macdonald is now in his 76th year, but is still possessed of wonderful vigor. He has held many prominent official positions in Canada, and during his entire career has been only once—about thirty years ago—identified with the opposition and then only for a very brief period. He has been Prime Minister since 1878 and is reeognized as the father of the Canadian policy of protection.

Notwithstanding Emperor William's Peace protestations, it is worthy of remark that the German authorities are pushing forward military preparations with unexampled rapidity. Hundreds of additional workmen have been employed in the smokeless powder works at Spandau. The effect of smokeless powder is said to be demoralizing on the troops, who do not like to be assailed by unseen and unheard missiles. Simultaneously with the great activity in German and Russian military circles, Austria, France and even England, are also pushing forward preparations that bode anything but good for Europe's peace. The British Navy is to be increased and five thousand youths are to be trained every year to form a Naval Reserve.

Probably the Foremost Man in Mexico To-day is Senor Don Matias Romero, who has been chosen to preside over the sessions of the International American Monetary Conference which will shortly resume its sessions in Washington. Senor Romero, who is now Mexico's minister to this government, is fifty-four years of age. He studied law and while yet a young man was made Assistant Secretary of State by President Comonfort. Under several successive administrations he held high offices and in 1863 entered the service against the French and Maximilian. He is a man of fine presence and great magnetism, a stanch friend of America and an ardent lover of liberty. He is eminently qualified to guide the deliberations of the Conference. His portrait is given above.



The Boy King of Servia, Alexander, the Son of ex-king Milan and the much-abused Natalie, is believed to be dying at Belgrade of a dangerous chronic malady. He is only sixteen years of age, and ascended the throne in 1889. Meanwhile Milan is reported to intend returning to Belgrade, in the hope of being once more established on the throne. The Serbs are passionately devoted to Natalie and her son, but have little love for the monarch who, four years ago, treated them so badly. Milan was not a model of kingly decorum and lost prestige during the last war in which the country engaged. Besides, his treatment of Natalie and his attempts at securing a divorce offended the national ideas of morality. On the whole, it is hardly to be expected that his return would be the signal for national thanksgiving.

The New Queen of Hawaii, Lydia Liliouokalani, is the sister of the late King Kalakaua, and like, ex-Queen Kapiolani, is a sincere and earnest Christian. She paid a visit to Europe in 1887, but has never been in this country. Under the law of Hawaii, the king, failing direct issue, is empowered to name his successor and it was Kalakaua's wish that Liliuokalani assume the throne on his death. She is a woman of rather pleasing features and most amiable disposition, possessing some education and intensely patriotic withal. Under her rule, there is every prospect that the little island kingdom will come into still closer relations with the United States. Secretary Blaine is said to be in favor of a scheme to build a new cable line to Hawaii, to further the interests of reciprocity, and for the accommodation of such firms as are prepared to establish business relations there.

OUR MANIFESTO.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Assault on Paul's Credentials—The Modern Preacher Assailed—The Gospel Not From Man—I. In the Mode of its Reception—Not a Birth-right—Not by Human Authority—Not on the Faith of a Church—By the Revelation of the Spirit—In Meditation—In Sickness—In Service—In Holiness—II. In its Essence—Proved by Comparison with False Gospels—By Being Beyond Human Thought—By its Immutability—By its Opposition to Sin—Its Simplicity—Can be Safely Trusted.

"But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man." Galatians 1 : 11.

TO me it is a pitiful sight to see Paul defening himself as an apostle; and doing this, not against the gainsaying world, but against cold-hearted members of the Church. They said that he was not truly an apostle, for he had not seen the Lord; and they uttered a great many other things derogatory to him. To maintain his claim to the apostleship, he was driven to commence his epistles with "Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ," though his work was a self-evident proof of his call. If, after God has blessed us to the conversion of many, some of these should raise a question as to our call to the ministry, we may count it a fiery trial; but we shall not conclude that a strange thing has happened to us. When the devil is not troubled by us, he does not trouble us. If his kingdom is not shaken, he will not care about us or our work, but will let us enjoy inglorious ease. Be comforted by the experience of the apostle of the Gentiles, he is peculiarly our apostle, and we may regard his experience as a type of what we may expect while we labor among the Gentiles of our own day.

The Preacher's Commission.

The treatment which has been given to eminent men while they have lived has been prophetic of the treatment of their reputations after death. This evil world is unchangeable in antagonism to true principles, whether their advocates be dead or living. They said more than eighteen hundred years ago: "Paul, what of him?" They say so still.

It is not unusual to hear dubious persons profess to differ from the apostle, and they even dare to say, "There, I do not agree with Paul." I remember the first time that I heard this expression I looked at the individual with astonishment. I was amazed that such a pigmy as he should say this of the great apostle. Altogether apart from Paul's inspiration, it seemed like a cheese-mite differing from a cherub, or a handful of chaff discussing the verdict of the fire. It is remarkable that Paul's writings should be so assailed: but this warns us that when we have gone to our reward, our names will not be free from aspersion, nor our teaching from opposition.

To come more closely to our text. We do not claim to be able to use Paul's words exactly in the full sense which he could throw into them; but there is a sense in which, I trust, we can each one say, "I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man." We may not only say this, but we ought to be able to say it with thorough truthfulness. On this point he would have all the brethren certified past all doubt.

The Mode of Reception.

I. First, to us the Gospel is not after men as to the mode by which we have received it. In a certain sense we received it from men as to the outward part of the reception, for we were called by the grace of God through parental influence, or through a Sabbath School teacher, or by the ministry of the Word, or by the reading of a godly book, or by other agency. But in Paul's case none of these things were used. He was distinctly called by the Lord Jesus Christ himself speaking to him from heaven, and revealing himself in his own light. Yet we also can say this in another sense. We also have received the Gospel in a way beyond the power of man to convey it to us: men brought it to our ear, but the Lord himself applied it to our heart.

So I note that not one among us has received the Gospel by birth-right. We may be the children of holy parents, but we are not therefore the children of God. To us it is clear that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh," and nothing more. Only "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Yet we hear of persons whose children do not need conversion. They are spoken of as being free from natural corruption, and born children of God, having a grace within which only needs to be developed. I am sorry to say that my father did not find me such a child. He found out early in my life that I was born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, and that folly was bound up in my heart. Friends and teachers soon perceived in me a natural depravity; and assuredly I have found it in myself: the sad discovery needed no very minute research, for the effect of the evil stared me in the face in my character.

Not of Men.

Brethren, we have not received the Gospel, nor do we now receive it, because of the teaching of any man, or set of men. Do you receive anything because Calvin taught it? If so, you had need look to your foundations. Do you believe a doctrine because John Wesley preached it? If so, you have reason to mind what you are at. God's way, by which we are to receive the truth, is by the Holy Ghost.

There is an opinion current in certain circles that you must not receive anything unless it is taught you of men: the word "men" being swallowed up and hidden away, but being there, under the term "the Church." But this is to receive a Gospel "after man" with a vengeance. My dear brethren, a doctrine's being believed by what may in courtesy be called "the Church" is no voucher for it: the most of us would almost regard it as being a question to be raised whether teaching can be true which has been vouched for by those

Great World Corporations

which have usurped the name of churches of Christ. We would each one say, "I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached ot me is not after man." We never think of quoting the community of men called "the Church" as the ultimate authority with conscience. We have not so learned Christ.

Furthermore, I hope I shall speak for all of you here when I say that we have received the truth by the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit. The precious doctrine of peace through the precious blood of Jesus, we know by inward personal teaching. Yes, those gracious men who have gone to heaven did preach the Gospel to us fully and earnestly, and they labored to make known Christ to us; but to reveal the Son of God in us was beyond their power. Since our first days we have experienced a gradual opening up of the Gospel to our understanding, but in all that process, our real progress has been of God, and not of men.

How sweetly the Spirit has taught us in meditation! Have you not often been surprised and overcome with delight as Holy Scripture has opened up, as if the gates of the golden city had been set back for you to enter? The truth is something like those

Stalactite Caverns.

and grottoes of which we have heard, which you must enter and see for yourself if you would really know their wonders. If you should venture there without light or guide, you would run great risks; but with blazing flambeaux, aud an instructed leader, your entrance is full of interest. See! your guide has taken you through a narrow winding passage, where you have to creep, or go on bended knees! At last he has brought you out into a magnificent hall; and when the torches are held aloft, the far-off roof sparkles and flashes back the light as from countless jewels of every hue! As you stand in that vast pillared and jeweled palace, you feel how much you owe to your guide, and to his flaming torch. Thus the Holy Spirit leads us into all truth, aud sheds light on the eternal and the mysterious. This he does in certain cases very personally.

How often has the Lord taught his servants his own truth in the school of tribulation! We speak well of meditation: it is as silver; but tribulation is as much fine gold. Tribulation not only worketh patience; but patience brings experience, and in experience there is a deep and intimate knowledge of the things of God which cometh by no other means. Do you know what it is to be in such pain that you could not bear one turn more of the screw, and have you, then, in faintness fallen back upon your pillow, and felt that even then you could not be more happy unless you were caught up to the third heaven? Then has it been verified to some of us that we can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth us.

I may add, concerning many of the truths of God, and the whole Gospel system, that we have learned the truth thereof in the field of sacrifice and service with our Lord, so that to us it is "not after man." If you do not believe in human depravity, accept a pastorate in this wicked London, and if you are true to your commission, you will doubt no more! If you do not believe in the necessity of the Holy Spirit to regenerate, take a charge over a cultured and polished congregation, that will hear all your rhetoric, and will remain as worldly and as frivolous as it was before.

Supernatural Agency.

Once more, some of us have received the Gospel because of the wonderful unction that has gone with it at times to our souls. I hope that none of us will ever fall into the snare of following the guidance of impressions made upon us by texts which happen to come prominently before our minds. You have judgments, and you must not lay them aside to be guided by accidental impressions. But for all that, and at the back of all that, there is not a man here that has led an eventful, useful life, but must confess that certain of those acts of his life, upon which his whole history is hinged, are connected with influences upon his mind which are produced, as he believes, by supernatural agency. A passage of Holy Writ, which we had read a hundred times before, took us captive, and became the master of every thought. We steered by it as men trust the pole-star, and we found that our voyage was made easy thereby.

What is unction, my brethren? I fear that no one can help me by a definition. Who can define it? But yet we know where it is, and we certainly feel where it is not. When that unction perfumes the Word, it is its own interpreter, it is its own apologist, it is its own confirmation and proof, to the regenerate mind. Then the Word of God deals with us as no word of man ever did or could. We have not received it, therefore, of men. Constantly receiving the divine Word as we do, it comes to us with an energy ever fresh and forcible. It comes to us especially with a sanctifying power, which is the very best proof of its coming from the thrice-holy God. Philosopher's words may teach us what holiness is, but God's Word makes us holy.

In Its Essence.

II. To us the truth itself is not after men. I desire to assert this plainly. If any man thinks that the Gospel is only one of many religions, let him candidly compare the Scriptures of God with other pretended revelations. Have you ever done so? I have made it a college exercise with our brethren. I have said—We will read a chapter of the Koran. This is the Mahometan's holy book. A man must have a strange mind who should mistake that rubbish for the utterances of inspiration. I have had several pretended revelations submitted to me by their several authors; for we have more of the prophetic clan about than most people know of; but no one of them has ever left on my mind the slightest suspicion of his sharing the inspiration of John, or Paul. There is no mistaking the inspired Books if you have any spiritual discernment. Once let the divine light dawn in the soul, and you perceive a coloring and a fashion in the product of inspiration which are not possible to mere men.

Would one who doubts this write us a fifth Gospel? Would any one among our poets attempt to write a new Psalm, which could be mistaken for a Psalm of David? I do not see why he could not, but I am sure he cannot.

Beyond Human Power.

The Gospel, our Gospel, is beyond the strain and reach of human thought. When men have exercised themselves to the very highest in original conceptions, they have never yet thought out the true Gospel. If it is such a common-place thing as the critics would have us believe, why did it not arise in the minds of the Egyptians or Chinese? Great minds often run in the same grooves; why did not other great minds run in the same grooves as those of Moses, or Isaiah, or Paul? I think it is a fair thing to say that, if it is such a common-place form of teaching, it might have arisen among the Persians or Hindoos; or, surely, we might have found something like it among the great teachers of Greece.

I will give you another proof, which, to my mind, is conclusive that our Gospel is not after men; and it is this—that it is immutable, and nothing that man produces can be so called. If man makes a Gospel—and he is very fond of doing it, like children making toys—what does he do? He is very pleased with it for a few moments, and then he pulls it to pieces, and makes it up in another way; and this continually. The religions of "modern thought" are changeable as the mists on the mountains.

The Enemy of Sin.

Again, it is not after men, because it does not give sin any quarter. I have heard that an Englishman has professed himself a Mahometan because he is charmed by the polygamy which the Arabian prophet allows his followers. No doubt the prospect of four wives would win converts who would not be attracted by spiritual considerations. If you preach a Gospel which makes allowances for human nature, and treats sin as if it were a mistake rather than a crime, you will find willing hearers. If you can provide absolution at small cost, and can ease conscience by a little self-denial, it will not be wonderful if your religion becomes fashionable. But our Gospel offers no excuse or cloak for sin, but condemns it utterly. It presents no pardon except through the great Atonement, and it will give that man no security who tries to harbor any sin in his bosom. This is not to the taste of this or any other age; and therefore I am sure man did not invent it.

We know that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is not of men, because our Gospel is so suitable for the poor and the illiterate. The poor, according to the usual fashion of men, are overlooked. "The poor have the Gospel preached to them." Yet there are not a few nowadays who despise a Gospel which the common people can hear and understand; and we may be sure that a plain Gospel never came from them, for their taste does not lie in that direction. They

Want Something Abstruse

or, as they say, "thoughtful." Do we not hear this sort of remark, "We are an intellectual people, and need a cultured ministry. Those evangelistic preachers are all very well for popular assemblies, but we have always been select, and require that preaching which is abreast of the times?" We praise God that he has chosen the base things, and things that are despised. I hear it boasted of a man's ministry, although it gradually diminishes the congregation, that it is doing a great work among "thoughtful young men." I confess that I am not a believer in the existence of these thoughtful young men: those who mistake themselves for such I have generally found to be rather conceited than thoughtful. Young men are all very well, and so are young women, and old women also; but I am sent to preach the Gospel to every creature, and I cannot limit myself to thoughtful young men.

Dear friends, if it be so that we have not received the Gospel from man, but from God, let us continue to receive truth by the divinely-appointed channel of faith. We that speak against rationalism are ourselves apt to reason too much; and there is nothing so unreasonable as to hope to receive the things of God by reasoning them out. Let us believe them upon the divine testimony; and when they try us, and even when they seem to grate upon the sensibilities of humanity, let us receive them none the less for that. We are not to be judges of what God's truth ought to be; we are to accept it as the Lord reveals it.

Let us also conclude from our subject that if these things come to us from God, we can safely rest our all upon them. If they came to us of men, they would probably fail us at a crisis. But if these things come of God, they are eternal and all-sufficient.

We can Both Live and Die

upon the everlasting Gospel. Let us ever deal more and more with God, and with him only. If we have obtained light from him, there is more of blessing to be had. Let us go to that same Teacher, that we may learn more of the deep things of God.

Let us bravely believe in the success of the Gospel which we have received. We believe in it: let us believe *for* it. We will not despair though the whole visible Church should apostatize. When invaders had surrounded Rome, and all the country lay at their mercy, a piece of land was to be sold, and a Roman bought it at a fair value. The enemy was there, but he would be dislodged. The enemy might destroy the Roman State. Let him try it! Be you of the same mind. The God of Jacob is our Refuge, and none can stand against his eternal power and Godhead. The everlasting Gospel is our banner, and with Jehovah to maintain it, our standard never shall be lowered. In the power of the Holy Ghost truth is invincible. Come on, ye hosts of hell, and armies of the aliens! Let craft and criticism, rationalism and priestcraft do their best! The Word of the Lord endureth forever—even that Word which by the Gospel is preached unto men.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Dodging a Law.*

IN the city of London, in olden times, the streets being unlighted by public lamps, and thieves being plentiful, a law was made for every one to put a candle out over his door. As the story comes to me, the law was obeyed—a candle was exhibited, but it was not lighted. The letter of the law was darkness, for the spirit of the law was absent. The wise corporation had to meet and ordain a regulation that everybody should light the candle which by law was to be over the door. So they did; but after it had been lighted according to law the wind blew it out; and again the citizens saved their tallow. The city fathers made another alteration in their edict, and decreed that every citizen should hang a lantern over his door. This was soon accomplished; but the householders put no candle in the lantern. The corporation had been exceedingly wise, and is so still. You laugh, but my reverence for all public bodies is so great that you cannot suppose that I intended anything sarcastic. The Council went over the old ground and settled that the lantern should have a candle in it. Again the good folks did as they were bidden, but they did not light the candle. This called forth the decree that in the lantern there should be a lighted candle. Canny citizens put only a very short length of candle; and though it was soon burnt out, they could not be charged with a breach of the law in that case made and provided. The Corporation specified the length of the candle to be lighted, but I dare say clever people still dodged the law.

Solomon's Mistake.

Solomon mentions the candle in his graphic picture of the virtuous woman, who not only worked by day, but wrought far into the night. He says: (Prov. 31: 18), "Her candle goeth not out by night." Many would have their hours shortened as to work, and lengthened as to sleep; but she did the very reverse. She lengthened her days by taking hours out of her nights. A wonderful example that woman was! I recollect when I was a boy hearing a minister preach about her from the text, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." The opening of that memorable discourse was somewhat after this fashion: "'Who can find a virtuous women?' Why any one who chooses to look for her; and the only reason why Solomon could not find her was because he looked for her in the wrong place. Virtuous women keep clear of a king who had such a multitude of wives. But," said the preacher "if Solomon were here now, and were made truly wise, he would not long ask: 'Who can find a virtuous woman?' He would join the church, and find himself at once among a band of holy women, whose adornment is a meek and quiet spirit. If he were permitted to look in upon the Dorcas meeting, he would see many of the sort of whom he once said, 'She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth out her hands to the needy.' If he would adjourn to the Sunday School, he would there meet with others of whom he might say, 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' We who serve the Lord Jesus, meet many a time with virtuous women, of each of whom we could say with the wise king, 'Her price is far above rubies.'" Whatever one may think of the correctness of the exposition, the sentiment of the preacher was sound and practical.

Good Out of Ill.

We are apt to complain of the very providence which blesses us. Years ago a farmer returned from market with a golden burden for he had sold his wheat. He thought it hard it should rain and spoil his best coat; but when he came to the lone place between the woods and perceived that a highwayman would have shot him if the rain had not damped his powder, he had a much more vivid idea of the loving care of God. Remember Bernard Gilpin, the apostle of northern England. He was seized and despatched to London to be tried as a heretic. On the road he fell from his horse and broke his leg. His persecutors know that his wont was to say, "It is all for the best;" so they taunted him with the inquiry, "Is this all for the best?" and he meekly replied that he had no doubt it would turn out to be so. Gilpin was right. The accident caused a delay on the road, and he and his guard arrived in London just as Queen Mary died. They heard the bells ringing when they came to Highgate Hill, and learned that Queen Elizabeth was on the throne. He was too late to be burned: he had broken his leg, but he had escaped the flames. In some way or other the Lord will preserve his people from all evil, even as the lantern preserves the light which is placed within it.

Candle Churches.

We will conclude as they do at open air entertainments, with the greatest display of our fireworks. Here are many candles uniting their brilliance; they all hang upon one support, and shine by the same light. May they not represent the Church of Christ in its multiplicity, variety and unity? These candles are all supported on one stem, they are all giving forth the same light, and yet they are of all manner of sorts, sizes and colors. A great way off they would seem to be but one light. They are many, and yet but one. I happened one evening to say that no one could tell which was the "U. P.", and which was the Free Church, or which was the Wesleyan, or the Primitive, or the Baptists, and so on; but one strong old Baptist assured me that the "Dips" gave the best light. Another said the Presbyterians were, on the whole, cast in the best mould; and a third thought the Episcopalian church was made of the truest wax. I told them that some of the Baptists would be the better for another baptism. The Free Churches might

* From *Sermons in Candles* by C. H. Spurgeon, a most delightful little book, a striking proof of the great preacher's unequalled ingenuity in drawing practical moral lessons from common objects. Full of interest and amusing incidents, pp. 170: Price $1. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 714 Broadway, New York

High Hawk Little Wound Two Strike Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses
Big Road Fire Lightning Spotted Elk

SIOUX CHIEFS IN THE DELEGATION TO WASHINGTON LAST WEEK.

be none the worse for being more established in the faith; and even the Methodists might improve their methods. The main question is possession of the one light and fire of God, the flame of divine truth. Those who shine by divine grace are all one in Christ Jesus.

THE BIBLE IN SPAIN.

The Movement Started from America Carried Forward by Matamoros and Cabrera.

THE encouraging reports recently received of the progress of Evangelical Christianity in Spain are stimulating Christians across the Atlantic to send to that country some earnest Gospel preachers and a supply of evangelical literature in the Spanish language to help in the work. The movement is peculiarly interesting to American Christians, because its initiation can be traced by a remarkable chain of Providential circumstances to a humble effort made some years ago in this country.

The great leader of the revival of true religion in Spain was Manuel Matamoros, whose portrait appears on page 109, with a picture of the Evangelical Church in Seville. He was a young Spanish officer whose education had been gained in the military school of Toledo, and who was a man of refinement and unbounded courage. In 1855 he was at Gibraltar and there fell in with a Spanish law-student, named Ruet, who had been banished from Spain for circulating the Bible. Ruet had first heard the Gospel in Turin from an eloquent preacher named De Sanctis, who some years previously was one of the most famous ecclesiastics in Rome. While he was preaching Romish doctrines to large audiences in that city some unknown person left at his house a brief statement of the cardinal doctrines of the Bible contrasting them with the doctrines he was preaching. The priest read the statement, tested it by the Word and under the blessing of God was converted. This statement was prepared by a missionary, sent out at the expense of *a few Christian ladies in this country*. Thus the torch of divine truth was handed from the missionary to De Sanctis, from De Sanctis to Ruet, and from Ruet to Matamoros.

Both the latter were young men and full of enthusiasm. Matamoros was eager to return to Spain to preach the truth. Ruet dare not go, owing to the decree of banishment, but he undertook to keep Matamoros supplied with New Testaments in Spanish, and with this promise the young evangelist set forth. For three years he labored zealously through Southern Spain, preaching and circulating the Word of God. In Seville, Granada, Barcelona, Jaen, and various towns of Andalusia many souls were won and little congregations organized. In 1860, however, his work was cut short. He was arrested on the charge of preaching heretical doctrines, and after several examinations and tedious imprisonments in various jails, he was sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment, nine of which were to be spent on the galleys. The story of his work and his sufferings became known in England, and an influential deputation was sent to the Queen of Spain to beg for his release. He was finally liberated in 1863. He settled in Switzerland where, aided by a wealthy American lady, he established training schools for young men and women who went there from Spain to be prepared for evangelistic work in their own country. His health however had been undermined by his imprisonment, and he died in 1866 at the age of thirty-two. But his work is going on and the men and women whom he trained are still laboring in all parts of Spain.

Among the men whom Matamoros was instrumental in leading from darkness to light was the man who is now at the head of the Reform movement, John Baptist Cabrera. He was a prominent Romish ecclesiastic, but by the blessing of God on Matamoros' teaching he became a zealous preacher of the truth. He, too, had to quit Spanish territory to avoid persecution, but when the old regime was overthrown by the revolution, General Prim authorized him to return to Spain and preach where he would. He promptly availed himself of the permission and has organized church after church through the length and breadth of the country. These have been united in a Spanish branch of the Christian Church, on the pattern of, and in communion with, the Church of Jesus, established by Bishop H. C. Riley in Mexico. Cabrera has now been elected its Bishop and it is expected that he will soon be consecrated by Lord Plunkett, Archbishop of Dublin.

Written expressly for The Christian Herald.

OLD CRUSTY'S NIECE.

A SERIAL STORY.

BY REV. J. JACKSON WRAY.

(Concluded from page 94.)

THE triumph of rescuing Nora from the Trout-pool was celebrated in every house in Settleworth, for George Appleton was a general favorite. The widow's pride in her boy was increased as she heard his praise uttered on all hands. She nursed him tenderly and soon had the pleasure of seeing him convalescent. Richard Mansford was a daily visitor, greatly welcomed and highly valued, for in George's enforced retirement, it was far better than any physician's prescription for him to have intercourse with a kindred mind. Of course, the tenant of the "Hermitage" put the young man in possession of the facts the reader already knows. George felt a strange relief at the news of Rawdon's capture and the full deliverance of Nora.

Of course, George was warm in his expressions of delight that Nora had found a relative in the tenant of the "Hermitage," whom he held in the highest estimation and regard; and that this relative was none

other than Richard Mansford with Hazelcroft and gold behind him, and he meant every word he said. Richard Mansford knew and felt that he did. Nevertheless there fell a constraint on George: a "flash of silence," but it was eloquent enough for Richard to understand it, which brought his visit to an end.

"Now, mother mine," said George. "You and I are relieved at last of that charge. Willy-nilly, it seemed that Nora Mansford must be cared for in her evident distress by somebody more thoughtful and emotional than Abram Hardale. Whatever mission we had in that direction is accomplished. Nora Mansford passes into the care of her uncle and into the place and position in life which properly belong to her, and which she is so well fitted to adorn. I have had a dream, a strange mixture of pleasure and of pain. Now the dreamer is awake, and the memory of his foolish vision must fade away."

Now, Widow Appleton felt a little inclined to demur against what her son had hinted at—the giving up of all thoughts of winning Nora Mansford; and against what he declared to be his intention of applying for his old place in the shop of Abram Hardale. He might at least wait until he was asked by the old carpenter to resume his place, and had received from him some apology for his rude dismissal. As for Nora, why, she owed her very life to him! She durst not hint that much, however, to her son, who was of too superior mould to look at duty from that point of view. So, like a wise woman, she said nothing—an exhibition of wisdom that is too rare in either sex not be noted and chronicled when it appears.

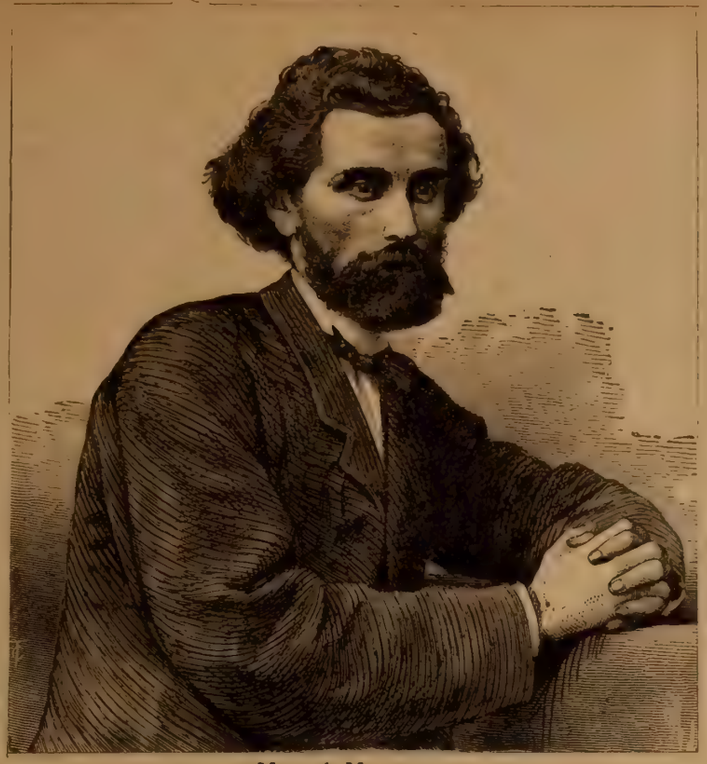
The next day, feeling quite equal to the necessary effort, he repaired to the carpenter's shop, and like Tabitha Crowle, was sorry and distressed to see his old master so thoroughly broken down. "Good morning, Abram," he said, willing to save the old man from one unnecessary humiliation. "I hear you have not filled up my place and that you need some one to look after the business while you go away for a time to get rest and strength. I shall be glad if you will let me take hold of the business and manage it till you come back. I owe you more than enough to make that a duty, as well as a pleasure, too. Don't say No."

"So far from saying No," said Abram, offering his hand, "I'll say Yes, and thank you. The fact is that since you left, all has been at sixes and sevens, and I shall never get 'em right unless you'll step into your old place again; or rather mine, for I'm getting beyond it. I was a great fool, George, to let you go, and I should be a still greater fool if I didn't own it. When will you come?"

"Whenever you like," said George, fully convinced that a change had, indeed, come over his old master. "I mayn't be able to do a full day's work just yet, but—"

"You can do as you like," said Abram, "only take the reins."

George was a good deal tired when he reached home, but he was in good spirits, for the old man's bearing had been a pleasing surprise, and George had a pleasant and gracious work to do.



Manuel Matamoros.
The Pioneer of Spanish Evangelization.

He was none the worse for finding a little note addressed to him in the handwriting of Nora Mansford, with which he was very familiar, by reason of her care of her uncle's business books. It was not so firm and legible as usual—that could hardly be expected after the dire peril of the Trout Pool. It ran thus:

"Dear Friend,—I have come to know at last who it was that saved me from drowning, and gave me back the life that in a spasm of horror I had madly thrown away. How can I thank you? Neither word nor pen can do more than hint my gratitude. What of yourself? A word by the bearer, or, better still, a line from yourself to say that you are not seriously worse for the peril into which you put your own life for the sake of one so little worthy, will be an unspeakable relief to yours in all esteem, regard, and gratitude, NORA MANSFORD. P. S.—Give my love to Mrs. Appleton, and tell her that as soon as you are well enough to spare her, I want her longingly and lovingly to come and bless me with a sight of her face."

"Well enough?" said George, as he read the brief letter to his mother, "You can go now!"

"Not so fast, my laddie; bide your time a wee, as the old song says," replied the widow, with a meaning smile and a glow of gladness, "send the dear lassie a line—only a line, or two, mind you, and tell her to expect me to-morrow morning and give her my love."

It was easy enough to say "send her a line,' but it was a hard thing to do. What should he say? How should he put it? A line! He wanted a volume big as a ledger to say all that was in his heart. Nevertheless even a line or two seemed more than he could manage.

How should he begin his letter? "George Appleton sends his compliments." Nonsense! that will never do. "Dear Miss Mansford." What, to Nora? Impossible. "Dear Nora." No, he dared not. How would she take it? What would her uncle say? "Dear friend." Yes, that would do. She had used that form, and if he didn't she might think he did not wish to be her friend; and he did. So that difficulty was got over. Then what? This put him in a still greater and longer quandary. At last, the answer went in this form—"Dear Friend,—Accept my hearty thanks for your kind inquiry. I am rapidly getting well; and day and night I thank God I was permitted to save a life so precious. Mother sends her best love and will come to you in the morning, Believe me to be, yours with truest regard, GEORGE APPLETON."

"Now, George, I'm sure you've written enough, and more than enough. Read it over to me," said George's mother. She smiled and nodded: it will do.

Now what does the reader think was the first comment that left Miss Nora's lips when she was reading it? When she came to the words "a life so precious," she laid the little billet on her knee, and murmured, "Precious to whom, I wonder?"

Ladies do like to have such matters made clear, you see. Uncle Richard was warm in his praises of George's letter. "Quite enough, you see, Nora," he said, "and not too much." "Not too much, certainly," said Nora, and as she did not say anything more, it may be supposed that she agreed with her uncle's opinion, that there was "quite enough."

Now, I need make no further pause in announcing that Richard Mansford was strongly inclined to play at Providence again. "Surely all is plain sailing here," he thought. "These two young folks are made for each other. I love them both, and I feel sure that each would make the other happy. I'm inclined to—No I won't. If he's worth his salt, he'll ask her if he wants her. I'll leave it alone."

My story must not be too long. Mrs. Appleton informed her son that Nora would come to thank him if she were well enough, and she (his mother, that is) thought it would be courteous and kind for him to call. He did so, and found her, to his thinking, more charming and winsome than ever. And so she was, for the blush and the gleam, and the shame-faced consciousness that her face was showing all her heart, did make an unusually piquant picture. Her uncle read her like a book. George's face was an

The Reformed Church of the Ascension in Seville.

equally open page, though the legend written there was printed in a somewhat different type.

"George," said she—she had so called him from the first. She had to make a rush for it, or her voice would go in spite of herself. "George, I owe my life to you! What return can I make?"

"None!" said George, and paused, as if desiring yet fearing to say more. That incorrigible uncle could not for the life of him forbear from helping Providence a little. "Out with it, George. A manly word is always honorable," he said. George did out with it: "I want no reward and no return, Nora. The joy of saving life is its own reward. But I want you." Here the door suddenly opened—closed—Uncle Dick, as he had requested to be called, was gone, and as there was no disinterested witness left to tell "what followed after that," I cannot of course write it down: but if George Appleton may be believed, and he has borne an excellent character all along, Miss Nora was willing to confess that she wanted him, but what process was gone through to bring that crisis on, I really cannot say. This I know, that Mrs. Appleton knew all about it before her laddie crossed her threshold, "His very step had music in't as he came up the garden walk; and I give it as my private opinion that she had been guilty of complicity with Uncle Dick in the matter, and must take with that individual her full share of the blame."

The arrangement was certainly welcome to both, though Richard Mansford was able to so endow his niece that she might have been a suitable match for some one more highly placed in society than a village carpenter. Mansford, however, had democratic ideas and preferred to see Nora married to a good man whom he knew well, rather than to a man of high station whom he did not know. Besides, Nora's preference was clearly manifested and Richard was not the man to sow seeds of sordid ambition in her mind. George should be her husband and the young couple should have money enough. He could spare them plenty and when he died they should have all he had. But, he meant Nora to have her rights, too. He at once gave orders for a suit against Gabriel Grubb for his share in the Hazelcroft swindle.

No sooner did that worthy hear of this step and of Rawdon's apprehension than, knowing full well that his own liberty was in danger, he made a parcel of the genuine Hazelcroft deeds, and sent them over to Abram Hardale in the hope that he would not be thought worth while hunting down. He gathered together all his substance, departed swiftly and quietly, and the place that knew Gabriel knew him no more. Where he went to nobody knew; what became of him nobody cared. Doubtless in some quarter of the globe he made himself a cobwebby den of some kind, turned the shimmering discs of his spectacles on some intended dupe, and uttered his usual formula, with variations—"Just so." Such men as he do not always receive "poetic justice;" but they get it in currency of a very prosaic kind. Their whole life is an infliction.

As for that other villain, Jasper Rawdon, he victimised others to the very last. He had managed to secrete some money in the lining of his clothes. With that he succeeded in bribing the jailer to furnish him with poison. He was found dead in his cell. At the inquest the truth came out; the warden lost his situation; and Jasper Rawdon could not even die without working damage to another.

Abram Hardale, softened, mellowed, was every way improved. He tasted in quiet fashion the mellow fruit of life's eventide, respected where he had been condemned, and esteemed where he had been disliked. The better side of his character came to the front, and the cynical side was either kept behind, or, he became "nice all round." Richard Mansford took upon himself the heavy costs the old man had expended to secure his niece's rights, and Abram Hardale was able to retire from the cares of business, and was succeeded by George Appleton, much to the satisfaction of folks in general.

"I can't very well manage it any longer, myself," said Abram, "I'm growing too old, but though my day's over George's is coming on, and I will say this of him that, next to me, he's the very best wheelwright and all round hand in this Riding."

From this it will be seen that despite the change which had come over the dear old man, there was a good deal of the old leaven in him still.

Matters were gradually settling themselves down in this way, when Richard Mansford received an important communication from Donald McLean, his partner and representative at Ooramarra. It appeared that there had been a great rush to the newly-discovered gold-fields, and as these included Goldfinch Gully, and the largest portion indeed of the Ooramarra farm, the Scotchman's quiet was invaded in lawless fashion by a motley crowd of adventurers. These had squatted, without so much as "with your leave," or "by your leave," and the whole face of the estate was undergoing transformation. The letter went on to say that as it was evident the place would soon become the seat of a large population, as he knew that Richard would have nothing to do with the gold fever, and as he was equally determined to be "out of it" himself, he suggested that he should have leave to close a bargain with eager purchasers and clear out, adding that he was getting a little home sick, and would like "a smell o' the heather on the dear old muirs o' Sutherland."

Richard Mansford was quite of the same mind. So he hastily sent off his full permission. "I know," he wrote, "that you will do your best for both of us. The gold-fever will turn the place into a Pandemonium that neither you nor I could bear to live in. Sell out and come home."

In due time the honest, faithful Scotchman landed in England, and repaired at once to Settleworth and took up his quarters at the "Hermitage." He might have "retired on his means," but he preferred, as any wise man will, an active life, and so became manager of the Hazelcroft farm. It was some hundreds of acres in extent, but his one objection to it was that it was so small. After so many years on the countless square miles of an Australian cattle run, it did seem a very circumscribed domain.

After the repairs were completed, Richard Mansford and Nora removed to Hazelcroft, and from the home of her uncle, Nora was married to her true and only love, George Appleton. They resided at the "Hermitage." In that sweet spot they commenced a honeymoon, foregoing all the fashionable discomforts of a wedding tour, which did not wane through all their long and useful after-life. Widow Appleton was strongly urged to make her home with them, but the wise old lady declined. She intended to trouble them with her presence a good deal, she said, but she should retain her little cosy cottage, so long her peaceful home.

I catch one farewell glimpse of Hazelcroft. It is Christmas, and the quaint oak parlor, where Richard Mansford passed so much of his happy boyhood, is bright with the light of the blazing Yule log, which casts its glow upon the walls. George Appleton is reading some mirth-provoking rythmes from a Christmas book, while the three children, Richard, Nora, and Rupert, are looking at the colored pictures on its pages. Nora Appleton, looking bright and happy, sits so that the lamp-light falls upon some dainty knitting in her fingers, and illumines a countenance which has a peaceful sunshine of its own. In the ingle nook sits Richard Mansford. His head is bowed, and there is a tender smile upon his face, for he is stroking the golden curls of a pretty little maiden seated on his knee. She is called Anice, and he thinks as he touches the soft curls, of another beloved Anice who has long since gone to join the angels.

THE END.

A new Story will be commenced in this journal next week, entitled:

"ROMA."

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SEVEN SMOKERS CURED.

THE Rev. Dr. Cathcart of England says: "There was a family in my church which included the father and six sons, all of whom smoked, and I thank God that he made me instrumental in putting out all the seven pipes. It was at the time that the China Mission had been first taken up, and I was speaking upon it, and referring to tobacco. I said that if they gave me, for seven years, all the money which they were accustomed to spend upon tobacco, I should build a church. As I was going out I met the father of the family to which I refer, but he passed me without a recognition. Another time I met him, and again he passed me in the same way. I thought this strange, and that it was time to know the reason of it. For the third time he was passing me, and I stopped and spoke to him about it, and he replied, 'Well, you see, it is all right to speak against drink but you must leave tobacco alone, it is a gift of the Lord.' Poor man, what a delusion! He was wedded to his pipe, yet finally he was brought to see that it was his duty to give it up."

SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

Mr. Archibald Orr Ewing writes as follows: "About ten years ago, I was going out to India, and on the way we sighted a boat, with some men in it, who were frantically rowing towards us. When at last the boat was got alongside, we found in it two poor negroes. They had escaped from one of the islands in that part of the world; fleeing from the power of a tyrannical master, they had taken to the sea, but had not been able to take much water with them; and for two days they had been under the rays of the scorching tropical sun without a drop to moisten their parched lips. Poor fellows, they were almost gone, but in God's mercy they were restored to health. What a longing these men must have had to catch a glimpse of a sail that they might get water! There are many poor souls in heathen lands who have as great a longing to escape from the power of sin. They would be saved, and make what effort they can to its accomplishment, but they need others to bring them the Water of Life."

A BISHOP'S APPEAL TO A NEGRO.

BISHOP ASBURY saw a negro of bad character sitting on the bank of a creek, fishing. The man was quite alone. It was just possible that he might be willing to talk, and that precious seed might be dropped. The good old minister stopped his horse, tied it to a tree, and sat down beside the negro. At first sheer surprise sealed the poor slave's lips; but as his new friend spoke, the kindness of the tone and the brotherliness, free from any mark of conscious condescension, melted the man's heart. He listened as if the story of the love of Jesus at last seemed real. Tears came to his eyes as Asbury besought him to forsake his evil life and seek God's forgiveness. But whether there was any resolve underneath the emotion, Asbury could not soon discover. He left the district, and did not see the negro again for twenty years. But he was ultimately sought out by an old colored Christian, who had journeyed seventy miles to have an interview, and to tell of harvest following seed-time. The visitor was the negro found once with his rod by the stream, and by earnest appeals won for the Saviour. This man had since been the instrument of leading many others into the light. Greater is the worker's reward than all his expectations, if, in season and out of season, he is ready to rescue.

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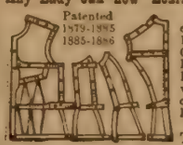

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The road that lies between the cross and crown,
No lot is wholly free;
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Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form and weight and size,
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands, and lay it at His feet.
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
Upon the darkest day.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,
But borne with Him, the soul restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy, and God's high praise.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

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We do not ask you to remit in advance, nor run any risks, nor take any chances. We merely ask permission to ship to you a box of these goods, and if after 30 day's trial you are fully convinced that the soap is all we claim, and the extras all we advertise, you can then pay the bill. But if you are not satisfied in every way, no charge will be made for what you have used. How can we do more?

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Persons remitting in advance can have their money refunded without argument or comment if the box does not prove all they expect. Price of box complete, $6.00.

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An exquisite beautifier. Producing that peculiar delicate transparency, and imparting a velvety softness to the skin which is greatly admired. It removes all roughness, redness, blotches, pimples, and imperfections from the face. For all toilet purposes it is the luxury of luxuries. Especially adapted for the nursery or children's use, or those whose skin is delicate.

One Bottle Modjeska Perfume.
A delicate, refined, delicious perfume for the handkerchief and clothing. The most popular and lasting perfume ever made.

One-Fourth Dozen Ocean Bath Toilet Soap.
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One English Jar Modjeska Cold Cream. Soothing, Healing, beautifies the Skin, Improves the Complexion, Cures Chapped Hands and Lips.

One Package Clove Pink Sachet Powder. Delicate, Refined, Lasting.

One Bottle (Fancy Patent Stopper) **Modjeska Tooth Powder.**
One Stick Napoleon Shaving Soap.

OUR MAMMOTH "CHRISTMAS" BOX

Contains a great variety of Toys, Playthings, etc., for the Babies, and sundry useful and amusing things for the older folks. **Such as Boy's Tools, Saws, Hatchets, Shovels, Rakes, Hoe, Top, Spinner, "Crack Shots," Games, Jack Stones, Etc.**

IT ALSO CONTAINS
One fine Silver-plated Button Hook.
One Lady's Celluloid Pen Holder.
One Fancy Tidy.
One Glove-buttoner.
One Package "Steadfast" Pins.
One Spool Black Silk Thread.
One Gentlemen's Handkerchief, large.
Fourteen Patent Transfer Patterns for Stamping and Embroidering Table Linen, Toilet Mats, Towels, Tidies, etc.
One Lady's Handkerchief.
One Child's Fancy Handkerchief.
One Illuminated Wall Match Safe (can be seen at night).
One Package Assorted Christmas Cards.
Two Collar Buttons (patented).

☞ In addition to all of the above articles, we place in each box **ONE ALBUM** containing pictures of the following celebrities:

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2. Bismarck,
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4. J. G. Whittier,
5. George Bancroft,
6. Abraham Lincoln,
7. Ulysses S. Grant,
8. Robert E. Lee,
9. Gen. Sherman,
10. Thomas Carlyle,
11. Commodore Faragut,
12. "Stonewall" Jackson,
13. General Scott,
14. Thomas A. Edison,
15. Benj. F. Morse,
16. Joseph Jefferson,
17. Benj. Franklin,
18. Henry M. Stanley,
19. Oliver Perry,
20. Goethe,
21. Schiller,
22. Alex. Hamilton,
23. John Howard Payne,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Remember, "Sweet Home" Family Soap is an extra fine pure soap, made from refined tallow and vegetable oils. On account of its firmness and purity, each cake will do double the work of the common cheap soaps usually sold from groceries.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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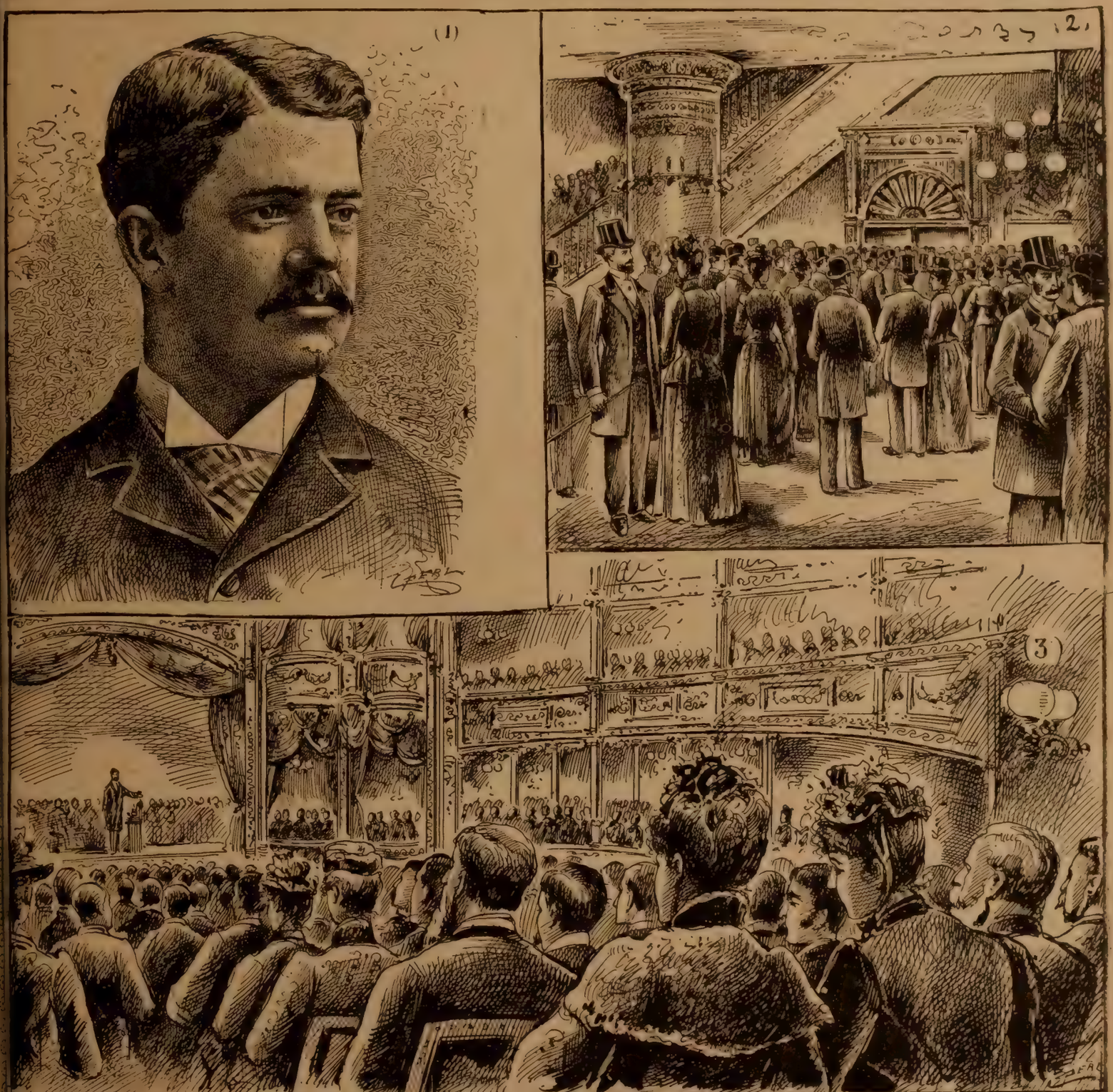


REV. DR. TALMAGE'S SON AS AN EVANGELIST IN NEW YORK.

1. Mr. Frank De Witt Talmage—2. In front of the Union Square Theatre—3. Young Mr. Talmage Conducting THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Special Services in the Theatre. (*See page 116.*)

THE PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON GAMBLING PREACHED AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, LAST SUNDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1891.

The Mummy of Pharaoh—The Ten Plagues of the Present Day—Noble Cities Afflicted—The Christian Founders of American Cities—New York's Benefactions—Every Citizen Interested in the Suppression of Gambling—What Gambling Is—Its Eight Hundred Seats—Their Costly Surroundings—An Awful Exchange—The Working of the Spell—Its Slaughter of Industry—Destroys Domestic Happiness—A Gambler's Farewell Letter—A Warning.

"Let my people go that they may serve me; for I will at this time send all my plagues." Exodus 9: 13, 14.

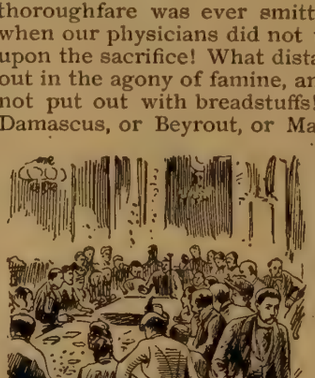
LAST winter in the Museum at Cairo, Egypt, I saw the mummy or embalmed body of Pharaoh, the oppressor of the ancient Israelites. Visible are the very teeth that he gnashed against the Israelitish brick-makers, the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God, the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea, the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years after, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered sceptre. It was to compel that tyrant to let the oppressed go free that the memorable Ten Plagues were sent. Sailing the Nile and walking amid the ruins of Egyptian cities, I saw no remains of those plagues that smote the water or the air. None of the frogs croaked in the one, none of the locusts sounded their rattle in the other, and the cattle bore no sign of the murrain, and through the starry nights hovering about the pyramids no destroying angel swept his wing. But there are ten plagues still stinging and befouling and cursing our cities and like angels of wrath smiting not only the first born but the last born.

Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City, though called three, are practically one. The bridge already fastening two of them together will be followed by other bridges and by tunnels from both New Jersey and Long Island shores; until what is true now, will, as the years go by, become more emphatically true. The average condition of public morals in this cluster of cities is as good if not better than in any other part of the world. Pride of city is natural to men, in all times, if they live or have lived in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome; Lycurgus of Sparta; Virgil of Andes; Demosthenes of Athens; Archimedes of Syracuse; and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base-heartedness who carried about with him no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts, or arms, or behavior; who looked with no exultation upon its evidences of prosperity, its artistic embellishments, and its scientific attainments.

I have noticed that men never like a place where they have not behaved well. Men who have free rides in prison-vans never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I see in history Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, and several other cities claiming Homer, I conclude that Homer behaved well. Let us not war against this pride of city, nor expect to build up ourselves by pulling others down. Let Boston have its Commons, its Faneuil Hall, and its magnificent scientific and educational institutions. Let Philadelphia talk about its Mint, and Independence Hall, and Girard College and its old families, as virtuous as venerable. When I find a man living in one of those places, who has nothing to say in favor of them, I feel like asking him, "What mean thing did you do, that you do not like your native city?" New York is a goodly city, and, when I say that, I mean the region between Spuyten Duyvil Creek and Jamaica in one direction, and Newark flats in the other direction. That which tends to elevate a part elevates all. That which blasts part, blasts all. Sin is a giant; and he comes to the Hudson or Connecticut river, and passes it, as easily as we step across a figure in the carpet. The blessing of God is an angel; and when it stretches out its two wings, one of them hovers over that and the other over this.

In infancy, the great metropolis was laid down by the banks of the Hudson. Its infancy was as feeble as that of Moses, sleeping in the bulrushes by the Nile; and, like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to the water to bathe; and there she found it. She took it in her arms, and the child grew and waxed strong; and the ships of foreign lands brought gold and spices to its feet; and stretching itself up into the proportions of a metropolis, it has looked up to the mountains, and off upon the sea—the mightiest of the energies of American civilization. The character of the founder of a city will be seen for many years in its inhabitants. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrims relaxed not their hold upon the cities of New England. William Penn has left Philadelphia an inheritance of integrity and fair dealing; and on any day in that city you may see in the manners, customs, and principles of its people, his tastes, his coat, his hat, his wife's bonnet, and his plain meeting-house. The Hollanders still wield an influence over New York.

Grand old New York! What Southern thoroughfare was ever smitten by pestilence, when our physicians did not throw themselves upon the sacrifice! What distant land has cried out in the agony of famine, and our ships have not put out with breadstuffs! What street of Damascus, or Beyrout, or Madras that has not heard the step of our missionaries! What struggle for national life, in which our citizens have not poured their blood into the trenches! What gallery of exquisite art, in which our painters have not hung their pictures! What department of literature or science to which our scholars have not contributed! I need not speak of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer, and milkman, and glass-blower stand by the side of the flattered sons of merchant princes; or of the insane asylums on all these islands, where they who went cutting themselves, among the tombs, now sit, clothed and in their right minds; or of the Magdalen asylums, where the lost one of the street comes to bathe the Savior's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head—confiding in the pardon of him who said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at her." I need not speak of the institutions for the blind, the lame, the deaf the dumb, and the outcast; or of the thousand-armed machinery that sends streaming down from the reservoirs the clear, bright, sparkling, God-given water that rushes through our aqueducts, and dashes out of the hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and hisses in our steam engines, and showers out the conflagration, and sprinkles from the baptismal font of our churches; and with silver note, and golden sparkle, and crystalline chime, says to hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of Him who said: "I will: be thou clean!"



VOTARIES OF THE GAMING TABLE.

THE WIFE'S ENTREATY.

All this I premise in opening this course of sermons on the Ten Plagues of these Three Cities," lest some stupid man might say I am depreciating the place of my residence. I speak to you to-day concerning the Plague of Gambling. Every man and woman in this house ought to be interested in this theme.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said, "No, I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by that evil." At that very time, his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in Hearne's famous gaming establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first book-keeper, though receiving a salary of only a thousand dollars, was losing from fifty to one hundred dollars per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying: "That society is good for the defence of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil;" not knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly, this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gaming may differ but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing cards, however, full of temptation, is not gambling, unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards or dice, or billiards or a ten-pin alley. The man who bets on horses on elections, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transaction without foundation, but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money or time or skill, is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine, or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuals," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards, or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest; for it professes to bestow upon you good for which you give no equivalent.

It is estimated that every day in Christendom eighty million dollars pass from hand to hand through gambling practices, and every year in Christendom one hundred and twenty-three billion one hundred million dollars change hands in that way. There are in this cluster of cities about eight hundred confessed gambling establishments. There are about three thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of the eight hundred gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten professing to be honest because they are merely the antechamber to the seven hundred and ninety that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first-class gambling establishments. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender-tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter," and Dore's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell," a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, the costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting-room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate, and viands, and wines, and cigars, sumptuous beyond parallel.

GAMBLER ROBBING THE BANK'S SAFE

Then you come to the second-class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper-in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short metre with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the East River. You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle;" betting on three numbers is called a "gig," betting on four numbers is called a "horse," and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle," and mounting that "gig," and behind that "horse," riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange;" a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace and heaven, for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster-cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears instead of his nose deals the pack, and winks in the unsuspecting traveller — providing free drinks all around—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings.

A young man, having suddenly heired a large property, sits at the hazard table, and takes up in a dice-box, the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat, and shakes it, and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim—kicking him out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice or startling warning, or wife's entreaty, can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within; and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread; and though you fasten him seven times round with chains, they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up in his path heaven-high Bibles, tracts and sermons and on the top should set the cross of the Son of God, over them all the gambler would leap, like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition.

Again, this sin works ruin by killing industry. A man used to reaping scores, or hundreds, or thousands of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say, "What is the use of trying to make these fifty dollars in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at 'Billy's'?" You never knew a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time, not actively employed in the game, in idleness, or intoxication, or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's saw, and cut the band of the factory wheel; sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society.

This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our great cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home, comfort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks, yearly, three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs. Where does all the money come from? The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates; but where in the Bible or in society is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest oozes there a balm that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of his children, are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness, and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble, he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler? In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage; went back; put up his horses and carriage and town house, and played. He threw and lost. He started home, and in a side alley met a friend from whom he borrowed ten guineas; went back to the saloon and before a great while had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at last, a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one!

THE SHARPERS GOT HOLD OF HIM.

Furthermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesties. The game of hazard itself is often a cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is oftimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina, so that "doublets" come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers unobserved by honest men who have come into the play; and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, ragged wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the door-step of the house that they once owned. In a gaming-house in San Francisco a young man having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace, and won twenty-two thousand dollars. But the tide turns. Intense anxiety comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul!" "Foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols and the uproar is silenced and the bank has won ninety-five thousand dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

THEY THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD.

But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds which are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling with its greedy hand has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole one hundred and three thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. Witness forty thousand dollars stolen from a Brooklyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons of this land were to speak out, they might utter a more infamous boast, for they have destroyed a thousand noble men a year.

Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags and the daughters were disgraced and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are

the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How drearily the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster and fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gamester. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all endearments are consumed in the flame of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "Here goes one more game, my boys! On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven." A young man in London on coming of age received a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and, through gambling, in three years was thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to a Southern city; he was rich, intellectual and elegant in manners. His parents gave him on his departure from home their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gaming-table and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said, "First-rate player." But, fully in their grasp, they fleeced him; and his thirty thousand dollars were lost. Last of all he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home, and his old father and mother, and wrote thus:

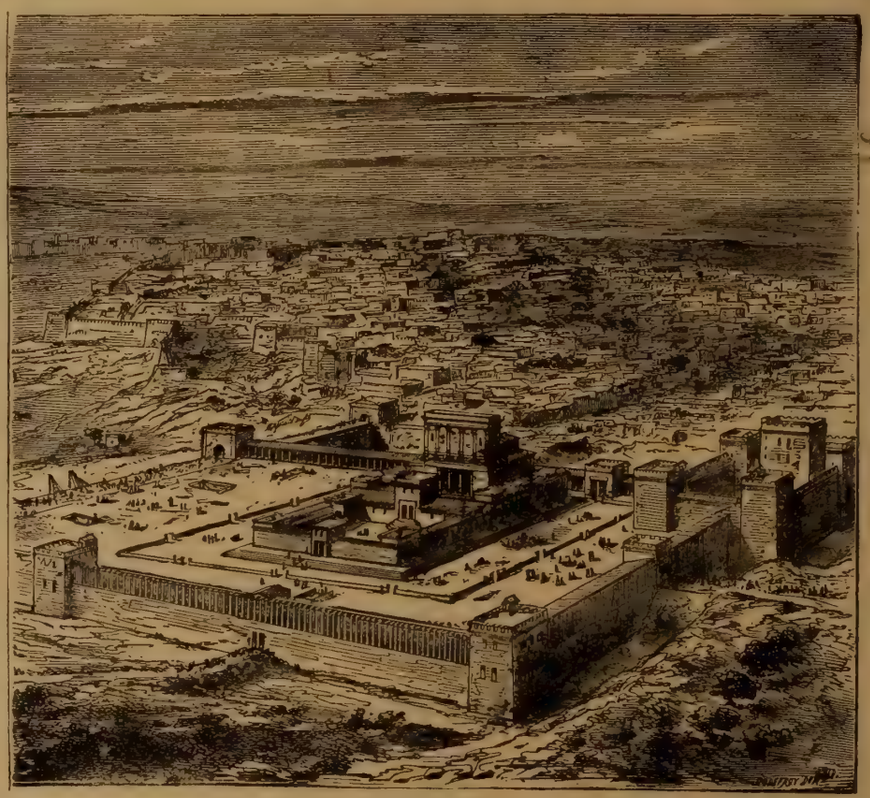
"My beloved parents: You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep—never to rise. Those grey hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down with sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but oh! may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practised upon the unwary in a way that shall best please him. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you have received this letter from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot; nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of our unfortunate son."

The old father came to the post-office got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first; but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead; for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? When things go wrong at a gaming table they shout "Foul! foul!" over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely foul."

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws and compressed lips, and eyes like fire-balls to see the final turn before it comes.

A few years have passed and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife, and the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost and staggering back in exhaustion he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams fiends with eyes of fire and tongue of flame circle about him with joined hands, to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting "Hail! brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Split hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the Hell-gate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I have looked off into the abyss, and I have seen the foaming, and the hissing, and the whirling of the horrid deep in which the mangled victims writhed, one upon another, and struggled, strangled, blasphemed and died—the death-stare of eternal despair upon their countenances as the waters gurgled over them. To a gambler's death-bed there comes no hope. He will probably die alone. His former associates come not nigh his dwelling. When the hour comes his miserable soul will go out of a miserable life into a miserable eternity. As his poor remains pass the house where he was ruined, old companions may look out a moment and say: "There goes the old carcass—dead at last," but they will not get up from the table. Let him down now into his grave. Plant no tree to cast its shade there, for the long, deep, eternal gloom that settles there is shadow enough. Plant no "forget-me-nots" or eglantines around the spot, for flowers were not made to grow on such a blasted heath. Visit it not in the sunshine, for that would be mockery, but in the dismal night when no stars are out and the spirits of darkness come down horsed on the wind, then visit the grave of the gambler!



The Temple in the Time of Christ. *(See page 124.)*

DR. TALMAGE'S SON AS AN EVANGELIST.

A STIRRING APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

While the Father Addresses a Crowded House at the Academy, the Son Speaks to an Equally Enthusiastic Audience over the Way—A Notable Event in Christian Work in the Metropolis.

(See illustrations on first page.)

PEDESTRIANS walking along Broadway on Sunday evening, the 22d inst., on approaching the neighborhood of Union Square, would have been puzzled to account for the enormous crowds that were assembled there. It has been no novelty to see the Square crowded on Sabbath evenings, for many months past, for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD special services at the Academy of Music, where the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage has been delivering his famous series of evangelical discourses, have drawn thousands together, no matter what the weather. But on this particular evening the crowds seemed greater than ever. While the usual multitude surged toward the Academy, there were hundreds who almost blocked the sidewalks in front of the Union Square Theatre, where it had been announced that Frank De Witt Talmage, the son of the great preacher would supplement his father's efforts by addressing the overflow.

Mr. Talmage who is now in his 23rd year, has only lately graduated from college, and is entered as a student at the Union Theological Seminary in New York. He is the only surviving son of the famous preacher and was born in Philadelphia in November 1867. He received his early education at the Polytechnic Institute in New York, and was also for a time a student at the Sing-Sing Military Academy. In 1886 he entered the New York University, and graduated from there in the spring of 1890, being named as the orator of his class. It is worthy of note here, by way of coincidence, that the father of the young student was the orator of his class in the same University in 1853. On leaving college, Frank De Witt Talmage at once decided to study for the ministry, and entered the Union Theological Seminary as before stated. He has already had the benefit of a year's experience on the lecture platform, being associated in a course in which the distinguished African explorer, Mr. Henry M. Stanley and Rev. Dr. Talmage were also included, and he has spoken at many of the leading cities throughout the country with marked success. At Nazareth, Pa., he addressed the farmers on the race-track before the grand stand, and held the attention of an audience of over 3,000 for an hour, making one of the grandest oratorical efforts ever heard in that region. Among other cities in which he has lectured, besides New York, are Minneapolis, St. Paul, Newark and Baltimore.

Having been for a number of years the companion of Dr. Talmage in his travelling trips through the United States and abroad, and his close and constant associate on all his lecturing tours, young Mr. Talmage has been fortunate in making the personal acquaintance of a very large number of the leading public men of America and Europe.

When the doors of the Union Square Theatre were opened, on Sunday evening, the house filled immediately and hundreds were unable to get in. Fifteen minutes after the opening hour there was not even standing-room. After the usual introductory excercises, young Mr. Tal-

mage took the platform and delivered a powerful address on the necessity of young men taking some decided stand in religious life and Christian work. He said:

"Most people believe in Christianity. Do you believe in Christ? 'Yes,' you answer. Do you believe that he came to save sinners and that you are one? 'Yes,' you answer. That is about all you have to believe? Then, why are you not a Christian? Because you are a moral coward, and dare not affirm your belief. The whole success of your religious life depends upon taking some decided stand. Jesus doing his miracles, always compelled action from those whom he would help, as when he said to him sick of the palsy 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk,' or as when he commanded the ten lepers, 'Go, show yourselves to the priests, and it came to pass that as they went, they were cleansed.' Your whole religious life depends upon taking some decided stand. Some people think the age of miracles is past. Untrue that! You take some decided stand, and God can work as great a miracle in you as when he changed the worst man in all England, into a disciple and made John Bunyan dream of heaven. Don't wait for any great manifestation—something that will make you saintly all of a sudden. Some people think that in order to be converted there must be a kind of explosion inside. Out will go the devil, and in will come goodness. That is absurd! You cannot become bad in a moment, or good in a moment. God works through well-established laws and man is always in a formative state. You are either getting better or worse. Reject this invitation to-day, and you will wander farther and farther away, and your heart will become harder and harder, and this invitation will become a joke, and you will commit the sin of having rejected Christ so often that you have no conscience left. But if you accept Christ, you will gradually grow better and better, till almost sainted by age. The goodness of our parents is due to this mellowing process. The saintliest are old men. The most diabolical are old men. Men either grow better or they grow worse, and most old men will tell you that the pivotal time of their life was when young men, as you or I, on some specific occasion, as is this the 22d day of February, 1891, they accepted or rejected Christ, and accepted or rejected him forever. From this day you travel heavenward or hellward. Many of you are now at the cross-roads. Look well to the sign-board. Eternity may hang upon the result."

Addresses were also delivered by the young preacher's classmates, Thomas J. McClellan and Henry Phillips, both of the Union Theological Seminary. The entire service was characterized by a deep feeling of religious enthusiasm. The young orator, in his manner of speaking, at times recalled the broad, vigorous style of his father. His oratory is natural and robust, while his choice of language is unconventional and strikingly bold. The large audience several times gave tokens of its appreciation of the efforts of the young evangelist, whose words made a powerful impression on all who heard them.

PREACHING THE KORAN.

(See Illustration.)

IN a Mohammedan mosque, the reading of the Koran and its exposition, form an important feature of the services. The pulpit is always placed in the south-east part of the edifice. In the direction in which Mecca lies, there is a niche toward which the devout Mohammedan turns when he prays. It is not customary for women to go to the mosqué, but if they do they are separate from the worshippers.

THE OBSEQUIES OF GEN. SHERMAN.

(See illustration on page 124.)

THE esteem in which Gen. Sherman was held, not only by the men who had fought under him and knew him and loved him best, but by the general public, was manifested unmistakably in New York from the time that his death was announced until the day of his funeral. On Tuesday and Wednesday a steady stream of sad-faced people passed in and looked mournfully on the form of the famous soldier.

It was not much changed by death. The features bore the same firm, steady, calm expression, which they had worn in life. The body was clad in full General's uniform, with sash, and the right hand lying across the breast.

There was an imposing funeral procession on Thursday, when the General's remains were taken from his residence and started on their way to St. Louis. The body, placed on a caisson was followed by carriages containing the bereaved family. In the next carriage were the President and Vice-President of the United States. Then carriages containing the two ex-Presidents, the Cabinet and the Committees appointed by Congress, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce and other organizations, and bringing up the rear, a long procession of Veterans. One significant feature of the parade was the presence, at their own request, of a considerable number of *Confederate soldiers*, who have recently organized under the name of the Confederate Camp of Veterans. They sent a delegation to Gen. Butterfield desiring the privilege of taking part in the mournful procession that they might thus express "their patriotism and their respect for Gen. Sherman." So attended by our most distinguished men and by the men with whom and against whom he had fought, the body of the famous general was borne, through streets decorated with emblems of mourning on its way to its last resting-place.

A Mohammedan Imam Preaching the Koran in a Mosque.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

The Stockholders of a Broken Bank in Chicago have had a remarkable experience. The *Journal* of that city states that the holders of the stock of the Third National Bank, which failed in 1877, have been called together to hear some good news from the Receiver. He announces that a block of real estate, in which some of the bank-stock was invested, and which fourteen years ago he reported as practically worthless, has suddenly become valuable, owing to its being near Jackson Park. He has been offered a million dollars for it. It seems the holders will thus receive far more than the face value of their shares. This, as the *Journal* says, is a unique experience for shareholders in a wrecked bank. It is not so, however, for the Christian. Though now the world regards his spiritual riches as worthless, the day is coming when it will be found that they are worth more than the material wealth of the whole world. (James 2: 5.)

A Confession in a New York Court failed in its object on February 17. At the January term of the Court a man was tried for burglary, was convicted and sentenced. His counsel came before the Court on Tuesday and moved for a new trial as a man had been found who confessed that he was the guilty party. The lawyer produced him, and he swore that it was he who had committed the burglary. The Recorder listened to his story but refused to grant the new trial, or to release the man previously sentenced. He had learned on investigation that the man making the confession was a convicted thief, who was, probably, seeking to take the place of the condemned man for a consideration and might have been his partner in the crime. The Recorder expressed his belief that the man previously convicted was certainly guilty, and declined to accept the self-accuser as his substitute, though he was disposed to hold him as an accomplice. It is well for the believer that his hope is based on the sinlessness of *his* Substitute. (II. Cor. 5: 21.)

An Unlicensed Medical Practitioner caused some amusement in a New York court by a complaint on Feb. 18th. He had been put on trial for practising as a physician without a diploma and without the registration required by law. As this was the second time he had been before the court for the same offence the penalty was likely to be a heavy one. When the judge reminded him of his previous conviction he told a remarkable story. He said that a man came to him after his former trial and told him that he was a lawyer having great influence in the Court of Appeals. He offered his services, and promised that if the "doctor" would confide his case to him he would get the judgment of the lower court reversed. The "doctor" gave him money, and subsequently the lawyer informed him that the Court of Appeals had decided not to remit the fine imposed by the court below, but had granted the "doctor" permission to practice. His second offence, therefore, was, he now pleaded, not a wilful defiance of the court, but was due to misplaced confidence in the assurance of his legal adviser, who, he had now discovered, was not a duly qualified lawyer. The judge sentenced him to three months imprisonment and fined him a hundred dollars. In doing so he humorously sympathized with the bogus doctor in falling a victim to a bogus lawyer. It may be hoped that the poetic retribution will end there. The consequences might be far more disastrous, if, seeking the spiritual counsel, which both evidently need, they should be improperly directed by an unqualified clergyman and through trusting in false assurances of safety should lose their souls. (Jer. 6: 13, 14.)

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S PROBLEM.

A Story of the Sunday School Lesson for March 8.

"I THINK there must be a mistake in the book," said Edward Wright, as, after working some time over an arithmetical problem, he failed to get the right answer. He closed the book and went off to play, intending to offer his hypothesis to his teacher in the morning.

"You are wrong and the book is right," was the teacher's reply when Edward made his suggestion. "Did you draw a figure, as I have told you always to do in these problems?" the teacher asked.

"No; there is no need with this one," said the boy. "It is only to find how many yards of carpet are required for a room so many feet wide and so many feet long, leaving a strip two feet wide around the room uncovered. You have only to multiply the——"

"Better draw the figure, Edward, as I told you," said the teacher.

Edward went back to his place in the school. "What did he say?" asked the boy who sat next to him.

"Told me to draw a figure. It's nonsense. What is the use of drawing a figure of a simple thing like that. He's crazy about figures. They don't help you any."

"Well, Edward, have you solved your problem?" the teacher asked presently.

"I cannot get the answer in the book. I have gone over all my calculations again, but it comes out just the same."

"Did you draw a figure?"

"No, sir. It's clear enough. I have taken the two feet off the length of the room and off the width. Then the area is——"

"Stay and work it out after the other boys have gone home; you will be quiet then and can think it out better."

That was not a very agreeable arrangement for the boy, and he said to himself that if he stayed all day and all night, there would be no other answer than the one he had found originally. He saw the other boys go off joyfully to their play, and discontent settled on his brow as he sat at his desk with his problem still unsolved before him. He was sitting all alone in the room, listlessly sticking his knife into the desk, the picture of desolation, when Julia Andrews, the teacher's little daughter, looked in to find a book.

"What, you here, Edward!" she exclaimed. "I thought all the boys were gone. What is the matter?"

Edward was very fond of the child, and though he thought such matters as this that was worrying him were above her comprehension, he told her all about it. "Why don't you tell Papa?" she asked when he had finished. "I am sure he would help you. He likes you; I've heard him say so, often."

"I guess he doesn't, now," said the boy, sadly. "He only told me to draw a figure."

"And have you?"

"No; what's the use?"

"I would if I were you, whether it's use or not. Perhaps if you did Papa would help you."

The boy shook his head; but he took up his pencil and mechanically drew an outline of the floor of the room with its border of two feet. He started as he did so. "I see it," he exclaimed, I see where I was wrong. I took off only two feet from the length and two from the width. I ought to have taken four feet off both. There are two feet at each side. He rapidly made his calculation on the new basis and found the result correct.

"Don't you wish you had drawn the figure, at first, Edward?" the teacher asked, when the boy reported the successful solution. "I saw where you had made your mistake, but it was not wise to point it out to you. I wanted you to find it out yourself, and you did so when you took my advice and drew the figure. You have learned more than you have any idea of."

The teacher was right. Edward Wright did not forget the lesson. He told the story many years afterward when he was a minister of the Gospel to a young college student who came to him in great distress of mind about his soul's salvation. The young man said he could not find peace. He said it seemed to him that God could not be the just Being he was described to be in allowing Christ to suffer, the innocent for the guilty. He had difficulties in coming to God that way. He thought if he repented and reformed that was all that was necessary. Yet he could not find peace.

Then Mr. Wright told him the story of his problem. "You remind me," he went on, "of a man who wants the right of entrance to a mansion and he goes to the door at which the owner and his family and friends enter, and insists on his right to go in that way. But the owner has made it a rule that strangers shall go in by another door the first time they come. It may seem to him an unnecessary and absurd restriction, but there it is and there seems to be no other way open to him. Should you not think him foolish if he persisted in continuing to go to that door which was always shut against him when a welcome was guaranteed him at the other door? Of course you would. Now just drop your questioning about God's reasons and God's justice and go right around to the sinner's door and you will have no more trouble. We have to walk in the way God appoints, even when we cannot see the reason of it, or we miss the blessing."

THE RENEWAL OF OUR PLANET.

Prophecies Respecting the Future of the Earth After its Purging by Fire.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

THE apostle Peter, inspired by the spirit of prophecy, announced in language both clear and positive the dissolution of present cosmical conditions, and the renewal of the heavens and the earth. (II. Pet. 3: 10-14.) By the *heavens* are understood the atmospheric, or aerial heavens, by the *earth* we understand all things material and physical belonging to our planet. This radical change has never taken place. It was future to Peter; it is future to ourselves. Earth's predicted regeneration is yet a prophecy; her release from corruption is yet an unfulfilled promise. But the promise is sure, and the prophecy is pledged to literal fulfillment. The faithful God cannot lie; he cannot deny himself. Therefore we are to look forward hopefully, and to expect the grandest physical transformations which ever took place since all nature became enslaved through the curse consequent upon the sin of man.

We do but blunder when entertaining the thought that some Scriptures do not especially concern ourselves. Nay, more, we sin against divine wisdom by treating any part of the sacred canon as unworthy of careful and prayerful consideration. Do we not well to keep in memory these wholesome words: "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."

This planet is our temporary home: the abode of the human race. Care we not for its future? Have we no interest in its end? Every house-owner is interested in his own domicile. Yea, though he be absent from his home, though a sojourner in other lands, though seeking bread under foreign skies, to the household his heart will turn, for around it his affections cling.

So, also, should this round globe into which we are born, where we live, and whose bosom becomes our cemetery find a prominent place in our love. Is it not eminently proper that we make inquiry concerning its destiny? Shall it perish, or shall it prosper? Shall its light be quenched, or shall it become more glorious?

On facing this question, we thank God for the Bible—for the whole Bible; for its history, and for its *prophecy*. We know what constitutes history; do we know the *genus* of prophecy? Is it not the expression of God's thoughts concerning the future? Man's predictions of the future are not prophecies, but speculations. Some of these, as in the case of the French revolution, and our late civil war, may be correct. They may be possibilities, yea more, probabilities, but they are not absolute certainties. For certainty, absolute, unconditioned certainty is stamped only upon the page of revelation. God's prophetic word is that revelation. He has drawn aside the veil, and ages to come, both in their moral and physical features, stand outlined before us

I am aware that in the discussion of Earth's re-genesis I enter on proscribed territory. Theologians have hung their danger-signals at its portals, while sentimentalists cry out against any future scene of glory but their airy and fanciful paradise. Where God is silent I am dumb; where he has spoken I seek only to re-echo his voice. And this I do, not as a master of oracles, but as an humble learner of the sacred Word. Therefore, I remark: We may not know with accuracy the processes by which God's purposes shall be accomplished; we may not readily, or accurately determine the relation of one prophetic event to another, nor discriminate between the events themselves in their systematic and chronological order. Nor must we dogmatize on dates and details which are wisely hid from our eyes. Our calculations, or mis-calculations, should be made with the ever-present consciousness of personal fallibility. Nor indeed is it profitable to indulge curiosity on questions upon which the light of prophecy refuses to shine.

I say this while I plead for a more universal and careful study of prophecy. True, the prophetic scriptures are not simple as the alphabet, nor clear as the sunlight. There is sufficient mystery and obscurity to excite diligent and patient investigation, and to demand earnest study, and prayerful comparison of Scripture with Scripture. Let not, therefore, the ridicule of the rationalist, nor the pseudo-philosophy of higher critics divert us from an earnest purpose to study all Scripture as the Word of God.

In the progress of our studies we may discover pet theories to be fallacious; we may find dogmatic interpretations exploded, and in the course of time hobby-horses slain under us. But even our own former mistakes should not discourage us, nor drive us from the fruitful field of Scripture prophecy, where we may glean and gather and eat to the full.

Take from the Bible its prophetic portions, and you reduce it to one-third its size. A goodly proportion of the Old Testament Scriptures which have become history were once prophecy. All that pertained to the first advent of Jesus, his rejection, suffering, sacrificial death and triumphant resurrection, was foretold long before his arrival on the shores of our world. Let us then take heed lest in our narrow and vulgar notions of limiting God's Word to history, doctrine and morals, we find ourselves condemning the Most High, by making light of his eternal counsels. It was he who gave us prophecy; it was his Spirit who declared that every Scripture is God-breathed and "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." May it not be that the poverty of our equipment for Christian work results from our practical ignorance of the prophetic Scriptures?

God has spoken of the end of things, as he has of their beginning. He sketched the career of men and of nations. He revealed his will concerning individuals and multitudes. He informed us of Egypt's doom, of Nineveh's desolation, and of Babylon's overthrow. Nor has he left us to find out by intuition, by the light of history, by speculation, or by guess-work the future destiny of our earth. Prophecy is a lamp, and upon the predestined course of the planet does its clear light continue to shine.

(*To be Continued.*)

NAAMAN HEALED.

S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 8, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 5: 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT, PSALMS 103: 3.

Faith Grown Dim in the Land—The Syrian General to be an Example of God's Power—The Captive Girl's Magnanimity—The King of Syria Appealing to a King—Elisha's Message—The Sufferer Unceremoniously Treated—His Indignation—Yielding to the Entreaties of his Servants.

"MANY lepers were in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet, and none of them was cleansed saving Naaman the Syrian." (Luke 4: 27.) The prophet had been equally with Elijah, a witness to him "who quickeneth the dead, and calleth those things which be not as though they were." (Rom. 4: 17). He had borne witness to his God as "Jehovah Jireh," in the healing of the waters of Jericho, in the supply of water for the allied armies, in the increase of the widow's pots of oil, in the cure of the pottage for the sons of the prophets, in the multiplication of the twenty loaves to feed a hundred men. He must also be a witness to the power of Israel's God in the healing of the body.

In Elijah's days, nothing short of famine would arouse the people to recognise the hand of their God. But the same God who withheld the rain of heaven according to the word of Elijah was ready, and more than ready, to supply the need of those who would trust in him.

Faith in God

had become very rare and very imperfect in the land, men had forgotten God's promises to the widow. "Many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias," but no Israelitish widow was found with sufficient knowledge of God to trust him for temporal necessities; it must needs be that a woman of Sarepta should be chosen to maintain the prophet, who could trust God only for supplies, at a time when the widows of Israel must have sorely suffered. Faith in Jehovah Ropheka "the Lord that healeth thee," had also waxed so dim that not one could be found in the land of Israel who could trust his body to its Maker for healing.

Thus it came to pass that God found means to bring a heathen general in contact with his prophet, that his own faithless people might learn that their God changed not, and that he who had healed his people in the wilderness was their physician still, just as far as they yielded themselves to him and trusted him.

God had blest the Syrian general, Naaman, and by him had given deliverance to Syria. But he had purposes of blessing for him far beyond the success of his arms, and the consequent renown which should accrue to him. It was no accident, and it was no proof of God's anger against him that it is recorded;

"But He was a Leper,"

A man isolated from his kind by a loathsome disease, who might in other circumstances be ruined by the selfish and senseless flattery of those who have their own ends to serve, may be peculiarly open to a call from God, for which his terrible affliction may not unfit him. By a little slave girl, but one who had learned before the time of Christ, one of his truest lessons, "By love serve one another," Naaman heard of Israel's prophet. This girl-witness for God sought not her own. Forgetting her own wrongs, she loved her enemies, and from her heart, and by her action, sought the good of her greatest enemy, who had torn her from her home and friends. This was a spirit so unknown in Syria that the words of this maiden, backed by such a life, told upon Naaman's wife, then upon Naaman, then upon the king, and the court of Syria! "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." It was the word of a prophet, spoken by a simple child, who had learned to know her God, and to count on him in her days of exile! No leper had been healed in Israel in that generation, yet this maid spoke with certainty because she knew her God.

The king of Syria had no other idea of a God than of a fabulous personage, the belief in whom belonged to the vulgar, and was a useful help in the superstition which accompanied it to maintain a certain hold upon the minds of the people. But he looked upon religion with its priests and prophets as being altogether subject to the will of kings. Therefore he wrote a letter to Jehoram, king of Israel, to the intent that he had sent his servant Naaman to him that he might heal him of his leprosy. Nothing so angers an unspiritual man as a personal appeal to him to put to the test the spiritual and supernatural. Many rulers will argue and reason, criticize or preach, but they know not Elijah's God who answers by fire. To seek an answer to prayer, to treat God's promises as an actual reality, and put them to the proof; this is beyond the depth of

An Unspiritual Man,

and he is ready to suspect of any evil motive one who demands it of him. "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me." The glory of Israel's God was no object in the eyes of the King of Israel; the misery and suffering of the poor leper did not touch his selfish heart; himself was his idol, and nothing which did not touch him personally had weight with this heartless man. When God was about to deliver him from the threatened destruction of his army, all he had to say for God was: "The Lord hath called these three Kings together to deliver them into the hands of the King of Moab" (II. Kings 3: 10, 13), and now he is as suspicious of the King of Syria as he had been of the God of Israel! Full of self, he conjures up imaginations that God and man are plotting against him! Truly "the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion."

The prophet Elisha heard of the coming of Naaman, and sent to the King, saying: "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

It was a new experience for the popular warrior to be treated with so little ceremony. Could it be possible that a cure for the leprosy was known in Israel, and that the King was unacquainted with it? Was this prophet a man of greater importance than the King himself, that he should give orders to so great a personage as Naaman to come from the King's palace to him? Probably already wounded in his cherished self-importance, he "came with his chariot and horses, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha." But here he was treated with still less ceremony. It simply sufficed to the prophet to send him a message by a subordinate, "Go and wash seven times in Jordan," as though he had been a mere swineherd!

Naaman's Personal Vanity

was stung to the quick: this treatment was unbearable to the pride of his natural heart, and, simply exasperated, he gives vent to his indignation, and says: "Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean? So he turned and went away in a rage." It was too galling. He felt he was completely taken in, he boiled with anger that he should have been so credulous as to trust that silly child in Syria; he was mad at the unceremonious treatment which he met with; neither King nor prophet were caring to look at, or speak to him, in spite of all the fame he had acquired in Syria, and now to be told to take a simple bath! It was absurd in the extreme, he was not going to be a laughing stock to his followers and his friends at home, he would get back to Syria where he *was* somebody as quickly as possible.

But Israel's God had an eye of love on the angry, mortified man; he knew all the bitterness of that disappointed natural heart; and would reveal to him something more than physical healing, something which would make healing worth having, make his healed body a blessing in the world. If Elisha had answered to the picture of Naaman's imagination, the prophet would have filled the horizon of the Syrian, he would have known him as the great and wonderful healer whose presence and touch had power. But God and his prophet were working to another end. Physical healing, except it brings its subjects nearer to God, is of little blessing, and may be a positive curse. Naaman's conceptions rose no higher than the thought that either Elisha or common water had curative power or virtue. He was to find that, behind the prophet and behind the waters of Jordan, he was to meet the living God. "I am the Lord that healeth thee." There was something ingenuous and frank in this heathen man; he was open to conviction; he had not despised the little maid, and now, when his servants attempt to expostulate with him, Naaman does not turn away. "My father," they say, "if the prophet had bid thee do

Some Great Thing

wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather when he saith to thee, Wash and be clean?" The honest, common sense of the servants in the hand of God triumphed over the pride of Naaman's heart; "he went down, and dipped himself seven times in the Jordan, according to the saying of the Man of God." It was a kind of death and resurrection, death to his own will, to his cherished pride of heart, to his idolatry, to his past altogether. The humiliation to which he had been subject had broken up the fallow ground of his heart, and prepared the way for his receiving God. This is often the purpose of sickness as God permits it, and when it is an accepted humiliation, and the sufferer, instead of kicking against the discipline of God by seeking in every way to get cured, quietly sits at the feet of Jesus to know what he is saying, then, as with Naaman, when he yielded to the humiliation and to God's way of dealing with him, God is free to work a cure. Naaman met with God under the despised waters, and the seventh time of his dipping in them, "his flesh came again like the flesh of a little child and he was clean."

The sinner wants to be some great one, to establish his own righteousness; or to do some great thing, and lay God under an obligation. But in the presence of the crucified Jesus there is no room for man to glory. "Wash, and be clean," he says to every sinner alike, and when the sinner is cleansed, then he knows not his own righteousness, but his God.

A CHRISTIAN FUNERAL IN JAPAN.

AN event described in a letter from Japan, to the *Spirit of Missions* which recently occurred in the capital city of Japan has a very hopeful significance. It was the funeral of a native Christian lady, Mrs. Katsura, the wife of Lieutenant-General Katsura, the vice-minister of war. It is said that over 2,000 persons were in attendance, among whom were three cabinet ministers, a very large delegation of army officers of all ranks, and a number of foreign diplomatic officials. A large military band was detailed to furnish voluntaries before and after the services, though the music for the service proper was by the church choir.

A sermon was delivered by a native minister, the Rev. Paul Knamon. The sermon was devoted to setting forth the Christian's hope of a blessed immortality through faith in and obedience to Christ, and it was listened to with marked attention. Never before in Japan has a Chirstian preacher addressed such an audience, and some of those present were deeply moved as they remembered that less than eighteen years before, a man affiliated with the same branch of Christ's Kindom died in prison in Kyoto, a martyr to his faith; while now the highest officials of the realm, with uncovered heads, respectfully listen to Christian preaching, and outwardly, at least, share in Christian worship; and the sincerity of the new toleration is emphasized by the precence of the band, under military orders, to aid in the service.

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T. De Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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FISHING FOR SOULS.

GET men into the Kingdom of God. Who cares about the way you get them in? I went to the Adirondacks with a hunting and fishing apparatus loaned me by a friend. The apparatus was worth five hundred dollars. If the trout and deer of Saranac Lake, and John Brown's Tract could have understood my baggage, they would have been very apprehensive. Such reels! Such bait boxes! Such cartridges! Such Bradford flies! Such pocket flasks for soda water and lemonade! Suffice it to say I did not interfere with the piscatory or zoological world. While I was laboriously getting ready, a moutaineer with an old blunderbuss shot three deer. I found that splendid apparatus did not imply execution. What is true in the woods is true in the Church. All our elaborate and costly theological apparatus is a failure, if we cannot catch souls.

HYPNOTISM.

AS has been reported in the newspapers, a distressing case of what is called hypnotism recently came under my observation, a lady from Indianapolis having visited the East in order to get rid of a "spell" cast upon her. And now if you ask me what I think of hypnotism, I answer, I think it a dastardly and villainous humbug. That we may influence each other toward right or wrong is most certain, but it is a power of persuasion, or a power of example, or a power of association. Hence we naturally become good if we go with the good; intelligent if we go with the intelligent; refined if we go with the refined; or bad if we go with the bad; vulgar if we go with the vulgar; boorish if we go with the boorish. But that you can compel me to do right or compel me to do wrong, I deny with an emphasis red hot with indignation. The Bible, which is our only guide, makes it plain that every man and every woman is a free agent. If you have the power by what is called animal magnetism or what I shall call infernal magnetism, to compel me to do wrong, where is my free agency? The old Book says: "If thou be wise thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it." No one can shirk responsibility by throwing it off on others. What is the meaning of the "Thou shalt nots" of the Ten Commandments, if we have no power to resist evil, if some one with a bad eye can make us morally collapse; if some overpowering influence can first kill our uncle and then chase us from Indianapolis to Oregon and from Oregon to Brooklyn? If you, my reader, feel that there is such a spell on you, you are in a state of incipient insanity, and you need a doctor and a doctor right away. Your difficulty is cerebral or nervous. There are only two forces that can overpoweringly affect you, and the one is divine and the other satanic. The divine influence is helpful, is gracious, is elevating, is saving, is heavenly, while the satanic is depraving and damnatory. But even the satanic enthrallment will snap if you appeal for the divine release.

We need to resign the habit of ascribing to others our own deficits. Eve thought that the serpent had hypnotized her, and Adam thought that Eve had hypnotized him, but all three got punished; the snake by being pursued of all the clubs of the ages, and our first parents by being ejected from their homestead, leaving us, their descendants, to scramble for a living. If things go wrong, the husband is apt to blame the wife and the wife the husband, and the brother the sister, and the sister the brother, and the associate his associate. The besotting doctrine of hypnotism, becoming more and more prevalent, always puts the blame upon others. The Christian religion teaches us to put the blame upon ourselves. We are apt to go out into the world trying to get all the people right with reference to ourselves. The simple fact is that our hardest job is to manage ourselves. The people who control themselves have no great difficulty with others. Stand up in a manly, Christian independence. If we do wrong, confess it to God and try again. There is not a being in the universe, except God, who could hinder you from being honest and good and useful and holy; and God never yet stopped a man or woman travelling in the right direction, but always helps the struggling soul seeking for something higher and better.

And here let me advise you to stop pottering with those strange and queer and destructive systems sometimes called by one thing and sometimes by another. Ever and anon some philosophic or religious crank starts a new theory about God or the soul or humanity. No system is so absurd that it does not have disciples. If some one should propose building a railroad from the top of Trinity Church to the moon, there are those who would rush down and take the stock. Stick to your Bible and try everything by that standard. That is the Book which will stand with its system of morals and religion five hundred years after all the volumes of hypnotism and pantheism and agnosticism and all the other volumes of diabolism shall have been so long forgotten in the world's libraries that the book-worms which devoured them will starve on the shelves because there is nothing more for them to eat.

A few days ago I crossed the New York and Brooklyn bridge in a thick fog. I had no trouble in crossing for, all the time, I had something solid under me. But all the tug-boats and craft of every sort in the river beneath were sounding the whistle and blowing the fog-horn and making a terrible racket lest they run into something, or something run into them. Some of them, I suppose, got their sides smashed in and some of them landed in the wrong place. I hope that some of them reached the right wharf. So, I thought, there is a fog of doubt and mystery arising on almost all subjects. But the Bible builds for us a solid bridge to walk on. Down in the uncertain waters many systems of philosophy and religion go struggling through the thick mists, swept by the uncertain tides and blowing their fog-horns, and they know not where they are or where they will land. Why don't they come up on the bridge? It has one end founded on the Word of God and the other end of the bridge built on the beach of heaven. There may be fogs of mystery on the bridge as well as fogs of mystery on the waters beneath; but sure footing, solid pathway and certain terminus.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Hath he laid for your faith in his excellent Word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage has promised to preach on Camp-Meeting Sunday, at the Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting.

It is rumored that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the famous London preacher, has received a call to the pulpit of St. Paul's M. E. Church, New York.

Rev. E. P. Telford has closed a three-weeks' meeting in Hedding M. E. Church, Jersey City. Over a hundred persons have entered the inquiry-room during the services, seeking salvation. The church has been crowded throughout. Last Sunday Mr. Telford commenced labor at Highland Ave. M. E. Church, Sing Sing.

Rev. Thomas Harrison expects to close his services in Seventeenth Street M. E. Church, New York, on Sunday, March 1st. All day jubilee services will be held to rejoice over the ingathering of over four hundred souls. It has been a wonderful time, such as the church has never before witnessed in the whole of its history.

Mr. E. E. Bliss has been holding some remarkably successful union services, at North Adams, Mass. The Congregational Baptist and Methodist Churches have been crowded at each service, and the North Adams *Transcript* says that about two hundred persons have given evidence of conversion. The meetings for men only have been especially blessed.

The publisher of this journal often receives inquiries as to the standing of sundry loan and investment companies. He is unable to give reliable information on the subject. Investors, however, will do well to remember that in this country, where capital to an enormous extent is always seeking good investment, the offer of a high rate of interest should always inspire caution. Excessive interest and good security seldom go together.

Mr. George W. Wheeler, of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C., asks us to acknowledge the receipt by him of the following sums for the support of Mr. J. McLain Brown's work in Tokio, Japan, whose portrait appeared in this journal on January 28th: Wm. Fell, $25; Dr. E. H. Hunt, $2; J. P. Lewis, $12; Mrs. J. Saunders, $5; "A. B.," Quincy, Ill., $2; Bridgeton, N. J., $5; S. P. Gordon, $5; F. J. Priest, $4.50; W. J. Rodda, $1; "Friend to the cause of Christ, $1; Miss S. E. Fox, $5; Miss N. Orr, $3; Mrs. Ashland, $2; J. H. Garratt, $5.

Several American clergymen who have visited Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's Orphanage have expressed an earnest wish that the Orphanage choir should make a tour in this country. Their entertainments in England have been much enjoyed and have resulted in considerable addition to the funds of the Orphanage. Their singing and their hand-bell ringing on 120 bells have delighted many audiences. We learn that the suggestion of the American visitors is being favorably considered.

The Committee of the National Temperance Society has issued its call for the Tenth National Temperance Convention. It is to be held on July 15, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. All temperance societies of whatever name are cordially invited, as well as representatives of religious organizations. Arrangements as to railroad fare and hotel accommodation are being made. Inquiries may be sent to Mr. J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade St., New York.

The tenth annual meeting of the International Medical Missionary Society was held in New York on Feb. 17. Mrs. Isabella Davis, the wife of a medical missionary in Turkey, gave a deeply interesting account of the work there. Dr. George Dowkontt, the indefatigable and consecrated director of the mission, said that there were now fifty-two students under his care preparing for work in foreign fields. The mission also supports eight dispensaries in New York and Brooklyn. All its work has been done during the past year on an income of $9,964, which shows how extraordinarily economical the administration has been. It is a privilege to help in the support of such a grand mission. Contributions may be sent to Dr. George D. Dowkontt, 118 East Forty-fifth Street, New York.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Copyright Bill Passed in the Senate—Windom's Successor—The February Floods—A Notable Trust Company Falls—Chili's Fighting General—A Canadian Patriot.

It is Regarded in Political Circles at the National Capital as fairly settled that ex-Governor Charles Foster, of Ohio, will be chosen by President Harrison to succeed the late Secretary Windom as head of the Treasury Department The portfolio is said to have been tendered to him a few days ago. The ex-Governor came very near going into President Harrison's original Cabinet, as Postmaster-General. Amid all the storms of Ohio politics he has been the steadfast ally of Senator John Sherman and it is believed he will have the benefit of that statesman's experience in financial affairs. His views on the finances are said to harmonize with those held in the East, and there is no reason to fear that the new Secretary will do other than follow in the conservative path Mr. Windom outlined. Mr. Foster was twice elected Governor of the Buckeye State and has been in Congress during several terms. Since his retirement from Congress six years ago, he has held no office. A portrait of the ex-Governor is given above.

A Fatal Railroad Accident Occurred in New York on Friday last, causing the death of six persons and injuring many others. A train of sleeping-cars, which had come in on the Harlem Road the night before, was proceeding slowly through the Fourth Avenue Tunnel on its way to Mott Haven to be cleaned up for its next night's trip, when a train for New Haven followed it on the same line of rails into the tunnel. There was a dense fog and the rear train going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour dashed into the train ahead almost before the engineer had seen its rear lights. The car-stoves were overturned and in a few moments the splintered cars were burning fiercely. Many injured persons were able to scramble out of the tunnel, but when the flames were subdued six dead bodies, those of four men a woman and a boy were found in the wreck horribly burned and mutilated. It is claimed that there was a danger signal at the entrance to the tunnel but the fog and a driving sleet may have prevented the engineer of the rear train being warned by it of the obstruction ahead.

A Day and Night of Terror were Passed in Johnstown Pa., on the 17th inst. The Conemaugh River was in flood, being swollen by the heavy rains, and burst its banks inundating the towns and villages along the valley where the frightful devastation and loss of life were experienced on the occasion of the flood several years ago. People fled for their lives, in skiffs, wagons, and carriages, and made for the surrounding hills. Railroads were useless for the time and bridges along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and Tuna and Stony Creeks were in danger of being swept away. Fortunately, with the cessation of the rains, the flood abated. No loss of life is reported, but the damage to the poor in these flooded valleys is very great and much suffering must ensue.

The Week was an Unusually busy one in Congress, the most important event in legislation being the passage in the Senate of the Copyright Bill. The Sherman amendment to admit copyrighted books, etc., printed in foreign countries, on payment of tariff duties, was adopted by a vote of 36 to 24, and the Bill itself passed by 36 to 14. The Bill requires that maps, dramatic or musical compositions, engravings, cuts, prints, photographs, chromos or lithographs, must be printed from plates executed in the United States. The importation of copyrighted books, maps, engravings, etc., printed abroad is prohibited, except where they are for personal use and not for sale, but copyrighted works of foreign authors may be imported on payment of tariff duties. In the House of Representatives, the Committee on Coinage reported unfavorably on the Free Coinage Bill, which practically decides the fate of the measure.

Another Romish Assault is to be Made on the public schools of America, according to the cable dispatches from Rome. This time the assailant is to be the Supreme Pontiff in person, who is preparing a letter to Cardinal Gibbons on the subject. It is learned that the letter will be of a specific character, indicating a distinct policy to be pursued by the Romish Church in the United States with the view of renewed insidious attempts to impregnate the schools with the doctrines of Rome, and with the expectation, doubtless, of finding pliant legislators ready to do the bidding of the Vatican and its agents.

A Number of Influential Bodies have Lately urged upon the Postmaster-General the adoption of a one-cent rate of letter postage. It is hardly likely that any such measure will receive serious consideration by the present Congress; but as public sentiment throughout the country is growing in its favor, the movement cannot be without its impression on our national legislators. Some time ago a memorial was sent to Congress on the subject by a business association at Syracuse, N. Y., and this has been followed by others of the same kind from Exchanges, Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade throughout the country. The next Congress will probably be asked to take up the question of national penny postage in earnest.

The Fate of Jose Balmaceda, the Chilian President, will in all probability be decided during the present week by the issue of the coming battle at Santiago. General Baquedano, the Commander of the army (whose portrait we give in this column), is a tried and loyal veteran, who won laurels in the late war with Peru and who, in earlier campaigns, often led the Chilian arms to victory. Will the old warrior be able to stem the tide of rebellion and to administer a crushing defeat to the forces that are now advancing by land and sea on Santiago? An insurgent reverse would simply prolong the rebellion; a Balmacedist defeat would end it, by sweeping away its cause.

One of the Signs of the Times is the Formation of the New England Cremation Society, which was organized at Boston, on the 17th inst. Strange to say, there are many eminent names associated with the organization. The Secretary read letters from Bishop Potter of New York; Lucy Stone, the well-known writer and lecturer; Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the ex-President; Rev. Dr. Tiffany of Zion Church, New York; Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, of New York; Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the author; Professors Taussig and Norton of Harvard, and others, all approving cremation as a method of disposing of the dead. While giving the body to the fire is more in accordance with heathen rites than with Christian customs, and while the new idea will probably never be popular in this country, it has unquestionably secured a considerable following, on sanitary grounds alone.

The Parliamentary Campaign in Canada is being prosecuted on both sides with unabated energy. Last Wednesday an enthusiastic audience filled the Academy of Music in Toronto to listen to Sir John Macdonald's first speech in that city since the struggle commenced. The Premier is a vigorous fighter and he denounced his opponents in no measured terms. He reiterated his charge that their policy was practically treason and declared that if adopted it would inevitably lead to the absorption of the Dominion in the United States. He was strongly supported by Sir Charles Tupper, one of Canada's most popular statesmen, whose portrait is here given. Sir Charles is a native of Nova Scotia and is seventy years of age. He was Premier of that province for some years until its union with the other Provinces in 1867, and represented it in the conference at which the terms of union were arranged. Since that time he has held several important offices and in all cases of difficulty with the mother country he has been the statesmen selected to go to England to secure proper regard for the interests of the Dominion. Sir Charles is a physician by profession and was for many years President of the Canadian Medical Association.

Financial Circles Received a Shock in the Intelligence that the capital stock of the American Loan and Trust Company, one of the largest institutions in the United States, had been impaired to the extent of over $400,000. One effect of the news was to excite a run on the Company at its offices in New York City, but the run was short lived, for, on the second day, when it was announced that Mr. Russell Sage had advanced $200,000 to the Company, confidence returned. With the assistance extended and by a reduction of its capital, it was thought that the Company would be enabled to weather the storm, but on Wednesday the 18th inst., it suddenly closed its doors. It is now said that there will be a complete reorganization on a basis that will secure all the present creditors and satisfy every depositor. Until the Banking Department concludes its examination it will be impossible to state just how the impairment occurred. The books of the concern are correct. There are, however, some securities in the Company's hands of undetermined value. One railroad, on whose bonds it loaned $364,000, is about to be sold under foreclosure.

For two Years Past, the Little Island of St. Helena, the last exile of Napoleon, has been the prison of the son of King Cetywayo, the famous Zulu king, and of the other chiefs who were expatriated when England took possession of their country. Many appeals have been made for the release of these chiefs, but the British government is inexorable and will not permit them to return to Zulu-land to disturb affairs there. Their chief offence was in rebelling against the rule of King Usibepo, whom England supported. Now the prospect is that these doughty warriors will live the rest of their lives in banishment.

THE SOURCE OF BLESSING.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The World Lauding Destroyers—Jesus an Incarnate Blessing—In His Life and Since His Ascension—I. Living Witnesses of the Fact—Through the Removal of the Curse—By Actual Experience—Of Rescue—Of Conversion—By Help in Trouble—II. Have Seen Other Men Blessed—In Fortune—In Morals—Mentally—The Missionaries' Mistake—III. The Entire World to be Blessed in Christ.

"Men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed." Psalm 72 : 17.

THERE are many famous names in human history; but many of them are connected with deeds which have brought no blessing upon mankind. To bless, and to be blessed, is the noblest sort of fame; and yet how few have thought it worth the seeking! To be set aloft upon a column, or represented by a public statue, or to have poets ringing out your name, it seems to be necessary to grasp the sword, and to hack and slay your fellow-men. Is it not too sadly true that when men have been cursed by one of their leaders they henceforth call him *great?* O misery, that wholesale murder should be the shortest method of becoming illustrious!

There is one name that will last when all others shall have died out; and that name is connected with blessing, and only with blessing. Jesus Christ came into the world on purpose to bless men. Men, as a race, find in him a blessing wide as the world. While he was here he blessed, and cursed not. All around him, both by speech and act, and thought, he was

An Incarnate Blessing.

All that came to him, unless they wilfully rejected him, obtained blessings at his hands. The home of his infancy, the friends of his youth, the comrades of his manhood, he blessed unsparingly. To bless men, he labored. To bless men, he parted with everything and became poor. To bless men, at last he died. Those outstretched hands upon the cross are spread wide in benediction, and they are fastened there as if they would remain outstretched till the whole world is blessed. Our Lord's resurrection from the dead brings blessings to mankind. Redemption from the grave, and life eternal he has won for us. He waited on earth a while, until he ascended, blessing men as he went up. His last attitude below the skies was that of pronouncing a blessing upon his disciples. He is gone into the glory; but he has not ceased to bless our race. He spends his time still in making intercession for transgressors, that the blessing of God may rest upon them; while his Spirit, who is his Vicegerent here below, is evermore occupied with blessing the sons of men. Our Lord *Jesus will soon come a second time,* and in that glorious hour, though his left hand must deal out justice, still his right hand will lavish blessing. His chief end and bent in his coming will be that he may largely bless those loving hearts that watch for his appearing. Christ is all blessing.

I. First, We ourselves are

Living Witnesses

that men are blessed in Christ. You and I do not pretend to be great sages, famous philosophers, or learned divines; but we feel when a pin pricks us, or when a dog bites us. We have sense enough to know when a thing tastes well or ill in the eating. We know chalk from cheese, as the proverb hath it. We know somewhat about our own wants; and we also know when we get those wants supplied. We have not mastered the extraordinary, but in the common-place we feel at home. A man is none the worse witness in court because he does not know all the technical terms used in science. A judge is never better pleased than when he sees in the witness-box some plain, blunt, honest fellow, who will blunder out the truth. We will speak the truth at this time, so far as we know it, whether we offend or please. Every man is to speak as he finds; and we will speak concerning Jesus Christ as we have found him.

We bear witness that we have been blessed in him. We believe—and faith grasps the first blessing—that we have received a great blessing in Christ by the removal of a curse which otherwise must have rested upon us. No curse now remaineth: only blessing abideth, Hallelujah! If our Lord had done nothing else for us but the rolling away of the curse, he would have blessed us infinitely, and we would have blessed him for ever.

Follies Resigned.

The negative being removed, we had a positive actual experience of blessing, for God has blessed us in Christ Jesus, and we know that none are more blest than we are. We are now not at all the men that we used to be as to our inward feelings. Our joy is usually as great as formerly our sorrow used to be. We feared our sorrow would kill us: we now sometimes think that our joy is more likely to do so, for it becomes so intense that at times we can scarcely bear it, much less speak it. Yes, blessed be his name, the Lord Jesus has made life worth living! It is no longer "something better not to be." We must speak well of the condition into which he has introduced us, since we have known his name. "Well, Jack, old fellow," said one who met a man who had lately joined the church, "I hear you have given up all your pleasures." "No, no," said Jack; "the fact lies the other way. I have just found all my pleasures, and I have only given up my follies." Every Christian man can confirm that way of putting it.

Now, there are some of us who, if we were asked to tell what blessings we have received from Christ, would scarcely know where to begin, and when we had once begun, we should never leave off unless it were from sheer want of time or strength. Brethren, certain of us owe all that we have to the influence of the Lord Jesus. From our birth we were

Indebted to the Lord Jesus

Christ. Some of us had the great felicity to spring of godly parents: before we knew the meaning of language, that softly sweet name of Jesus Christ was sung in our ears. The comforts of our home—and they were many—we owed them all to Jesus, for his love made our parents what they were, and created a holy, happy atmosphere around us. He might have left our father to frequent the drunkard's haunt, and might have suffered our mother to be what many mothers are, unworthy of the name, and then our childhood would have been utter wretchedness, and our home the nursery of vice. Since that, we have had to shift for ourselves, and have left the parental roof; but I, for one, have been casting my thoughts back, to see if I could remember any good thing that I have which I do not owe to the Lord Jesus Christ. Many of you would hardly have had a friend in the world if it had not been that Jesus introduced you to his disciples, and they have been the best friends you have ever had, or ever will have. They have deeply sympathized with you, and as far as they could they have helped you. Amongst the best things you have are your Sabbaths; but they are his days—his resurrection days. Your Bible, too, is a priceless treasure; but that is his Testament—his legacy of love. The mercy-seat is a storehouse of wealth; but he is that mercy-seat, and his own blood is sprinkled on it. You have nothing, dear friend, that you do not owe to Jesus, the fountain of salvation. You are blessed in him.

Blessing in Trouble.

Dear friends, the Lord has greatly blessed us in the name of Jesus in times of very special trouble. You remember the loss of that dear little child. How blessed you were in Jesus when he came and solaced you! You remember your father's death, or the loss of your husband, or the death of the dearest earthly friend. Ay, then in such times you knew how precious Christ could be, and how blessed you were in him! Some of you have passed through the deserts of poverty. You have frequently been very hard pressed; But still, though you cannot tell how, you have had just enough. You are yet alive though death seemed certain. You have been "Blessed in him," and so you have survived every storm. Some of you have had little enough of earthly comfort, yet you have not been unhappy. I have sometimes admired a dog for his economical use of comforts. When it has been a long, rainy day, the sun has just peeped out, and there has been a gleam of sunlight on the floor; I have seen him get up and wag his tail, and shift his quarters so as to lie down where the bit of sunshine was. It is a fine thing to have just that state of mind—never to go sullenly into the shadow, but always cheerfully to accept

The Square Yard of Sunshine,

and make the most of it. There is something, after all, to be thankful for—something for which to praise the name of God. And if the Lord Jesus Christ had taught us nothing else but that—the practice of lying down wherever there is a trace of sunshine, and, better still, of always finding sunshine in his dear name—we are bound to say that we have been "blessed in him."

Well, every year will teach us more fully how blessed we are in Jesus; and there will come a day the last of our earthly days, when we shall know on a higher scale how blessed we are in him. Brother, you think it will be hard to die. You may not find it so. One, when he was dying, said, "Is this dying? Why, it is worth while going through all the troubles of life, even for death's own sake, if it be like this, for I have such heavenly enjoyment as I never could have imagined." Some of God's saints are very needlessly anxious about dying. I knew one to whom it was always a burden, and he went to bed one night, and he never woke any more—thus answering his own fears, for he did not even know when he passed away, but died in his sleep. He was gone, gone, gone to heaven without a pang. When you see how believers pass away to be with their Lord in glory, you have a commentary upon the words of my text,—"Men shall be blessed in him."

But do you see them? Their spirits have ascended unto God, their Father. How full of bliss they are! Disembodied they are, but they are not destroyed. Their poor earthly frames are still in the grave, yet are their liberated spirits supremely blest; for they are "forever with the Lord," and they are blessed in him. Wait ye but a very little while, and the trumpet shall ring out from the angel's mouth, "Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment;" and then shall men be blessed in him, if indeed "in him."

II. Our second head was to be a practical one: we can only give a few minutes to it. We

Have Seen Other Men Blessed

in Christ. Our observation confirms our experience. If this were the proper time, I could narrate many instances—which I could also confirm by producing the individuals—in which men have been remarkably blessed in Christ. What social changes we have seen in those who have believed in him! They have not been the same persons: in many respects they are new. I have known persons at whose houses I have visited—well, you could not have believed that the man who lodged in the house, where he was first found, could ever have risen to occupy a room in a house at all like that in which he came to reside. The room in which I conversed with him was a palace to the dog-hole in which he once existed. There was a change in his dwelling. There was a change in his wife. You would hardly know the woman; she is so different from the poor wretched slave who called him "husband" with a sigh and a sneer. She is here now, sitting with him, and they are as happy as angels. I shall not point them out, but they are as good as any of you. We have known the case in which, from rags—absolute rags—the coming of Christ into the soul has lifted a man into competence, and respectability.

Godliness has a gain about it—an honest, worthy gain for the life which now is. It teaches men habits of thrift, and prudence, and temperance; and delivers them from the thraldom of drunkenness, and other vices, by which the major part of poverty is occasioned. It is worth mentioning even such blessings as

these, as the poor little children know. They used to run away when father came in, for they were afraid of him; but now, instead of that, they are watching for the time when his work is done, to go toddling down the street to meet dear father, for the luxury of being brought home in his arms. Our Lord Jesus Christ has blessed some men and some women at such a rate that the devil himself would not have the impudence to say it was not a blessing.

What a moral change have we seen in some! They could not speak without an oath, but the habit of profane swearing ended in a minute, and they have never been tempted to it since. Rash, bad-tempered men, who would break up the furniture of the house in their passion, have become as gentle as lambs. Such furies usually become quiet, peaceable, and long-suffering: grace has a marvellous influence upon the temper. The change that we have seen in some men has been as complete as that which could have been wrought by that fabled mill, into which the legend says that they put old men, and turned the handle, and ground them young again. Truly a far greater renovation is wrought in mind and heart where Jesus comes. Men are "blessed in him."

A Blessing to the Mind.

Then, as to mental blessing. What have we seen? This have I seen: here is one case of many. A young man, who had fallen into sin, came to me in deep despair of mind. He was so desponding that his very face bore witness to his misery. He wore the aspect of one who could not live much longer as he then was. I had tried to set the Gospel clearly before him on the previous Sabbath, but he told me that he could not grasp it, for that by his sin he had reduced his mind to such a state that he felt himself to be little better than an idiot. He was not speaking nonsense either, for there are vices which destroy the intellect. I told him that Jesus Christ could save idiots—that even if his mind was in a measure impaired as the result of sin, yet there was quite enough mind left to be made glad with a sense of pardon, seeing there was more than enough to make him heavy with a sense of guilt. I cheered that brother as best I could, but I could effect nothing by my efforts. Soon the Lord Jesus Christ came to him, and he is now a happy, earnest, joyful Christian.

The Missionaries' Mistake.

The practical point is, brothers and sisters, since we want to do good, let us preach up our Lord Jesus Christ as the sovereign balm for every sinner's wound. When the Moravian missionaries first went to Greenland, they tried to tell the Greenlanders about the existence of a God, and they spent some months in such preliminary subjects before they came to the Gospel; but they never gained the attention of the people. Discourses upon such necessary subjects as the Godhead, and the immortality of the soul, and the like, were flavorless to the Greenlanders. It happened one day that one of the missionaries, translating the Gospel according to John, read out these words: "God so loved the world, that he gave his Only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "What is that?" said the Greenlanders. "What is that? We never heard the like of that. Why have you not told us that before?" Nothing had been done till the missionaries came to the Gospel itself. Then they reached the Greenlander's heart—awakened his dormant intellect, and led him to Jesus.

Oh, let us keep on with the subject of Christ crucified! Whatever there is not in our shop-window, let us always have

Christ as the Chief

article of our heavenly commerce. Whatever there may lack of grace and beauty in our speech, and our outward appearance, may there be no lack of Jesus Christ, set forth among the sons of men; for "men shall be blessed in him," and not without him. Great schemes of socialism have been tried and found wanting; let us look to regeneration by the Son of God, and we shall not look in vain. Nothing has come of new-fangled preaching, from the first day till now; but never has the old faith of Jesus failed. Men have been blessed in Jesus, and they shall be blessed in him as long as the race shall exist.

III. Lastly, this whole matter is to extend till

The Entire World shall be Blessed

in Christ. Even at this moment the whole world is the better for Christ. But where he is best known and loved, there is he the greatest blessing. What snatched many an island of the southern sea from barbarism and cannibalism? What, but Jesus Christ preached among them? Men have been blessed in him in Europe, America, Asia, and everywhere. Africa, and other lands still plunged in barbarism, shall receive light from no other source but that from which our fathers received it centuries ago—from the great Sun of righteousness.

Men shall be blessed in Christ, because where he comes oppression cannot live. You may tell me that the governor of such an empire is a despot. Oh, yes; but despots cannot long flourish where there is an open Bible. Tyrannies may last a generation or two, but all the world knows that their time is short. They will go down: they must go down where Christ is lifted up. That inspired Book is a testimony for human liberty, louder than all others. It is a declaration of the rights of men under King Jesus: despotism must fall before it sooner or later. We, in this country, owe our liberties, beyond everything, to the Christianity which is the outflow of a present

Christ Among Us.

What saves us from war at this moment? What influence is it that is always contary to war, and always cries for peace? Why, it is the Christian element among us which counts anything better than bloodshed! Let the Christian element spread, and it will be a power to bless mankind. It shall, in proportion as it spreads, put down evil, and foster good.

May every nation be ruled by just and righteous laws! May every nation be willing to submit exterior disputes to the arbitration of justice! It will be so one day. The nations shall be friends, and all men shall feel that they are members of one great family. "Do ye unto others as ye would that they should do to you," is the sum of the moral teaching of our divine Lord; and if that be followed, it will bring about a halcyon era, the like of which the world has never seen. If his Spirit will come and renew men's hearts, and teach them to love and to obey the Lord their God, then shall nations call the Redeemer blessed, and from every corner of the whole earth, the song shall go up, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!" Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS

The Origin of the Tenement House.*

THE first tenement New York knew, bore the mark of Cain from its birth, though a generation passed before the writing was deciphered. It was the "rear house," infamous ever after in the city's history. There had been tenant-houses before, but they were not built for the purpose. Nothing would probably have shocked the original owners more than the idea of their harboring a promiscuous crowd; for they were the decorous homes of the old Knickerbockers, the proud aristocracy of Manhattan in the early days. It was the stir and bustle of trade, together with the tremendous immigration that followed upon the War of 1812 that dislodged them. In thirty-five years, the city of less than a hundred thousand, came to harbor half a million souls, for whom homes had to be found. The comfortable dwellings in streets along the East River front, fell into the hands of real-estate agents and boarding-house keepers; and here, says the report to the of the old residents in the once fashionable Legislature of 1857, when the evils engendered had excited alarm, "in its beginning the tenant-house became a real blessing to that class of the industrious poor whose small earnings limited their expenses, and whose employment in workshops, stores, or about the warehouses and thoroughfares render a near residence of much importanee." Not for long, however. As business increased, and the city grew with rapid strides, the necessity of the poor became the opportunity of their wealthier neighbors, and the stamp was set upon the old houses, suddenly become valuable, which the best thought and effort of a later age has vainly sought to efface. Their large rooms were partitioned into several smaller ones, without regard to light or ventilation, the rate of rent being lower in proportion to space or height from the street; and they soon became filled from cellar to garret with a class of tenantry living from hand to mouth, loose in morals, improvident in habits, degraded and squalid as beggary itself. . . . Still the pressure of the crowds did not abate, and in the old garden where the stolid Dutch burgher grew his tulips or early cabbages, a rear house was built, generally of wood, two stories high at first. Presently it was carried up another story and another. Where two families had lived ten moved in. The front house followed suit if the brick walls were strong enough, and that question was not always asked. It was rent the owner was after; nothing was said in the contract about either the safety or the comfort of the tenants.

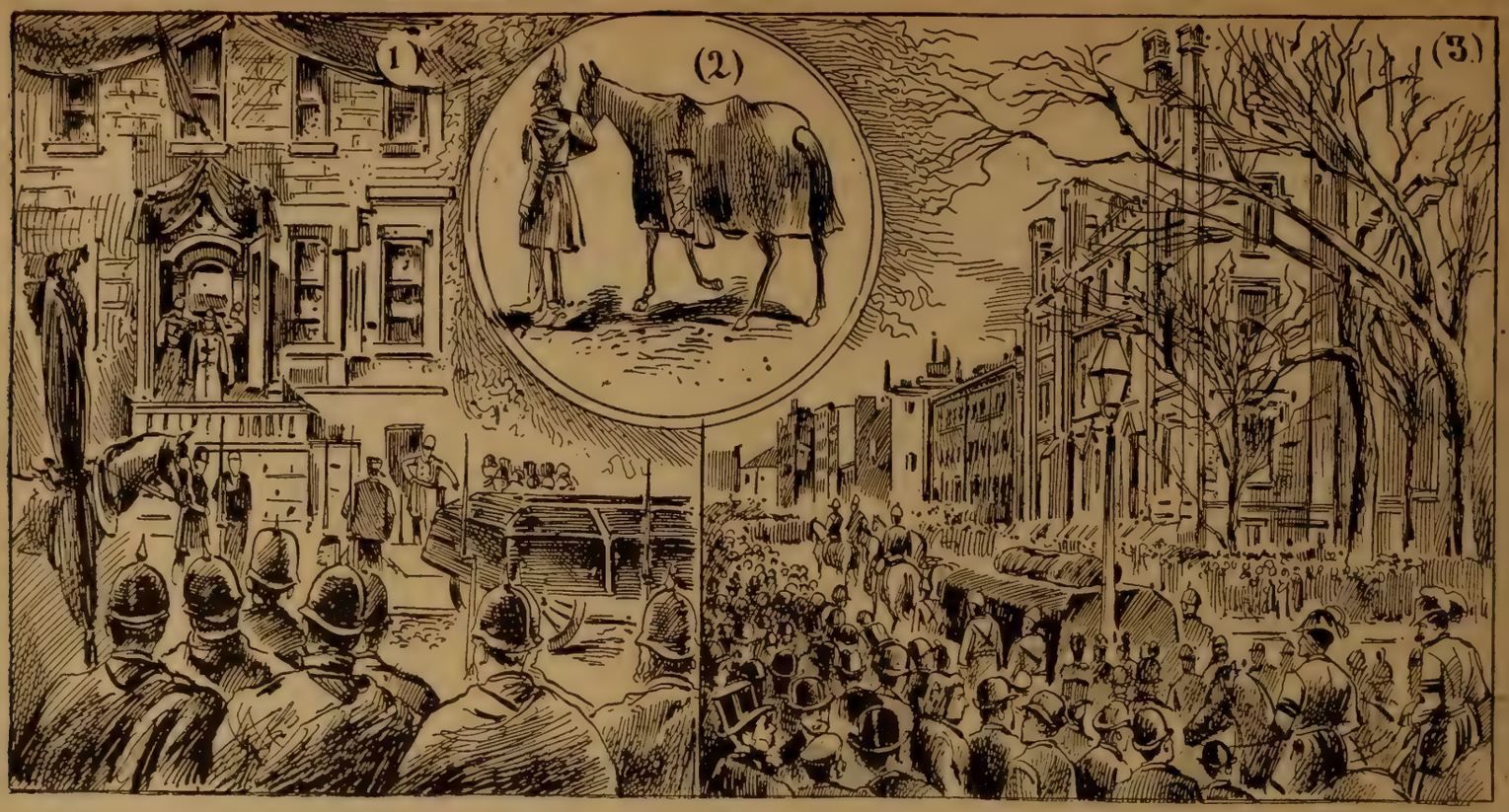
A Mixed Crowd.

When once I asked the agent of a notorious Fourth Ward alley how many people might be living in it, I was told: One hundred and forty families, one hundred Irish, thirty-eight Italian, and two that spoke the German tongue. Barring the agent himself, there was not a native born individual in the court. The answer was characteristic of the cosmopolitan character of lower New York, very nearly so of the whole of it, wherever it runs to alleys and courts. One may find for the asking, an Italian, a German, a French, African, Spanish, Bohemian, Russian, Scandinavian, Jewish, and Chinese colony. Even the Arab, who peddles "holy earth" from the Battery as a direct importation from Jerusalem, has his exclusive preserves at the lower end of Washington Street. The one thing you shall vainly ask for in the chief city of America is a distinctively American community. There is none, certainly not among the tenements.

The Irish Landlord.

Here the Irishman's revenge is complete. Victorious in defeat over his recent as over his more ancient foe, the one who opposed his coming no less than the one who drove him out, he dictates to both their politics, and, secure in the possession of the offices, returns the native his greeting with interest, while collecting the rents of the Italian whose house he has bought with the profits of his saloon. As a landlord he is picturesquely autocratic. An amusing instance of his methods came under my notice while writing these lines. An inspector of the Health Department found an Italian family paying a man with a Celtic name twenty-five dollars a month for three small rooms in a ramshackle rear tenement—more than twice what they were worth—and expressed his astonishment to the tenant, an ignorant Sicilian laborer. He replied that he had once asked the landlord to reduce the rent but he would not do it. "Well, what did he say?" asked the inspector. "If you speak thata way," quoted the Sicilian, "I fira you and your things in the streeta." And the frightened Italian paid the rent. In justice to the Irish landlord it must be said that like an apt pupil he was merely showing forth the result of the schooling he had received, re-enacting, in his own way, the scheme of the tenements. It is only his frankness that shocks. The Irirhman

* From *How the Other Half Lives:* Studies among the tenements of New York, by Jacob A. Riis. No one has any conception of the miseries silently endured by the poor of New York until he reads this book. It is a revelation! A useful one, too, if it should awaken "the half" that has enough and to spare to the awful responsibility of allowing so much want and wretchedness to exist at our doors unmitigated. Pp. 304. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



THE OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN IN NEW YORK. (*See Page 117.*)

1. Carrying the Casket from the House to the Funeral Car—2. Gen. Sherman's Horse led Riderless in the Funeral Procession—3. The Procession Passing through Washington Square.

does not naturally take kindly to tenement life, though with characteristic versatility he adapts himself to its conditions at once.

THE TEMPLE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.

(See Illustration on page 116.)

SO minute are the details contained in the Talmud of the dimensions and proportions of the Temple in which Christ walked and taught, that it is possible to form a very accurate idea of its general appearance. Students who have examined the record, which is as detailed as an architect's specification, and have compared it with the incidental references contained in Josephus, tell us that it was such an edifice as that represented in the accompanying picture. Though it is spoken of as the third temple, it was practically the second temple renovated and embellished. When Herod undertook to rebuild it, the priests opposed his pulling down the existing temple, fearing that his designs were more elaborate in design than he could execute. The temple itself was reconstructed in a year and a half. The rebuilding of the courts and outbuildings occupied eight years, and the work was not completely finished for a much longer period. It was in reference to these protracted building operations that the Jews said to Jesus: "Forty and six years was this temple in building." (John 2 : 20.)

THE GOSPEL IN CHILI.

The Revolution interfering with Missionary Work there —Rev. Mr. Allis and his good Work in Santiago.

THE revolutionary outbreak in the Chilian Republic, which was at first confined to a few of the seaboard cities, has now spread over the entire country and unsettled all classes of society. Among those who have felt the most serious interference from this cause are the Protestant missionaries.

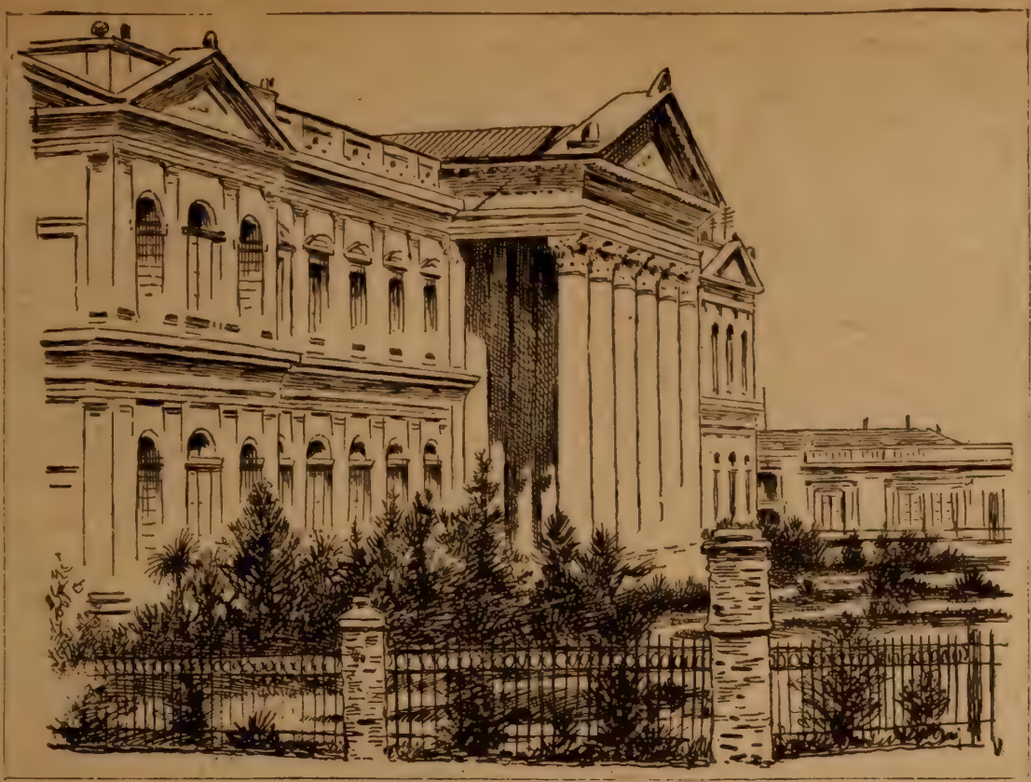
The Rev. John Mather Allis, who for the last seven years has been a missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Santiago, and who is now in this country on a brief visit, tells an interesting story of the progress of mission work there. Since 1865, the Presbyterian Board has had its missionaries in various parts of the Chilian Republic hard at work in the Master's service, and they have accomplished glorious results. Several strong and well-supported churches have been established in Santiago, the capital, and many more throughout the Republic. In the capital, the congregations are, for the most part, drawn from the middle and lower classes; very few of the wealthy attending the services. This is particularly the case at the Church of *La Santissima Trinidad* (The Most Holy Trinity), of which Mr. Allis is pastor. Some Americans and a few Europeans attend, but, as a rule, foreigners go to the 'English' church there. "To fully comprehend our field," Mr. Allis explained, "one must understand the people themselves. The Chilians form two groups: the upper classes who are descended from the old Spanish families, and the peons, the descendants of the Indians. The latter greatly predominate. Then there is a growing middle class of artisans, and among them we find the most encouragement. We have four distinct branches of work: preaching, going about from town to town doing mission work, our schools, and our missionary press. The principal thing is to get people to think. There has been a great change in public opinion in Chili in the last twenty years. Many of the old-time evidences of bigotry and devotion to Rome have disappeared, and there is greater liberality and harmony with modern ideas on the part of both rulers and people."

Mr. Allis' purpose in coming to the United States at this time is to raise money for a new school building in connection with his church at Santiago. Larger facilities are urgently needed for the accommodation of the classes. Among the scholars are a few young lads, the sons of peons or Indian parents. All display an intelligence and a desire for religious instruction that is most encouraging. These youths are ripe material for the earnest mission worker. On Easter night, a year ago, the Church of the Holy Trinity was destroyed by an incendiary fire. Pastor and people were not dismayed by this calamity, however, and succeeded in securing from the English residents of Santiago and Valparaiso, and from the insurance companies, sufficient funds to immediately begin the erection of a new building, which was dedicated in December last. It is a handsome structure, capable of seating some three hundred and fifty persons. There was a great assemblage present at the dedication services and extra meetings were held several days thereafter, the English congregation worshipping with that of Mr. Allis in the new building. Mr. Allis, believes that, with God's blessing, and the generous assistance of his people, he may be able to increase his usefulness greatly in Santiago, especially among the young men, for whom the new school building is intended.

The latest advices from the disturbed Republic indicate no cessation of hostilities. The probabilities still point to the ultimate retirement of President Balmaceda. There are in Chili five political parties: the Clericals or Conservatives, the Liberals, the Radicals, the aristocrats and the middle class who proclaim themselves Democrats. The policy of the President has offended and finally split his own party—the Liberals—who have heretofore accorded him the heartiest support, and now Balmaceda, with only the remnant of a party behind him, finds himself opposed by all the other parties and a very powerful faction of his own party besides. This condition of affairs has lost the Liberals their control of the Congress, where they formerly had a majority. The political trouble which culminated in the present revolution may be briefly summarized: Balmaceda, taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by his office, plotted to secure the succession to a candidate of his own selection. With this view all the patronage at the command of the government was controlled for the benefit of personal friends and supporters. He had favored as his successor, Don San Fuentes, a wealthy candidate, and the people naturally resented this attempt at dictation, although San Fuentes would unquestionably have been a popular candidate apart from Balmaceda's influence. Then the President endeavored to form a Cabinet pliable enough to suit his views and Congress tried to prevent it. There was a great deal of wire-pulling on the part of the Executive, and the result of it all was that the Congress decided to force the climax by refusing to pass the budget, without which the government could not levy taxes or make appropriations for the different departments. The people sided with the Congress. They wanted the elections to be untrammelled. Cabinet after Cabinet was formed, but the situation did not improve.

Finally the President dismissed his Cabinet and prorogued the Congress. Last June, although he was appealed to repeatedly to summon the Congress, the President refused, and the Government thereafter continued to exercise its functions without authority from Congress. This is the popular claim. It was the view, moreover, that was taken of the situation by many Liberals who had formerly supported Balmaceda. Even the Archbishop of Santiago found it necessary to express sympathy with the opposition to his unauthorized rule.

According to the cable dispatches the Government troops have lately sustained a series of defeats and the insurgents are said to be marching on to the capital, flushed with victory, intending there to make a final effort to overthrow Balmaceda and that part of the armies which has remained loyal to him, amid all the troubles of the last eight months. A picture of the Hall of Congress or "Chamber of Deputies" is here given.



The Chamber of Deputies, Santiago, Chili.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

Four Maidens in a Dilemma.

THEY were in a hotel in Paris on the way to Rome. I may as well introduce them at once. Miss Margaret Pelham from New York; her cousin, Miss Carolyn Pelham, from London; Mademoiselle Marie Dulonne, from a villa near Paris; and Signorina Camilla Mattioli, originally from Forlitti, a pretty village between Florence and Milan, but lately from London. They were travelling under the escort of Rev. John Pelham, the bachelor uncle of the American and English girls.

Now, their dilemma was this. Their chaperon had just received a telegram that Sir Overton Newbury, an old friend, and the best patron of the Whitechapel Industrial School, was very ill in Germany. The rector must leave for Berlin that very evening, and the young ladies would have to go back to London, giving up their trip to Rome, which, according to the perversity of their age and sex, they were very little inclined to do.

"I must go to Italy—my father's beautiful Italy," said Camilla Mattioli, with gentle, but unyielding emphasis. She was sitting upon an ottoman in a careless attitude. Her large eyes were raised to Margaret Pelham's face. They were as full of the brightest sunshine and deepest shade as the skies of her own Italy. A keen ear could catch in her timid voice that firmness that holds former. "Can we not go on, my queen?"

The American girl had been busy upon some little affair about the room. She stopped for a moment beside Camilla, and passed her shapely hand caressingly over her friend's wavy, black hair.

"Set your little heart at rest, my dear. We are going on—to Italy—to Rome." Her smooth, even tones made Camilla glance up into her face again. Margaret went on more lightly. "Of course Uncle John will be shocked. He will expect some fearful catastrophe to befall us. But we'll get consent, and prove by the outcome that we are to be trusted."

She stood at the moment where the March sunshine wrapped her in its radiancy of life and coloring. The light rippled through the fluff of chestnut curls that seemed to overbear the decorous dignity of the Grecian knot upon the back of her fine head. One of the maids came in with a piece of work that she had been doing for Miss Carolyn. Her Irish eyes took in the brightness of the picture.

"Ye 'd jist ort to seen Miss Margert," she said to Boggins when she went back. "Sure an' she was jist as foine as one o' thim saints in the cathedurl windies, on a sunshiny day."

"Ho, dear!" sighed Boggins, "She's fine enough, is that poor, dear, silly young Hamerican, but she 'll get hus hall hinto some dreadful trouble hunless she gets pulled hup, goin' down there where they 'ave the hinquisition, and Fox's book o' martyrs, and hall such goin's on."

"She looked moighty purty anyhow," nodded Ann, "as broight and splendid as a tall, young rose tree."

Margaret stepped to the table to replace a flower that had toppled out of the vase, and Camilla's eyes followed her, noting the sweet queenliness of her bearing.

Since I have begun photographing I will finish the group. You have already seen the Italian girl, lithe, elastic, graceful. Marie Dulonne, the daughter of a French Marquis, was a pretty, little charming brunette, with the movement of easy elegance. The questioning and sometimes querulous look in her beautiful eyes, indicated, not so much the weakness, as the hunger of an unfed soul. Carolyn Pelham was a blonde, of good type, and excellent training, a straight forward, practical, matter-of-fact, young person, whose character was plainly stamped on her cleanly-cut, well-made features.

The young ladies were all in simple, *Directoire* travelling suits. There was a hint of severe respectability about Carolyn's dress. Margaret's and Marie's were quite alike, though that of the French girl had touches of unconscious art, while the dress of the American hinted at freedom from the tyrannies of fashion. Camilla's attire had a grace and fitness of its own.

"Ze queen says zat ve sall go on to Rome," said Marie, with a pretty braid of wrinkles on her forehead. "But vill ze uncle let us go on by oorselfs? I am glad for zis vonce zat my fazzer is in America, and ze Count is in Russia. Zey vould perish, if zey knew I take such dreadful risk," and her dainty, little hands fell into her lap, every finger striking an attitude of helplessness.

"I have neither father nor Count to look after me," said Margaret, "so I shall have to use my own judgment."

"This falling ill of Sir Overton is really a very very awkward thing," said Carolyn, with solemnly uplifted brows. "Most inopportune—most inopportune."

"It's going to keep Uncle John in Germany till it's too late for us to go to Rome," and Margaret looked out of the window as intently as if the way out of the dilemma lay in that direction. Turning again to the rest, she said, "We are going." There was a touch of reverence in her voice caught only by Camilla's quick ear. It was like the shading out of a tone used in addressing a superior being. The Italian girl fancied for the moment that the face of her friend looked like an exquisite vase through which a light was shining.

"He whose we are, and whom we serve will send us on, and take care of us. You know we wouldn't dare go a step without him, even if we had a regiment of Uncle Johns. Now, girls, do you want me to talk to the good Uncle? He'll be hard to manage. You remember what I read about Queen Esther this morning. When I go in unto our king, you must do as her maidens did."

Camilla was ready to engage herself for any amount of fasting and prayer; though she was puzzled to think how the Eternal One could be brought to notice the small doings of four little maidens who proposed to go journeying by themselves.

"I vill say ze rosary vone dozen times," said Marie. "Ze holy muzzer vill help; zough you ozzers do not sink much of her prayers. She vill know I haf to go now I haf got started."

Uncle John's step was heard in the next room. "Now, girlies," laughed Margaret, "works as well as faith. Get Uncle John in condition with slippers, dressing-gown, tea, and chat. If we could only wait for dinner, we'd be surer; but we can't. He'll have us ticketed back to London. Get him in good humor, and then go your ways and leave him to me."

A tepid shiver, a fizz of interjections, a chorus of little laughs, and off they fluttered for their part of the programme.

"Just a minute, girls," Margaret threw after them, "don't forget to put on the bits of bright ribbon that delight the masculine eye."

"Si, si, si," laughed Camilla, tossing back a kiss from the tips or her fingers.

A half hour later when Margaret entered the room, the merry, little doves, had succeeded in getting the good rector into quite an amiable frame of mind. It was only a temporary soothing, however, for as soon as he was alone with his American niece, he awoke again to the fact that there was important business on hand that must be settled at once.

"It is really very, very extr'ord'n'ry," he said, rising, and beginning to walk vigorously back and forth. "Fancy me, a clergyman of six and sixty, in such very embarrassing circumstances—a Pelham, too. We are not a family given to eccentricities—not at all."

Margaret rose and kept step with him. Her

hands were clasped behind her, as in Millais' picture. She was a trifle the taller, and she turned her laughing face toward his, looking down into his kind, perplexed eyes.

"You darling, blessed uncle, few men dare hope to be preserved from these bewildering women as you have been; but the Philistines are upon you."

"I knew I'd have my hands full," he grumbled; "but I allowed myself to be wheedled into this; and now Sir Overton must fall ill, and my school to be his residuary legatee. It is really very, very extro'd'n'ry. If Junkins hadn't turned the rectory out of the windows with his repairs—"

"I am sorry, Uncle John, we girls bother you so. You were very kind to—"

"You don't bother me," he interrupted, "and I am not at all kind." Having shot off that little contradiction he went on more amiably. "I'd be a brute not to want you to enjoy your little run over the Continent; but really, this is very annoying."

"Travel is safe and easy," remarked Margaret, "in compartments 'For ladies only.' One can't pick up a trusty courier every day; but there are plenty of people travelling southward this time of the year."

"Yes; but the idea of trusting every *English* gentleman, even, that one might meet, with four young ladies!" And he raised his brows a trifle higher as if he hoped he had more sense than to think of such a thing.

Margaret paced on in silence at his side, while he talked and gesticulated himself into and out of every plan that came into his mind. When he drew up at last to the starting point, at his wits' end, she suggested quietly that perhaps they might go on alone.

"Preposterous!" he exclaimed. "Never! Such a party! Fancy! Carolyn might get out, but the rest of you! Marie's father, and her intended husband, Count Guiscal, hold me responsible for her safety. And, Camilla—you never know what those Italians are up to! Her father, an expriest, and Mazzini's bosom friend! I have got to take care of her. I should feel as though I ought to be had up, if I neglected that duty."

"Uncle John," she dropped her bantering tone, and rallied her dignity, "if you'll trust me, I'll take care of them, and bring them all back to England, safe and sound."

"You!" he cried with startling emphasis. "You! You Americans think yourselves equal to anything."

"Our best English trait," she replied coolly. His only response was a semi-articulate mutter and growl.

"You see," she laughed, "we Americans are only a fresh edition of the English, with revisions, illustrations and sundry sprightly emendations. An insular people becomes intense behind its sea walls. We, other English, have had a wide continent upon which to broaden ourselves. Now, Uncle John," she struck an air and tone of harangue that always amused him because he thought it so preposterously American, "persecutions, military conscriptions, revolutions and what not have sent us some of the best European blood. None of us are aboriginal. Celts loose our tongues. Italians give us taste. Germans make us studious. Hollanders, painstaking. The French throw in mercury, and the Spanish, dignity. We not only think that we can do everything, but we can do more in most lines than our various, unmixed, European cousins dare attempt."

His face was full of amused bewilderment to hear the girl run on at such an absurd rate. "You 're good blood, yourself, anyway," he threw in at her first pause, "whatever the rest may be over there."

"My mother was Scotch-Irish," she said starting anew to tire him out in this steeple-chase of talk. "You see, Uncle John," and she laughed merrily again, "I am a typical American; one-half English, though it would take genealogical omniscience to tell just how much that means of Britain, Roman, Dane, Saxon, and Norman: one-quarter each, of Irish and Scotch. See what a list of conquering bloods my particular globules would have to answer to at roll call. Can't I manage three excellent, young women three or four months?"

She stopped, clasped her hands over his arm and looked laughingly into his face. "I can compare muscle with any of your English girls, and that means a great deal," He nodded. "I have money enough."

"How much, no mortal can find out," he threw in by way of a side thrust.

"I am presumably equal to the commissary department of this little expedition," she went on. "As to speech, we have a fair stock of English, French, and Italian. My mother had rare common sense; and she did her best to teach me its general principles. I have my "A. M.," which stands for a supposed amount of study under competent teachers. I am twenty-four years old. I have been alone in the world a year. I am a very old person, Uncle John, I must have lived at least half a century."

"But my dear child," said the rector, his English loyalty to facts beginning to shake his position, "what about the matrimonial embarrassments? The chief end of a woman's life is to make a good marriage. What she most needs is a guardian to keep her from throwing herself away on some good-for-nothing who puts up a pitiful face."

"Well, Uncle John, look us over. Marie is engaged. Carolyn would have had Goldthorpe Gordon long ago if it hadn't been for the English contrariety of conscience that made her afraid of undue influence. I'll keep Camilla under my wing."

"And you?" he asked, bluntly.

They took two or three silent turns the length of the room. Perhaps he would ask some other question. It might not be quite right for her to be so reticent in all personal matters toward one who stood so nearly in the place of her father. Her step was heavy, as if "ten layers of birthdays" had suddenly fallen on her head. It was a costly confidence that the rector had asked, and he would not imperil it by haste. So he waited till she chose to reply.

"I am safe on that score, Uncle John," she said at length. "I have had my dream." Her next pause was even longer than the other. "Jerome Goodyear and I were college class-mates. We knew each other too well those four years ever to care for anyone else. Father couldn't understand that Jerome's circumstances made no difference. I was the only one. I had money enough. Anybody with good brain and principle can get position in America. It was that fearful pride of blood."

"Where is the young man now?" asked the clergyman. He sided instinctively with his brother's opposition to the girl's whim. Women seldom have sense about such matters. The young lady was her own mistress, and she might be taking affairs into her own hands.

"He went into the Italian army,—— *He fell at Dogali,*" the last words just above her breath.

"Dogali! Oh—ah—yes—that battle that the Italians had down there in Africa."

Now if the Rev. John Pelham had been of any other than most staunch and sturdy English blood, he would have taken the poor child in his arms when he felt the trembling of her cold hand; but that was not according to the Anglo-Saxon habit of repression: so he blew his nose sonorously, and took refuge in a grumble about those "very very extr'ordin'ry circumstances."

However, after an infinity of cautions, and head shakings, and a due amount of telegraphing, the evening train steamed toward Turin, with the four ladies and two maids, while Mr. Pelham took his way toward Berlin.

(To be Continued.)

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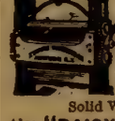

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LONGING FOR A MEDIATOR.

A POOR Indian woman longed for ome one to stand between her and od. She knew nothing of the true od, but she felt that there must be Holy One, and that she, as a sinner, ad offended him, and could not ome near him unless some one tood between. She heard that the hristians had a Book which could ell her what she wanted to know. ut she could not read, and she was o old and too feeble to learn. She ent for a pundit (that is, a learned ative) to come and read aloud to er. He came. A Bible was given him. He thought it did not much natter where he began, so he read er the first chapter of St. Matthew's ospel. She listened to all the long ames, and as the grave old man ent steadily through, she thought, What a great Prince this must be have such a long line of ances-ors!" Then as the pundit read on, ne felt, "This is the Prince to stand etween me and God," and when she eard the name "Jesus," "He shall ave his people from their sins," she elieved with all her heart and found eace.

REFUSING TO GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

A PARCEL of Scriptures was sent a Piedmontese town which is holly under the influence of the riests, and where most illegal per-ecution is continually suffered by a alous Christian, who in vain ap-eals to the authorities. In such rongholds of Satan, where public reaching is impossible, the Word f God wins its way silently into any a home. A poor woman begged ount Campello, who was con-erted from Popery to Protestantism, give her a Bible, and on her romising to read it, and not give it way to the priest, he did so. After time the priest called and told her ne must give up the Bible, it was ot fit for her to read. She refused, aying it could not be a bad book, r it had taught her about Jesus, and had made her so happy! "Besides," ne added, "ever since it has been my house my cupboard has been lways full, while before it was often mpty."

APPEARING TO HER DYING CHILD.

A LITTLE girl lost her mother at n early age—too early to fix the oved features in her remembrance. he was as frail as she was beautiful; nd, as she grew, she seemed, as if answer to her mother's prayer, to urn instinctively heavenward. The hrist-loving and prayer-loving child as the cherished one of the bereav-d family. But she faded away early. he would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and, throwing one wasted arm around her neck would say, "Now tell me about my mother." And when the old tale had been repeated, she would ask, softly, "Take me into the parlor, I want to see my mother." The request was never refused; and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. The parting hour came at last; and weeping friends assembled to see the little child die. "Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close to her ear one of her relations; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan subsiding hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above. "Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tones; and passed with that breath to where that mother had gone before. Said a godly man; who stood by that bed of joyous death, "If I never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now."

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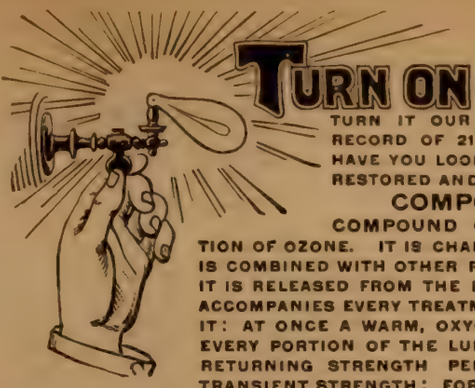

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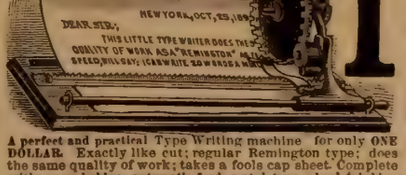

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—Isa. 1 : 18.

There's a promise, O, how precious!
When by care and sorrow pressed;
Lifting all life's weary burdens,
From the worn and troubled breast.
Come to me all ye that labor,
And I'll surely give you rest.
—Matt. 11 : 28.

There's a promise, O, how precious!
'Midst the storm of life's wild sea;
Sounding sweet above the tumult,
Bidding doubt and fear to flee.
I in perfect peace will keep thee,
If you stay your mind on me.
—Isa. 26 : 3.

There's a promise, O, how precious!
When you reach the Jordan's side;
Gleaming o'er the surging billows,
As you face its death-cold tide.
When thou passest through the waters,
I will close by thee abide.
—Isa. 43 : 2.

There's a promise, O, how precious!
Rising 'bove the billow's roar;
Shining through the mist and shadows
That conceal the heavenly shore.
In my father's house in glory
Thou shalt dwell forevermore.
—II. Cor. 5 : 1.

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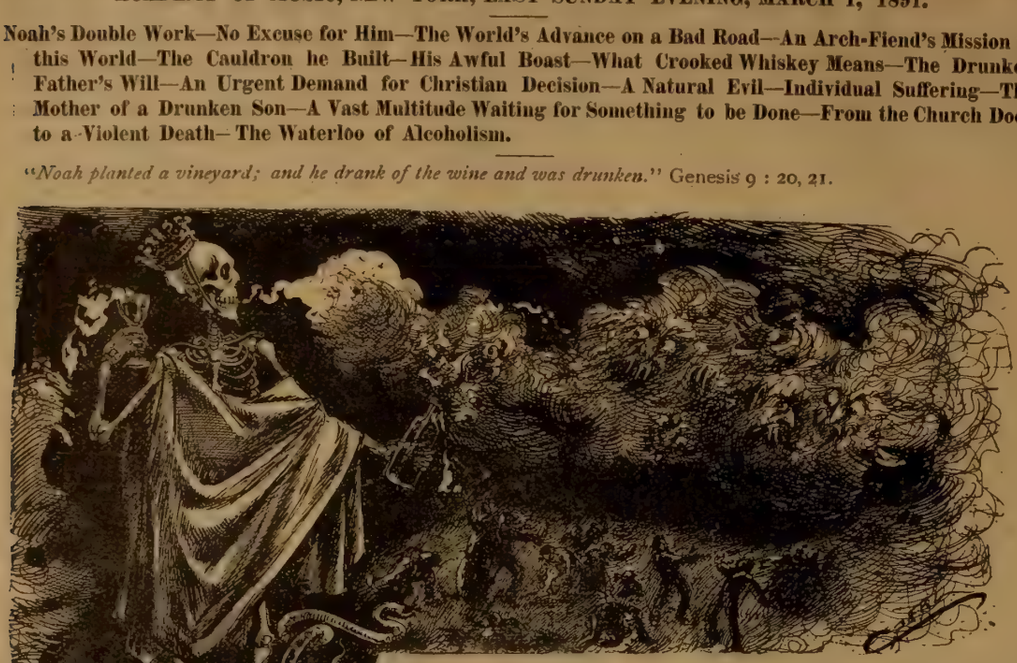
PRESBYTERIAN MISSION WORK IN CHILI—PORTRAIT OF REV. JOHN M. ALLIS, OF SANTIAGO—A GROUP OF NATIVE SCHOLARS.

THE PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON DRUNKENNESS AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, LAST SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1891.

Noah's Double Work—No Excuse for Him—The World's Advance on a Bad Road—An Arch-Fiend's Mission to this World—The Cauldron he Built—His Awful Boast—What Crooked Whiskey Means—The Drunken Father's Will—An Urgent Demand for Christian Decision—A Natural Evil—Individual Suffering—The Mother of a Drunken Son—A Vast Multitude Waiting for Something to be Done—From the Church Door to a Violent Death—The Waterloo of Alcoholism.

"Noah planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine and was drunken." Genesis 9 : 20, 21.



HIS Noah did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. In my text we hear his staggering steps. Shem and Japhet tried to cover up the disgrace, but there he is, drunk on wine at a time in the history of the world when, to say the least, there was no lack of water. Inebriation, having entered the world, has not retreated. Abigail, the fair and heroic wife, who saved the flocks of Nabal, her husband, from confiscation by invaders, goes home at night and finds him so intoxicated she cannot tell him the story of his narrow escape. Uriah came to see David, and David got him drunk, and paved the way for the despoliation of a household. Even the Church bishops needed to be charged to be sober and not given to too much wine. and so familiar were people of Bible times with the staggering and falling motion of the inebriate, that Isaiah, when he comes to describe the final dislocation of worlds says: "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard."

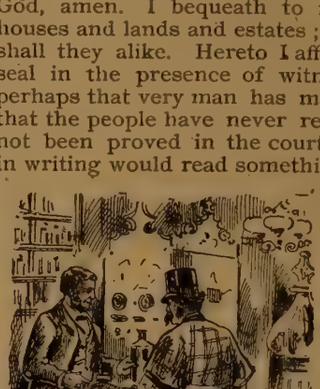
Ever since apples and grapes and wheat grew the world has been tempted to unhealthful stimulants. But the intoxicants of the olden time were an innocent beverage, a harmless orangeade, a quiet syrup, a peaceful soda water, as compared with the liquids of modern inebriation, into which a madness, and a fury, and a gloom, and a fire, and a suicide, and a retribution have mixed and mingled. Fermentation was always known, but it was not until a thousand years after Christ that distillation was invented. While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all others in the bad eminence of whisky and rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundred-fold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons. An arch-fiend arrived in our world, and he built an invisible cauldron of temptation. He built that cauldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the cauldron the juices of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this cauldron capsicum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened, and it must be liquefied, and so the arch-fiend poured into that cauldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch-fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into this great cauldron and began to stir, and the cauldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I. Who has done more than I have for coffins and grave-yards and prisons and insane asylums, and the populating of the lost world? And when this cauldron is emptied, I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of a torment that ascendeth for ever and ever. I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I have ruined more senators than gather this winter in the national councils. I have ruined more lords than are now gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the sinking steamer, because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course.

"Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove to this audience that a drunken nation cannot long be a free nation. I call your attention to the fact that drunkenness is not subsiding, certainly that it is not at a standstill, but that it is on an onward march, and it is a double-quick. There is more rum swallowed in this country, and of a worse kind, than was ever swallowed since the first distillery began its work of death. Where there was one drunken home there are ten drunken homes. Where there was one drunkard's grave there are twenty drunkards' graves. It is on the increase. Talk about crooked whiskey—by which men mean the whiskey that does not pay the tax to government—I tell you all strong drink is crooked. Crooked Otard, crooked Cognac, crooked schnapps, crooked beer, crooked wine, crooked whiskey—because it makes a man's path crooked, and his life crooked, and his death crooked, and his eternity crooked.

If I could gather all the armies of the dead drunkards and have them come to resurrection, and then add to that host all the armies of living drunkards, five and ten abreast, and then if I could have you mount a horse and ride along that line for review, you would ride that horse until he dropped from exhaustion, and you would mount another horse and ride until he fell from exhaustion, and you would take another and another, and you would ride along hour after hour, and day after day. Great host, in regiments, in brigades. Great armies of them. And then if you had voice stentorian enough to make them all hear, and you could give the command, "Forward, march!" their first tramp would make the earth tremble. I do not care which way you look in the community to-day, the evil is increasing.

I call attention to the fact that there are thousands of people born with a thirst for strong drink—a fact too often ignored. Along some ancestral lines there runs the river of temptation. There are children whose swaddling-clothes are torn off the shroud of death. Many a father has made a will of this sort: "In the name of God, amen. I bequeath to my children my houses and lands and estates; share and share shall they alike. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of witnesses." And yet perhaps that very man has made another will that the people have never read, and that has not been proved in the courts. That will put in writing would read something like this: "In the name of disease and appetite and death, amen. I bequeath to my children my evil habits, my tankards shall be theirs, my wine-cup shall be theirs; my destroyed reputation shall be theirs. Share and share alike shall they in the infamy. Hereto I affix my hand and seal in the presence of all the applauding harpies of hell."



THE DRUG STORE DRUNKARD.

From the multitude of those who have the evil habit born with them this army is being augmented. And I am sorry to say that a great many of the drug-stores are abetting this evil and alcohol is sold under the name of bitters. It is bitters for this, and bitters for that, and bitters for some other thing, and good men deceived, not knowing there is any thraldom in alcoholism coming from that source, are going down, and some day a man sits with the bottle of black bitters on his table, and the cork flies out, and after it flies a fiend and clutches the man by his throat and says: "Aha! I have been after you for ten years. I have got you now.

Down with you! down with you!" Bitters! Ah! yes. They make a man's family bitter, and his home bitter, and his disposition bitter, and his death bitter, and his hell bitter. Bitters! A vast army, all the time increasing.

It seems to me it is about time for the 7,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides. It is going to be an out-and-out battle with drunkenness and sobriety, between Heaven and hell, between God and the devil. Take sides before there is any further national decadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the new home of your daughter goes down under the alcoholism of an embruted husband. Take sides while your voice, your pen, your prayer, your vote may have any influence in arresting the despoliation of this nation. If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

THE DRUNKEN SON'S END.

Is drunkenness a state or national evil? Does it belong to the North, or does it belong to the South? Does it belong to the East, or does it belong to the West? Ah! there is not an American river into which its tears have not fallen and into which its suicides have not plunged. What ruined that Southern plantation—every field a fortune, the proprietor and his family once the most affluent supporters of summer watering-places? What threw that New England farm into decay and turned the roseate streaks that bloomed at the foot of the Green Mountains into the pallor of despair? What has smitten every street of every village, town and city of this continent with a moral pestilence? Strong drink.

To prove that this is a national evil I call up two States in opposite directions—Maine and Georgia. Let them testify in regard to this. The late of Maine says: "It is so great an evil up here we have anathematized it as a State." The late of Georgia says: "It is so great an evil down here that ninety counties of this State have made the sale of intoxicating drink a criminality." So the word comes up from all parts of the land. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country or the American government will be destroyed. Drunkenness and the institutions are coming into a death-grapple. Gather up the money that the working-classes have spent for rum during the last forty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden and give his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing team of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The great persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It annually handles industry out of a large percentage of their earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon-spell, and on his way home at eventide. On Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family and sacrifices it among the saloon-keepers. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated that they would reach from New York to Chicago.

This evil is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquors down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employees, I proclaim a universal strike against strong drink, which strike, if kept up, will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next twenty years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverages and be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale.

Oh! how many are waiting to see if something cannot be done for the stopping of intemperance! Thousands of drunkards waiting who cannot go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and surrendering again, and crying; "How long, O Lord! how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone." And how many mothers are waiting to see if this national curse cannot lift! Oh! is that the boy who had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! How quickly those habits of early coming home have been exchanged for the rattling of the night-key in the door long after the last watchman has gone by and tried to see that everything was closed up for the night! Oh! what a change for that young man who we had hoped would do something in merchandise, or in artisanship, or in a profession that would do honor to the family name long after mother's wrinkled hands are folded from the last toil! All that exchanged for startled look when the door-bell rings, lest something has happened; and the wish that the scarlet fever twenty years ago had been fatal, for then he would have gone directly to the bosom of his Saviour. But alas! poor old soul, she has lived to experience what Solomon said; "A foolish son is a heaviness to his mother."

Oh! what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead! And how mother will sit there and say: "Is this my boy that I used to fondle and that I walked the floor with in the night when he was sick? Is this the boy that I held to the baptismal font for baptism? Is this the boy for whom I toiled until the blood burst from the tips of my fingers, that he might have a good start and a good home? Lord, why hast thou let me live to see this? Can it be that these swollen hands are the ones that used to wander over my face when rocking him to sleep? Can it be that this swollen brow is that I once so rapturously kissed? Poor boy! how tired he does look. I wonder who struck him that blow across the temples? I wonder if he uttered a dying prayer? Wake up, my son; don't you hear me? wake up! Oh! he can't hear me. Dead! dead! dead! 'O Absalom, my son, my son, would God that I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

I am not much of a mathematician, and I cannot estimate it; but is there any one here quick enough at figures to estimate how many mothers there are waiting for something to be done? Ay, there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. He promised something different from that when, after the long acquaintanee and the careful scrutiny of character, the hand and the heart were offered and accepted. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! O Death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home, and opened the door and stood there, and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac, I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread-tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair, and family Bible with record of marriages and births and deaths. Curse upon curse." Oh! how many wives are there waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange-blossoms! Yea, God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to overthrow this evil; and if it refuse to do so, God will wipe out the nation as he did Phœnicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon. Ay, he is waiting to see what the Church of God will do. If the Church does not do its work, then he will wipe it out as he did the Church of Ephesus, Church of Thyatira, Church of Sardis. The Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than a billion dollars a year to take care of the 800,000 paupers, and the 315,000 criminals, and the 30,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards. Protagoras boasted that out of the sixty years of his life forty years he had spent in ruining youth; but this evil may make the more infamous boast that all its life it has been ruining the bodies, minds and souls of the human race.

Put on your spectacles and take a candle, and examine the platforms of the two leading political parties of this country, and see what they are doing for the arrest of this evil and for the overthrow of this abomination. Resolutions—oh! yes, resolutions about Mormonism! It is safe to attack that organized nastiness two thousand miles away. But not one resolution against drunkenness, which would turn this entire nation into one bestial Salt Lake City. Resolutions against political corruption, but not one word about drunkenness, which would rot this nation from scalp to heel. Resolutions about protection against competition with foreign industries, but not one word about protection of family and church and nation against the scalding, blasting, all-consuming, damning tariff of strong drink put upon every financial, individual, spiritual, moral, national interest.

THE SABBATH-BREAKER'S DOOM.

I look in another direction. The Church of God is the grandest and most glorious institution on earth. What has it in solid plalanx accomplished for the overthrow of drunkenness? Have its forces ever been marshalled? No, not in this direction. Not long ago a great ecclesiastical court assembled in New York, and resolutions arraigning strong drink were offered, and clergymen with strong drink on their tables and strong drink in their cellars defeated the resolutions by threatening speeches. They could not bear to give up their own lusts. I tell this audience what many of you may never have thought of, that to-day—not in the millennium, but to day—the Church holds the balance of power in America; and if Christian people—the men and the women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ and to love purity and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanness and debauchery and sin—if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown. Think of three hundred thousand churches and Sunday Schools in Christendom marching shoulder to shoulder! How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil, if all the churches of God, transatlantic and cisatlantic, were armed on this subject!

Young men of America, pass over into the army of tetotalism. Whiskey, good to preserve corpses, ought never to turn you into a corpse.

Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability, and out of purity, and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it.!

At the front door of our Church in Brooklyn, a few summers ago, this scene occurred: Sabbath morning a young man was entering for divine worship. A friend passing along the street said: "Joe, come along with me; I am going down to Coney Island, and we'll have a gay Sunday." "No," replied Joe; "I have started to go here to church, and I am going to attend service here." "O Joe," his friend said, "you can go to church any time! The day is bright, and we'll go to Coney Island, and we'll have a splendid time." The temptation was too great, and the twain went to the beach, spent the day in drunkenness and riot. The evening train started up from Brighton. The young men were on it. Joe, in his intoxication, when the train was in full speed, tried to pass around from one seat to another and fell and was crushed. Under the lantern, as Joe lay bleeding his life away on the grass, he said to his comrade: "John, that was a bad business, your taking me away from church; it was a very bad business. You ought not to have done that, John. I want you to tell the boys to-morrow when you see them that rum and Sabbath-breaking did this for me. And, John, while you are telling them, I will be in hell, and it will be your fault." Is it not time for me to pull out from the great organ of God's Word, with many banks of keys, the *tremolo* stop? "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color to the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

But this evil will be arrested. Blucher came up just before night and saved the day at Waterloo. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon it looked very badly for the English. Generals Ponsonby and Picton fallen. Sabres broken, flags surrendered, Scots Grays annihilated. Only forty-two men left out of the German brigade. English army falling back and falling back. Then Napoleon rubbed his hands together, and said:

"Aha! aha! we'll teach that little Englishman a lesson. Ninety chances out of a hundred are in our favor. Magnificent! magnificent!"

He even sent messages to Paris to say he had won the day. But before sundown Blucher came up, and he who had been the conqueror of Austerlitz became the victim of Waterloo. That name which had shaken all Europe and filled even America with apprehension; that name went down, and Napoleon, muddy and hatless, and crazed with his disasters, was found feeling for the stirrup of a horse, that he might mount and resume the conflict.

Well, my friends, alcoholism is imperial, and it is a conqueror, and there are good people who say the night of national overthrow is coming, and that it is almost night. But before sundown the Conqueror of earth and heaven will ride in on the white horse, and alcholism, which has had its Austerlitz of triumph, shall have its Waterloo of defeat. Alcoholism having lost its crown, the grizzly and cruel breaker of human hearts, crazed with the disaster, will be found feeling in vain for the stirrup on which to remount its foaming charger. "So, O Lord let thine enemies perish!"

MISSIONARY WORK IN CHILI.

THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE OF THAT UNHAPPY REPUBLIC.

A Startling Picture of a Land where the Fear and Knowledge of God are almost Unknown and where Official Corruption and widespread Immorality Prevail—Superstition and Idolatry—What the Missionaries are Doing to Let in the Light of the Gospel.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

IN its issue of last week, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a very brief and incomplete outline of the missionary work that is now going on in the capital of the disturbed Chilian Republic. To-day we are enabled to present to our readers a much more comprehensive review of the moral and spiritual condition of that unfortunate country—facts which conclusively prove that the utmost energies of Christians everywhere are needed to spread the Gospel of Christ among the Chilians. The recent experience of Chili furnishes a remarkable lesson, as illustrating the calamities which God sometimes suffers to befall a nation that forgets him and deliberately chooses the path of wickedness rather than righteousness. At the present time, when the Republic is torn asunder by revolution, its commerce destroyed and its people warring, brother against brother, it is most instructive to read the following description of the religious state of the nation, as given in the columns of the *Herald*, one of the leading papers, published in Santiago, the capital:

Graduates of the Christian Institute Internacionale, Santiago, Chili.

"All thinking men," it says, "recognize that we are in an epoch of transformation and change, in which the moral and social order suffers deeply. Religion, politics, society—everything in the social organism, is affected by an evil, which grows constantly worse, and in regard to which there seems to be no remedy. The ancient beliefs have lost their force in the minds and hearts of the upper classes of society. These upper classes are under the yoke of a sterile and petrified traditionalism. Unfortunately, nothing takes the place of this departed faith, only a blind unbelief, or a sad and degrading materialism. With an enormous increase of public wealth, there has been introduced disorder and dishonesty in finances; the electoral contests are contests of fraud and abuse; although there exist most complete and suitable laws, they are only laws on paper. Family ties are weak and relaxed. Parental authority is exercised less and less. To-day a boy of fifteen years will scarcely submit to the guidance of his parents, and frequently he indulges in the practices and follies of a man of the world.

"Respect to virtue and purity in women is rarely found in the heart of young men, but the tendency is to blot and debase this noble though weak part of human nature. This generation advances in its knowledge of science and letters, but in regard to the majority, there is no teaching by which the heart is trained—nothing of the knowledge and fear of God. The prevailing philosophy follows the motto quoted by the apostle: 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' So the thirst for pleasure is insatiable, the anxiety to get money with which to minister to these pleasures is a hot fever. The methods of gaining money are of no importance; all means are good if they only produce the end desired. Fortunes are amassed with the tears and sweat of the poor; overreaching in exchange, high rates of interest, and rapine, inspire and direct pecuniary transactions. Drunkenness is a wave which submerges both the upper and the lower strata of society, and threatens to deluge the present generation in alcohol. The ministers see, in their pastoral visitations, the terrible effects of alcoholic poison among the working-classes.

"In the midst of this lamentable social condition—of this sea of iniquity—what are the spiritual guides of the people doing, these religious masters, who claim to be the only depositories of celestial graces? (the Catholic Church.) Alas! all they have done is to throw a mantle of hypocrisies over these repugnant wounds, and to cover with vain religious ostentation or show, this shame which they have not recognized nor have cared to avoid, much less tried to restrain. What they are doing is to enjoy the pleasures of life, to surround themselves with large fortunes, and to prepare secretly and with astute plans, to obtain control of the government of the nation. What matters it to them, what have they in common with the religion of purity, of abnegation, and the love of Christ? In the religion of the mass, of the retreats of holy water, may be seen the miserable substitute which they have put for Christ's work of redemption. Thus they have emasculated religion as a moral power, having cast out the immense moral force of the Gospel. The only and effective remedy for these social and moral evils is the Gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation."

The centre of Christian activity in this unhappy land is at Santiago. Concerning the work that is now being done there and elsewhere in Christ's cause, the Rev. John Mathe Allis, Missionary of the Presbyterian Church in that city, who is now visiting New York, gives most hopeful and encouraging accounts. For a number of years past, Mr. Allis has been the President of the Chili Mission and has had charge of the Presbyterian Theological School at Santiago. The school has graduated a number of students for the ministry and others are now following its course of study. In Santiago there are about 1,000 German residents and about 400 English and Americans. In Valparaiso there are probably 3,000 English-speaking people and as many Germans. In the south of Chili, a whole province is settled by Germans and there are many foreign colonies throughout the country and quite a number of English and German churches, including Union churches, Methodist, and Church of England. The South American Missionary Society of London has several missions at different points, but mainly among the English-speaking people

Then the Mission of Bishop Taylor has a number of important schools, and there are a few English Methodist Churches and one Chilian church, besides several stations for Spanish preaching, all belonging to the Taylor mission. Among the schools of this mission, the largest is in Santiago—a school for girls—having two hundred and fifty pupils. The latter has its headquarters in a fine, commodious building.

The Presbyterian Church has had a mission in Chili since the reunion. Its preachers and assistant workers have four leading lines of active service, as was explained in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the most important being that in the schools; for it is through the young men and women of the nation that the heart of Chili must be touched and regeneration secured if at all. The Presbyterian *Escuela Popular*, or public school for the poorer classes, has two hundred and fifty pupils and is housed in a building furnished rent free by a Christian English merchant.

The Presbyterian *Instituto Internacional* at Santiago is a college and seminary with one hundred and sixty pupils, but its quarters are in a dilapidated old dwelling-house. Moreover, it is about to be deprived of its present quarters, meagre as they are, the building being doomed to demolition. With a suitable edifice, and sufficient accommodations, much good work might be accomplished and the attendance would soon be doubled. In the Institute, special evangelical Bible instruction is given, and among its pupils are many from the wealthier classes in Chili, Peru and Bolivia. It is almost self-sustaining. "When the present building is torn down," Mr. Allis says, "it will be imperative to build, as a house of suitable size is not to be obtained." It is for the purpose of awakening public interest in this laudable Christian enterprise and securing funds for that purpose that Mr. Allis is now visiting this country. His project has the full approval of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in New York, and it is believed that the school is destined to sustain an important relation to the evangelization of Chili. The Institute is now in its thirteenth year. There are connected with it nine professors or instructors, and as through this channel the best youth of three of the leading South American Republics are to be reached and trained in the Christian doctrine, it is a work that needs no further commendation to those who have at heart the progress of the Gospel in foreign lands.

On the first page of this issue we give a portrait of Mr. Allis together with a group of the scholars at the *Escuela Popular*. On page 132 are the portraits of six students for the ministry, who have graduated from the Institute.

There are surely a wide field and abundant opportunities for mission work in a land which even the Chilians themselves admit to have been degraded by the malign influence of a selfish and careless priesthood, and the flagrant immorality of its rulers. It is a tremendous work which the Chili Mission has undertaken, but, by God's blessing and with energy among the laborers in the vineyard, it cannot fail to secure some measure of success. Its progress, even amid all the difficulties that surround it, has been encouraging. It rightly regards education as the most direct means of remedying the evils under which the nation has suffered, and combating the Jesuit influence which dominates everything in the Republic. It is only through the religious instruction of her youth that the redemption of Chili is to be accomplished.

THE NECROPOLIS NEAR CAIRO.

THE accompanying picture is that of the ancient cemetery near Cairo, in which are many tombs of famous warriors and pashas. One of the most remarkable is that of a pasha who erected a monument having five domes, each being for a memorial of a member of his family. Hired mourners still attend it and make dolorous lamentation. Dr. Z. T. Sweeney, who visited the necropolis a few years ago, says, that they were wailing as if their hearts would break; but after they had finished the prescribed quantity of mourning, they went out as merrily as children leaving school, laughing and joking together as if they had not shed a tear. They had, however, done vigorously all that they were paid to do, which was so much to their credit. Some of the tombs, especially those of the Mamelukes, are exceedingly elegant, the domes supported by finely carved transparent marble columns.

GRAVES AND MOSQUE OUTSIDE CAIRO, EGYPT.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

An Elephant in a House in New York Caused some inconvenience to the residents, and some excitement among outsiders last week. The elephant's proper quarters were in a stable adjoining the house, which she shared with some llamas and zebus, all being the property of a well known animal-dealer. The stable opened into a yard which was the common exercise ground of the animals, in which the elephant was acquiring the education that is to fit her for a position in a circus. Among the accomplishments she has already attained is that of walking upstairs. On February 21st she put her acquirement to an embarrassing use, Her keeper had gone out on urgent business and forgot to feed her before leaving. The elephant slipped her leg out of the chain which is used to keep her from wandering and went out into the yard. The door leading to the adjoining house stood open and the elephant squeezed through. She came to a flight of stairs and went up. The mistress of the house was terror-stricken at seeing her ponderous visitor, and snatching up her baby ran into a bed-room and locked herself in. The elephant amused herself until her keeper returned, by smashing crockery and breaking up chairs and tables. When he came back he drove her out of the room to the head of the stairs, but could not induce her to descend. She had not learned that art and was afraid to venture. Carpenters were employed to build an inclined plane from the window to the yard, and on February 24th, the elephant after being in the house three days and nights, was persuaded to walk out of the window on the artificial declivity. She missed her footing when about half-way down, and rolled over bodily into the yard. She found, as some men famous in history have done, that in forcing themselves up to a high position for which they were not fitted and doing mischief there, they were preparing the way for a humiliating and painful fall. (Isa. 14: 12–17.)

A Family Quarrel has Arisen Out of a Marriage at Scranton, Pa. A young business man of that town recently paid a visit to a married sister living in a village a few miles away. He was attracted by the appearance of a girl who was helping her with the housework. His sister noticed that he was fascinated and spoke to him on the subject. She said that she should discharge her servant if he paid her any attention. The young man protested and declared that she was the daughter of respectable parents, was intelligent and well educated. His sister, however, thought that he would disgrace himself and his family if he married a servant, and eventually sent the girl away to prevent the match. The young man followed her and, finding his first impressions of her worth confirmed on further acquaintance, has married her. The sister now refuses to see him and is said to feel the "disgrace" keenly. It is a pity that she should distress herself and others over such a matter. If she will study her New Testament she will have less respect for class distinctions and will learn a better way of estimating the value of others than by wealth and station. (Acts 10: 8.)

A Strange Thoughtfulness was manifested by a man whose sudden death in New York on February 23rd., brought the characteristic into notoriety. He was a travelling salesman hailing from Milwaukee Wis., who frequently came to New York on business. He had a presentiment that his death would be sudden and probably while he was on one of his journeys. On a card he had written his name and address and those of his friends in various cities. His height, weight, size of gloves and boots were all recorded, and to these he had added *his coffin-measare*. "It was well," he said to the hotel clerk, "to keep such information handy in case anything happened." When he was found dead from apoplexy in his room the clerk searched for the card, found it and put the information to use. It may be hoped that this was not the only preparation for the contingency that the man made. His foresight would be absurdly at fault if, while providing for details of no importance to him, he neglected to secure through Christ an entrance into eternal felicity. (Matt. 6: 33).

A FATAL CRIME.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for March 15. Numbers 32 : 23 : "Be sure your sin will find you out."

"IF Persis is to leave home at all, I guess this is as good a chance as any," said Mr. Markham, talking over with his wife the prospects of their eldest daughter. "I don't see," he continued, "why she should go. She'd ought to stay home and help you. She's eighteen now, and she could take a deal of work off your hands. You need it now with all the boys growing up, to cook and sew for. It's all nonsense her talk about not being a burden and earning her own living. What she wants is to earn money to spend on dress, so she can go around like the city girls."

"I presume we'll have to let her go, father," the wife answered. "She's dead set on it. I'm sort o' disappointed, too. I hoped she'd be contented to stay. But it's kind o' dull here. She won't have so much work. She will only have to wait on a widow lady who lives all alone; and the wages is good. We'll have to consent."

The father came to the same conclusion after another talk with his daughter; but he did so reluctantly. There were three boys in the family, younger than Persis. Then a gap, the reason of which was told in two headstones in the cemetery, and then came another little boy, now under two years old—Harry, the pet of the family. Persis was needed at home, but, as her mother said, she was set on going away. So at last the parents yielded, and Persis went to her new home.

The change was very gratifying to the girl. Mrs. Strachan was kind, did not want much attention and the house-work was very light. She did not think Mrs. Strachan was rich, for she dressed very plainly in deep mourning and wore no jewelry, but she seemed to have enough money to live comfortably. It was a pretty little house that she lived in, with conveniences that Persis scarcely understood at first, and all the rooms were beautifully furnished. Persis peeped into them all, the first day, except one room which was locked. It was always locked, Persis found, for she tried the door every day. She grew curious about that room, and one day asked Mrs. Strachan if she should not go there and clean up. The widow became much agitated, when Persis put the question, but she made no reply, only shook her head and turned away.

Persis had been in the place three months and had bought herself a new hat, and a new sacque and a pair of high-heeled shoes, when Mrs. Strachan told her that she was going to visit some friends and would be away two weeks. If Persis thought she would be lonely in the house by herself she might go home, or she might stay and keep things straight. The prospect of having two weeks to herself pleased Persis and she elected to stay. If she went home, she would have to do more work.

On the first day of Mrs. Strachan's absence Persis went leisurely about her work examining the various things in the rooms her mistress used, with more minuteness than she could do when the lady was at home. She even tried on one of Mrs. Strachan's dresses, and was delighted with the effect as she saw herself reflected from the long mirror. She kept it on for an hour and was delighted with its silken rustle as she walked from room to room. It seemed to her that if she had such a dress she would look better in it than Mrs. Strachan did. This was true, for Mrs. Strachan was ten years older than Persis and her beauty was dimmed by sorrow. Persis wondered whether she dare put that dress on some pleasant evening for a walk in the public park. There were some young folks, whose acquaintance she had made, who ought to see how she could look when she was really well-dressed.

Continuing her exploration after the dress was taken off and replaced in its press, Persis noticed a key in a small drawer. She wondered what that key fitted. The thought of the mysterious locked room flashed across her mind and she hurried off to see if this was the key of that room. Yes, it turned and Persis entered. There seemed to be nothing to make a mystery of. It had evidently been a child's bed-room. There was a pretty little bed and a boy's toys on the shelves and some picture and story-books. There was a closet in the room where the boy's clothes were still hanging and in the drawers there was his linen and boyish treasures. He must have been the same age as Harry, Persis thought. She took down a little suit and held it up. How pretty Harry would look in it! She wished Mrs. Strachan would give it to her for him. It was of rich black velvet with such beautiful buttons. Why should the dress lie idle here where the moths would get in it? It was a shame! Persis hung it up again with regret. There was not much else of interest in the room. A lady's clothing was thrown carelessly over a chair. Persis looked at it and knew it was Mrs. Strachan's. The dress was good but evidently an in-door dress and rather worn. But the other things were very nice. Persis envied Mrs. Strachan as she felt their silky softness of texture. Her curiosity satisfied, she locked the room again and put the key back in its place.

The thought of that room and its contents troubled Persis all that week. She had her little triumph of wearing her mistress' dress in the park, and that dereliction seemed to render her less able to resist temptation, as one fault paves the way for more serious ones. At last, the very day before Mrs. Strachan was to return, when Persis knew it she was to have that suit for Harry at all, it must be then, she went into the room and took it. It would make it no worse to take something else, and so Persis took some of Mrs. Strachan's clothing from the room for her own wear. Mrs. Strachan never went into the room, so Persis did not dread discovery.

Not long afterward, Persis got a letter from home. Her mother begged her to thank her mistress for the beautiful suit she had "given" her, which fitted Harry perfectly. The boy was ailing just then, but the mother thought he would soon be well again. It was only a feverish cold and sore throat. Persis was not to be anxious about him. Persis was not feeling well herself, and she told Mrs. Strachan, who gave her leave to go home and see her brother and nurse herself. "Don't neglect a sore throat," she said. "It was just so my poor little Harold's illness first showed itself."

Persis started guiltily. Could it be possible that in stealing that clothing she had put her own life as well as Harry's in peril? She knew there were such things as germs of disease; she had heard of them at school, but she said nothing. She felt very ill before she reached her home, and her conscience made her anxious and miserable.

"I'm most sorry you've come, Persis," said her mother. "Harry's a deal worse, and the doctor says it's catching. I'm afraid you'll catch it, coming out of another air. But, child, how ill you look yourself. What is the matter?"

"I *am* ill, mother, let me go to bed right away."

Persis looked like the shadow of her former self when she sat up for the first time after a long and dangerous illness. "What are you crying for, mother?" she asked. "Anyone would think you were not glad I am better. Send Harry in to see me."

"That's the trouble, Persis," the mother answered. "We were afraid to tell you before, when you asked. Poor Harry is dead. It seemed almost a mercy he was taken, the poor child suffered so. It was dreadful, and he was so patient and good. He knew he was going. One of the last things he said was, that he should never wear the pretty suit again."

"I think I'll go back to bed again, mother," Persis said. "I am not strong enough to sit up yet. Poor Harry! Oh! I think my heart will break."

They wrote Mrs. Strachan in answer to her inquiries, that Persis had apparently almost recovered, but had suffered a relapse. They were sorry to tell her, too, that the little boy to whom she had so kindly sent that beautiful suit, was dead. They thanked her for her kindness to their daughter, but were afraid it would be a long time before she was well enough to return, if she ever did.

Mrs. Strachan shuddered as she read the letter. It was all plain to her, but she would not afflict the stricken parents by disclosing their daughter's wickedness. "Poor, weak girl!" she said to herself. "How she must reproach herself! I wish I had burnt those things as I ought to have done. Then the temptation would not have come to the girl to commit the sin that has brought such a punishment."

GEHAZI PUNISHED.

S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 15, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 5: 15-27. GOLDEN TEXT, NUMB. 32: 23.

Naaman Anxious to Pay for his Cure—Bearing a Reward from his King—His Ascription of the Healing to God—Humility Before Elisha—The Prophet's Refusal of the Gift—Gehazi's Worldly Reasoning—His Crafty Invention to Deceive Naaman—Treasure Purchased with a Lie—A Common Purchasing Currency—A Second Lie Needed to Sustain the First—The Sin Detected—The Retribution.

WHEN the king of Syria sent Naaman to the king of Israel to request healing at his hands, he had provided, out of his royal treasury, a handsome money compensation for the king or the prophet in Israel so as to relieve himself from any sense of obligation. Neither he nor Naaman knew at this time with whom the distinguished leper would have to do; they thought of man only as possessing the power to heal.

Naaman's first impulse on finding himself healed was to acknowledge the hand that had wrought the work: "Behold now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel." Would to God that all who have known the Lord as their Healer had as true and just a view of what is due from them to God as this heathen man had! Naaman's second impulse was to deliver the king's magnificent reward into the right hands. But to whom should he give it? Certainly not to the king, for he had washed his hands of the whole case. The prophet had certainly directed him to the Jordan, and through following this direction he had received healing; it would be more appropriate to offer it to him "Now therefore, I pray thee," he says, "take a blessing of thy servant."

Thy Servant!

and he *stands* before Elisha! Things have greatly changed, since, an hour or two ago, the great man had come with all the display of his chariot and his horses to the house of Elisha. Instead of giving the rich gift of the king of Syria in a manner in which a superior would bestow anything upon an inferior, Naaman entreats Elisha to receive it as a favor, "I pray thee take a blessing from thy servant." But the prophet could not look upon anything in a personal light—he belonged to another.

Riches had no Attraction

for this man who had seen his master taken away without dying into heaven; earth and earthly things had lost their lustre and their value for him. Those who are truly looking for the Lord's return and are ready to meet him when he comes to take them away to meet him in the air after he has raised "them which sleep in Jesus," (1. Thess. 4: 14-17), must of necessity sit thus loose to things of time and sense. (Luke 21: 36.) Elisha stood like his master, before the Lord God of Israel, and considered, not what affected him, but what touched the honor of his God: "As the Lord liveth before whom I stand, I will receive none." His work was to stand aside, that Naaman be hindered in no way from making acquaintance with his God. And Naaman saw in this very thing a witness that the true prophets of the God of Israel were disinterested men, having no purpose of their own to serve—a contrast indeed to the time-serving heathen priests and prophets with whom perhaps he had been well

acquainted, and whose tricks he knew something of.

While Elisha was bent upon bearing witness to his God, as to the spirit which actuated his prophets who stood before him, Gehazi, Elisha's servant, was occupied in conceiving and carrying out a plan for his own selfish ends, which should totally misrepresent Elisha and give the lie to his words. The Shunammite's instinctive distrust of Gehazi now finds its justification. Himself was really Gehazi's god; he saw a chance of making something out of Naaman the Syrian and, utterly heedless of how it might affect the honor of God, or the reputation of his master, he carries out his purpose. "Behold my master hath spared Naaman the Syrian in not receiving at his hands that which he brought; but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat from him." Elisha looks upon Naaman as an immortal soul to be won for his God, who may, perhaps, be a witness for him, in Syria; Gehazi regards him simply in the light of his money value to him. In his eyes, Elisha had lost the main chance with Naaman. How strange it seems, that this man could have lived continually in the presence of a man who was himself always in the presence of God, and yet whose spirit was so different!

Gehazi followed after Naaman, whose reverence for the prophet was such that he lighted down from his chariot to meet even his servant! Gehazi was ready with his story; he could not say that Elisha had changed his mind, so he invented a contingency, which to a mind as crooked as his own, would not seem inconsistent with the position Elisha had taken up; and he himself might secure an advantage. He would represent Elisha as asking for the sons of the prophets what he would not receive for himself. There are thousands who do this kind of thing continually, but it is crooked; it does not savor of God's spirit. So he said: "My master hath sent me, saying, Behold even now there be come to me from Mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets; give *them* I pray thee a talent of silver, and two changes of raiment." Naaman, only too glad to show his gratitude, and never doubting that the story was true, urged upon Gehazi to take two talents of silver and two changes of raiment; and the whole cavalcade of the Syrian general halted until two of his servants had borne the treasure to Gehazi's house, and deposited it there.

To all appearance, the plan had answered, Gehazi had done a good stroke of business, he had only taken money from a man who was more than ready to give; he himself had grown rich without any trouble, and the only price he had had to pay was

A Lie.

Could he afford it? Lying transactions in the way of business are more common than transparent and straightforward ones. Can men afford to make gain at the expense of a lie? "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

Gehazi, "let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master," looking no doubt as innocent as he could make himself look. But there was One looking on, to whom the secrets of all hearts are manifest, and Elisha was already acquainted with what had occurred. "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" "Thy servant went no whither." One lie cannot stand alone, it always needs the support of a second. Greed may seem to answer in the world, lying may prosper for a time in an atmosphere in which untruth can flourish. But in the presence of a man or men who live in the clear light of the presence of God, hidden things cannot remain hidden, wrong things must and do come to light. Bright things can bear the light. "Went not mine heart with thee when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee?"

Poor miserable Gehazi! His sin had found him out; like Adam, his miserable covering had failed to hide him, and he stood in all his naked treachery before God, and before his prophet! Oh how vain it is for man to attempt to hide himself from God, and from his prophets to whom he reveals his secrets! David discovered this when he wrote, "If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me; yea, the darkness hideth not from thee: but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and light are both alike to thee." (Ps. 139: 11, 12.) "Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord." (Jer. 23: 24.)

Elisha waived entirely all that could touch his own reputation. He might easily have been vexed and indignant that the selfish, wicked greed of Gehazi had compromised his character for disinterestedness, and taken off the edge from the very testimony to an unearthly spirit which would give his words weight with the Syrians. But the prophet had no reputation to care for but his God's, and that he could leave with him. But he appeals to Gehazi on higher ground: "Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men servants, and maid servants?" Should such considerations come in when the witness for God in the land of Syria is at stake? Can you, a prophet's servant, so lower the testimony of your God as to let the last impression on the mind of this new convert be how much you can get out of him? Unclean Gehazi, earthly-minded follower of the heavenly-minded, thou comest into the heritage which Naaman's confession of God has left for such as deny him. Take the gold, and take the garments, but take the leprosy with them; it becomes an entail on thee, and on all thy posterity. And the liar who came into the prophet's house, went out a "leper, as white as snow." Thus sin in a prophet's house is judged of God.

THE PLAN OF THE APOCALYPSE.

The Arrangement of the Book as a Forecast of Future Events.

BY GEORGE H. PEMBER.

EVERY Christian ought to have some idea of the general scheme of the Apocalypse —that last gift of the Lord Jesus to his people, that book, without a little understanding of which, it is unlikely that any Christian will be kept from the delusions, religious and political, which are now overspreading the earth. "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear, the words of the prophecy, and keep the things that are written: for the time is at hand."

The beloved apostle was suffering affliction, on the barren island of Patmos, "for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ," when the revelation was made to him. He was, as he tells us, "in spirit on the Lord's day." By the words "in spirit" John explains his own condition: he was not, like Paul on a similar occasion, uncertain in regard to it, but fully aware that he was out of the body and on the plane of spirit. "In the Day of the Lord," on the contrary, has reference to the external surroundings in which he found himself, and furnishes us with a general clue for the interpretation of the visions. A strictly analagous description may be found in the second verse of the fourth chapter, where he says: "And immediately I was in spirit; and, behold, a Throne."

While, then, in spirit, and disengaged from earthly things, John suddenly heard behind him a great voice, like that of a trumpet, saying: "What thou seest, write in a book, and send it to the Seven Churches." At the sound of this voice John turned, and beheld a vision which, at first, may have suggested to him the Holy Place of the Temple. But it was not the Temple: for he quickly perceived an absence of familiar objects; there was neither altar of incense, nor table of shew-bread. What he saw was the heavenly Sanctuary arranged for the present parenthetical dispensation.

Standing, then, in the midst of the golden lamps was the majestic form of the high priest who has entered into the heavens, now to appear in the presence of God for us. John did not, however, see him in the heavenly holy of holies turned toward God in intercession, but in the holy place watching the lamps, that is, directing and judging his Church. He was not yet clad in the robes of glory and beauty; for his dress apparently corresponded to the linen garments which were used in ordinary priestly service, and especially by the high priest on the great day of atonement. And although even this was far from being the fulness of his glory, yet the beloved disciple fell at his feet as dead.

Then the Lord touched him, and again John heard the loving words, "fear not," and was strengthened to receive the command—"Write the things which thou sawest, and the things which are, and the things which shall come to pass after these." It was thus evidently implied that the revelation to be written by the apostle would consist of three distinct parts; unless, therefore, we can so divide the Apocalypse, it is useless to think of interpreting it.

Now in regard to the first division there can be no difficulty: "the things which thou sawest" can only refer to the vision of the heavenly Sanctuary, by which the difference between the Christian Church and the Jewish system had been exhibited, and the solemn fact revealed that the Lord's eyes of flame are ever upon those who profess to be his.

"The things that are"—or a prophetic outline of the phases of the nominal Church which were to succeed each other during the present age—naturally follow in the next chapter. They are also continued in the third, but no further; for in the first verse of the fourth chapter, John sees a door opened in heaven, and hears a voice saying, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the things which must come to pass *after these*." Henceforth the Church disappears from the prophecy; and the very name occurs no more till we come to the sixteenth verse of the twenty-second chapter, where "the Churches" are indeed mentioned, but merely as those to whom testimony is given, and not as having any part in the scenes of terror which shall characterize "the things that must be after these."

It will thus be seen that the plan of the Apocalypse presents no serious difficulty, provided that we remember its threefold division, and interpret it by means of the great clue, the prophecy of the Seventy Weeks. We may sum up its contents as follows.

Chap. 1, is a vision of the heavenly Sanctuary prepared for these present times.

Chaps. 2 and 3, reveal the whole career of the visible Church, from the close of the Apostolic period until the Lord comes.

Chaps. 4 and 5, exhibit the preparations in heaven for the judgments of the Last Week.

Chaps. 6—18, describe the appalling culmination of wickedness in the last seven years: they also foretell the judgments by which those who corrupt the earth shall be destroyed, while the remnant of Israel is being purged and delivered from the oppression of the world. These chapters are generally consecutive: we have first the seals, the seventh of which includes the seven trumpets; and then the last trumpet is developed into the seven vials, the final plagues by which the wrath of God is completed. Chaps. 11.—15. seem to be a parenthesis inserted for the purpose of supplying details of the times of the seals, trumpets, and vials. The seventeenth chapter is partly concerned with the previous history of the Woman and the Beast, in order that the last scene in their joint history may be better understood: the eighteenth describes the fall of Babylon the Great.

Chaps. 19.—22, treat of the appearing of the Lord, of the destruction of his enemies, and of the setting up of his Kingdom. Then there is a brief notice of a rebellion which will follow the loosing of Satan from the abyss at the end of the thousand years, and also of the last judgment; and the prophecy closes with a description of the Heavenly City.

If it be thus interpreted, the Revelation is no longer a sealed book.

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HOME STRUGGLES.

NINE hundred and ninety-nine households out of the thousand are subjected to economy—some under more and some under less stress of circumstances. Especially if a man smoke very expensive cigars, and take very costly dinners at the restaurants, he will be severe in demanding domestic economies. That is what kills tens of thousands of women—attempting to make $5 do the work of $7. How the bills come in! The woman is the banker of the household; she is the president, the cashier, the teller, the discount clerk, and there is a panic every few weeks. This thirty years' war against high prices, this perpetual study of economies, this lifelong attempt to keep the outgoes less than the income, exhausts millions of housekeepers. Oh, my sister, this is a part of the divine discipline. If it were best for you, all you would have to do would be to open the front windows and the ravens would fly in with food; and after you had baked fifty times from the barrel in the pantry, the barrel, like the one of Zarephath, would be full; and the shoes of the children would last as long as the shoes of the Israelites in the wilderness—forty years. Besides that, this is going to make heaven the more attractive in the contrast. They never hunger there, and consequently there will be none of the nuisances of catering for appetites. And in the land of the white robes they never have to mend anything, and the air in that hill country makes everybody well. There are no rents to pay; every man owns his own house, and a mansion at that.

AS GOOD AS OTHERS.

IT is a simple fact that we have very few specimens of eminent Christian character in our day. We are apt to be contented with being just about what our fellows are. If they have gained fifteen degrees of spiritual life, we want just fifteen degrees and no more. We look at some man moderately consistent in the Church of God, and we say, "If I could only have his faith, I would be satisfied; if I could only have his consecration to God, that would do." And we struggle on a little until we come to that plane, and stop and seat ourselves in some prayer-meeting, and look around and find ourselves about as good as the ordinary run. We need to recognize the fact that there is all around about us in this day a depressed religious atmosphere. There are no persons in the Church of God at this day, if there ever ha been, whom we can afford to copy. I remember very well, when at school, if the master made a mistake in the copy-plate, I made the same mistake all the way down on every line, to the bottom of the page. And depend upon it, when we attempt to copy any man's Christian character, we copy all the slips, all the faults, and all the deficits. There is only one great example, and that is the example of Jesus Christ, so perfect that it is beyond all criticism, and the nearer we come to that the nearer we come to a thorough consecration to God.

I will say that if there were in your employ in the store a boy so unfaithful to your interests as we have been to our Master, you would not have patience with him for a single week. After the first day you would have discharged him. You would have said to such an one: "You have no regard for my interests. I am certain that you can never faithfully serve me with your ideas of what is right in a store." Yet God has sent us out in the world. He has offered us the largest wages; he has told us our chief business is to serve him; and yet at what a very poor rate we have gone on in his service. I think the very first thing to do is to explore our own spiritual beggary. I think the Church of Christ will never march to a higher standard of Christian character until it finds out its own leanness in its present condition. Oh! for more faith and consecration. Instead of being satisfied when we have come up beside those who are just ordinary Christians in the Church, we must surpass them in our spirit of zeal, and in our faithfulness of service.

HIS OWN LAWYER.

BOOKS setting forth forms for deeds, mortgages, notes, and contracts are no doubt valuable. It should be a part of every young man's education to know something of these. We cannot for the small business transactions of life be hunting up the "Attorney at Law" or the village Squire. But economy in the transfer of property, or in the making of wills, is sometimes a permanent disaster. There are so many quirks in the law, so many hiding-places for scamps, so many modes of twisting phraseology, so many decisions, precedents, and rulings, so many John Does who have brought suits against Richard Roes, that you had better in all important business matters seek out an honest lawyer. "There are none such!" cries out the reader. Why, where have you lived? There are as many honest men in the legal profession as in any other, and rogues more than enough in all professions. Many a farmer, going down to attend Court at the county-seat, takes a load of produce to the market, carefully putting the specked apples at the bottom of the barrel, and hiding among the fresh ones the egg which some discouraged hen, after five weeks of "setting," had abandoned; and having secured the sale of his produce, and lost his suit in the "Court of Common Pleas," has come home denouncing the scoundrelism of attorneys. You shall find plenty of honest lawyers if you really need them; and in matters involving large interests, you had better employ them. Especially avoid the mistake of making your own "Last Will and Testament" unless you have great legal skilfulness. Better leave no will at all than one inefficiently constructed. The "Orphan's Court" could tell many a tragedy of property distributed adverse to the intention of the testator. You save twenty to a hundred dollars from your counsel by writing your own will, and your heirs pay ten thousand dollars to lawyers in disputes over it. Perhaps those whom you have wished especially to favor will get the least of your estate, and a relative against whom you always had especial dislike will get the most; and your charities will be apportioned differently from what you anticipated—a hundred dollars to the Bible Society, and three thousand to the "Hook and Ladder Company."

BRIEF NOTES.

At the regular meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, held yesterday, in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, New York, Prof. A. B. Curtis, of Medford, Mass, read a paper on Kant's Philosophy.

Several clergymen will address meetings to-morrow (March 5) in a large hall in London commemorating the day prospectively as the anticipative anniversary day of the translation of 144,000 watchful Christians to heaven without dying on March 5, 1896, five years hence.

Bishop Taylor of Africa said recently that eight of the hardest African missionary stations were managed by women, of which the most difficult was carried on by a little Canadian. He did not give her name, but stated that she was among the wildest tribes, and doing the best work of all.

The Addresses on Prophecy delivered at the Baptist Prophetic Conference in Brooklyn last November, have now been revised by the authors and published in book form under the title *Primitive Paths*. The book contains nine Addresses and may be had for one dollar by addressing Mr. Albert Needham, Manchester, Mass.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has consented to remain another week at the Seventeenth St. M. E. Church, New York. The services were to have closed with the jubilee last Sunday, but so general was the desire for a continuance and so manifest are the tokens of Divine blessing that the Evangelist yielded and will hold services all this week.

An interesting Chinese service was held recently at the Presbyterian Chinese Mission, Clinton Place, New York. Dr. W. J. White, who has been laboring as a missionary at Canton and is in this country on a visit, preached a sermon in Chinese to a large audience of Chinamen and at the close a young Chinese carpenter was baptized by Dr. Alexander, of the University Place Church.

The Lenten services at St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, have been more interesting than usual this year. The Rector, W. S. Rainsford, has invited eminent clergymen of other denominations to occupy the pulpit. Among them are: Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. A. F. Schauffler, Dr. Washington Gladden and Prof. Charles A. Briggs.

The Brooklyn Young Women's Christian Association is about to commence the erection of a handsome building. A large plot of ground in Schermerhorn Street was donated to the Association some time ago by the late Mr. S. B. Chittenden, and Mr. C. D. Wood has given $125,000 to the building fund as a memorial of his late wife. Besides this the Association has raised $88,000 toward the cost of the edifice.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been holding services at Marietta, Ohio. The place has a population of over 8,000, and no auditorium was large enough to hold the crowds. Excursions by railroad and steamer brought large numbers from the surrounding country. Many of the stores closed during the hours of service, as did also the schools. About 1,000 persons expressed a desire to commence a Christian life. The work began with the Sabbath schools; then it extended to the college students and to the business men, who were influenced in large numbers.

Rev. Somerset Gardner has been conducting services in the Bishop Cummins Memorial Church, Baltimore, Md. Bishop J. A. Latane writes: "Mr. Gardner's services during the past ten days have been attended with very happy results. The attendance on the part of our own people, and from neighboring congregations, and from those in the community who rarely attend church, was very good and continued so to the close of the services. Mr. Gardner's preaching is mainly expository of the Word, and is characterized by great simplicity, earnestness, directness and faithfulness. Every sermon is full of the very marrow and fatness of the Gospel. His labors in the church will, I am sure, be long and gratefully remembered by both pastor and people. I commend him most heartily to my brethren in the ministry, and believe his fathful preaching will prove a blessing to any parish which may engage him for special evangelistic work."

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Copyright Bill—Should the Bible be on the Free List?—The Chilian War—California Floods—The Women's National Congress—A Noble Philanthropist Ill—Another Polar Expedition, Etc.

The Copyright Bill, which was Delayed last week in Congress, in order to give the Appropriation Bills a chance, this week goes into the hands of a Conference Committee of both Houses for consideration. Some of the leading features of the Bill as it now stands, with amendments, were explained in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Should the proposed amendments be accepted and the Bill pass in its present form, it would go very far towards shutting out foreign books from the American market. There is, however, one book that should be an exception, and in order to emphasize this view, the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, a few days ago dispatched the following message by wire to the House and Senate conferees:

"BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK, March 1, 1891.—In the name of religion, I would ask that your Conference Committee, if within its power, would so amend the Copyright Bill as to allow the Bible, in whatever language and from whatever land, to enter free. There should be no duty on the Bible, and it would be a glorious thing for our American Congress to set an example to the nations of the earth by placing the Bible on the Free List. Kindly lay this before the Committee.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE."

We cordially invite the co-operation of the Christian press throughout the country in securing this object—an untaxed Bible.

A Commercial Congress, at which Twenty-seven States and Territories will be represented, is called for the 15th of April, at Kansas City, to continue one week. It will consider economic questions affecting Western interests. It will be without political significance, beyond the fact that it will endeavor to secure greater recognition in the line of national legislation for Western needs and that, naturally, those representatives who will best aid these interests will have its approval and support.

There are Few on This Side of the Atlantic who do not know by reputation, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, whose noble and munificent charities have made her name a household word in England. The aged philanthropist—she is now seventy-eight—is in ill-health and it is said that her physicians entertain little hopes of being able to restore her. The Baroness is the daughter of Sir Francis Burdette,

and was born in 1814. From her grandfather, the eccentric banker, Thomas Coutts, she inherited a fortune of nearly $12,000,000 much of which has been spent in the founding of schools, institutions for the education of girls, church-building and missionary enterprises. Thousands of emigrants have been helped by her, and when the Irish were starving in 1880, she surprised the world by a woman's generosity and drew her check for $2,500,000 for their relief. For her many good deeds Queen Victoria raised her to the peerage in 1872. A portrait of the Baroness is given in this issue.

That the North Pole still Possesses a Strange fascination for the daring explorer is sufficiently shown by the increasing number of attempts made to reach that seemingly inaccessible latitude. The latest expedition to be projected is that organized by Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, of the United States Navy, a sturdy son of Maine, who proposes to start from St. John, N. F., about May 1st, 1891, in a whaling steamer, in which he will go as far north as possible and then strike across Greenland on foot. He will be accompanied by one or two companions and a small party of natives and will have as little baggage as possible. The expedition is purely a private enterprise.

The new Surgeon-General of the United States Army, appointed by President Harrison to succeed the late Dr. Baxter, is Colonel Charles Sutherland, a native of Pennsylvania. He is about sixty years of age and has been promoted from the humblest post to that of brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. He stands very high in the medical profession. Dr. Sutherland belongs to a family that has been distinguished in the Keystone State for its piety and energy in good works. He is greatly beloved in the army where his influence has always been that of a Christian soldier. A portrait of the new Surgeon-General is given above.

One of the Saddest Episodes of The Revolt in Chili, occurred during the recent fighting at the port of Iquique. The town after having been captured by the insurgents was retaken by the Balmacedist army, but on the 19th of February the insurgent fleet appeared and began to bombard the place. A force of marines was landed and some terribly hot fighting followed. The town was pillaged and great excesses were committed after the bombardment, and when the government troops under Colonel De Soto had surrendered to the fleet. The principal stores and residences were looted. Many unprotected women had sought shelter there, and they and their children fell victims to the fury of the insurgents, who seemed to be mad with a craze for blood. About two hundred innocent persons are thus believed to have perished. No foreign residents were killed. An armistice was arranged by the commander of the English cruiser *Warspite*, and considerable property saved that would have been destroyed otherwise.

One of the Most Remarkable Escapes from death ever recorded was that of four miners who, after being entombed alive in a flooded mine at Jeanesville, Pa., for nineteen days, were rescued, while 600 feet below the surface and three-quarters of a mile from the mouth of the mine. The air pressure kept back the water in the high pocket where they were hidden. When found, the quartette of prisoners lay on the ground, weak and unable to speak from starvation and exhaustion. When the relief party issued from the mouth of the mine, at four o'clock in the morning with the glad news, the crowd of men and women assembled there joined with trembling voices in the hymn: "Praise God, from all whom blessings flow." The bodies of nearly a score of their comrades were found in the flooded mine before the survivors were reached.

California has been Flood-swept During the past week in many sections, notably at San Bernardino, Colton, Los Angeles, and along the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific Railroads. Bridges, buildings and embankments have been swept away, and in many places great landslides have occurred, blocking the railroads and doing immense damage. A most serious situation was experienced at Yuma, in Arizona, where, the destruction of the entire town was threatened by the unprecedented rise in the Colorado river to thirty-four feet 3 inches—the highest ever known. The Gila river was also raging and portions of houses, trees and dead animals were coming down the stream. There are about one thousand two hundred people in Yuma, and unless the population succeed in escaping to high ground a heavy loss of life may result. In the Gila Valley many farms are abandoned, and thousands of head of cattle have perished. It is impossible to estimate the losses by these floods, which are caused by the recent heavy rains and melting snows.

Canadian Loyalty to England has been Stirred to its depths by the publication of the correspondence between Editor Farrer, of Toronto, and Congressman R. R. Hitt, of the United States, on the subject of annexation. This was the correspondence hinted at by Sir John Macdonald a week ago. In one of the letters, Mr. Farrer declares that the Commercial Union movement is dead, as far as Canada is concerned and that "a very large number of people are inclined to think we (the Canadians) had better make for annexation at once." All the letters are in the same vein. The writer, in letters to other prominent Americans, urges like views. These documents and the responses from Americans are denounced by the loyalist leaders as part of a plot to force Canada into the Union. The fact that the Tories are so worked up over the matter would seem to indicate that there is more truth than romance in Editor Farrer's presentation of the prevailing annexation sentiment throughout the Dominion. Sir Richard Cartwright declares that the annexation scare has already driven a million Canadians out of the Dominion. The campaign is the hottest ever known in Canada.

The Eyes of Women all over the Country have been directed, during the week, to the National Capital where the first Triennial Council of the women of the United States has been holding its sessions. It has been attended by hundreds of ladies who have made their mark in the various professions, including Miss Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. May Wright Sewall. Rev. Anna Shaw, Mrs. Zorelda Wallace and many others. The President of the Council,

Miss Frances E. Willard (whose portrait we give in this column) in her opening address, reviewed the progress of woman in the nation during the past three years. Interesting addresses were also made on a variety of topics including "Woman's share in the Control and Care of the Dependent Classes," "Women in the Churches," "Our Mother Age," "God's Women," "Occupation of Women," "Temperance" etc. May Wright Sewall was elected President of the Council for the ensuing three years to succeed Miss Willard. The latter lady, who is now about fifty years of age, is a New England woman of rare intellectual ability. She has been successively teacher, public speaker, College President, Temperance crusader, and editor. The last ten years of her life have been devoted mainly to the temperance cause which has no more eloquent advocate or successful organizer.

ENTANGLED IN THE LAND.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Escape of the Israelites Out of Egypt—Pharaoh Encouraged to Pursue—The Basis of his Hope of Success—They Were in a Difficult Country—Their Position Like that of New Converts—Often in Difficult Environment—I. Early Dangers—Dealing with Old Friends—In the Family and Society—In Business—Troubled by Doctrines and Hard Texts — By Hypocritical Professors — By Mental Difficulties—II. Security Under the Trial.

"For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, they are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." Exodus 14 : 3.

ISRAEL was clean escaped from Egypt. Not a hoof of their cattle was left behind; nor foot of child or aged man remained in the house of bondage. But though they were gone, they were not forgotten by the tyrant who had enslaved them. They had been a very useful body of workers; for they had built treasure-cities and storehouses for Pharaoh. Compelled to work without wages, they cost the tyrant nothing but the expenditure of the lash. His exactions of forced labor had grown intolerable to the people; but the building erected had been a joy to the lord of Egypt. When they were quite gone, Pharaoh woke up to a sense of his loss; and his attendants felt the same; so that they cried, "Why have we done this, that we have let Israel go from serving us?" Then they resolved to drive them back again, and they thought it easy to do so; for they said "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." Thus men thought; but the Lord thought otherwise.

Satan's Escaped Slaves.

Do not I speak to some at this hour who, during the last few months, have, by the power of the Lord's gracious hand, escaped out of the bondage of sin? You have got clean away from your old master. With a high hand and an outstretched arm has God brought you forth into liberty. But your former master and his friends have not forgotten you. You were once a valuable servant to Satan, and he will not willingly lose you. One of their hopes of driving you back is the belief that you are entangled by your circumstances and surroundings. They conceive that you have got into serious difficulty through your conversion, and that you cannot find your way out of your perplexity. I am going to speak to the raw recruits, "from Egypt lately come"; hoping that, by the blessing of the Holy Spirit, they may be cheered in pressing forward, and may feel that they can never go back to their old sins.

I. One of

Our Early Dangers

is this: we may become entangled in the land; the wilderness may shut us in. That entanglement takes a great many shapes. I will only hint at a few of them. Dealing with old friends is a frequent one. The man is a new creature in Christ Jesus, and since his friends find that he is so, they trouble him. His foes are they of his own household. How is the youth to make an open confession of Christ before his infidel father? Possibly the convert is a wife. How is she to be a Christian if she is married to an ungodly husband? Our earthly loves have great power over us, and it is right that they should; but herein comes a hindrance to spiritual life. Because of household opposition Satan says, "He is entangled in the land." The adversary thinks that you have not the courage to stand up against your relatives, and will not dare to confess your Lord before your wife, or your father. We shall see now whether the Lord has brought you out, or whether you are running off on a mere whim of your own: the devil will not be slow to apply the test.

In some cases the entanglement is not so much that of the family as of society. I have personally known one or two friends moving in high circles who have said to me, "As soon as I am known to be a Christian, my friends will cut my acquaintance." In other circles the same difficulties occur. The workshop has its trials as well as the drawing-room. "Ah!" says Satan, "the man came out, and confessed himself a Christian the other night, but I know where he works, and there is not a man in the place who will sympathize with him. He will be entangled in the land." It happens that one begins in the morning with a joke, a second comes on with an oath, a third follows suit with a sharp and bitter observation. All day long they give the new convert such handfuls of mud as they can find, and the hope of the evil one is that thus he will be forced back on his old ways. The same thing happens on the farm, or on board ship, or in the barrack-room; old companions want to have our society, and are not pleased with the silent rebuke which is implied in our separating from them. You know more about this than I do; but I wonder not at Satan saying, "They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in."

Business Difficulties.

To some, the entanglements come from having to deal with new matters. All things have become new, and among the rest even their ordinary business wears a different aspect. It used to be conducted in such and such a way; but now, on examination, the man says, "I am a Christian, I cannot do as I have done; and yet, how can I alter it?" It is a very simple matter to fall into those ways of trade which are questionable; but it is not quite so easy to quit them, and yet to gain a livelihood. It is no small thing for the convert to set himself right with the world in his changed mode of dealing; yet this has got to be done, and done with decision, too, or there is no escaping from evil.

We have known others bewildered with doctrinal difficulties. When a man's soul is renewed he begins to think, and he desires to understand many things which aforetime were indifferent to him. He meets with that most plain and precious truth, that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and he is well satisfied with that declaration. Still, as he grows, he seeks more knowledge, and longs to understand the deep things of God. Possibly, as a young beginner he goes beyond his depth. We have seen minds quite bewildered, where to us all things have seemed plain.

I have known people

Stumble Over Hard Texts.

"What means this text? What means that passage? What means the other Scripture?" You would be astonished if you knew how may people are disturbed in mind, lie awake at nights, and are likely to lose their faith in Christ, over Scriptures which are as cheering as can be when once they are understood. They get their heads muddled by things too high for them. People are more frivolous now, as a rule, and this evil is rare. Still, there are to be found, here and there, thoughtful persons, not yet fully instructed in the faith, who are puzzled and confounded as the infinite glory of revealed truth opens up before their astonished gaze. They will know hereafter; but for the present they are sorely troubled and perplexed, and their cruel enemy rejoices that "They are entangled in the land."

Far worse is the case of those who are entangled through strange discoveries. They came in among professed believers, and they supposed that all Christians were perfect (which, by the way, is a mere supposition), and now they have met with a certain loud professor who has acted very dishonorably and unkindly towards them, and they cry out with astonishment, "How is this?" We who know by experience and observation that Judas may be looked for among common disciples, since he appeared among the chosen twelve, are not so staggered when we see a hypocrite. We now expect to see black sheep, even in the choicest flock; but the new convert is sorely grieved and stumbled when he finds out the melancholy fact that all men are not what they seem.

It may be that, in his earliest days, the young convert finds out with surprise that his own heart is brimming over with sin. He thought that he was so changed that no sin remained in him, no temptation from without could move him. He hoped that he was so sure of the truth of God that he should never doubt, and now he has to cry, "Lord, help mine unbelief," for he can hardly decide whether he believes or not. He has discovered another law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity. He finds that when he would do good evil is present in him; and this inward conflict between the flesh and the spirit comes upon him as

A Terrible Surprise.

When beginners get into this rough road, they are taken by surprise, and know not what to do. What if, at the back of all this, too, we should be assailed with special trials? Suppose it should be that, ever since you have been a Christian, you have not prospered in worldly concerns as you did before. It will seem strange. When you were a man of the world, and were an enemy of God, you had plenty of money, and a host of friends; but now that you have become a Christian, your means and your friends are gradually melting away. It may be the case: I have known such an instance. Yet it is not hard to explain this in several ways. The Lord would not have us follow him for the sake of what we get from him. He would have servants who, having counted the cost, would lose estate and repute, yea, and life itself, sooner than turn aside from the way of their Lord. Perhaps you are being educated to this point of faithfulness.

Possibly, once more, some may be much beset on the road to heaven by

Mental Difficulties.

I do not often say much about these things; because there are plenty of preachers who, by mentioning difficulties, are really spreading them. Certain clever gentlemen of the cloth may think it their duty to sow doubts among their hearers; but I have no such ambition. They may imagine that they are answering the questions which they suggest, but it seems to me that they are merely advertising them to many of those who were previously unaware of them. Everything is now attacked. There is no part of the Bible which some critic would not take away from us. It may be, young friend, that you cannot answer all the objections which you hear. Do not wonder if you cannot. God's Word is sure, be the difficulties what they may. Know what you do know, and believe what you do believe, and get a firm grip of undoubted verities; and though, when you are worried with the doubts and hypotheses of philosophers and the like, Satan will say, "They are entangled in the land," let him see that your worry is soon ended by a childlike faith in the living God.

II. I have thus shown you what our danger is. Now, secondly, let us think of

Our Security Under the Trial.

My text is, "Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in." Upon this I make the first observation, that this is not true. It is only what Pharaoh said. And so when Satan says, "They are entangled in the land," is it not true; it is only one of the sayings of the father of lies. "They say"—says one. Well, what do they say? Let them say it: their saying will not make it true. Our adversaries say that our cause is defeated. Is it? "Ah!" say they, "we have shut him up. The man cannot answer us; we have crushed his faith, and argued his confidence to death." Have you? By the grace of God we stand fast in the once-delivered faith, after all your sophistries and boasts. You say that we are entangled; but we are not. "Show us," say they, "the way in which you will get out of the wilderness." No, that we cannot do; but, if you will wait awhile, the Lord will show you that, by leading us graciously through the divided sea, and it may be also *by drowning you therein*, as he did he Egyptians when the waters overwhelmed them. Israel could not guess her way, but Israel could wait till God revealed it. Newly-emancipated one, thou art shut

in with doubts and difficulties snggested by carnal reason; but, I pray thee, believe thy God.

My next observation is this: that though Pharaoh said, "They are entangled in the land; the wilderness hath shut them in," yet they had a guide. We, too, have a Guide. In providence we are not left without a Leader, and in spiritual things we are not left without the Spirit of God, who shall lead us into all truth. Young traveller, you are not turned out alone into a wild wilderness to find a path: the Good Shepherd goes before you; follow him as the sheep follow their shepherd. He never led his flock in the wrong direction yet. Do what he bids you, and you are safe.

The Way Prepared.

Remember, next, that the Lord had appointed a way for these people. There was not only a Guide, but a way. But where was that way? Mountains blocked them on either side. They could not turn back, for Pharaoh shut up that route. Where should they go? The reedy Red Sea rolled across their front. Hearken! Their way is across the bottom of that sea, and up from its depths to the other shore. A strange path! "It is no way at all," cries unbelief. Tried believer, the Lord will make a way for you where no foot has been before. That which, like a sea, threatens to drown you, shall be a highway for your escape.

I had once a friend, an upright, gracious man, a gentleman whom God had prospered. He had, when engaged in a bank, acted uprightly in a matter in which his superiors judged him to be foolishly scrupulous, and therefore dismissed him. He could not do wrong; and so he was left with a wife and family, without a situation, and as everybody told him, irretrievably ruined, because of his

"Foolish Conscientiousness."

He was afterward for years the head of that very bank. In a singular way, the Lord made his discharge the means of his advancement, so that he rose, step by step to be the master where he had been the rejected servant; and this, humanly speaking, would not have come about had it not been for the incident mentioned. Have faith that God can turn the evil into good, and that which threatens to annihilate you will be the means of your enlargement. *Look you well to your integrity, and the Lord will look to your prosperity.* The way of faith is not a common turnpike road, which every careless traveller may traverse without care or study.

Note well that the Lord would not only find them a way, but, at the same time, overthrow their enemies. You have come up out of Egypt, O young believer, but the taskmasters are at your heels! There may come a decisive moment, after which they shall never pursue you again. Those who seek your soul are to be destroyed, so that there shall not be one of them left. I believe that many a young convert hates sin, and hates all evil habits, but these evils keep dogging his footsteps, and seem as if they would master him; and then there comes a time of great struggle and tremendous battling without and within; on that

One Desperate Field

he fights the matter out. It is a triumphant thing when a man gets clean away from the world, and is reckoned as dead to it. He has burnt his boats, and has landed on the shore, from which he never can go back again, but must fight out the battle against sin even to the end. When a man is sworn into the army of Christ for eternity, and the world has cast him out, there is nothing for him but to go right ahead. Everything that he has is now staked on the cross of Christ. Happy man to have come to such a pass—to be once for all crucified to the world, and the world crucified to him!

Remember, also, dear friends, that when these people were thought to be hopelessly entangled, they were about to see the Lord perform for them a work which would be most helpful to their ultimate conquest of Canaan; for when Pharaoh and his chariots were drowned in the sea, Palestine heard of it, and all the natives thereof began to tremble. That day in which a convert has to fight out the battle once for all with himself shall give him strength for all future conflict, and smooth his pathway into the land that flows with milk and honey. You must not think, young Christian, because you are saved from guilt, that everything is done, and the warfare ended! There is a life-long conflict for you before you obtain possession of your inheritance; and, it may be that, if now, when you are in special trouble, you are found faithful, all the rest of the road will be cleared from similar troubles. Now shall the Egyptians be drowned in the sea.

Why had the Lord led the people so far if he would not help them still? Do I hear some one say, "I fear that I shall never get out of my difficulties"? Yet you believe that the Lord has brought you out from the dominion of Satan? Tell me, has God brought you so far to let you perish? He has broken off the yoke of sin; he has given you a hope in Christ, and you are a changed man. Do you think that he would do all this for you, and then leave you? Come, my brother, has

The Lord Brought You Out

of Egypt, by the precious blood of the Lamb, that you should die in the wilderness? Do you believe that Jesus has redeemed you to let you be lost after all? If he has set you on the way to the eternal inheritance, he will surely bring you into it. God is never defeated or turned aside. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged." Comfort one another, therefore, with such words as these.

If you, my friend, will come and cast yourself on Christ; and take him to be your Saviour once for all, he will save you now with an everlasting salvation. He saith, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Jesus himself has said it, "I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." Believe for this with heroic faith. Believe for eternal salvation in Jesus Christ, who is able to work in you a livelong escape from sin. According to your faith, so shall it be. Oh, no. The devil may say that we are entangled in the land, the wilderness has shut us in; but we shall get out of the labyrinth right enough. Is it not written; "Sin shall not have dominion over you: for ye are not under the law, but under grace"? We shall yet sing unto the Lord who hath triumphed gloriously. Our sins and our fears hath he thrown into the sea. So be it. Hallelujah! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Luxury of the Empire.*

ONE of the ladies of the palace of the Empress Josephine, Madame de Remusat, said, "I seem to be recalling a dream, but a dream resembling an Oriental tale, when I describe the lavish luxury of that period, the disputes for precedence, the claims of rank, the demands of everyone." Yes, in all that there was something dream-like, and the actors in that famous spectacle which is called the empire, that great show-piece with its scenery now brilliant, now terrible, but ever changing, must have been even more astonished than the spectators.

Court Trivialities.

In essentials all courts are alike. On a greater or smaller scale they are rank with the same pettinesses, the same chattering gossip, the same trivial squabbles as the porter's lodge, ante-chambers, and servants' quarters. If we examine these things from the standpoint of a philosopher, we shall find but little difference between a steward and a chamberlain, between a chambermaid and a lady of the palace. We may go further and say that as soon as they have places and money at their disposal, republicans have courtesies as much as monarchs, and everywhere and always there are to be found people ready to bow low if there is anything on the ground that they can pick up. Revolutions alter the form of Government, but not the human heart; afterwards, as before there exist the same pretentions, the same prejudices, the same flatteries. The incense may be burned before a tribune, a dictator, or a Cæsar, there are always the same flattering genuflections, the same cringing.

Josephine's Anxieties.

At that time, Josephine was anxiously wondering whether she was to be crowned. Her brothers-in-law became more venomous in their intrigues against her, and desired not only that she be excluded from any part in the coronation, but also that she should be condemned to divorce. Joseph Bonaparte was never tired of saying that Napoleon ought to marry some foreign princess, or, at least, some daughter of an old French family, and he skilfully laid stress on his own unselfishness in urging a plan which would necessarily remove himself and his descendants from the line of inheritance. The Emperor's sisters showed the same hostility toward Josephine, whom they hated, though she well deserved their love. Since Napoleon maintained an absolute silence as to his intentions concerning the coronation, the Bonapartes already imagined that she was going to be divorced, and hence exhibited an untimely delight which displeased the Emperor and brought him closer to his wife. At last, tired with family bickerings, he suddenly put an end to them and filled Josephine with joy by telling her that she was to be crowned at Notre Dame.

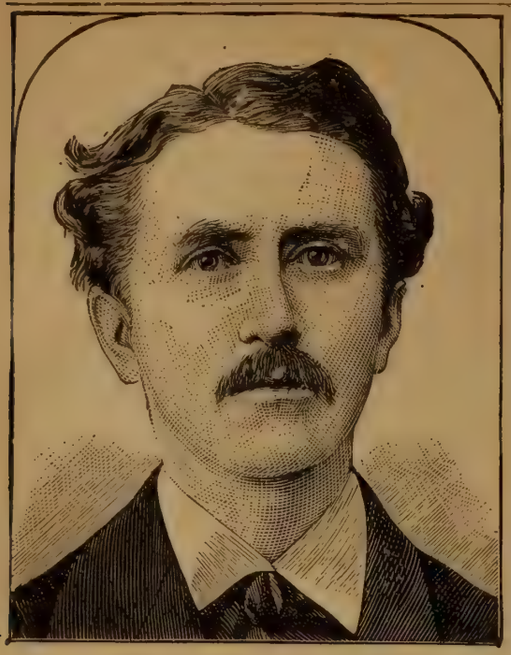
Contrasts in a Palace.

The Palace of Fontainebleau, where the Pope and Emperor were then living in triumph, was later to be to both an accursed spot. The Pope was to return to it a prisoner, maltreated though old, and there the Emperor was to drink the cup of despair, of humiliation to the dregs. It was there that conquered, broken, betrayed by fortune, he was to sign his abdication. It was there that he was to utter those heartrending words: "It is right; I have received what I deserved. I wanted no statues, for I knew that there was no safety in receiving them from any other hands than those of posterity. A man to keep them while he lives, needs constant good fortune. I think of France, which it is terrible to leave in this state, without frontiers when it had such wide ones! That is the bitterest of the humiliations that overwhelm me. To leave France so small when I wished to leave it so great!" It was there that, overcome by immeasureable grief, the conqueror of so many battles wished to seek in suicide a refuge from the tortures of thought, and that he was to fail to find death, he who on the battle-field had squandered so many lives.

The Coronation.

There had been a long negotiation at Rome to ascertain whether the Emperor would be crowned by the Pope or would crown himself. The question was left uncertain, and Napoleon had said that he would settle it himself at Notre Dame when the time came. Still Pius VII. was fully convinced that he was going to place the crown on the sovereign's head. He had handed him the ring, the sword, the cloak, the hand of justice, the sceptre, and was about to do the same thing with the crown. But the Emperor, who had ascended the last step of the altar, and was following every motion of the Pope, grasped from his hands the sign of sovereign power and proudly placed it on his own head. The Pope, outwitted and surprised, made no attempt at resistance. After thus crowning himself, Napoleon proceeded to crown the Empress. This was the most solemn moment in Josephine's life; the moment which dispelled all her incessant dread of divorce, the brilliant verification of her fondest hopes, the completion of her triumph. Napoleon advanced with

* From *The Court of the Empress Josephine.* By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. The historian in this volume brings the history of this unhappy woman down to the period when the suggestions of divorce were made to her by men in her husband's confidence, but still repudiated by himself. It was the period of her glory, but the time of her most torturing anxiety, for the shadow of that senseless and bootless crime grew more ominous from year to year. It is a volume of thrilling interest and historical value. Pp. 334; price, $1.25; published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



THE LATE MR. A. M. MACKAY.

A GROUP OF MR. MACKAY'S CONVERTS IN UGANDA.

emotion to this companion of his happiest days to the woman who had brought him happiness; she was kneeling before him, shedding tears of joy and gratitude, with her hands clasped and trembling. He recalled all that he owed her: his happiness for thanks to her he had been blessed with a requitted love; his glory, for it was she who in 1796, had secured for him the command of the army of Italy, the origin of all his triumphs. He must have been glad at this moment that he had not followed his brother's malicious suggestions and had not separated from his dear Josephine. He thought her more gracious, more touching, more lovable than ever, and it was without an outburst of happiness that he placed the imperial diadem on her charming and cherished head.

THE LATE MR. A. M. MACKAY.

THOUGH for some six years past the name of this intrepid pioneer missionary has been familiar alike to the religious public, and to all who are interested in African exploration, very little was known of him apart from his labors and perils. So much however was known of those, and so intense was the admiration of his courage and devotion, that a more than ordinarily cordial welcome will be given to the brief biography by his sister, which has just been published by Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son of New York. It tells us what we were most desirous of knowing about his personal character and private life, for the study of the character of a man so noble, so self-sacrificing as Mackay was known to be, cannot fail to have an inspiring influence on the student.

As a portrait of Mr. Mackay and a sketch of his labors in Uganda, appeared in this journal immediately after the intelligence of his death was received, we simply add to the matter then accessible a brief resume of the new facts contained in the biography, and heartily commend the book itself to the perusal of all our readers.

Alexander M. Mackay was born October 13, 1849, in the little Scotch manse of Rhynie, near Aberdeen. His father, the Free Church minister of the parish, was an ardent student, and during the long winters, when extensive parochial visiting was impossible, he devoted his attention to scientific pursuits. That he was a scholar of no small attainments is evident from the fact that among his personal friends and correspondents were such men as Hugh Miller, Sir Roderick I. Murchison, Professor Piazza Smythe, and Mr. A. Keith Johnston, the famous geographer. Until the attainment of his fifteenth year the boy had no instructor but his father, and could not have had a better one. He was then sent to the grammar school at Aberdeen, where he made rapid progress. His intensely practical turn of mind was already manifested, for his holidays were spent in visits to a shipbuilding yard, to a carding mill and to a photographic studio, in all of which he gained knowledge, which afterward was turned to useful account in his missionary work in Africa.

The turning-point in his life came with his mother's death, which occurred while he was at school. She had been deeply concerned about his spiritual welfare, and had offered many prayers for his conversion. Her last gift to him, left in his sister's hands, was accompanied by a dying message. It was the Bible which her husband had given her on her wedding-day, and her message was an appeal to him to search it diligently. His sister gave him the message and the book, and added her own entreaties to those of the lips then silent in death. Twelve years afterward he wrote to his sister from Uganda, "You have more to do with my coming out to Africa than you know of."

He chose the profession of civil-engineering as his vocation, and labored hard to fit himself for success in it. During his study, however, he was an earnest teacher in the Sunday School and in the Ragged Schools established by Dr. Guthrie, in Edinburgh. In 1873, he went to Berlin to study, supporting himself by working as a draughtsman in the School of Engineering at Moabit, and there, too, he found time for religious work. It was while he was in Berlin that the idea of giving himself to missionary work took deep root in his mind. He believed that Mohammedanism had achieved its triumphs by giving to savage peoples a higher civilization than they had, and that Christianity could win its way by a like principle. He felt sure that, as a civil-engineer, he would be of immense value to a people who did not know how to develop their territory, and while helping them would have opportunity of preaching the Gospel. He learned that the Church Missionary Society needed just such a man as he to take charge of a settlement for liberated slaves at Mombasa. He would have to superintend the making of roads, the erection of buildings, and above all, be able to give spiritual instruction to the benighted people. Mackay promptly offered himself. The Society however, had already engaged a man for the post at Mombasa, but Mackay's qualifications and his self-sacrificing spirit were so fully appreciated that he was offered the still more difficult position at Uganda. This he accepted, and in November, 1878, he arrived on his field of labor.

How he won the confidence of the semi-maniac king; how he remained in the country after Bishop Hannington had been murdered, and all his own seven companions had fallen victims either to the king or the climate; how he labored on, teaching the people, in daily peril of death, and how, finally, he laid down his life in the Master's cause—we have already told in these pages. For the complete story, in all its beautiful details, so pathetically told by his beloved sister we must refer our readers to her book.

THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

The Centennial Anniversary of the Death of John Wesley, on March 2, 1791.

THE centennial anniversary which was celebrated on Monday last, appeals probably to more hearts than any that has been commemorated by this generation. It was a hundred years ago on March 2nd, that the great and good man, whose quaint portrait, engraved from an old print, appears on the next page, passed from the scene of his labors. What those labors did under the blessing of God for this world, none can fully realize. Their fruits have multiplied in every generation that has followed, and the great religious denomination which sprang from them is at this day one of the most zealous, the most enthusiastic and the most aggressive of those which are laboring for Christ in the world. Methodists, as a class, believe in Christ and his atoning work as the one sure means of the redemption of the world, and without diverting their attention to the discussions which are disturbing other denominations, follow the example of the great apostle, and know nothing among men save Jesus Christ and him crucified. Their system of church government, which is a model of administrative organization, their energy and their munificence, render their Church one of the greatest factors at this day in the evangelization of the world. It is, therefore, a fitting thing that this centenary should be celebrated, not by Methodists only, but by all men who love the Lord Jesus, and offer the prayer, "Thy kingdom come."

The facts of John Wesley's life and work are familiar to all Christian readers. It is necessary here, therefore, only briefly to recapitulate some of the most prominent. He was born on June 17, 1703, in the little country rectory of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, England, a picture of which is here given. He was one of nineteen children with whom the good rector and his wife were blessed. John was trained at the Charterhouse and at Oxford University, was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and for a time acted as his father's curate at Wroote and Epworth. Subsequently (in 1735), he crossed the Atlantic and labored as a missionary in Georgia. In 1737 he returned to England. In May of the following year he experienced such an enlightenment that he declared he had never been really a Christian be-

fore. He soon afterward commenced open-air preaching, and the other evangelistic efforts which brought upon him the persecution of Bishop Warburton and the clergy. Many churches were closed against him, but Wesley rented an old building in London which the Government had erected for the casting of cannon, and which in his hands became the famous "Foundry," a classic name in Methodist annals. The City Road Chapel, a picture of which appears here, eventually superseded the "Foundry" as the headquarters of the new denomination. It was here that his remains lay in state for several days after the valiant soldier of Christ, worn out with labor and persecution, had passed to his reward.

The Birth-place of John Wesley.

City Road Chapel, London.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 126.*)

En Route for Rome.

AFTER seeing the maids well settled in a second-class compartment, Queen Margaret proceeded with her little party to a similar one in the next coach. Camilla demurred because she feared that the others, though they could well afford first-class accommodations, were going second-class on account of her own short purse. Carolyn demurred also. "Why—eh—to be sure—we think nothing of going second-class at home—but—it is different on the Continent — you know."

When the train was under way, Margaret explained that the "sleepers" were quite unlike those at home; and after due consideration she and Marie, who had been commissioned to buy the tickets, had concluded that with plenty of wraps, they could spend the two nights quite comfortably in a second-classs compartment; and without damage to their health or self-respect.

"We can change to first-class at any station," she said. "Shall we?" As no one felt like taking the responsibility of so doing, she went on: "By this means we save about a hundred dollars — twenty pounds of your money, Lyn. And now, girlies, let's have the fun of giving away our little savings. I shall claim the right to pay Camilla's share, as it was my whim. What shall we do with it?"

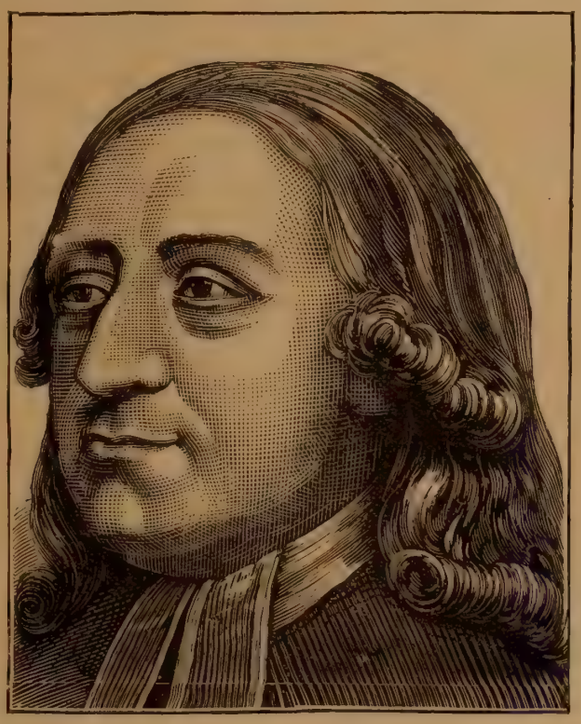
There was a hum of gentle propositions, in which figured the names of sundry convent schools, charity chapels, girls' parlors, etc. Like all deliberative bodies, they waited for the "cut and dried" plan which somebody who has the thing most at heart, has taken pains to make. So as the train sped on, Margaret aired her enthusiasm for the evangelization of Italy, especially of its army, and for the Bible as the chief agent. So it was decided that the hundred dollars should be put into Bibles to be distributed by the Military Church in Rome. The others were glad to have her settle the matter, though they failed to see the consistency between her hatred of war, and her taking the Soldiers' Church as a fad.

In the talkativeness of the first hours of a journey that comes usually from the excitement of getting under way, the young ladies discussed various plans for the enjoyment of their life in Rome.

"We don't want society," said Carolyn; "we have enough of that in London."

"My fazzer and ze Count prefair me to be varee quiet," said Marie. "Zey vill be glad to have me lairn somezing. Zey both say zat ze convent schools teach nozzing—nozzing; and I cannot see vy zey send me zere," dropping her hands despairingly.

"We'll learn all we can, my pet," said Margaret, encouragingly. "You will be a wise, little woman, by the time the Count gets you.



Rev. John Wesley, Died March 2, 1791.

About our studies, girls; suppose we plan to be each as independently industrious as possible. Each to go at her own sweet will through a church, or museum, or book, without bothering herself about the rest. Two, or even three of us, may start off on such an expedition without discourtesy. We have all been brought up so differently, there will be no earthly use in our trying to be all pleased with the same thing at the same time."

"*Si, si*," said Camilla. She had plenty of will of her own, yet from the glow in her pleasant eyes, it was plain that what pleased Margaret would be her choice.

"Now about a more important matter," said Margaret solemnly; "our religion. I hope we haven't fallen into the tourists' fashion of packing it away at home with our laces and furs."

"I should not dare travel without it," remarked Carolyn, with solemnly lifted brows.

"Ve might be in great need all of ze sudden; and it vould be a pity to be out." Marie's chirrup did its best to be decorous.

"We have been trained in different phases of the Christian faith," continued Margaret.

"Now, Christianity is kindness and tolerance, or it is nothing. We must make up our minds to prove ourselves actual disciples of Christ by ignoring any little remarks that any of the party may make clashing with our notions. We know and love each other well after our three months together in London. Like wise husbands and wives, we will not be hurt, no matter what might be said from each other's point of view." They all assented. "A woman's sensibilities are her strength," Margaret went on, "and also her weakness. When we learn to use our feelings for good, and, at the same time, keep them out from under foot, we are equal to any emergency. This trip will give us good practice."

"*Si, si*," said Camilla, while the others looked solemnly and quizzically puzzled.

"I wonder if we could agree to have family prayer?" queried Margaret. "That is what we call our domestic worship, in America. My mother always insisted upon it; and since I have been alone, I have kept it up with my guests and people."

"Margaret is the Head of the Church —the chief Pontiff," said Camilla.

"You can use my prayer-book, if you like," said Carolyn.

"Or mine," said Marie. "Zen I vould not forever forget ze Saints' days."

"Perhaps," said Margaret, "it will be best for us to read the Bible, one of us, aloud. Then repeat together our Lord's Prayer; and after that, for a few minutes each, pray in silence in whatever form best suits her conscience. In the Bible God speaks to us; and it is more important that we heed his words, than that we address him in a particular form of speech."

The next morning our four southward-flitting birds threw off the meshes of the dream-net, shook out their wings, smoothed their plumage, chirrupped their merry good-mornings, and were ready, each in her corner of the compartment, to note the unusual things to be seen from the car windows. Their train was winding about along a way surveyed for it by a river, one of those natural engineers, into the very heart of the Alps.

Later in the day there were tunnels after tunnels, and at length a prolonged darkness.

"Mt. Cenis at last, I verily believe," said Carolyn, who had carefully studied out, and duly announced every hamlet and ruin from Baedeker.

Soon after Mt. Cenis, came glimpses of hillside vineyards. Villages at the foot of the mountains across the valley, and a river dashing along two or three hundred feet below.

"Come, girls," said Carolyn, "a penny for your thoughts. I am sure you must have done a lot of fine thinking."

"I vould know ve vere in Italie," and Marie showed daintily her even, white teeth, "by ze

bits of color. Ze boy viz ze scarlet cap, ze girl viz ze red and green kerchief over her head, ze donkee viz ze bright tassel. Italian love gay, strong colors, as vell as my own people."

"And what have you been thinking about, Lyn?" asked Margaret.

"O, plenty of things. Did you notice how they shingle their cottages with stones, and back them up the side hill, usually about a big church?"

"Making the best of hard circumstances," said Margaret, "as your Londoners do with their resolute cheerfulness in a fog."

"Ah—yes—but what were you thinking of, cousin?"

"O, a good many things—too preachy to tell. Tunnels mainly. Not a cheerful topic."

"Ve must have ze sermon," insisted Marie. Margaret shook her head.

"The Queen must set a good example," said Camilla.

"Well, then; the tunnels set me thinking of the discipline by which my Heavenly Father has rid me of my selfish ambitions. I think the hardest trials have been like the tunnels by which you reach the St. Gothard Pass. There are seven of them in which the train describes a circle. It rumbles away in the dark, on a straight line for all you can tell: but you find that it goes up over a hundred feet in each loop. By those spiral climbs you get over the mountain."

"And must ve climb toward ze heaven zat way?" asked Marie, anxiously.

"What little climbing I have done has been by tunnelling through mountains of selfishness," replied Margaret. "Tunnel after tunnel, discipline after discipline, till we come to a Mt. Cenis, that seems as though it would never end. We would certainly suffocate in the gloom. When we die to self and the world, we come out into an Italy of assured, restful, happy Christian life."

Camilla kept back a sigh that threatened to become a sob; and then the sunshine rippled over her face again. Snatching her friend's hand to her lips she whispered, "Our Queen will find her summer in Italy."

"You haven't told me what you were thinking about, Camilla," said the persistent Carolyn.

"How *could* I think?" asked the Italian laughing. "We have just met the spring climbing the Alps from Italy; and my heart is singing with the birds, and dancing with the daffodils."

They changed cars in Turin. Their compartment door stood open, while they waited for the train to start. A tricksy, little whiff of air snatched Camilla's handkerchief, and let it flutter down on the platform, directly before a couple of gentlemen who were pacing back and forth. One of them captured the trifling, little truant, and returned it to Camilla, raising his hat with an easy grace that would have become the habitue of a king's court. He seemed not to glance into the compartment; but he saw that there were three other young ladies, all foreigners, and his eyes claimed kinship with his country-woman welcoming her back to Italy.

"A supairb bow," said Marie, when his ears were at a safe distance.

"He speaks beautifully," said Camilla. Her ear had taken in thirstily a word of his speech as he passed. "The Tuscan language in Roman lips. Our beautiful tongue.' Oh, our beautiful tongue!"

"He's fine looking," said Carolyn.

"If he were an Englishman," said her cousin teasingly, "he would be atrociously handsome. Did you notice his magnificent forehead, and how his glossy, black curls set off his complexion."

"His nose is sure to be big, if he is a Roman," said Carolyn.

"Roman noses are hard to conquer," remarked Margaret. "The one that gentleman wears would have fitted Julius Cæsar. I don't exactly like his eyes, though. You can't see down into them one inch. You never could tell what was coming next, sunshine, or lightning. Now look at that American walking beside him, his jaunty little felt hat set back of his head, and his hair tumbled off his forehead. You can see straight down through his open, honest, generous eyes into his big soul. He looks crude, and loosely put together, beside your Italian, as if when they made him, they had so large an order to fill, they could not spend much time with the joints and finishing: but you wouldn't be afraid to trust that man to the world's end."

Camilla's face clouded over. "Your Americans cannot be more generous than my Italians. They have always been free. They have not been forever obliged to choose between liberty and the dungeon on one hand, and ecclesiastical tyranny on the other. It spoils the eyes to look two ways at once." Then she added, in a whisper, and in her own tongue, "They have not had a faith that soars to Heaven and sinks to the depths of Hell!"

"What do you think he is, girls?" asked Carolyn. "He belongs to the stage or opera, doesn't he?"

"A nobleman," said Marie.

"A scholar," said Margaret. "What is he, Camilla?"

"How can I tell?"

"But what do you think?"

"I think he has been a priest, and is not now."

At that moment the two gentlemen, Italian and American, passed near the compartment door. The Roman was pouring forth a torrent of round, smooth, liquid vocables, gesticulating in that quick, graceful manner, that makes every muscle of every finger contribute to the emphasis. As they passed, Camilla caught the words, "The liberties of the Italian people." She had first heard that phrase, lying in her father's arms, her curly head tucked under his whiskers, her eyes fixed on the deep, prophetic face of Mazzini. They came to mean volumes to her during the terrible stress and strain of the long, troubled years. She glanced up; and her eyes blazing with the dark fire of patriotism, met those of the stranger. It was as if one beacon light had flashed to another, across a wild glen, a gleam of victory.

Alas, Uncle John! You should never have given consent for those misguided, young women to venture forth from under your protecting wing. But, after all, what difference would it have made, if you had been sitting in that very compartment, that very hour? Even an Englishman must yield to the inevitable.

Margaret saw the glance; and a sentence upon which the changes are rung in the Boston lectures on matrimony, buzzed through her head. "They looked into each other's eyes."

"He moves with the grace of a Roman senator," said Carolyn, "with his cloak thrown over his shoulder like a toga; though of course," she added, fearing that the precise facts might not bear out her statement, "one does not know exactly how Roman senators did move, never having seen them in actual life."

"Ze cloak is more graceful zan ze overcoat," remarked Marie, as the train began to move.

"So the sculptors think," said Margaret. "A novelist would as soon patronize a pug-nosed, cross-eyed, hunch-back for a heroine, as a sculptor attempt a fine effect with tailor-made garments."

"The Italians have natural grace," remarked Carolyn.

"How can they help it?" asked Margaret. "Anybody would catch the trick of being gracefully statuesque, if he could look upon masterpieces of draped dignity, every time he went to market."

(*To be Continued.*)

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THE TRACT ON THE TEMPLE WALL.

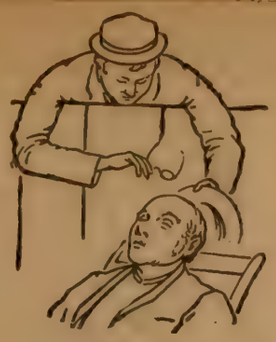
MR. T. S. BOTHAM, a missionary, writing from Fung-tsiang, observes: 'We had one instance of what a single tract can do, even in China, toward making known the Gospel. At a village near Lin-yui-Hien, we were surprised to find the people had an intelligent knowledge of the outlines of the Gospel. I asked them what they had heard, and they took me to see a tract pasted on the wall of a temple. They did not know how it came there, but I afterward learned that Mr. Bland had passed through early one morning, and not seeing anyone about, pasted up a tract and went on his journey. It is a very common sight to see our tracts pasted on walls of temples, and in villages, but a rare thing to find one tract having so great an influence. We spent two days in that village, and though the people were so busy with their harvest that we could only get a short time with them, many learnt the way of salvation more perfectly. The work in Fung-tsiang is still against wind and tide. Though here is little open opposition now, there is much to remind us that we are only as sheep among wolves. We have made some friends, and there are many interested in the Gospel, but the opposition of the officials is almost vicious, though, as they suppose, concealed from us."

SAVED BY A TEAR.

"GETTING into a railway carriage near a certain town in England, I observed a young fellow attentively reading the Bible. His hair being suspiciously short, marked him as a jail-bird 'growing his feathers.' Venturing to ask why he took such an interest in the Work of God, he volunteered the following story: 'In a moment of temptation I fell, was tried and sentenced to a term of penal servitude. There was in the prison a young assistant chaplain whose duties took him past the cell where I was at work. His look of sympathy always cheered me; and, though his duties did not allow him to visit the prisoners in that jail, I often saw him looking kindly at me. Once I saw a tear on his cheek. I felt I could die for that man, and, as I wondered what I could do to please him, the thought struck me that he would be pleased to see me reading my Bible. The next morning, when he passed by my half-open cell door, he looked in, saw me reading, and smiled. I continued to read regularly, discovered my condition as a lost sinner, trembled, on further study found the Saviour, and then rejoiced. I have never spoken to that young clergyman, nor does he know of my change of heart, but I owe my conversion to the tear on his cheek, which led me to search the Scriptures. I was discharged from prison this morning, and am now going home to my dear old mother in the village of N——.' We draw a veil over that meeting and the happiness of parent and child, although we did not leave him till we saw him enfolded in those arms of love, and then went on our way."

CHRIST UNDER WATER.

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says: "At a prayer-meeting a brother exclaimed, 'O Lord, I bless thee that I have enjoyed thy presence *on* the water, and *in* the water, and *under* the water.' A friend thought this a singular remark, and so he followed the good man, and sought an explanation. 'Why,' said the brother, 'I was once a sailor, and I found the Lord with me *on* the water in many a voyage; I was wrecked, and he was my Friend *in* the water; and after that I became *a diver*, and, blessed be his name, the Lord Jesus has been precious to me when I have been fathoms down." Where can a believer be cast in Providence, and find it impossible to abide in fellowship with his Lord?"



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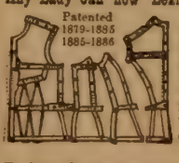

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Time to practice **EASTER MUSIC,** is it not?

Send for our **Fine List** of Carols, Anthems, &c., or for Easter Alleluias [5 cts., 50 cts. per doz.,] Rosabel, or Our Easter Offering [15 cts., $1.44 doz.,] a Cantata by Lewis.

MUSICAL SOCIETIES

should wind up the season by practicing such Cantatas as Don Munio [$1.50, $13.50 doz.,] Wreck of Hesperus [35 cts., $2.40 doz.,] 91st Psalm [60 cts., $5.40 doz.] Ballard. [Send for our list of 150 Cantatas.]

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are made successful by introducing easy Cantatas, like Dairy Maid's Supper [20 cts., $1.80 doz.] Lewis, or Garden of Singing Flowers [40 cts., $3.60 doz.], or Rainbow Festival [20 cts., $1.80 doz.] Lewis.

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who sing will be delighted to take part in the brilliant flower cantata, New Flora's Festival [40 cts., $3.60 doz.], New Flower Queen [60 cts., $5.40 doz.]; Kingdom of Mother Goose [25 cts., $2.18 doz.], Gipsey Queen [60 cts., $5.40 doz.] Send for lists.

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MY THREE-FOLD REST.

I.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden. and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11 : 28.

FROM sin and sins, dear Lord I rest—
Altar and Priest and Sacrifice Thou art;
By law and sin no more opprest,
I share in Thy beatitude a part.
My yesterdays are covered by Thy blood;
To-day my only shelter is Thy power;
To-morrow Thou will be as strong and good
As in the past most gracious hour.

II.

"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me: for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 9 : 29.

I rest by serving at Thy will—
Thy yoke is easy and Thy burden light;
And peace grows deep and deeper still,
As my obedience proves Thy might.
I hold my powers alone for Thee—
Use them in loving errands of Thy grace;
And calm me, though I may not see
Thy methods, as before Thy face.

III.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4 : 9.

And yet the noblest rest remains
In sweet reserve for hope and love;
It hath no place for sighs or pains,
'Tis kept a glad surprise above.
Oh, rest untroubled and serene,
In Thy bright presence, spotless Lamb!
Fit me each day, by every scene
For robe and harp, for crown and palm.

—*Stone.*

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

The tortures of dyspepsia and sick headache, the sufferings of scrofula, the agonizing itch and pain of salt rheum, the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh are removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Prize Seed Advertisement.

The adv't last week headed, "Only Good Seeds Bring Forth Good Crops," was awarded the first prize of $50.00 cash by W. Atlee Burpee & Co., the Philadelphia Seedsmen. In competition for the prize offered, 689 advertisements were received. The advertisement is well worth a careful reading and will be followed the next three weeks by three other successful prize advertisements, all of which are novel in display and conservative in expression; they are well worth attention as being the emanations of some of the best minds in this country on the subject.

In ordering any of the seeds advertised, or in writing for Burpee's Farm Annual for 1891, you will confer a favor, both upon the advertisers and upon ourselves, by naming this paper.

After La Grippe

USE WILBOR'S

PURE COD LIVER OIL

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PHOSPHATES.

For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases, and Scrofulous Humors.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich, and pure blood,—in fact, rejuvenates the whole system.

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Be sure, as you value your health, get the genuine. Manufactured only by Dr. A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest offer. Now's your time to get orders for our celebrated **Teas, Coffees,** and **Baking Powder,** and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Moss Rose Toilet Set, Watch, Brass Lamp, Castor, or Webster's Dictionary. 3 1-2 lbs. Fine Tea by Mail on receipt of $2.

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The Most Reliable Food For Infants & Invalids. *Not a medicine,* but a specially prepared *Food,* adapted to the weakest stomach. 4 sizes cans Pamphlet free. *Woolrich & Co.* (on every label), *Palmer, Mass.*

DR. TALMAGE says: "A great deal of sorrow is caused to young hearts and old by the thought that Christmas comes but once a year," but he continues, "why not extend the glorious season of joy, gladness and good-will throughout the year?" This beautiful thought has been brought rather forcibly to our attention of late by the hundreds of letters we daily receive, asking for "Christmas Boxes." What! Christmas Boxes in March, the idea! who ever heard of hanging up stockings in the Spring-time? But then the people have to use soap the year round and nearly twice as much is used in summer as in winter—you wouldn't think that—would you? But it is a fact, and if folks want "Sweet Home" Soap and wish to make the whole household merry with lots of useful, pretty, valuable and ornamental things, why not do it now as well as in December? and so we extend "Our Mammoth Christmas Box" offer for a limited time. Another thing! There was such an awful rush of orders last Christmas that some of our friends did not get the goods as soon as they expected. It aint so now, you can have the Mammoth Christmas Box when you want it. **Better order at once.**

Very Soapfully Yours, **J. D. LARKIN & CO.,**
Factories: Seneca, Heacock and Carroll Sts., BUFFALO, N. Y.

-Our Mammoth Christmas Box!-

OUR object in getting up this Mammoth "Christmas" Box is to introduce to the American people our "Sweet Home" Family Soap and fine Toilet Articles. They are the purest, best, and most satisfactory whether made in this country or England; every one who uses them once becomes our permanent customer. We propose a new departure in the soap trade and will sell direct from our factory to the consumer, spending the money usually allowed for expenses of traveling men, wholesale and retail dealers' profits, in handsome and valuable presents to those who order at once.

Our goods are made for the select family trade, and will not be sold to dealers, and to induce people to give them a trial, we accompany each case with all of the useful and valuable presents named.

The "Christmas Box" will make 100,000 boys, girls, men and women, old and young, happy; because it contains the greatest lot of Christmas Presents ever seen for the money. Beautiful things! Something for every one in the family, father—mother—all of the boys and girls—the baby—and hired girl. Such fun opening the box you never heard of. It is a great surprise to all who get it. It contains so many of the very things every one wishes to receive. Nowhere can such liberality be found.

We do not ask you to remit in advance, nor run any risks, nor take any chances. We merely ask permission to ship to you a box of these goods, and if after 30 day's trial you are fully convinced that the soap is all we claim, and the extras all we advertise, you can then pay the bill. But if you are not satisfied in every way, no charge will be made for what you have used. How can we do more?

To Get the Box simply write your name and address on a postal card and mail to us and we will ship you the goods on 30 day's trial, and you are under no obligations to keep the box if it does not in every way meet your expectations. We know the great value of our articles, and are willing to put them to the severest kind of a test, hence will send you the box on 30 day's trial and if not satisfactory will remove it.

Some people prefer to send cash with order—we do not ask it, but if readers of this paper remit in advance we will place in the box in addition to all the other extras a valuable present for the lady of the house. Articles that are near and dear to the heart of every woman, and that she will be proud of for years to come.

Where boxes are paid for in advance, we ship same day order is received. All other orders are filled in their regular turn.

Persons remitting in advance can have their money refunded without argument or comment if the box does not prove all they expect. Price of box complete, $6.00.

LIST OF CONTENTS.

ONE HUNDRED CAKES (full size) "SWEET HOME" FAMILY SOAP, enough to last an average family one full year. This Soap is made for all household purposes, and has no superior.

6 BOXES BORAXINE, (large size) for cleaning woodwork, washing dishes, dairy utensils, removing grease spots or stains from carpets, etc., or general house-cleaning, has no equal. Saves half the labor of washing, is a thorough disinfectant, and is a blessing to every housekeeper who uses it. Remember BORAXINE is nothing but a fine quality of Soap and Borax pulverized together. It is pleasant for the hands and cannot injure the finest fabrics.

One-Fourth Dozen Modjeska Complexion Soap.
An exquisite beautifier. Producing that peculiar delicate transparency, and imparting a velvety softness to the skin which is greatly admired. It removes all roughness, redness, blotches, pimples, and imperfections from the face. For all toilet purposes it is the luxury of luxuries. Especially adapted for the nursery or children's use, or those whose skin is delicate.

One Bottle Modjeska Perfume.
A delicate, refined, delicious perfume for the handkerchief and clothing. The most popular and lasting perfume ever made.

One-Fourth Dozen Ocean Bath Toilet Soap.
One-Fourth Dozen Artistic Toilet Soap.
One-Fourth Dozen Creme Toilet Soap.
One-Fourth Dozen Elite Toilet Soap.

One English Jar Modjeska Cold Cream. Soothing, Healing, beautifies the Skin, Improves the Complexion, Cures Chapped Hands and Lips.

One Package Clove Pink Sachet Powder. Delicate, Refined, Lasting.

One Bottle (Fancy Patent Stopper) **Modjeska Tooth Powder.**
One Stick Napoleon Shaving Soap.

OUR MAMMOTH "CHRISTMAS" BOX

Contains a great variety of Toys, Playthings, etc., for the Babies, and sundry useful and amusing things for the older folks. **Such as Boy's Tools, Saws, Hatchets, Shovels, Rakes, Hoe, Top, Spinner, "Crack Shots," Games, Jack Stones, Etc.**

IT ALSO CONTAINS

One fine Silver-plated Button Hook.
One Lady's Celluloid Pen Holder.
One Fancy Tidy.
One Glove-buttoner.
One Package "Steadfast" Pins.
One Spool Black Silk Thread.
One Gentlemen's Handkerchief, large.
Fourteen Patent Transfer Patterns for Stamping and Embroidering Table Linen, Toilet Mats, Towels, Tidies, etc.
One Lady's Handkerchief.
One Child's Fancy Handkerchief.
One Illuminated Wall Match Safe (can be seen at night).
One Package Assorted Christmas Cards.
Two Collar Buttons (patented).

☞ In addition to all of the above articles, we place in each box **ONE ALBUM** containing pictures of the following celebrities:

1. Wm. E. Gladstone,
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3. Daniel Webster,
4. J. G. Whittier,
5. George Bancroft,
6. Abraham Lincoln,
7. Ulysses S. Grant,
8. Robert E. Lee,
9. Gen. Sherman,
10. Thomas Carlyle,
11. Commodore Faragut,
12. "Stonewall" Jackson,
13. General Scott,
14. Thomas A. Edison,
15. Benj. F. Morse,
16. Joseph Jefferson,
17. Benj. Franklin,
18. Henry M. Stanley,
19. Oliver Perry,
20. Goethe,
21. Schiller,
22. Alex. Hamilton,
23. John Howard Payne,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Remember, "Sweet Home" Family Soap is an extra fine pure soap, made from refined tallow and vegetable oils. On account of its firmness and purity, each cake will do double the work of the common cheap soaps usually sold from groceries.

Our Price for the Mammoth "Christmas" Box Complete, is Six Dollars.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Edited by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

VOLUME XIV., No. 10. Offices, BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS
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EVANGELICAL WORK IN MEXICO.

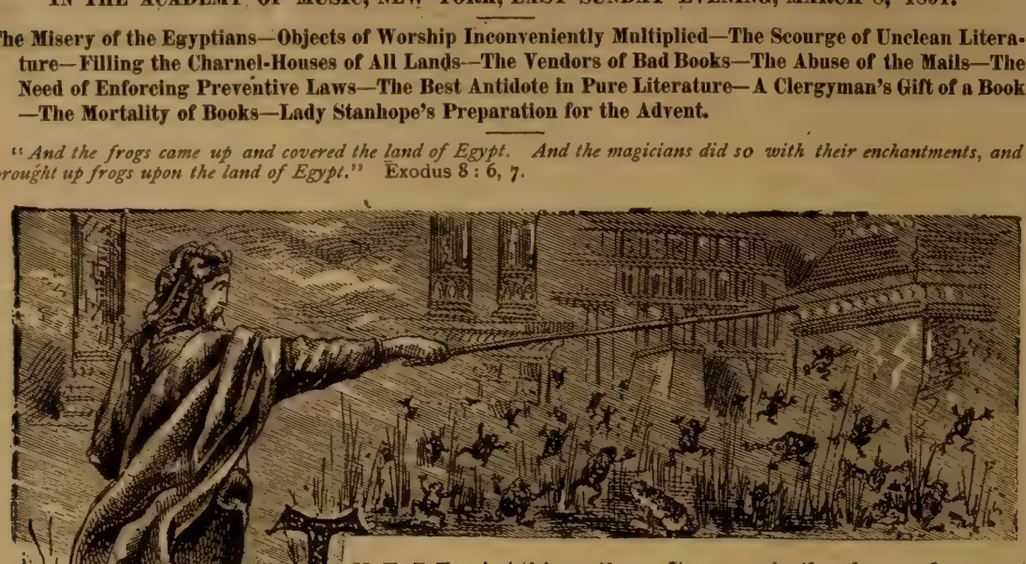
Portrait of Rev. Francisco Puerto—1. Church of San Jose De Gracia—2. City of Mexico—3. A Convent Now Used as a Barrack—4. Cathedral of Puebla.

THE PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON CORRUPT LITERATURE AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, LAST SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1891.

The Misery of the Egyptians—Objects of Worship Inconveniently Multiplied—The Scourge of Unclean Literature—Filling the Charnel-Houses of All Lands—The Vendors of Bad Books—The Abuse of the Mails—The Need of Enforcing Preventive Laws—The Best Antidote in Pure Literature—A Clergyman's Gift of a Book—The Mortality of Books—Lady Stanhope's Preparation for the Advent.

"And the frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt. And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt." Exodus 8 : 6, 7.



THERE is almost a universal aversion to frogs, and yet with the Egyptians they were honored, they were sacred, and they were objects of worship while alive, and after death they were embalmed, and to-day their remains may be found among the sepulchres of Thebes. These creatures, so attractive once to the Egyptians, at divine behest became obnoxious and loathsome, and they went croaking and hopping and leaping into the palace of the king, and into the bread-trays and the couches of the people, and even the ovens, which now are uplifted above the earth and on the side of chimneys, but then were small holes in the earth with sunken pottery, were filled with frogs when the housekeepers came to look at them. If a man sat down to eat, a frog alighted on his plate. If he attempted to put on a shoe, it was preoccupied by a frog. If he attempted to put his head upon a pillow, it had been taken possession of by a frog. Frogs high and low and everywhere; loathsome frogs, slimy frogs, besieging frogs, innumerable frogs, great plague of frogs. What made the matter worse, the magicians said there was no miracle in this, and they could by sleight-of-hand produce the same thing, and they seemed to succeed, for by sleight-of-hand wonders may be wrought. After Moses had thrown down his staff and by miracle it became a serpent, and then he took hold of it and by miracle it again became a staff, the serpent-charmers imitated the same thing, and knowing that there were serpents in Egypt which by a peculiar pressure on the neck would become as rigid as a stick of wood, they seemed to change the serpent into the staff, and then, throwing it down, the staff became the serpent. So likewise these magicians tried to imitate the plague of frogs, and perhaps by smell of food attracting a great number of them to a certain point, or by shaking them out from a hidden place, the magicians sometimes seemed to accomplish the same miracle. While these magicians made the plague worse, none of them tried to make it better. "Frogs came up and covered the land of Egypt, and the magicians did so with their enchantment, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

Now that plague of frogs has come back upon the earth. It is abroad to-day. It is smiting this nation. It comes in the shape of corrupt literature. These frogs hop into the store, the shop, the office, the banking-house, the factory,—into the home, into the cellar, into the garret, on the drawing-room table, on the shelf of the library. While the lad is reading the bad book the teacher's face is turned the other way. One of these frogs hops upon the page. While the young woman is reading the forbidden novelette after retiring at night, reading by gaslight, one of these frogs leaps upon the page. Indeed, they have hopped on the news-stands of the country, and the mails at the post-office shake out in the letter-trough hundreds of them. The plague has taken at different times, possession of this country. It is one of the most loathsome, one of the most frightful, one of the most ghastly of the ten plagues of our modern cities. There is a vast number of books and newspapers printed and published which ought never to see the light. They are filled with a pestilence that makes the land swelter with a moral epidemic. The greatest blessing that ever came to this nation is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been that of unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums and penitentiaries and almshouses and dens of shame. The bodies of this infection lie in the hospitals and in the graves, while their souls are being tossed over into a lost eternity, an avalanche of horror and despair. The London plague was nothing to it. That counted its victims by thousands, but this modern pest has already shoveled its millions into the charnel-house of the morally dead. The longest rail-train that ever ran over the Erie or Hudson tracks is not long enough nor large enough to carry the beastliness and the putrefaction which have been gathered up in bad books and newspapers of this land in the last twenty years. The literature of a nation decides the fate of a nation. Good books, good morals. Bad books, bad morals.

I begin with the lowest of all the literature, that which does not even pretend to be respectable—from cover to cover a blotch of leprosy. There are many whose entire business it is to dispose of that kind of literature. They display it before the schoolboy on his way home. They get the catalogues of schools and colleges, take the names and post-office addresses, and send their advertisements and their circulars and their pamphlets and their books to every one of them.

In the possession of these dealers in bad literature were found nine hundred thousand names and post-office addresses, to whom it was thought it might be profitable to send these corrupt things. In the year 1873, there were one hundred and sixty-five establishments engaged in publishing cheap, corrupt literature. From one publishing house there went out twenty different styles of corrupt books. Although over thirty tons of vile literature have been destroyed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, still there is enough of it left in this country to bring down upon us the thunderbolts of an incensed God.

In the year 1868, the evil had become so great in this country that the Congress of the United States passed a law forbidding the transmission of bad literature through the United States mails; but there were large loops in that law through which criminals might crawl out, and the law was a dead failure—that law of 1868. But in 1873, another law was passed by the Congress of the United States against the transmission of corrupt literature through the mail—a grand law, a potent law, a Christian law—and under that law multitudes of these scoundrels have been arrested, their property confiscated, and they themselves thrown into the penitentiaries where they belonged.

Now, my friends how are we to war against this corrupt literature, and how are the frogs of this Egyptian plague to be slain? First of all, by the prompt and inexorable execution of the law. Let all good post-masters and United States district attorneys, and detectives and reformers concert in their action to stop the plague. When Sir Rowland Hill spent his life in trying to secure cheap postage not only for England, but for all the world and to open the blessing of the post-office to all honest business and to all messages of charity, and kindness and affection, for all healthful intercommunication, he did not mean to make vice easy or to fill the mail bags of the United States with the scabs of such a leprosy.

It ought not to be in the power of every base man who can raise a one-cent stamp for a circular, or a two-cent stamp for a letter, to blast a man or destroy a home. The postal service of this country must be clean, must be kept clean, and we must all understand that the swift retributions of the United States Government hover over every violation of the letter-box.

There are thousands of men and women in this country, some for personal gain, some through inna depravity, some through a spi of revenge, w wish to use th great avenue convenien and intelligen for purposes vengeful, sa cious, and d bolic. Wake the law. Wa up all its p altics. Let ev court-room this subject b Sinai thund ous and aflas Let the conv ed offenders be sent for the full term to S Sing or Harrisburg.

THE LEOPARD'S CLUTCH.

I am not talking about what cannot be do I am talking now about what is being done. great many of the printing presses that g themselves entirely to the publication of literature have been stopped or have gone i business less obnoxious. What has thrown what has kept off the rail-trains of this cour for some time back nearly all the leprous peri icals? Those of us who have been on the r trains have noticed a great change in the few months and the last year or two. W have nearly all those vile periodicals been kep the railtrains for some time back? Who eff ed it? These societies for the purification railroad literature gave warning to the publ ers and warning to railroad companies, warning to conductors, and warning to ne boys, to keep the infernal stuff off the trains

Many of the cities have successfully prohi

ed the most of that literature even from going on the news-stands. Terror has seized upon the publishers and the dealers in impure literature, from the fact that over a thousand arrests have been made, and the aggregate time for which the convicted have been sentenced to the prison is over one hundred and ninety years and from the fact that about two million of their circulars have been destroyed, and the business is not as profitable as it used to be.

"THAT BOOK SAVED MY SOUL."

How have so many of the news-stands of our great cities been purified? How has so much of of this iniquity been balked? By moral suasion? Oh, no. You might as well go into a jungle of the East Indies and pat a cobra on the neck, and with profound argument try to persuade it that it is morally wrong to bite and to sting and to poison anything. The only answer to your argument would be an uplifted head and a hiss, and a sharp, reeking tooth struck into your arteries. The only argument for a cobra is a shot-gun, and the only argument for these dealers in impure literature is the clutch of the police and bean soup in a penitentiary. The law! The law! I invoke to consummate the work so grandly begun!

Another way in which we are to drive back this plague of Egyptian frogs is by filling the minds of our young people with a healthful literature. I do not mean to say that all the books and newspapers in our families ought to be religious books and newspapers, or that every song ought to be sung to the tune of "Old Hundred." I have no sympathy with the attempt to make the young old. I would rather join in a crusade to keep the young young. Boyhood and girlhood must not be abbreviated. But there are good books, good histories, good biographies, good works of fiction, good books of all styles with which we are to fill the minds of the young, so that there will be no more room for the useless and the vicious than there is room for chaff in a bushel measure which is already filled with Michigan wheat.

Why are fifty per cent. of the criminals in the jails and penitentiaries of the United States to-day under twenty-one years of age? Many of them under seventeen, under sixteen, under fifteen, under fourteen, under thirteen. Walk along one of the corridors of the Tombs prison in New York and look for yourselves. Bad books, bad newspapers, bewitched them as soon as they got out of the cradle. Beware of all those stories which end wrong. Beware of all those books which makes the road that ends in perdition seem to end in Paradise. Do not glorify the dirk and the pistol. Do not call the desperado brave or the libertine gallant. Teach your young people that if they go down into the swamps and marshes to watch the jack-o'-lanterns dance on the decay and rottenness, they will catch the malaria and death.

"Oh!" says some one, "I am a business man, and I have no time to examine what my children read. I have no time to inspect the books that come into my household." If your children were threatened with typhoid fever, would you have time to go for the doctor? Would you have time to watch the progress of the disease? Would you have time for the funeral? In the presence of my God I warn you that the fact that your children are threatened with moral and spiritual typhoid, and that unless the thing be stopped, it will be to them funeral of body, funeral of mind, funeral of soul. Three funerals in one day.

My word is to this vast multitude of young people: Do not touch, do not borrow, do not buy a corrupt book or a corrupt picture. A book will decide a man's destiny for good or for evil. The book you read yesterday may have decided you for time and for eternity, or it may be a book that may come into your possession to-morrow.

A good book—who can exaggerate its power? Benjamin Franklin said that his reading of Cotton Mather's *Essays To Do Good*, in childhood gave him holy aspirations for all the rest of his life. George Law declared that a biography he read in childhood gave him all his subsequent prosperities. A clergyman, many years ago, passing to the Far West, stopped at a hotel. He saw a woman copying something from Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*. It seemed that she had borrowed the book, and there were some things she wanted especially to remember. The clergyman had in his satchel a copy of Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, and so he made her a present of it. Thirty years passed on. The clergyman came that way and he asked where the woman was, whom he had seen long ago. They said: "She lives yonder in that beautiful house." He went there and said to her: "Do you remember me?" She said: "No, I do not." He said: "Do you remember a man gave you Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* thirty years ago?" "Oh, yes; I remember. That book saved my soul. I loaned the book to all my neighbors, and they read it and they were converted to God, and we had a revival of religion which swept through the whole community. We built a church and called a pastor. You see that spire yonder, don't you? That church was built as the result of that book you gave me thirty years ago." Oh, the power of a good book! But, alas! for the influence of a bad book. John Angel James, than whom England never had a holier minister, stood in his pulpit at Birmingham and said: "Twenty-five years ago a lad loaned to me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes and then I had to give it back; but that book has haunted me like a spectre ever since. I have in agony of soul, on my knees before God, prayed that he would obliterate from my soul the memory of it; but I shall carry the damage of it uutil the day of my death." The assassin of Sir William Russell declared that he got the inspiration for his crime by reading what was then a new and popular novel, *Jack Sheppard*. Homer's *Iliad* made Alexander the Warrior. Alexander said so. The story of Alexander made Julius Cæsar and Charles XII. both men of blood. Have you in your pocket or in your trunk, or in your desk at business a bad book, a bad picture, a bad pamphlet? In God's name I warn you to destroy it.

THE CHAMPION OF THE TOLETUM.
(*From an ancient print in the "Mozarabic Missal," 1770.*)

Another way in which we shall fight back this currupt literature and kill the frogs of Egypt is by rolling over them the Christian printing-press, which shall give plenty of healthful reading to all adults. All these men and women are reading men and women. What are you reading? Abstain from all those books which, while they had some good things about them, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in awhile there is a mind like a loadstone, which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass. But it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge throngh a fence of burrs to get one blackberry, you will get more burrs than blackberries. You cannot afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say: "The influence is insignificant." I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced the lock-jaw. Alas, if through curiosity, as many do, you pry into an evil book, your curiosity is as dangerous as that of the man who would take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see whether it would really blow up or not. In a menagerie, a man put his arm through the bars of a black leopard's cage. The animal's hide looked so sleek, and bright and beautiful. He just stroked it once. The monster seized him, and he drew forth a hand torn, and mangled, and bleeding. O, touch not evil even with the faintest stroke! Though it may be glossy and beautiful, touch it not, lest you pull forth your soul torn and bleeding under the clutch of the black leopard. "But," you say "how can I find out whether a book is good or bad without reading it?" There is always something suspicious about a bad book. I never knew an exception—something suspicious in the index or style of illustration. This venomous reptile almost always carries a warning rattle.

The clock strikes midnight. A fair form bends over a romance. The eyes flash fire. The breath is quick and irregular. Occasionally the color dashes to the cheek, and then dies out. The hands tremble as though a guardian spirit were trying to shake the deadly book out of the grasp. Hot tears fall. She laughs with a shrill voice that drops dead at its own sound. The sweat on her brow is the spray dashed up from the river of death. The clock strikes four, and the rosy dawn soon after begins to look through the lattice upon the pale form that looks like a detained spectre of the night. Soon in a mad-house she will mistake her ringlets for curling serpents, and thrust her white hand through the bars of the prison, and smite her head, rubbing it back as though to push the scalp from the skull, shrieking: "My brain! my brain!" Oh, stand off from that! Why will you go sounding your way amid the reefs and warning buoys, when there is such a vast ocean in which you may voyage, all sail set?

THE VICTIM OF THE NOVEL.

We see so many books we do not understand what a book is. Stand it on end. Measure it, the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it. You cannot do it. Examine the paper and estimate the progress made from the time of the impressions on clay, and then on to the bark of trees, and from the bark of trees to papyrus, and from papyrus to the hide of wild beasts, and from the hide of wild beasts on down until the miracles of our modern pap-

er manufactories, and then see the paper, white and pure as an infant's soul waiting for God's inscription. A book! Examine the type of it. Examine the printing of it and see the progress from the time when Solon's laws were written on oak planks and Hesiod's poems were written on tables of lead, and the Sinaitic commands were written on tables of stone, on down to Hoe's perfecting printing-press. A book! It took all the universities of the past, all the martyr fires, all the civilizations, all the battles, all the victories, all the defeats, all the glooms, all the brightnesses, all the centuries to make it possible. A book! It is the chorus of the ages—it is the drawing-room in which kings and queens and orators and poets and historians and philosophers come out to greet you. If I worshiped anything on earth I would worship that. If I burned incense to any idol, I would build an altar to that. Thank God for good books, healthful books, inspiring books, Christian books, books of men, books of women, Book of God. It is with these good books that we are to overcome corrupt literature. Upon the frogs swoop with these eagles. I depend much for the overthrow of iniquitous literature upon the mortality of books. Even good books have a hard struggle to live. Polybius wrote forty books; only five of them left. Thirty books of Tacitus have perished. Twenty books of Pliny have perished. Livy wrote one hundred and forty books; only thirty-five of them remain. Æschylus wrote one hundred dramas; only seven remain. Euripides wrote over a hundred; only nineteen remain. Varro wrote the biographies of over seven hundred great Romans. All that wealth of biography has perished. If good and valuable books have such a struggle to live, what must be the fate of those that are diseased and corrupt and blasted at the very start? They will die as the frogs when the Lord turned back the plague. The work of Christianization will go on until there will be nothing left but good books, and they will take the supremacy of the world. May you and I live to see the illustrious day!

Against every bad pamphlet send a good pamphlet; against every unclean picture send an innocent picture; against every scurrilous song send a Christian song; against every bad book, send a good book; and then it will be as it was in ancient Toledo, where the *Toletum* missals were kept by the saints in six churches, and the sacrilegious Romans demanded that those missals be destroyed, and that the Roman missals be substituted; and the war came on, and I am glad to say that the whole matter having been referred to champions, the champion of the *Toletum* missals with one blow brought down the champion of the Roman missals. So it will be in our day. The good literature, the Christian literature, in its championship for God and the truth, will bring down the evil literature in its championship for the devil. I feel tingling to the tips of my fingers and through all the nerves of my body, and all the depths of my soul, the certainty of our triumph. Cheer up, O, men and women who are toiling for the purification of society! Toil with your faces in the sunlight. "If God be for us, who, who can be against us?"

Lady Hester Stanhope was the daughter of the third Earl of Stanhope, and after her nearest friends had died she went to the far East, took possession of a deserted convent, threw up fortresses amid the mountains of Lebanon, opened the castle to the poor and the wretched and the sick who would come in. She made her castle a home for the unfortunate. She was a devout Christian woman. She was waiting for the coming of the Lord. She expected that the Lord would descend in person, and she thought upon it until it was too much for her reason. In the magnificent stables of her palace she had two horses groomed and bridled and saddled and caparisoned, and all ready for the day in which her Lord should descend, and he on one of them and she on the other should start for Jerusalem, the city of the Great King. It was a fanaticism and a delusion; but there was romance, and there was splendor, and there was thrilling expectation in the dream! Ah! my friends, we need no earthly palfreys groomed and saddled and bridled and caparisoned for our Lord when he shall come. The horse is ready in the equerry of heaven, and the Imperial Rider is ready to mount. "And I saw, and behold a white horse, and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering and to conquer. And the armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses, and on his vesture and on his thigh were written, King of kings, and Lord of lords." Horsemen of heaven, mount! Cavalrymen of God, ride on! Charge! Charge! until they shall be hurled back on their haunches—the black horse of famine, and the red horse of carnage, and the pale horse of death. Jesus forever!

The Building in Mexico Formerly Used by the Inquisition.

CHRISTIAN HONORS IN JAPAN.

GRATIFYING news is sent to the *Missionary Herald* by a missionary in Japan, in reference to the new Parliament, an account of the opening of which with a picture appeared in this journal on February 4. The missionary says: "The most important matter at the outset was the choice of three names to be submitted to the Emperor, from which he was to appoint a President of the House of Representatives, together with three names for the office of Vice-President. It is a notable fact that the person who received the highest number of votes and who was subsequently appointed by the Emperor, was Mr. Nakashima, of whom *The Japan Mail* says he not only professes to be, but is, a stanch disciple of Christianity." The vernacular newspapers of Japan speak in terms of warm approval of this choice. The fact is recognized that the office is one of immense difficulties. Few, if any, positions in the empire are more important, but the qualifications of Mr. Nakashima fof the place, his high moral character, and his intellectual abilities are recognized on all sides. Subsequently the position which many regard as the next most responsible, that of Chairman of the Committee of the Whole, was filled by the choice of Mr. Shimana Saburo, a well-known Christian. Will certain newspapers now retract their assertions that the missionaries in Japan reach only the lower classes?"

REV. FRANCISCO PUERTO.

The Persecuted Evangelist of the Church of Jesus i Mexico, His Labors and Sufferings.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

IN our Christian land and in these days whe religion is fashionable, we do not fully rea ize what it is to be persecuted for th faith. True, missionaries tell us of the danger they encounter in Africa and China, and ho their converts are ill-treated and sometime killed for professing their faith in Christ. Bu those things happen in strange, far-away lands where the people are savage and barbarous. I is, therefore, a little startling, to learn tha similar persecution prevails near home and tha near our own borders a man who boldly preach es salvation through Jesus only, is in danger o injury and death. Yet the man whose portrai appears on our first page this week is a livin witness of the fact. He bears on his body si wounds which he received from the enemies o the Gospel in Mexico. Twice he has been sho once he was stabbed, and thrice heavy stone were flung at him causing him serious injuries The vindictive hatred which prompted thes savage attacks upon him was aroused solel and exclusively by his preaching. "Fathe forgive them," he prays a his Master did, "they kno not what they do," and d sires nothing better tha that he may be enabled t continue his work amon his persecutors.

A few years ago a litt Protestant congregation i the town of Atzala, in th State of Puebla, Mexico, b came the object of hatre in the town. It was increa ing in numbers, and me who joined it were fille with the missionary spir and went out among the neighbors telling them the joy which came in their hearts through the new-found faith. Othe came and were blessed. A the congregation grew, je ousy worked in the hea of the priest of the tow and persecution arose. O day the church was attac ed by a howling mob, armed and thirsting f blood. The people fled. Unarmed as th were, they were pursued by the persecuto with shouts of, "Down with the heretics A number of them took refuge in the cou house, but they were followed, and twent one of them, including the native past were killed. News of the tragedy was se to Bishop H. C. Riley, in the city of Mexic and he succeeded in obtaining from Preside Diaz protection for the surviving members the congregation. They had asked that a ne pastor might be sent to them, but the bish felt reluctant to ask any man to go to a post such danger. He mentioned the request, ho ever, to the young men in the institution w were being trained for pastors, and there was prompt response from one who was not o ready, but eager to go.

This volunteer was Francisco Puerto. H antecedents had been remarkable. He h been teacher of a school at Santa Cruz, in t State of Morelos, Mexico, where he had rend ed himself somewhat conspicuous by the vel mence of his opposition to the work being do by a little band of earnest evangelical Christia in that town. But by God's providence there f into his hands a pamphlet showing the scr tural authority for Protestant teaching, whi had been prepared by the great and good Ma uel Aguas, the Mexican priest, whose portrait here given. Puerto read it and became c cerned. He borrowed a Bible from one of t members of the despised church and read it w avidity. It was a new book to him. Night af

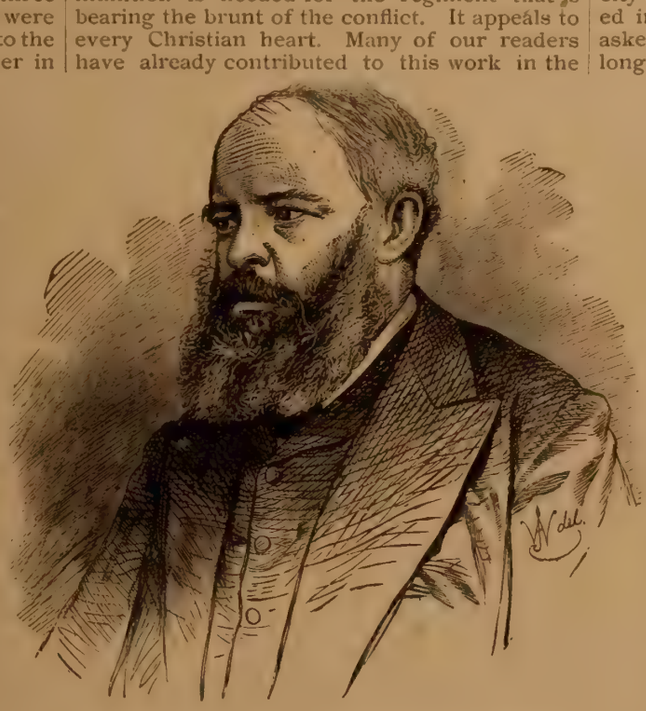
night, when his school was dismissed, he studied it far into the morning hours. Eventually, he was so thoroughly convinced, that he united with the Church of Jesus. Longing to be better equipped for labor in the cause of Christ, to which he now resolved to devote his life, he went to the City of Mexico and applied for admission to Bishop Riley's Seminary. The Bishop was deeply interested in his story, but was obliged to reject his application, as the Seminary funds were too straitened to allow of an increase in the number of students. Puerto went away, sadly disappointed, but he made another effort. He proposed to enter the Seminary as a servant. He declared that he did not care how arduous or menial the work was, he would do it gladly in return for the opportunity of study. On those terms he was admitted, and proved a most diligent student. He was also an earnest evangelist, and was eventually ordained. It was he who now proposed to go to the post of danger at Atzala and preach the Gospel.

His offer was accepted. So successful were his labors there that the little church increased, in spite of persecution, from fifty to three hundred members. Acts of overt violence were restrained by the force that, in obedience to the orders of President Diaz, maintained order in the town, but the hatred of the enemy was not diminished. Puerto was waylaid time and again as he went on preaching excursions to the neighboring towns, and several times he narrowly escaped death. He was shot at, and on two occasions the bullet struck him, but his life was providentially preserved. At another time, dismounting from his horse to open a gate, he was attacked by a man armed with a knife, who charged him with perverting all Atzala by his Bible teaching, and declared his life was forfeit. Puerto succeeded in remounting his horse and escaped, though with a terrible wound which laid him aside from his work for a long time. Again and again stones were hurled at him with murderous intent, but in spite of danger, he remained faithful to his work.

After eight years he was needed in the Capital and he returned. For four years he had charge of the fine stone church of San Jose de Gracia, a picture of which appears on the first page. There his labors were much blessed. His life, however, was often in jeopardy. Two attempts were made to poison him, but both failed through the timely administration of an antidote. Thrice he has been in prison for conscience sake. As a soldier in the forefront of the battle he has suffered much, but has lost none of his faith or zeal.

Puerto is now on a visit to New York. He speaks lightly of his dangers and sufferings but dwells much on God's mercy and protecting care. His object in coming, as he tersely states it, is to tell the Christians of the United States how sorely his countrymen need the Gospel and how promising is the present opportunity for giving it to them. There is a population of over twelve millions in the country, a large proportion of whom have not heard the Gospel preached in its purity and power. Full liberty of worship and the right to preach is now secured by law. Missionary operations, however, have met with difficulties in Mexico which are peculiar to that country. Mr. Puerto explains those difficulties on patriotic grounds. The Mexicans have stroug jealousies and dread annexation. They suspect foreign missionaries from the United States of being agents insidiously preparing the way for that end, and they have prejudiced against them at the outset. Mr. Puerto's hope for the evangelization of the land is based on native effort. The Church of Jesus in Mexico is a native national church, and that organization appeals to the people from their midst. It has already done a grand work among the poor. It has forty congregations in the various States, has two commodious churches in the capital, and a band of earnest, devoted preachers, proclaiming the Gospel to the people and visiting them in their homes. The only difficulty in the way of its indefinitely extending its work, is one of money. Its pastors want to distribute evangelical literature far and wide, to get the Word of God into the hands of the people and to send its evangelists to new towns in distant districts. God has so blessed the efforts already made, that there is the most abundant encouragement to extend the work.

Puerto becomes almost breathless and his face lights up with enthusiasm as he tells of what has been done and of what may be done with a little help. He says, he wants the Christians of the United States to know of the opportunity, and he is sure that they will give the rising church all the money it needs. He believes that they only need to *know*, and the money will come. The enthusiasm of the man is contagious. He comes from the front of the battle with his scars to bear witness to his valor, and the message he brings to the Church is of victory and the need of present help to press forward. It is like a soldier's message that ammunition is needed for the regiment that is bearing the brunt of the conflict. It appeals to every Christian heart. Many of our readers have already contributed to this work in the past, and have thus helped to advance it to its present position of vantage. They will be glad to hear Mr. Puerto's report, and others may join them in the effort. Contributions may be sent to Mr. J. P. Heath, 43 Bible House, N. Y.



Manual Aguas, the Converted Mexican Monk.

THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO.

(See Illustration on page 148.)

THE picture here given is of a place in which the Christian visitor reverently bares his head. It is hallowed as the scene of many martyrdoms. The building which is in the City of Mexico was once the Inquisition. There many faithful Christians were imprisoned and in the open court many were burned to death. Its suppression was not achieved until the year 1820. When it was finally overthrown, the horrors which were exposed were appalling. In the passages which crossed the courtyard underground, evidences were found of the tortures inflicted on the hapless prisoners. Manacles and instruments of torture were brought out amid the execrations of the spectators. It had been in full sway for two hundred and forty-six years. The *Brazero* or burning-place where those were burned whom torture and imprisonment had failed to subdue, was near the church of San Diego. One bigoted chronicler mentions with much satisfaction the burning there of "twenty-one pestilent Lutherans." It is a place of sad yet glorious association.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Why Lamps are Used so Extensively in New York and other great cities when gas and electricity can be had, was explained recently to a reporter by a dealer in lamps. He said that he sold more of them every year, and not to poor people, but to the wealthy. "They are," he said, "greatly valued by fashionable ladies. The light shed by them is subdued, soft and mellow in its effect, and lends an æsthetic touch of animated color to the faces of pallid and tired-out women at five o'clock teas and other social gatherings. The hard, unsympathetic glare of gas or electricity is too searching, and reveals too clearly all those little defects which feminine tact wants to conceal or modify by means of the softer lamplight." There is the same shrinking on the part of persons conscious of moral and spiritual blemishes from the light of God's Word and from faithful preaching, But they are only postponing the exposure, and with terrible consequences. (Luke 12 : 3.)

The Romantic Reunion of a Husband and wife was described recently to the reporter of a Philadelphia journal. A hair-importer in that city states that a beautiful lady, shabbily dressed in deep mourning, called at his store and asked him if he would buy her hair. It was long and of a delicate auburn shade much in demand. The dealer willingly agreed, and the lady let down her hair. While he was cutting it off she wept. She said that only dire poverty and the urgent necessity of obtaining money to buy food for herself and child had made her willing to sell her hair. Her husband had always greatly admired it, but he was dead, having perished in a shipwreck. All her money was gone and she had wandered from city to city in a futile search for employment. The hair-dealer was very sorry for her and, thinking that if her case were known some kind person might assist her, he wrote a brief statement of the circumstances, which was published in a newspaper. A few days later a tall, bearded man called on him and begged for a sight of the hair. It was shown him and he at once recognized it as that of his wife. He said he had been saved from the wreck but had been cast on an island far out of the track of steamers, and it had been over a year before he could get back to America. Then his wife had disappeared and he had been unable to get any trace of her until the hair-dealer's letter gave him a clue. The dealer gladly gave him the wife's address and the husband hurried away to find her and relieve her wants. Thus the sacrifice which the wife mourned was the means of bringing her a joy beyond her hopes. Still greater happiness has sometimes come from what seemed to be misfortunes. There are many who through the loss of property have been led to seek and find eternal riches. (Phil 3 : 8.)

A Hydrophobia Fund has been Established for New Jersey. In 1877, when five little boys were bitten by a rabid dog in Newark, and Dr. William O'Gorman advocated the Pasteur treatment, a large sum of money was contributed by the general public through the newspapers. The children were sent to Paris, and successfully treated by Pasteur's assistants, and when all expenses had been paid, $776.35 remained out of the fund, in bank in Newark. Last week the trustees of the fund turned the money over to the New York Bacteriological Institute, on the understanding that indigent patients from New Jersey be treated free of charge for five years. It may be that persons bitten by dogs in other States may be deterred from coming to New York for treatment by the expense involved, but it may be safely predicted that no citizen of New Jersey in like case will fail to come. He will surely avail himself of the right of free treatment. He will not act as those do who, with the poison of sin in their veins, and in danger of eternal death, neglect the offer of the Great Physician to save them without money and without price. (Isa. 1 : 18.)

THE EMPEROR AND THE HERETIC.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for March 22. "Fear not for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." II. Kings 6 : 16.

HOW to deal with the servants of God when their words have been embarrassing to rulers of the earth, has always been a perplexing problem. It would seem a simple matter for a great potentate to arrest the inconvenient talker and imprison him or put him to death; but the process has always been beset with difficulties. When the king of Syria sent "horses and chariots and a great host" to capture one man, and he not a warrior defended by his troops, he was only showing his sense of the difficulty that other kings have felt since his time. God, who rules the world, sees to it that his servants shall be hedged about; and though we see not the horses and chariots of fire which Elisha's servant was permitted to see, it has often been manifested in history that circumstances have combined to prevent the good man being injured with impunity.

One of the most conspicuous examples on record is that of the brave man who on April 16, 1521, arrived in Worms in response to a summons from the mighty Emperor of Germany. The Diet of the Empire was assembled there and he was to appear before it. The Emperor had been exhorted to put him to death. His friends had begged him not to go and had bade him farewell before he started, with premonitions that they would never see him again. Again and again on his long journey messengers reached him from persons in Worms interested in his welfare warning him against coming. One of them, mixing with the men high in imperial favor, heard that the Emperor was being urged to violate the promise of safety he had given and was assured that there would be no sin in breaking a promise given to a heretic. He knew that the Emperor was accustomed to lend a willing ear to the counsels of these men and he dispatched a messenger who met Luther outside the gates and begged him not to enter Worms. "Go and tell your master," said Luther to the messenger, "that even should there be as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the house-tops, still I would enter it." "There are so many bishops and cardinals at Worms," said another, "they will burn you and reduce your body to ashes as they did with John Huss." "Though they should kindle a fire," Luther answered, "all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, the flames of which reached to heaven, I would walk through it in the name of the Lord." And so he went on, confident in the divine protection.

When the news of his arrival reached the Emperor, the Privy Council was summoned and the Emperor asked for advice. The Bishop of Palermo promptly gave it, "Let your imperial majesty," he said, "get rid of this man at once. Did not Sigismond cause John Huss to be burnt? We are not bound to give or to observe the safe conduct of a heretic." The spirit of justice, however, was invoked by those favorable to Luther who protested against his being condemned unheard.

Luther appeared before the Diet on the next day. It was a spectacle the world will never forget. There was an assemblage that might well strike awe into the heart of the bravest man. The Emperor whose sovereignty extended over a great part of the old and new world was seated on his throne. Near him was his brother the Archduke Ferdinand, and around, six electors whose descendants were to wear royal crowns, twenty-four dukes, wielding practically independent sovereignty, thirty archbishops, bishops and abbots, a great number of princes and barons. In all two hundred and four illustrious persons beside the Papal nuncios who had come there thirsting for the blood of the heretic. In all that brilliant throng not one could be counted a sure and firm friend of the man who stood before them to be judged. Yet he, the son of a humble miner, the preacher already excommunicated, was unmoved.

"If you do not retract," said the Chancellor, when Luther had defined his position, "the Emperor and the states of the empire will consult what course to adopt against an incorrigible heretic." To which Luther replied, "May God be my helper; for I can retract nothing." What that answer involved every one knew, and no one more clearly than the man who uttered it. The Emperor announced his intention the next day of proceeding "against Luther and his adherents by every means calculated to destroy them." With the Emperor in this mind, with the cardinals, archbishops and abbots eager for his death, fierce, implacable and vigilant, remorseless to an extent that none ever reach, but those who hold office as religious teachers, it seems little short of a miracle that Luther left Worms alive and lived afterward to continue his labors and die a natural death. To the last he ascribed his preservation to God, who of old sent horses and chariots of fire to surround Elisha and protect him from the king. "The devil himself," he was wont to say, "guarded the Pope's citadel: but Christ made a wide breach in it, and Satan was constrained to confess that the Lord is mightier than he."

THE PROPHETIC INTERVAL.

The Interposition of the Present Parenthetical Dispensation as Outlined in Zechariah and in Matthew.

BY GEORGE H. PEMBER.

IT is indicated (Dan. 9: 25-27) that the four hundred and ninety years were to be intermitted just before the cutting off of Messiah: Is there any other notice in Scripture of the setting aside of his covenant with the Jews at that time? We shall find one in the eleventh chapter of Zechariah, of the contents of which the following is a slight sketch:

The prophet begins with a description of terrible destruction (Zech. 11: 1-3), the reason for which is given in the subsequent verses. Then Judah is set before us as a flock destined for slaughter, whose rulers are swayed only by selfish motives: their possessors the Romans, their sellers the Herodians, and their shepherds the Pharisees and Sadducees, all join in oppressing them.

Christ's Two Official Staves.

But the Lord undertakes to feed them, especially distinguishing the poor of the flock; and as Moses had his rod, so Christ takes two staves significant of his office, one of which he calls Beauty, or rather Favor, and the other Bands. By the first the full outpouring of God's love was secured to the nation. By the second, even if they lost for a time the favor of God, they would still be held together as a covenant people.

Having himself undertaken to be Shepherd, the Lord proceeds to cut off in one month three hireling shepherds whom his soul abhorred. These were probably the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Herodians, the silencing of whom we may find in the twenty-second chapter of Matthew. Then, because their soul abhorred him, he declared that he would no longer feed them, and broke his staff called Favor, giving as his reason, "That I might break my covenant which I had, made with all the people."

Nevertheless, the poor of the flock, as many as believe on him, continue to wait on the Lord, and he still feeds them—it is the covenant with all the people which is broken; but of the rest of the nation he demands the wages of his service in anticipation of his betrayal, and is priced at thirty pieces of silver. Then the second staff, Bands, is broken; for the Jews go on to smite the Judge of Israel with a rod upon the cheek, and can, therefore, no longer be held together as a covenant nation at Jerusalem, but are given up to be scattered from their city. Such is an outline of the prophecy to the end of the fourteenth verse, after which comes the interval revealed to Daniel; and, consequently, we are at once carried from the betrayal of the Messiah and the dispersion of the Jew to the idol shepherd, the Antichrist, who will destroy the flock in the last week, and he himself be overthrown "when the Chief Shepherd shall appear." (I. Pet. 5: 4.)

The Interval in Matthew.

A similar outline may be traced in the dispensational Gospel of Matthew. For both the Forerunner and the Lord Himself begin their ministry with the cry, "Repent, for the kingdom of the heavens has come nigh." The four hundred and eighty-three years [sixty-nine weeks of years] were drawing to a close; but the dreary interval would not be necessary if Israel could at that time repent and receive the Anointed Prince.

In the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters, the laws of the kingdom are delivered by the King, who speaks throughout on the authority of his own word, and finally reveals himself to the multitude as the future judge of the quick and the dead. The leaders of Israel did not, however, hail him as the long-expected Messiah, but disliked his teaching, and they became more and more determinedly opposed to him as he multiplied the signs of his power. Consequently, he soon began to hint that

There Must be Delay

in the restoration of the kingdom, and spoke of a future absence of the Bridegroom, during which the children of the bridechamber should mourn. (Matt. 9: 15.) Nevertheless, when he looked on the multitude, he was moved with compassion, "because they were harassed and scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd." (Matt. 9: 36.) And so he renewed his offer, and, by sending out his twelve disciples, again appealed to the hearts of the people with the stirring proclamation, "The kingdom of the heavens has drawn nigh." (Matt. 10: 7.) But there was no adequate result: for he presently began to complain of the waywardness of his generation, and to upbraid those cities wherein most of his mighty works had been done, because they repented not. (Matt. 11: 16-24.)

In the twelfth chapter, the malice and opposition of the rulers is still more marked; and, unable to deny his acts of power, they dare to say, "This fellow doth not cast out demons but by Beelzebub the prince of the demons." Then at length he began to show that his soul also abhorred them: his mouth spoke terrible things, and he declared that their despised privileges should bring down the thunder of God's judgment upon their heads.

Having predicted the fate of the Jews, the Lord proceeded, on the same day (Matt. 13: 1), to foretell what should follow; to speak of the branches of the wild olive tree which should be grafted in after the breaking-off of the natural branches; to reveal, though as yet only in parable, something of the great mystery which had been hidden from past ages. It is as though he had left it open to them to decide by their obedience or disobedience, whether

The Last of Daniel's Weeks

should be fulfilled immediately after the sixty-ninth, or whether there should be a wearisome interval of discipline. Henceforth the character of our Lord's preaching was changed, and we find from Luke that, as he drew nigh to Jerusalem for his death, he spake a parable to show that the first offers were withdrawn, and that the kingdom of the heavens could not now immediately appear. (Luke 19: 11.) A little later, probably in the same hour, he was standing on the brow of Olivet, and, while gazing from thence at the fair scene spread out before him, wept as he uttered the memorable lamentation: "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes." For Messiah was about to be cut off, and city and sanctuary should be destroyed.

Nevertheless, he entered into the city on this last day of the four hundred and eighty-third year of Daniel's period, and he did so "riding upon an ass and upon a colt the foal of an ass," that, by the simultaneous fulfilment of two great prophecies, he might make a last appeal to the rebel Jews. But it was all in vain; the enthu-

siasm of the populace was only momentary, while the malice of the rulers was greatly ntensified.

In the prophecy which he immediately afterwards delivered on the Mount of Olives, the Lord fills in that part of Daniel's outline which was yet future, even mentioning the prophet by name. He hints at the destruction of the city and sanctuary after his own decease, and then passes on to notice what should happen in the days immediately preceding the fulfilment of the times of the Gentiles and simultaneous completion of the last seven years of God's dealings with the Jews in Jerusalem. And thus, in the New Testament also, the great interpreting revelation given to Daniel is found to be the key of all prophecy which concerns the Jew.

ELISHA'S DEFENDERS.

S. LESSON FOR MARCH 22, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 6:8-18. GOLDEN TEXT, II. KINGS 6:16.

An Advance on Elijah's Mission—A New Lesson—The Plans of the Invader of Israel—Elisha Reveals Them to the King—The Ambush Avoided—A Traitor's Presence Suspected—Elisha's Agency Perceived—The Soldiers Sent to Capture Him—Tranquillity Based on Faith—The Soldiers Entrapped—The Effect in Syria.

ELISHA never lost sight of his vocation. Called to follow Elijah, a man whose life was lived far more with God than with man, whose very existence by the brookside, and in the widow's house was a miracle, Elisha had inherited from him an eye for the unseen. (II. Cor. 4:18.) But this man of God must translate into common, ordinary life the knowledge he had gained of the will, and power, and love of his God. "He that cometh to God must believe that he *is*;" such was especially the testimony of Elijah; "and that he is a Rewarder of them that diligently seek him" (Heb 11:6), such was more particularly the testimony of Elisha. God as God, in his very Being, was the witness of the one, God in his working for his people, that of the other. Both these men had to do with kings as well as with ordinary men; but the state of the court or the simplicity of the poor man's home were alike in the eyes of these men of God, passing things, neither to be envied nor despised.

God was at work in Israel, and his witnesses were increasing in the land, but the king and the great mass of the people were yet without God. He permitted trial to come upon them; "the king of Syria warred against Israel." Naaman was no longer field-marshal, or we should hear of him in some way at this juncture. If he was still living, we may well conceive that he would resign his post rather than lift a hand against Israel or Israel's God. Ben-hadad himself, seems to have taken the command, and he held a council of war as to the place where he would make his camp. No reporters were present, all men sworn to secresy, yet intelligence of his plans reached Jehoram, king of Israel. Ben-hadad moved his camp, but a second time, and yet a third, the king of Israel became aware of his movements. How could he understand anything so mysterious? The king of Syria knew not the living God who doeth nothing "but he revealeth his secret to his servants, the prophets." (Amos 3:7.)

There is a Witness

present in every assembly; in the most secret of secret councils, he listens to all that is said, and takes notes; he hears and sees all that transpires. "Woe unto them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord, and their works are in the dark, and they say, who seeth us? and who knoweth us?" (Isa. 29:15.) God yearned over Jehoram's soul. He had begun his reign by putting away the image of Baal, (I. Kings 3:2,) and thus manifested more fear of God than his father Ahab. But he would not give up the golden calves, he clung to Jeroboam's sin. God had sent deliverance to him in the war against Moab, and now he sends his prophet to say to him, "Beware that thou pass not such a place, for thither the Syrians are come down." Repeatedly the warning was given, and defeat avoided, and Jehoram knew that God had succored him.

Benhadad was perplexed: to ensure privacy he held his privy council in his bedchamber, lest curious ears should be listening, and some busy tongue conveying tidings to the enemy. But all to no purpose, his plans were known still in Israel; and at last, driven to desperation, he summons all his trusted advisers, determined to discover who is the traitor, and says, "Will ye not shew me which of us is for the king of Israel?" "None, my lord O king; but Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel telleth the king of Israel the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." What! the prophet through whose counsel Naaman had been restored—was he the foe who was keeping him at bay? It was

A Serious Moment

for the king of Syria. He had, for a second time, been brought in contact with supernatural power, the power of God, and each time in connection with this prophet; would he yield to Elisha's God? The king could no longer remain neutral, he must either acknowledge God and his prophet, or show his enmity by seeking Elisha's life? He does the latter: at any cost Elisha must be taken prisoner! And Elisha knew the attitude of the king of Syria regarding him. But behind and above him he saw his Almighty God. When the heathen king thought it necessary to send a whole army to seize one single and unarmed maa, we may be sure he feared the supernatural something about Elisha which made him to be a power. The prophet gave substantial evidence to the fact that a man who stands before God is to be feared.

The Syrian king surrounded the whole city of Dothan for the sake of one man, and counted with absolute certainty on the apprehension of Elisha. The prophet knew all that was taking place, but he

Could See What Was Hidden

from other eyes. When his servant arose in the morning and looked with terror upon the hosts of Syria, learning what their mission was, and cried, "Alas, my master, for what shall we do?" Elisha answered in calm assurance: "They be more that be with us than they that be with them." He prayed God to open his servant's eyes, and between the hosts of Syria and his master he saw, to his amazement, "the mountain was full of chariots of fire and horses of fire round about Elisha." God's hosts would contend with the Syrian hosts; and who could question on which side victory should be? A man who lives in God's presence is always conscious of God's resources; they are far more real to him than any arm of flesh; and this gives to praying people such a wonderful calm, such fearlessness; they cannot be taken by surprise. Elisha knew that, come what might, his God was master of the situation, and he quietly waited until the visible hosts, all unconscious of the invisible, came to the very spot where he was. But the invisible were still around him. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Ps. 34:7.)

God's prophets sometimes pray what seem to be

Strange Prayers.

If God had not taught Elijah to pray that the rain of heaven might be stayed, to teach the votaries of Baal the power of the living God, Elijah would never have prayed such a prayer. Now Elisha prays unto the Lord: "Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness." The prophet was in the secret of the Lord's purpose in this prayer, as Elijah had been in his. The answer was instantaneous: the hands of the armies of God covered every eye of the Syrian soldiers, and the whole army of Syrian veterans were helpless in the hands of the man whom they were commissioned to take prisoner? And Elisha took the command of the blinded hosts, saying: "This is not the way, neither is this the city, follow me: and I will bring you to the man whom ye seek. But he led them to Samaria." Dothan was the city they sought, only because Elisha was there. Oh, what a picture of God's over-ruling was this! The man whom Syria and Syria's king dreaded, the man to overcome whom he counted the expense of a considerable army was worth the while, walking at the head of that army, the only one who could see the way before him! This is the true position of every one who sees God; to such, all enemies are blind and powerless; difficulties cease to be; all things are subject to God; "the Lord reigneth."

Elisha "led them to Samaria," and once in the midst of the royal city and surrounded by the army of Israel, he prayed in their hearing, "Lord, open their eyes."

The Invisible Hosts

took away the veil, and, to their surprise, and in great fear, the Syrians found themselves in a trap, and at the mercy of their foes! The ungenerous Jehoram said, "My father, shall I smite them? shall I smite them?" "Thou shalt not smite them;" was the prophet's answer: "Would'st thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive with thy sword, and with thy bow? Set bread and meat before them, that they may eat and drink, and go to their master." "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink." (Prov. 25:21.)

What must have been the startling wonder of the Syrian soldiers? Imagine one of them going home to his wife, and, as the first action on his return, taking all his household gods, and destroying them utterly, and then relating his story. Imagine the wonder of the Syrian wife when she heard how the army had surrounded Dothan, and had closed in around the doomed prophet, and how, at that very instant, he had prayed to the God of Israel to smite the army with blindness, and before a hand could be raised against him, his God had answered his prayer, and every Syrian soldier was in the dark. Then there was the silent march of the blinded army with the prophet at their head, led whither he would in their helplessness, and the unwelcome consciousness that at last they had reached a strange city, and were at the mercy of the inhabitants, and then the prophet's second prayer,

"Lord, Open the Eyes

of those men," the instantaneous answer, the recovered sight which made known to them their position, surrounded by their Israelitish foes; then the moment of terror, when king Jehoram put the question to the prophet, "Shall I smite them?" and the unspeakable dread of a terrible massacre, and then, stranger than all, the most unexpected answer of the prophet, and the still more unexpected provision, and the testimony that the people of God can love their enemies. Could it be otherwise than that husband and wife should bow to the God of Israel, and that many a home in Syria would be lit up with joy, and gladness in the new knowledge of Israel's God? O, how the power and love of their new-found God would thrill these until now heathen hearts, how they would long for more knowledge of him whose power they had felt in their own bodies, and whose care for his own prophets had caused them such amazement!

Now we can understand how Elisha could pray such a prayer, and how, when prompted to it by the Spirit of God, he could trust him to justify himself in the result. A true prophet walks with blinded eyes, seeing God, and leaving him to see the rest, he is independent of how others may judge of what he does, he leaves all to God in perfect confidence that he will do right. From this time, "the bands of Syria," this part of the army, "came no more unto the land of Israel." The king of Syria must find others, who had no such dealings with God, for his next campaign against Israel; Elisha's deliverance had been fruitful in making known his God to the heathen Syrians.

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE CHIEF OF METHODISM.

THE two men who have most affected the religious destiny of the world were Martin Luther and John Wesley. A few years ago the work of the immortal German was commemorated by vast assemblages throughout Christendom. No wonder that last week at the anniversary of John Wesley's departure the secular press as well as the religious press, other denominations of Christians as well as his own, are by sermon and poem, by especial worship in grand cathedral and in plain meeting-house, reviving and deepening and heightening the memories of the great founder of Methodism.

Others may speak of what he has done through his own denomination, but I celebrate what he has done for all the sects of religionists. The tendency of the ages in matters of religion was toward the formalistic and the conventional. Religion on stilts has been the detriment of many churches. John Wesley, more than any other man that ever lived, crashed into the conventionalities, and stamped on formalism, and kindled a warmth that melted the pious frigidities. The spirit of great religious awakenings was incarnated in the great apostle born at Epworth, Lincolnshire. There will not be a revival of religion between now and the end of time that will not be obligated to the name and the achievements of that man of God who, on March 2, 1791, relinquished earth for heaven.

I hope the Lord has allowed him to come out on the celestial battlements, or still nearer, this commemorative time, so as to hear some of the applaudatory things said of him, for surely he had a hard time when on earth, and heard words of contempt and caricature and execration and but few words of praise. From the hour when a boy John Wesley from the parsonage on fire climbed down over a ladder of men formed to allow him to escape from an upper story, until he closed his work, the story of his trials and persecutions was a tragedy. Even Christian men sometimes failed to understand him. So good a man as Mr. Toplady, the author of the "Rock of Ages," said of John Wesley that his forehead was petrified and his cheek impervious to a blush, and that he had been hatching blasphemy. While such uncanny words were said inside the church, the world outside exhausted on Wesley its billingsgate and acrimony. Worst of all was his domestic suffering. As if the outside world could not do enough against him those nearer home persecuted him. His elder brother, Samuel, wrote to his mother expressing his contempt for him, and protested against her going to hear this younger brother preach, and remonstrated in contemptuous terms at what he called her becoming one of Jack's congregation. Added to this his wife's scandalous tongue brought upon him perpetual criticism all over England.

In addition to the large trials which beset his path innumerable petty annoyances barked at him. While in Savannah, Ga., the grand jury indicted him for a long list of offences. He attended seven sessions of the court ready to prove his innocence on all the charges, but they would not allow him to make answer, so he escaped in the night in a boat, landing twenty miles away, and then trudged the swamps four days and nights in hunger and thirst and fatigue, and took ship at Charleston for England. That is the way America treated John Wesley alive. Most appropriate is it that our country do now by way of atonement as far as possible what it can for the wrongs inflicted more than a hundred years ago. But that has been the world's habit in the treatment of its best men and women. Curse them while living. Praise them after they are dead. Christ held up to view the habit of ante-mortem outrage followed by post-mortem eulogy, as he pointed to some fine tombstones raised over people who had been badly treated while living and said: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye build the tombs of the prophets and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous and say if we had been in the place of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets." Thank God, the day has come when all Christendom honors the name of John Wesley.

Amid the high things said of him throughout these days of commemoration I notice a lack of recognition of him as a hymnologist. His brother Charles Wesley wrote so many more songs that the world is apt to forget that John Wesley wrote any. Some of the mightiest hymns dropped from his pen, hymns that will live as long as eternity, for though after the new song of heaven rises there may be no more use for earthly rhythm, the songs we sang on earth will forever be a part of our most thrilling reminiscence. John Wesley wrote that battle-shout, "Give to the winds thy fears," and he put into English, that German hymn of condensed evangelism, "Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness," and presented to the church of all ages those buoyant stanzas, "Thee will I love, my strength and tower," and other doxologies on which great congregations have many times been lifted heavenward. Because Charles Wesley may have had stronger wings and taken higher flights in poesy is no reason why in the centennial of Methodism we should fail to recognize that John Wesley, the preacher, and John Wesley the organizer, was John Wesley, the inspired hymnologist.

What must be his heavenly reward! Just think of him a hundred years in heaven. But I hope he has been somewhere near enough to earth to hear some of the fine things said last week about him. He heard while on earth the mean side, the lying side, the persecuting side, and it seems to me it is high time that he heard from human lips as well as from angelic the grateful side, the grand side, the glorious side.

BRIEF NOTES.

At the Fulton Street Daily Prayer-Meeting, during the past six months, requests for prayer have been received from over twenty-six hundred persons.

The American Home Missionary Society's receips for the week ending February 28, were a few dollars short of $11,000. For the month they were about $46,000.

Evangelist E. E. Davidson has been holding revival services at East Boston, Mass. All the evangelical churches in the neighborhood have united in the work, and many conversions are reported.

Rev. R. W. Dale, D. D., will preside at the approaching International Congregational Council in London, and Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D. D., of Chicago, will preach the Council sermon.

A circle of King's Daughters has been organized in Paris. The movement grew out of the efforts made recently during a visit to the French capital, of some Christian ladies from the United States.

Our readers will rejoice to learn that Bishop Fallows, whose illness was reported in these columns recently, has recovered after some weeks of complete rest, and has resumed his labors.

Mr. Hudson Taylor's visit to Australia has led to fifty-eight candidates offering for mission work in China. Seventy-six baptisms at various stations of the China Inland Mission are reported by the last mail.

Dr. George F. Pentecost's labors in India are arousing a deep religious feeling throughout the empire. The Bombay *Guardian* speaks of the expectation of a rich harvest being general in all the churches, and adds, "The showers of blessing are beginning to come."

The Non-Partisan Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York, holds its meetings at ten o'clock A. M., the second and fourth Monday of each month in the Ladies' parlor of the Broadway Tabernacle, corner of 34th Street and Sixth Avenue.

Very successful services have been held during the past two weeks, in the Baptist Church of the Redeemer, in New York. They have been conducted by the pastor, assisted every evening by the pastor of some Baptist or Presbyterian church in the city.

Rev. J. M. Hare has been holding special services every evening during the past two weeks in the Baptist Church, Phœnixville, Pa., of which he is pastor. Over fifty conversions have taken place, and there are a large number of inquirers in a hopeful state.

The Union Meetings held at Hudson, N. Y., by Rev. B. Fay Mills, have been wonderfully blessed. Mr. Mills is now holding services in his brother's church at Providence, R. I. He expects shortly to commence labor at Westfield, N. J.

The Empress of Austria is making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where great preparations are being made to receive her with the honor due to her rank. She is the first reigning empress to visit the city since the Empress Helena the traditional discoverer of the cross.

Notice is given that there have already been received 10,800 applications for tickets to the Christian Endeavor Convention to be held in Philadelphia on March 26. As the hall in which it is to be held will hold only 7,000, some applications will have to be refused, and no one can enter without a ticket.

A missionary in Japan, recently heard of an insane girl who was kept in a cage and cruelly treated. He gained access to her and obtained permission to have the care of her. His kind treatment and gentle influence have succeeded in restoring her to reason. The Japanese regard her cure as miraculous.

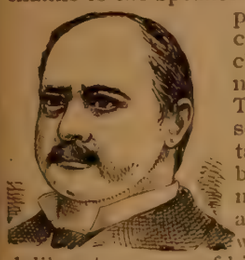
Mr. George W. Wheeler of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C., asks us to acknowledge the receipt by him of the following sums for the support of Mr. J. McLain Brown's work in Tokyo, Japan, whose portrait appeared in this journal on January 28: C. C. Hatch, $3; J. V. Wheeler, 50c.; M. L. Meredith, $2; August Pfans, $1.50; D. J. Ennis, $10; J. W. Rowe, $2.50; J. K. Look, $10; "One Friend," Knoxville, $5; Mrs. Annie Cooper, $3; George Bollman, $10; S. Williams, $1; Fred Smith, $1.50; Pliny Craft, $1.

Mr. S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, New York, acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following sums from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in response to the appeal recently made in this column: William McDermott, $10; Elizabeth S. Washburn, $10; C. B. H., $5; A Friend, $5; "For Christ's Sake," $5; Mrs. John H. Nettleton, $5; G. North, $3; Benjaman Stiles, $3; R. W. George, $2; "Daisy," $2; Martin Travis, $2; Laura C. Steading, $1; "Reader of the C. H.," $1; Edward Krause, $1; Olive L. Osburn, $1; "W," N. J., $1; Nems, $1; "R. M.," $1; "A Drunkard's Daughter, 25 cents. Total, $59.25.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Close of Congress—The Copyright Bill Passed—The Canadian Elections—Italy's New Premier—A Week of Storms—Massacre in Madagascar—South Dakota's New Senator, Rev. James H. Kyle.

The Fifty-first Congress Closed its Labors on Wednesday, March 4th, amid scenes of unusual excitement, especially in the House of Representatives. The usual resolution of thanks to the Speaker was adopted by a strictly partisan vote, amid frantic cheering and counter-cheering, which was renewed several times. Through all the trying scene, Speaker Reed retained his coolness, and his brief valedictory speech, marking his retirement and the end of the session, was as calmly elegant and deliberate as any of his previous utterances. A great, fragrant, floral trophy, borne to the Speaker's desk, seemed to stifle all the ill-feeling for both sides immediately united in applause. Then, while the Republicans sang: "Marching Through Georgia" and the Democrats the "Doxology," the Congress dissolved. One of the last measures to be passed was the Copyright Bill which was immediately sent to President Harrison who appended his signature. It goes into effect on July 1. The Sherman amendment (explained in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD) was stricken out. Another eleventh-hour measure was the General Deficiency Bill, appropriating $28,000,000 which the Senate passed at 11:30 A.M, with a rush, although warned by one of the members that it probably contained as many errors as the great Tariff Bill. In all, the late Congress passed 3053 bills, of which 2166 became laws. Fourteen of its bills were vetoed by the President. It had eighteen election contests to decide, and worked more hours than any American Congress ever did before. The more important measures passed besides those already named, were the Postal Subsidy Bill, Indian Depredation Claims Bill, Timber and Pre-emption Law Repeal Bill, and the Direct Tax Refund Bill. It also passed ninety-three bills for the erection of new public buildings, to cost $12,600,000, only four of which were vetoed. A portrait of the retiring Speaker is given above.

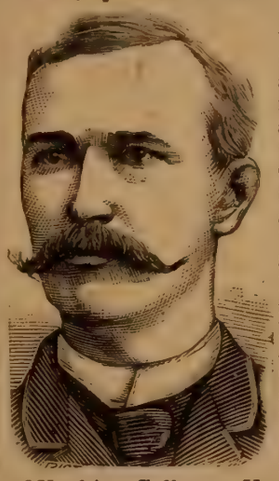


Italy's New Premier, the Marquis de Rudini, has been successful in allaying the apprehensions of the country as to the policy to be pursued by the new ministry. He is all for peace and retrenchment; he distinctly disavows a reform policy; he will maintain all Italy's alliances and will "prove to the world that we have no aggressive intentions." This is very reassuring to France, but, of course, is equivalent to the disruption of the Triple Alliance, which included Italy, Germany and Austria. At the same time, it is regarded as the best thing that could have happened for the peace of Europe. De Rudini, whose portrait is given above, has always been a Moderate in politics. In the present temper of the country, Crispi's return to power is far from being an improbability.

The Expiring Congress found no Time to Consider the Brussels Treaty for the suppression of the African slave-trade, and of the traffic in rum and fire-arms, carried on by foreigners in that country. The measure was killed in the Senate on the last day of the session, mainly on the ground that the ratification of the treaty would lead to entangling alliances, interference with "private business enterprises," etc. The odious rum-traffic, next to slavery, has been the curse of Africa, yet, in Congressional eyes, it is deserving of protection!

From Madagascar comes the News of a Frightful massacre, instigated by Ramiasatra, a despotic Governor of the Province of Belanond. The people of Belanond had appealed to the general government against Ramiasatra's oppression, and he, resenting this action, ordered his troops to fall upon them. A three-days' butchery followed, in which nearly 300 men, women and children of the leading families were killed. Many were dismembered, beheaded, and their bodies cast to the dogs. The women were most inhumanly treated. A band of the survivors was forced, under threat of death, to pile up the skulls of their dead friends as a trophy.

A New United States Senator, who will doubtless be heard from during the next session, is the Rev. James H. Kyle, whom the South Dakota Legislature chose as Gideon C. Moody's successor, by a combination of Democratic and Farmers' Alliance votes. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, in 1853, and is a very young man to attain the Senatorial dignity. He was graduated from Oberlin College, Ohio, in 1873, and then studied theology in the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa., where he finished in 1882. For a while he served as pastor of a Congregational Church in Salt Lake City. Five years ago he went to Yankton, Dakota, and at present is financial secretary of Yankton College. He has been a member of the State Legislature. In a recent speech at Pierre, S. D., the new Senator defined his position as follows: "When two forces acting in opposite directions meet, they produce a new force, which continues to move in a direction different from either of the other forces. This new force is called in mechanics a resultant. To-night I feel that I am a resultant—formerly a Republican, then an Independent and now that I have been elected by both parties I am an Indecrat." A portrait of the reverend Senator is given above.



Heavy Storms were Experienced in Many parts of the country during the week. In the Eastern and Middle States, severe electrical storms, very unusual at this season, occurred. Terrific thunderstorms visited Massachusetts and Rhode Island. A lightning bolt struck a vessel near Gloucester, prostrating the crew. Churches, hotels and other buildings were also struck by the electric fluid. A great gale raged in Virginia. The James River was a raging flood and over twenty lives are believed to have been lost. In the West, the floods in Arizona and California (mentioned in last week's issue), are reported as having caused the loss of nearly one hundred lives, besides great destruction among live stock and buildings. At Yuma, Arizona, alone, over two hundred and fifty houses were wrecked. At Jakemo, a town a little above Yuma, the river Gila was seven miles wide and people were driven to take refuge in the tree tops.

A Significant Letter, as Foreshadowing the future policy of our Government in dealing with the South American Republics, was written by Secretary Blaine to a Rochester, N. Y., manufacturer, a few days ago. "Just measure of reciprocity is believed to be secured by the present arrangement," he wrote, "upon terms which appear to be the most advantageous to the general productions and manufactures of the United States; but experience may in due time suggest enlargement of the interchange so begun, besides clearing the way for similar arrangements with other Governments." This is interpreted at Washington as a hint of still more reciprocity treaties with the South American Republics, during the present administration.

One of the Most Picturesque Figures in European politics, for many years, was M. Musurus, formerly Turkish Ambassador at London, who died a few days ago. Musurus was a Greek Christian merchant, and began his public career as secretary to the Prince of Samos, whose daughter he afterward married. He was successively Minister of the Ottoman Government at Athens and Vienna and, when he assumed the Ambassadorial office in London, it was with the title of Pasha. For thirty years he was a well known character in the great metropolis, foremost in all philanthropic movements and in many respects progressive beyond the average of his fellow-countrymen. He is credited with using his diplomatic talent and his influence with the Sultan in many cases for the benefit of the persecuted Christians in Turkey, who, but for his intercession, must have suffered far more than they did from the fanaticism of the Moslem population. His portrait appears in this column.

The Canadian Election Was Full of Surprises. Up to the very last moment, Sir John Macdonald's party believed they would win the battle. While the Liberals were hopeful, they were not nearly so sanguine as the Government. Everywhere in the Dominion, the significance of the election, as showing the real attitude of the country on the annexation question, was fully appreciated. Laurier and Cartwright, two leading Liberals, the night before voting, declared that such was the temper of the people, that nothing short of bribery and unlimited corruption could avert a Government defeat. The reciprocity idea put forward by Sir John and the Conservatives did not excite the attention they expected. Almost all the Liberal leaders united in denying any complicity in the intrigues said to have been going on at Washington. The voting, on March 4, resulted in a fair majority for the Conservatives, Sir John Macdonald's majority in the Dominion Parliament being reduced from 50 to between 30 and 40. This indecisive result is a disappointment for both parties. The Liberals declare that the government used wholesale bribery, and the Catholic Church influence to avert a crushing defeat. They had hoped for a triumph for free and unrestricted commercial intercourse with the United States. At Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, and Halifax the contest at the polls was the hottest ever known, the election almost becoming, at the principal points, a question of "annexation or no annexation." The Liberals made gains everywhere, except in the maritime provinces. Hugh Macdonald, son of the premier was elected and so also was Minister of Finance, George E. Foster. The Liberal leaders, including Hon. Wilfred Laurier, were elected by increased majorities. Mr. Laurier's portrait is given in this column. The Liberal leader is of French origin. He is forty-seven years old, the son of a farmer and a lawyer by profession. As an orator he is unexcelled in the Canadian Parliament, and he speaks equally well in French or English. His speech protesting against the execution of Louis Riel for treason was probably the finest piece of oratory ever heard in Canada.

A CALL TO DUTY.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Divine Decree no Ground for Idleness—An Encouragement to Enthusiastic Labor—I. Responsible Office—Believers as Watchmen—The Watchman Among the Ashes of Pompeii—As Spokesmen—For God and to God—As Remembrancers—II. A Remarkable Caution—To Take no Rest—Prayer to be Unceasing—Not in Routine—Not Spasmodically—III. A More Remarkable Charge—Persistency with God—Importunity Influential with God.

"I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Isaiah 62 : 6, 7.

IN the opening verses of this chapter our Lord declares that he will not rest till his purpose of grace is accomplished. "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest." His soul is set upon the perfection of his Church. There is never a moment when the heart of Christ ceases to beat high with desire for the salvation of his redeemed. From the dreadful work of making atonement he stayed not his hand, but set his face like a flint towards it, till he could say, "It is finished:" and now the following work of the outgathering of his people he carries on with quenchless zeal, never staying his divine intercession, never withholding his hands from wielding that "all power" which is given him in heaven and in earth.

Learn from this fact a valuable lesson, that Christ's determination to perform a work, his decree that so it shall be, is no argument for our idleness, but is the best plea and encouragement for our endeavors. "If it is to be," cries one, "I need not do anything." Nay, friend, thou arguest slothfully. On the contrary, the earnest heart will reason itself into immediate and confident action. If it were not to be, to what purpose my zeal? Even if I do not know whether it is to be or not to be, if I think it desirable, I will labor for it with anxiety; but if I am assured that the Lord has appointed it, I labor with might and main, feeling a holy confidence in doing the work of the Lord. Since he wills it, we will it; and so it shall be.

I. In my text I see three things, which I will mention one by one. The first is

Responsible Office—

"I have set watchmen upon thy walls." In times of war every fortified city had upon its walls certain watchmen, so placed as to see eye to eye: that is to say, the eye of one sentinel reached to the eye of another, and so they encompassed the city round about. Whoever passed that way by day or night, they challenged him; and if he turned out to be a foe, they gave an alarm, and straightway men-at-arms came forth from the guard-room, and the city was protected against surprise. God's people, and especially the stronger, the more instructed, and the most experienced of them, should act as watchmen upon the walls, for Christ's sake.

Observe what manner of watchmen we ought to be. It is written, "I have set watchmen." We are under divine command. In the old Roman days, when a sentry was placed in his position by his centurion, he never thought of quitting his post. There was found in Pompeii among the ashes, a sentry, standing in his place with his javelin in his hand: he had not flinched amid the deadly shower which fell from the volcano and buried the city. His centurion, in the name of the emperor, had set him there, and there he stood. How steadfast and immovable ought those to be, whom the Lord himself has set in their place in connection with his Church!

These watchmen guarded the city of cities, "thy walls, O Jerusalem." The legionary who guarded old Rome felt that, if he did not fight for his native city, he would be base indeed. If we are set to guard the Church of God, what shall I say to him who sleeps at his post, or proves a traitor? If you do not throw your whole strength into the guarding of such a cause as this, what will arouse you? No word has yet been invented which can set forth the perfidy of the man who betrays the cause of Christ and of the Gospel; he is the murderer of souls. God has set us to guard his own city, and we must not slumber. See, brethren, your responsible office: watchmen of God's setting, watchmen on the walls of God's own city!

But, in the next place, we are to be spokesmen; for we are never to hold our peace, but make mention of the Lord. Believers are to speak for God to the people. If you have the ability and the commission, speak to the great congregation. You have both ability and commission, each one of you, to speak to those round about you.

Be Always Ready

to speak a word in season. Keep a shot in the locker; never run short of a good word for those whom God's providence puts in your way. If there be nobody near to whom you can speak for God, then in your solitude speak to God for your fellow-men.

A third office is brought before us in the marginal reading, and in the new version: "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take no rest." This is a singular expression—"The Lord's remembrancers." I find the same word elsewhere translated "recorder"; and truly we are to be the Lord's recorders, and keep in memory his great goodness. A high office is that of Remembrancer to the King of kings. Every Christian holds this eminent position. Oriental kings maintained an officer whose business it was to remind the king of those promises which he had made aforetime. He said this to that courtier, that to the other; but his majesty had plenty of other things to think of, and therefore, every now and then, his Remembrancer would say, "Please your majesty, you promised to do this and that; may it please you to perform your word." I find that a Remembrancer was also appointed in our English courts to remind the officers of their duty to their sovereign; and this is also a part of our work—to remind the world that there is a God, and that he claims obedience from his creatures. Brethren, fulfil your office!

II. My second head is

A Remarkable Caution:

"Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest." I quote the best translation. Take no rest from prayer. Be always praying. If not always in the act of prayer, be always in the spirit of prayer. "Pray without ceasing." Not only reason, but wrestle with God in prayer. Sometimes pray without words, and sometimes with them. Pray alone, and often pray with brethren. There is special prevalence in the prayer of two or three. "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Gather in the greater congregations for prayer. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is"; as, I regret to say, the manner of many churches has come to be in these days. Oh, my brethren, I beseech you, both as individuals and as a church, do not restrain prayer. "Watch and pray"—that precept is a condensation of our text.

Never rest from prayer because you are weary of it. Whenever prayer becomes distasteful, it should be a loud call to pray all the more. No man has such need to pray as the man who does not care to pray. When you can pray, and long to pray, why then you will pray: but when you cannot pray, and do not wish to pray, why then you must pray, or evil will come of it. He is on the brink of ruin who forgets the mercy-seat. When the heart is apathetic toward prayer, the whole man is sickening for a grievous disease.

Never rest from prayer because you have prayed enough. Does anyone say, "I have long been prayerful and watchful, and I shall now take things more easily?" Yes. I saw a good man taking it easy the other day: he was riding upon a bicycle with both feet off the pedals, and with the brake in full force. I did not blame the cyclist; but one thing was quite clear—he was going down the hill. He would not have had his feet on the rests in that fashion if he had been upon the up-grade. Brother, whenever you begin to put your legs up, and have no more work to do, you are going down hill, and there is no doubt about it. The way to heaven is up hill, and every inch of the way will need effort.

Do not fall into the habit of praying as a matter of routine. "Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest," I have heard of soldiers sleeping while on the march, and I have known some good people sleep while praying, till I have thought that their prayers were a kind of pious snore. They go on with the old phrases without considering what they mean by them. The

Petitions "As Per Usual."

It is dreary work when we have the shell of prayer before us, but have no oyster in it. The brother's lips are here in prayer, but his soul has gone home to his shop, or to his farm. The sails of his mill go round as the wind blows, but he is not grinding anything—there is no grist in the mill, no intelligent, loving desire. Let us get out of the ruts of phrases and set petitions. Mere routine religion is hateful and yet how easily we all fall into it!

Brethren, take no rest, so as to pray by fits and starts. Look at what has been done in many churches: they plan to have a grand time, and possibly they succeed. Everybody comes up to the prayer meetings, and all appear to be in earnest about the conversion of souls. There is great excitement, and probably much good is done. But after that there is a reaction, a stupor of indifference. As in nature, after high hills deep valleys; so it is with some religious communities. We say of a man, in the proverb, "he is as sound asleep as a church," Yes, very good; nothing does sleep so soundly as a church, and especially after a time of excitement. Men who are at one time lively beyond measure, are apt at another time to sleep beyond waking. After a high wind there may come a lull, wherein everything droops, and stagnation reigns supreme. The Lord save us from spasmodic religion!

Only one more observation: avoid setting any time to God in your prayers. A wife said that she would pray for her husband for ten years, and if he was not converted then, she would conclude that there would be no use in further pleading. To that good wife I would say, "You are right in praying ten years, but you must not limit the Holy One of Israel. Who are you, to put your finger down on the almanac and say, 'God shall answer me

On Such a Day,

or I will pray no more'? Plead for your husband as long as he lives." "Well," says one, "I have been praying a long time for a favor, and I am inclined now to cease pleading for it." If you have a question about the rightness of the prayer, do not persevere in a mistake. Solve as quickly as possible the question as to the correctness of the request; for if you waver on that point, your prayer will be of that wavering kind which meets no acceptance with the Lord. If you are asking what you know the Lord has promised, you may pray with confidence, and you may even spend the last breath in your body in praying for it.

III. And so I come, in the last place, to dwell upon the third matter, which is very singular. The charge to take no rest was notable, but here is a still more remarkable charge:

"Give Him No Rest."

What a word is this! I speak with solemn awe upon me. When the Lord condescends so greatly, we must be doubly reverent. Give God no rest! I am amazed at such a command.

I see then, first, very clearly, that importunity is here commanded. "Give him no rest" is our Lord's own command to us concerning the great God. I do not suppose any of you ever advised a beggar to be importunate with you. Did you ever say, "Whenever you see me go over this crossing, ask me for a penny. If I

do not give you one, run after me, or call after me all the way down the street. If that does not succeed, lay hold upon me, and do not let me go until I help you. Beg without ceasing." Did any one of you ever invite applicants to call often, and make large requests of you? Oh, no! Importunity is a common enough thing when men are seeking earthly boons; but it is so sadly rare in heavenly concerns, that the Lord has to exhort us to be importunate with him.

Importunity is influential with God. How vividly the Saviour sets this forth in his parables! The poor widow seeks justice of an unrighteous judge. She had a good case, and she appeared in court

Begging For Justice

where she might expect it. "My Lord, hear my suit!" She meets with no response: the harsh magistrate declares that he cannot attend to her. The court is occupied with other cases. At the first pause the widow is heard crying, "My Lord, there is now an interval; will you hear me?" She is sternly refused. Another day she appears, and another, and another: her case is urgent, and she is in terrible earnest to be heard. She is put out of the court, once and again. Then the order is given that she shall be kept out. But she gets in somehow, and her voice, so touching and piercing, is heard in season and out of season, seeking to be delivered from her adversary. Just as the court is closing she cries, "My lord!" and is answered, "Have not I told you many times before that I cannot attend to you?" "But, my lord!" He turns on his heel, and is gone to his home.

The next morning he is at breakfast, when the servant says, "A person begs to see you, sir. She has been at the door very often, and she will not go away." "What is she like?" "Well, it is a woman dressed in mourning—no doubt a widow." "Drive her away. She is a common nuisance!" He goes to the court, and there is the woman, and

She Begins Again.

Then the judge says to himself, "Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." The Lord puts that woman's importunity before us as a model, and as an encouragement. "And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him?" Pray like that widow. Do not take "No" for an answer.

Study that other picture. A man has a friend, who arrives at his door in the dead of night. The friend has been walking a long, long way, and is worn out. When he gets to the door, he says, "I am glad I have got here at last. I lost my way in the burning heat of the sun, and it has taken me many hours to find the track and reach thy door. Give me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread, for I am near to die of hunger." "I have not a morsel in the house: I have nothing to set before thee. Come in and try to sleep; for food I have none." "Alas! I could not sleep, I am so faint with hunger; I pray thee, find me food, or I shall perish." The compassionate householder resolves to go down the street to a friend, and beg from him three cakes. He knocks at the door, but he has no answer. He knocks, and knocks, and calls aloud to his neighbor. The answer comes from the top of the roof that the man is in bed, and cannot rise at that unearthly hour to

Search For Bread.

The householder is not to be put off, for his friend is dying of hunger; and so he knocks and shouts, and ceases not. The man in bed on the roof tries to sleep, but the noise is too great, and the children are being frightened, and asking what is the matter. He hears the pleadings of his friend, and again reminds him that the request is unreasonable at such an hour; but this does not end the matter. Knock! Knock! Knock! Call! Call! Call! "I will not go down!" vows the man in bed. "I will not go away!" says the man below. He keeps up an incessant shout and clatter. Again you hear knock! knock! knock! The man has turned on the other side, and tried to go to sleep, but he cannot manage it; that knocking is too vigorous. Although he will not help him because he is a friend, "yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth." After this manner pray ye, and ye shall prevail. Oh, for grace to knock till God's door is opened! You may have what you will if you understand the art of importunity.

"Give him no rest!" Importunity would not have been commanded had it not been right for us, and prevalent with God. How safely may we commend what the Lord commands! God is to be moved by the importunate prayers of his people. He will hear; he must hear, if we will pray with persistent faith.

I exhort you who fear the Lord, and are his appointed remembrancers, to be much in prayer, and in testimony. Pray and preach. Keep not silent. Tell out the simple Gospel. The more you tell of pardon bought with blood the better. I saw my dear brother, Archibald Brown, this week, and he told me of a poor fellow in East London who had been visited by a soul-winning brother. He had been

A Wild and Wicked Man.

He was ill, and the missionary visitor talked long with him. It seemed to make no impression, till one day he explained substitution to him, and the man asked pointedly, "If I believe in Jesus, do you tell me that he took all my sins upon himself?" "Yes, he bore all your sins in his own body on the tree." "Well, well," the man cried, "if he took them, I have not got them." "No," said the other, "that is the glorious truth. The Lord suffered for your sins." "Then I shall not have to suffer for them?" "No," said the visitor. "Your sin is put away." "Never heard that before," said the rough man; "that is the wonderfullest thing I ever heard. I believe it. Blessed be God, I believe it, and I am saved!"

Soon after, his son came in—another fellow of the Bill Sykes order—and the visitor began exhorting him. The older man cried out, "*Give him that little bit; that will do it.*" Just so, "that little bit will do it." The visitor told the story of Jesus dying in the sinner's stead, and the little bit did the work. Our chief business should be to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." We must bid men look to Jesus and live. Keep not silence. Publish this salvation far and wide. Preach the cross, and plead the blood. Preach and pray for Jesus: he is all in all. Keep his sacrifice to the front, and God will bless his own word. Oh, that he may now grant us a glorious period of genuine grace-work! Amen.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Study of Kingsley.*

CHARLES KINGSLEY was a man with a boy's heart; a hater of cruelty and injustice, and also with a brave, indomitable belief that his own country and his own cause were generally in the right, whatever the quarrel. He loved England like a mistress, and hated her enemies, Spain and the Pope, though even in them he saw the good. He is forever scolding the Spaniards for their cruelties to the Indians, but he defends the English treatment of the Irish, which (at that time) was neither more nor less oppressive than the Spanish performances in America. "Go it, our side!" you hear this good Kingsley crying; and one's heart goes out to him for it, in an age when everybody often proves his own country to be in the wrong. Simple, brave, resolute, manly, a little given to "Robustiousness," Kingsley transfigured all these qualities by possessing the heart and soul of a poet. He was not a very great poet, indeed, but a true poet—one of the very small band who are cut off, by a gulf that can never be passed, from mere writers of verse, however clever, educated, melodious, ingenious, able and refined. He had the real spark of fire, the true note; though the spark might seldom break into flame, and the note was not always clear. Never let us confuse true poets with writers of verse, still less with writers of poetic prose. Kingsley wrote a good deal of that—perhaps too much: his descriptions of scenes are not always as good as in Hereward's ride round the fens, or when the tall Spanish galleon staggers from the vengeance of man to the vengeance of God, to her doom through the mist, to her rest in the sea. Perhaps only a poet could have written that prose; it is certain no writer of poetic prose could have written Kingsley's poems. His songs are his best things; they really are songs, not merely lyric poems.

The truth about Charles Kingsley seems to be that he rather made a brave and cheery noise in this night-battle of modern life, than that he directed any movement of forces. He kept cheering, as it were, and waving his sword with a contagious enthusiasm. Being a poet, and a man both of heart and of sentiment, he was equally attached to the best things of the old world and to the best of the new world, as far as one can forecast what it is to be. He loved the stately homes of England, the ancient graduated order of society, the sports of the past, the military triumphs, the patriotic glories. But he was also on the side of the poor: as "Parson Lot," he attempted to be a Christian socialist.

Johnson's Estimate of Bunyan.

Dr. Johnson once took Bishop Percy's little daughter on his knee, and asked her what she thought of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The child answered that she had not read it. "No?" replied the Doctor; "then I would not give one farthing for you," and he set her down and took no further notice of her. This story proves that the Doctor was rather intolerant. We must not excommunicate people because they have not our taste in books. The majority of people do not care for books at all. There is a descendant of John Bunyan alive now, or there was lately, who never read the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Books are not in his line. Nay, Bunyan himself, who wrote sixty works, was no great reader. An Oxford scholar who visited him in his study found no books at all except Bunyan's own and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. Yet little as the world cares for reading, it has read Bunyan more than most. One hundred thousand copies of the *Pilgrim* are believed to have been sold in his own day, and the story has been done into the most savage languages, as well as into those of the civilized world.

Bunyan's Home.

Bunyan himself, "the wondrous babe," as Dr. Brown enthusiastically styles him, was christened on November 30, 1628. He was born in a cottage long fallen, and hard by was a marshy place, "a veritable slough of despond." Bunyan may have had it in mind when he wrote of the slough where Christian had so much trouble. He was not a travelled man: all his knowledge of people and places he found at his doors. He had some schooling, "according to the rate of other poor men's children," and assuredly it was enough. The great civil war broke out, and Bunyan was a soldier; he tells us not on which side. Dr. Brown and Mr. Lewis Morris think he was on that of the Parliament, but his old father, the tinker, stood for the king, Mr. Froude is rather more inclined to hold that he was among "the gay gallants who struck for the crown." He does not seem to have been much under fire, but he got that knowledge of the appearance of war which he used in his siege of the city of Mansoul. One can hardly think that Bunyan liked war—certainly not from cowardice, but from goodness of heart. He married very young, and poor. He married a pious wife, and read all her library *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and *The Practice of Piety*. He became very devout in the spirit of the Church of England, and he gave up his amusements. Then he fell into the Slough of Despond, then he went through the Valley of the Shadow, and battled with

* From *Essays in Little*, by Andrew Lang. These essays are analyses of the characters and writings of men of eminence in literature with an expression of opinion as to their influence on the public, and the permanent effect on society. Pp. 205; price, $1; published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, N. Y.

Interior of the Prison of Yeniseisk, Siberia.

Mr. George Kennan, the Friend of the Siberian Exiles.

Apollyon . . . . . If he had not been cast into jail for preaching in a cottage, he might never have "dreamed" his immortal dream nor become all that he was. The leisures of jail were long. In that "den" the muse came to him, the fair, kind Muse of the House Beautiful. He saw all that company of his, so like, and so unlike Chaucer's: Faithful, and Hopeful, and Christian the fellowship of fiends, the truculent Cavaliers of Vanity Fair, and Giant Despair, with his grievous crab-tree cudgel: and other people he saw who are with us always,—the handsome Madam Bubble, and the young woman whose name was Dull, and Mr. Worldly Wiseman and Mr. Facing Bothways, and Byends, all the persons of the comedy of human life.

THE SIBERIAN PRISONS.

How Mr. George Kennan Explored the Russian Convict Establishments and Exposed Their Horrors.

THE revelations Mr. George Kennan has made of the miseries endured in Siberia by the political offenders who are living there in enforced exile have horrified the whole civilized world. A mystery hung over the subject, for few beside Russians had been through Siberia, and they knew that it was dangerous to tell what they knew. Men and women belonging often to aristocratic and sometimes noble families would suddenly disappear from Russian society. When some indiscreet person inquired what had become of them the whispered answer would be the one word, "Siberia," and the inquirer knew that it was unsafe to ask further. The word meant a living death, but of its details little was known till Kennan went there, lived and talked with the sufferers and told their story to the world in all its hideous reality.

George Kennan, whose portrait is given above, is forty-six years of age. He is a native of Norwalk, Ohio, of Scotch-Irish descent. His father was a lawyer from Western New York, and his mother the daughter of a clergyman. The family was poor and Kennan, though ardently longing for a a college education, was obliged to abandon his desire that he might help with the domestic finances. At the age of twelve he began work in a telegraph office. He was even then a hard worker and diligent student of such books as he could borrow. Promotion came to him rapidly, especially during the war when the qualities of patient endurance of hardship, courage and presence of mind in sudden emergencies which have always distinguished him were of special value. At the age of twenty he was one of the most valued employees of the Western Union Company.

At that time (1865) the project was entertained of a telegraph line from this country to Europe by way of Alaska, Behring Sea and Siberia. The first Atlantic Cable had failed, and there was a general impression that the only practicable mode of telegraphic communication with Europe must be by land. An expedition to survey the route was organized and Kennan at his own urgent request was assigned a place in it. During that journey, he acquired a thorough knowledge of the Russian language, and saw much of the country. He was courteously received by Russian officials, visited the prisons, and studied the exile system. He returned with a strong prejudice against the Nihilists,

EX-EMPRESS FREDERICK OF GERMANY.
(See article on next page)

and a firm belief in the justice and clemency of the Czar's rule. He expressed the conviction in newspaper articles and in lectures that the Nihilists were "mentally unbalanced fanatics and assassins," and such severity as the Czar had used with them was a necessity.

In 1885 Mr. Kennan made another journey in Siberia, spending a year and a-half in the inhospitable land. He had been longing for this opportunity ever since his former visit, but even if he desires it he never dare go again. His defence in this country of the Czar's government was known in Russia and in Siberia, and it secured for him unusual courtesies and liberty of travel. But he came into personal contact with the exiles, lived with them in their huts, heard their stories and witnessed their sufferings. He returned in 1886 to tell a very different story from the one he had told before. Such a scathing denunciation of the Russian Government as he has issued, such a merciless exposure as he has made of the cruelities, outrages and persecutions perpetrated by Russian officials on the men and women in their power, could not be surpassed. He brought back portraits of many of the exiles, he talked with them, and has related their histories, he saw the barbarities practiced on men and women, boys and girls, and he related them with strict fidelity. The result has been a feeling of indignation a scorn and loathing for the Russian Government throughout this country, and wherever the English language is spoken such as has never been felt for any Government. Mr. Kennan gives facts, detailed statements with date and place and leaves his readers to form their own conclusions. It is the most effective arraignment that could have been made. Of any other government it might be hoped that the force of public opinion might produce shame, and an attempt at reformation, but unhappily no such hope can be cherished of the Russian Government. It goes from bad to worse.

THE FOUNTAIN AT NAZARETH.

One of the Familiar Scenes of Christ's Boyhood—A Well made Sacred by Holy Associations.

(See Illustration on next page.)

NEXT to Jerusalem, there is no place so sacred to the traveller in the Holy Land as the Village of Nazareth—the scene of the Saviour's boyhood. It is a grand, old village, beautiful in its surroundings, simple and even primitive in the life led by its people. It was of Nazareth that Rev. Dr. Talmage, speaking of his recent tour in the Holy Land, said: "First of all, it is clean, and that can be said of few of the Oriental villages. It has been the scene of battles, passing it from Israelite to Mohammedan and from Mohammedan to Christian, the most wonderful being that where 25,000 Turks were beaten by 2,100 Frenchmen, Bonaparte commanding. . . . . This town is beautifully situated in a great green bowl, the sides of the bowl the surrounding fifteen hills. . . . . There is the very well, called, 'The Fountain of the Virgin,' to which by his mother's side, Jesus trotted along, holding her hand. It is the only well in the village, and it has been the only well for 3,000 years."

There is no more delightful spot than this old well, which stands at one end of the village,

The Fountain of the Virgin, Nazareth.

surrounded by olive groves and wide pleasant spaces. Here the women of the village gather and gossip with each other, as they draw the sparkling water from its cool depths. While two or three are drawing at once, sometimes as many as seventy-five women, with pitchers on head or shoulders, stand around chatting and retailing the latest talk of the neighborhood, or even of Nablous, a village some little distance from Nazareth. It is in the morning that one sees the largest gatherings at the old well, when the villagers go to draw water for cooking the early meal. Children play around, and the whole scene—the picturesque groupings, the richly-colored native dresses and the merry laughter and soft chatter mingling in the morning sunshine—makes a delightful picture. There is litttle doubt that the Saviour in his boyhood days, often joined the merry groups of little children that played around this old well, which, though now falling to decay as to its surroundings, still retains its freshness and the purity of its springs, through all the changes of centuries.

TREES YIELDING WATER.

A EUROPEAN traveller, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tananarivo, in the interior, had emptied his water flask, and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water. "Any time you like it, sir," said the native, smiling. The natives conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks and bright green, broad leaves growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. "You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will showyou what it is good for." He pierced the root of one of the leaf-stems at the point where it joined the tree, with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spurted out, which the European caught in his water can, and found cool, fresh, and excellent drink. The native who had spoken went on, "This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the 'travellers' tree.'" "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them it becomes very pure and sweet."

AN EMPRESS DIPLOMATIST.

The Ex-Empress Frederick's Visit to Paris Stirs up all Europe.

EMPEROR WILHELM is said to be greatly chagrined at the result of his effort at peace-making. The visit of the ex-Empress Frederick, to Paris has widened the breach between the two nations, and her cavalier treatment by press and people has resulted in Germany withdrawing all courtesies from Frenchmen entering Alsace-Lorraine. During the stay of the Empress in the French Capital, she was ignored by the high government officials (whose duties of hospitality, it might be supposed, would have prompted them to accord the distinguished visitor a courteous reception), abused by the Boulangist organs, and dogged by their spies wherever she appeared. On the last day of her visit, a demonstration had been arranged by the Boulangists, but the Empress avoided it by driving to a special train. At Calais she embarked on the royal yacht for London. Her mother, Queen Victoria, it is reported, was indignant over the treatment she received and when the Prince of Wales suggested that it would be advisable for the ex-Empress to leave France, Victoria exclaimed: "What! Turn my daughter out of Paris? Nonsense!" The general opinion seems to be that the unfortunate episode has brought France and Germany a step nearer war.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 142.*)

The Dogali Column.

THE good rector had arranged that the young ladies should go to the Continental Hotel, just across the piazza from the station. While they were waiting for breakfast, Margaret took up the morning paper, *La Tribuna*.

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" she exclaimed, addressing Camilla; "that monument to Giordano Bruno is under way, at last."

"Bene! Bene!" cried the Italian girl.

"Where?" asked Carolyn, turning away from the window through which she had been watching, with a half-amused, half-serious air, the people passing in the street below.

"Why, — in the Campo dei Fiori, where they burned him."

"Here in Rome, I suppose?"

"To be sure; where else would it be?" laughed Margaret, laying down the paper, over the columns of which her eyes had been racing.

"The students did it!" cried Camilla. "The students and the soldiers are too much for the tyrants. Dear old Mazzini! How he did work to scatter the fire of free thought among the young men! He began away back when my father was a young priest."

"Was your father a priest?" asked Carolyn, with surprise.

"Yes; in his young days. He went into one of Mazzini's secret societies, where young men were taught Italian liberty; and that made short work of his priestly servitude."

"Didn't you tell me that there is a bust of Bruno on the Pincion?" asked Margaret.

"Yes; that was a part of Mazzini's plan. The young who walk there for pleasure will catch the calm, deep beauty of the faces of our noble Italians. Little children will spell out their names. 'Who was Giordano Bruno?' 'Garibaldi?' 'Savonarola?' So the story of their great lives will go down from generation to generation."

"If you girls were not so tremendously clever," said Carolyn, "it would be for my advantage. It is really very funny to hear you run on when one is quite in darkness about the whole subject. Now if you will kindly tell one who this Giordano Bruno was, and what he did, and who burned him, and why, one would not feel so absurdly stupid."

"Bravissimo!" exclaimed Margaret, who was in high spirits, judging from the brilliancy of her eyes. "You see, my most excellent cousin, Giordano Bruno was a Neapolitan gentleman of the sixteenth century, a priest. Tiring of the stupid round of convent duties, he took to lecturing on Aristotle and the heavens. The Church made it uncomfortable for him, and he went over to our blessed England; but he found it dull business getting either faith or science into the heads of our stupid ancestors; so he worked his way back to this ethereal, thunderous Italy, taking in the Genevan Calvinists. Their decrees were a little hard for him; but he liked their practical free grace. That was really the head and front of his offending; so in Venice a friend handed him over to the Holy Office, a piece of satanic enginery more unmitigatedly diabolical than anything Dante ever dreamed out for his *Inferno*."

"The Inquisition?" asked Carolyn, solemnly.

"Yes; that slaughter-house of piety and thought. They shut him in their dungeons with twenty others. Finally they concluded to end the slow torture by making a bonfire of him, 'to light men on a piece.'"

"They have come to appreciate him," said Carolyn. "It seems they are building him a monument."

"The students do," replied Margaret. "They have been fighting for this ten years. They have finally succeeded in making the ghostly fathers eat a mouthful of their own fire. You see, the king and parliament have to walk softly, while ninety per cent. of their subjects are under the thumb of their worst enemy. Poor as the country is, they have to set to account of Signor Gioacchino Pecci, as they call the Pope, several millions of francs a year. The people laugh at the joke, but it would never do to tamper with their superstitions."

"It is really quite unaccountable, this getting up of the monument," said Carolyn.

"Indeed it is. The students' petition went dancing from Pilate to Herod, as they say. The Parliament sent it to the municipality, and they sent it back, and so they kept it going. Last winter the young men went hissing and shouting under the windows of senators, pro and con, and the soldiers had merry times escorting them back to their rooms. Actually, the elections turned on the question of this monument."

At that moment Marie appeared in a charmingly fresh toilet: and the breakfast was brought in. After a psalm of thanks for their safe arrival Margaret went to her room for her hat and Newmarket.

"Whither away, my queen?" asked Camilla.

"O, I must go out, and look around. I have assumed a great responsibility, you know, and I must show myself competent, or Uncle John will never trust me more. You must all tuck your heads under your wings for a nap."

"Where the queen goes, I go:" and Camilla ran away for her hat and wrap.

"'In the fierce light that beats upon a throne,'" quoted Margaret, "must my every step be attended?"

Upon the Piazza della Stazione, where Via Cavour ends, Margaret was turning to the left, when her purpose flashed across the mind of the Italian girl, who, in some unaccountable way, had caught a hint of the American officer who fell at Dogali. Around at that end of the station was the column erected to the memory of the Dogali heroes. Their names were upon its pedestal. There were five hundred of them: and the name of Piazza had been changed to Cinque Cento in their honor. Margaret was going to look for Jerome's name on the column. Camilla tried to draw her in another direction. Let 's go down Via Cavour," she said, "and off this way," pointing to the right. "There 's the sweetest little dot of a park there where I used to go with my father when he was very feeble, and almost blind. I would read to him, while he felt the spring sunshine coming down through the palms and chestnuts. There is a lovely fountain, not far from there, a new one. The main jet waves like a rainbow banner. Scores of little streams throw themselves into the basin, like strings of brilliants, as if the sunbeams were saying millions of prayers on a diamond rosary. We must come and see it some night. They say that from the Via Nazionale it has almost spectral splendor. An electric light on each side of it, is so capped as to pour all its bluish rays on the fountain, while the rest of the piazza is lighted only by the yellowish gas."

"Magnificent, no doubt," said Margaret, "but I don't want to go there this morning." Her face had lost its color, her eyes their brightness. Her lips were tensely drawn as if her heart were shivering; she had meant to go alone to the column: yet Camilla's presence was a comfort. In her secret soul, in spite of ten thousand assurances to the contrary, was the ghost of a hope that Jerome's name was not on the column. She ought to tell Camilla. "I am going now to the Dogali column. One of those heroes belonged to me. An Italian soldier, a comrade, saw him fall, and brought me his last message — in New York."

Camilla tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat, and she pressed against her heart the cold hand that rested on her arm. They turned into the Via del Principe Umberto, and walked across the Piazza toward the column with slow heavy steps, as if in a funeral train.

"My father could find no fault in Jerome," Margaret said. "No doubt his blood was as good as ours a few generations back: but I wouldn't let him stoop to prove that. His father was a carpenter—our Lord's trade you know."

"You knew him well?" asked Camilla with a caution for which her people do not generally get credit.

"We sat near each other in class our four college years. He worked his way, and took care of his mother: and one winter he had no overcoat. I had so much money; and I wanted so to help him, but I was afraid to. O, how I did glory when the class made him its President. We were never silly about things, but a freemasonry grew up between us so that we could say anything we liked without moving our lips."

"As we do in Italy," threw in Camilla.

"He took mathematics by ininstinct," Margaret went on, "and I was pretty fair in languages; so we used to help each other: and nobody was the wiser. He was very good. He ought to have been a missionary; but he wanted to make money, on my account. Mother and I got him into my father's law office, though he never knew who helped him. He lived with us after his mother died.

"O, that last summer was beautiful! Mother would take him with us to our country place. We three studied Italian together; and Jerome used to read to us those lovely days, on the Hudson. Father came home from England in November with some sort of a marriage scheme for me. Well, dear hearts, they are all gone now. I never heard from Jerome after he went to Italy, till that soldier brought me his last word."

The obelisk with the bronze palms on the altar at its base seemed to point like a cold, grey finger to the clear, deep heavens that had received the Dogali heroes.

"I do not know his exact rank," said Margaret while they read each name. "The soldier could not explain it, because their tactics differ from ours."

"You did not give me his full name," said Camilla.

"Jerome Goodyear," was the reply.

"In Germany it was Gutjahr. By some little legal formality they had it translated after they came to America."

"Translated!" whispered Camilla in her secret heart. "That might be done again," and she went over the list a third time, looking for "Giralomo Buonanno," as "Jerome Goodyear" would read translated into Italian. But there was no such name on the column. "An officer, and his name omitted? No, that could not be," she said to herself as they walked away toward the Piazza del Independenza. They were going to take a look at the Prætorian Camp, where the soldier told Margaret that Jerome was quartered at one time in Rome.

The sky was cloudless and brilliant. The hills, in view through the openings made by the streets, lay in an exquisite violet haze beyond the Campagna, that was just touched with the soft, tender, spring green. That picture of marvelous beauty had stirred hearts whose beating was stilled centuries ago. Our young ladies did not waste words upon it; but, as they turned again to their hotel, they passed the ruined arches of Diocletian's baths, taking their thoughts back to the magnificence of old Rome; and Camilla her friend said, in an indirect attempt at comforting, "God only endures. This life is the merest fragment of his eternity. We must not make too much of any of its incidents."

(To be Continued.)

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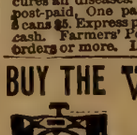

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SAVED BY A MATCH.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND in an address lately given, related the following narrative: "I was crossing the Atlantic a short time ago, and one night I and some of the passengers were talking to the captain, when he told us of an accident that had occurred to him in that neighborhood some years previously.

"He was in command of a vessel, which had got thus far on her voyage, when the screw broke, and the engineer withdrew the shaft with the intention of repairing it, but the water rushed in through the hole, the bulkhead was not closed in time, and in a few minutes the ship began to sink, the boats were got out and the captain stepped into one laden to the gunwale; the night was dark and the sea so rough that it seemed impossible for the boat to live.

"After a while they saw the lights of an approaching steamer, but how could they signal it? They made search in the boat and found a battered lantern with an inch or two of candle in it, then they tried to find a match, every man felt in his pockets but in vain, not a match was to be found. The captain bade them search again, and turn every pocket inside out, and at last out of some corner one match was produced. The man who found it handed it to the mate, the mate passed it to another officer, and he gave it to the captain, the sailors clustering round him holding out the jackets to keep off the wind, and watching him with anxiety.

"The captain said he had faced many a difficulty and danger, but he never felt such responsibility as at that moment, when he had to strike the match; but he did it. The lantern was lighted, and when it was waved to and fro the ship saw the signal, altered its course, and picked them up. Now what gave such value to that match? It was the one; and that it is which gives such value to your lives. Your life is the only one—if misdirected and lost, you have no other in which to remedy the error.

AN EFFECTIVE SERMON.

AN old woman in Dr. Todd's famous New England Church kept a small grocery store, and it was currently reported she was dishonest in her dealings with the few townspeople who bought of her. One Sunday Dr. Todd preached a powerful sermon from the text, "False weights are an abomination unto the Lord." The old woman was much roused by this sermon. She was trying to tell an old acquaintance about it. "A very powerful discourse, Maggie. Ah, but he come down upon the sinners! It would ha' done your heart good to hear him." "What was the sermon about? What was the text?" "Ah, I cannot remember the text. But it was about weights and measures and groceries and balances." "But what was the subject? What was the theme of the discourse?" "Oh, the theme. I do not know. But this I know, Maggie. I went right home and burned my half-bushel!"

A BLIND CHRISTIAN'S JUBILEE.

DR. MOON, M. D., of Brighton, the great teacher of the blind, is blind himself. Fifty years ago he lost his sight; for fifty years he has never seen God's beautiful world. He says that those years have not been a long night but a bright day. When he was so dreadfully afflicted, Dr. Moon did not give way to despair, did not fold his hands and fret because he had lost his sight. He did far better—made up his mind to do all he could for those who, like himself, were blind. For fifty years he has carried on the good work—the year 1890 was his year of jubilee. Dr. Moon has an asylum for the blind at Brighton, and there he teaches them to read, to knit, to play the piano, to make baskets, and do other useful and amusing things. He has pictures as well. They are very large and are embossed, that is, raised from the cardboard, so that the blind people can feel with their fingers and so say what the picture is made to represent.

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THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find,—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—*Selected.*

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15. Benj. F. Morse,
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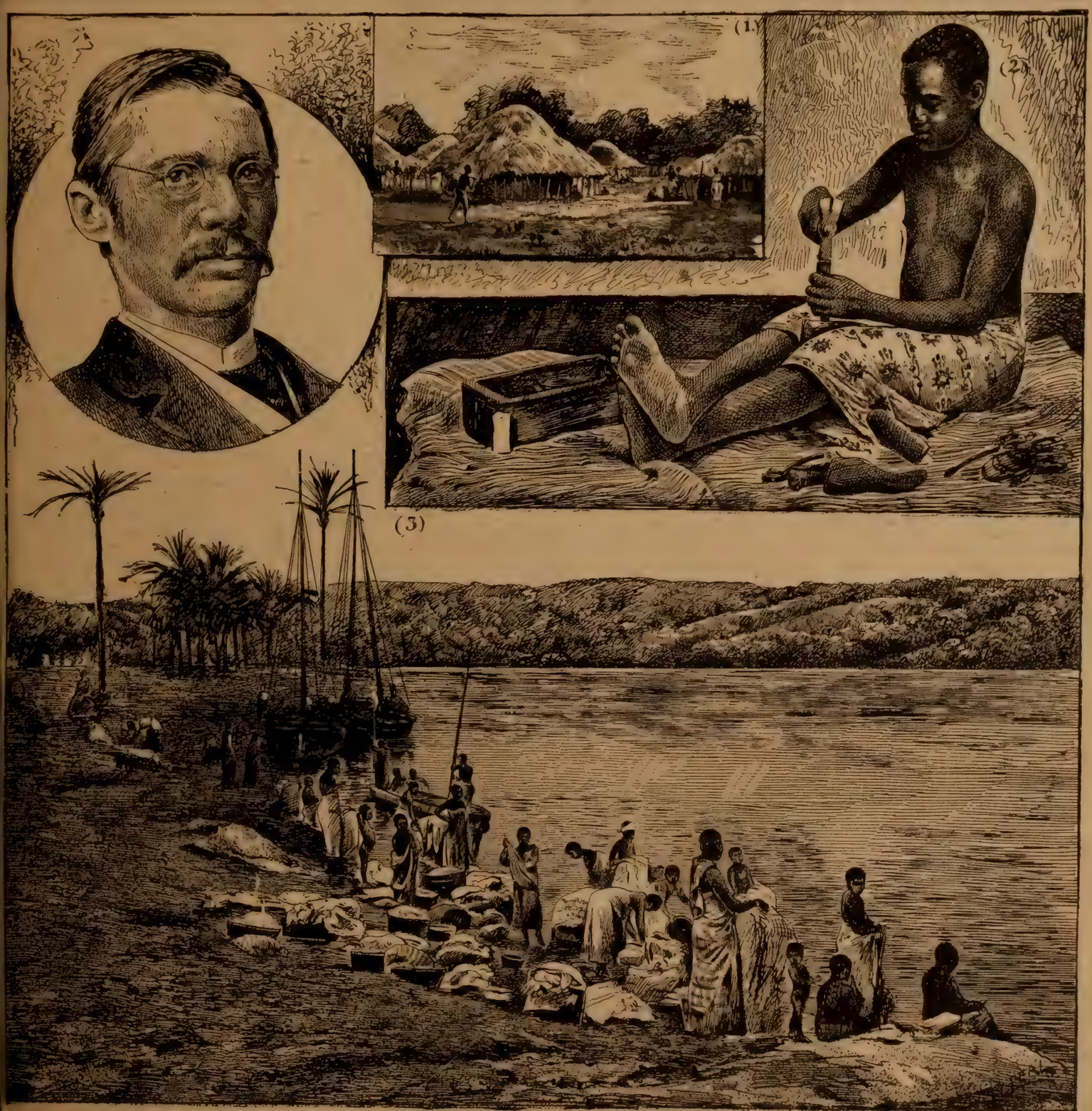


MISSION WORK AMONG THE BANTUS.

Heli Chatelain, Newly Appointed Consul at Loanda—1. A Makolo Village—2. "Jere," the Royal Shoemaker—3. Natives Washing at Dondo.

THE PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON BALEFUL AMUSEMENTS AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, LAST SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1891.

Innocent Amusements Becoming Destructive — The Prevalence of Corrupt Amusements — Principles by which Amusements may be Tested—How the Baleful may be Recognized—By Results—Their Effect on Occupation—On the Disposition—By their Tendency to Induce Extravagance—Their Insidious Demoralization — By the Company they Attract — A Talk with a Dying Friend—An Address at a Funeral — A Dying Wife's Witnessing Ring.

"*Let the young men now arise and play before us.*" II. Samuel 2: 14.

HERE are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword-fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army, accepts the challenge. Twelve men against twelve men, the sport opens. But something went adversely. Perhaps one of the swords-men got an unlucky clip, or in some way had his ire aroused, and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair, and then with the sword thrusting him in the side; so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the twenty-four sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then, and is true now, that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a straight-jacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others.

I never could keep step to a dead-march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements; for instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work, and, feeling the need of recreation, puts on his slippers, and goes into his garret, and walks lively round the floor several times, there can be no harm in it. I believe the Church of God has made a tremendous mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth, and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God ever implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature, the Church of God has, for the main part, ignored it. As in a riot, the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street, and has it fired off, so that every thing is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the Church who plant their batteries of condemnation, and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But my Bible commends those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world, God has done every thing to please and amuse us. In poetic figure we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never yet shed a tear; and that the winds sigh, but they never did have any trouble; and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose, and the universe a garland.

And I am glad to know that in all our cities there are plenty of places where we may find elevated moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of the worst plagnes of these cities is corrupt amusement. Multitudes have gone down under the blasting influence never to rise. If we may judge of what is going on in many of the places of amusement by the Sodomic pictures on board-fences, and in many of the show-windows, there is not a much lower depth of profligacy to reach. At Naples, Italy, they keep such pictures locked up from indiscriminate inspection. Those pictures were exhumed from Pompeii and are not fit for public gaze. If the effrontery of bad places of amusement in hanging out improper advertisement of what they are doing night by night grows worse in the same proportion, in fifty years New York and Brooklyn will beat not only Pompeii, but Sodom.

To help stay the plague now raging, I project certain principles by which you may judge in regard to any amusement or recreation, finding out for yourself whether it is right, or whether it is wrong.

I remark, in the first place, that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result, or by its baleful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture, they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose, they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the *post-mortem* examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul, in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract, and made a bungling job out of it. But blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces, and whose life is a song, an anthem, a pæan of victory. Even their troubles are like the vines that crawl up the side of a great tower, on the top of which the sunlight sits, and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now it is these exhilarant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman; in proportion as a horse is gay, it wants a stout driver; and these people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up in the morning, not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man next day to his work bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated; and they are wrong kinds of amusement. They are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drudgery of life, with tools because they are not swords, with working aprons because they are not robes, with cattle because they are not infuriated bulls of the arena If any amusement sends you home longing for a life of romance and thrilling adventure, love that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hair-breadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasure. Our recreations are intended to build us up; and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength, you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

There is nothing more depraving than attendance upon amusements that are full of innuendo and low suggestion. The young man enters. At first he sits far back, with his hat on and his coat collar up, fearful that somebody there may know him. Several nights pass on. He takes off his hat earlier, and puts his coat-collar down. The blush that first came into his cheek when anything indecent was enacted comes no more to his cheek. Farewell, young man! You have probably started on the long road which ends in consummate destruction. The stars of hope will go out one by one, until you will be left in utter darkness. Hear you not the rush of the maelstrom, in whose outer circle your boat now dances, making merry with the whirling waters? But you are being drawn in, and the gentle motion will become terrific agitation. You cry for help. In vain! You pull at the oar to put back, but the struggle will not avail! You will be tossed, and dashed, and shipwrecked, and swallowed in the whirlpool that has already crushed in its wrath ten thousand hulks.

Young men who have just come from country residence to city residence will do well to be on guard and let no one induce you to places of improper amusement. It is mightily alluring when a young man, long a citizen, offers to show a newcomer all around.

KILLED IN A GROGSHOP FIGHT.

Still further. Those amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not thrown away. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may by it have made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you hundreds or thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

The first time I ever saw the city—it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the even-tide one of these men plied me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald; but I was

afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk—I made up up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he wheeled his chair round in front of me, and, with a concentred and diabolical effort, attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all-encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware! beware! oh, young man. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." The table has been robbed to pay the club. The champagne has cheated the children's wardrobe. The carousing-party has burned up the boy's primer. The table-cloth of the corner saloon is in debt to the wife's faded dress. Excursions that in a day make a tour around a whole month's wages; ladies whose lifetime business it is to go shopping;" large bets on horses, have their counterparts in uneducated children, bankruptcies that shock the money market and appal the church, and that send drunkenness staggering across the richly-figured carpet of the mansion, and dashing into the mirror, and drowning out the carol of music with the whooping of bloated sons come home to break their old mother's heart.

"THERE HE IS, DRUNK AS A FOOL!"

I saw a beautiful home, where the bell rang violently late at night, The son had been off in sinful indulgences. His comrades were bringing him home. They carried him to the door. They rang the bell at one o'clock in the morning. Father and mother came down. They were waiting for the wandering son, and then the comrades, as soon as the door was opened, threw the prodigal headlong into the door-way, crying, "There he is, drunk as a fool. Ha, ha!" When men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embarrassment, and then into lying, and then into theft; and when a man gets as far on as that, he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements.

Merchant of Brooklyn, or New York, is there disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money-drawer? Did not the cash account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you will not give him in lawful salary.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens. The young man says, "Now I am off for a good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip, and over the turnpike! Come, boys, fill high your glasses. Drink! Long life, health, plenty of ladies just like this!" Hard-working men hear the clatter of the hoofs, and look up and say, "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from! We have to toil and drudge, they do nothing." To these gay men life is a thrill and an excitement. They stare at other people, and in turn are stared at. The watch-chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush. The eyes flash. The midnight hears their guffaw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee; and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out, "Who cares!" and to the counsel of some Christian friend, "Who are you?" Passing along the street some night, you hear a shriek in a grog-shop, the rattle of the watchman's club, the rush of the police. What is the matter now? Oh, this reckless young man has been killed in a grog-shop fight. Carry him home to his father's house. Parents will come down and wash his wounds, and close his eyes in death. They forgive him all he ever did, although he cannot in his silence ask it. The prodigal has got home at last. Mother will go to her little garden, and get the sweetest flowers, and twist them into a chaplet for the silent heart of the wayward boy, and push back from the bloated brow the long locks that were once her pride. And the air will be rent with the agony. The great dramatist says "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

I go further, and say those are unchristian amusements which become the chief business of a man's life. Life is an earnest thing. Whether we were born in a palace or hovel; whether we are affluent or pinched, we have to work. If you do not sweat with toil, you will sweat with disease. You have a soul that is to be transfigured amidst the pomp of a judgment day; and after the sea has sung its last chant, and the mountain shall have come down in an avalanche of rock, you will live and think and act, high on a throne where seraphs sing, or deep in a dungeon where demons howl. In a world where there is so much to do for yourselves, and so much to do for others, God pity that man who has nothing to do.

Your sports are merely means to an end. They are alleviations and helps. The arm of toil is the only arm strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower where business and philanthropy rest while on their way to stirring achievements. Amusements are merely the vines that grow about the anvil of toil, and the blossoming of the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing, his days in hunting up lounging-places and loungers, his nights in seeking out some gas-lighted foolery! The man who always has on his sporting-jacket, ready to hunt for game in the mountain or fish in the brook, with no time to pray, or work, or read, is not so well off as the greyhound that runs by his side, or the fly bait with which he whips the stream.

A man who does not work does not know how to play. If God had intended us to do nothing but laugh, he would not have given us shoulders with which to lift, and hands with which to work, and brains with which to think. The amusements of life are merely the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plunges through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age, and death. Then exit the last earthly opportunity. Enter the overwhelming realities of an eternal world!

"TAKE THOSE STRINGS AWAY!"

I go further, and say that all those amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the abandoned, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will despoil your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will give not one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial.

I had a friend at the West—a rare friend. He was one of the first to welcome me to my new home. To fine personal appearance, he added a generosity, frankness, and ardor of nature that made me love him like a brother. But I saw evil people gathering around him. They came up from the saloons, from the gambling-hells. They plied him with a thousand arts. They seized upon his social nature, and he could not stand the charm. They drove him on the rocks, like a ship full-winged, shivering on the breakers. I used to admonish him. I would say, "Now I wish you would quit these bad habits, and become a Christian." "Oh," he would reply, "I would like to; I would like to; but I have gone so far I don't think there is any way back." In his moments of repentance, he would go home and take his little girl of eight years, and embrace her convulsively, and cover her with adornments, and strew around her pictures and toys, and everything that could make her happy; and then, as though hounded by an evil spirit, he would go out to the enflaming cup and the house of shame, like a fool to the correction of the stocks.

"DO YOU SEE THAT RING?"

I was summoned to his death-bed. I hastened. I entered the room. I found him, to my surprise, lying in full every-day dress on the top of the couch. I put out my hand. He grasped it excitedly, and said, "Sit down Mr. Talmage, right there." I sat down. He said, "Last night I saw my mother, who has been dead twenty years, and she sat just where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no delusion in the matter. I saw her just as plainly as I see you.—Wife, I wish you would take these strings off of me. There are strings spun all around my body. I wish you would take them off of me." I saw it was delirium. "Oh," replied his wife, "my dear, there is nothing there, there is nothing there." He went on, and said, "just where you sit, Mr. Talmage, my mother sat. She said, to me: 'Henry, I do wish you would do better.' I got out of bed put my arms around her, and said, 'Mother I want to do better. I have been trying to do better. Won't you help me to do better? You used to help me.' No mistake about it, no delusion. I saw her—the cap and the apron and the spectacles, just as she used to look twenty years ago, but I do wish you would take these strings away. They annoy me so. I can hardly talk. Won't you take them away." I knelt down and prayed, conscious of the fact that he did not realize what I was saying. I got up. I said, "Good-bye; I hope you will be better soon." He said, "Good-bye, good-bye."

That night his soul went to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. Some said, "Don't bring him in the church; he was too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him. He was a good friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall stand by him now that he is dead. Bring him to the church."

As I sat in the pulpit and saw his body coming up through the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I told the people that day, "This man had his virtues and a good many of them. He had his faults, and a good many of them. But if there is any man in this audience who is without sin, let him cast the first stone at this coffin-lid." On one side the pulpit sat that little child, rosy, sweet-faced, as beautiful as any little child that sat at your table this morning. I warrant you. She looked up wistfully, not knowing the full sorrows of an orphan child.

Oh, her countenance haunts me to-day, like some sweet face looking upon us through a horrid dream. On the other side of the pulpit were the men who had destroyed him. There they sat, hard-visaged, some of them pale from exhausting disease, some of them flushed until it seemed as if the fires of iniquity flamed through the cheek and crackled the lips. They were the men who had done the work. They were the men who had bound him hand and foot. They had kindled the fires. They had poured the wormwood and gall into that orphan's cup. Did they weep? No. Did they sigh repentingly? No. Did they say, "What a pity that such a brave man should be slain?" No, no; not one bloated hand was lifted to wipe a tear from a bloated cheek. They sat and looked at the coffin like vultures gazing at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out! I cried in their ears as plainly as I could, "There is a God and a judgment-day!" Did they tremble? Oh no, no. They went back from the house of God, and that night, though their victim lay in Oakwood Cemetery, I was told that they blasphemed, and they drank, and they gambled, and there was not one less customer in all the houses of iniquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in physical strength, but Delilah sheared him, and the Philistines of evil companionship dug his eyes out and threw him into the prison of evil habits. But in the hour of his death he rose up and took hold of the two pillared curses of God against drunkenness and uncleanness, and threw himself forward, until down upon him and his companions there came the thunders of an eternal catastrophe.

Again: Any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are to-day the fragments before me of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word "home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and alas, if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect!

I saw a wayward husband standing at the death-bed of his Christian wife, and I saw her point to a ring on her finger, and heard her say to her husband, "Do you see that ring?" He replied, "Yes, I see it." "Well," said she, "do you remember who put it there?" "Yes" said he, "I put it there;" and all the past seemed to rush upon him. By the memory of that day when, in the presence of men and angels, you promised to be faithful in joy and sorrow, and in sickness and in health; by the memory of those pleasant hours when you sat together in your new home talking of a bright future; by the cradle and the joyful hour when one life was spared and another given; by that sick-bed, when the little one lifted up the hands and called for help, and you knew he must die, and he put one arm around each of your necks and brought you very near together in that dying kiss; by the little grave in Greenwood that you never think of without a rush of tears; by the family Bible, where, amidst stories of heavenly love, is the brief but expressive record of births and deaths; by the neglects of the past, and by the agonies of the future; by a judgment-day, when husbands and wives, parents and children, in immortal groups, will stand to be caught up in shining array, or to shrink down into darkness; by all that, I beg you give to home your best affections.

Ah my friends, there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last hour. If from our death-pillow we have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginius slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities and rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the old Shylock, will demand, and take, the remaining pound of flesh, and the remaining drop of blood; and upon our last opportunity for repentance, and our last chance for heaven, the curtain will forever drop.

THE LATE BISHOP PADDOCK.

THE death on March 9, of Right Rev. B. H. Paddock, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts, removes from the Protestant Episcopal Church one of its most able, judicious and zealous bishops. No better evidence could be adduced of his remarkable aptitude for the duties of the Episcopate than the progress of the Church during his administration of the diocese. The three parties in the Church have drawn nearer to each other under his influence, and to work together in greater harmony for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom.

The Late Dr. Paddock, Bishop of Massachusetts
(From a Photograph by Anderson, New York.)

Dr. Paddock was a native of Norwich, Conn., where he was born February 29, 1828. His father was the Rev. Seth Birdsey Paddock who was for many years rector of Trinity Church, Norwich. After acquiring the rudiments of education in a private school, he entered Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., at the age of sixteen, and graduated four years later. He spent three years subsequently in study at the General Theological Seminary, New York, graduating thence in 1852. His first sphere of labor was the Church of the Epiphany, New York. Thence in 1854 he went to Norwich to succeed his father at Trinity. In 1860 he became rector of Christ Church, Detroit, Mich., and in 1869, rector of Grace Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. After four years labor there, he resigned to accept the Bishopric of Massachusetts.

THE BIBLE IN BANTU-LAND.

HELI CHATELAIN AND HIS WORK FOR CHRIST AMONG THE NATIVES OF AFRICA.

How a Poor, Lame, Swiss Boy became a Gospel Pioneer among the Bantus—Scientist, Philologist, Explorer and Teacher—Speaking a Dozen Different Native Dialects and Writing Grammars and Vocabularies in Ki'Imbundu for the Use of Missionaries—"Jere," the Converted African Lad, who may yet be a King.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

RARELY in the annals of man's work in the Master's cause, in these days, do we find a brighter example of consecration and self-sacrifice than that of Heli Chatelain, whose career is sketched in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It is a story of indomitable courage and perseverance in well-doing, in the face of obstacles that might well have dismayed most men. It is, moreover, a story of privation and suffering in the cause that will enlist the sympathy of all.

Heli Chatelain was born in the little village of Morat, in Switzerland, on April 29th, 1859. He went to school until he was ten years old and then he fell sick. The next ten years of his life were passed in the rigid seclusion of his room, most of the time on a bed of pain. Heli had no youth, like that of other boys; he could hear the sturdy Swiss lads playing outside and occasionally he would be visited by some of them, but the pale invalid was for the most part a prisoner. In the intervals of freedom from pain he read much and developed an extraordinary aptitude for acquiring languages. During these years of study he learned to know the Saviour and gave himself wholly to God, resolving that his life thereafter should be devoted to the Master's service.

"This condition," he explained, "grew upon me almost unconsciously. Indeed, I used to pray for conversion even after I was converted."

With returning health and vigor, he soon set about entering upon the work he had long waited for. When he could

Walk With the Aid of Two Sticks,

he went to Lausanne to earn his living by teaching languages, for he had become proficient in nearly every European tongue. His purpose in securing this employment was to save money enough to take him to Africa. The "Dark Continent" he regarded as the best field for his labors.

"Long before I could walk, I realized that the United States would have a great influence on the future of Africa," he explained. "My idea then was to colonize Central Africa with the converted natives of Madagascar and Southern negroes from the United States — or rather leaven it with small colonies. Mean while, I did some missionary work among the Italians in Lausanne. The first time I tried to save money, I found it exceedingly difficult. During my second year at Lausanne, my father died and all I had accumulated went to settle up the estate, for he had lost much money in business. Then I changed my plans slightly and again began to save money, intending this time to go first to Madagascar; but when I had enough funds, I was again disappointed, for at that time Madagascar was blockaded by the French. Then I decided to come to the United States where, at all events I could become acquainted with the negroes. I arrived in 1883 and entered the German Evangelical School at Bloomfield Seminary, where I studied while earning my own living. I was also enabled to establish an Italian mission in Newark about this time. In the summer of 1884 I had again

saved a little money with the view of going to Madagascar."

It was at that time that Mr. Chatelain came to New York to the Dr. Geo. Dowkontt, with the three-fold purpose of studying medicine, working among the Italians and watching his opportunity to go to Madagascar. Amid all disappointments and set-backs, he never lost sight of the main object. Just as he had almost perfected his arrangements to sail, the intelligence came that the bank in which he had placed his little savings had collapsed and been summarily closed by order of the Banking Superintendent.

During the period of despondency that followed this disaster, he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Dr. William R. Summers who was preparing to start with Bishop Taylor for Africa.

At the Very Darkest Hour

the Lord put within reach the realization of his hopes. The party lacked a linguist, and Mr. Chatelain offered his services, which were accepted. Next fall, in 1884, he went to England with Dr. Summers. Crossing to Berlin, they joined Bishop Taylor, and on the 5th of January, 1885, the party sailed from Liverpool for Africa. At Monrovia, the Liberian Capital, they left the Bishop, Chatelain and Summers intending to push on as pioneers as far as Loanda. At Loanda, the young missionary endeavored to become acquainted with the people of the country. Much time at first was occupied in getting a house ready for the party of forty men, women, and children who were to follow in a month with the Bishop. Dr. Summers went to the interior on a prospecting tour, and during his absence, Chatelain fell ill of bilious fever and lay sick for six months. The party arrived, and most of the members left for the interior, but he was still so ill that he had to be left behind at Loanda, where in conjunction with a young Englishman, he started a self-supporting school in competition with a number of free schools conducted by the government. They soon had plenty of scholars.

For the next two years, Mr. Chatelain lived at Loanda, occupied with his school work and learning the Portuguese language, as well as a smattering of the native tongues. His aptitude for acquiring languages here stood him in excellent stead, for he found little difficulty in learning many of the native dialects, which are all branches of the Bantu. He was then ordered to Malange, the most inland of Bishop Taylor's stations, where he organized a free school for the natives, supporting himself meanwhile by teaching, and losing no opportunity of collecting materials for a vocabulary of the Ki'Imbundu tongue, as well as a grammar and primer, the necessity of which had been strongly impressed upon his mind, and which would prove of the greatest benefit to missionaries hereafter. After stopping there six months, he came down to the coast and returned to Europe at his own expense for the purpose of having his books printed. While in London he was again attacked by sickness (his last illness at Loanda had left him greatly enfeebled), and was compelled to go to his mother's home in Switzerland, where he continued his labors on his Ki'Imbundu primer, a Gospel of St. John in Ki'Imbundu, and a grammar in English and Portuguese for the use of students, which were soon completed.

In the summer of 1889 he came to the United States, bringing with him Jeremiah, a young native of Africa, whom he had taken with him as

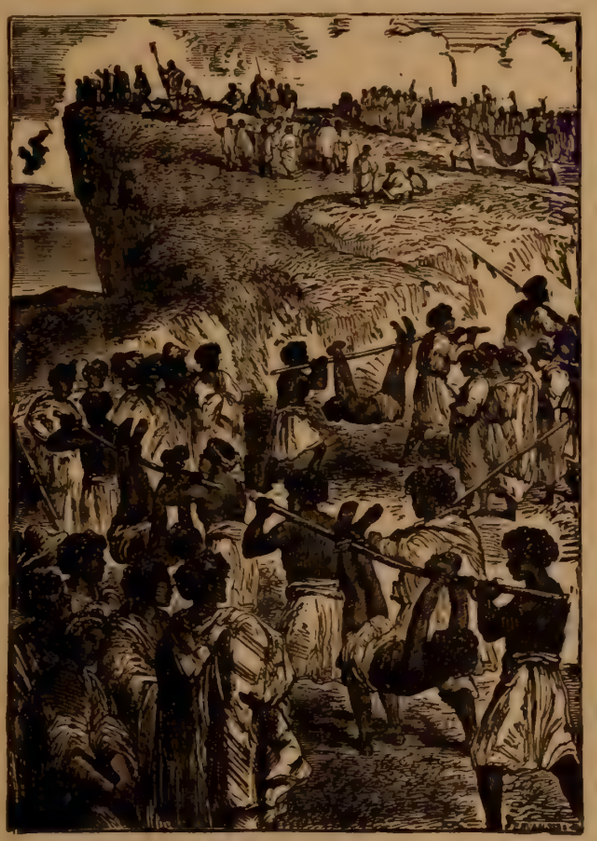
A Companion From Ki'Imbundu,

and who had been of the greatest service to him in his school and Gospel work. At first he had found it almost impossible to make a religious impression upon the natives, but he made satisfactory progress, under God's blessing, after mastering their language. He then found them quick and attentive, and had the satisfaction of seeing them flock to the little hall in which he preached, in such numbers that there was not even standing room. Still, like many other missionaries he had sometimes wellnigh despaired of reaching the hearts of these people.

"Jere" was his first convert, and this fact became known to Mr. Chatelain in a very simple way. When he arrived at Malange, after having walked all the way from Loanda, his shoes were in wretched condition. Brother Mead, the missionary stationed there, told him that if he would go to Soba Bangu's village (Soba was the king or chief of the tribe), he would there find a good shoemaker. He did so and found that the shoemaker, or rather cobbler, was a young relative of the chief, a lad named Jeremiah. The latter mended the worn shoes, and in naming a price,

Lied to the Missionary,

who instantly corrected him. "It make very little more," urged the native, with a grin. "It's a lie, all the same," stoutly retorted Mr. Chatelain, "and it's as much a sin as though it were ten times the price." Soon after he was surprised to see "Jere," the royal cobbler, walking toward his tent, bearing a good-sized basket.



Martyrdom in Madagascar. (*See page 172.*)

Here was a gift in return for which another of much greater value would doubtless be expected. The lad deposited the basket in the door of the tent and lifted the cover, revealing a layer of eggs, under which was a goodly quantity of fine white flour. "Me make present," said he nodding and showing all his white teeth. "But," said Mr. Chatelain, "you can take it back again because I have no present to give you." "Jere" smiled, and earnestly protested in his own dialect that he wanted none. He had brought the flour and eggs, he said, being prompted by his heart to do it in return for the good advice the missionary had given him. The seed had fallen in good ground.

"Jere" now devoted himself wholly to Mr. Chatelain, helping in his work, especially in gathering material for his vocabulary and grammar. Being a bright, intelligent lad, Mr. Chatelain could readily use him in this respect. In return, the missionary taught him to read and write and sent him from Europe proof-sheets of his books. Alone in his native village, with only an occasional hint from the missionaries, "Jere" continued his studies and soon was able to read tolerably well and to write also. This was a great step in advance—to have the chief's relative

On the Side of Christ.

It was God's way of choosing his instruments for, when Mr. Chatelain returned, he found "Jere" working enthusiastically. Not only had he made progress himself, but he had taught his younger brother and cousin and, though persecuted and opposed by his own people, he contrived to impart to the little children of the village in the evenings, what he himself had learned of the Gospel and the story of Christ's life on earth. Such has been the harvest following that single conversion that the children of Soba Bangu's village are now, under the influence of the young convert's teachings, growing up as Christian men and women. "Jere" is the great grand-nephew of the king of the tribe and is second in the line of succession to the title of king; but he is too modest ever to assume authority and the chiefship will probably go to his younger brother, who is also a convert. There are probably about two thousand souls in Soba Bangu's dominion.

After coming to this country in 1889 with "Jere," Mr. Chatelain again became associated with Dr. Dowkontt, assisting him in the publication of the *Medical Missionary Record* for a few months, until an opportunity for further activity offered itself. He was induced to accompany the United States Eclipse Expedition to Loanda, West Africa, as philologist and general informant. With the expedition he went to the Azores, St. Vincent de Paul, the Cape Verde Islands, Sierra Leone and Loanda, arriving in December, just in time to catch the eclipse. The astronomers went south to Cape Ledo, while the naturalists went as far as the railroad was laid to the interior. Through a mistake on the part of the chief of the expedition, Mr. Chatelain was left behind and at the request of the Superintendent of Bishop Taylor's missions, he labored during six months at Loanda

Initiating the New Missionaries

in the native languages and helping them to reorganize the schools. When "Jere" heard that his benefactor had arrived in Loanda, he left his home and walked four hundred miles from Malange to see him, fording swollen rivers—for it was the rainy season — and daring many perils.

Mr. Chatelain leaves shortly for St. Paul de Loanda, where he has been appointed as United States Commercial Agent, and where he will continue his missionary work to advantage. Much of the work he has already accomplished will be of great service to mission workers in Africa. Among his publications are two vocabularies in the African dialects of the interior, with the corresponding words in German, a comparative grammar of Ki'Imbundu, also with a German translation, and a book of seventy-six legends or fables in the native tongue, the material for which was very largely supplied by "Jere," to the missionary. One of the objects of his new appointment at St. Paul de Loanda, is the collection of material for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington and for the approaching World's Fair at Chicago.

The illustrations on the first page show portraits of Mr. Chatelain and "Jere," together with a most interesting scene on the banks of the river at Dondo—a stream much used by traders. Dondo is the head of steam-navigation and the terminus of several trails leading to the interior. Within the past few years the territory round about has been opened to Gospel influences and there are now mission stations at all the important points, from Soba Bangu's domain down to the seacoast.

The portrait of Mr. Chatelain is from a photograph, taken expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, by Mr. Davis Garber, photographer, New York. The other illustrations are from photographs taken in Africa and brought to this country by Mr. Chatelain.

THE BODY OF CHRIST.

S. S. LESSON FOR MARCH 29, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. I. COR. 12. GOLDEN TEXT, ROM. 12: 4, 5.*

The Human body the Expression of the Soul—Jesus the Express Image of the Father—The Church the Expression of Christ since his Ascension—Manifesting him to the World—The Oneness of the Body the Culmination of his Prayer—United by Faith, not Affinity—Love to the Brethren the Test of Love to God—Even to Uncongenial Brethren—A Common Interest in the Common Welfare.

THE body of Christ; what is it? Our human bodies express the unseen spirit and soul which they encase; and become our means of contact with others. Christ's human body was the express Image of God's Person (Heb. 1: 2), the Word of God, God's way of expressing himself, a kind of translation of the Divine, so that man would understand him. After his resurrection, he said to the disciples, "Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." (Luke 24: 39.) That risen body was to the believing disciples an instrument through which they saw, heard and touched God. "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life . . . . that eternal Life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."

Now that Christ is ascended into heaven, his Church, which is his body, has received the vocation to take his place, and express the thoughts and words and life of Jesus, that men who hear and see Christ-filled men and women may be brought near to God. "We which live are alway delivered unto death for Jesus' sake, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh." (II. Cor. 4: 11.) The full manifestation of Christ can never be in any single isolated member: but in his body in our relations to him and to one another: in one member specially the patience of Christ, in another his humility, in another his forbearance. There is a power to bind and to loose which is given, not to individuals, but to the body; there is a rule of the peace of God in our hearts "to the which we are called *in one body*" and the individual can never know it

Apart from the Body.

Our gathering together to him, the true "redemption of our body," when the last enemy "death shall be destroyed," is not, and cannot be, an individual thing. The great prayer of our Lord (John 17), culminated in his intense desire for his disciples, "that they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." It is this oneness which he knows to be invincible, that the enemy of souls has sought, all through this dispensation, to frustrate; and, as though to insure a complete victory, he has raised up an external unity in the Romish Church, which is compulsory and external, a caricature of the true unity of the body of Christ, which is life and liberty.

We receive our vocation as members of Christ's body, and members one of another,

By Faith, Not by Affinity.

Paul teaches us to think of ourselves soberly, "as God has dealt to every man the measure of faith. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another." By faith we see that we are incomplete alone, that even Christ is incomplete without us, and that no member, however feeble can be spared from the body. Then, also, by baptism we are brought into this relationship. "For as the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ: For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether bond or free, and were all made to drink into one Spirit." In baptism, we are buried with Christ, and put out of sight. If it means anything to us, it is the yielding up of self, the sequel to being crucified with Christ. But the burial is a planting, or sowing for a resurrection; we die to our own life ("they loved not their lives unto the death," Rev. 12: 11), that we may live again in the body of Christ.

How many there are sighing and groaning after a more ardent love to Christ and to souls, a more perfect patience, a truly Christ-like spirit. God has provided for all in our relation to Christ and to one another in the body. Our relations to one another are God's proving of our reality; any one can be holy who leads a life where he is not tried, troubled, crossed, etc., by others. The proof of Christ's love to us is that he has loved us when we were yet enemies, and died for us. The proof of our love is to love those in the body of Christ who act as though they were enemies, who misunderstand, who grieve and hurt us. Jesus loved his Church and gave himself for it; we have the privilege, in like manner, to lay down our lives for the brethren. Jesus "bare our sins in his body on the tree," and we have the privilege of saying with Paul, "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended and I burn not?" Paul so realized his position as belonging to the body that nothing could happen to the body of Christ but that it touched him. This is

True Christ-likeness.

How like "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye!" If there was a sin in the body, Paul could not stand aloof as judge of the offender; his brother's sin, his fellow-member's sin, was his sin, too. It was the instinct of the early Church to repudiate all personal, individual possessions, "Neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." This is the true spirit of the Church of Christ. This is the restoration of the image of God; three in one; the Church many in one. The world is one wide battlefield of interest against interest, will against will. One man's loss is another man's gain. Christ has constituted his Church to be the miracle of grace which witnesses against this state of things. One member's gain is every member's gain, one member's loss, every member's loss. "That there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

But this is again the exact contrary to socialism. Socialism and communism are combinations for selfish ends, so many selves combined to overcome so many more selves, and to provide each one for his own satisfaction. The Church of Christ sinks self and self-interest for the body, willing to be a nothing and a nobody, and to have no place but as

"A Servant of All."

(Eph. 4: 16, 16.) "Therefore if the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?" The foot is the first-mentioned member. Why? It is the lowest down and the most universal servant: it bears the weight of the body, and is the most unseen; therefore God gives it a first place. Blessed is the member who at all times, in joy or sorrow, in shame or glory, bears upon his heart all the other members. "Whosoever of you will be chiefest shall be servant of all"—a "foot." Many would rather be the hand, the prominently active member, "whose praise is in all the churches;" whose meetings are advertised, and whose name is known, yet without the foot, the body would make no step of progress, and the movements of the hand might be much restricted. "If the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body, is it therefore not of the body?" Again, the ear, the quiet, still member, which drinks in, and is scarcely noticed at all, is mentioned before the quick, flashing, speaking eye. Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, was an ear of the body; she "sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word." Elijah by the brookside, and in the widow's house, took in the thoughts of his God, and so did Paul, in the Roman prison. How much we owe to the ear of the body whenever we meet with its quiet but potent ministry! One sermon of Elijah did more for the cause of God than the united lives of many other prophets, because he listened to his God. But the active members are also exceedingly necessary. "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing?" but in the same way, "if the whole were hearing, where were the smelling,—the "quick scent in the fear of the Lord" (Isa. 11: 3.)? "But now hath

God Set the Members in the Body,

as it hath pleased him." Shall we be displeased, because, in immediate contact with us, there is a member whose life and spirit try us to the very utmost? How should we prove all the wondrous patience there is in our God if we were not "pressed out of measure, above strength" (II. Cor. 1: 8), with the perpetual wear and friction, of this, fellow-member? There is no furnace for the children of God where the fire is so hot as the furnace of our fellow-members: there is no high-school like it. It is comparatively easy to bear with worldlings, who have not, or know not that they have access to the grace which God has made known to us. But the failures of our fellow-members reflect discredit upon us, our vanity is touched by them, and just so long as we regard them and ourselves as units and as separate witnesses for Christ, we feel perhaps justified in yielding to a spirit of indignation when they are troublers of Israel, Achans in the Church of Christ. But let us see that God has set them in the body, "as it hath pleased him," and us in the body as it hath pleased him," and that just where they do not recognize the harm they do, he gives us to recognize it, and to confess to him with shame that which they are unaware of.

*This lesson is suggested by Mrs. Baxter for use in schools where the choice of a subject for March 29 is optional with teachers. The passage of Scripture selected for a Temperance lesson is Isa. 5: 11-23, and for a Missionary lesson Isa. 11: 1-10.

A JARRING FAMILY.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for March 29. Romans 12: 4, 5.

BY the side of a cosy fire two brothers sat talking one winter night. The clock had struck twelve but neither of them showed any signs of weariness. They had not seen each other for many years. Martin Jermyn, the younger of the two, had been preaching the Gospel in China, often far beyond the reach of the mails and had, besides, been too much engrossed in his work to take a deep interest in home affairs. He was now in his native country again for a brief visit and on the first day after his landing went to his brother's house. William, the elder of the two, was only just married when his brother went away: now he had quite a family—four boys and two girls.

"You ought to be a very happy man, Will," said the younger brother. "You seem to have everything pleasant around you. What beautiful, intelligent children God has given you Robert is almost a man and I snppose Mary is through school."

"Yes, they are children any man might be proud of; but somehow we don't pull together very well. There's a great deal of anxiety in bringing up a family. A father has to prepare for disappointments. They are sure to come.

"I suppose they are. In what shape have they visited you?"

"Oh, in many ways. Robert vexed me a good deal. I wanted him to come to the factory with me. I am superintendent there now, and I could have helped him along. But he said h

hated the business and should never do any good at it. He was always making models and fixing up some kind of machine. I had to let him go to a machinist to learn that business. I thought Edward would have turned out better, but he was set on being a musician, and I had to give way again. I tried to get him to see that he could make music his amusement, but he has made it his business, and a poor business I fear he'll find it. As for the two girls, they don't get on with their mother. They are always bickering. We ought to be happy, but we are not."

Martin Jermyn found plenty of evidence that his brother's words were true. He was grieved to see how little affection there was among the members of the family. The father was at his business in the daytime and at night he was always away. He had his club and he was a member of an Institute and had many friends. There was always some engagement to take him away from home in the evening. Robert despised his brother's musical pursuit and took no pains to conceal it. Edward on his side called his elder brother a Philistine, as a term of opprobrium for his lack of sympathy with art. The two younger boys, who were at school, were not good frieuds and the girls had nothing in common, the one being given to reading and study and the other to drawing. Every one of the family seemed isolated in the home though each had friends outside it. Martin was concerned to see how much happiness was lost by the differences.

It was a difficult problem to deal with, but the missionary did not despair of it. Before he had been in his brother's home a week he had won Robert's good-will by studying his models, by watching his little steam-engine at work and praising his ingenuity. He had persuaded Edward to play some new music for him and had helped the two younger boys with their lessons. The girls, too, were won over, for their uncle could talk to Mary of her books and was interested in Helen's sketches. For the first time in their lives all the children had at least one feeling in common—they all liked their uncle and respected him. It drew them unconsciously together as uncongenial members of a church are drawn together by love of Jesus.

Somehow, the evenings in the Jermyn household grew more enjoyable. The missionary had some photographs of Chinese scenes, and Helen, who was making pictures of them, would bring her drawing to the family-room. Mary had generally some argument on hand with her uncle, whose wider experience made her book-knowledge seem crude and unpractical. And the evident pleasure with which Martin's, "Now let us have a little music," was said, delighted Edward's heart. It was not easy to draw them closer together, but gradually each was led to study the other's occupation, if only to criticize, and that disposition could not fail to develop into appreciation, where, as in this case, there was real talent in exercise. The father, too, was induced to give an evening or two in the week to the family. His brother praised the children's respective performances so highly that he began to be proud of them too, and to take an interest in them. He brought some of his business friends in "to hear that boy play," and to see Helen's drawings. People began to say there was "always something pleasant going on at the Jermyn's," and the acquaintance of the family was counted a privilege.

The missionary did not seem to have made any special effort. His interest in each case appeared perfectly natural and spontaneous. In reality, however, the change was the result of much thought, and he gave still more to making it permanent. "You are such a thoroughly all-round family," he said, as his visit was drawing to a close, "I shall feel quite desolate when I get back to my work in China. I hope you will keep these pleasant evenings up. I shall like to think of you altogether, each contributing to the general enjoyment."

"There would be no doubt of it if you were going to stay," said Robert. "I do not know how it will be when you are gone. We shall all miss you so."

"But you have been so much happier," was the uncle's reply, "you will do it for your own sake, or, perhaps, it is better to say for the sake of each other. Still, if my wish counts for anything, you can be sure that it will please me to hear from you, that your interest in each other and your mutual love increases. I shall know then that you love me too."

REDEMPTION DRAWING NIGH.

The Signs of the Near Approach of the Second Advent of Christ.

BY REV J. DAWSON.

OUR blessed Lord's Second Coming will undoubtedly be a sudden event. It will take the world by surprise. And yet it has to be preceded by certain signs which will proclaim to the Church "The Lord is at hand. And so our Lord says, "When ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the Kingdom of God is at hand." We learn from the opening verses of Matthew 24, that certain persons were expressing their admiration for the beauty and magnificence of the Temple. Its goodly stones and precious gifts extorted their admiration. Hearing this, our Lord tells them of the fate which awaited this magnificent pile, "As for these things which ye behold, the days will come in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down." The curiosity and interest of his hearers is greatly excited, and they immediately ask, "But, Master, when shall these things be, and what sign will there be when these things shall come to pass?" In reply to this inquiry, Jesus gives utterance to a prophecy, the fulfilment of which, commencing within a few years from the time when it was spoken, will only be completed when the Archangel's trumpet shall sound, and when the Lord shall descend from heaven, clothed with majesty, and power, and glory, to receive his saints to himself.

The prophecy may be divided into two parts. The first part relating to the destruction of Jerusalem, and the second part referring to "the coming of the Son of Man in a cloud with power and great glory." The first event typifies and foreshadows the second.

The Dividing-Point of the Prophecy.

The point at which the prophecy divides is the 24th verse. In the previous verses our Lord has clearly indicated the fate which awaited the holy city. It had to be compassed with armies and to become a desolation. It had to be "trodden down of the Gentiles." But this was not to be the last scene in its history. Its desolation has not to be perpetual. On its fallen stones is written "Resurgam." Unlike Babylon and Nineveh, and many of the great cities of antiquity, it has a magnificent future. The period of the domination of its enemies is limited. It has only to be trodden down *until* "the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." From this point the prophecy enters upon its second stage. It tells us that when the times of the Gentiles are fulfilled, fresh events will take place, and fresh signs will manifest themselves; and that these will be succeeded by the accomplishment of the hope of the Church—the return of Christ.

There are events which we commonly call

Signs of the Times.

One of these is the subject of a prophecy by Zechariah. In the 5th verse of the 14th chapter of his prophecy he declares, "And the Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with thee." But when shall he come? Not until all nations are gathered together in hostile array against Jerusalem. Now according to this prediction the coming of the Lord has to be preceded by a series of rapidly succeeding events which will be open to the observation of all the world. The armies of hostile nations united by the bonds of a common cause, surround the holy city and take it; gross acts of cruelty signalize their victory; many of the inhabitants are carried away as prisoners of war, and then the Lord comes.

But now there is this difficulty. Our Lord's return is always spoken of in Scripture as taking place suddenly, and in a great measure unexpectedly. Christ himself says, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." But if these events which we have described above, and which will not be obscure and hidden, but open and known to all, are to be the precursors of the day of the Lord, how can it be said "Of that day and hour knoweth no man?" For when Antichrist appears and marshals his hosts against Jerusalem, every student of the inspired record will know "The Lord is at hand." I think we shall find a satisfactory answer by looking attentively at the descriptions given of our Lord's return in glory. His advent will consist of two parts or stages. The first his coming to the air for his Church. The second, his coming to the earth with his Church. Let us for a moment look at each of these separately. In the first place, what are we taught respecting his coming to the air for his Church! In his first epistle to the Thessalonians, the fourth chapter and in verses 15, 16, St. Paul writes: "Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

But whilst I believe, therefore, that some of the signs of the times will only manifest themselves fully and distinctly after our Lord has appeared in the air and accomplished the first stage of his advent, I think that there can be no doubt that the days immediately preceding that first stage will be marked by certain characteristics which will intimate that the coming of the Lord cannot be far distant. Does it not become a very important question for us to ask if we can perceive any of these signs around us at the present day, if we can hear any distant rumbling of the thunder telling us of an approaching storm? From what St. Paul writes to Timothy it is plain that

Revolutionary Lawlessness

will be one of the prevailing signs of the last days; and no one can deny that this spirit is already abroad. Nihilism in Russia, Socialism in Germany, Communism in France, Fenianism in Ireland, are a source of anxiety and alarm to kings and governments. We see this same spirit spreading its baneful influence amongst "all sorts and conditions of men."

Another sign of the approach of the last days is the decay of faith. "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith in the earth?" We are all aware of the rapid growth of unbelief during the last few years. Thirty-five years ago "Essays and Reviews" and Dr. Colenso's books called forth a perfect tempest of disapprobation, and were read almost by stealth. But these works were mild and harmless compared with much of the literature of the present day. Books, pamphlets, reviews, magazines and newspapers, boldly impugning the verities of our faith, and in many instances openly advocating bold materialism, are circulated by our libraries and lie on our drawing-room tables. And to such an extent have sceptical and even atheistic principles been imbibed, that I am afraid we ministers often have but a very small idea how many of our hearers either disbelieve our statements of Gospel truth or regard them as problematical and as open to debate.

The Christian's Proper Attitude.

Now, in the presence of these "signs of the times," what should be our attitude, and what our state of mind? Our Lord says that "men's hearts will fail them for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the earth." "Men's hearts." But we are Christ's. The very signs, so full of terrible import to unconverted men, are to us the sweet echo of the approaching footsteps of our Lord.

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EX-EMPRESS FREDERICK.

ENGLAND, France and Germany have had a great flutter of excitement caused by the visit a few weeks ago of ex-Empress Frederick at Paris. Indeed, her visit was suddenly ended by danger of personal violence. A mob at the depot from which it was expected she would depart made it wise for her to depart from another depot and all over the world there was a sense of relief when it was found that the German ex-Empress was safely out of France. No one can understand how absurd such excitement was unless he has seen the ex-Empress of Germany and noticed what a harmless, innocent, gracious and good woman she appears to be. I was never so favorably impressed with any very distinguished woman as with this ex-Empress at Athens, Greece, November 23rd, 1889. She wore not a single jewel, and was in plain black. She was dignified but not coldly so. She had a countenance that indicated good sense and kindness. But it was a somewhat tearful face. This may have been partly due to the fact that she was to leave her newly-married daughter in Athens, but I think the sadness of face was consequent upon the multitude of troubles through which she had passed, the long and terrible sickness and death of Emperor Frederick and many other griefs, domestic and political. Though her days have been passed in palaces, having occupied the throne herself, and she is the daughter of a queen and the mother of an emperor, yet unostentatious and gentle and Christian.

How the visit of such a woman at Paris could upset the equilibrium of Europe is something wonderful. It only shows what great popular excitements may be aroused without sufficient cause and that the populace are always waiting for a victim. It is so in all countries. Ever and anon you find the people going pell-mell in wild attack upon some man or woman. Having demolished this one or that one, the public wait, practically saying: "Next! Hand us another!" It is no compliment to human nature that the public is so easily launched in the cause of defamation and moral assault. Now it is Horace Greeley. Now it is Charles Sumner. Now it is Schuyler Colfax. Now it is Empress Frederick. Join in no such crusade. Applaud no such undertaking. If we join in any riot, let it be a riot of good cheer. Fling nothing unless you can fling flowers. The mob around the Parisian depot waiting for the opportunity to express animosity and bitterness against as kind and lovely and good a woman as there is in all the world, is a powerful and fresh illustration of something in human nature that ought to be suppressed and if possible extirpated. It is as natural for some persons to attack others as it is for a hound to go for a hare. If you find yourself getting soured with the world and misanthropic, better, by the grace of God, get on some other tack. Cynicism is of the devil. I hereby declare my determination to believe nothing against any one until beyond dispute the wrong-doing is proven. I have always been glad that by reason of my profession it is impossible for me to be drafted as a juryman, for I am always prejudiced in favor of the man or woman assailed, and therefore I might demand more evidence than I would have a right to expect.

I am going more and more to cultivate the habit of thinking well of others. I do this because I notice what an everlasting stew and fret those people are in who are always going for others, trying to pull them down or take the wind out of their sails or stop them. If anyone through good fortune or prosperity of any sort gets into position higher than that we occupy, let us thank God for their success and not stand round the depot waiting to hiss at an ex-Empress.

"But," says some one, "why did the ex-Empress go to Paris and risk the stirring up of the old grudge between France and Germany?" This is the answer—she went to get important pictures for an exposition at Berlin. Her mission was right and beautiful. She went in the interest of sublime art as well as of international good-feeling. Beside that, it is nearly twenty-one years since Sedan was fought. That is long enough to allow all pugnacity to die out. If people cannot get over a belligerent feeling in twenty-one years, they are awfully to blame. Since the Franco-German war a new generation has taken the stage of action. Napoleon is dead, the Prince Imperial is dead, Thiers is dead, Gambetta is dead, most of the more prominent generals are dead, Imperialism is dead. Was it unreasonable to suppose that so long after the war a visit in the interest of art by a woman who never touched a wound except to heal it would have been taken in kindliest spirit, and the soldiers' graves which nature long ago covered with green grass and bright flowers would now have been covered with pictures? No! no! In all nations, our own not excepted, it seems to be the interest of many to keep the old grudge good, and ever and anon the bad spirit demonstrates its existence and postpones to some later concert the silver trumpets of the Bethlehem sky which proclaimed peace and good-will to man. But thank God the adjournment is not forever. There will be later generations in France and Germany and America, who will have no grudges to settle, and war, the system of wholesale cut-throatery, will descend to the bottomless pit from which it ascended.

We catch a glimpse of that coming dawn in the present proposition of Lord Salisbury to our American Government. One-half the irritation that has been felt on the Behring Straits controversy would fifty years ago have brought out declaration of war, and English guns and American guns would have already thundered, and, diverted from healthful industries, we would have been calculating how many men we could kill without ourselves being killed. There will be no war between England and the United States. There never will be. The North and the South of this continent will yet have as kindly feeling toward each other as New York and Massachusetts, as Georgia and Louisiana. Pictures from the Louvre and the Luxembourg will yet be loaned for some coming exhibition at Berlin. American art will welcome into its galleries the finest European art. The painter's pencil and the sculptor's chisel and author's pen and orator's tongue will all be on the side of peace. The Empress of the wide empire of fine arts will visit all our capitals, and be welcomed clear round the world.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mayor George A. Hilton is meeting with much success in his Gospel Temperance work in California. At Santa Paula and Ontario his meetings were of a deeply spiritual character, and were much blessed.

Mr. Yatman's meetings in Denver, Colo., have been the means of stirring up a strong religious interest in that city. The *Rocky Mountain Christian Advocate* says that he spoke to thousands of persons every day, and that the meetings for special classes "proved powerful in impression and splendid in results."

The American Bible Society has made a grant to Dr. George F. Pentecost of a thousand Testaments and two thousand Gospels for use in his meetings in Calcutta. The Bible Society made other grants of books to the value of $5,000, and funds to the amount of $13,694. These grants are for work in various countries, including Mexico, Cuba, Sweden, Austria and Italy. The Society has issued during the year closing April 1st, 942,317 volumes.

Mr. Moody announces that he has received a promise of help in his next Northfield Conference from Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Regents Park Chapel, London. Mr. Meyer is one of the most enterprising ministers in London, noted for his success in reaching non-church-goers and working men. He has considerable experience with missions and systems of visiting, so that his advice will be of great value to Christian workers here.

Mr. Penzotti, whose imprisonment in Peru for preaching the Gospel was described, with pictures of his house and dungeon, in this journal on January 21st, writes under date of February 9th, that he had not been released. He believes the authorities are holding him in the hope that he will give an undertaking to leave the country if he is set free. During the year previous to his arrest, he had sold no less than twelve thousand copies of the Scriptures.

Mr. Anthony Comstock is engaged in a desperate conflict with the gambling fraternity in New Jersey over a bill now before the legislature. Mr. Comstock contends that the bill will extend the facilities and opportunities for gambling in New Jersey, as the Ives Pool Bill has done in New York. He asks all religious journals and all Christian patriots in the State to joined in his protest, and give him their moral support.

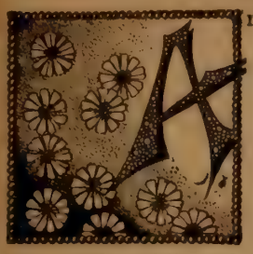
The floating Chapel which Mr. I. R. B. Arnold is using for Gospel and Temperance work in the South is proving a decided success. At last reports it was on the Ohio River above Cincinnati. Mr. Arnold is able, through its agency to reach multitudes who attend no place of worship. The chapel has a seating capacity of seven hundred, and is well attended. Mr. Arnold makes an appeal for help in supporting it, which is endorsed by the American Home Missionary Society.

Religious work in the South has been greatly helped during the past few months by the evangelistic tour of Rev. A. P. Graves, D. D. At New Orleans, Lake Charles, and Monroe, La., and at Brookhaven, Miss., his meetings had the effect of moving large masses of people to serious thought and inquiry after the way of salvation. At Brookhaven the houses of business were closed at the hour of the meetings to give the employees an opportunity of attending. Dr. Graves hopes to be at Little Rock, Ark., by the close of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Telford closed their meetings in Sing Sing, N. Y., on March 12th. The Highland Avenue Church, in which they were held, was well filled during the three weeks of the evangelist's visit. There was a deep interest among Christian people in the services, and many spoke of the benefit they had derived from them in increased light on God's Word and deepened spiritual life. A very large number of conversions took place. The evangelists commenced work at Troy, Pa., last Sunday. They held services in the Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist churches on that day. They will spend three weeks in Troy.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Behring Sea Dispute—Death of our Minister to Japan —A Paris Bank Fails—The Illinois Senatorship—Prince Jerome Bonaparte Dying—General Notes.



merican Diplomacy has scored a triumph in the Behring Sea dispute, and there seems to be a probability of reaching an early and amicable settlement of the whole matter. The text of Lord Salisbury's letter in reply to the dispatch of Mr. Blaine has been made public and it shows that the British Prime Minister is willing to accept most of the proposals of our State Department for arbitration. The letter, which was sent through Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister at Washington, deals with every point raised by Mr. Blaine in his dispatch of December 17th, and concludes by referring to the omission in Mr. Blaine's dispatch of all mention of damages to persons who have been injured, in the event of it being decided that the action of the United States in seizing British vessels has been without warrant of international law. Salisbury regards arbitration as the most satisfactory means of settling the matter and thus disposes of the war bugaboo.

The Methods of European Anarchists and those who use violence, and band themselves together secretly for outrage, find no countenance in the United States. Eleven members of the Cloakmakers Union of New York City are now in jail in Jamaica, Long Island, awaiting trial for wrecking the home and workshop of a non-Union cloakmaker in that village, a few days ago. These men went from New York, armed and carrying bottles of vitriol. On reaching the house, they destroyed the machines, ruined the furniture, and drove the family outdoors. One brutal fellow seized the baby in the cradle and dashed vitriol over its little limbs, disfiguring it for life. The police secured evidence indicating that the outrage was planned by Barondess, the leader of the strike, and the latter was also arrested. The case is one that attracts very general interest. The great body of cloakmakers repudiate any responsibility for this resort to violence.

A Pitiful Condition of Affairs Prevails Among the farmers in the central portions of Nebraska, Kansas and the Dakotas. Owing to repeated failure of crops in the arid belt, where they live, they are absolutely destitute, and, unless help comes soon, thousands of head of live stock will perish, and hundreds of families will be compelled to leave, or face starvation. A movement has started in Chicago for their relief, and some of the Western railroads have agreed to carry free, goods sent to the sufferers.

The Long Senatorial Fight in the Dead-locked Illinois Legislature ended on the 11th inst., in the election of General M. Palmer on the 154th ballot by a solid vote of 101 Democrats and 2 of the Farmers' Association men. Just before the end, one of the Farmers' Association men was tempted by the dazzling offer of the Senatorship for himself, with a certainty of sufficient votes, but it was rejected. The two Farmers' men who decided the eight-weeks' battle were Moore and Cockrell. Cicero J. Lindley, on the final ballot, received the full Republican vote of one hundred. Gen. Palmer, the newly elected United States Senator (whose portrait is given on this page), was born in Kentucky on September 13, 1817, and educated at Alton College, Ills. He entered politics and was elected a State Senator in 1854, when he opposed the Nebraska bill and brought about the election of Lyman Trumbull to the United States Senate. He supported Fremont for the Presidency in 1856, and Lincoln in 1860. He raised the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry regiment and by gallant services rose to the rank of Major-General. He was elected Governor of Illinois in 1868. He is an orator of ability.

Storms and Floods in a Dozen Different States in our own country, and a veritable blizzard in England, have made the past week a memorable one. Floods and tornadoes have done the work here, wrecking bridges and turnpikes, sweeping away cotton-gins, barns and dwellings, and, in some places, blocking railway communication. In the south of England, trains have been snowed up for many hours, and the passengers only rescued after much suffering. All road traffic is blockaded, many of the iron works are stopped, and provisions of all sorts have risen almost to famine prices. Many towns have been entirely cut off from communication by the great snowfall. In a number of places, the snow-blizzard has been attended by loss of life.

Paris has been on the Verge of a Money panic, during the week, owing to the discovery that the *Societe des Depots de Comptes Courants* —a bank formerly believed to have unlimited resources and which has done a profitable business since 1859—was on the brink of failure. It experienced very heavy losses lately in Argentine investments and found itself unable to meet claims amounting to 60,000,000 francs. An appeal was made to the government and the Bank of France—the national institution—decided to advance the necessary amount. The negotiations for this purpose were conducted by the Minister of Finance, M. Rouvier, who is said to be himself a considerable stockholder in the impaired bank. In two days, during a general run, the banks' shares fell 130.

By the Collapse of the Walls of a Church in the town of Menzel, near Tunis, a few days ago, many young lives were sacrificed. The disaster occurred during a "children's service." Without the slightest warning, the side walls tottered and fell inward, while the roof simultaneously crashed to the floor, burying the entire congregation. Heartrending scenes followed. The townspeople immediately set to work to rescue those that were still alive beneath the ponderous masses of masonry and timbers, and soon succeeded in releasing fifty maimed and bleeding men, women and children. Many dead were also removed, but it was feared that hundreds of bodies were buried among the debris. The church was quite ancient.

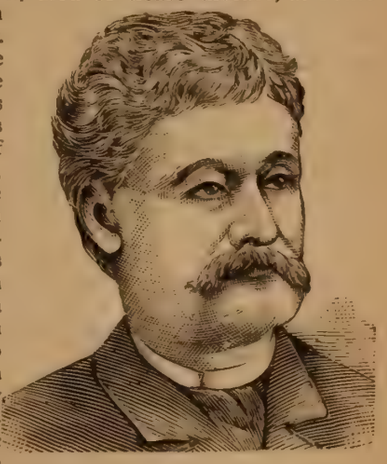
Ocean Travel is being Rapidly Reduced to a science as exact as travel by rail on land. In twenty years the time consumed in crossing the Atlantic has been reduced one-half, and the present six-day minimum bids fair to be cut down still lower. A new steamer, the *Howard Cassard*, was launched at Baltimore during the week, which will probably revolutionize transatlantic travel. Her inventor has built her on purely mathematical calculations, and claims that she will have a speed of 35 miles an hour. The 1,600 horse-power engine is directly on the keel; the boilers have a heating surface of 105 feet, and the whole of the machinery is below the water line. The general equipment is as near an approach as possible to a palace railroad train, and if her sanguine inventor's claims are realized, she will only need four days to make the trip to Europe. This experiment will be watched by steamship men and the travelling public with a great deal of interest.

With a Tenacity of Purpose that Seems somewhat strained, under the circumstances, Sir John Macdonald announces that he will contest all the seats in the recent Canadian election that were won by the Liberals by small majorities. This will go very far toward making the fight over again, as in very few cases were the majorities large. All the frontier counties that went against the government will be contested, if the courts consent. The Liberals are extracting a good deal of comfort from this determination on the part of the Premier, as, they claim, it is an evidence of weakness. They add that were the election to be held over again to-morrow, the government would be swept out of sight. Sir Charles Tupper, a member of the Cabinet, has gone on record since the election as declaring that he believes Mr. Blaine will soon be convinced of the friendly attitude of Sir John's government, and that very desirable reciprocity arrangements will soon be effected between Canada and the United States.

Prince Jerome Napoleon, One of the Few Re- maining members of the great house of Bonaparte, is dying at Rome, of congestion of the lungs. King Humbert and the members of the Italian royal family are watching at the bedside of the sufferer. His son, Prince Victor, from whom he has been estranged for years, became reconciled to his dying parent; but the Princess Mathilde, the sister of Jerome, refused to visit him on account of the presence of Madame Canisy. Jerome was born at Trieste, September 9, 1822. He had a varied political experience,

having been successively a member of the French Constituent Assembly, Minister to Madrid, a State Senator and Councillor, and a General of the Army. He married Princess Clotilde, daughter of King Victor Immanuel of Italy, in 1859, the offspring being two sons and a daughter, the elder son having inherited the great expectations of the Prince Imperial who perished in the Zulu War. Jerome visited the United States in 1861, and made many acquaintances among the prominent men of the war period. When Napoleon III. declared war against Prussia, Jerome was offered a command but declined. When he went to France shortly after the crushing defeat at Sedan, he was expelled by the government of Jules Favre. In 1875, he declared his adherence to the Republic, but lately he recalled it, and gave evidence that he still had dreams of empire for his son.

One of the Brightest of our Diplomatic Rep- resentatives abroad, Hon. John F. Swift, Minister to Japan, died of heart disease, at Tokio on the 10th inst. Mr. Swift (whose portrait we give in this column), was a native of Missouri, where he was born some fifty-two years ago. When quite a young man he went to California and quickly became active in public affairs, both as lawyer and politician. He aided in negotiating a Treaty with China in 1880, and was at one time named for Attorney-General. Although the Republicans of the Pacific Coast made much of him and nominated him for Governor (a post for which he was defeated), he took more pleasure in literary work than in politics. He wrote several books, among them being: *Going to Jericho*. He had been a great traveller and possessed an unfailing fund of anecdote.



BIT AND BRIDLE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Anxiety of the Pardoned Man—To be Guided and kept from Sin—The Promise Given—I. A Privilege to be Sought—The Guidance very Full—Personal—By a Tender Look—II. A Character to be Avoided—The Stubborn and Wayward—Kicking like a Christian—Inferior Creatures near Akin—Useless if Untrained—III. An Infliction to be Escaped—The Bit and Bridle a Curb on Freedom—Imposed if Necessary—IV. Freedom to be Attained.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye. Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." Psalm 32 : 8, 9.

JOY of full forgiveness is described in the first two verses of this psalm; "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." After a man is pardoned, anxiety is awakened as to how he shall be kept from sin in the future. The burnt child dreads the fire; and although his burns have all been healed, he dreads the fire none the less, but all the more. Those who have been scorched by sin tremble at even a distant approach to the flame. You will always know whether you are delivered from the guilt of sin by answering this question—Am I delivered from the love of sin? He who lost his way yesterday feels his

Need of a Guide

for to-day and to-morrow. David's great anxiety on this score is met by the gracious answer of the Lord: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go."

One other observation. He is henceforth to be a disciple as well as a singer; he needs to be taught in the way, for he is a pilgrim still, and not yet at his journey's end. Sound the timbrel if you will, and shout for joy and sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; but remember that on the other side of the Red Sea there is a wilderness, and you will require much grace to traverse it—such grace as only the Shepherd of Israel can give you. You will be wise to address yourselves to your journey, and resolve to follow him whose eye discerns the way, and whose hand can help you in it. A pilgrim's life is not all feasting. He has something else to do besides praising God upon the high-sounding cymbals. We must sit at Jesus' feet, as well as look to his cross. We are to bear his yoke and learn of him, that we may find rest unto our souls.

This may stand as an introduction; for now I want to conduct you further into this grave business of the saved man. You are pardoned, my friend, you know you are, and you feel the joy of that knowledge. Yes, but you are not in heaven yet; something more is needed; not to secure the love of God, not to complete the work of sovereign grace; but to educate you for the skies, to make you meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

I. First, here is,

A Privilege to be Sought.

This guidance is very full in its nature. Three words are used to describe it: "I will instruct thee, and teach thee, in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye." The Lord is prepared to teach you in his truth: to make you wise in heavenly matters. Though saved, you are as yet a mere child, and unfamiliar with great truths. You know but little of divine things: you know little of yourself, little of your danger, little of holiness, and little of God: but the Lord here promises to take you for his pupil, and to be himself your instructor. He instructs so effectually as really to build up the mind, hence the Psalmist says, "Through thy precepts I get understanding." Other instructors can awaken that measure of understanding which is already ours; but God giveth understanding to the simple. A good understanding is one of the gifts of his grace, and blessed are they who recive it.

Practical Teaching.

The second word is "I will teach thee;" and this teaching is most practical, for the promise is—"I will teach thee in the way which thou shalt go." God adds the precept to the doctrine, and instructs us in both. Eminently precious is that practical teaching by which you are made to know what to do, and how to do it. Theoretical teaching is of small importance compared with this practical learning. The Lord will teach us the art and mystery of holiness. He will apprentice us to the Lord Jesus as the Master of righteousness: he will make us journeymen one of these days, and turn us out full blown "workmen that need not to be ashamed." Our great Teacher sends forth fine workmen, whose good works are seen of men, and cause them to glorify the Father in heaven.

The promise of the Lord, in the third word of the verse, goes even further than doctrinal and practical instruction; for we read, "I will guide thee with mine eye." Herein is fellowship as well as instruction; for the guide goes with the traveller, and thus will God, in the process of our instruction, give us fellowship with himself. Blessed are those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth: they have both the privilege of holy walk and

Heavenly Company.

It is our high privilege that, while our Shepherd goes before us, he calls us by name, and we follow closely in his footsteps, as his well-beloved sheep. We are not only to be told the way, and led into the way, but to be accompanied in it by our Teacher and Friend.

Observe how wonderfully personal is this promised guidance. While the address in the ninth verse verse is in the plural, "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule," the promise is in the singular to each individual: "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." I note with comfort, in the text, what the French call *tu-toi-age*. Speaking to one another very familiarly, they say "thou" and "thee." How sweetly is this seen in this passage: "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye!" Hear you not the great Father talking to his dear child? Yes, I hear him speaking to you and to me.

Tender Leading.

Furthermore, this teaching is delightfully tender: "I will guide thee with mine eye;" that is to say if you are willing to be so directed, the Lord will guide you, not by the rough means of bit and bridle, muzzle and cord, but with his eye—a way which implies understanding on your part and love on his part. It is a recognition of confidence in us when he promises thus to guide us. The mistress at the head of the table gives a nod to Sarah, she knows what it means, and the will of the lady is done at once. The master has not to enter into details with old John, who has been with him for so many years; he knows his wishes, and a wink or a look will speak volumes. Well-trained children of God have their faces toward him, and soon perceive his mind and this secures their prompt obedience.

II. I now ask your attention while I show you

A Character to be Avoided.

We are told that since the Lord is ready to instruct us, we are not to be stubborn and wayward. It is ours to be docile and obedient. "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." We are not to imitate creatures of which we are the superiors. Man is made to have dominion over the horse and mule, and the whole animal creation: let him not seek his models among his servants. I have sometime heard speeches which have looked in that unwise direction. The driver of an omnibus was using his whip pretty freely upon one of his horses, and a gentleman siting on the box-seat observed, "You never strike the horse on this side." "Bless you!" said the driver, "if I were to touch that mare, when I went near her in the stable at night, she would kick me like a Christian." What a remarkable simile, was it not? Like a Christian! Is that so, that Christians kick? that Christians are found taking revenge? Here is a matter about which we urgently cry, "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule." Never render evil for evil, railing for railing; for that is to copy the beasts of the field. Let us look upward to the highest and never go down to the beasts for models.

Akin to the Ass.

We must mind that we do not imitate creatures to whom we are so near akin. The mule has a touch of the ass in it, and I fear it is not the only creature of which this may be said. Is not man, as unredeemed, likened to the ass in the types of the Mosaic law? Ah, brethren! we are likened in Scripture to many strange beasts, and not without reason. David himself says, "So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee;" and yet he was so good a man that he could add, "Nevertheless I am continually with thee." A large part of us is animal, and its tendency is to drag down that part which is more than angelic. How abject, and yet how august is man! Brother to the worm, and yet akin to Deity. Immortal and yet a child of dust. Be ye not the prey of your lower natures. As children of God, yield not yourselves to that which it is your duty to subdue. Have the horse and mule in subjection: keep under your body: do not bear the burden of the animal, but make the animal your burden-bearer. "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule," but rise superior to flesh and blood.

I believe the Psalmist here alludes to the horse and mule as

Creatures Naturally Wild,

and needing to be broken in and trained. These wild creatures we can make nothing of till we break them in: be not like them, useless, untrained, unbroken. Yet this is how we begin life, naturally and spiritually. It is good to get broken in early in life: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." It is an ill thing for a man to have no restraint in youth, and no trouble in full-grown manhood. When men and women follow out their own sweet wills, the end thereof is seven-fold bitterness. A mind uncorrected is a vine unpruned, which yields no fruit, but trails along the ground, and rots as it trails. It is a grand thing to learn the meaning of the word "obey."

Furthermore, we are not to imitate creatures devoid of reason. "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding." He especially lays stress on this—that they are without understanding. You are a reasoning man; act reasonably. You have understanding; do not act under mere impulse, blind wilfulness, or ignorant folly. Here is the point, brethren: what we need is to come to an understanding with God, and to keep in that condition. The horse does not understand his driver's wishes, except as he intimates them through the bit and bridle. "Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is."

Be Sensitive to the Spirit.

So dwell in God that he shall dwell in you, and his indwelling shall cause you to feel at once what it is that he would have you to do. May your will be so in accord with the Lord's will that you will only what he wills! This is the highest form of understanding that I know of; may we never rest till we have it.

But the Psalmist also adds, concerning the horse and the mule, that having no understanding, they are creatures with much self-will and waywardness. "Their mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee." If you look at the Revised Version, you will find it is "else they will not come near unto thee;" and Calvin has it, "lest they kick at thee." This is a very obscure passage as to the words, but it is not at all doubtful as to its sense; for the point is that the animal will not

do what it should do, but it will obstinately do what it ought not to do, until it gets the bit in its mouth to compel it to do its master's will. So it is with ourselves; but so it should not be. At one time we find men rashly rushing near to God; they have no reverence, no holy trembling and awe. Some appear to be as familiar with God as if he were one of themselves. Thus the Lord complains in the psalm: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself." Such vain people need a bit, lest they come near to God. Others will not come near to God at all, and need a bit because they run off from the Lord into infidelity, blasphemy, or open vice. These endeavor to carry out their own wild wills, throwing up their heels as they please, and prancing over hill and plain with a defiant contempt of rule and order. We know that kind of people: let us not in any measure grow like them. Surely, I need not further urge you to avoid this unlovely character. None would wish to be as the horse, or as the mule.

III. I will now dwell for a few minutes upon

An Infliction

to be escaped. If you mean to be like the horse or the mule, you may readily be so, but you will have to pay the penalty. If the Lord means to save you, he will use a bit and a bridle upon you, if you render them necessary by your wilfulness. If you will be guided by his eye, there will be no need for such stern work: but if you are stubborn, he will not spare you.

I may say of this bit and bridle, that such trappings are a curb upon freedom. A man would not endure to go about wearing a bit and a bridle; yet many a child of God is in that condition spiritually, because he is not subdued to the will of the Lord. Because he is not tender of conscience, because he is frequently disobedient, because he does not carry out his Lord's will, he has to suffer severe discipline, and labor under serious disadvantage. If the man were willingly obedient to the divine will, things would go more happily with him.

"Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule," or you shall have your mouth held in with bit and bridle. That is a very unpleasant matter. It is

Not Comfortable Even to a Mule

to wear bit and bridle; and it must be very unpleasant to a man. I have known brethren whom God could not use in the conversion of many souls, for they could not bear prosperity. The Lord did bless the preacher once, and he grew so great in his own esteem that he was not bearable to those around him. For the man's own sake the good Lord saw that it was not safe to let him be useful. Here is a man who formerly succeeded in business; but he grew so worldly, so purse-proud, so forgetful of God, that it was necessary to take his wealth away from him; and it has been done—and now he is devout and lowly. Another man, when he is in health and strength, is so full of levity and carelessness that he plays the fool; and in order to keep him right it is necessary to let him have a sluggish liver, or an aching head, or, sick home, or something else, which may sober him. I know a person who is always grumbling; and I do not wonder that he always seems to have cause for it. It is like the child that I heard crying, and its mother said to it, "Hold your tongue! If you cry for nothing, I will soon give you something to cry for." Many a child of God has found something to cry for as the result of wanton murmuring. Well,

If You Make Rods

for your backs, God will use them upon you. It is his custom not to let anything lie idle in his house; so, if you are busy making a rod, he will be busy in putting it to its proper use.

But all this is unnatural to the child of God. Do not drive your Saviour to be stern with you. Do not choose the way of hardness—the brutish way, the mulish way. "Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding," for then you will become sad, gloomy, dull, stupid, and full of disquietude. It is essential that your iniquities should be subdued, and they shall be. He will save you—save you from rebellion, save you from self-seeking and self-will. He will bend you to his holy will; and if it cannot come to pass anyhow else, then the bit and the bridle shall conquer you. Oh, souls, submit yourselves unto God. Vex not his Holy Spirit by hardness of heart.

IV. Now I close by noticing a

Freedom to be Attained.

There are children of God who wear no bit or bridle: the Lord has loosed their bonds. To them obedience is delight; they keep his commands with their whole heart. The Son has made them free, and they are free indeed. They are free: first, because they are in touch with God. God's will is their will. They answer to the Lord as the echo to the voice. Happy is he who can say, "Whatever thou desirest, O my Lord, I would desire it because thou desirest it." Then is it safe for the Lord to leave the man free from compulsion.

You shall be free, next, because you are tutored. The Lord cannot trust our wild nature: he gives freedom where he gives his Spirit: "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, theee is liberty." How does our Lord put it?—"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." He gives rest through his blood; he makes you find rest through learning of him, and bearing his yoke. The law was not made for a righteous man. I hope we shall not need church discipline, or

Providential Discipline,

because we have been trained to joyful, watchful, exact obedience. Oh, that it were so! Teach me, O Lord! Teach me thy way.

All this will lead to high joy. See how the psalm ends, "Shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart"! When the bit is taken from the mouth, the tongue will show forth the praises of the Lord. When the bridle is gone, the mouth is free to sing unto the Most High. If the heart be well adjusted there will be music in the life. When we follow the Lord's guidance with alacrity, peace shall be our companion, and joy shall hover over us like a guardian angel. This world will be the vestibule of heaven when we begin even now to rehearse that perfect obedience which is the essential condition of bliss. Beloved, all this the Holy Ghost must work in our hearts, or it will never be there. Cry to him for it in the name of Jesus, and he will give you an answer of peace.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Isaac's Marriage.*

DO not know what were really the ceremonies of a Hebrew wedding at this early date. But the following description by one intimately acquainted with the East may be accepted as probably giving no very untrue account: Rebekah would be led to the tent by her nurse and her maids who had come with her; but one by one these would leave her, till she was all alone with her nurse, wondering whether she would please Isaac when he came. After a time the nurse would throw a shawl over her head, and a signal having been given, the curtain would be pushed aside for a moment, and the bridegroom would enter and the nurse withdraw. Now came the moment for removing the veil or shawl which hid the bride's face. If he had been a modern Oriental, Isaac would have said, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful," and then raising the veil, would greet his wife with the words, "Blessed be this day," to which her answer would be, "God bless thee." This would be the first time he beheld his wife's face. If it pleased him he would announce the fact to the anxious women outside, who forthwith set up a shrill cry of delight. To the Semitic races this shout of the triumphant and satisfied bridegroom is one of the most delightful sounds that can be uttered, and has been so for immemorial ages; and it is to this that our Saviour alludes when he says, "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom who standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice."

The Descent Into Egypt.

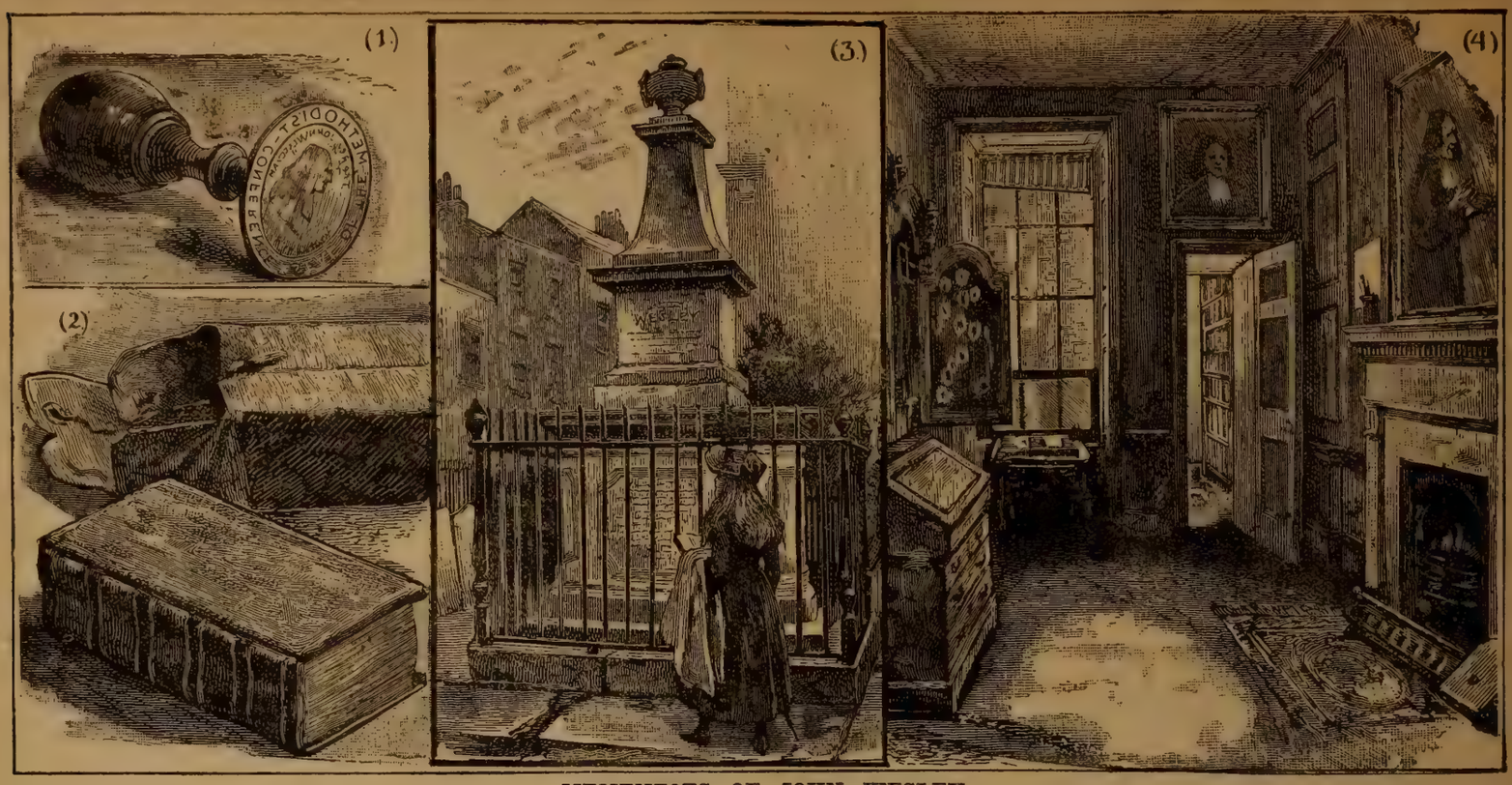
To descend into Egypt, with the whole of his belongings, to place himself and his tribe under the protection of Pharaoh, was for Jacob to give up the freedom and independence which had been enjoyed now for above two centuries, and to become a mere dependent on an absolute and powerful monarch, whose will would be law to himself, his children and their descendants. It was not now as in Abraham's time. Then the patriarch and his wife, with no children, and only a moderate band of followers, could seek a temporary shelter, and look to returning into Canaan when a few years were past. But now, when the males of Abraham's stock were over seventy in number, and the households probably not less than thirty or forty, and the retainers perhaps some thousands, the movement was a veritable migration, a fresh settlement, a removal into a new and strange land for an indefinite period. No doubt there were constraining causes which left little room for choice. The desire to see Joseph was intense, and could not otherwise be gratified, for the Pharaoh was not likely to give his minister leave of absence from the court. The famine was still sore in the land and would continue according to God's word to Joseph for another five years. Starvation stared Jacob in the face if he elected to remain at Hebron, while in Egypt were ease, plenty, and good things in abundance .... Still Jacob, even when he started on his journey, would seem to have been doubtful as to his proper course, or even, as has been said, engaged in eager debate as to the path of duty. Abraham when in Egypt had been brought into great danger; Isaac had been forbidden to go thither. Moreover, Egypt was not only a heathen land, but one in which idolatry had been long practised and had assumed gross forms of a revolting character. Jacob therefore might naturally fear to find in it dangers both worldly and spiritual.

The Pharaoh of Joseph's Time.

It was into an Egypt of the reaction period, but still one that possessed peculiar features, that Jacob was about to be introduced. Chronological considerations alone would place the ministry of Joseph toward the close of the Hyskos period. Tradition connects him in an especial way with Apepi, the last king of the great Hyskos dynasty which began with Salatis or Saites. Apepi stands out from the Egyptian kings of the period as a monarch of a distinct individuality, and with a marked character. He built a great temple to Set or Sutekh at Tanis, his principal capital, composed of blocks of red granite, and adorned it with obelisks and sphinxes. The obelisks are said to have been fourteen in number, and must have been disposed about the courts, instead of being placed in the ordinary way in pairs before the entrances. The sphinxes, which differed from the ordinary Egyptian sphinx, in having a mane like a lion and also wings, seem to have formed an avenue or vista leading up to the temple from the town. They were in diorite, and are still to be seen at San, with the name of Apepi still engraved upon them.

But it was in the religious changes which he introduced, that Apepi's individuality appears most strikingly. The other Hyskos monarchs had apparently, after their first outburst of fanaticism, adopted the old Egyptian religion in its entirety, encouraged polytheism, and distributed their favors impartially among the various members of the Egyptian Pantheon. Apepi became a monotheist. Singling out from among the multitudinous gods of Egypt one special

* From *Isaac and Jacob: their Lives and Times*, by George Rawlinson, M. A., F. R. G. S. This is another volume of the series, now so popular, entitled, *Men of the Bible*. It is an effort, and a very successful one, to present the single character in its own appropriate setting in its own light. Pp. 186; price $1.00. Published by *Messrs. Anson. D. F. Randolph & Co.*, 38 West 23d St., N. Y.



MEMENTOES OF JOHN WESLEY.

1. The First Conference Seal—2. John Wesley's Bible and its Case—3. Wesley's Tomb—4. The Room in which John Wesley Died.

personage—the divinity Set or Sutekh—he made him the sole object of his worship, refusing to serve any other god in the whole land. He even became an apostle of monotheism, imposing the worship of a single god on the tributary monarch of Southern Egypt, who held his capital at Thebes. Whether he carried out his religious ideas to the extent of requiring conformity to them on the part of his Egyptian subjects generally, is uncertain—perhaps he scarcely ventured so far; but in Tanis and Avaris the unity of God seems to have been proclaimed. In each of these cities the king built a single great temple, "of goodly and enduring workmanship," where, on festival days, sacrifice was offered to Sutekh, with those rites which elsewhere in Egypt were regarded as appropriate to the divinity known as Ra-Harmarchis, the rising sun. We may therefore regard it as most probable that Apepi identified his sole deity with the bright orb of day, the great source of light and life to the universe.

MARTYRDOM IN MADAGASCAR.

(See Illustration on page 165.)

THE intelligence of the frightful massacre in Madagascar, mentioned in this journal last week, is an evidence of the urgent need in that land of the humanizing influence of the Gospel. The motive for the slaughter in this instance does not appear from the brief cable-dispatch reporting the atrocities to have been that intolerance of religion, which in former years lead to similar crimes, but to have been simply the barbarous vengeance of a savage invested with authority. He was incensed by the act of the people in sending a petition to the General Government protesting against his oppression. The horrible details, however, recall most painfully previous massacres in Madagascar, in which religious persecution was the chief motive. Then, as now, the official acts were characterized by cruelty and barbarity peculiarly revolting.

It was during the decade 1840 to 1850 that this persecution culminated. The victims then were not political malcontents, but men and women guiltless of any offence but that of making profession of Christianity. They were of both sexes and all ages. In one instance a husband and wife and their newborn babe were burned at the same stake. Mr. Ellis, a missionary in Madagascar at that time, witnessed other appalling massacres of which the scene depicted in the illustration was one. All the native Christians were required by the queen to present themselves to the duly constituted authorities in their districts before a certain day, and abjure their faith. Any suspected person failing to comply was specially summoned, and was condemned to death. The method of execution originally was burning, but as the number of the condemned increased, a more speedy method was adopted. The ankles and wrists of

Mrs. Susannah Wesley.

the victim were tied together, and he or she, slung on a pole, was carried to the top of a precipice and ignominiously flung over on the jagged rocks below.

The heroism of the martyrs was wonderful. Each was briefly asked, on reaching the edge of the precipice, to take the oath of allegiance to the ancient faith of idolatry, and informed that the penalty of refusal was instant death. Their lives were offered them if they would renounce Christ. The alternative was appalling, yet the converts bravely declared for Jesus, and one after another they were cast over the fatal precipice. On one occasion, a youug girl of rare beauty was among the crowd. She was kept back until last, in the hope that the spectacle of the execution of her friends might intimidate her. Standing alone on the rock where an hour before she had been surrounded by a multitude of friends, she was again urged to abjure her faith. She refused, and calmly bade the executioners proceed. "She is an idiot!" exclaimed the officer in command. "She does not know what she says. Take her away." She was remanded to prison, and ultimately, on the death of the persecuting queen, she was set free. Verily, as the Psalmist has said, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." (Ps. 74 : 20.) We can but pray that God will so reveal himself in that land, that it may be delivered from the oppression of wicked rulers, and its people may become disciples of the Prince of Peace.

THE WESLEY CENTENARY.

ALL Christian readers, whatever their denomination, will be interested in the picture here given of John Wesley's mother, and of the personal memorials and relics of the great divine. The Bible and the first Conference seal have been exhibited in the museum attached to the Allan Library in London, and during the celebration of the centenary have been examined by throngs of reverent visitors. With these are given a picture of John Wesley's tomb, and of the room in which he died. As one looks at it, the scene which makes it famous is recalled. The veteran servant of Christ, conscious that his end was near, singing and praising God, uttering frequently the cheering assurance, "The best of all is, God is with us," which in the days of his strength had been often on his lips. When the last moment was evidently come, he exclaimed, "Farewell!" and then, as Joseph Bradford, his faithful friend and travelling companion, was saying, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and this heir of glory shall come in!" Wesley became unconscious of the presence of his brethren, and, without a groan or a sigh, passed away.

Susannah Wesley, whose portrait we give, was born in 1669. She was the youngest daughter of the learned Non-

conformist preacher, Rev. Samuel Annesley, LL.D. Not much is known of this worthy man, but there is Scriptural ground for the presumption that he was a happy man, for he had the special claim of having a family of twenty-five children to the benediction of the Psalmist, who, comparing children to arrows, said: "Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them." (Ps. 127: 5.) His daughter, Susannah, who became the wife of the Epworth rector and the mother of the Wesleys, appears to have been a most devoted mother. She died July 23, 1742, when her famous son was in his fortieth year. He thus describes her death in his diary: "About three in the afternoon, I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bedside. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request uttered a little while before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" She was buried on Sunday, August 1, the service being conducted by John Wesley, who afterwards preached the funeral sermon, his text being Rev. 20: 11, 12.

The New Wesley Memorial Church at Epworth, England.

THE WESLEY MEMORIAL CHURCH.

TWO kinds of memorials to the founders of Methodism are depicted in the accompanying illustration. One is the medallion tablet to the memory of the two brothers, which has been placed in Westminster Abbey, and the other the beautiful church-building erected recently at their birthplace in Epworth, England.

Not many years ago the idea of erecting a monument to the Wesleys in Westminster Abbey would have been regarded by churchmen as almost a sacrilege, but the Church like the world, has become more liberal in our day. Under the wise and kindly rule of the late Dean Stanley no objection at all was made to the admission of the memorial. The President of the Wesleyan Conferance waited on the Dean and in courteous terms asked if a monument to Charles Wesley, "the sweet psalmist of English Israel," might have a place in the venerable pile where the memory of so many eminent authors was enshrined. "And why not John, too?" asked the Dean. There was no reason against John Wesley if the Dean saw none, so the medallion on which the features of both the brothers appear was placed in position. It is near the monument of Isaac Watts, in the South Aisle by Poets' Corner.

The Memorial Church which has been dedicated to the worship of God in the town in which John and Charles Wesley first saw the light, is the most suitable memorial that could have been raised to the two gifted men. It is of a chaste and beautiful design, and is substantially built. When the project was first mooted, contributions flowed in freely from English and American Methodists, and within a year the church was built and dedicated. One of its treasured mementoes is an old table of solid oak, which stands inside the communion rail. It is the table which served as a communion-table in the old church at Epworth, from which the rector, the father of John and Charles, used to administer the Lord's Supper two hundred years ago.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 158*)

A Roman Festa.

WHEN Margaret reached her hotel, she went directly to her room, and even Camilla was shut out for a few hours. Then she went out for a walk in the open air before meeting the others at table. She was gone some time, and came in with an apology for keeping them waiting. She had met in the reception-room little Mrs. Barcolo, the English lady who was in the compartment with them from Turin to Genoa. She had come to tell them that her husband, an Italian, and a railroad man, had telegraphed her that his headquarters would have to be in Genoa for a few months, Mrs. Barcolo insisted that she could not stay in Rome with Luigi away up there in Genoa. It would make her a lot of trouble to get a release from her padrone; and, as they had said they were going to take furnished apartments, she hoped they would take hers off her hands.

"It is down in the old part of the city," said Margaret. "What do you say, girls? Would you like to live down there where the streets are all in a tangle? It is close by the Pantheon."

"We lived in that quarter once," said Camilla.

"I dare say the apartment is well furnished," remarked Carolyn. "We had better take it at once."

"It will be a capital place for study," said Margaret. "You can hardly stir without stumbling over something a few thousand years old."

"Mrs. Barcolo is an impulsive, little woman," said Camilla. "We must not give her time to change her mind."

It was decided that they should go in a body to look at the apartment, immediately after luncheon. So they set forth as soon as they rose from the table.

At the hotel door a porter called one of those ubiquitous, one-horse cabs, that one finds so convenient in Rome. A shabby driver on the box, dozing under a green umbrella, a calash to raise at need against sun or rain, and room for five persons.

"They have fine horses in this city," said Margaret, as they stepped into the vehicle.

"But zey are not harnessed to ze cabs, any more zan zey are in Paris," laughed Marie.

"They wouldn't stay fine long if they were," remarked the American girl. "With just the little peep I've had, I've seen one of these poor beasts under the lash dragging six grown people up and down these seven hills."

"The fare is very light," said Camilla, looking at the tariffa. "Only half a franc for the course."

"The poor fellow can't afford that," and Margaret took a franc from her porte-monnaie. "Five pence, as you would say, Lyn; about ten cents of our money to take us four to the Via nei Crescenzi."

"I shall be obliged to protest, cousin. You Americans fling your money at such a tremendous rate, you ruin everybody on this side. You must remember it costs less to live here than in your county."

"Figures will show you, dear," was the reply, "that the average Italian has only half as much to live on as the average American, in actual food; and I don't want to be a party to his starvation."

"Between the soldiers and the priests," said Camilla, "two expensive armies, there isn't much left for the common people. You have no need for either in your good country."

"God grant we never may have," prayed the American.

On the Via dei Crescenzi, the cabman stopped before the gate of a square, open court. It was stone-paved, with a little fountain in the centre, while on the narrow ledges of the upper stories tropical plants were in full, fresh leaf. A convent tower with ith bell dominated one corner, and altogether the place had a charmingly quaint, mediæval look.

"This cranky, whimsical, old building has plenty of knuckles and elbows," said Margaret, looking up at the walls about the court as fantastic in form as stone could easily be made to appear; "and balconies—as Dickens says, it seems to have rained balconies, snowed balcouies, blown balconies, and hailed balconies."

Their "apartments," up two flights of stone steps proved to be even better than Mrs, Barcalo had represented.

"Quite like our old palazzo," said Camilla.

"The carpets are bright enough, and the furnithre good," remarked Carolyn, dutifully elevating her brows: "but such fire-places! Why can they not have andirons, at least. We would be sure to have grates at home, for proper comfort."

"They are several degrees nearer the equator than your land or mine," said Margaret. "Though I must confess I would like a good steam radiator, or even an old-fashioned baseburner, these chilly mornings. Nevertheless, when we are in Rome we must do as Romans do. If they choose to freeze, we must freeze, also."

"The Italians would perish in the hot air of your American houses, said Camilla.

"So would we," chimed in the English girl, in hearty horror inspired by the thermometer reports of her travelled countrymen.

When the young ladies returned to Mrs. Barcolo's drawing-room, they asked how soon they could take possession. "This evening, if you like," replied the brisk little woman. She ran on at a rapid rate with the details of her loneliness, and how she could dispose of her affairs, and where they could get their dinners sent from, and what they could order, and she dared say the maids could manage the rest of it, etc., etc.

By this opportune arrangement our little party found itself ensconsed in its own hired house, and sitting at its own dinner-table, Margaret at the head, and Camille at the foot, by six o'clock that very evening.

"Are n't we favored, friends?" exclaimed Margaret, "to think of getting settled so soon? We're going to get on nicely, too. Of course it will be a deadly penance for poor Boggins to adjust herself to the new order of things; but when once she gets adjusted she'll grumble all the rest of her days because she can't take these comfortable ways home to England. Ann 'made bold' as she says, to tell me that it was a splendid time she was after having, if only 'we'd been a lavin' that darlint, old Boggins behind, before.'" A laugh at the imitation of the maid's brogue rippled over the gentle jingle of silver and china.

The ninety-first Psalm was their lesson for family-prayer that evening. As Margaret read, the others asked questions. They had known from the first of her coming to them that her faith was as direct and simple as that of the Hebrews in their best days, seeing God in everything: yet they marvelled at the richness and fullness of her spiritual joy, as it shone out in the unrestrained talk.

"I have had my full share of sorrow," she said in reply to one of Carolyn's searching queries; "Yet my soul is perfectly at rest on the bosom of God's sweet will: for his will is his love. The personal, ever-present Christ is all the world to me: so you see I am really the happiest woman in Europe."

"The king's birthday," said Carolyn the next morning at breakfast. She had been wrestling most persistently with the day's doings in *La Tribuna*, parsing every word to insure accuracy. "As nearly as I can make out there is to be a military review in the forenoon, and the laying of the corner-stone of the Palace of Grace and Justice, whatever that can be, in the afternoon, with something about the schools in between at the Campodaglio. This extr'ord'n'ry language is really very, very puzzling."

They all wanted to see the review, so they set out early for the Prætorian Camp where it was to be held. Before Margaret and Camilla left their room, however, the Italian girl asked her friend a question that drew from her a description of the personal appearance of the young officer for whose name they searched the list on the Dogali column. "He was tall, erect, always soldierly in bearing. His features were strong, but fine: the nose as large as the Roman, but straight, a wide, full forehead, I cannot describe his eyes. They were as clear and deep as the sky. This photo was taken six years ago. I like its boyish look. It takes me back to our school days."

Cabs were not allowed near the field of the review, but by a detour Camilla led the party around the crowds of people, to where they could stand within the gates, and see the parade to advantage.

There was loud cheering when the king and his staff rode in; and he held his hand to his visor in answering salute. Then came the cavalry at full gallop. Just after the artillery had passed the place where our young ladies were standing, the horse of one of its officers became unmanageable, and tore down the line, rearing, plunging, and doing his best to unseat his rider.

At that moment Margaret was bent on making place for a small boy whom a man had crowded back. The officer was at some distance before she raised her head. His form was above medium, muscular, and with a touch of the imperial in its bearing, noticeable even with his horse bounding and whirling along almost beyond control. Camilla was watching him through her glass; and not a movement escaped her gaze. All eyes were upon him when Margaret raised her head, and looked after him, her face grew as livid as death.

"Why, in heaven's name, doesn't he take both hands to that bit?" exclaimed a gentleman. "No man living could manage such a powerful animal as that with one hand; yet he has hardly touched the rein with his left. He's bringing the furious brute down, though." "Dogali!" shouted a man in the ranks. "Wounded at Dogali!" The magic words were caught up by the marching men, till "Hurrah, for the of hero Dogali!" rang along the line, cheer on cheer. The officer, still holding the bridle firmly in his right hand, was bending to pat his horse's arched neck with the left. When he noticed that they were cheering him, he raised his hat, and bowed, acknowledging the compliment. His face was heavily bearded, but when Camilla saw his forehead and eyes, the glass fell from her hand. She recognized Jerome Goodyear from the photograph that Margaret had shown her that morning. She did not pick up the glass. Without it Margaret could not see his features at that distance:—and suppose—a thousand things flashed through the mind of the Italian girl. It might be infinitely better to believe him dead.

"Haven't we seen enough of this?" asked Margaret. "War is horrid. The sun is fearfully warm here."

"Don't you know, cousin," said Carolyn, "this is the very spot where the old Prætorian Guard used to be in camp? You do not seem to take it in. A gentleman at the hotel—a clergyman—told me that when Paul was here, he was sure to have lived near this spot."

"Zen he looked up at zis same sky!" exclaimed Marie. "At zese varee hills—ze great Saint Paul!"

They moved toward the gate; but Camilla, a little behind the rest, caught again that dread, but fascinating word "Dogali;" and she stopped to listen. A gentleman of distinguished appearance, he might have been a senator, was talking rapidly with an accompaniment of gesture that brought head, shoulders, hands and fingers into play. He was saying, "Yes, I was at the Quirinal, when the little handful who escaped the Abyssinian slaughter were presented. The king and queen received them most graciously. I saw that very artillery officer who had the struggle with the horse. One could not soon forget a man like that. It seems that he had been wounded in the side; but kept his place at the head of his men, holding the blood back with his left hand, and fighting with the right, till a sabre-cut disabled his left wrist. Then he fell from his horse, and became unconscious from loss of blood; and so he escaped the mutilation that those suffered whom the Abyssinians found alive. He has been promoted to a Major's rank in the artillery for his bravery. He has a splendid mathematical education, they say. He'll render good service, even if he is never able to take the field again. A foreigner—English, I think."

"A superb fellow," remarked the listener, with a glow. "He'll be heard from yet."

"Si, si, si. That he will. While he was talking with the queen that time, he grew very white; for he had not recovered from his wounds. She requested him to be seated; but he declined to sit in the presence of his sovereign. With one of her own gracious bows,—you know how gracefully she can do a thing like that—she said, 'Your queen insists upon her privilege of giving place to the honors of Dogali.'"

"Our beautiful queen!" exclaimed the other gentleman enthusiastically.

Margaret did not go out again that day. In the military and civic display of the cornerstone-laying there were flowers and banners; and under a crimson and gold pavilion the king and queen laid the stone, and Zanardilli, the Minister of Grace and Justice, made the speech. Camilla had eyes and ears only for the soldiers; but she could not catch a glimpse of the Dogali hero.

(To be Continued.)

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A YOUNG GIRL'S DYING FAITH.

A YOUNG lady, whose parents were wealthy, and moved in fashionable society, was lying on a bed of sickness, and feeling that the end was very nigh, said to her father: "Father, I am going to die. Where am going?" The father could give no reply. "Mother, dear, can you tell me what to do to get to heaven?" No reply. "I am lost," she exclaimed. "Am I not, father?" Is there anyone who can tell me what I must do to be saved?"

The servant-girl, who knew the Saviour, told her mistress of the minister who preached forgiveness through the finished work of Christ. "Oh, that I could see him," exclaimed the dying girl. He was sent for and came; when she appealed to him, "Can you tell me what I must do to obtain rest to my soul, and die at peace with my God?" He replied, "I cannot." She cried, "Alas! and is it so? Is there no help for me?" "Stay," said he, "though I cannot tell you what you can *do* to be saved, I can tell you what *has been done* for you. Jesus Christ, the Saviour, has completely finished a work by which lost and helpless sinners may be saved. The Saviour left the throne of his glory, bled and died that the sinner might live. 'He bore our sins in his own body on the tree.' As our sin-bearer and substitute he endured the punishment we deserved in order that God might be able to pardon sinners. You have nothing to do; Christ has done it. Believe and trust in him."

The dying girl exclaimed: "And have I really nothing to do? nothing to pay? nothing to give? nothing to do to recommend me to God?" The minister replied, "Nothing. Your salvation from hell does not come from any work done in you or by you, but through a work done for you on the Cross 1800 years ago; Christ has done it all; your part is to believe that Christ has already redeemed you by his own blood. God commands you to believe that Christ died for our sins, and he says that whosoever believeth this shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

The dying girl listened with breathless attention, and saw that on the cross Christ had taken upon himself her sins, and God had sacrificed his own Son in order that he might deliver her soul from hell. She believed this, and that moment felt at peace. The next day, with eyes beaming with joy, she bade friends farewell and fell asleep in Jesus.

IRREVERENT LANGUAGE IN PRAYER.

Of Gerald Massey, the poet, an anecdote is here told for the first time. It is a characteristic of the man, who perhaps ought not to be accused of irreverence because he expressed himself with too much strength, in condemnation of the unseemly familiarity with which the Deity is sometimes addressed even by men who ought to know better. Mr. Massey, who was on a lecturing tour, happened to be the guest of a gentleman residing in a certain town in the north of England on a Sunday when a preacher of local eminence was announced to conduct service in the principal dissenting place of worship there. "Would you like to hear Wm. ——, Massey?" inquired the poet's entertainer, "Indeed I would," responded Massey. Accordingly the two gentlemen were numbered among the large congregation assembled to hear the orator. "Well, how did you like Mr. ——?" questioned Massey's friend on the way home. "I enjoyed the sermon greatly," was the reply; "but I was tempted to think during the opening prayer, that if I were the Supreme Being I would not permit a man to speak to me with the gross familiarity which characterized it." The anecdote reminds that John Wesley is said to have severely criticized his brother Charles' description, in one of his hymns, of the "dear disfigured face" of the Saviour of the world.

AN ODD PRAYER FOR THE MINISTER.

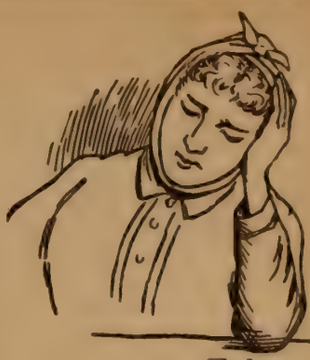
THE writer recalls with amusement a good story which a ministerial friend enjoys telling on himself. He (the clerical man) is one of a third generation of Methodist preachers of the same family, and has inherited the ready fluency and religious earnestness of the stock, but these are associated in his case with the disposition to sincere study which, we are told on high authority, is "weariness to the flesh." His old-fashioned friends are proud of the "smart" young dominie, but his physical condition is apt to alarm their loving fears. One Sunday evening after he had preached and was very tired and worn in consequence of the effort he had made, he called a prayer-meeting, which the warm-hearted, brothers and sisters carried along with but little or no labor on his part. One good brother on whose cordial interest he could always count, offered an earnest prayer which comprised in the catholic scope of its petition the following: "O Lord! bless our beloved minister, strengthen his poor, weak body, and his feeble mind." The dear brother meant well, but for some reason or other, the subject of this eloquent intercession manifests the preference to tell the story of it himself.

THE RAILWAY AT JERUSALEM.

MR. DAVID BARON, in a letter gives the following account of the progress of the railway between Jerusalem and Jaffa:

"The road is prepared for laying the line nearly half way to Jerusalem. Did you know that the line is to run by Hebron and Bethlehem? Nearly opposite to this (German) colony where we stay, stand the three engines called respectively 'Jaffa,' 'Ramleh,' and 'Jerusalem.' They were brought from Philadelphia, U. S. A. Had it been in other hands it would have been finished ere this. The engineers are all slow-going and, I am told, not at all up to their work. I am glad that the concession for the line from Haifa to Damascus is in the hands of a progressive Company. They will begin to work at it in a few months. We had already a very great amount of rain this season—much more than usual. Last week going to Jerusalem nearly the whole of the plain of Sharon was flooded, in parts resembling a great lake. Oh! that God would pour down showers of spiritual blessings. floods of his Spirit and grace on this desert place! Jaffa has grown very much ever since last March when I was here. Many new houses and shops have been built in various directions and the Jewish community has increased considerably. A new Pasha has been appointed owing to complaints on the parts of the Railway Company against the old one. You will be interested to hear that the Baron here has told me that the new Pasha is much in favor of a harbor to be built at Jaffa, and will use his influence with the Sultan to assist the Railway Company in obtaining a concession.

"Had the railway been constructed according to the original plan it would have been forty-two miles in length, but by way of Hebron it will be sixty-five miles, which besides the extra time required for the journey will add considerably to the expense which, considering the poverty of the people, is a serious consideration. We are glad to see that another line to Damascus is about to be commenced."



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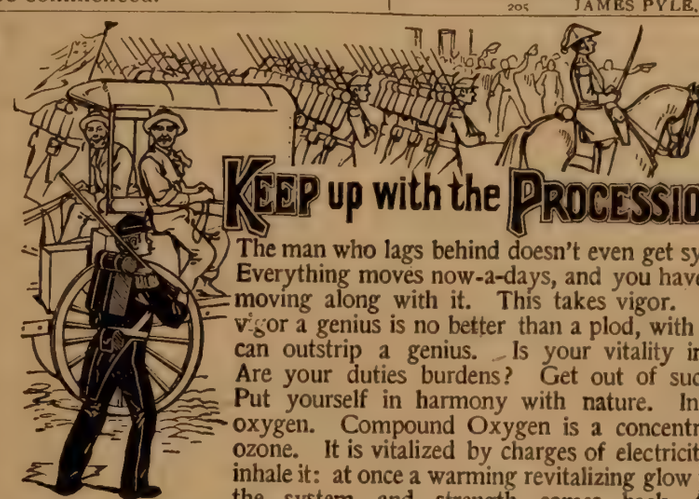

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Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain,
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden:
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountain,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
And that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longing still.
Is the heart a living power?
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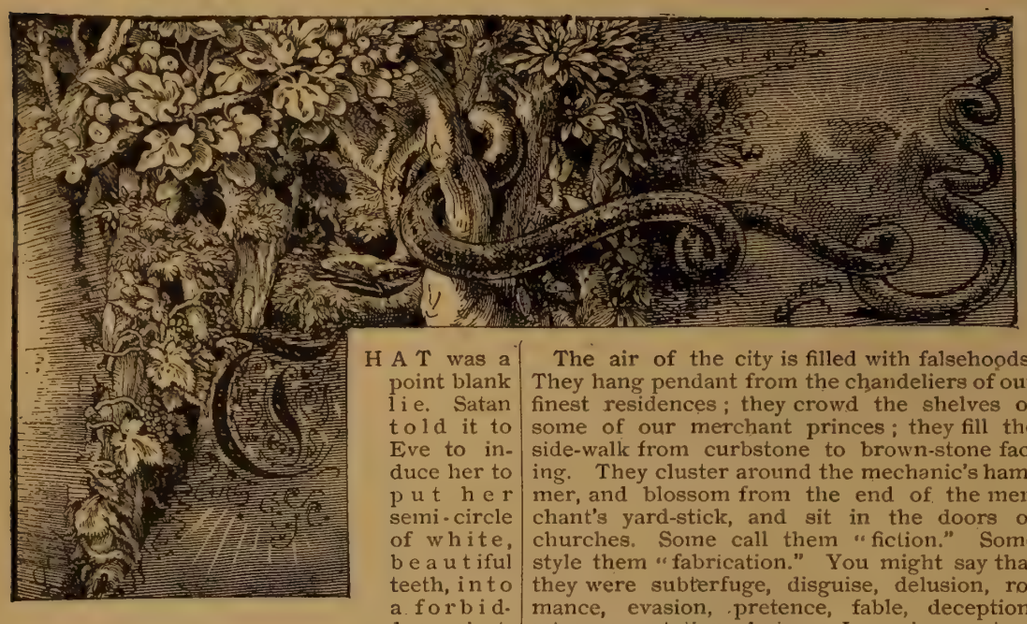
A NATIVE WOMAN OF ANGOLA, IN WESTERN AFRICA, GRINDING CORN. (*See Page 181.*)

THE PLAGUES OF THE CITIES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON ON LYING AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, LAST SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1891.

The Lie in Eden—The First of a Legion—Multiplying through the Centuries—A Natural Infirmity and an Acquired Habit—Agricultural Lies—The Temptations of the Fields—Mercantile Lies—The Misery of the Oppressed Employees—Eight Cents for Making a Garment—Lying at the Counter—The Lies of Mechanics—Broken Promises—Ecclesiastical Falsehood—Social Lying—Society Permeated with Insincerity.

"*Ye shall not surely die.*" Genesis 3; 4.



WHAT was a point blank lie. Satan told it to Eve to induce her to put her semi-circle of white, beautiful teeth, into a forbidden apricot, or plum, or peach, or apple. He practically said to her, "Oh, Eve! Just take a bite of this and you will be omnipotent and omniscient. You shall be as gods." Just opposite was the result. It was the first lie that was ever told in our world. It opened the gate for all the falsehoods that have ever alighted on this planet. It introduced a plague that covers all nations, the Plague of Lies. Far worse than the Plagues of Egypt, for they were on the banks of the Nile, but this on the banks of the Hudson, on the banks of the East River, on the banks of the Ohio, and the Mississippi, and the Thames, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and on both sides of all rivers. The Egyptian Plagues lasted only a few weeks, but for six thousand years has raged this Plague of Lies.

There are a hundred ways of telling a lie. A man's entire life may be a falsehood, while with his lips he may not once directly falsify. There are those who state what is positively untrue, but afterwards say "may be," softly. These departures from the truth are called "white lies;" but there is really no such thing as a white lie. The whitest lie that was ever told was as black as perdition. No inventory of public crimes will be sufficient that omits this gigantic abomination. There are men, high in Church and State, actually useful, self-denying and honest in many things, who, upon certain subjects, and in certain spheres, are not at all to be depended upon for veracity. Indeed, there are many men and women who have their notions of truthfulness so thoroughly perverted, that they do not know when they are lying. With many it is a cultivated sin; with some it seems a natural infirmity. I have known people who seemed to have been born liars. The falsehoods of their lives extended from cradle to grave. Prevarications, misrepresentation, and dishonesty of speech, appeared in their first utterances, and were as natural to them as any of their infantile diseases, and were a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina. But many have been placed in circumstances where this tendency has day by day, and hour by hour, been called to larger development. They have gone from attainment to attainment, and from class to class, until they have become regularly graduated liars.

The air of the city is filled with falsehoods. They hang pendant from the chandeliers of our finest residences; they crowd the shelves of some of our merchant princes; they fill the side-walk from curbstone to brown-stone facing. They cluster around the mechanic's hammer, and blossom from the end of the merchant's yard-stick, and sit in the doors of churches. Some call them "fiction." Some style them "fabrication." You might say that they were subterfuge, disguise, delusion, romance, evasion, pretence, fable, deception, misrepresentation; but, as I am ignorant of anything to be gained by the hiding of a God-defying outrage under a lexiocographer's blanket, I shall chiefly call them what my father taught me to call them—lies.

I shall divide them into agricultural, mercantile, mechanical, ecclesiastical and social lies.

First, then, I will speak of those that are more particularly agricultural. There is something in the perpetual presence of natural objects to make a man pure. The trees never issue "false stock." Wheat fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, not paying for the place they have occupied. Corn shocks never make false assignments. Mountain brooks are always "current." The gold on the grain is never counterfeit. The sunrise never flaunts in false colors. The dew sports only genuine diamonds. Taking farmers as a class, I believe they are truthful and fair in dealing, and kind-hearted. But the regions surrounding our cities do not always send this sort of men to our markets. Day by day there creak through our strects, and about the market-houses, farm-wagons that have not an honest spoke in their wheels. or a truthful rivet from tongue to tail-board. During the last few years there have been times when domestic economy has foundered on the farmer's firkin. Neither high taxes, nor the high price of dry-goods, nor the exorbitancy of labor, could excuse much that the city has witnessed in the behavior of the yeomanry. By the quiet firesides in Westchester and Orange Counties, I hope there may be seasons of deep reflection and hearty repentance. Rural districts are accustomed to rail at great cities as given up to fraud and every form of unrighteousness; but our cities do not absorb all the abominations. Our citizens have learned the importance of not always trusting to the size and style of apples in the top of a farmer's barrel, as an indication of what may be found farther down. Many of our people are accustomed to watch and see how correctly a bushel of beets is measured; and there are not many honest milk-cans.

Deceptions do not all cluster round city halls. When our cities sit down and weep over their sins, all the surrounding countries ought to come in and weep with them. There is often hostility on the part of producers against traders, as though the man who raises the corn was necessarily more honorable than the grain dealer, who pours it into his mammoth bin. There ought to be no such hostility. Yet producers often think it no wrong to snatch away from the trader; and they say to the bargain-maker, "You get your money easy." Do they get it easy? Let those who in the quiet field and barn get their living exchange places with those who stand to-day amid the excitements of commercial life, and see if they find it so very easy. While the farmer goes to sleep with the assurance that his corn and barley will be growing all the night, moment by moment adding to his revenue, the merchant tries to go to sleep, conscious that that moment his cargo may be broken on the rocks, or damaged by the wave that sweeps clear across the hurricane deck; or that reckless speculators may, that very hour, be plotting some monetary revolution, or the burglars be prying open his safe, or his debtors fleeing the town, or his landlord raising the rent, or the fires kindling on the block that contains all his estates. Easy! Is it? God help the merchants! It is hard to have the palms of the hands blistered with outdoor work; but a more dreadful process when, through mercantile anxieties, the brain is consumed!

In the next place we notice mercantile lies, those before the counter and behind the counter. I will not attempt to specify the different forms of commercial falsehood. There are merchants who excuse themselves for deviation from truthfulness because of what they call commercial custom. In other words, the multiplication and universality of a sin turns it into a virtue. There have been large fortunes gathered where there was not one drop of unrequited toil in the wine; not one spark of bad temper flashing from the bronze bracket; not one drop of needle-woman's heart-blood in the crimson plush; while there are other great establishments in which there is not one door-knob, not one brick, not one trinket, not one thread of lace, but has upon it the mark of dishonor. What wonder if, some day, a hand of toil that had been wrung, and worn out, and blistered until the skin came off, should be placed against the elegant wall-paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb; or that, some day, walking the halls, there should be a voice accosting the occupant, saying, "Six cents for making a shirt;" and, flying the room, another voice should say, "Twelve cents for an army blanket;" and the man should try to sleep at night, but ever and anon be aroused, until getting up on one elbow, he should shriek out, "Who's there?"

"EIGHT CENTS! EIGHT CENTS."

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive in her delirium, she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done; I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterwards she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day! Three times eight are twenty-four! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains of the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to

cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages refused, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you are going to leave me."—"Yes," she said, "and I am come to get what you owe me." He made no answer. She said, "Are you not going to pay me?"—"Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and he kicked her down the stairs.

There are thousands of fortunes made in commercial spheres that are throughout righteous. God will let his favor rest upon every scroll, every pictured wall, every traceried window; and the joy that flashes from the lights, and showers from the music, and dances in the children's quick feet, pattering through the hall, will utter the congratulation of men and the approval of God.

A merchant can, to the last item, be thoroughly honest. There is never any need of falsehood. Yet how many will, day by day, hour by hour, utter what they know to be wrong. You say that you are selling at less than cost. If so, then it is right to say it. But did that cost you less than what you ask for it? If not, then you have falsified. You say that that article cost you twenty-five dollars. Did it? If so, then all right. If it did not, then you have falsified.

"IT'S ALL SILK."

Suppose you are a purchaser. You are "beating down" the goods. You say that that article for which five dollars is charged, is not worth more than four. Is it worth no more than four dollars? Then all right. If it be worth more, and for the sake of getting it for less than its value, you wilfully depreciate it, you have falsified. You may call it a sharp trade. The recording angel writes it down on the ponderous tomes of eternity—"Mr. So and So, merchant on Water Street, or in Eighth Street, or in State Street; or Mrs. So and So, keeping house on Beacon Street, or on Madison Avenue, or Rittenhouse Square, or Brooklyn Heights of Brooklyn Hill, told one falsehood." You may consider it insignificant, because relating to an insignificant purchase. You would despise the man who would falsify in regard to some great matter, in which the city or the whole country was concerned; but this is only a box of buttons, or a row of pins, or a case of needles. Be not deceived. The article purchased may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin was bigger than the Pyramids, and the echo of the dishonor will reverberate through all the mountains of eternity.

You throw on your counter some specimens of handkerchiefs. Your customer asks, "Is that all silk? no cotton in it?" You answer "It is all silk." Was it all silk? If so, all right. But was it partly cotton? Then you have falsified. Moreover, you lost by the falsehood. The customer though he may live at Lynn, or Doylestown, or Poughkeepsie, will find out that you have defrauded him, and next spring when he again comes shopping, he will look at your sign and say: "I will not try there. That is the place where I got that handkerchief." So that by that one dishonest bargain you picked your own pocket and insulted the Almighty.

Would you dare to make an estimate of how many falsehoods in trade were yesterday told by hardware men, and clothiers, and fruit-dealers, and dry-goods establishments, and importers, and jewellers, and lumbermen, and coal-merchants, and stationers, and tobacconists? Lies about saddles, about buckles, about ribbons, about carpets, about gloves, about coats, about shoes, about hats, about watches, about carriages, about books—about everything. In the name of the Lord Almighty, I arraign commercial falsehoods as one of the greatest plagues in city and town.

In the next place, I notice mechanical lies. There is no class of men who administer more to the welfare of the city than artisans. To their hand we must look for the building that shelters us, for the garments that clothe us, for the car that carries us. They wield a widespread influence. There is much derision of what is called "Muscular Christianity;" but in the latter day of the world's prosperity, I think that the Christian will be muscular. We have a right to expect of those stalwart men of toil the highest possible integrity. Many of them answer all our expectations, and stand at the front of religious and philanthropic enterprises. But this class, like the others that I have named, has in it those who lack in the element of veracity. They cannot all be trusted. In times when the demand for labor is great, it is impossible to meet the demands of the public, or do work with that promptness and perfection that would at other times be possible. But there are mechanics whose word cannot be trusted at any time. No man has a right to promise more work than he can do. There are mechanics who say that they will come on Monday, but they do not come until Wednesday. You put work in their hands that they tell you shall be completed in ten days, but it is thirty. There have been houses built of which it might be said that every nail driven, every foot of plastering put on, every yard of pipe laid, every shingle hammered, every brick mortared, could tell of falsehood connected therewith. There are men attempting to do ten or fifteen pieces of work who have not the time or strength to do more than five or six pieces; but by promises never fulfilled keep all the undertakings within their own grasp. This is what they call "nursing" the job.

How much wrong to his soul and insult to God a mechanic would save, if he promised only so much as he expected to be able to do. Society has no right to ask of you impossibilities. You cannot always calculate correctly, and you may fail because you cannot get the help that you anticipate. But now I am speaking of the wilful making of promises that you know you cannot keep. Did you say that that shoe should be mended, that coat repaired, those bricks laid, that harness sewed, that door grained, that spout fixed, or that window glazed, by Saturday, knowing that you would neither be able to do it yourself nor get any one else to do it? Then, before God and man you are a liar. You may say that it makes no particular difference, and that if you had told the truth you would have lost the job, and that people expect to be disappointed. But that excuse will not answer. There is a voice of thunder rolling among the drills, and planes, and shoe lasts, and shears, which says: "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

I next notice ecclesiastical lies; that is, falsehoods told for the purpose of advancing churches and sects, or for the purpose of depleting them. There is no use in asking many a Calvinist what an Arminian believes, for he will be apt to tell you that the Arminian believes that a man can convert himself; or to ask the Arminian what the Calvinist believes, for he will tell you that the Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. There is no need of asking a pædo-Baptist what a Baptist believes, for he will be apt to say that the Baptist believes immersion to be positively necessary to salvation. It is almost impossible for one denomination of Christians, without prejudice or misrepresentation, to state the sentiment of an opposing sect. If a man hates Presbyterians, and you ask him what Presbyterians believe, he will tell you that they believe that there are infants in hell a span long!

It is strange also how individual churches will sometimes make misstatements about other individual churches. It is especially so in regard to falsehoods told with reference to prosperous enterprises. As long as a church is feeble, and the singing is discordant, and the minister, through the poverty of the church, must go with a threadbare coat, and here and there a worshipper sits in the end of a pew, having all the seat to himself, religious sympathizers of other churches will say, "What a pity!" But, let a great day of prosperity come, and even ministers of the Gospel, who ought to be rejoiced at the largeness and extent of the work, denounce, and misrepresent and falsify, starting the suspicion in regard to themselves, that the reason they do not like the corn is because it is not ground in their own mill. How long before we shall learn to be fair in our religious criticisms! The keenest jealousies on earth are church jealousies. The field of Christian work is so large that there is no need that our hoe-handles hit.

Next, I speak of social lies. This evil makes much of society insincere. You know not what to believe. When people ask you to come, you do not know whether or not they want you to come. When they send their regards, you do not know whether it is an expression of their heart, or an external civility. We have learned to take almost everything at a discount. Word is sent, "Not at home," when they are only too lazy to dress themselves. They say, "The furnace has just gone out," when in truth they have had no fire in it all winter. They apologize for the unusual barrenness of their table, when they never live any better. They decry their most luxurious entertainments, to win a shower of approval. They apologize for their appearance, as though it were unusual, when always at home they look just so. They would make you believe that some nice sketch on the wall was the work of a master painter. "It was an heirloom, and once hung on the walls of a castle; and a duke gave it to their grandfather." When the fact is, that painting was made by a man "down East," and baked, so as to make it look old, and sold with others for ten dollars a dozen. People who will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On a small income we must make the world believe that we are affluent, and our life becomes a cheat, a counterfeit, and a sham.

"NOT AT HOME."

Few persons are really natural. When I say this, I do not mean to slur cultured manners. It is right that we should have more admiration for the sculptured marble than for the unknown block of the quarry. From many circles in life insincerity has driven out vivacity and enthusiasm. A frozen dignity instead floats about the room, and iceberg grinds against iceberg. You must not laugh outright: it is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash rapidly across the room: you must glide. There is a round of bows, and grins, and flatteries, and oh's! and ah's! and simpering, and nambypambyism—a world of which is not worth one good, round honest peal of laughter. From such a hollow round the tortured guest retires at the close of the evening, and assures his host that he has enjoyed himself!

What a round of insincerities many people

run in order to win the favor of the world. Their life is a sham and their death an unspeakable sadness. Alas for the poor butterflies when the frost strikes them!

Compare the life and death of such a one with that of some Christian aunt who was once a blessing to your household. I do not know that she was ever offered the hand in marriage. She lived single, that untrammelled she might be everybody's blessing. Whenever the sick were to be visited, or the poor to be provided with bread, she went with a blessing. She could pray, or sing "Rock of Ages," for any sick pauper who asked her. As she got older, there were days when she was a little sharp, but for the most part auntie was a sunbeam—just the one for Christmas Eve. She knew better than anyone else how to fix things. Her every prayer, as God heard it, was full of everybody who had trouble. The brightest things in all the house dropped from her fingers. She had peculiar notions, but the grandest notion she ever had was to make you happy. She dressed well—auntie always dressed well; but her highest adornment was that of a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price. When she died, you all gathered lovingly about her; and as you carried her out to rest, the Sunday School class almost covered the coffin with japonicas; and the poor people stood at the end of the alley, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing bitterly; and the man of the world said, with Solomon, "Her price was above rubies;" and Jesus, as unto the maiden in Judea commanded "I say unto thee, arise!"

But to many through insincerity this life is a masquerade ball. As, at such entertainments, gentlemen and ladies appear in the dress of kings or queens, mountain bandits or clowns, and at the close of the dance throw off their disguises, so, in this dissipated life, all unclean passions move in mask. Across the floor they trip merrily. The lights sparkle along the wall, or drop from the ceiling—a cohort of fire! The music charms. The diamonds glitter. The feet bound. Gemmed hands stretched out, clasped gemmed hands. Dancing feet respond to dancing feet. Gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow. On with the dance! Flash and rustle, and laughter, and immeasurable merry-making! But the languor of death comes over the limbs, and blurs the sight. Lights lower! Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower! The maskers can hardly now be seen. Flowers exchange their fragrance for a sickening odor, such as comes from garlands that have lain in vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower! Mists fill the room. Glasses rattle as though shaken by sullen thunder. Sighs seem caught among the curtains. Scarf falls from the shoulder of beauty,—a shroud! Lights lower! Over the slippery boards, in dance of death, glide jealousies, disappointments, lust, despair. Torn leaves and withered garlands only half hide the ulcered feet. The stench of smoking lamp-wicks almost quenched. Choking damps. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voices hushed. Lights out!

A STRANGE READING BOOK.

MRS. TURNER, a mission worker in China, writes: "An extra thick *chan* was laid down, and a big Lama, big both in size and in reputation, came and took his seat upon it. He came from Kong-wo monastery on the other side of the Yellow River. Having heard that foreigners were staying at Mr. Hua Chien's house learning Tibetan, he had expressed a desire to see them, and Mr. Tob Tsang invited us. Mr. Tob Tsang himself was lame, and seemed kind and hospitable. The Lama wished to know if we could read Tibetan. A wooden board wetted and then sprinkled with ashes from the fire, and a pointed stick, served as writing materials, and he wrote sentences for us to read. He could not speak Chinese. They talked Tibetan to us most of the time, putting into Chinese what we did not understand. Mr. Tob Tsang listened attentivety to the story of Jesus."

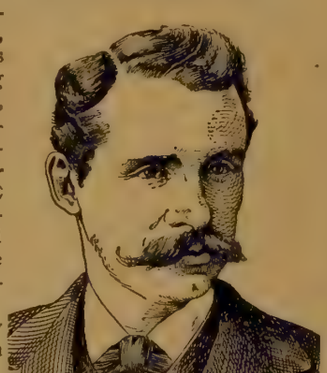
"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" EVANGELIST.

JAMES H. CANNON, "THE GOSPEL SINGER" AND HIS NOBLE WORK FOR CHRIST.

How a Bold Sinner was Converted and Became the Means of Bringing Hundreds to the Saviour—His Evangelical Work in Many Cities—A Golden Opportunity.

(See Portrait.)

GRACE abounding, celebrated by John Bunyan as the power which transformed him and his life, has worked the same miracle on many since his day, and is still the only power we know of which can so operate on the human soul. Let heart-broken parents, grieving over the perversity of sons, fully set on the course that leads to ruin and death, say what other power there is that can save a soul from destruction. Punishment, kindness, entreaty, command,—all influences fail; the young man's own efforts, promises and good resolutions prove futile and all seems lost. Yet, let the grace of God touch the heart and the transformation is made. Saul the persecutor becomes Paul the Apostle; Augustine, the abandoned libertine becomes the saintly writer and preacher, and John Bunyan, the swearing tinker, the heroic prisoner for Christ's sake and the glorious dreamer of beatific visions. That grace is still in operation, achieving similar wondrous changes under our own observation, differing not in kind, however much they may differ in degree. One such instance is that of the evangelist whose portrait we give here, a man who was once a willing servant of Satan, but is now laboring so successfully for the Saviour that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has decided to extend the sphere of his usefulness.



James Henry Cannon was born in Plainfield, N. J., Dec. 27, 1855, of Catholic parents. His father was a tailor. It cannot be said that pious influences surrounded his childhood, for he was permitted to run pretty much at large with other boys of the neighborhood, and he grew up a wild lad. He was a leader in juvenile mischief, and with other youths frequented the railroad depot a good deal, where he became the most expert of the band in jumping on and off the moving coal trains. One day he miscalculated and fell beneath the wheels, where his right arm was crushed so badly that it had to be amputated. At thirteen he left his home and went to Communipaw, N. J., where he became a newsboy, selling papers at the Stock Yards. Mr. S. H. Smith, the kindly superintendent, saw the boy, and believing that a better nature lay hidden beneath the rough exterior, engaged him as messenger for the Stock Yard Company.

Young Cannon performed his new duties satisfactorily, but otherwise his conduct remained unchanged. He associated with wicked young men, and gave little heed to the well-meant advice of his friends. He had at this time no thought of religion, and was the wickedest and most profane of a circle of boon companions, whose delight it was to mock at sacred things. When he was fifteen years old, a great change came over his life, which is thus described in his own vigorous language:

"There were five of us, and I was the leader in all their deviltries—the champion in their exploits of evil. One Sunday we went to the Methodist Church, on Communipaw Avenue, where revival services were being held. We had made up our minds, outside of the church, to go forward to the altar for fun, and to make a mockery of the holy ordinance; but when the invitation was given, instead of advancing to the altar, the last of our band turned and went out. All the rest of us followed him. Without observing it, I had left my hat in the church and, as it was snowing outside, I was obliged to pluck up courage, return and get it. Presently we got over our hesitation and made up our minds to go forward again the next night—purely out of the love of evil, and with the purpose of disturbing the congregation.

"I will never forget that night—it was the eighth of March, 1870. We all went up to the altar, but instead of mockery, prayers came to our lips. It was the Spirit of God that took hold of us, and as we knelt there, we felt the enormity of our sins and repented deeply. They had a praying band there that night, led by Mr. James Carpenter, who is now with Mr. Crittenden, the founder of the Florence Mission. And how they did pray! Earnest and tearful appeals to the throne for pardon were followed—so my companions assured me—by divine forgiveness. All five of us professed conversion, and the five who had come to scoff at the Lord's altar departed with hearts full of praise for his goodness. We were a wild set of young men before that, myself the worst of the lot. Circumstances separated us afterward, and two of my old companions of these days are now dead. Since that meeting, I have continued to serve the Lord, and I find him the best of Masters. His service is a perpetual delight."

In March, 1870, Mr. Cannon began his public career as an evangelist. Of his old companions, two had backslidden into sin and had met violent deaths. One was instantly killed by the railroad cars at Communipaw and the other was fatally kicked in the head by a horse. The two others were lost sight of. Strangely enough, it was in the same little Methodist Chapel in Communipaw, where he had twice come to scoff at God, that Mr. Cannon first preached. He had studied meanwhile and being naturally a fluent and graceful orator, had greatly improved his abilities. He had secured a license to exhort and he accepted an invitation to occupy the pulpit in the little chapel. He conducted services there for ten years, preaching Sundays and frequently week days as well. Then he became associated with the Wesley Evangelists, a band of young and earnest workers for Christ, organized about fifteen years ago, and he has been their leader ever since.

Mr. Cannon's experiences as an evangelist have taken him to many cities, and everywhere his ministrations have been signally blessed of God. Twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, he leads the service at the Florence Mission in New York. At Elizabethport, N. J., where he conducted a revival, in the Fulton Street Methodist Church, of which Rev. Dr. La Rue was pastor, hundreds were brought to the Saviour. The meetings were especially blessed to many of the railroad men there. Many conversions followed his work at White Plains, N. Y., where he assisted the Rev. Geo. H. Gregory; at Rev. S. H. Smith's South Third Methodist Church, Brooklyn; the Emory Church, Jersey City, Rev. Dr. Van Horne, pastor; the Central Methodist Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Partington, pastor; the First Place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Thompson, pastor, and more lately, St. Luke's M. E. Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Astor, pastor. He has labored in hundreds of other churches of various denominations in the same earnest and effective way. He is now conducting a most glorious revival at Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y., which began two weeks ago, in the church of which Rev. W. A. Dickson is pastor. Mr. Cannon is aided in his evangelistic work by his accomplished wife, who is a fine musician and an ardent Christian.

For the future, Mr. Cannon's work in the revival field will be exclusively directed by THE

CHRISTIAN HERALD, which has inspired much of his labors in the past. It is the purpose of this journal to send this able, energetic and devoted servant of the Master wherever its readers deem his services to be specially required, and wherever his voice can be lifted up in exhortation, prayer and song for the advancement of the Gospel cause. Churches in and around New York City can thus have the benefit of an evangelist whose past labors in the Lord's vineyard have brought salvation to many hundreds of souls, without incurring any expense whatever beyond the mere cost of travel. We have been prompted to do this by the increasing demand for practical aid in evangelical work, more particularly from quarters where the congregations were poor. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will gladly respond to calls of this character and will co-operate with churches desiring Mr. Cannon to pay them a visit for a longer or shorter period. Letters may be addressed to Mr. Cannon, care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

A PRIMITIVE MILL IN ANGOLA.

The People of Western Africa Among whom U. S. Commercial Agent Chatelain is Going to Labor.

(*See Illustrations on first page.*)

THE picture on the first page, o woman engaged in the toilsome occupation of grinding corn in a native mill, her child resting contentedly in the folds of her garment, is taken from a photograph brought from Angola by Mr. Heli Chatelain, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal last week. Angola is on the West African coast, in the territory which was assigned to Portugal in the recent partition arrangement. It lies south of the Equator, from the Congo on the north to the frontier of Benguela on the south. It is believed to contain about 250,000 inhabitants. The Portuguese have had settlements there for trading purposes since its discovery in 1486. They have made no attempt to civilize the country, their presence there being marked only by a few enclosed places for trade called *feiras*.

The people are a race distinct from the negro. They are tall and straight with small hands and feet. Their color is said by travellers to be "a warm chocolate," and their faces intelligent and good-humored. They appreciate the help the white man brings, and readily learn from him the arts of commerce. They cultivate a species of Indian corn which they call *cassava*. It is ground as it is needed for use, by the women, in the rude fashion depicted in the illustration. The receptacle is called the *kimu*, and the pestle the *muishi*. A caravan arriving in a village and needing food, has first to arrange with the chief and make him a showy present, then liberty is given to buy from the people. The stores are opened, the *cassava* is bought, and the women carry it off to the grinding-stones and soon bring it back in the form of flour, the men in the meantime having secured its equivalent in beads or cloth. The women who have infants take them with them to their work, carrying them in the manner shown in the illustration. The dexterous way in which one of these mothers picks up her child and with a few quick turns of her hand securely swathes it in the garment about her body, is the wonder of the spectator. It is done in a moment, yet so securely and safely that the child can be carried thus any distance without falling. The arrangement, however, is not always entirely satisfactory to the child. One of the natives, whose nose was so unusually flat as to excite the curiosity of a traveller, explained its peculiar shape by saying: "It was the fault of my mother, who when I was young, bound me too tightly to her back."

Mr. Chatelain has strong hopes of these people. They are more intelligent and quick-witted than the average Africans, and his position as the representative of the United States at Loanda, the capital of Angola, will doubtless give him unusual facilities for Christian work among them.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Strange Funeral Ceremony—A Wife's Heroism—An Unknown Mineral—A Honeymoon in a Hospital.

THE Eccentric Obsequies of a well-known citizen of New York, have formed the subject of much comment in the city. The citizen himself arranged the programme before his death, and exacted a promise from his friends that it should be faithfully and exactly carried out. In fulfilment of his injunctions, his body was cremated. Then the ashes were divided into four equal parts, which were placed in the charge of four of his friends. These accompanied by the members of a club to which they and the deceased belonged, crossed the bay to the Statue of Liberty. There they made merry with champagne, as the deceased had directed. Thus fortified, the four friends who bore the ashes, ascended the staircase inside the statue. At the top, each took his place at one of the points of the compass and, reciting a formula composed by their dead friend, scattered his ashes to the four winds. This done, they descended, partook of more wine, and returned. Why the citizen desired to have his remains disposed of in that way, we are not told. It may be hoped that his wish was a mere eccentricity and not a sign of a belief that the strange ceremony was the end of him, or of his admission that he was one of "the ungodly who are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." (Ps. 1 : 4.)

A Wife Died in Saving her Husband's Life in New Orleans on March 7. They had been recently married and were devotedly attached to each other. On the evening of the day named she retired to rest early, but her husband sat up to settle an intricate cash account with one of his clerks who was leaving his service. A dispute arose between the two men over some of the items. It grew fierce and blows were exchanged. A cry in her husband's voice that he was in danger, reached the wife's ears and she rose from her bed and hurried to the room just in time to see the clerk striking at him with a large knife as he lay on the floor. She sprang forward and grasped the arms of the clerk pinioning them to his side. He struggled, but though she was weak, and in delicate health her nervous strength sufficed to hold him firmly. She begged her husband to call a policeman and in his bewildered condition he thoughtlessly did so. Before he could return to the room the clerk had shaken himself free, and had turned upon the woman and murdered her. In saving her husband's life she had lost her own. It is not likely that he will ever forget the price his life cost. Yet her's was not a premeditated sacrifice. It was far higher love that Christ manifested to men, for he knew when he undetook their redemption that to achieve it he must die for them. (Phil. 2 : 8.)

Two Lovers were Separated by a Kiss, recently, in an aristocratic mansion in Columbus, O. About six months ago a young lady of that city who had many lovers became acquainted with a young lawyer of Santa Paula, Cal., who is a nephew of Justice Lamar. She became attached to him and, finally, discarded all her other lovers and promised to marry him. The wedding was fixed for March 5th, and the bridegroom arrived on the previous day in readiness for the ceremony. While spending the evening with the bride many friends called to wish her good-bye, as it had been arranged that the couple should start for California shortly after the wedding. Among the callers was a young man who had been at one time a favored suitor. The lady, possibly with the desire to console him, was very cordial to him and at parting permitted him to kiss her good-bye. The bridegroom noticed the fact, but said nothing. The bride seemed to think nothing of it, saying she felt "like a sister to him" referring to the departed guest. Late at night, when the bridegroom left the house, there seemed to be no cloud between them. The next day, however, when the wedding guests were all assembled the bridegroom did not come. He sent a letter declaring himself the most miserable man on earth. He said that he could not forget the lady's look as she kissed her discarded lover and as he could not bring himself to marry her he had left the city. The bride was deeply mortified and deplored that she had not realized until too late how jealous a man he was. Christians, who are the bride of Christ, ought to realize a similar necessity for complete separation from the world. When Christ refused permission to one of his followers even to go and bid farewell to his familly, he clearly intimated that they who give themselves to him must do so without reservation. (Luke 9 : 61, 62.)

The Discovery of a New Metal is Announced by an ironworker of Boston, Mass. He states that during a recent visit to the Rocky Mountains he found in a district, the exact locality of which he refuses to disclose, specimens of an ore which he had never before seen. He collected a considerable quantity and brought it home. Assayers in Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati, to whom he submitted it, told him that they could not tell him the name of the mineral. Experimenting with it, he found that when it and iron were reduced to a molten condition, they combined readily. The product of the alloy was a homogeneous metal of very fine pores, capable of higher finish than before. In the treatment of iron with only one per cent. of this new ore, the former's tensile strength was increased from ten to twenty-five per cent. Using only half of one per cent. of this ore, he found that it gave the metal greater density, and a great increase—from sixty to one hundred per cent.—of tensile strength. The resulting metal, too, is capable of a high polish. If the discovery is genuine it will be very important, for the value of iron would be vastly increased if it could be made more ductile without impairing its strength. An effort is being made to produce the same result with Christian character by similar means. The result is not a success. Though the mixture of a little worldliness with religion may increase the polish and pliability of the character, it disintegrates it and destroys its strength. (Rom. 12 : 2.)

A Honeymoon in a Hospital has Just Come to a close. Two patients, husband and wife, in the Pennsylvania Hospital at Pittsburgh, have been discharged cured after being in the institution sixteen weeks. They were married on November 14, 1890, in Virginia, and set out the same day for the home the bridegroom had prepared at Duluth, Minn. On their way the train was wrecked near New Florence by a collision, and both bride and bridegroom were severely injured. They were taken to the Pittsburgh hospital, where they have been ever since. It was thought at first that neither could recover, and their sufferings have been excruciating. They are now fully restored, and last week they returned to the bride's home in Virginia to rest awhile before making a second attempt to reach their Western home. The bridegroom said, before leaving, that if any one had told him that he would spend his honeymoon on a hospital cot he should have snpposed that the time would have been a miserable one, but it had really been a happy time. His wife had shown such patience and self-control, and had been so tender and sympathetic with him while suffering herself, that he had been ashamed to complain. The trial had revealed the depth and strength of her character as ordinary life never could have done, and he was so filled with love and admiration for her, and such joy in the possession of his treasure that he thought the discovery cheaply purchased at the cost of his suffering. A similar discovery of the worth of the Saviour is often made by the Christian, and he, too, often makes it in a period of trial. (II. Cor. 1 : 4.)

SAVED FROM FAMINE.

S. S. LESSON FOR APRIL 5, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 7 : 1-16. GOLDEN TEXT, PSALM 107 : 8.

Ben-hadad Bent on the Subjugation of Israel—The City Besieged—The Supplies of Food Cut off—A Ghastly Complaint From A Woman—Cannibalism Confessed—The King of Israel Angry Against God—Resolves to Punish Elisha as His Representative—The Prophet Warned—His Prediction of Plenty—The Siege Suddenly Raised—The Army Needed for the Defence of Syria The Discovery of the Lepers—Elisha's Prophecy.

ROBABLY Ben-hadad, king of Syria, could not brook that this unknown God of Israel should thwart him at every step, and that this prophet Elisha, whom he had sent an army to apprehend, should give him the slip in a way so supernatural, and unaccountable. Ben-hadad would make another mighty effort to conquer the people of the Lord. So he "gathered all his host, and went up and besieged Samaria." God had lessons to teach the king and the people of Israel. He permitted the pressure to come upon them until almost all the food supply in the city was exhausted, and the most loathsome things were bought at an extravagant price, and used for food by the famished people. And yet

No Cry Came up to God.

Heathen Nineveh, "repented at the preaching of Jonah," backsliding, idolatrous Samaria was perishing for want of food, yet she did not cry unto the God she professed to know! Things, in Samaria at last reached a climax, when a woman cried to the king for justice, because, having actually killed and eaten her own son in company with a neighboring mother, that other had hidden her son who was to be the next victim, and the unnatural mother demanded the power of the law to ensure the horrid meal. Now the king put on sackcloth, but he did not humble himself before God: he was angry, but not broken. It was the fourth direct appeal which God had made to him: yet, instead of yielding to his discipline, Jehoram hardened his heart, and said, "God do so, and more also, to me if the head of Elisha the son of Shaphat shall stand on him this day." What had Elisha to do with the famine? There was a lively recollection of the three years and a half in which rain had not fallen on the land, and it had come to be known that it was in answer to Elijah's prayer. Now another famine was raging in the besieged city, and Jehoram attributed it to Elisha's prayers. Ungodly men dread the "prayer of faith." Vain man, he would spite God by slaying his servant.

"Elisha Sat Still in his House."

Accustomed to see God's hand in everything, and practically counting upon him moment by moment, he who had not been dismayed by a Syrian army which was bent upon his destruction was not afraid of the King of Israel, either. The elders of Israel were with the prophets; this was a good sign of progress; in Ahab's time they had been with the king. Elisha's communing with the unseen world was uninterrupted. Ere the messenger came to him with the king's death-warrant, he had got an intimation of it from his God; but it did not so much as stir him from his seat! "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom then shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom then shall I be afraid?" (Ps. 27 : 1.) "See ye," he said "how this son of a murderer hath sent to take away mine head? look, when the messenger cometh, shut the door, and hold him fast at the door. Is not the sound of his Master's feet behind him?"

Elisha was the servant of his message; wherever Go sent him, he stood behind his message. In dealing with Naaman, he did not so much as put in an appearance until God had manifested his power. In dealing with the allied armies, he had made use of a minstrel, as though he preferred being out of sight. When the Shunammite had come to him in her distress, Elisha first sent Gehazi to the dead child. There was no indication in his life that he thought himself a person of importance. It is always so with those who are much in the presence of God; the consciousness of that higher Presence extinguishes a man in his own eyes.

The messenger uttered words very like his master's (I. Kings 19 : 10, 14), where he blamed the Lord for the trouble which had come upon him. "Behold this evil is of the Lord; why should I wait for the Lord any longer?" It might seem a very unpromising soil in which to sow a message from God; but Elisha never chose his work for his Master. He would never have "taken up work for God," but, in the deepest, truest sense, he was taken up by, absorbed with the work God committed to him, and with the God who trusted him to do it. "Hear ye the word of the Lord." What? Did he venture to preach with the sword of the King's emissary almost at his throat? Yes; for Elisha never had to defend himself, a heavenly body-guard surrounded him, so real to his spiritual apprehension that he feared no evil. It was

A Message of Mercy

which he brought to the king of Israel and to his people, an announcement of coming plenty in their famine-stricken ears: "To-morrow about this time shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gate of Samaria." How would such a message be received? "A lord on whose hand the king leaned!" a specimen of the chosen companions of his court, far from being humbled under the mighty hand of God in this time of trouble, turned the prophet's word into ridicule, "Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be." The moment was too solemn for frivolity; the chastening of the Lord was upon his people. There are moments when it is more than usually unseemly to joke; the dying and the dead of famine were around; the kingdom was at stake if they capitulated; it was no moment for rude remarks. The prophet answered him with a personal prediction: "Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not eat thereof." Such is the portion of men who make light of the grace of God, the irreverent and the triflers! There are some men who sharpen their wit on a stone which is breaking down some soul before his God, and they know not, or heed not the terrible fact that they are trampling on the blood of Christ which was shed for them, and sinning against their own souls.

Probably Elisha knew not how God would send supplies. He chose

A Most Unlikely Way.

Four leprous men, excommunicated and separated from the dwellings of men, and hemmed in by the Syrian army were driven by their hunger to hang around the gate of the city in the almost desperate hope of gathering some crumbs, some fragments of food which might be thrown over the city walls. Death stared them in the face, their case was desperate. O, if unsaved souls had but their eyes open they would find themselves in just such a position! The poor lepers did the wisest thing they could under the circumstances, they weighed in a mutual council the chances for life which remained to them. "Why sit we here until we die?" "If we enter into the city then the famine is in the city and we die there, and if we sit still here, we die also." There was but one alternative. "Now, therefore, come, and let us fall unto the host of the Syrians; and if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die."

The lepers made the venture, to face their enemies was their only chance. But, to their surprised and unspeakable joy, they found in the camp of Syria a supply for their need, but "no man there," not a trace of their enemies!

God Had Been at Work,

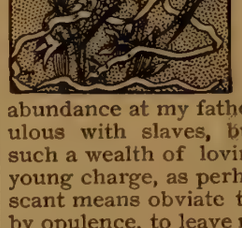
and made the wicked flee although no man pursued, and by his own royal hand he had provided a table from the commissariat of Syria to relieve his suffering people. Not only food and clothing but gold and silver, rich treasures, came into the undisputed possession of the amazed lepers, who, after refreshing their bodies, proceeded to hide their treasure.

God was over-ruling all: at first the lepers thought only of themsevles in their new-found spoil, they owed nothing to the king nor to the people. But God put in their hearts a compassion for their besieged compatriots, and "they said one to another, "We do not well; this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace; if we tarry till the morning light, some mischief will come upon us: now therefore come, that we may go and tell the king's household." So they came to the porter of the city, and told how they had found the Syrian camp emptied of men, but full of provisions. The news was taken to the king, but Jehoram, who always looked on God as an enemy, only saw in the tidings of the lepers, a stratagem of Ben-hadad's to draw away the garrison of the city and ensure a victory. This king of Israel always met trouble more than half way, and suffered from his imagination when there was no real trouble to fear, because he distrusted God. "Whoso hearkeneth unto me," says Wisdom, "shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil." (Prov. 1 : 33.) One of the servants, who undoubtedly felt the pinch of hunger, more than the king did, entreated that, at least an investigation should be made, with the result that five horses with their riders were dispatched, who found the story of the lepers true. And thus it came about that God's message through Elisha was verified, and the starving people saw before them an abundant supply of provisions brought to the very gate of the city.

God had dealt with impious Ben-hadad, and turned his wrath into folly. He had justified his prophet, had shown his power and love in providing, his wondrous working in making the despised lepers his instruments of blessing. And the scoffer who ridiculed the prophet came to an untimely end. While exercising a government office in charge of the gate, the pressure of the hungry multitude was such that his flowing robes were dragged under the many feet, and he was trampled to death. He saw the blessing, but he did not eat thereof.

AUNT MARTHA.

A Story of the S. S. Lesson, for April 5: "Saved from Famine." Golden Text, Ps. 107 : 8.



MY father lost his wife three months after I was born, and I was his only child. In his bereavement his sister Martha came to preside over his household affairs. Her loving care was the earliest and sweetest of my experiences. There was abundance at my father's house, which was populous with slaves, but Aunt Martha lavished such a wealth of loving attentions on me, her young charge, as perhaps is oftener seen where scant means obviate the temptation presented by opulence, to leave motherless children largely to the care of servants, than in the homes of the rich. God gave me a mother's devotion in the love of my aunt.

We lived in the suburbs of Atlanta, Georgia. I was ten years old when my father left his plantation to lead a regiment of cavalry, engaged in what he regarded as the sacred duty to defend the Confederate States against the forces of the Union Government.

"Be a manly boy, Harold," he said, as he kissed me good-bye; "take good care of your Aunt Martha. I shall soon be home again." Cheerfully and kindly he returned the affectionate farewells of the weeping servants. Exchanging a few words with Aunt Martha at the entrance of the mansion, he mounted his horse and was off at a gallop. My grief at parting was mitigated by my filial pride as I watched the superb equestrian till he vanished in the distance.

Need I recall with painful pen that as the months passed harsh deprivation took the place

of plenty in the best homes of the South? Father was home but once before the collapse of his declining fortunes with the fall of Atlanta. It was shortly after the battle of Gettysburg that the broken, gray-haired man returned for a few days' visit. He found that the establishment had been maintained and that loyal service rewarded the generosity with which his slaves always had been treated. The claims of these helpless dependants augmented the comparative poverty which had closed in upon us with the isolation of the Confederate States.

Unaccustomed wants and toilsome shifts had told heavily upon Aunt Martha, and I observed with pain, which even the buoyant spirits of childhood could not prevent, that both my father and she looked many years older than when at the call of his State he had taken up the sword of defense.

On with gloomy sameness went the months and years of my father's absence from home. Nothing could be more monotonous than our lonesome life, nor more real to my Aunt Martha's consciousness than that an awful crisis was approaching. I was old enough to be taken into her confidence, and we were all the world to each other in our sadness, for seldom came letters from the army, and with the advance of the Federal forces, we became conscious that the servants realized interests of their own, which separated them more and more from their superiors. From time to time some were missing as they sought the freedom which long since rumor had given to those slaves who went out adventurously to find it.

When the skies reflected the flames of burning Atlanta, Aunt Martha saw with bitterness of soul that the Southern cause was hopelessly defeated. Three weeks afterward my father came back to the old homestead, to begin life again. His property, both dead and alive, was gone absolutely, and with him and his sister began a struggle for mere livelihood.

The highborn Southern lady was now the slave of the humblest anxieties. She had not learned the lesson of cheerful submission and Christian hope. Oh, the months of gloom when the head of the household busied herself in silence with tasks of unwonted drudgery, or uttered vain complaints against the Providence which had brought her thus low. My father vainly tried to raise her crushed spirits.

"My dear sister," he would say, "God gives us food to eat and clothes to wear, and I am gaining if but a little, by my work on the estate. A good Providence spared my life in battle, and I feel renewed health and spirits in my outdoor toil. As he now gives us more than we deserve and more than thousands around us possess, I feel sure that God will continue to bless us. I am young and strong yet, and with purpose and vigor, I surely shall be able to renew our prosperity."

Brave words of a noble man but with little or nothing substantial for their support, it is true, and they were more than lost upon poor Aunt Martha.

"Nay, nay, brother, your beggarly toil can at best do no more than keep the wolf from the door. God has forsaken us, and we shall drudge on until kind death relieves us from bitter and hopeless deprivation."

Spite of his manly courage, the state of my father's affairs through a long period, seemed to justify the saddest prospects. A reaction set in after the feverish eagerness with which the Southern people assumed work with the extinction of slavery and the total failure of their attempt to achieve national independence. It took months for them to realize how terrible was the blow which had deprived them of myriads of men, and overwhelmed them in totally changed social conditions and awful need. Happily for them that few succumbed to despair, but I fear Aunt Martha was not the only one from whose life all light was taken by the misfortunes of the country.

* * * * *

The letter was from England. It was a business communication addressed to my father by a firm of attorneys doing business in Leeds, and the purport of it was that he had fallen heir to an old estate in the county of Yorkshire. God had wrought out a mighty and unexpected deliverance for us. Preparations were soon made for our removal to a foreign land, which seemed not so foreign after all when we thought that our all would soon be there, and remembered that the family had been American for only two generations. Father sold the Georgian home at a nominal price, but the best he could get in those times. Neighbors came to make their farewells and present their congratulations. Among them was the good minister who had tried in vain to remove Aunt Martha's despair. Seeing her changed appearance he remarked in his pleasantest voice:

"Flowers thrive best in the sunshine, and God be thanked (this in an aside to my father) that our dear Aunt Martha is to live where the graces of her character will grow the best and the sweetest."

The good man perhaps forgot to add that the flowers are all the fresher and more beautiful for the stormy rain which washed them and deepened the hold of their roots.

RAPID CULMINATION.

A Difficulty in the Study of Our Lord's Prophecy Explained.

BY REV. W. T. HOBSON. *

STUDENTS of prophecy have often been perplexed by our Lord's declaration that "This generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." (Luke 21: 32.) A careful examination of the words, however, reveals a meaning perfectly consistent, and also incidentally throws light on another difficulty—that of the abnormally rapid development of the political situation which is to exist at the coming of Christ.

The expression occurs immediately after the Parable of the Fig-tree. "And he spake to them a parable. Behold, the fig-tree and all the trees: when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand. So likewise ye, when ye see these things come to pass, know ye that the kingdom of God is nigh at hand." (Luke 21: 29-31.) These things are to be to us as the green shoots on the eastern fig-tree, which are a sure indication that summer is now nigh at hand.

But what mean, then, those words of his that immediately follow: "Verily, I say unto you, this generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled," "till all these things be fulfilled?" They seem, at first sight, as if meant to deepen the lesson of the fig-tree parable. But again, they seem still more to upset its plain meaning. For the generation that then was—what seems to be meant by "this generation" has long since passed away; it passed away within fifty years of the words being spoken; and these things have not yet been fulfilled. Indeed it is hard to see how anything that happened in the first century of the Christian era could be regarded as in that sense a sign of what has not yet taken place. At any rate, the words with the parable of the fig-tree cannot refer to any such events as signs of the Lord's coming, for they teach plainly and expressly, "When ye see these things come to pass know ye that the Kingdom of God is at hand"—"The Son of Man," "His coming in power and great glory is nigh even at the doors."

But the difficulty can be very simply solved, by adopting an interpretation of the verse that follows which there is reason to believe must have been the primitive interpretation of it. It is simply to understand the words this generation of the generation existing at the time our Lord spake of, instead of the generation existing when he spake. All is, then, plain and harmonious. And that 32nd verse then, as it was evidently intended to do, confirms and corroborates the teaching that precedes in the parable of the fig-tree, that when certain things were seen coming to pass, then we were to know that the Kingdom of God is nigh at hand. Aye, as in the words that just precede the parable, "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." "Verily, I say unto you this generation"—the generation I am speaking of, the generation that sees these things come to pass—"shall not pass away till all be fulfilled." The signs of the coming, and the coming itself of the Son of Man, and of the Kingdom of God, with power, shall all take place in one generation, perhaps in a very small part of the lifetime of one generation. Those who see the signs will see the great and glorious event they have been the signs of. Those who see the green shoots appearing on the fig-tree will see the summer itself in all its glory.

Parallel Signification.

But what right, you may ask, have I to put such a meaning on the words, "this generation?" Why simply the fact of its being a very common usage of language. Look, for instance, at the 22nd verse of our chapter: "For these be the days of vengeance;" there our Lord meant, beyond a doubt, the days he was speakings of, not the days he was speaking in—"those days," as they are called in the very next verse. Still more remarkable, in the 17th chapter of St. Luke and 34th verse; "I tell you in *that* night there shall be two men in one bed: the one shall be taken and the other left," But it is literally, "in *this* night," only the translators have properly put "in that night," by way of explanation. I wish they had, in the same way, put "that generation" instead of "this generation" in the verse that follows our text for the same reason. It would have been an incalculable relief to many a simple reader of the Bible, and saved a world of needless perplexity and distress of mind to many a devout believer.

Understanding the matter so, the teaching of the whole passage is just this, that on the one hand the Lord will not come, his appearing and the kingdom will not take place, until certain things which our Lord has told us of, and which are, therefore, the appointed signs of his coming, are seen coming to pass; and that, on the other hand, those signs will take a very short time to elapse. Once they begin to come to pass, then the kingdom of God is nigh at hand. We may look up and lift our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh, our Redeemer is at the door. And so we are taught to look intelligently for the Lord's appearing, to see if events are shaping themselves into the appointed signs: we are taught to watch the fig-tree for the first green shoots appearing on it, and so to judge whether or not we have reason to say that summer is nigh at hand.

But some may say that if these signs have not begun to appear, the coming of the Lord cannot take place in our lives, and probably not for a century. "Does not that prevent my looking for "that Blessed Hope!" No: for I know that the appointed signs may begin to appear any day, next year or next month even, and then all will soon be fulfilled. I am exactly in the position St. Paul was in, who was wont to say, "The Lord is at hand," and who yet was aware and taught that that day would not come until there came the great apostacy first, and that Man of Sin was revealed, and that that could not be till something that was hindering it was taken out of the way.

He knew that these "things" alluded to in our text must first come to pass, but he knew also that they would soon elapse once they began. And so he used the words of faith and hope that have suited the Church ever since, and that suit her still, to express his eager, and, at the same time, his sober, his patient, and his intelligent waiting for Christ.

* From his article in the March Number of the *Prophetic News*, (Edited by Rev. M. Baxter) which contains also articles on "The Historical Fulfilment of the Prophecies of Daniel;" "The Restoration of Israel;" "The Coming Great Tribulation," and many others. Price six cents; seventy cents a year. May be had from Rev. Geo. A. Sparks, 30 Bible House, New York.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

SEEKING SETTLEMENTS.

THERE has much been said adverse to those ministers who go to churches and preach with reference to getting a settlement. Many of the things said about them are sharp and witty. But what are men to do if they have no settlement? It is absolutely necessary that they do as they are doing. If we felt called to preach the Gospel, and could get a pulpit in no other way, we would candidate fifty-two Sabbaths in the year. It is a very easy thing for a man surrounded by an affluent congregation, his hands and feet clothed with the warm wool of the sheep of his flock, to write or say caustic things about the evils of candidating. But pitch such an one out of his settlement, and with his two best sermons in pocket he would start to-morrow in the great squabble for position.

The only way to get a parish is to hunt for it. You cannot depend upon letters of commendation from neighboring ministers. Churches have found out that such letters are generally written for reasons of friendship and not because there is any especial adaptedness of the man recommended for the place under consideration. The best way is for a church to see and hear a man for themselves. Let every man select his own wife and every church its own minister. A church no more than a man can delegate some one else to do its courting. It is rare that a pastor selected by committees, or on recommendation, succeeds. Let minister and church come faee to face and make up their minds on the spot how they like each other. A sort of ecclesiastical broker-shop has been proposed, by which ministers without a charge shall be made acquainted with churches without ministers. The plan will never work. It is more humiliating than the old way. We have sympathy with those candidating for a settlement, excited by our own early experience. We came out of the Theological Seminary with three sermons and one Fourth of July oration. The first Sabbath we preached twice, but there was a prominent man who got sound asleep, and he pronounced the sermon dull. Session asked us to preach the second Sabbath; but we had only one sermon left and the Fourth of Jnly oration. We found this last inappropriate, and beyond fixing up. Everything then hinged upon the one remaining discourse. In our agitation we knocked the Psalm-book from the pulpit, and could not find our pocket-handkerchief to wipe off the perspiration. It was worse than splitting rails or digging ditches. We got the call, and have known better ever since than to say one word that would add to the embarrassment of young men or old seeking a settlement.

ORDINARY WORKERS.

THE Church is yet to learn that its chief work is to be done by consecrated men of ordinary calibre. Great speeches never marshalled a host. An eminent Scotch divine, getting into the pulpit after a week's elaboration of a learned discourse, forgot it entirely, and was compelled to give a plain talk which, under God, swept half his audience into the kingdom. There is an absurd call in the Church to-day for what are called "big guns," and but little appreciation of well-loaded rifles. The "Swamp Angel" in the last war was a failure. It proposed to do great things, but after awhile they found it was cracked and were afraid to use it lest it blow up. So, while men of but small capacity are doing their work well, and make no fuss about it, we have a few "big guns" half-cracked with conceit about themselves, and they blow up just when they are wanted for important service. The nuisance of the Church to-day is ecclesiastical "Swamp Angels." Dr. Chalmers' astronomical sermons "make us see stars," but we suppose there were, at the time of their delivery, uncelebrated ministers of Christ in Scotland, who were bringing more souls to the Saviour. Patrick Henry's speech did good in the Virginia Legislature, and was of service in giving us, when boys, something to practice on at the country school-house, till the dinner-pails along the wall shook with the cry of "Liberty or Death"; but there were men who could scarcely say a word in public who did as much service when in Independence Hall they put their name to the document that declared our national deliverance. We must all lay hold of the work. If the raging conflagration of sin is to be put out, it will not be by one fireman standing with big horn, making a great racket, but by men, women and boys bringing what water they can—some in hogsheads, some in pails, and some in small dippers, everyone doing what he or she can, God helping all the time. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

WIDE-AWAKE PRAYER-MEETINGS.

ONE of the grandest results of the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting is the fact that all the devotional services of the country have been revolutionized. The tap of the bell of that historical prayer-meeting has shortened the prayers and exhortations of the Church universal. But since it has become the custom to throw open the meeting for remark and exhortation, there has been a jubilee among the religious bores who wander around pestering the churches. They talk long and loud in proportion as they have nothing to say. They empty on us several bushels of "Ohs" and "Ahs." But they seldom get a chance, for we never throw the meetings open when they are there. We make such a close hedge of hymns and prayers that they cannot break into the garden. One of them we are free of because, one night, seeing him wiggle-waggle in his seat as if about to rise, we sent an elder to him to say that his remarks were not acceptable. The elder blushed and halted a little when we gave him the mission, but setting his teeth together he started for the offensive brother, leaned over the back of the pew and discharged the duty. We have never seen that brother since, but once, in the street, and then he was looking the other way. By what right such men go about in ecclesiastical vagabondism to spoil the peace of devotional meetings it is impossible to tell. Either that nuisance must be abated or we must cease to "throw open" our prayer-meetings for exhortation.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is now laboring at Haverhill, Mass., where nine churches have united in the evangelistic services.

A change has been made in the arrangements for the May meetings of the Baptist National Societies. Instead of being held in Philadelphia, as was first settled, they will be held in Cincinnati.

The Sixth Convention of Young Men's Lutheran Associations was held in New York on March 19. Several papers on the work among young men were read by pastors and members of the Associations.

Mr. and Mrs W. V. Baker, the blind, singing evangelists, have been assisting in the union revival services at Westfield, N. J., last week. Their rendering of the Gospel hymns is exceedingly effective.

Revival services were held at Waltham, Mass., last week, by Evangelist Bliss. The Boston *Herald* says that truly wonderful results have followed. At the meeting on Sunday, March 15th, in the Baptist Church, over a hundred persons rose for prayers.

Rev. George C. Needham has been suffering from an attack of the *grippe*, which has somewhat curtailed his labors in Chicago. He has, however, continued his services in Dr. Lorimer's church, and expects to be fully restored after a brief rest at his home in Manchester, Mass.

Next Sunday being Easter Sunday, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD service at the Academy of Music, New York, will be more than usually interesting. Dr. Talmage will preach an Easter sermon, and a selection of appropriate music from the works of the old masters will be rendered by the orchestra.

The work at the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., is being wonderfully blessed. The earnest band of workers there are receiving many souls for their hire, and are rejoicing over the signal tokens of the Lord's favor. During the past four weeks no less than eighty-six conversions have taken place in the mission.

Mr. T. Pullin, of Raleigh, N. C., is anxious to obtain copies of this journal of this year, from subscribers who have no further use for them. He visits the State Penitentiary, and having found a blessing attend the distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD among the convicts in the past, he would be glad to continue the distribution. His address is, Raleigh Savings Bank, Raleigh, N. C.

A Conference of Christian Workers was held in Philadelphia on March 10 and 11, in the Seventh Street M. E. Church, under the presidency of Dr. L. W. Munhall. The Conference was called by the pastors of the Baptist Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, which united in the recent month's services held by Dr. Munhall. The subjects discussed were all practical, and designed to organize the work in the city on a permanent basis.

Mr. George W. Wheeler, of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C., desires to make acknowledgment of the receipt of the following additional sums received by him for Mr. J. McLain Brown, missionary at Tokio, Japan, a sketch of whose life and work appeared in this paper on January 28, 1891: Japan Mission Circle, 1st Presbyterian Church, Morristown, N. J., $7.50; J. B. Spratt, $1; E. F. Hall, $2; S. F. Young, $5; W. C. Parsons, $10; Mrs. E. M. Buck, $1.

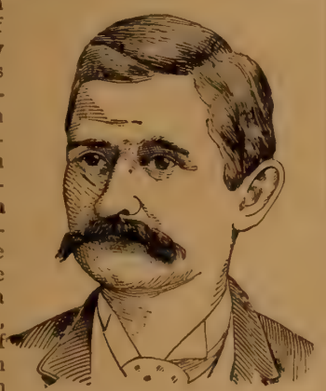
Major Hilton's meetings in Southern California have been greatly blessed. In West Los Angeles the Congregational, Presbyterian and M. E. South Churches have united for two weeks, under Major Hilton's direction, and the greatest spiritual awakening ever known in this locality has followed. One of the most marked results of the work has been the quickening of the life and efforts of Christians. Many heretofore inactive have developed gifts for the Lord's work, and are reaching out after souls. Many inducements are extended this evangelist to remain in Southern California, but his appointments take him north.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A Frightful Shipwreck—The New Orleans Troubles—A Heroic Son—The New U. S. Treasurer and President of the Senate—Tippo Tib—A New Mission Field.

NEW Orleans has furnished the country with a horror which may attain the dimensions of an International Question. On the 14th inst., a mob of citizens, infuriated at the failure of a jury to convict the Italians who had been accused of complicity in the assassination of Chief of Police Hennessey, assembled in front of the Clay Statue and, after listening to inflammatory speeches besieged the jail, battered in the doors, took the prisoners from their cells and shot and hanged eleven of them. This extraordinary exhibition of lynch law in a populous American city has attracted the attention of the civilized world. Lawyers, merchants and other business men were among the lynchers, and the crowd was harangued by W. S. Parkerson, a prominent lawyer and politician. After the tragedy, justice was declared satisfied and the lynchers dispersed. It is claimed that the dead Italians belonged to a secret society known as the Mafia, whose object is assassination, and which is so influential that a criminal conviction of any of its members is impossible in New Orleans. The jury that tried the prisoners and acquitted several of them is declared to have been bribed. Official communications have been exchanged between the State Department and the Italian Government at Rome, and it is believed that heavy damages will be demanded. Secretary Blaine telegraphed to Gov. Nicholls of Louisiana an official condemnation of the lynching. There is much feeling throughout the country over the event, especially in large cities where Italians are numerous, and apprehensions have been expressed for the safety of Americans travelling in Italy. All but three of the dead Italians are known to have been naturalized citizens.

The Echoes of Canada's Great Election Still resound throughout the Dominion. One of the leading participants in the struggle was Dr. Edward Farrell, a representative of the reciprocity idea. He was born at Dartmouth, N. S., in 1843, is a professor of surgery in the Halifax Medical College, a thorough Christian and an active humanitarian. He has always been a stanch Liberal, was a member of the Nova Scotian Legislature in 1874, and of the Hill Cabinet, without portfolio, till 1878. His portrait is given above.



An Appalling Marine Disaster is Reported from the Mediterranean. The Anchor Line steamship *Utopia*, with over 700 Italian emigrants on board, bound for New York, came in collision with the British man-of-war, *Anson*, off Ragged Staff, on the Bay of Gibraltar, during a heavy storm on the evening of the 17th. The warship's ram tore a hole thirty feet long in the liner's side near the stern, and the latter filled and sank in ten minutes. Nearly nine hundred persons were struggling in the water simultaneously, while the great warships, *Anson* and *Rodney*, illuminated the awful scene with their electric lights. Nearly six hundred perished, the majority being passengers. Three hundred and eleven persons were rescued by the boats of the warships. Several sailors of the French gunboat, *Immortalite*, were drowned while trying to rescue the perishing men and women. The lost steamer was commanded by Captain McKeogue, and had a crew of about fifty men. The disaster has brought sorrow to many friends of the emigrants in this country.

One of Uncle Sam's Warships, the *Galena*, and the United States steam tug *Nina*, went ashore during a heavy fog off Gay Head, near Vineyard Haven, Mass., on the night of the 13th. Another United States naval vessel, the *Triana*, while speeding to their assistance drove upon the ledges off Cuttyhunk Island, and knocked three holes in her bottom. It was soon clear that the *Galena* would be a total wreck, and the officers, who were very cool, got a line to the land and sent the crew ashore by the breeches buoy. It took seven hours to make the transfer, and then the gallant *Galena* was left to her fate. No lives were lost. She was on her way to Portsmouth, where $100,000 were to have been spent in repairing her. The *Galena* was a wooden vessel of 1,000 tons, and was attached to the Atlantic Squadron. She was built in 1878, and had cruised much of late in the West Indies as flagship for Admiral Gherardi. She was a third rate, eight-gun cruiser. The *Nina* was an iron tug for Navy Yard service. The *Triana* will probably be saved.

The News Comes from Zanzibar that Tippoo Tib, long the prince of African slave-dealers and traders, and the friend of Stanley during all his explorations, has been stricken with paralysis. Tib for many years has been a most influential factor in Central African affairs. He was Stanley's second-lieutenant, and did efficient service during the Emin Pacha relief expedition. Tippoo of late years has done much toward minimizing the slave traffic and, with Stanley at least, has always prove faithful to his promises. His death would deprive the cause of civilization of an influential friend. Tippoo, who is about sixty years old, has been the most picturesque figure in African diplomacy. As the negotiator between the whites and the wild tribes of the interior, his services have been invaluable.

A Heroic Lad of Sixteen Saved his Mother at the risk of his own life, during a terrible tenement fire in Hester Street, New York, on the morning of the 18th inst. The flames broke out in a five-story tenement, on the top floor of which a family named Cartoch lived. The father and his two daughters were suffocated but young Harry Cartoch seized his mother and bore her to the fire-escape, although flames met him at every step. Seeing her safe, he returned and caught up his little brother in his arms and succeeded a second time in reaching the window, where the three were taken down the ladders by the firemen. His arms were frightfully burned and all three were more or less injured, the mother probably fatally. Four lives were lost. Fifty persons were rescued by the firemen, but even the veterans who had seen hundreds of conflagrations in New York admitted that there was no braver deed than that of the young Hebrew lad, who faced almost certain death to save those he loved.

Our Russian Visitor of Last Winter, the *Grippe*, has reappeared in a more or less violent form in many parts of the country. Most of the large northern and many western cities report thousands of cases, and doctors are kept busy day and night. Fortunately, the mortality thus far has been light. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Boston and Philadelphia report thousands of cases, Detroit alone having 14,000 in a month and no evidence of abatement.

The Successor of United States Treasurer Huston is, like his predecessor, a resident of Indiana. Captain J A Lemcke (whose portrait appears on this page), is a native of Hamburg, Germany, and is sixty-two years of age. His business experience has covered a lifetime, Bank teller, steamboat owner, manufacturer, city and State Treasurer, he has at last reached the highest financial round of the ladder in his new office. He has twice been Treasurer of the State of Indiana, and has a ripe experience in public business.

Five of the Great Indian Tribes, a few weeks ago delegated Apiatom, a Kiowa chief, to investigate the recent "Indian Messiah" craze. Apiatom did so reverentially and faithfully and has just returned to the Kiowa reservation, with his report. He found that the pretended Messiah was a half-breed Piute, named Wilson, who had been endorsed by Sitting Bull and had been the main instigator of the dances. He found Wilson neither especially intelligent nor devout and so reported to the disappointment and disgust of the tribesmen. This will in all probability, make a revival of the craze in the coming spring impossible.

Lake Tchad, the Wildest, most Beautiful and elusive of African lakes, on the borders of the great desert, is to be the next scene of territorial contention between European nations. England, France and Germany are all equipping expeditions, with the purpose of making treaties with the powerful native states of the Central Soudan, a great and practically unknown region. Germany has already sent out two expeditions and France one, the latter under the command of M. Crampel. The British expedition, however, has pushed on ahead. Within a few years the vast and populous region around Lake Tchad and the beautiful islands on its surface, will afford a splendid field for missionary enterprise. The lake swarms with pirates and manstealers, and has for generations been the retreat of some of the most powerful and lawless tribes, who have there fortified themselves against the incursions of enemies and made themselves a terror to the entire Soudan.

The New President, pro tempore, of the United States Senate, Charles F. Manderson, of Nebraska (whose portrait is given in this column), is an able legislator and a brilliant speaker. A native of Philadelphia, he went to Ohio a young man, and when the war broke out, entered the army. His bravery secured him rapid promotion, and at the close of hostilities he was brevet brigadier-general. After the war he practiced law. For his wounds received in the war he was awarded a pension, but he returned the $4,000 back pension money to the Government. The successor of Mr. Ingalls, as President of the Senate, is a man of considerable culture, and of great sagacity in legislature, and is very popular with both parties.

THE FAITH THAT SAVES.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Jesus Surrounded by Cavillers—His Appeal and Promise—I. Different Kinds of Believers—Those Who Believed Him and Those Who Believed on Him—Temporary Faith—II. The Lord Noticing the Lowest Kind of Faith—Encouraging it—Showing How it May Continue and Increase—III. Inducements to Continue—Three Specific Blessings Promised—IV. The Test Applied—V. Grounds for the Highest Style of Faith.

"As he spake these words, many believed on him. Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John 8, 30–32.

CHRIST on this occasion, was surrounded by cavillers. We must not be astonished if the like should happen to us when declaring the Gospel. Our Lord went on preaching all the same, and he did not conceal objectionable truth because of opposition; say, rather, that he set it forth with greater boldness and decision when surrounded by his enemies. The more they opposed, the more he testified.

The Lord Jesus also told the contradicting sinners that the day would come when cavillers would be convinced. Observe how he put it: "When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am he, and that I do nothing of myself." Cavillers, you may riot for a little season, but your time is short; the hour will come when you shall behold, and wonder, and perish. I pray that there may come an end to your unbelief by your being convinced in this life, and led to repentance; but if it be not so, you will certainly be ashamed and confounded when the Lord shall come in his glory.

But, beloved, though the Saviour was thus surrounded with objectors, and had so much to endure from their ignorance and their malice, yet his controversies with them were not without hopeful effects; for our text informs us, "As he spake these words, many believed on him." Albeit we may be surrounded with general and virulent opposition, yet there will be fruit from the preaching of the truth. The Word of the Lord shall not return unto him void: it shall prosper in the thing whereto God hath sent it. We may hope that not only a few but many will accept the sacred testimony, since we see that, even in the midst of an exceedingly hot dispute, it happened that "As he spake these words, many believed on him."

I. These believers were not all of one kind; and upon that fact I shall enlarge in this beginning of my sermon. Let that stand as our first observation upon the text—our Lord had

Different Kinds of Believers

around him. There were two sorts of believers evidently, who may be set forth to you by the differing expressions used in the Revised Version. We read in verse 30, "Many believed on him:" and then in the thirty-first verse we read of "those Jews which had believed him." Mark the distinction between "believed on him" and "had believed him." There were two sorts of believers, and on these I will speak awhile.

The first "believed on him:" these are the right kind. What is it to believe on Christ? It means not only to accept what he says as true, and to believe that he is the Messiah and the Son of God, but trustfully to rest in him. To believe on him is to take him as the ground of our hopes, as our Saviour, upon whom we depend for salvation. When we believe in him or on him, we accept him as God sets him forth; and make use of him by trusting on him to do for us what God has appointed him to do. This trusting on Jesus is saving faith. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." To believe him may be a very different thing from believing on him. Such belief may fall far short of saving faith. To believe on him means heartily to give yourself up to him, and to follow him as the way, the truth, and the life to you. Rejecting all rival confidences, the heart leans on Jesus all its weight, and leaves with him all its burdens. Believing in him, we repose all our concerns, for time and for eternity, in his hands.

Inoperative Faith.

But there is another kind of faith which was produced by the Saviour's testimony, and had much of hope in it, and yet it never came to anything. There is a temporary faith which believes Jesus in a sense, and after its own way of understanding him, or rather of misunderstanding him. A great deal of disbelief and misbelief is current at the present day. We are encouraged by certain persons to include in our churches all that have any sort of belief; and, indeed, the line is to be more inclusive still, for those who have no belief at all are to find an open door. The Church of Christ is to be a menagerie of creatures of every kind. I fear, if they come into this Noah's ark wild beasts, they will also go out wild beasts. Only those who enter by the door of regeneration and spiritual faith will in very deed be within the kingdom of the Lord. Ah, my hearers! beware of that faith which is a mere intellectual movement, which does not control the heart and the life. To come to faith through a cold argument, aud to feel no spiritual life, is but a poor business. You want a faith that leads you to an entire reliance upon the person of Jesus, to the giving up of everything to him, to the reception of him as your Saviour and King, your all in all. You have not believed unto eternal life unless you have so believed on him that you make him the foundation and corner-stone of your hope.

II. Our Lord takes notice even of

The Lowest Sort of Faith.

When he saw that these people believed him in a measure, and were willing to accept his testimony so far as they comprehended it, he looked upon them hopefully, and spoke to them. Out of a weak and imperfect faith, something better may arise. Saving faith, in its secret beginnings, may be contained in this common and doubtful faith. It is written, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Certainly he can find it if anyone can. He has a very quick eye for faith. He deals with little faith as we used to do with a spark in the tinder, in the days of our boyhood. When we had struck a spark, and it fell into the tinder—though it was a very tiny one—we watched it eagerly, we blew upon it softly, and we were zealous to increase it, so that we might kindle our match thereby. When our Lord Jesus sees a tiny spark of faith in a man's heart, though it be quite insufficient of itself for salvation, yet he regards it with hope, and watches over it, if, haply, this little faith may grow to something more. It is the way of our compassionate Lord not to quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed. If any of you have only a little faith now, and that marred by ignorance and prejudice, it may be like a connecting thread between you and Jesus, and the thread may thicken to a cable.

Christs's Cautions.

Our Lord addressed himself especially to these questionable believers. He turned from his assured disciples to look after those who were more in danger. It is clear that he encourages them, but he does not flatter them. He says, "if." A great "if" hovered over them like a threatening cloud. Wisely does our Lord commence his word to them with "if." "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." Continuance is the sure test of the genuine believer. Our Lord does not say, "Go your way, you are not my disciples"; but he, in effect, says, "I stand in doubt of you. The proof of your discipleship will be your persevering in your faith." If we say that we believe in Jesus, we must prove it by abiding in believing, and by still further believing. The Word of Jesus must be the object of our faith; into that Word we must enter, and in that Word we must continue. Beginning to believe is nothing unless we continue to believe.

The Remedy.

Our Lord showed his interest in the weaker sort of believers by helping them on in the safe way, urging them to continue in his Word. "You believe," he seems to say, "believe still; believe more; believe all that I say. You have entered into my Word; dive deeper into it, and abide in it. Let my Word surround you: dwell in it; continue in it." Good advice this! and it is the advice I would give in my Master's name to any here who are feeling after Christ and his Gospel. Hold fast in full faith to his Word, and let it hold you fast. Mind that you so believe in Jesus as to practise what he commands: you cannot continue in his Word except you learn to obey it. The test of faith is obedience. What he bids you, do it.

"Continue in my Word": get into Christ's Word as a sinking sailor would get into a lifeboat, and once there, keep inside the boat: do not throw yourself out into the stormy waves through despair, but continue in the place of hope. This is Christ's gracious counsel to those in whom there seems to be some hopeful sign. The shout of "I believe it" too often ends when the excitement is over. To sing "I do believe, I will believe," is well enough; but unless that believing appertains to daily life, and changes the inner nature, and abides even till death, it has not saved the man.

III. But, our Lord sets before these people

Inducements to Continue

in his Word. "Jesus therefore said to those Jews which had believed him, If ye abide in my word, then are ye truly my disciples; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Observe three inducements, each one of them great, and when placed together exceedingly attractive.

The first was certified discipleship; "Then are ye my disciples indeed." There is more in the expression than I can readily set forth in words. A certain person says he is a disciple of Christ; but you would never know it if he did not tell you. You might live with him for years without hearing an expression or remarking an action which is distinctly Christian: this is not to be a disciple indeed. Another man loves his Lord, and treasures his words; he puts his discipleship of Christ before everything, and you cannot live with him a single day without perceiving a savor of Christ in his words and action. You say of him, "that man is indeed a Christian." How we prize a thoroughbred believer! Your mongrel is a poor animal!

The next blessing which our Lord set before believers was that of

Sacred Knowledge.

Observe: "Ye shall know the truth"—not a truth, but "the truth;" the saving, purifying, glorifying truth. Keep on believing, and Jesus will teach you that great truth which is above all other truth—essential, quickening, cleansing, divine. You will so know the truth as to be influenced by it, actuated by it, filled by it, strengthened by it, comforted by it, and by its power you will yourself be made true. Surely this is a reason for abiding in Christ's Word!

The third benefit was spiritual liberty; "the truth shall make you free." You shall be free from your own prejudices, prides, and lusts. You shall be free from the fear of man. If you have sunk so low as almost to ask of the great ones leave to breathe, you shall break that irksome fetter. The truth known within your spirit shall make a free man of you. Hitherto you have been the bondsman of self. You have inquired, "What will this thing profit me?" and thus the desire of self-aggrandizment has ruled everything; but when Jesus is your Lord you shall be free from this motive. "The truth shall make you free;" this is a noble saying.

Dear brethren, I hope many here enjoy these three privileges; disciples indeed, you believe anything that is taught you in God's Word, be it what it what it may; the truth has so entered

into you that you now know it and are sure; and this believed truth has made you so free that you defy the fetters which men would cast around you. Your Lord has caused you to believe in him, and you have now found the element wherein your soul may abide in life, light, and liberty. Thus our Lord dealt with those in whom he saw some hopeful signs: he set choice blessings before them to induce them to proceed further.

IV. But now, fourthly, our Lord thus tested them by the most effectual means.

The Test

was sharp in its action, and sudden in its results. He said to them, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free:" and what follows? "They answered him"—answered him rather than believed him. How did they answer? Did they say, "Yes, Lord, we believe; teach us thy truth, and make us free?" No, no. They cried, "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man: how sayest thou, Ye shall be made free"? These supposed believers stumbled at the Lord's word—stumbled at a privilege. Jesus said, "The truth shall make you free," and that offended them!

The reason why these Jews became so angry with our Lord was that he touched their pride. "Make us free, indeed!" they cried. "We always were free; we were never slaves. We enjoy the largest rights through our father Abraham; we have never come under the dominion of any false prophet or idol god. Make us free indeed! How sayest thou this?" Thus the wild thinker claims that he is free, and needs no liberty from Christ. The sinner who is in bondage to his passions says that he leads a free and easy life, and scorns the idea of being set at liberty, as if he were a bondman. The more a slave a man is to his own conceit or his own lust, the more he talks about his freedom. We should not know that he was free if he did not call himself so. Your free love, free thought, free life, and so forth, are the empty mockery of freedom. Oh, that men knew their state, and then freedom would be prized!

These people soon showed their true character; for very soon afterwards they said, "Now we know that thou hast a devil;" and they took up stones to cast at him. Oh, that we may be delivered from having a faith which will end in open rejection of the Lord.

V. I close with a fifth point: our Lord deserves of us

The Highest Form of Faith—

ay, the highest degree of faith which is possible. Would you mind looking in your Bibles into the next chapter, which fitly follows the present one? It contains the story of the man blind from his birth, to whom the Saviour gave sight. Let me read a description of the kind of faith which I desire for you all. "Jesus heard that they had cast him out; and when he had found him, he said unto him, Dost thou believe on the Son of God? He answered and said, Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on him? And Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee. And he said, Lord, I believe. And he worshipped him." That is the faith which saves, the faith which learns of Jesus from Jesus; hears and believes, and takes Jesus to be its God. The faith which bows at the feet of Jesus, and worships him as divine, is the faith which saves. Oh, for a worshipping faith, faith on its knees in the presence of the Son of God; faith beholding Jesus, with the eye which he has opened!

"Alas!" says one, "I wish I had that faith." Listen, then, that you may find it. Faith cometh by hearing. When I meet with persons converted, I like them to tell me what text was blessed to them, for then my mind runs on that text. I have sometimes asked a convert, "What part of the sermon was it that God blessed to you?" because I should like to repeat that passage more than once or twice, I should like to "tell it o'er and o'er again." Perhaps the Lord would bless it to another, and another. Think, then, what part of our Lord's sermon was it that brought faith to those many who believed on him? I think it was the twenty-eight and twenty-ninth verses.

In verse 28 the Lord spoke of his death, and all that went with it, and all that come out of it: "When ye have lifted up the Son of man, then shall ye know that I am he." How did they lift him up? They lifted him up on the cross; it alludes to his crucifixion. But they did not know that in another sense they lifted him up; it was through his death that there was a possibility of his resurrection; and when he rose again and ascended up on high, the Holy Ghost was poured out upon the church, and he entered into heaven to make intercession for us; and all this was emphatically a lifting up.

The cross and its surroundings remain to this day the great arguments for our holy faith. The things that should lead men to believe on Jesus Christ are found at his cross. Christ on the cross is thought to be hard to believe in, but it is not so; for the more you know of a crucified Christ, the more easy will faith become. Christ raised to

The Crown by His Cross

is the great breeder of faith. Especially is faith begotten and nourished by that part of God's Word which treats of the cross and the crown—the double lifting up of Jesus.

Also, once more, and I have done: you will find faith much helped by looking to the life of Jesus, as set forth in the Gospels. Read the verse: "He that sent me is with me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him." What a perfect life is that of Jesus! Come along with you, you that have had other notions; come, and take Jesus to be your light and life! You that have had other confidences, leave them all and believe on him, for he is worthy of your utmost confidence. You that have been hesitating, believe in Jesus once for all. You that have been procrastinating, come this very day, and hearken to that voice which shall at once set you free. Oh, that you would now trust Jesus, my Lord and my God! May the good Spirit help you now to believe on the Crucified One, and may this be another of those occasions concerning which it shall be written in the Book of Record, "Many believed on him!" God grant it, for our Lord Jesus' sake! Amen.

A BRAVE BOY REWARDED.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S kindness to a drummer-boy is the subject of one of the many anecdotes called forth by his death. It is related that in the hot fight at the rear of Vicksburg he heard a shrill childish voice calling to him. Looking down he saw beside his horse a mite of a drummer-boy who told him that one of the regiments in the thick of the battle was out of ammunition and would have to abandon its position if a new supply were not promptly sent. The boy was bleeding badly from a wound in the leg which he had received while carrying the message to the General. Sherman told him to go to a surgeon and have his wound attended to and was then hurrying to see after the sending of the required ammunition when he heard the child calling to him again. Looking back he saw the little fellow, apparently unconscious of his wound, running after him and calling out, "Calibre fifty-eight, General; calibre fifty-eight." The General changed the character of his order, realizing that the ammunition he was sending would leave the men as badly off as before. He often spoke in after years of the boy's eagerness and courage which made a deep impression on him. When he had the power, he secured the youngster an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis and was otherwise kind to him. In the struggle with the hosts of Satan in this world there are many humble Christians who are similarly useful. Though they may not be able to take part in the conflict, they can pray for those who are engaged and the Lord hears them, and in answer to their prayers, strengthens the hands of his servants. (Eph. 6; 18, 19.)

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

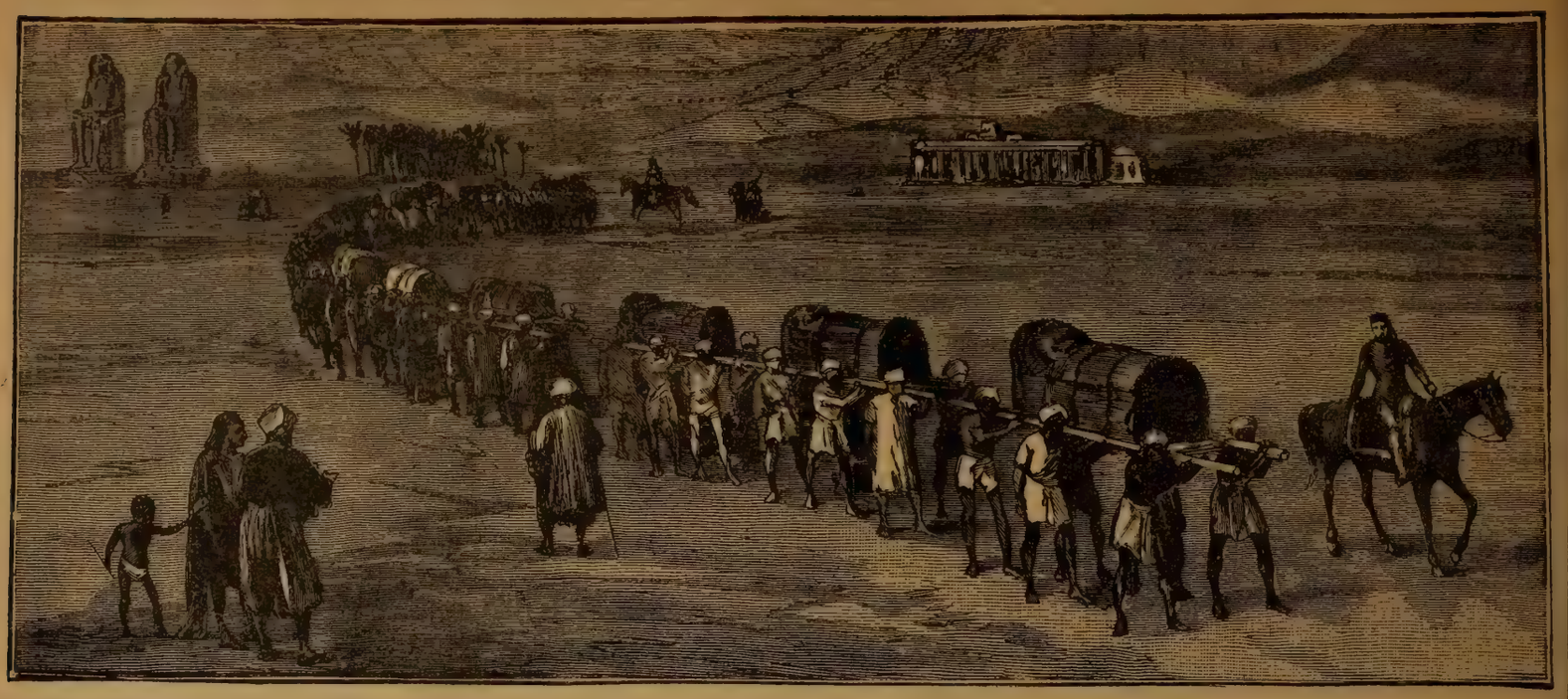
The Seamstress. *

ENTERPRISE, the tenement, and the competition of public institutions and farmers' wives and daughters, have done the tyrant shirt to death, but they have not bettered the lot of the needlewomen. The sweater of the East-side has appropriated the flannel shirt. He turns them out to-day at forty-five cents a dozen, paying his Jewish workers from twenty to thirty-five cents. One of these testified before the State Board of Arbitration, during the shirt-makers' strike, that she worked eleven hours in the shop and four at home, and had never in the best of times, made over six dollars a week. Another stated that she worked from four in the morning till eleven at night. These girls had to find their own thread and pay for their own machines out of their wages. The white shirt has gone to the public and private institutions that shelter large numbers of young girls and to the country. There are not half as many shirt-makers in New York to-day as only a few years ago, and some of the largest firms have closed their city shops. The same is true of the manufacturers of underwear. One large Broadway firm has nearly all its work done by farmers' girls in Maine, who think themselves well-off if they can earn two or three dollars a week, to pay for a Sunday silk, or the wedding outfit, little dreaming of the part they are playing in starving their city sisters. Literally they sew "with a double thread a shroud as well as a shirt"

A Discouraged Woman.

What sort of answer think you, would come from these tenements to the question, "Is life worth living?" It may be that this, cut from the last report but one of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, a long name for a weary task, has a suggestion of it: "In the depth of winter the attention of the Association was called to a family living in a garret in a miserable tenement in Cherry Street. This family's condition was most deplorable. The man, his wife, and three small children shivering in one room through the door of which the pitiless winds of winter whistled. The room was almost barren of furniture; the parents slept on the floor, the elder children in boxes, and the baby was slung in an old shawl attached to the rafters by cords by way of a hammock. The father, a seaman, had been obliged to give up that calling because he was in consumption, and was unable to provide either bread or fire for his little ones." Perhaps this may be put down as an exceptional case, but one that came to my notice in a Seventh Ward tenement was typical enough to escape that reproach. There were nine in the family: husband, wife, an aged grandmother, and six children; honest, hard-working Germans, scrupulously neat, but poor. All nine lived in two rooms, one about ten feet square, that served as parlor bed-room, and eating-room, the other a small hall-room made into a kitchen. The rent was seven dollars and a-half a month, more than a week's wages for the husband and father, who was the only bread-winner in the family. That day the mother had thrown herself out of the window and was carried up from the street, dead. She "was discouraged," said some of the other women from the tenement, who had come in to look after the children, while a messenger carried the news to the father at the shop. They went stolidly about their task, though they were evidently not without feeling for the dead woman. No doubt she

* From *How the Other Half Lives.* Studies among the tenements of New York, by Jacob A. Riis. These studies may be recommended to all readers, but especially Christian readers. They may be practically useful to ladies who are pleased with bargains, because they will explain to them what often puzzles them—how it is that the store-keepers can afford to sell ready-made garments at so low a rate as they do. Pp. 304. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



Bearing the Newly-Discovered Mummies of the Pharaohs Over the Plain of Thebes.

was wrong in not taking life philosophically as did the four families which a city missionary found housekeeping in the four corners of one room. They got along well enough together until one of the families took a boarder, and that made trouble.

The Jew of the Slums.

Bitter as are the Jew's private feuds, it is not until his religious life is invaded that a real inside view is obtained of this Jew whom the history of Christian civilization has taught nothing but fear and hatred. There are two or three missions in the neighborhood, conducting a hopeless propagandism for the Messiah whom the Tenth Ward of New York rejects, and they attract occasional crowds who come to hear the Christian preacher as the Jews of old gathered to hear the Apostles expound the new doctrine. The result is often strikingly similar. "For once," said a well-known minister to me, after such an experience "I felt justified in comparing myself to Paul preaching salvation to the Jews. They kept still until I spoke of Jesus Christ as the Son of God. Then they fell to arguing among themselves and to threatening me, until it looked as if they meant to take me out into Hester Street and stone me." As at Jerusalem, the Chief Captain was happily at hand with his centurions, in the person of a sergeant and three policemen, and the preacher was rescued. So, in all matters that pertain to their religious life, which tinges all their customs, they stand, these East Side Jews, where the new day that dawned on Calvary left them standing, stubbornly refusing to see the light. A visit to a Jewish house of mourning is like bridging the gap of two thousand years. The inexpressibly sad and sorrowful wail for the dead, as it swells and rises in the hush of all sounds of life, comes back from the ages like a mournful echo of the voice of Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they are not.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND TROUBLES.

(See Illustration on page 189.)

THE latest phase of the Newfoundland Fisheries dispute was discussed in the English Parliament on the 19th inst., when the Colonial Secretary Lord Knutsford, introduced a bill, revising some of the provisions that now regulate the rights of foreign powers in these fisheries. Some time ago, Newfoundland made protest that her fishery interests had been impaired by the treaties and concessions made by the home government.

The Colonial Secretary's bill is calculated to intensify the feeling in Newfoundland. It revives the Crown's authority to enforce, through the royal navy, the treaties in question, under which France claims her fishing rights. There is, however, a saving clause, which declares that if the Colonial Government itself undertakes to secure the carrying out of the treaties, before the passage of the new bill, the bill will be suspended. Lord Knutsford's measure is thus to a great extent a Coercion Act, in the interest of France.

The illustration on page 189 shows, in the foreground, the stages erected for drying the codfish. In April these stages are generally full, and the fisheries are then in full operation.

TRANSPORTING ROYAL MUMMIES.

(See Illustration.)

AN interval of over thirty centuries stretches between two remarkable journeys. Both were over the same route, and in both cases the most conspicuous feature was the burdens carried. They were the bodies of ancient kings and queens of Egypt, among which was that of the "Pharaoh who knew not Joseph," and who oppressed the Children of Israel. When his body was carried to the royal burying place which he had prepared for it in Thebes, the cities reared by the forced labors of the Hebrews, were in their meridian splendor. Obelisks and giant monoliths still reared their heads toward heaven. All Egypt was mourning; for the great Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, whom his subjects regarded as a god, was dead.

The other procession—that depicted in our illustration—is of recent date. Professor Maspero, the Director-General of the Bulak Museum, had for several years diligently sought the royal burial place. He was convinced that the mummies were in existence somewhere near ancient Thebes, but it was not until 1881 that he discovered a clue to the secret. The clue was followed, and after many months his search was crowned with success. Climbing the slope of the western mountain, a hugh isolated rock was found, and behind this were stones and debris, which to his practiced eye had the appearance of being scattered by the hand of man rather than by nature. He put a force of laborers to work on the mass, and after long labor, the mouth of a vertical shaft six feet square and forty feet deep was uncovered. Descending the shaft a horizontal passage was found which after running westward some twenty-four feet turned abruptly northward. Following this the explorer came to a stone staircase leading into the heart of the mountain. Another short passage terminated in the mortuary-chamber twenty-three feet long and thirteen wide. Here were the precious bodies of kings, queens and priests. Beyond was another chamber in which were porcelain funeral offerings, trinkets and draperies and more bodies. The walls of these subterranean chambers were covered with carvings in relief representing processions, ceremonies and the scarabœus, the emblem of immortality.

Three hundred Arabs were at once engaged to remove the bodies. They were safely carried to the surface and then securely packed in sailcloth and matting. When all was ready the long procession started, carrying across the plain of Thebes to the steamers awaiting them at Luxor, the bodies which had laid there undisturbed for three thousand years.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c

(*Continued from page 174.*)

An Apparition in the Soldiers' Church.

UNFORTUNATELY the next day was cloudy Margaret was invisible; and the others, left to their own devices, found their sight-seeing a little dull.

Italian skies are like spoiled children; they can be disagreeable enough, when they set about it; but the industrious Romans keep their streets so clean, that tourists need never be hindered by mud.

Camilla insisted that cloudy skies in Italy were brighter than the sunshiny ones of an English winter; and to her eye the gaily-colored umbrellas moving about were quite picturesque in effect—like gigantic butterflies.

The next day the skies had recovered from their sulkiness, and were as bright as though they had done nothing but smile since the dawn of creation. The young ladies had reached the street when Margaret asked about their wraps.

"Why, Cousin, what do we want with wraps?" asked Carolyn. "The sun is as hot as July."

"Let me go for zem," and Marie flitted back up the steps. "I am the smallest."

"Marie! Marie!" Margaret called after her. "Boggins will not let you in. She is in mortal terror of the Inquisition. You take the key."

They all laughed, and Camilla ran up to Marie with the door key.

The Newfoundland Fisheries—The Cod-Fish Drying Stages.

"I don't see any use of wraps on such a bright morning," persisted Carolyn.

"Well, dear," replied Margaret, "it becomes my duty to open upon you a battery of reasons. Rome enjoys bad health, to use a Hibernicism; but it is owing mainly to the foolish behavior of tourists. There may be malaria; but I should think that where there are such oceans of it, some scientist could catch enough to get a hint of its identity. You know I looked up the health record when we were demolishing Uncle John's opposition to our coming. Few cities are as healthy as this."

"The tourists are to blame," said Camilla, with an indignant side nod. "All in perspiration in the sun, then plunging into a stone church, or museum, into which a sunbeam has never shone. They ought to know better! They get chilled to the bone: and colds, rheumatisms, and all manner of fevers break loose upon them."

A few steps brought them to the Pantheon: "The oldest, and best preserved bit of heathenism in Rome," remarked Margaret as they stood before the great structure, "in stone—I mean."

"Built by Agrippa," said Carolyn, "twenty-seven years before Christ."

"Just think of the wars that have surged about its base," remarked Margaret. "It makes our greatest buildings seem crude and new."

"Those old Romans built magnificently," said Camilla, with pride.

"So did the Egyptians and Assyrians ages earlier," said Margaret. "None but the Hebrews understood God's purpose to have the great, productive impulse express itself in thought, and law, and worship. So they built the world's religion, while the other piled up stone for Time to pull down and pulverize."

"I would like to see zis Pantheon reproduced," said Marie, "viz ze gilt bronze roof, and ze great columns, all ze way around outside, and ze costly marbles all over it, and ze twelve great gods inside, and ze colossal statoos of Augustus and Agrippa each side of ze grand gates. Oh, vat magnificence!"

"How these miserable bits of stone do hurt one's feet" said Margaret, as they walked around by the fountain and obelisk on the piazza in front of the church. "They always remind me of that alliterative word of Hawthorne's, 'a perpetual penitential pilgrimage.'"

"You American women should wear thicker-soled shoes," said Carolyn, with the emphasis of one who has hit the nail squarely for once."

"Right, dear, right. We will get our heads steadied down to common sense in dress after awhile, as our English cousins have done. How those old Romans must have robbed the Egyptians," she continued, turning toward the obelisk.

"Those obelisks are the stiff, livid fingers of dead religions," said Camilla, "pointing toward the clear heavens, in whose light all paganism baptized, and unbaptized, must ultimately vanish."

"The new government has taken away the two little cupolas that Bernini put on the Pantheon," said Carolyn, "and that the Italian's called, 'Bernini's asses' ears.' For my part I don't see why they should." She looked a question at Camilla, but the only reply of that young lady was a slight shrug, which was little more than a tightening of the dorsal muscles that raised the shoulders just perceptibly, drew the head a trifle to one side, opened the palms and spread the fingers; but it gave in full her opinion of the difference between Anglo-Saxon and Italian taste.

"I wonder if there is any other building in the world lighted by just a hole in the roof," queried Carolyn, as they went inside the church.

"Open to the sky," said Camilla, looking up at the white clouds sailing through the blue heavens above the aperture; "like our souls, that the spiritual may have easy ingress. It is lovely by moonlight. I have often been here with my father. He loved dearly this old Pantheon. He used to say that though the majestic genius of those Romans built powerfully, they had to go down because they subverted the liberties of the people; and later systems of tyranny and superstition would have to give way, also; for the day must come when the strength of our people would come forth refined and spiritualized by its centurics of grinding—in moral grandeur that would do much to capture the world for the Right and True."

Carolyn listened politely to this long sentence, and Margaret, glowingly. Then the English girl led the way to the tomb of Victor Immanuel, remarking with pleasure that the soldiers had kept guard over it ever since the death of the king. "That band of iron up there," she said, "represents the iron crown of Lombardy."

"And here is another copy," said Camilla, pointing to a velvet cushion at her right hand, and reading enthusiastically the silver inscription by which it was encircled. "A Roma ci siamo, e ci resteremo."

"I don't quite catch the meaning," said Carolyn, looking hard at the letter.

"A free translation," returned Camilla, "makes it, 'Here we are in Rome, and here we will stay.' It became one of the watch-words of our war of independence."

"This is an artists' mausoleum," remarked Margaret, as they stood beside the grave of Raphael.

"There are artists in all the great churches in Italy," said Camilla proudly.

"Do you remember, Lyn," asked Margaret, "our reading about Matilda, the woman who established the temporal sovereignty of the popes?"

"Another Eve," said Camilla with a little frown.

"In that war," said the American girl, "if the Pantheon was used as a fortress, and a strong one it must have been."

"A woman did that mischief," said Camilla, "and when my countrywomen are lifted from their low estate, they will make sure that it is undone—it has been a world of iniquity."

Leaving the Pantheon, the young ladies passed the little obelisk that Bernini placed on the elephant's back in the piazza before Santa Maria sopra Minerva, remarking only its whimsicalness.

"Pompey founded the temple of Minerva, that used to stand here," said Carolyn as if reciting a history lesson. "This is said to be the only fine Gothic church in Rome."

"Fine!" exclaimed Marie, her eye running over the plain front of the edifice. "It is horridly ugly."

"Here is where they used to have the imposing procession of the white mule," dutifully reported Carolyn, "The pope came in a glass coach, with a long train; and the people threw flowers over them."

"I fear zey vould not do so now," said the French girl.

"The pope gave dowries to poor girls in this church once a year," Carolyn went on, in guide-book fashion. "They stood in two rows in front of the church. Fancy the poor things! Those who were going to be nuns wore white wreaths on their heads."

"Ze Count told me about zat," exclaimed Marie, trilling forth a merry, little laugh in which a child's sob seemed to have lost its way. "He said ze girls who vere to be nuns, got twice as much as ze ozzers. Ze church always gets all ze money. Ze church is varee reech, vile ze people starve and die in ignorance. Pere Jean says I must not mind ze Count, because his mozzer vos a Huguenot: but I vould razzer belief ze Count. He is varee good."

"St. Catharine of Sienna," said Margaret as they stopped before the high altar. "She has an honorable place of burial among their popes and magnates. She ought to have been an evangelist. She began to preach when she was only six years old. When she grew up she was a politician as well as preacher, like most of the distinguished Romanists, carrying on all manner of diplomatic negotiations."

"Ze church like ze good mozzer," remarked Marie, "gifs all her children ze liberty to do ze zings zey can."

"As long as they work only for her upbuilding," said Margaret. "Woe betide them if they attempt anything that she does not dictate. There can be no independent thinking under her rule."

A few minutes' walk brought the young ladies to the church of San Agostino.

"St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, is buried here," said Carolyn; "and there is a fresco of Isaiah by Raphael. This is one of the most popular Madonnas in Rome," pointing to the silver hearts and other trophies about the shrine of the Virgin.

"There used to be daggers hanging up all around here," said Camilla, "their owners had become tired of their use and had consecrated them to poor Mary. Under the new regime, since the people are free to use their tongue and pen, they don't depend upon the stiletto as they used to."

"Art critics claim," remarked Magaret "that these much-worshipped statues of Mary and Christ, were originally the execrable Agrippina and her little Nero, afterward the beastly tyrant."

In such pleasant converse the girls spent the hours wandering among the scenes of the stirring events of days long gone by until the evening shadows bade them return to their home. The next day was the Sabbath and it dawned upon Rome as sweet, and glad, and devout as among the New England hills.

"Tourists on week days," said Margaret, "but on Sunday, plain, honest Christians. We claim no indulgence for breaking the fourth commandment because we are out of sight of our church spires."

That evening while the rest went their ways to services in one church or another, Margaret took Boggins, and started for the Soldiers' Chapel on the via delle Coppelli.

The shops had been open all day, the people buying and selling almost as briskly as upon week days. Toward evening the streets had grown more quiet. Little carts had come in the morning with small, white, sharp-nosed dogs on the top of their loads, barking nervously as if afraid that their brown peasant masters would fall quite asleep, horses shaking their bright tassels, and jingling the bells on their collars: these had all gone back to the country. Noisy street peddlers had cried off their wares, or tired out their voices, if such a thing were possible. Crowds were on the street for an evening promenade, and a chat about business, or affairs generally.

Margaret found the chapel well filled with soldiers, while a few ladies and gentlemen, evidently visitors, were seated at one side.

The preacher had been himself a soldier, and he spoke in loud, strong tones, as if giving the word of command, his illustrations being drawn from camp life. In the midst of the sermon the soldiers rose suddenly, their swords clicking against the benches, and their hands raised in salute. An officer of some rank had come in, and passing back of the men he had gone up the other side of the chapel to his place. Margaret did not notice his entrance but she saw his shoulders and the back of his head as he returned the salute, and the color left her face. He turned toward the preacher who had stopped speaking, as if making a request.

"No, you speak, please, Major." The young officer's voice was even and clear, well rounded by the habit of authority. "No, comrades, not here. We meet here only as brothers."

Margaret rose, and staggered out into the fresh air. The Major resumed his seat, quite unconscious that within a few feet of him was one in whom he was more interested than in all the world beside.

Boggins followed Margaret out, internally threatening to have the master telegraphed to at once that the malary was gettin' the better of that poor, dear, silly, young American: and she always knew there could be no good o' their comin' off by themselves.

"Again that strange resemblance," thought Margaret in a confused way. There was no use thinking about it. She would put it out of her mind. She would not even speak of it to Camilla: but, oh, the torture of it all!

The next day the study and sight-seeing had to go on without her; while Boggins tormented poor Ann with a November drizzle of worry about that poor, dear child comin' down here to find a grave. She even went so far as to inquire the way to the Protestant cemetery. If she might be so bold; it might be a savin' o' time to know where the place was.

Camilla was sure that Margaret had seen Jerome: but she could not ask her: indeed, she feared to do so. She could hardly understand how such a fine, handsome fellow could remain so long heart-free in this land of brightness: Yet Anglo-Saxons had ways that bewildered her, quite as much as the modes of warfare practised by their ancestors had puzzled Julius Cæsar.

After the rest had retired that night, Camilla stole softly into the maids' room shading her night-lamp with her hand.

"An' it is a ghost, or a bogie?" whispered Ann, her eyes wide with fright.

"Hush, girls. Don't make a noise. What are you afraid of?"

"Och! it's yersilf, Miss Curmilly!" cried Ann. "It's not mesilf as is afraid of ghosts at all, at all. Of course they do be seen whin, as Boggins informs us, there's goin' to be a death. But these old stone-castles—stone floors, and everything,"—

"Like the Hinquisition,' threw in Boggins with doleful emphasis. "To be sure," Ann rattled on, "the purty babies with wings that a body sees on the ceilin', the last thing at night, ort to give a bit o' comfort if a body could help thinkin' they was the depairted little ones, of which there must be a lot, where there's such a many left to mourn their loss."

Camilla laughed at Ann's oratory, which Boggins regarded as unseemly levity, asking in a dismal voice if Miss Margaret had a "more seriouser 'tack nor usual."

"When we come out o' the chapel she could hardly set one foot 'fore th' other. White as a ghost, and her hands as cold as ice. I thought mebbe I'd ort to git a cab, but then we was right here, as you might say. The fare is stupendius light; but there's no use o' wastin' it, it's malary, Miss Carmilly."

"O, I hope not. What church did you go to with Miss Margaret?"

"It wa'n't a church, only a chapel."

"Were there any soldiers there?"

"O, yes; plenty of 'em, and not much else. They stood up and sung, as peaceable as anythin'; and then they bowed their heads while the man went through with what might 'a' been a prayer. I do not think it was Cath'lic, because Miss Margaret wouldn't be caught in no such a place, 'specially after dark. There wa'n't the dressin' and undressin', the bowin, and scrapin' that goes with their heathenish doins."

"What did the soldiers do?" asked Camilla. "Hadn't they done anything at all, any of them."

"No; they looked all civil enough. Now I remember; there was one feller as come in after the man had got to goin' at such a awful rate. They all stood up, like you've seen a thing when you've touched a spring—it all goes at once. They held up their hands and let 'em drop again; he held up his hand. He did n't shake his fist at 'm. I'm positive 'bout that, for I didn't feel perfectly sure but he was agoin' to fight 'em all. He looked like he wer'n't one bit afraid to 'tack the lot; but he only said somethin' that nobody could understand. They all set down instantly and then Miss Margurt took ill; an' I don't know nothin' more 'bout the soldiers — nor care — neither. I'm abs'lutely sure the malary, or somethin' 's goin' to be the death o' that poor dear."

(To be Continued.)

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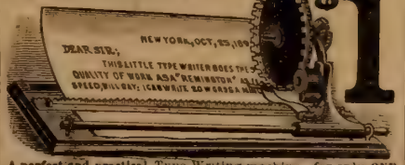

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HOPEFULLY WAITING.

Blessed are they that are Homesick, for they shall come at last to the Father's House.—*Heinrich Stilling.*

Not as you meant, O learned man and good,
Do I accept thy words of hope and rest;
God, knowing all, knows what for me is best,
And gives me what I need, not what He could,
Nor always as I would!
I shall go to the Father's House and see
Him and the Elder Brother face to face,—
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a homesick child, who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true,
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay?
Nay, if we love and honor, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task,—
Not for ourselves, but for the dear one's sake;
And at his coming only of him ask
Approval of the work, which most was done,
Not for ourselves, but our beloved one!

Our Father's House, I know, is broad and grand;
In it how many, many mansions are!
And far beyond the light of sun and star
Four little ones of mine through that fair land
Are walking hand in hand!
Think you I love not, or that I forget
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
With weeping in this balmy summer air;
I am not homesick, and the children *here*
Have need of me, and so my way is clear!

I would be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who bore
Life's heaviest Cross is mine for evermore;
And I, who wait His coming, shall not I
On His sure word rely?
So if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep
Be heavy for the grief He sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,—
Let me be mindful that these things must be,
To work His blessed will until He come
And take my hand and lead me safely home.

—*A. D. F. Randolph.*

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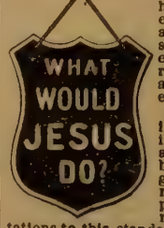

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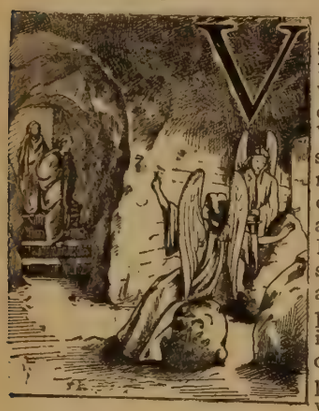
Christ's Grave a Centre of Stupendous Interests—The Grave of a King—Its Surroundings—The Group at the Interment—The Seal on the Door—The Eventful Conflict—The Lessons of that Tomb—Mortuary Honors no Atonement for Wrong—The Mockeries in Poets' Corner—Adornments Appropriate for a Tomb—Dignity of Unpretentious Obsequies—The Dead Cannot be Kept Down—The Resurrection from the Sea.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay." Matt. 28 : 6.



VISITING any great city we are not satisfied until we have also looked at its cemetery. We examine all the styles of cenotaph, mausoleum, sarcophagus, crypt, and sculpture. Here lies buried a statesman, yonder an orator, here a poet, out there an inventor, in some other place a great philanthropist. But with how much greater interest and with more depth of emotion we look upon our family plot in the cemetery. In the one case, it is a matter of public interest; in the other, it is a matter of private and heartfelt affection. But around the grave at which we halt this morning, there are gathered all kinds of stupendous interest. At this sepulchre, I have to tell you, in this sepulchre there was buried a King, a Conqueror, an Emancipator, a Friend, a Brother, a Christ. Monarch of the universe, but bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, and sorrow of our sorrow, and heart of our heart. "Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

It has for surroundings, the manor in the suburbs of Jerusalem, a manor owned by a wealthy gentleman by the name of Joseph. He was one of the court of seventy who had condemned Christ, but I think he had voted in the negative, or being a timid man, had been absent at the time of the casting of the vote. He had laid out the parterre at great expense. It was a hot climate and I suppose there were broad-branched trees and winding paths nnderneath them, while here the waters rippled over the rock into a fishpool, and yonder the vines and the flowers clambered over the wall, and all around there were the beauties of kiosk and arboriculture. After the fatigues of the Jerusalem court-room, how refreshing to come out in these suburbs botanical and pomological.

I walk a little farther on in the parterre and I come across a cluster of rocks, and I see on them the marks of a sculptor's chisel. I come still closer and I find that there is a subterranean recess, and I walk down the marble stairs, and come to a portico, over the doorway—an architecture of fruits and flowers chiselled by the hand of the sculptor. I go into the portico and on either side there are rooms, two, or four, or six rooms of rock; in the walls, niches each niche large large enough to hold a dead body. One of these rooms of rock is especially wealthy with sculpture. It was a beautiful and charming spot. Why all this? The fact was that Joseph, the owner of the parterre, of that wealthy manor, had recognized the fact that he could not always walk those gardens, and he sought this as his own last resting-place. What a beautiful plot in which to wait for the resurrection!

Mark well the mausoleum in the rock. It is to be the most celebrated tomb in all the ages; Catacombs of Egypt, tomb of Napoleon, Mahal Taj of India, nothing compared with it. Christ had just been murdered and his body must be thrown out to the dogs and the ravens as was customary with crucified bodies, unless there be prompt and effective hindrance. Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum, begs for the body of Christ, and he takes and washes the poor and mutilated frame from the blood and the dust, and shrouds it and perfumes it.

I think embalmment was omitted. When in olden times they wished to embalm a dead body, the priest with some pretension of medical skill would show the point between the ribs where the incision was to be made. Then the operator would come and make the incision, and then run for his life else he would be slain for violating the dead body. Then the other priests would come with salt of nitre and cassia, and wine of palm tree, and complete the embalmment. But I think in this case embalmment was omitted lest there be more excitement and another riot. The funeral advances. Present, Joseph, the owner of the mausoleum; Nicodemus, who brought the flowers, and the two Marys. Heavy burden on the shoulders of two men as they carry the body of Christ down the marble stairs and into the portico and lift the dead weight to the level of the niche in the rock, and push the body of Christ into the only pleasant resting-place it ever had. These men coming forth close the door of rock against the recess. The government, afraid that the disciples would steal the body of Christ and play resurrection, put upon the door the seal of the Sanhedrim, the violation of that seal, like the violation of the seal of the United States Government, or of the British Government, always followed with severe penalties.

A regiment of soldiers from the Tower of Antonio is detailed to guard that mausoleum. At the door of that tomb, a fight took place which decided the question for all grave-yards and cemeteries. Sword of lightning against sword of steel. Angel of God against the military. The body in the crypt begins to move in its shroud of fine linen and slides down upon the pavement, moves through the portico, appears in the doorway, comes up the marble steps. Christ having left his mortuary attire behind him, comes forth in the garb of a workman as I take it, from the fact that the women mistook him for the gardener.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

There and then was shattered the tomb so that it can never be rebuilt. All the trowels of earthly masonry cannot mend it. Forever and forever it is a broken tomb. Death that day taking the side of the military received a horrible cut under the angel's spear of flame, and must himself go down at the last — the King of Terrors disappearing before the King of Grace. "The Lord is risen." Hosanna! Hosanna!

> O weep no more, your comforts slain,
> The Lord is risen, he lives again.

When one of the old Christians was dying he said he saw on the sky the letter "V," and he said: "I cannot understand what that is I see against the sky; it is the letter 'V.'" A Christian standing beside him said "I know what it means; that letter 'V' stands for 'victory.'" I gather up all these flowers to-day, and I strew them over the graves of your Christian dead in the letter "V" for "victory," "R" for "resurrection," "T" for "triumph," "H" for "Heaven." "The Lord is risen." Hosanna!

While standing around the place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that mortuary honors cannot atone for wrongs to the living. If they could have afforded Christ such a costly sepulchre they could have afforded him a decent earthly residence. Will they give a piece of marble to the dead Christ when they might have given a soft pillow to the living Christ. If they had put half the expense of that mausoleum in the making of Christ's life on earth comfortable, the story would not have been so sad. He wanted bread; they gave him a stone. Christ, like every other benefactor of the world, was better appreciated after he was dead. Westminster Abbey and monumental Greenwood are to a certain extent the world's attempts by mortuary honors to atone for neglects to the living. Poets Corner in Westminster Abbey an attempt to pay for the sufferings of Grub Street. I go into that Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and there I find the grave of Handel, the musician from whose music we hear to-day, as it goes down reverberating through the ages. While I stand at the costly tomb of Handel, I cannot forget the fact that his fellow-musicians tried to destroy him with their discords. I go a little further in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey and I find the grave of John Dryden, the great Poet. Costly monument, great mortuary honors, but I cannot forget the fact that at seventy years of age he wrote about the oppressions of misfortune and that he made a contract for a thousand verses at sixpence a line. I go a little further on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras." Wonderful monument, costly mortuary honors. Where did he die? In a garret. I move further on in the Poet's Corner, and I find the grave of a poet of whom Waller wrote: "An old schoolmaster by the name of John Milton has written a tedious volume on the fall of man. If its length be no virtue, it has none." I go a little further on in the Poets' Corner and I find the grave of Sheridan. Alas! for Sheridan. Poor Sheridan! Magnificent mortuary honors. What a pity it was he could not have discounted that monument for a mouthful of something to eat! O, unfilial children, give your old parents less tombstone and more blankets, less funeral and more bedroom. Five per cent of the money now expended at Burns' banquets would have made the great Scotch poet comfortable and kept him from being almost harried to death by the drudgery of an exciseman.

SEALING THE STONE.

Horace Greeley, abused while he lived — going out to his tomb was followed by the President of the United States and the leading men of the army and the navy. Some people could not say bitter enough things about him while he lived; all the world rose up to do him honor when he died. Massachusetts at the tomb of Charles Sumner, tried to atone for the ignominious resolutions with which her legislature denounced the living senator. It was too late. The costly monument at Springfield, Illinois, cannot pay for Booth's bullet. Costly mortuary honors on the banks of Lake Erie—honors that cost between $200,000 and $300,000—cannot pay for the assassination of James A. Garfield. Do justice to the living. All the justice you do you will have to do this side the gates of the necropolis. The dead cannot wake up to count the number of carriages in the procession, or see the polish on the Aberdeen granite, or to read

the words of epitaphal commemoration. Costly mausoleum of the gentleman in the suburbs of Jerusalem cannot atone for Bethlehem's manger and Calvarean cross and Pilate's ruffian judiciary.

Again! Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that floral and sculptural ornamentation are appropriate for the places of the dead. We are all glad that in the short time of the Saviour's inhumation he lay amid flowers and sculpture. I cannot quite understand what I see in the newspapers where amid the announcements of obsequies the friends request "send no flowers." Why, there is no place so appropriate for flowers as the casket of the departed. If your means allow—I repeat, if your means allow—let there be flowers on the casket, flowers on the hearse, flowers on the grave. Put them on the brow; it means coronation. Put them in the hand; it means victory. Christ was buried in a parterre. Christ was buried in a garden. Flowers are types of resurrection. Death is sad enough anyhow. Let conservatory and arboretum do all they can in the way of alleviation. Your little girl loved flowers while she was alive. Put them in her hands, now that she cannot go forth and pluck flowers for herself. On sunshiny days twist a garland for her still heart. Brooklyn has no grander glory than her Greenwood, nor Boston than her Mount Auburn, nor Philadelphia than her Laurel Hill, nor Cincinnati than her Spring Grove, nor San Francisco than her Lone Mountain. What shall I say of those country graveyards where the vines have fallen down and the slab is slant and the mound is caved in, and the grass is the pasture ground for the sexton's cattle. Are your father and mother of so little account you have no more respect than that for their bones? Some day gather together and straighten up the fence and lift the slab, and bank up the mound, and tear out the weeds and plant the shrubs. After awhile, you yourself will want to lie down to the last slumber. If you have no regard for the bones of your ancestors, your children will have no deference for your ones. Do you say these relics are of no importance? You will see of how much importance they are when the archangel takes out his trumpet. Turn all your graveyards into gardens.

Standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am also impressed with the dignity of unpretending obsequies. Joseph that day was mourner, sexton, liveryman—had the entire charge of all the occasion. Four people only at the burial of the King of the universe. Let this be consolatory to those who through small means, and lack of large acquaintance, have but little demonstration of grief at the grave of their dead. It is not necessary. Long line of glittering equipages, two rows of silver handles, casket of costly wood, pall-bearers scarfed and gloved are not necessary. Christ looks out from heaven at a burial where there are one in attendance and remembers there are no more than he had at his obsequies. Not recognizing this idea, how many small properties are scattered in the funeral rites, and widowhood and orphanage go out to the cold charity of the world. The departed left enough property to have kept the family together until they could take care of themselves, but it is all absorbed in the funeral rites. That went for drapе which ought to have gone for bread. A man of small means can hardly afford to die in one of our great cities! Funeral pageantry is not necessary. No one was ever more lovingly and tenderly put into the grave than Christ, but there were only four in the procession.

Again; standing in this place where the Lord lay, I am impressed with the fact that you cannot keep the dead down. The seal of the Sanhedrim, a regiment of soldiers from the tower or Antonio to stand guard, floor of rock, roof of rock, wall of rock, niche of rock, cannot keep Christ in the crypt. Come out and come up he must. Came out and came up he did. Prefiguration. The first-fruits of them that sleep. Just as certainly as you and I go down into the grave, just so certainly we will come up again. Though you pile up on the top of us all the boulders of the mountains, you cannot keep us down. Though we be buried under the coral of the deepest cavern of the Atlantic ocean, we will rise to the surface. Ah! my friends, death and the grave are not what they used to be to us. for now, walking around the spot where the Lord lay, we find vines and flowers covering up the tomb, and that which we called a place of skulls has become a beautiful garden. Yea, now there are four gardens instead of one: Garden of Eden, Garden of the World's Sepulchre, Garden of Earth's Regeneration, Garden of Heaven.

Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Various scriptural accounts say that the work of grave-breaking will begin with the blast of trumpets and shoutings; whence I take it that the first intimation of the day will be a sound from heaven such as has never before been heard. It may not be so very loud, but it will be penetrating. There are mausoleums so deep that undisturbed silence has slept there ever since the day when the sleepers were left in them. The great noise shall strike through them. Among the corals of the sea, miles deep, where the shipwrecked rest, the sound will strike. No one will mistake it for thunder, or the blast of earthly minstrelsy. There will be heard the voice of the uncounted millions of the dead, who come rushing out of the gates of eternity, flying toward the tomb, crying, "Make way! Oh, grave, give us back our body! We gave it to you in corruption; surrender it now in incorruption." Thousands of spirits arising from the field of Sedan, and from among the rocks of Gettysburg, and from among the passes of South Mountain. A hundred thousand are crowding Greenwood. On this grave three spirits meet, for there were three bodies in that tomb! over that family vault twenty spirits hover, for there were twenty bodies. From New York to Liverpool, at every few miles on the sea route, a group of hundreds of spirits coming down to the water to meet their bodies. See that multitude!—that is where the *Central America* sank. And yonder multitude!—that is where the *Pacific* went down. Found at last! That is where the *City of Boston* sank. And yonder the *President* went down. A solitary spirit alights on yonder prairie—that is where a traveller perished in the snow. The whole air is full of spirits—spirits flying north, spirits flying south, spirits flying east, spirits flying west. Crash! goes Westminster Abbey, as all its dead kings, and orators, and poets get up. Strange commingling of spirits searching among the ruins. William Wilberforce, the good; and Queen Elizabeth, the bad. Crash! go the Pyramids, and the monarchs of Egypt rise out of the heart of the desert. Snap! go the iron gates of the modern vaults. The country graveyard will look like a rough-ploughed field as the mounds break open. All the kings of the earth; all the senators; all the great men; all the beggars; all the armies—victors and vanquished; all the ages—barbaric and civilized; all those who were chopped by guillotine, or simmered in the fire, or rotted in dungeons; all the infants of a day; all the octogenarians—all! all! Not one straggler left behind. All! all! And now the air is darkened with the fragments of bodies that are coming together from the opposite corners of the earth. Lost limbs finding their mate—bone to bone, sinew to sinew—until every joint is reconstructed, and every arm finds its socket, and the amputated limb of the surgeon's table shall be set again at the point from which it was severed. A surgeon told me that after the battle of Bull Run he amputated limbs, throwing them out of the window, until the pile reached up to the window-sill. All those fragments will have to take their places. Those who were born blind shall have eyes divinely kindled; those who were lame shall have a limb substituted. In all the hosts of the resurrected not one eye missing; not one foot clogged; not one arm palsied; not one tongue dumb; not one ear deaf.

If I understand this day, it means peace toward Heaven and peace toward earth. Bring more flowers. Strew all the earth with Easter garlands, for the resurrection we celebrate this day implies many kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections. Resurrection from death and sin to the life of the Gospel. Resurrection of apostolic faith. Resurrection of commercial integrity. Resurrection of national honor. Resurrection of everything that is good and kind and generous and just and holy and beautiful. Nothing to stay down, to stay buried, but sin and darkness and pain and disease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

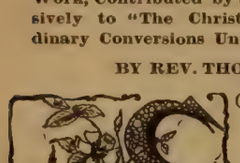
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won.
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

REMARKABLE REVIVALS.

THE REV. THOMAS HARRISON, THE "BOY PREACHER'S" WONDERFUL GOSPEL EXPERIENCES.

The First of a Series of Notable Articles on Religious Work, Contributed by the Famous Revivalist, Exclusively to "The Christian Herald"—Some Extraordinary Conversions Under his Preaching.

BY REV. THOMAS HARRISON.



SOME of my most vivid experiences in God's work have been at the capitals of the different States. About ten years ago I was preaching in Indianapolis to audiences which at first were small and apathetic. Suddenly the movement developed great proportions, grace and faith increasing until some fifteen or more churches were led to open their doors and hold revival services. This was in the month of June. Next, the theatres threw their doors wide open on Sunday nights, and all conditions of society furnished the vast audiences that crowded in. The Spirit reached many hearts at that time, and a member of the family of Governor Porter was among the number. I remember that at the Roberts Park Church (of which Rev. Dr. S. M. Vernon was pastor), where I was preaching, many of the highest State officials were visibly touched, and Edward Porter, the son of the Governor, was among the converts. The young man, who had been attending the meetings, became awakened, and conviction and conversion quickly followed. All kinds of business men—rich and poor, young and old—were influenced and brought in. One very interesting case was that of a young man, Edward Branham, I think was his name, who came in with the great crowds one Sunday night. This young business man then and there made his decision for Christ and he has been steadfast in the faith ever since.

At first these meetings progressed very slowly, and I remember that for four nights we were without a single seeker. On Friday night, however, we had two seekers, one of them being a young man named Charles Palmer. My own faith was sorely tested by our slow progress. We had the co-operation of the Methodist churches, yet nothing had occurred in these four whole days to show that we had made any substantial headway.

Following the two who came forward on that Friday, we had nine more on the Sabbath night, making eleven in all for the first week. Usually on the seventh night, at such meetings, we had a large accession of seekers, so that this experience was unprecedented and certainly discouraging. Yet I had the assistance of the best workers in the Methodist churches of Indianapolis, and from almost all the other denominations. This agitation continued until they were compelled to open their own churches.

The meetings lasted from the first of March until the first of July. They grew wondrously after that first disheartening week, and the interest was undiminished until the closing jubilee service. At every meeting, we had crowds of seekers and thousands were brought into the fold, including many from different churches. What had been so small at the outset, closed in a glorious harvest of souls.

A Great Jubilee at Springfield, Ills.

The capital which I next recall as the scene of a revival was Springfield, Ills. I began there in the month of January and continued for seventeen weeks, the interest increasing daily, until 2,240 seekers had knelt at the altar. Considering the size of the place, I regard it as the most remarkable of all the revivals in which I have been engaged. I preached at the church of which Rev. Dr. Musgrove was pastor, and many other churches in the city co-operated in the work which became so extensive that we were compelled to send for evangelists and the clergymen of Springfield held meetings in their own churches as well. This revival reached all classes: mechanics, merchants, and teachers, and even affected the household of Gov. Palmer, who has recently been elected U. S. Senator for Illinois. His son, John Mayo Palmer, a prominent lawyer, gave his heart to God and became an active worker for Christ, and is so still. His wife's prayers had much to do with this change of heart on his part. This lady was one of the most devoted of women, and had entreated God for her husband long before the change took place which made her a happy wife. I have no doubt that the conversion came in answer to her prayers.

Another notable worker at that time was the wife of State Senator Shutt. So earnest and enthusiastic was she in the work that she led sixty persons to the altar herself, going through the congregation and bringing the seekers forward for prayer, a labor in which her gentle and earnest ways were most effective.

One night there was a special outpouring of the Spirit and the ardor of the worshippers became so intense that the services were not closed until ten minutes past two o'clock in the morning. This was without a single intermission. Inquirers kept coming to the altar in crowds, seeking religion, during all these hours. Naturally, their friends at home began to be anxious about their prolonged absence, and men would come into the church—come right forward personally—and ask the people, "Where's my wife?" or "Where are my children?" And when they finally found them there, praising God, they joined in the services with an enthusiasm that seemed to be irresistible. And there they stayed with the rest of us, till the close—many of them, seeking and finding peace to their souls.

This was followed by a great jubilee, at which over two thousand persons gave their testimony. There was much rejoicing and in the midst of it all, to add to my own happiness, Bishop Bowman rose on the platform and putting his hands on my head, said: "I ordain you, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, to win more souls to the Master."

The Spirit's Work in Kansas.

With the impulse of the great work at Springfield still upon me, I then went out to the capital of the State of Kansas—the city of Topeka. We began there with great gatherings of people and so widespread was the interest in the movement, that the newspapers published the sermons in full. Rev. Dr. S. McChesney, of the Methodist Church of Topeka, co-operated with me, and we had the support of the most prominent business men of the place. Dr. McChesney is the brother of the well-known Rev. Ensign McChesney, of the Madison Avenue M. E. Church, New York City. These meetings lasted right into the heat of the summer. Bishop Ninde preached the Jubilee sermon in July, at which hundreds were converted. One feature of the meetings was the large number of non-church-goers who came to these services, among them being a Mr. Bennett, a leading contractor, who is now an ardent Christian and the Superintendent of a Sunday School. Many years previous he had imbibed Universalist doctrines, and he said that when he got these ideas, all his convictions left him and he had not had any settled convictions for twelve years. One night he came forward for prayer; he groaned, gave one scream, and was converted! After that there was no more active worker among the business men than he. During the eight weeks we were at Topeka, he was indefatigable.

God's Work at the Nation's Capital.

It is now twelve years since I conducted services in the Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, in Washington, D. C., of which Rev. Dr. Lanahan was then pastor. These services were the means of inaugurating a most blessed revival. The crowds who attended were so great that policemen were stationed at the doors, and even those officers, whose posts were outside, were anxious to get in but could not. President Hayes and family were present at the morning services and took a lively interest. I remember that at one of the meetings, the venerable Chief-Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court, said to General Fisk—as they were leaving the church—that it was "the happiest hour of his life." He had been brought to the church by the General, who was his life-long friend. Both these distinguished men are now dead and have passed to their reward. The politicians attended in numbers, and many of them were sharers in the blessing.

This grand old church—one of the cradles of revivalism—was frequently filled with the most brilliant audiences, including diplomats, who came in the train of the President's party. There were many striking illustrations of the power of the Spirit at that time. There was a school, or seminary, kept by Mrs. Somers, one of the most fashionable in the city, the principal being a sister of the celebrated Dr. Eddy. Suddenly, without warning, the revival broke into the school and many of the pupils were converted. Major Morgan, one of the leading men in the local government, was my right-hand man in the work at that time, and proved a most efficient aid.

These meetings lasted in all about five weeks, and closed with a great thanksgiving service. They ought to have been continued further, as at the very close, the altar was still crowded, and there were as many turned away as got in.

I found, during these experiences at the various State capitals, that many of the most active and influential men in government affairs were my best supporters. A great many of them were Christian men, and necessarily wielded a mighty influence in the revival cause owing to their high station. I may say that I have enjoyed working at the capitals, and have worked all the harder there, knowing that these were the centres of power and population, and that the influence extending from them would spread out into the country towns and villages and bring into the fold many people from other places. In Illinois, eight hundred, in different parts of the State, were converted through the influence exerted at Springfield. In Indiana the whole State caught the fire of revival from the flame kindled at Indianapolis,—towns, villages and hamlets alike—and many hundreds came to Christ. It was a time of great and general awakening in the State, and "they who were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word."

CONVERTED THROUGH "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD."

A VERY affecting letter reached us last week from Texas. It come from a lady who has long been a subscriber to this journal, and it tells just the news we are most thankful to receive. It appears that for many years this lady has been praying for the conversion of her godless husband. It seemed as if her prayers were unheard, for, not only did he persevere in his sinful courses, but he became more abandoned and more openly wicked. To his wife's appeals he returned only mocking answers and blasphemous words, which made her shudder. Still she continued her prayers though she refrained from pressing religion upon him, as it irritated him and provoked him to blasphemy. At length he forbade her going to church and made her life almost unbearable.

A few months ago he fell ill with a malady which proved to be consumption. The wife renewed her appeals to him then and persuaded him to let her read the Bible and the sermons in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. He did not appear to be much interested until she read Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's sermon on "The Dying Thief." When she had finished he exclaimed, "That sermon was preached for me." It was not long before he found peace and then he sent for all his friends and told them of the change which had taken place in him, boldly confessing Christ before them all. He lived three months after his conversion and his widow says that his faith and joy increased day by day. The change in him was miraculous. He was a new man. He died peacefully with a sure and certain hope of eternal life through Jesus.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Arctic Life-Savers Rewarded—A Petition for a Nuisance—Railroad Passengers left Shoeless—A Human Balloon—A Bride's Indecision—A Female Soldier Pensioned.

REWARDS For Saving the lives of twelve hundred men from the Arctic twenty years ago, have just been distributed. The Boston *Globe* states that the one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars appropriated for the owners and crews of the five ships which engaged in the humane labor has been paid. It appears that in 1871 twenty-two of the whale-ships were hemmed in by ice and abandoned. The crews took refuge on the shore, where they heard that there were five ships further South. An imploring message was sent to the Captains by one of the men, asking them to abandon the voyage in the cause of humanity and to take the wrecked men aboard. The Captains held a conference and agreed to bring the men down and sacrificed their voyage thereby. The award is to be divided among the five ships in proportion to the number of men each rescued. It is gratifying that at last, after waiting twenty years, this deed of humanity has been rewarded. Captains who are willing to leave their fishing to save men deserve to be recompensed. Like them, the men who engage in soul-saving also often have to make a sacrifice, but their reward is sure. (Daniel 12 : 3.)

The Restoration of a Nuisance is Being sought by a number of property owners in New York. When an Elevated Railroad Station was erected at 121st Street and Second ave., the property owners in the neighborhood complained of it as a nuisance and brought suits against the Company for damages. There is no doubt that it did obstruct light and air from some of the houses, so the suits would probably have been successful. But last December the Elevated Railroad Company took the unexpected course of removing the station, which had been complained of and the litigants had no longer any grievance to take into court. But they were not so well satisfied as they would have been had the Company continued the nuisance and compensated them for enduring it. After the removal of the station there were sixteen blocks in which there was no station, so that the residents there who used the line had to walk an extra distance morning and evening. The loss of the convenience resulted in so serious a depreciation in the value of the property that a committee recently waited on the Company and asked that the station be replaced. Christian men and women have often experienced a similar change of mind as to God's providential dealings. A dispensation which was at first regarded as an affliction has in after life, when its benefits have been realized, been recognized as a blessing. (Heb. 12 : 11.

A Human Balloon was the Curious Result of an injury described in the New York daily journals of March 25th. Two days before, there had been an accident in an iron mill. A rapidly turning lathe became out of gear and a bar of iron shot out, striking one of the workmen a heavy blow on the side. He was removed to Gouverneur Hospital, where it was found that four of his ribs were broken, and the end of one of them had pierced his lung. The surgeon did what he could for the man and then went to see a patient in another ward. Returning an hour later he could with difficulty recognize the injured man. When he left him he was a small, spare man, but on his return he saw in the cot a man so enormously fat as to be almost grotesque. The man's daughters, who, having heard of his injury, came to the hospital to see him, refused to believe that he was their father. His cheeks were so swollen that he could not open his eyes, and his arms and hands were those of an obese giant. The doctor explained his changed appearance by saying that the air in the injured lung had escaped through the incision made by the fractured rib and had formed a cushion an inch and a-half thick under the skin. He thought that if the man recovered, which was doubtful, the distension would gradually subside and his body would resume its natural size. The danger, he said, lay not in the puffing out of the skin, though it gave the man a dreadful appearance, but in the internal wound. If that healed, his appearance would soon be normal. It is the same principle that encourages Christian workers in their labors among the fallen and depraved. Some of the men and women they try to redeem seem monsters of iniquity scarcely human in their habits and mode of life. But they have hope, even of the worst, because they know that God can change the heart, out of which, as Christ said, "proceed the evil thoughts, murders" and other things "which defile the man." (Matt. 15 : 19.)

A Number of Shoeless Passengers were Detained in the Milwaukee Railroad Depot in Chicago a few days ago by an amusing misadventure. It occurred on a train which leaves St. Paul at eight o'clock in the evening and arrives in Chicago in the morning. A car is added to the rear of that train at La Crosse and dropped off at Milwaukee. It has been the habit of the porters to collect the passengers' shoes from all the cars and take them into that rear car to be shined. They did so on this occasion, but they fell asleep over their task and were still asleep when the car was dropped at Milwaukee. When the passengers in the forward cars arrived at Chicago there was a demand for their shoes and it was then discovered that both the porters and the shoes of twenty-five passengers were in the car at Milwaukee. There were some loud complaints for a time, but the Railroad Company satisfied them by sending for the clerk of a shoe store, who measured the shoeless passengers and promptly supplied each with a new pair. It must have been a novel experience for well-to-do people to find themselves suddenly shoeless in the depot of a great city. The time is coming, however, for every one when, the journey of life being over, and the eternal destination reached, the traveller is denuded of all externals which have made his path through the world easy. Happy is he then if, through faith in the Saviour, he is welcomed into the eternal city, where the robe of Christ's righteousness, which is provided for him, supplies all his need. (Rev. 6 : 11.)

A Woman Who Fought in The War has presented a claim for a pension, which is now under the consideration of the Commissioner of Pensions. Her statement, which is corroborated by reliable witnesses, is that at the outbreak of the war she was living in Cleveland, Ohio. Her name was Mary E. Dewey, and she was engaged to a young man named Benjamin Brown. He was one of the first men of his State to respond to President Lincoln's call for volunteers. Mary could not endure the separation from her lover and she devised a plan for reunion. One day Brown saw among the recruits who joined his regiment, a familiar face. It belonged to a soldier entered on the books as Charles E. Dewey. Brown did not reveal the secret, but allowed the girl to go through the war under that name. By his help her identity and sex were concealed, even when she was treated for a gunshot wound received at Spottsylvania Court-House. She fought by her lover's side in many engagements, he protecting her as far as he was able. At the close of the war she returned with her lover to Ohio; she resumed feminine attire and they were married. Her husband is now dead, and there being some difficulty in the way of her receiving a pension as his widow, she has put in a claim for a pension on account of her own services. The hardships and uncongenial surroundings of camp life, and the fatigues and dangers of her position at the front must have been trying for a woman to bear. That she did bear them, when at any time she could have escaped them by revealing her sex, is conclusive proof of the strength and fervor of her love. The fact helps us to realize what must have been the love of Christ, who being in the form of God, "took upon him the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men, and became obedient to death." (Phil. 2 : 6, 8.)

The Discovery of a Gold Mine which had been lost for forty years was reported from San Francisco on March 19. The mine which is known as the Breyfogle Mine is said to have cost dozens of lives, and so unsuccessful and fatal have been the expeditions made in search of it that it had come to be regarded by many as a myth. Briefly, the story goes that early in the fifties a party among which was Breyfogle, set out for California by way of the Southern Utah road. Breyfogle was something of a miner. Wandering one day by himself from the camp he found a place where he could literally dig great nuggets of gold out of the decomposed quartz, or cement as he called it, with his knife. He returned to camp, but the travellers were short of water and food and would not consent to remain. Breyfogle, after reaching Los Angeles, spent the remainder of his life tryiug to find this mine in the desert, but he and several parties whom he furnished with maps failed, and many lost their lives. It is now reported that a man named Montgomery has accidentally found the place in the rugged mountains south-east of Death Valley, one hundred and sixty miles from Daggett and is getting machinery and miners together to work it. It may be hoped for the sake of the men whom he is taking with him that his story is true, if the search for the Breyfogle mine has proved so fatal in previous years as is stated. The quest for gold often proves fatal even when it is pursued through the ways of business in the cities, where men overwork in pursuing it. But with them it is more frequently the soul rather than the body that suffers, because they sacrifice its interests and principles to get gain. (II. Timothy 6 : 10.)

Indecision on the Part of a Girl in Pennsylvania has caused considerable annoyance to her friends and some mortification to herself. For some time past, two young men have been paying her attentions, and she appeared to be equally pleased with both. One of them being in a position to marry at once, pressed her to name the day, and eventually she yielded and fixed March 9th for the ceremony. Before the day arrived, however, the rival lover visited her and urged his claims. Though he could not marry immediately, his prospects were much better than those of the man she had promised to marry. The girl wavered and, to gain time, made an excuse for postponing the wedding. The prospective bridegroom was vexed at the delay, but as he really loved the girl, he yielded. Under his influence the girl fixed the wedding-day a second time. It was to be on March 16. On the morning of that day she received another visit from the rival lover. Finding how near her marriage was, he begged her to marry him at once, and even persuaded her to go to the house of a minister and be married there and then. At the door she hesitated and would not go in, but she promised that the other ceremony to which she was pledged should not take place. On her return home she dismissed the wedding-guests, who had assembled during her absence, and begged her lover to delay the wedding for another week. He consented, but, learning the true reason for the delay, sought out his rival and told him the facts. He, too, was chagrined when he heard that the wedding was only postponed, as he supposed that the girl would have finally dismissed his rival. After discussing the matter for a time, and comparing notes, they came to the conclusion that a girl who would temporize as she had done with both, would not make a true and faithful wife. They therefore called upon her together and renounced her. Many souls have beenlost for eternity by a similar vacillation between Christ and the world. The results of rejecting Christ are not more fatal than those of "halting between two opinions." (I. Kings 18 : 21.)

GOOD AND EVIL IN JEHU.

S. S. LESSON FOR APRIL 12, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 10 : 18-31. GOLDEN TEXT, I. SAM'L 16 : 7.

Jehoram's Persistent Evil-Doing—His Sentence—Jehu the Instrument of Punishment—Anointed and Proclaimed King—Pursues and Slays Jehoram—Jezebel's Death Fulfils Elijah's Prediction—Jehu's Treacherous Destruction of Baal Worshippers—Becomes Himself an Idolater.

JEHORAM'S cup of iniquity was full. He had seen and experienced at the hand of God the most wonderful interventions; God had sent water by a miracle to relieve his army (II. Kings 3. 16-20); he had heard of God's mighty hand through Elisha in raising up a child from the dead (4 : 32-36; 8 : 1-6); he knew of the healing of Naaman; he was present when Elisha had marshalled the blinded host of Syrians into Samaria, and was present when their eyes opened in answer to the prophet's prayer; and yet this man had never really given his heart to God, or even renounced idolatry! A man who continues to resist God becomes a curse upon the earth, he hardens evil-doers by his example. So it was with Jehoram, and the time came when a God of love had nothing left which he could do with such a man but to cut him off in his sins!

He had an Instrument Ready.

Why does God so often choose such imperfect instruments to do his work? Surely in his tender love, lest his children should be discouraged and think that it is only the perfect whom he can use. And who then could be sufficient? Again, it is such a proof that it is God and not man who does the work. Elisha the prophet called one of the children of the prophets to go to Ramoth-Gilead, which was probably the largest military station in the land of Israel, to call out Jehu and anoint him in the name of the Lord to be king over Israel. This meant conspiracy against Jehoram. Humanly speaking, it was as much as his life was worth for Jehu to allow himself to be proclaimed king, but, faulty as he was, he was a man of faith. He knew that God would not fail him, and he was not ashamed when the young prophet had anointed him in secret, to acknowledge before all the officers of the army that he had received a message from God and was anointed at his command. Jehu was a man of mighty

Human Energy;

he did not let the grass grow under his feet. No sooner did he get light on his mission than he set about it with might and main. Jehoram was at Jezreel where he had gone to be healed of the wound received in battle against Hazael, king of Syria. Jehu rode in his chariot towards Jezreel. On the watch tower in Jezreel, the watchman gave warning, "I see a company." The news reached Jehoram's sick chamber, and he ordered a horseman to go out and meet them, saying, "Is it peace?" When the messenger reached the advancing Jehu, he was met by the words, "What hast thou to do with peace? Turn thee behind me." A second messenger met with the same response, and when it was reported to the king, "He came even unto them, and cometh not again, and the driving is like the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously," the doomed king began to be alarmed. "Is it peace, Jehu?" was his greeting. Jehu, who as long as he was in the will of God had something of the prophet about him, said, "What peace, so long as the whoredom of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?" The wretched king "turned his hand and fled," but it was useless. Jehu drew a bow with his full strength, and the arrow, directed by him who had sent him on his errand, pierced the heart of the unrepentant king, and soul and body alike sank under the judgment of his God. The body was cast into the field of Naboth, to fulfil the word of God by Elijah, and Jehu rode on to pursue Ahaziah of Judah, and slew him, too, and then Jezebel also became a victim to his zeal; the very eunuchs who were her creatures joined the conspiracy, and threw her from a window in Jezreel. There, under the window of the house, was the word of God fulfilled; the jackal-like dogs of eastern cities devoured the carcass of the satanic woman in the public street of Jezreel! When Jehu had taken some refreshment, he issued the command, "Go see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." And they went to bury her; but they found no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands," and Jehu said, "This is the word of the Lord, which he spake by his servant, Elijah, the Tishbite, saying, in Jezreel shall dogs eat the flesh of Jezebel."

Jehu firmly believed in the word of his God, and he went forward without compunction in his work of destruction. There are instruments used by God whom he does not call us to follow, but just as little does he call us to criticise. We may not be acquainted with the plan of God.

Rough Instruments must do Rough Work.

An iron wedge and a heavy hammer can split granite where an instrument of tempered steel could do nothing. If a man is doing the work of God in ever so strange a way let us beware how we hinder that which God blesses. We may pray for an instrument whom we dare not forbid.

There were seventy sons of Ahab, i. e., members of the royal family, at Jezreel, and Jehu wrote letters challenging the rulers and elders of Jezreel to choose out the best of the house of Ahab, to set him on the throne, and defend the cause of the house of Ahab. God's hand was against them, and they felt it. They said, "Behold two kings stood not before him; how then shall we stand?" Jehu had an easy victory, because God was with him. They returned answer, "We are thy servants, and will do all that thou shalt bid us." How true it is that man disquiets himself in vain. If God wills a certain thing, and our will is subject to him, we need never be anxious as to how it shall be brought about. Who would have imagined that in a few days' time two kings and seventy of the royal family in an idolatrous nation should be slain without further bloodshed, and that the crown should pass to another dynasty so quickly? When God is at work, and he never works

Till All is Ripe for Action,

then things move quickly. But Jehu's activity was not yet at an end. It was left for this unscrupulous instrument of destruction to complete the uprooting of Baal worship which Elijah had begun. Elijah and Elisha had aroused the conscience of the people, and had borne witness to the greatness, the holiness, and the reality of their God; it was left for Jehu to deal rather with the fruit than with the root, the externals of Baal worship rather than the principles. Jehu's success had been as much as he could bear. Up to the present time, he had closely followed the command of his God. He was *commissioned* to destroy the house of Ahab, he was only permitted, but not commissioned, to destroy Baal worship. An instrument of destruction is not God's chosen vessel for a reformation in religion. Now Jehu became his own leader, and his energy and self-importance got the better of his faith in God. He met Jehonadab the son of Rechab, took him up into his chariot, and said, "Come with me, and see

My Zeal for the Lord."

Already self had tarnished the first-fruits of Jehu's zeal, and Jehu, not the Lord, was now uppermost in his thoughts. Then, in his way of working, he used deception. "He gathered all the people together, and said unto them, Ahab served Baal a little, but Jehu shall serve him much," and he proclaimed a great feast for Baal to which all the worshippers of Baal were convoked, not one was to be wanting. And when he had caught them in this trap, he ordered a general massacre of them all, and it was accomplished—not one escaped.

But the man who had been so intent on destroying Baal, was guilty of idolatry in another form. Is it conceivable, that this man, who had, at such a sacrifice of life, cleared Israel of Baal worship, should yet himself bow down before the golden calves of Bethel and of Dan? Yet, so it was. Success does not always ensure faithfulness. God gave Jehu the promise that his seed of the fourth generation should sit on the throne of Israel. "But Jehu took no heed to walk in the law of the Lord God of Israel with all his heart," and the sad story ends: "In those days the Lord began to cut Israel short." There must be a witness to God's anger against the prevalent idolatry, and the borders of Israel began to narrow because God was grieved.

ANTICHRIST AND HIS HELPERS.

The Future Federal Head of the Roman Empire in its Last Form of a Ten-Kingdomed Confederacy.

BY REV. W. LINCOLN.

IT is essential for the reader, in his apprehension of the teaching of the twelfth chapter of Revelation, that he should perceive that he whom God calls in verse 1, "The Beast," is, nevertheless, the great Roman emperor of the future. God, looking down at him from his own glorious throne, aptly designates him as "the Beast." But the world will regard him with admiration and with awe. So, too, of old, the four empires which appeared to Nebuchadnezzar as a gorgeous Image, Daniel, the holy seer, beheld as four wild beasts. And it is in undoubted reference to these four wild beasts of Daniel 7, and specially to the last one of those four, that the description here is given.

The dragon stands on the sand of the sea, and, as it were, produces the Beast with seven heads and ten horns therefrom. This language, divested of symbol, signifies that, by the agency of Satan after his final expulsion from heaven, there shall arise over the Roman world, through election by universal suffrage, an imperial potentate and ten subordinate kings. For the horns represent the kings of the several nations, who will elect him as their chief. For these nations will, by that time, have repudiated their old rulers under the sixth Seal and first four Trumpets. Here, then, is the short-lived triumph of Socialism, and here we perceive its ultimate issue—imperialism. We are not left in doubt as to the symbolic use of the word "sea," from which Satan raises the Beast. It represents the people, and as water always seeks its own level, so socialistic communism does away with all social distinctions.

But this is not all. This supreme federal head is to have an ecclesiastical helper or lieutenant. He is described in chapter 19 : 20, as "the false prophet," who wrought signs in furtherance of the designs of his superior, the first Beast. Thus he causes fire to come down from heaven in the sight of men, in order to confirm all men in their allegiance to the emperor. (See verse 12, 14.) The two expressions denote his officiating under the sanction and supervision of the first Beast, and as his minister. His special function, as we are twice informed, is the resurrection of the empire through the ability of his master. Thus does he incite men to worship the first Beast, whose deadly wound was healed.

And thus we have here a trinity of evil. There is, first, the dragon, or Satan, the unseen one, but giving all his power to the Beast (verse 2.) There is, secondly, the Beast of verse 2 very like the dragon (compare chapter 12 : 3 with chapter 13 : 1.) The full manifestation of the unseen one, who rules the world as his vicegerent. Thirdly, there is in verse 11 the other Beast, "the false prophet," ministering to the glory of the first Beast. And so, as the world will then have a taste, according as they have desired, of the devil's millennium; likewise also here is the devil's caricature of the work of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

LONDON'S JERRY McAULEY.

NED WRIGHT, EX-BURGLAR AND PUGILIST, AND NOW A NOBLE WORKER FOR CHRIST.

The Successful Evangelist of the London Slums—His Method of Bringing in the Criminal Classes—A "Thieves' Supper"—Prison Memories—The Old Mangle—Christian Turnkeys—The Converted Thief "Spider"—Mrs. Wright's Share in the Work.

(See Illustrations on first page.)

A REMARKABLE man whose name is familiar to thousands of philanthropists in this and other lands, is now on a visit to New York. He has been carrying on with wonderful success for over twenty years, a work in England similar to that which the late Jerry McAuley prosecuted in New York. From one end of the country to the other he has gone proclaiming the glorious message, "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return to the Lord and he will have mercy upon him." The number of men who have listened to the call from his lips, and have accepted it may now be numbered by thousands. His special power has come from a very painful experience. Pugilists, thieves and blackguards, the outcasts of society listen attentively to Ned Wright, for he has been one of their number; he knows their temptations and their sorrows and can tell them from his own experience the way out of the mire. Aided by philanthropic friends he has often been the host of as strange a company as ever gathered around a hospitable board. The entertainment is the

"Thieves' Supper"

and it has been a means of great good. When "all things are ready" the host does not invite "the halt and the maimed and the blind," but those whose spiritual and moral deformities are even more deplorable. He goes to haunts well-known to him where the outcasts resort and invites them to supper. It is not always safe for such men to accept an invitation. Many of them are "wanted" by the police and are aware of the fact. The danger of betrayal, therefore, is a matter they are not likely to overlook, and the fact that they willingly accept Ned Wright's invitation is the strongest mark of confidence they can show. He has always kept faith with them, and the police, knowing the reformatory character of his work, have scrupulously refrained from making a haul of criminals at his meetings (a picture of one of these suppers taken from a photograph appears on the first page.)

A Lawless Life.

Edward Wright was born in London, July 28, 1836. His father was an intemperate barge-builder and the boy was early familiar with poverty and discomfort. Matters improved with them when the father and mother were converted, but by that time Ned had commenced an evil life. His father vainly sought to reclaim him, and Ned, finally tiring of home discipline, ran away. He tried sea-life for a time, but that did not suit him and he returned to London to consort with thieves and men who gain their living by lawless deeds. Two or three times his association with them brought him into the clutches of the law. He served various terms in prison and went from bad to worse. Once he enlisted as a soldier, but having secured the bounty he deserted. Being mixed up in a quarrel with another young man, Wright fought him and secured a victory so decisive that he determined to become a professional pugilist. He fought several battles in which he was invariably the victor and was under engagement to fight the notorious "Jack" Connelly when the grace of God touched his heart and his life was transformed.

Twenty-seven years have passed since that day and Ned Wright has never wavered. It was a hard struggle at first, but strength was given him and after he began to work for Christ temptation lost its power. His wife was converted, too, and she helped him. Times were changed for her since, clad in rags and with both eyes discolored by Ned's cruel blows, she had appealed to the court for protection from her husband's violence. She has been a valuable helper in his work especially among vicious women; and even among the men her gentle words have sometimes touched men impervious to Ned's appeals. Mrs. Wright's portrait appears with that of her husband on the first page.

Mr. Wright as an Evangelist.

Mr. Wright has a homely, rugged, yet prepossessing face. He talks like a man intensely in earnest.

"It will be twenty-seven years ago next Easter, since I was converted," he said. "For fifteen years past I have been doing missionary work in London, among thieves. Our plan is to first feed them and then bring Gospel influences to bear upon them. Until a few years ago, our headquarters were in Camberwell; then we opened a hall, and for eight years past we have been working in conjunction with the churches. We lay ourselves out for existing missions. We ask the churches for the use of their school-rooms or chapels. Knowing the haunts of the thieves, we ourselves find the audiences, and we bring them there and I preach the Gospel to them.

"What do we do in a material way to help these men? Well, you see, we have found it the poorest policy to place them with regular employers, excepting in certain cases. Other workmen are almost sure to find out all about them, and then they are driven from their places. So we go to Houndsditch and buy a few tools for them and set them to work, until they have proved the sincerity of their desire to reform, and have made a good record. This plan generally turns out well. A great many have reformed in this way and are now leading honest lives.

"Thirty years ago," added Mr. Wright, "I was connected with a band of thieves who trained young lads to pick pockets on the London bridges. Now that business is all broken up. After my conversion, I was often approached by men with large offers to become an informer, but that I never would do. Apart from the disgrace of it, if I had done so, I would never have had any influence among the thieves afterward. And speaking of the police reminds me that some of the best Christians we have in England are to be found among the governors of the prisons there. There is Captain Kirkpatrick, of Wormwood Scrubs, a noted penitentiary, who is certainly a godly man, and also the governor of the new Model Prison at Wandsworth, who is a noble Christian.

Prison Memories.

"Memories of my old prison days come back to me at times. Let me tell you a little incident that happened a few years ago. With two of my daughters, I was paying a visit to a prison.

At the entrance I met the keeper. He demurred and was disposed to refuse me admittance, although I had been granted permission by the governor.

"'You won't let me in,' said I, 'but a few years ago I remember I was in and you wouldn't let me out.'

"The man looked oddly at me. 'You've no business here," he said.

"'That's the reason I'm asking you to let me in,' I urged.

"Finally he opened the gate. We were shown through the prison. I said to him, 'Can you show me Cell E. 214? I once knew a man who was in that cell.'

"'Yes; it's very near here.' He took me to the cell and opened it."

"'What's that mangle thing there?' I asked, innocently.

"'Oh, we call that hundreds and thousands,' he replied, grinning. 'It's been here nearly forty year.'

"'Dear me! Has it been here so long? I should like to see how it works.'

"He allowed me to enter. I took the handle and tried it, my two daughters looking on with tearful eyes, meanwhile.

"'Ah! said I, looking straight at him, 'I put that mangle in this cell. I was one of the men who came from the other prison and put it there. And I had to turn it, much against my will, a good many times, too.'

"Then I preached Christ to that man. I found him possessed of a good heart.

"'There are turnkeys here who are Christians, sir,' he said. 'When they get a chance they never fail to drop a word about Christ to the prisoners,'"

A large proportion of the thieves who experience religion are permanently reformed, Mr. Wright says. By way of illustrating this fact, he relates the following.

A Noted Thief Converted.

"Twelve months ago, I was preaching in Newport, Monmouthshire, Wales. The meeting was held in a Baptist chapel. At the close, a man came into the vestry and spoke to me about his soul.

"'Do you know me?' he asked, after a bit.

"'No,' said I, rather puzzled, and gazing at his face.

"'Ever know a man called Spider?'

"'Yes; but I only knew one Spider—the Spider I knew is a pickpocket.'

"'Well, I'm the Spider you knew—the cleverest pickpocket in the world, they used to call me.'

"'Surely not the Spider I mean?' I repeated, still incredulous.

"'The very man,' he added, quietly.

"Then it came out, and I was soon convinced. I took him under my wing and kept him on probation. I found how he came to such a low estate. He had been at one time in Birmingham, engaged in business at a salary of $2,500 a year. He took to bookmaking, dropped money all along the line, and got down so low as to adopt the three-card game, playing it on a board. Then he roomed in the very lowest lodging-houses and lived by picking pockets. At this craft he was undoubtedly the smartest man in all London, being particularly skilful in robbing the ladies of their diamonds.

"Well, Spider was a hard case. We kept him on the go for four months, trying to get him work, and at length we found that there was a chance for him in the employ of his old 'governor.' A letter was received, saying that if Spider was prepared to pay back what he had embezzled, he would be reinstated. He is now in the same situation, getting $3,000 a year and his commissions. The other day he wrote to me, to know what he could do to help the missions. I advised him to get tracts printed—to write them himself, if need be, and to distribute them, and thus help the good cause all he can. He is now leading a consistent Christian life, and is working for the Lord as he has opportunity."

More than seventy-five per cent. of these reformed criminals adhere to their change from the service of Satan to that of Christ, Mr. Wright estimates. He speaks from an intimate personal acquaintance with the facts. He believes in affording them all the material help possible at the outset, even where they are too sensitive to ask for it. It is an easy step to reach a man's heart after you have convinced him of your good-will. Yet he draws the line distinctly between Christian and non-Christian. He distinctly says he has no hope of a permanent reformation, and no confidence in a man's power to keep himself from being carried back into his evil ways, unless he becomes a sincere Christian.

Mr. Wright has a deeply interesting story to tell of Gospel work among London criminals, with incidents of his own work of a most thrilling character. Any church wishing to hear him may communicate with him by addressing Mr. Edward Wright, CHRISTIAN HERALD, 91 to 96 Bible House, New York.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE RACE-COURSE.

I BELIEVE in fast horses. God would not have made them fast if he had not intended them to go fast. But many a man on his fast horse has ridden to ruin. Alas, for the gambling at the race track! There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every pool-seller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent. and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse—a word to be written on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that according to agreement another may win, and written over every judge's stand, and written on every board of the surrounding fences, and that word is "Swindle." Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet, judges of courts bet, members of the Legislature bet, members of Congress bet; ladies bet, not directly, but through agents, and when mild weather comes multitudes will gain and lose, while the parasols swing, the bands clap and the huzzas deafen, and there will be a multitude of people cajoled and deceived and cheated who will at the races go neck and neck to perdition.

Cultivate the horse by all means. Drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him, or injure yourself, or injure anybody else; but be careful and do not harness the horses to the chariot of sin, do not throw your jewels of morality under flying hoofs, do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipations of the American race-course.

What right have men to despoil our beautiful watering-place that God intended as benediction to these cities? They say that an honest race-course is a "straight" track and that a dishonest race-course is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad—but I tell you that every race-track surrounded by betting men, and betting women, and betting customs, is a straight track — I mean straight down. Christ asked in one of his Gospels, "Is not a man better than a sheep?" I say yes, and he is better than any animal that with lathered flanks ever shot around the ring of a race course. That is a very poor job by which a man, in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer, so lowers his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him.

My advice to the New York Legislature is to send home these professional gamblers that haunt their lobbies with infamous schemes; send them home to earn a living in some honest way. The curse of Brooklyn, and the curse of New York, and the curse of America, is the effort to get money without earning it, and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into the gambling practices. I say to all young men, go into straightforward industries, and you will have better livelihood and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager. But you get in with some of these whiskied, rum-blotched crews which I see sometimes going down on the Ocean Boulevard, and though I never bet I will risk the wager, five million to nothing, you will be debauched and everlastingly overthrown.

MORE MUSIC.

SOME years ago the *Tintern Abbey* left England for New Zealand with one hundred starlings, goldfinches and thrushes, one hundred hedge-sparrows, one hundred and seventy yellow-hammers, and a great multitude of bright plumes and sweet voices. The farmers of New Zealand proposed to let them loose, and thus clear their land of noxious insects. Heavy penalties were enacted for the protection of these foreign birds. What a grand thing it would be if we could all have an importation of birds, not only into our land, but also in our dispositions. We want more music and plumes. We have too large an importation of crows and owls. Give us a touch of goldfinches. We have enough who know how to croak; let us have more of those who know how to sing. Let it be against the law for any one to hunt down the innocent merriments of life. Let the song-birds loose in our homes and schools and churches. Be not frightened if some great eagle of a hallelujah flies through the religious assemblies. If ever the earth is to be a type of heaven, it must become a more cheerful place. Blessed the man or woman or child who kindles a smile or plants a flower or lets loose a robin. The winged joys of life will eat up the cold, creeping sorrows as partridges devour grasshoppers, and linnets kill the caterpillars. From the four winds of heaven let there be brigantines of good cheer bearing down upon us with a rich cargo of starlings and sparrows.

AN AWKWARD NAME.

WE have friends who have been struggling for thirty or forty years under the affliction of an awkward or ill-omened name. When there are so many pleasant names by which children may be called, what right has a parent to place on his child's head a disadvantage at the start? Worse than the gauntlet of measles and whooping-cough and mumps, which the little ones have to run, is this parental outrage.

What a struggle in life that child will have who has been baptized Jedekiah or Mehetabel! If a child is "called after" some one living let that one be past mid-life, and of such temperament that there shall be no danger of his becoming an absconder and a cheat. As far as possible let the name given be short, so that in the course of a lifetime there be not too many weeks or months taken up in the mere act of signature. The burdens of life are heavy enough without putting upon any one the extra weight of too much nomenclature. It is a sad thing when an infant has two bachelor uncles, both rich and with outrageous names, for the baby will have to take both titles, and that is enough to make a case of infant mortality.

BRIEF NOTES.

Out of the 474 ministers who seceded in 1843 from the Church of Scotland, there are 42 alive and in the Free Church, besides a few others now abroad. Twelve have sat in the Moderators chair in General Assembly.

An extraordinary wave of religious revival is sweeping over Cornwall, England. The Methodist churches especially have been scenes of such manifestations of the Holy Spirit's influence as have not been witnessed there within the memory of any living person.

Professor Daniel S. Martin has promised to read a paper at the next meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy on April 7. The subject will be, "The Survival of Superstitions among the Enlightened." The meetings of the Institute are now held in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, New York.

The second week of Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Haverhill, Mass., has witnessed a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. Both at the general meetings and those for men only, the audiences have been so large that it has been found necessary to issue tickets of admission. At the afternoon meeting on March 22, over one hundred persons confessed Christ, and in the evening a large proportion of the vast audience rose to ask for prayers.

An esteemed friend of this journal, the Hon. W. H. DeWitt, of Chattanooga, Tenn., is now passing through the waters of affliction. His beloved son, Eugene De Witt, who was a distinguished member of the Chattanooga bar and a Police Commissioner, is dead. The Bar Association and other public bodies have passed resolutions of sorrow and condolence. May God comfort the bereaved family!

Rev. Somerset Gardner has been laboring at the Church of the Redeemer, Baltimore, Md. Dr. W. D. Stevens, the rector of the church, writes: "Many of our people were quickened under Mr. Gardner's preaching. Some professed their acceptance of Christ. Of these latter, one was a Roman Catholic and another an extreme Ritualist. Mr. Gardner's manner is quiet, and his method in no way sensational. His entire reliance seems to be on the Spirit through the Word. I trust many of our churches will have the benefit of this brother's services."

Rev. D. Spencer, F. R. G. S., pastor of a Suburban Church, London, England, is in this country for a few months and would like to minister to any evangelical church in the United States or Canada, or hold evangelistic services. He possesses a warm commendation from his own church, and having preached in Rochester Detroit and Toronto, on a former visit, is not unknown here. Mr. Spencer is a literary man and was formerly editor of the *Christian Treasury*. Letters may be addressed to him at this office.

Rev. Jacob Freshman's work among the Jews of New York, goes on with increased evidence of the divine blessing. On Easter Sunday, Mr. Freshman baptized two more Jewish converts. He has been so successful in bringing Hebrews to recognize in Jesus of Nazareth the Messiah promised to their fathers, that it is a matter for regret that his operations should be curtailed by any deficiency of funds. He needs money badly for the purchase of Christian literature specially adapted to the people he is trying to reach. Only $5,000 now remains unpaid of the mortgage on his church, and an effort is now being made to lift this remaining burden. Contributions may be sent to him at 17 St. Mark's Place, N.Y.

An especially interesting programme for the coming spring and summer has been planned by the Bible Institute at Chicago, of which Mr. D. L. Moody is president. About the middle of April, Rev. Dr. W. G. Moorehead, of Xenia, Ohio, whose scholarship and ability as a Bible teacher are well known, begins a three-months' course of lectures. Rev. James Stalker, whose life of Christ is familiar to Bible students, will be at the institute a few days in May. In July and August, Rev. F. B. Meyer of Regent's Park Chapel, London, will be the leading lecturer. Ministers, evangelists, lady teachers and Christian workers of every class will have an opportunity to learn the best plans and methods along aggressive lines in the various forms of mission work connected with the Institute. No charge is make for tuition. Any who desire to attend should write at once to the Supt. R. A. Torrey, 80 W. Pearson St.; or Mrs. S. B. Capron Ladies Department, 232 La Salle Avenue, Chicago.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Madagascar's Tyrant Published—A Woman's Journey Across Africa—An Interesting Church Controversy—Wreck of the "Strathairly"—Buddhism in Paris—Rev. Howard Crosby Ill—Are the Negroes Dying Out?

GOD'S Vengeance has overtaken a tyrant in Madagascar. In a recent number of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it was told how Ramiasatra, Governor of the Province of Belanono, had caused the massacre of nearly 300 persons, many of them women and children, because they had dared to protest against his acts of cruelty. After his victims were beheaded and dismembered, the survivors were compelled to erect a ghastly trophy, composed of the skulls of their friends. Such was the indignation aroused by these acts that the Government of the island took cognizance of the matter, and the massacre has now been avenged by the execution, on the same spot where their victims perished, of the wicked Governor and his brother, who was one of the principal instigators of that dreadful crime.

An Interesting Chapter of the Chilian War has just been disclosed, in which the heroic conduct of a young naval lieutenant is the leading feature. It seems that when the insurrection broke out, the greatest apprehension of the Balmacedists were for the navy. One commander after another declared against the government, and it was feared that Balmaceda would be without a warship to enforce his authority on the sea. A young lieutenant on board the *Almirante Lynch*, knowing his captain to be in sympathy with the rebels, came upon him one evening when he was asleep, tied his legs and arms and put him ashore, being aided by the crew. Two other commanders of insurgent proclivities were similarly served by the same smart young lieutenant, who thus added three fine gunboats to Balmaceda's resources without spilling a single drop of blood. By land, unfortunately, the war is a more sanguinary one, two hundred captured rebels were tied together and shot with cannon and musketry near Valparaiso. The situation at Valparaiso is critical and a bombardment is expected.

The Week like its Predecessor has been marked by marine disaster. Before daylight on the 25th inst., the Earn line steamship *Strathairly*, plying between Baltimore and the West Indies, went ashore off Cape Hatteras, during a fierce northwest gale, and seven out of a crew of twenty-six men were saved, the second mate being the only officer rescued. The suffering of these men during the fight for life off that desolate coast lasted fully twelve hours, ending in the complete wreck of the vessel. The surf ran so high that the life-saving crews were unable to use their appliances. When the life-boat from Chicamico station reached the *Strathairly* the seven half-frozen survivors were found clinging to the rigging, all the others having dropped off during the night.

The Serious Illness of the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, arouses the sympathetic interest of a large circle of friends all over the country. He is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis and pneumonia, and at one time was so low that his recovery seemed extremely doubtful. Dr. Crosby, who is both an eloquent preacher and a brilliant scholar, was born in New York City, on February 27th, 1826. He graduated from the New York University in 1844, and for several years was Professor of Greek in that University and subsequently at Rutgers College, New Brunswick. In 1863 he succeeded the Rev. Joel Parker as pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He has travelled extensively in Bible lands and has written several admirable volumes on the subject, besides books on other topics. His best known work is his *Commentary of the New Testament*. In addition to his pulpit duties, he has taken a very active interest in public affairs, being always found working on the side of morality and good government. His elder son, Ernest H. Crosby, is American Consul at Alexandria, Egypt, while the younger son, Nicholas, is professor of Greek in a private college in this country.

The Effort to Find a Basis for Union Among the Churches has met with an unexpected check in New York. As announced in these columns a few weeks ago, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, Rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, whose portrait is given below, invited Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, to preach a sermon at one of the services which Dr. Rainsford holds on Friday evenings during Lent. Other Protestant Episcopal clergymen, including Drs. Heber Newton, Stanger, and Dr. Van der Water, have given similar invitations to their non-Episcopal brethren. The practice was, however, condemned as an innovation contrary to the canons of the Church by Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, in a sermon preached on March 20, in Buffalo. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Church, New York, also denounced it in his own pulpit last week. It would appear that many other clergymen are of the same mind for a protest against it, extensively signed, has now been lodged with the Dean of the Diocese. The terms of the protest have not been given to the public, but it is understood that the objection urged by the signers is not to the character or teachings of the invited clergymen, but is based on the fact that it is against the law of the Church for any person to "officiate" who is not in the line of Apostolic succession. As the protest is practically a request to Bishop Potter to discipline the offending clergymen, his action is awaited with much interest. Dr. Abbott's portrait is the lower of the two given above.

The Recent Mob-Law Riot in New Orleans is now being investigated by the Grand Jury of that city, and there is a prospect of numerous indictments. State Attorney-General Rogers, has assumed charge of the inquiry and this fact has aroused violent opposition from the defenders of the mob. It will be a very difficult task to secure actual evidence of participation in the attack on the Parish Prison. Meanwhile, the correspondence between this Government and Italy has greatly modified the situation and removed all danger of the lynching becoming an international question.

There are Thousands of Idolators in Paris, where the worship of Buddha has spread to a remarkable extent. This is the latest vagary of the changeful capital, where vice and infidelity have had their strongholds for generations. It is certainly a singular commentary on the civilization of France that in the nineteenth century, the Buddhist sect, "Sin-Sin," should have its devotees in Paris, and its temples where priests from heathen Ceylon pray and prostrate themselves before a statue of Buddha and lead the devotions of a mixed congregation, composed of Frenchmen, a few Englishmen and a sprinkling of Orientals. The mummery includes the burning of tapers in flower-filled vases, the offering of incense, innumerable prostrations, the striking of gongs to "frighten off wicked spirits" and the singing or chanting of heathen hymns. Such a spectacle is possible in no other civilized capital in the world!

Changes in the Character of the Tide of Immigration flowing to this country from the old world are constantly taking place. Italy is considering the advisability of prohibiting her sons and daughters from coming to the United States; the Chinese have practically stopped coming, and now, we are informed that a great Japanese influx is threatened. Thousands have already arrived in California, and are laboring in the same vineyards where, a few years ago, the Chinese worked until driven away. These arrivals are the precursors of many more thousands. They are really fine laborers, with the same skill, delicacy and economy that marked the Chinese, and which made the latter so powerful a competitor of the whites.

For a Woman to Journey Across Africa with- out an armed escort, and attended only by a few carriers and a guide, is certainly a bold and startling venture. Yet this is precisely what Mrs. French-Sheldon, an American, proposes to do. She is now on the way from Zanzibar to the interior, travelling in a curious basket car, that recalls the old-fashioned sedan chair. This palanquin is five feet and one-half in diameter, and weighs only fifty-five pounds, being of light bamboo, strengthened with aluminum wire. It is a wonderfully compact affair, however, and can be made to serve as a travelling coach, a sleeping-room, a tent, toilet-room, library, etc. It is water-proof and can easily be carried over the roughest mountain roads. It is true, the route she proposes to take, from the coast to the lakes and so eastward, has already been partly opened by explorers and is now comparatively save for long distances; but there are still perils innumerable in Central Africa, and it is hard to foresee how a woman can escape them. Mrs. Sheldon is remarkably courageous and believes she will be less exposed to danger than an armed caravan led by men, because "even the savages will accord the right of way to a woman." If she goes with godly purpose on her strange expedition, well may come of it, and under the divine protection she may safely cross the Dark Continent, the exploration of which has already cost hundreds of valuable lives; but, if otherwise, her venture would seem to be reckless and ill-considered.

All Europe is Intently Watching the Liter- ary duel between Emperor William and his ex-Chancellor. William is about to make his debut in print as the compiler of the memoirs of his illustrious grandfather, William I., and Bismarck is said to be apprehensive that the coming book will endeavor to belittle his share in the founding of the German Empire. Should his fears in this respect be well founded, he will at once publish his own memoirs, which include a large number of letters that Emperor William has been vainly trying to secure with a view to their suppression. These letters he demanded of Bismarck sometime ago, but the latter replied that they were out of the country, his son, Herbert Bismarck, having placed them in the vaults of a Safe Deposit Company in London. There now seems to be less prospect than ever of Bismarck's restoration to power.

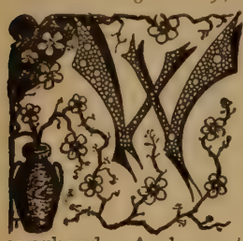
An Important Bulletin by the Census Bureau shows the population of the South Atlantic and South Central States, Missouri and Kansas, by races. These states contain fifteen-sixteenths of the entire colored population of the country, and the figures reveal the fact that the colored race is not holding its own against the white in point of numbers. During the first thirty years of the century, the negro increased much more rapidly than the white, owing largely to the slave trade, and in these years there were six colored to ten white. Now, however, the proportion has changed to four to ten. In the States in question, the colored race, numbers less than 7,000,000 as against nearly 17,000,000 white. Only two of the far Southern States show a positive gain on the part of the negro, but the tendency of the whole is downward.

THE JOYOUS RETURN.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

An Arraignment Ending in a Gracious Invitation—I. The Call to Come to God—An Instructive Call—Pathetic—Divine—II. The Argument for Coming—Fear Anticipated—Guilt no Hindrance—III. Help Extended—Direction What to Bring—How to Pray—Two Sentences of Petition—Three Renunciations—IV. Coming to the Lord by the Help.

"O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord: say unto him, Take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, etc." Hosea 14: 1-3.



WE are in the last chapter of the book of the prophet Hosea. Throughout the book there has been thunder: sometimes a low rumbling, as of a distant tempest, sometimes peal on peal, as of a storm immediately overhead. And now the tempest has gathered all its force. Here it culminates. You expect the bolt of heaven to destroy. Lo, instead thereof a silver shower of mercy!

To use another figure: the whole book of Hosea is like a great trial wherein witnesses have appeared against the accused, and the arguments and excuses of the guilty have been answered and baffled. All has been heard for them, and much, very much against them, and the convicted stand at the bar to hear their sentence. Behold the Judge, instead of pronouncing doom of death, stretches out his hands to the condemned, and in tones of pity cries, "O Israel, return!"

This is a wonderful chapter to be at the end of such a book. I had never expected from such a prickly shrub to gather so fair a flower, so sweet a fruit; but so it is: where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound. No chapter in the Bible can be more rich in mercy than this last of Hosea; and yet no chapter in the Bible might, in the natural order of things, have been more terrible in judgment. Where we looked for the blackness of darkness, behold a noontide of light!

I. First, notice

The Call to Come:

"O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God." Oh, that the call may be made effectual this day! It is a very instructive call; for it tells the sinner exactly what he has to do. Return: that is, reverse your course. The course you have taken is the opposite of that which you ought to have taken; therefore, come back. You have gone from God; come back to God. You have been prayerless; begin to pray! You have been hardened; yield to the Word. You have been full of cavils; believe even as a little child. Reverse the engine. Take the other track! "Return!" is but a single word, but that word is full of meaning.

The word is also instructive, because it says, "Return unto the Lord." Do not only look to God, but return to him. Arise, and go unto your Father. Do not barely think about it, but do it. Do not return part of the way to this and to that good custom and salutary habit; but come right back to the Lord, and rest not till you feel that you are in his arms. It is of no use for the prodigal to say, "I will arise," unless he adds, "and go to my father." It is of no use his quitting one far-off country for another; but it must be said of him, "And he arose and came to his father."

The Best Direction We can Give

to many a sinner is—Reverse your course of life, and let your reversed course of life lead you to God himself. How surely will he need the abounding grace of God for such a work as this! for Virgil's lines are true—

> The gates of hell are open night and day;
> Smooth the descent, and easy is the way.
> But to return and seek the upper skies,
> In this the task and mighty labor lies.

I cannot help reminding you that this instructive and practical exhortation is also a very pathetic call. Possibly some of you may have had to plead with one of your own children, who has been very wilful, and has threatened to do that which would have been exceedingly injurious to him. You have said, "Oh, do not so, my son! Oh, do not so, my daughter!" and you have thrown your soul into your pleading. Even thus doth God, with sacred pathos, with love welling up from the depth of his heart, plead with every sinner before me, and he words the pleading thus—"O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God."

I would remind you, also, that, pathetic as it is, it is a divine call. "O Israel, return!" Who saith it? The prophet? Yea, and more than the prophet: he who pleads is the prophet's God. He swears by his own life that he willeth not the death of the sinner, but that he turn unto him, and live. If it were my call, you might refuse it with small blame: but it is God's call: shall your Maker call in vain? Will you add to all your sin the turning of your back upon the God of love? Shall Jehovah cry in pity to your souls and cry in vain? God grant it be not so!

II. Secondly, I beg you to notice

The Argument for Coming.

"Return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." What a wonderful argument is this! You are in an evil plight through sin; therefore return to the Lord your God. But, saith one, "I was afraid I might not come because I had fallen." See how your fear is anticipated. The case is reversed, and your having fallen is made by the Lord into an argument why you should return to him. "I am broken-kneed," saith one; "I have fallen so badly that I shall never be worth a penny for any good work." Yet, the Lord cries, "Return, for thou hast fallen." Because you are thus fallen, you have need to return; and God considers your need, not your merit. Because you are fallen, God's pity invites you to return. Use the word "fallen" literally. If you are a fallen man, return; if you are a fallen woman, return. Why is it that the word "fallen" has a force in reference to woman which it has not in regard to man? Surely a fallen man is as sad a sight as a fallen woman. But whether male or female, here is the argument for your returning to God: "Thou hast fallen; therefore return." I pray you, yield to so gracious a plea.

The Root of the Mischief.

Dear friends, the argument is also this: the cause of your evil plight is sin. "Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." Sin is the root of the mischief. Do not say, "I was fated to be so." Thou art wounded, but thine own hand has given the injurious stab. "Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity;" blame no one else. That you are an unbeliever is your own fault; you will not come to Christ that you might have life. The way you follow is the way of your own choice, in which you follow the imaginations and devices of your own heart. All the misery of your present estate is due to yourself alone.

Your guilt should not make you hesitate; for the Lord knows all about it, and his invitation shows that he does so. He says, "Return; for thou hast fallen." O my hearer, hast thou tried to hide that fall? Art thou sitting here and trying to forget thy ruin? The Lord does not forget it, and does not wish you to forget it. He sets it before your mind, and bids you come to him as a fallen person. The Lord Jesus Christ receives sinners as sinners. He does not want them to change their character and then come, but they are to come to him for a change. Come as sinners; with your evil habits, your guilt, your condemnation, your spiritual death, and your corruption. Come just as you are.

III. Now let us see how our gracious God meets us, and provides for us

The Help in Coming.

The Lord helps our ignorance and our fear. He gives us direction as to what to bring. Read the second verse. "Ah!" saith the sinner, "I do not know what to take with me in approaching the Most High." The answer is, "Take with you words." Your heart is right; you are longing for salvation; you need not say, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?" "Take with you words;" you have plenty of them. The heart must be there first, and then nothing more is asked than "words." Cheap enough is this offering. Leaves of the wood are not so easy to come at. This is simple enough.

Where to Return.

And then, the Lord helps the coming sinner by a direction as to where to turn. "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord." "I was wanting to see the minister," saith one. Turn to the Lord! "I desire to converse with a man of God." Turn to the Lord! We read in the book of Job, "To which of the saints wilt thou turn?" My answer would be—Sinner, turn thou to the sinner's friend, and leave the saints alone. If thou wouldest be saved, turn not to Peter, nor James, nor John; but turn to him whom all these call "Master and Lord." "Take with you words, and turn to the Lord." Have you been in the habit of turning to a man who is called a priest? I pray you, do so no longer; for there is now but one sin-atoning priest, and he is the Lord Jesus. Have you turned to ceremonies? Do you look for rest in sacraments? You look that way in vain; for they are not the way of salvation. Turn rather to the Lord as he is revealed in the Lord Jesus. Take with you words, and turn to the Lord himself. Against him you have sinned: to him make confession.

A further help is this. The Lord helps us to return to him by giving

A Direction how to Pray.

What a gracious God he is! Suppose a case. A great king has been grievously offended by a rebellious subject, but in kindness of heart he wills to be reconciled. He invites the rebel to sue for pardon. He replies, "O King, I would fain be forgiven, but how can I properly approach your offended majesty? I am anxious to present such a petition as you can accept, but I know not how to draw it up." Suppose this great king were to say, "I will draw up the petition for you," what confidence the suppliant would feel in presenting the petition! He brings to the king his own words. That prayer is best which is offered in God's own way, and is of God's own prompting. May you present such a prayer at once!

Here I find two sentences of petition. The first is—"Take away all iniquity." Dear seekers, I pray you, do not look on one sin, and say, "Lord, spare it!" Do not wish to have one sin left; but cry "Take it away! Take it away! Take away all iniquity. However sweet, or fascinating, or deeply-seated, Lord, take away all iniquity. If I have been given to the intoxicating cup, take it away! If I have been the slave of greed, take it away! If I have been subject to passion, or pride, or lustfulness, take it away! Whatever is my besetting sin, 'take away all iniquity'!" The taking of it away may cost you a right hand or a right eye; still, shrink not, but cry, "Take away all iniquity." Have done with it all.

A Kind Reception.

The next petition is, "Receive us graciously." Confess that a kind reception of you by God must be of grace alone. Nothing but grace can open a door for our returning. Sinners cannot be received of the Lord on any other terms but those of mercy. We would not ask to be dealt with according to our merits; but we thank the Lord that he hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. As to our sins, we cannot answer him one of a thousand. The Lord must receive us graciously or reject us righteously. Are we not glad that sinners can be received in the name of grace, and find a welcome in the tender mercy of our God? Offer, then, this petition, "Receive us graciously." I am not content merely to talk to you about these gracious words; I want every soul here to use them in personal prayer.

One sentence of promise follows these two of petition: "So will we render the calves o

our lips." What are the "calves of our lips"? They are sacrifices of praise and thanksgiving. Yonder are the calves of the stall which men bring in sacrifice: they are struck down, and they die at the altar. God does not ask from us bullocks which have horns and hoofs. He takes no pleasure in the blood of calves, or of goats. He desires a broken heart, true faith, and humble love: these live at the altar. "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God." Let us bring him our best thoughts, our best expressions, our best testimonies, our heartiest praises: these are not calves of our stalls, but "calves of our lips.' Let our gratitude be a living sacrifice, and our conduct a constant testimony to the goodness of God.

Renunciation Necessary.

Now come three sentences of renunciation: "Asshur shall not save us; we will not ride upon horses: neither will we say any more to the work of our hands, Ye are our gods" First, the natural, legal trust, so much esteemed among men, must go. Israel used always to fall back upon Assyria. If Egypt threatened the people, or if any other nation oppressed them, they sent a present to the King of Assyria to come and deliver them. But now they cry, "Asshur shall not save us." The popular trust of the world is in self-righteousness in its various forms. You were going to be saved by your own repentance, reformation, and future well-doing; but of this you must say, "Asshur shall not save us." Are you trusting in sacraments? Give up so vain a confidence. They are not meant to save, but to instruct those who are saved already. Are you trusting in your hereditary godliness, your

Birthright Religion?

Away with so poor a foundation! Are you trusting in your prayers, your givings to the poor, your attendance on sermons, your honesty, your good nature? Set these on one side, and cry, "Asshur shall not save us." All confidences must go save Jesus Christ, whom God has laid in Zion for a foundation stone. On him must we build, and on none other; for "Asshur shall not save us."

But, next, they gave up all carnal confidence of their own: "neither will we ride upon horses." When we come to God we must quit all trust in ourselves of every sort: in our tears, our prayers, our moral life, our excellent instincts, or anything else we must place no trust. "Some trust in horses, and some in chariots, but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." It may be, you have fine horses of morality and religiousness, you have many virtues upon which you think you might fairly depend: give up these trusts. Put away every confidence in yourself, in whatever fashion it appears.

IV. This last word should induce sinners to return to God, and then we shall see

The Coming by this Help.

You that are great, and good, and full, and inwardly strong, you will not return to God. You that are nothing, and less than nothing, you that are fallen in your own sight, you that cannot help yourselves, you are likely to come: I pray that you may come at once. You see he helps us by giving us words; but as he never helps men to be hypocrites, he will also help us to feel the words. He who gives us words to speak, will give us grace to speak them sincerely. Are not these words the true desires of your hearts? On your knees, when you get home, pour them out before God. In your pews while you are here, present these petitions in silence.

Let your coming to the Lord now be decisive and actual. You have meant it for years, and yet nothing has been done. Some of you have been hearing me preach now for a quarter of a century. Think of that! I met, the other day, with one who heard me at New Park Street, and at last he has come out to confess his Lord after more than thirty years. Slow work this! Better late than never. Come, my friends, are you going to stick in the mud for ever? Will you lie outside the wicket-gate throughout another year? God grant you may cry now, "Take away all iniquity: receive us graciously!"

Oh, that this might be the universal cry of all my audience at this hour! Oh, that we might all join in one common return unto the Lord! Let us call this day "The day of the joyous return." "Come, and let us return unto the Lord: for he hath torn, and

He will Heal us:

he hath smitten, and he will bind us up." Who says, "No?" What? Will you choose your own destruction, and persevere in the way of sin? I hope you will all say, "Ay," and that the Holy Spirit will lead you to carry out the resolve.

The special call is to the fallen: "Return; for thou hast fallen." Come ye fallen ones, come and welcome. It is to the wandering for to such is the command appropriate which saith "Return." The call is to the forlorn and destitute: "In thee the fatherless, findeth mercy." You that are fallen, far off, fatherless, and forlorn, come at once to God in Jesus Christ. Come now! Come! Come! Come! See how the Lord meets you! Read the fourth verse; I could almost kiss the lines as I gaze on them: "I will heal their backsliding:" come sick one, here is healing for you. "I will love them freely:" come unlovely one, here is love for you.

These latter verses speak as if the gracious work were done: they describe a scene most bright, full of color, and rich with perfume, as a fact accomplished. The chapter begins with an exhortation, but it runs into description, as if the people really had come, and God had met them and had blessed them exceedingly. Lord, make it so at this very moment! Jesus says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink." "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." The Lord gather you all into the arms of his grace, for his Son's sake! Amen.

A PENITENT BRAKEMAN.

DURING the services held by Mr. James H. Cannon THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, at Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y., an interesting conversion occurred. Mr. Cannon was travelling from New York to Oyster Bay, on March 13, when he was introduced to the brakeman of the train by the conductor, who had himself been blessed at the meetings. The evangelist found that the brakeman, though the father of a family and evidently alive to his responsibilities, never attended church nor had sought to gain for himself that divine knowledge which alone could enable him to bring up his children wisely. He invited the man to come to the meetings and that night he was there. He listened attentively to the address, and when an invitation was given to those who were anxious for salvation to come forward, the brakeman was among the number. He was very much in earnest, but was troubled by the fear that God would not receive a man who had lived to middle age regardless of his duty to him. Mr. Cannon quoted the promises and prayed with him, encouraging the man to pray for himself. At last light broke on his soul and he left the building rejoicing in his newly-found faith.

At the same meetings, one of the most remarkable cases of juvenile depravity was disclosed. A mere boy, who was among the seekers, had not long been released from prison. Though of a respectable family, he had a terrible propensity for evil. He had stolen whenever he had opportunity; had been a sneak thief and had graduated in burglary, spending his ill-gotten booty in dissipation. Out of pure mischief he had fastened obstructions on the ties of a railroad, and, having been caught in the act, was sent to prison. After his release, he strayed into Mr. Cannon's meetings, and, under the evangelist's preaching, was led to Christ. His remorse was like that of aged criminals, but like them he found peace in believing.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

On the Dreamy Nile.*

FROM Coptus downward on the dreamy Nile, past innumerable canals with their primitive water-wheels; past populous villages and lordly villas, embowered in sycamores and palms; past still more lordly ruins now silent for many a century; past caravans and pleasure-parties and bodies of Roman soldiery, foot and horse, coming and going on the thoroughfares that closely skirt the river on either hand—past water craft of all sorts, from skin-buoyed rafts, carrying sandstone from Chennu to the Delta, up to gay barges carrying travellers to Thebes and the dead Egypt of the Pharaohs—past crocodiles and hippopotami and pelicans, sporting in the water, or basking along the muddy shore as so many logs or stones.

An Ancient Mart of Trade.

The whole Alexandrian world, the most industrious and bustling world known in ancient times, was in full movement. Such tides of surging men from sea to lake, and from lake to sea; such tides of donkeys and horses and camels, coming and going; such a menagerie and roar of sounds, from the tramp of thousands, the shrill calls of traders, hawking their wares, the cries of the animals, and their drivers, the infinite clatter from the tools of the artisans of every name pouring out from the open shops, far and near!

The Hebrews of Ancient Alexandria.

"Speaking of your Sabbath,' continued he, reminds me that I ought to invite you to our place of worship for to-morrow; for I learn that you are not a worshipper of Belus."

"Hardly," said Aleph, with a smile.

"Nor a fire-worshipper?"

"By no means."

"Nor a worshipper of the sun?"

"I was not so taught." emphatically.

"But you were taught to worship the One God, who made the heavens and earth, and who spake by Moses and our other prophets?"

"Even so; our family religion for generations has been that of the Hebrews—as being the most credible and satisfactory within our knowledge."

"We Jews are 300,000 strong. So there are several synagogues in the city; but two of these are much larger than the rest and stand for two different schools of doctrine among us."

"May I ask what the doctrinal difference between the two synagogues is?"

"The chief difference," answered Alexander, "relates to the degree of authority to be allowed to the Sacred Books. We of the *Diaplauston* say that their authority is final on all matters on which they speak—that their writers were so guided and guarded by Jehovah in composing them that they were at first perfectly free from mistake of all sorts: while the other school maintains that, while properly enough said to be of divine origin, our Scriptures have always been more or less mistaken in their teachings and need to be sifted by learned men."

Invading a Sanctuary.

As they came nearer the sanctuary, they were seen to be twelve Roman soldiers in full armor, carrying at their heads a standard on whose spread wings stood an effigy of the emperor with this inscription in large capitals—"DEUS TIBERIUS CÆSAR." The soldiers were followed at a short distance by a weeping, groaning, threatening crowd of Jews, who had tried, it would seem, to prevent the entrance of the party with their desecrating symbol, and were now following them with lamentations and execrations. Alexander had now come up.

"I demand to know for what purpose you have come into the sanctuary with standard and arms."

"To give you and your friends," the officer

*From "*Aleph, the Chaldean*, or the Messiah, as seen from Alexandria," by E. F. Burr, D.D., L.L.D., N.Y., *W. B. Ketcham*, Publ'r.

The Czarewitch of Russia on His Travels in Hyderabad, India..

replied, with mock solemnity, "an opportunity, which no doubt you will gratefully accept, to pay an act of religious worship to the great God Tiberius Cæsar," and he kneeled before the standard and with both hands lifted up, cried "*Great God, I worship thee.*"

Rising, he exclaimed, "Now, I have set you an example—copy it, everyone of you."

"You came here," said Alexander sternly, "to commit an outrage—came as a private venture of your own and a few mischevious companions. Now *begone* from the sanctuary which you have profaned."

"We will see," cried the Roman, in a transport of fury," as he rushed on Aleph with his drawn sword.

Aleph caught the blow with his cane. He had learned the art of fence; his cane was as good as a shield and met the sword at every point. At last, after a desperate lunge, the sword went flying aloft; and both Cimon and Aleph had seized its master.

"Expel them!" shouted Alexander to the crowd that was now surging like a sea.

The mob needed no spur. They threw themselves on the soldiers, already cowed by what had passed and in a moment were dragging them, disarmed and unresisting, behind Cimon and Aleph. Had it not been for the example of coolness and forbearance, the people might have torn them limb from limb.

A LETTER-WRITER OF TUNIS.

(See Illustration on page 205.)

The public scribe is an institution peculiar to the Orient, where education, even of the most elementary character, is confined to the few. The illustration on page 205 shows one of these public letter-writers inditing a missive at the dictation of a fair patron. His writing paraphernalia, his surroundings, and his personal appearance, are all calculated to inspire respect in the minds of his customers, who are drawn from all ranks, the rich as well as the poor coming to him to have their correspondence written. Such an official is naturally the possessor of manifold secrets, and he is generally found trustworthy.

The public scribe acts also as general advisor and interpreter. He is consulted by many on important questions of law and business. In Tunis, the capital city of the African State of the same name, he is to be found in the busiest part of the city, in the neighborhood of the bazaars, where he can be accessible to the merchant and trader, or to the ladies of the household who may require his services.

THE CZAREWITCH IN INDIA.

The rivalry of England and Russia for ascendancy in Asia, and the suspicious watch the former nation has kept on Russian advances southward, renders the tour which the Czarewitch is now making a matter of unusual significance. The Czarewitch, as his name implies, is the eldest son of the Czar of Russia and the heir-apparent to the crown. He bears the names of Nicholas Alexander, after his great-grandfather and his father.

He was born May 18, 1868, and is therefore now in his twenty-third year. The seclusion in which his parents have been obliged to live, owing to the plots of the Nihilists, has prevented anything being known to the public of his disposition or his personal character. How much depends on both is realized when we reflect that in the natural course of events he will, on the death of his father, be lord over eight million square miles of territory—one sixth of the surface of the glove—and absolute ruler of one hundred and six million persons. His portrait appears on this page.

The Czarewitch has been seeing something of the territory which he is to govern. Proceeding to Trieste he embarked on a Russian man-of-war. Thence he sailed through the Suez Canal to Bombay, where he became the guest of the British Government. This reception had of course been the subject of previous diplomatic negotiation. The English Government cordially acceded to the Czar's request and the young man has had a hearty welcome. He is to pass through China and Asiatic Russia on his way home. The illustration on this page is taken from a photograph by an artist in Hyderabad and represents the Czarewitch travelling in a native vehicle which is called a "tonga."

JULIA'S TRIUMPH.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, for April 12. "Man looketh on the outward appearance but the Lord looketh on the heart." I. Samuel 16: 7.

Every one was talking of Julia Clein. That is, every one who was at the Main Street Church that Tuesday night. To Julia and her parents, and to most of those present it was equivalent to world-wide fame, for the church was their little world. It was quite full. Even when the pastor preached his famous funeral sermon in improving the death of Colonel Jones, there were not more people in the building, and that occasion had always been quoted as high-water mark. It was the Sunday School entertainment that had drawn the throng.

About half the programme had been presented, when the pastor, as arranged, announced that he had now a pleasant duty to perform. As the teachers and scholars knew, a prize had been offered a year ago to the boy or girl who brought the largest number of new scholars to the school during the year. The successful competitor was Julia Clein. (Applause.) Julia Clein, nicely dressed, her face crimson with blushes, was called to the platform, and the pastor, with neatly turned remarks on the blessedness of bringing lambs to the fold, presented the three handsome volumes, with which Julia returned to her seat amid more applause. It was a triumph full of pleasure to her and it was not spoiled for Julia by the envious whisper of some who said the scholars she brought came from other schools.

On a back seat, away back under the gallery, three children about twelve years old sat watching the proceedings. They were

A Letter-Writer in Tunis. (*See page 204.*)

very poorly clad, though the best had evidently been made of such clothes as they possessed. Near them was a girl but little older than themselves. They clung to her as if feeling that they were out of place, and she was the one link that held them. She was their teacher, and had brought them to the school. They were not very welcome, and there was no class in which they could be conveniently placed; so Mary Briggs, the girl who brought them, became their teacher in a class by themselves. Where she "picked them up" no one knew, but it must have been in some near tenement or other.

"I think I must go, Miss Mary," said one of them at last; it's so nice to stay, but mother said I must come home early, before father came in; for if he had been drinking he might take on when he heard of my being here."

A kiss and a hasty "good-night," and the child hurried away. Miss Mary seated herself between her two remaining charges and held a little hand in each of her own.

"I shall see you on Sunday, sure?" Mary asked as she accompanied the two children after the entertainment, to the court in which they lived.

"Oh, yes, teacher," said one. "I would not miss it for anything. It's my best day, I always wanted to go to Sunday School, but mother would not let me. She said my clothes weren't good enough, and she used to cry about it; but when you came and said 'Never mind the clothes,' she was as glad as I was. And I tell her all about the lesson, and I can sing the hymns to her. I often sing to her when I am in bed and she is waiting up for father. She says she went to Sunday School when she was a girl and it's like the old times, before the troubles came to her, to hear the old hymns. It comforts her."

"And you will come too, Bessie?"

"Of course, Miss Mary," was the reply. "*My* mother don't care about my coming, nor my father don't either. They say I can come if I like, and I do like to very much. And I've tried to be good ever since you let me come. Good at home I mean. That's ever so much harder than being good at school. Mother owned up yesterday I was a better girl. She said she didn't know if it was Sunday School did it. But *I* knew."

The two children safely housed in the miserable places they called homes, Mary Briggs turned homeward with a heart full of thankfulness that she had been able to bring a little light into some desolate lives. Julia Clein was just entering her home, and Mary heard her merry laugh as she passed. The triumph of the evening had been Julia's, but Mary was content, and perhaps in that day when rewards are distributed by him who "looketh on the heart," there will be a triumph for her, too, more enduring than that which comes from men who are apt to "look on the outward appearance" only.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 190.*)

"LET artists rail at the government as they like, about the destruction of that picturesque, old Rome," said Margaret, one evening at table "For my part, I am just stupid enough to delight in the change."

"It depends upon whether they want our city for a museum or a home," said Camilla.

"Who vould vant his house just to please ze picture-makers?" chimed in Marie.

"Old Rome was only a set of immense churches, convents and palaces," said Margaret, "each with its piazza, column, and fountain, with the narrowest, crookedest streets of seven-by-nine shops, running from one to the other, arranged simply for the pleasure of a few priests and nobles. But that day is gone by."

"And let all the people say 'amen,'" responded Camilla, heartsomely.

"Have you noticed, cousin, how the tiny shops are packed?" asked Carolyn. "Even the ceilings are hung with things."

"They keep their shops in order," remarked Camilla, with a touch of dignity.

"Indeed they do," said Margaret. "Don't you remember, Lyn, that one where we went for the tamarind syrup? The cheeses were piled up at each side of the door, exactly like those marble columns at the side-entrance of St. John Lateran—a regularly built arch. The radishes, and onions, and eggs, are all laid in patterns; and even the sausages, the last material for artistic effect, are hung thickly over the ceiling, each with its bit of greenery tied on with a red string and white paper flower."

"Our national colors," said Camilla. "When the sun sets flowers blooming on every ledge and cornice of ruin, and where masterpieces of art are within everybody's reach, the people cannot help being artistic. Any peasant can leave his cart at the door of San Pietro in Vincoli, and run in for a look into the face of Michelangelo's *Moses* or into the Capuchin convent to see Guido Reni's *Archangel*."

The "apartment" in which the energetic Mrs. Barcolo had finally settled our young ladies, shouldered upon the Piazza, just behind Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the three great churches of the city. Camilla insisted that the back of the edifice was handsomer than the front, its rear flight of steps being one of the finest in Rome.

"Just look at ze voman on ze housetop over ze vay," exclaimed Marie, as she and Carolyn stood upon the little balcony before the window. "She vashes her clothes in ze big, stone tub, and ze baby amuses itself viz ze shickens in zeir coop close by ze door. Ve can vatch zem from our perch, as ze angels do watch over us."

The palazzo in which they had their "apartment," covered the space between four streets. It held fifty-four suites of rooms, each a complete dwelling, and housed between three and four hundred people.

"We have good blood in our palazzo," remarked Camilla one day, as they were going down the hundred and eighty-six short steps between their rooms and the pavement. Carolyn had taken pains to count them, to see how tired they ought to be. "Here we have a count and countess," pointing to the front door of a neighbor between them and the street. "See! there are both their coronets, though only her name is on the door,—'*nata Ruspoli*;' because her blood is better than his; the Ruspoli is about as good as any in Italy."

"It is really very, very funny to see the lady's name on the door," remarked the English girl. "You have nothing like that in America, cousin?"

"Oh, no: married women lose their identity with the parson's 'amen.'"

"For example, Burdett-Coutts," said the Italian girl, quickly, "and Harriet Beecher Stowe. Some day it will be Margaret Pelham Smith, or Jones."

"We must strike our colors to the Italian," laughed Margaret. "But I must insist, Camilla mia, that your Romans do live too much out of doors. In those side-streets every man, woman and child is scampering about, at his own sweet will."

"You don't hear much quarrelling among them," said Camilla.

"Oh, no: they seem to be in the jolliest mood; women sitting on the curbstones, eating their supper, or knitting and sewing, with their children tumbling about, and men busy with their affairs."

"It would be nice, my queen, if every family had its own little garden; but they are very poor. The skies are as bright and the fountains as sweet and cool for them, as if they were princes. It is about all the comfort they have. The churches and convents take up all the room. The poor people can understand the flowers and the fountains better than they can the Latin prayers. Are poor people's homes any better in London, or New York?"

"Lyn, we will have to dip our flags again, and a truce to criticism. Don't you remember the inscription on that lady's tomb in the Protestant cemetery, that we saw when we were looking for Shelley's grave? She never caused pain, except by her death! Now, my dear, we're not going to tease you any more till we die."

"There is a dial plate in Venice," said Camilla, "with this word on its face, 'I record only the serene hours.' My poor Italy ought not to be criticized; she is doing so well. She has lifted herself out of the quicksands with a mountain on her back. When my father was banished from Rome, you could not even have worship in your own house without a call from the papal police: but now there is more religious toleration in Rome than in your territory of New Mexico, if the magazines tell the truth."

A little later that afternoon the four young ladies got down from their cab in front of San Pietro in Carcere, for a look into the Mamertine Prisons. They stepped inside the basement door, and a boy in a gown led them down stairs. A pretty-faced lady, and a quaint-looking gentleman, wearing a high, straight-rimmed hat, joined the party. They were Hollanders. "You shpeak English?" the lady asked Margaret. "The boy shpeak onely Italian. Will you be so kind to sterpret for us, escuse me, if you please."

"With pleasure," replied the American girl.

"I sink I un'erstan' enoof Engslish to get it all. Maype you pelief all der priest do say?"

"I trust not," said Margaret with a smiling shake of the head. "He says that those barbarous, old Romans used to put down through that hole those who were condemned to die. Probably Jugurtha, whom they starved to death, and Vincingetorix, and Cataline, Paul, possibly, Peter—no—It is not likely that he ever saw Rome."

They went on down stairs, the Dutch lady translating to her husband what Margaret had said with a quiet amusement over her additions to the boy's statements.

"That," said the American girl, pointing to an iron grating about a foot square over a place in the wall, "he says that Peter's face made that dent when his jailor pitched him against the wall. His face must have been hard, or the rock, soft."

At that moment Carolyn gave a sharp, little cry, and there was a commotion among those further down the stairs. It seemed that some one had stepped on her dress: she had lost her balance and pitched forward, being caught in her fall by the arms of a tall young Englishman — Goldthorpe Gordon!

"Lyn, are you hurt?"

Carolyn gathered herself up as quickly as possible, in alternating flush and paleness. "No—that is—I should have been, but—I turned my foot. I was frightened off those stairs the moment I stepped on them."

Goldthorpe's and Carolyn's mammas, old school friends, had arranged their children's future while the young people were in pinafores. The Teutonic love of personal liberty that made their ancestors in Cæsar's time, prefer their frozen bogs, and their own way, had separated them, as Margaret told her Uncle John in Paris. That unsympathetic, young person, seeing how this adventure was sure to end, whispered to Camilla in Italian, "You and I may elope with anybody now. Uncle John will be so delighted with this denouement, our peace will be made in advance."

Mrs. Gordon who was with her son, and who was very fond of Carolyn, insisted upon tying her handkerchief about that young lady's ankle. "Perhaps she had better be driven directly to her hotel. Are you faint, my dear?"

O, no; not at all. Let us see the rest of this. We must do it thoroughly, you know."

"If you will allow me to assist you," said Goldthorpe offering his arm.

The boy went on with his recitation.

"This fountain sprang up miraculously," translated Margaret, "to furnish Peter with water for baptizing Paul's converts. I heard a lecturer on Roman antiquities say on good authority that it was mentioned by Latin writers in the days of the Republic."

After showing the places in the wall where the ropes were fastened by which Cataline was strangled, the lad led the party back to the nineteenth century daylight. "Priests within, and beggars without," remarked Margaret, as the party was besieged by the tatterdemalions who were lying in wait.

Carolyn insisted that they should go directly to the Forum. She had studied it up, she said, laughing nervously, and she was sure to forget, if she did not recite while the lesson was fresh.

With Gordon's help she got down the steps into the excavated Forum. Seating her on the camp-stool that he had brought for his mother, upon the pavement of the Basilica Julia, and placing himself upon a stone beside her, he shielded her from the sun with his umbrella. "There," she said, pointing toward the columns back of the Campodoglio, "that was the temple of Saturn."

"That takes us back to the days of Tarquinius Superbus," said Margaret, "over four hundred years before Christ."

"I read over my Cæsar when I was getting ready for this journey," said Goldthorpe. "I went through Merivale carefully enough for an exam."

"I have been through Merivale," said Carolyn, "making notes—and a lot beside."

Mrs. Gordon was in quite too happy a state of mind to care a pin for all the old Romans who ever disgraced history with their bad behaviour. "It is really very, very curious," she said, meaning the similarity of taste in study of the two young people.

"I believe," said Margaret, "that the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood over there on the hill where the church of Aracoli now stands."

"What were those three columns a part of?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"The temple of Vespasian" replied Carolyn. "The Via Sacra came down from the Capitol between the temples of Saturn and Vespasian."

"And zat vone by itself?" asked Marie. "The column of Phocas," was the reply. "It did not belong to the old Forum at all. When all this was filled with rubbish, and called the cowfield, that one alone stood above the ground: and it was what Byron wrote about it that set our Duchess of Devonshire excavating this Forum."

"How tremendously strong those old fellows made things," said Goldthorpe turning toward the opening into the Cloacus Major. "Fancy a system of sewerage that has lasted twenty-four hundred years!"

"Think of us puny, little moderns standing where the crowds listened to Cicero, Mark Antony, and the rest," said Margaret. "We know what they said better than we do last Sunday's sermon. How we have wrestled with their unmanageable verbs!"

"And those two columns, dear," said Mrs. Gordon. "That stand out so beautifully against the sky."

"A part of the temple of Castor and Pollux," was Carolyn's reply. "The paymaster of the cavalry used to stand on the steps of that temple to pay off the troops."

"Tired, dear?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"Not specially so," replied Carolyn, who took more kindly to coddling than might have been hoped.

"We must not stay longer to-day," said Gordon, shutting his umbrella and assuming control quite naturally. "Where are you, Miss Pelham?" he asked of Margaret as he gave his arm to Carolyn.

"One sixty-three Via Torino, just back of Santa Maria Maggiore."

"Oh—ah—yes—just a step. You

(*Continued on next Page.*)

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ROMA.

(Continued from preceding Page.)

n come any day, can you not?"
"Oh, yes," replied Margaret, "we ust review our history on this spot. ne world has been ruled longer om within a few feet of where we e standing than from any other oint on the planet."
"Rome ruled the world," said Gor- n sententiously.
"And this was the centre of her ower," added Margaret. "On the apitoline, worship, on the Palatine, mperial dignity, and here, commerce d the administration of law."
The next morning Carolyn could ot walk without limping, so they stponed their visit to the Palatine d the Coliseum. Gordon came er early with dutiful inquiries from s mother; Margaret, after a mis- ievous proposing of various expe- tions to take him with the others, d leave Carolyn at home, by way helping on the special affair by an stacle, left the young people to emselves, while she and Camilla nt to their room to write up their tes and letters.
"There!" she laughed as she took her pen, "I've persecuted those or things enough for this morn- g. They'll make the most of their ne, if they think they are going to interrupted every minute. It is e natural, Anglo-Saxon contrariety. never does its best without oppo- ion. These courtships are mighty atters." Camilla looked a quick in- rogation. "Indeed they are, my ar. A blunder on that line can ver be retrieved."
'You don't believe in celibacy en?" queried the Italian.
ndeed, not. God married the first ir in Paradise; and it is insane to nk to improving his plan."
'But Paul —"
'Poor Paul might groan in Heaven er the abuse of his words. He ote about women and about mar- ge that which applied only to giv- conditions of society, and straight- y his sayings must be torn to ters in the attempt to stretch m over all people in all time. If were to come down into these urches and convents, he would e his Master's scourge of small ds to these priests and nuns, and them at honest home-making, one n and one woman, as God or- ned; and so make an end of the etched scandals that have black- ed the record of the entire coterie old maids and bachelors."
'It will delight the family;" and nilla gave a nod over her shoulder vard the drawing-room that show- her reference to be, not to a pos- le Pauline visitation, but to the trimonial affair in hand.
'Indeed, it will!" replied Marga- "Dear, old Uncle John! How like to look over his shoulder ile he reads Goldthorpe's letter! ll quite forget to deal properly h my inability to act as duenna to ee charming young ladies. But and I are safe, my dear, eh?"
Camilla's answer was a sprite of a ug expressing a doubt too subtle words. "What does that mean?" ught Margaret, and the face of dangerously handsome Italian at in flashed before her, and the t second the form of the officer ose features she had not yet seen, but, who was so hauntingly like Jerome. "With all their brightness these mornings are chilly," she said as she rose, with a little shiver, to close the window. Then repeating mentally her old formula of patience, "Time, silence, occupation, and God," she took up her pen again.
"I must beg for a little help, my dear. Under some sort of mental aberration I promised to send home a paper on the women of Italy. I must write this very day."
"What can I do to help you?" asked Camilla. "I'd be delighted but, you know, my queen —"
"Why, you can let me talk my thoughts: and you give me your criticisms. Suppose I begin with the outer. They are beautiful."
"When they are young," said Camilla, with a little frown." Our old women are not handsome, as yours are. Their faces lack character."
"I might air my notions about the fatal mistake of caring for personal charms," said Margaret. "Beauty, physical beauty is short lived; its care is wasteful of health, heart and soul. Though perhaps I had better speak first of the beauty of this land."

(To be Continued.)

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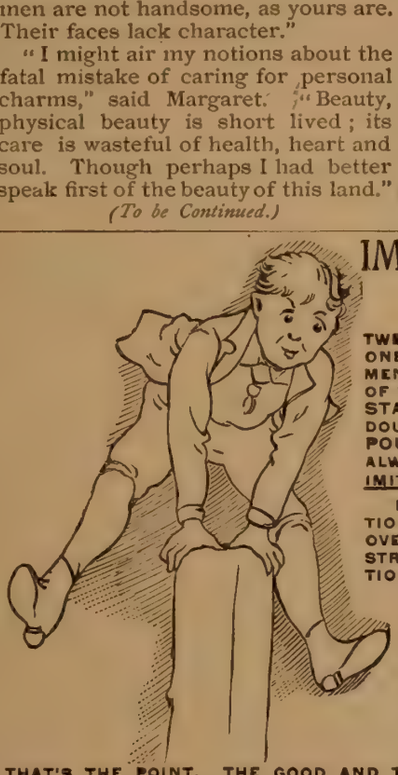

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PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade and from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender ruth shall we have gained
Alas, by simply dying!

Then lips too chary of their praise,
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see,
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers,
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living,
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

J. E. Jewett, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York. will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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A GENERAL SAVES A DRUMMER-BOY.

Rev. M. T. Myers relates the following: "When a French army was crossing the Alps to the assistance of Napoleon in Italy, an avalanche carried a drummer-boy almost 1,000 feet into the yawning gorge below. The general seized a rope and threw it around his waist. His veterans besought him with tears not to venture into the depths of the chasm. 'Wipe your tears and seize the rope,' said the general, and in thirty minutes he placed the boy upon the road safe and sound amid the plaudits of the whole army. Energy and courage such as this on the part of all those who profess the Christian name would place a ransomed world at the feet of Christ before the opening of the twentieth century."

A MISSIONARY CENTRE.

Mr. Grattan Guinness' Harley House in Bow Road, London, is a busy missionary centre. About 120 young evangelists are all the time studying and training in connection with it, and going out from it at the rate of one every week. Just now its three colleges are all full, and an additional house is taken for the women students of medicine. Practical training for usefulness in the foreign field is quite as essential as teaching and study, and much more troublesome. It implies a sphere in which to practice, and involves thus the maintenance of Home Missions on a considerable scale, including not only very numerous Gospel-meetings in many centres, schools and classes of all kinds, but medical and maternity missions, dispensing and nursing, and much familiar intercourse with the working classes in East London, including some of the very poor and needy. Then there are returning and departing missionaries, coming and going, invalids requiring nursing, volunteers seeking interviews, and a word-wide correspondence needing daily attention, and making constant claims on time and sympathy, as well as on resources all too slender to meet them. Missions are emphatically the work of the Church, especially in these days. But when to the intrinsic difficulties of the task is added that of very insufficient supplies, the pressure becomes trying, and the work cannot be so well done. Dr. Harry Guinness is going for a six or eight-months' visit to the Congo.

A SAILOR GIVES HIS LIFE FOR ANOTHER.

One winter day a vessel was caught in a storm off the north coast of Scotland. The gale was fearful, but every effort was made to keep the vessel afloat, and they might have succeeded, but she sprang a leak, and soon it was evident she was past settling down. They tried to launch their boats, but found they had all been disabled by the storm, and when at last the vessel sank, it carried the greater part of its crew with it. Two men rose to the surface after escaping from the vortex of the sinking ship, and both almost at the same time perceived a piece of wood, and made towards it. It was large enough to have supported one on the top of it, but only one; the two had therefore to remain in the water, practically supporting themselves on the wood. For long hours they stayed thus. The storm was abated, but their strength was almost gone. They felt they could not hold out much longer. Their hands were benumbed and their limbs stiff. At length the younger turned to the older, and said, "Jim, you have a wife and family depending on you, while I am alone in the world. Only one of us can be saved, and it is better it should be you. When I am gone get on the top of the wood, and God grant that you may soon be picked up." His friend tried to dissuade him, but with a "God bless you," he loosened his grasp and sank from sight. So that hero died, and his death was not in vain, for following the advice of his deliverer, the other man drew himself upon the wood, and in a few hours was rescued.

A LADY'S DYING ACT OF PRAISE.

A lady lay dying in Paris. Many friends surrounded her bed to watch her peaceful end, for she was a Christian. As she lay quiet and still one of the watchers noticed her lips move, and bending down she caught the word "Bring," that was all she could utter. At once they brought grapes, wine, water, everything they could imagine that she could want, but it was none of these, and still her lips moved forming the word "Bring," until at last, just as she was passing away, she burst forth, "Bring forth the Royal Diadem, and crown him Lord of all." Her last thought was for the honor of her heavenly King and Saviour. If all Christian workers were filled with that thought through life, what a consistent Christian life they would live!

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God permitted polygamy. Yes; just as he permits to-day murder and theft and arson and all kinds of crime. He permits these things as you well know, but he does not sanction them. Who would dare to say he sanctions them? Because the Presidents of the United States have permitted polygamy in Utah, you are not, therefore, to conclude that they patronized it, that they approved it when, on the contrary, they denounced it. But you say: "Didn't David and Solomon favor polygamy?" yes, and did they not get well punished for it? Read the lives of those two men, and you will come to the conclusion that all the attributes of God's nature were against their behavior. David suffered for his crimes in the caverns of Adullam and Massada, in the wilderness of Mahanaim, in the woe of Ziklag. How did Solomon get along with polygamy? Read his warnings, in Proverbs, read his self-disgust in Ecclesiastes. He throws up his hands in loathing, and cries out; "Vanity of Vanities, all is vanity." His seven hundred wives nearly pestered the life out of him. Solomon got well paid for his crimes. I repeat that all the mighty men of the Scriptures were aloof from polygamy, save as they were pounded and flailed, and cut to pieces for their insult to holy marriage. If the Bible is the friend of polygamy why is it that in all the lands where the Bible predominates, polygamy is forbidden, and in the lands where there is no Bible, it is favored. Polygamy all over China, all over India, all over Africa, all over Persia, all over heathendom, save as the missionaries have done their work: while polygamy does not exist in England and the United States, except in defiance of law. The Bible abroad, God honored monogamy. The Bible not abroad, God abhorred polygamy.

DEBORAH'S APPEAL.

Another false charge which Infidelity has made against the Bible is that it is antagonistic to woman, that it enjoins her degradation and belittles her mission. Under this impression many women have been overcome of this Plague of Infidelity. Is the Bible the enemy of woman? Come into the picture gallery, the Louvre, the Luxembourg of the Bible, and see which pictures are the more honored. Here is Eve, a perfect woman, as perfect a woman as could be made by a perfect God. Here is Deborah, with her womanly arm hurling a host into the battle. Here is Miriam, leading the Israelitish orchestra on the banks of the Red Sea. Here is motherly Hannah, with her own loving hand replenishing the wardrobe of her son Samuel, the prophet. Here is Ruth, putting to shame all the modern slang about mothers-in-law as she turns her back on her home and her country, and faces wild beasts and exile and death, that she may be with Naomi, her husband's mother. Who has more worshippers to-day than any being that ever lived on earth, except Jesus Christ? Mary. For what purpose did Christ perform his first miracle upon earth? To relieve the embarrassment of a womanly housekeeper at the falling short of a beverage. Why did Christ break up the silence of the tomb, and tear off the shroud and rip up the rocks? It was to stop the bereavement of the two Bethany sisters. For whose comfort was Christ most anxious in the hour of dying excruciation? For a woman, an old woman, a wrinkle-faced woman, a woman who in other days had held him in her arms, his first friend, his last friend, as it is very apt to be, his mother. All the pathos of the ages compressed into one utterance, "Behold thy mother."

If the Bible is so antagonistic to woman, how do you account for the difference in woman's condition in China and Central Africa, and her condition in England and America? There is no difference except that which the Bible makes. In lands where there is no Bible, she is hitched like a beast of burden to the ploughs, she carries the hod, she submits to indescribable indignities. She must be kept in a private apartment and if she come forth she must be carefully hooded and religiously veiled as though it were a shame to be a woman. Do you not know that the very first thing the Bible does when it comes into a new country is to strike off the shackles of woman's serfdom? Oh! woman, where are your chains to-day? Hold up both your arms and let us see your handcuffs. Oh, we see the handcuffs; they are bracelets of gold bestowed by husbandly, or fatherly, or brotherly, or sisterly, or loverly affection. Unloosen the warm robe from your neck, O woman, and let us see the yoke of your bondage. Oh, I find the yoke a carcenet of silver, or a string of cornelians, or a cluster of pearls that must gall you very much. How bad you must all have it!

Since you put the Bible on your stand in the sitting-room, has the Bible been to you, O woman, a curse or a blessing? Why is it that a woman when she is troubled will go to her worst enemy, the Bible? Why do you not go for comfort to some of the great infidel books, Spinoza's Ethics or Hume's Natural History of Religion, or Paine's Age of Reason, or Dedro's Dramas, or any one of the two hundred and sixty volumes of Voltaire? No, the silly, deluded woman persists in hanging about the Bible verses, "Let not your heart be troubled," "All things work together for good," "Weeping may endure for a night," "I am the resurrection," "Peace, be still."

Furthermore: rather than invite I resist this Plague of Infidelity because it has wrought no positive good for the world, and is always a hindrance. I ask you to mention the names of the merciful and the educational institutions which infidelity founded and is supporting, and has supported all the way through; institutions pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet pronounced in behalf of suffering humanity. What are the names of them? Certainly not the United States Christian Commission; or the Sanitary Commission, for Christian George H. Stuart was the president of the one, and Christian Henry W. Bellows was the president of the other. Where are the asylums and merciful institutions founded by infidelity, and supported by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Bible, and yet doing work for the alleviation of suffering? Infidelity is so very loud in its braggadocio it must have some to mention. Certainly, if you come to speak of educational institutions it is not Yale, it is not Harvard, it is not Princeton, it is not Middletown, it is not Cambridge or Oxford, it is not any institution from which a diploma would not be a disgrace. Do you point to the German universities as exceptions? I have to tell you that all the German universities to-day are under positive Christian influences, except the University of Heidelberg, where the ruffianly students cut and maul and mangle and murder each other as a matter of pride instead of infamy. Do you mention Girard College, Philadelphia, as an exception, that college established by the will of Mr. Girard which forbade religious instruction, and the entrance of clergymen within its gates. My reply is that I lived for seven years near that college and knew many of its professors to be Christian instructors, and no better Christian influences are to be found in any college than in Girard College.

There stands Christianity. There stands Infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lip; a benediction on her brow; both hands full of help for all who want help; the mother of thousands of colleges; the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed, the blind, the sick, the lame, the imbecile; the mother of missions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath Schools bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Here is Infidelity; no prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of Infidelity to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me throw you down a whole ream of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and of learning, founded by Infidelity, and supported alone by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion and yet in favor of making the world better. "Oh," you say, "a ream of paper is too much for the names of those institutions." Well, then, I throw you a quire of paper. Fill it all up now. I will wait until you get all the names down. "Oh," you say, "that is too much." Well, then, suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." Well, then, count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh," you say, "we don't want quite so much room as that." Suppose, then, you halt and count on one finger the name of any institution founded by Infidelity, supported entirely by Infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet toiling to make the world better. Not one! Not one!

WOMAN'S TRUST IN THE BIBLE.

Infielity scrapes no lint for the wounded, bakes no bread for the hungry, shakes up no pillow for the sick, rouses no comfort for the bereft, gilds no grave for the dead. While Christ, our Christ, our wounded Christ, our risen Christ, the Christ of this old-fashioned Bible—blessed be his glorious name forever! our Christ stands this hour pointing to the hospital, or to the asylum, saying: "I was sick and ye gave me a couch, I was lame and ye gave me a crutch, I was blind and ye physicianed my eyesight, I was orphaned and ye mothered my soul, I was lost on the mountains and ye brought me home; inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it to me."

But I thank God that this plague of infidelity will be stayed. Many of those who hear me now by the Holy Ghost upon their hearts will cease to be scoffers and will become disciples, and the day will arrive when all nations will accept the Scriptures. The book is going to keep right on until the consuming fires of the last day are kindled. That will be the first time we can afford to do without the Bible. What will be the use of the Book of Genesis, descriptive of how the world was made, when the world is destroyed? What will be the use of his photograph when we have met him in glory? What will be the use of the Book of Revelation, standing as you will with your foot on the glassy sea, and your hand on the ringing harp, and your forehead chapleted with eternal coronation, amid the amethystine and twelve-gated glories of heaven? The emerald dashing its green against the beryl, and the beryl dashing its blue against the sapphire, and the sapphire throwing its light on the jacinth, and the jacinth dashing its fire against the chrysoprassus, and you and I standing in the glories of ten thousand sunsets.

SONG AS A MEANS OF GRACE.

ANOTHER CHAPTER FROM THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF HARRISON, THE REVIVALIST.

Songs that Touch the Souls of the Hearers—What Class of Songs Should a Revivalist Use?—The Song Jubilant, the Song Mournful, the Song Soothing and the Strain that Incites the Singer to Higher Faith.

BY REV. THOMAS HARRISON.

I HAVE been frequently asked what class of songs are of the greatest practical value at revivals. My experience leads me to say that the most helpful is the jubilant song, which awakens the emotions and arouses the enthusiasm of the singers. When a gathering is apathetic, there is no strain that will awaken the emotions of the audience quicker than :

We'll shout his praise in glory,
So will I! so will I!
And we'll all sing Hallelujah,
In Heaven by-and-by.

When a song of this character has been started, it breaks down the barriers of indifference and secures the sympathy of the audience. Then, when the sympathies have been awakened, I would have them sing an air that would take them back to the time of their conversion :

At the Cross, at the Cross where I first saw light,
And the burden of sin rolled away ;
It was there by faith I recovered my sight,
And now I'm happy night and day.

This would recall to their minds their adoption and early experience in the fold, and would enkindle a new flame of love and devotion in their hearts toward their Saviour.

In solos I place little confidence, and cannot regard them as of real importance in revival music. They tend to divert the attention from the service and fix it upon one person and one voice. I believe that all present should participate in the singing. Even in a revival that is to last but one night, I should insist on this ; for inevitably there will be many there who may never be there again. A hymn that all can sing is the hymn that suits each one the best.

There are some revivalists who prefer to take a solo singer along with them, wherever they do their work. Such singing may arouse the interest ; but I think it does not aid in awakening or conviction. A solo may be an excellent thing to have sung during the collection.

The best congregational singing I ever heard was when I was with the Rev. Dr. Talmage, ten years ago. There were five thousand with one voice following the great organ, and singing :

Bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves ;
We shall come rejoicing
Bringing in the sheaves.

That, I remember, was his favorite hymn. The tone, volume and effect were magnificent.

I think perhaps one of the best choirs I ever listened to was at a recent revival I conducted in New Haven. They understood music and were well trained by Mr. Willis, their leader, before I arrived, and besides, I found them all conversant with my hymns. As the result of this preparation, they sang splendidly !

It is very seldom that I interrupt my sermon to start a hymn ; yet sometimes I pause, and request that a single verse that may be in accord with the sermon, be sung. I am dependent very largely on song to accomplish the result aimed at, and sometimes two-thirds of the evening are devoted to it. In singing, I study the adaptability of the words and the music, and select those hymns which seem to me to be specially fitted for that special occasion. Frequently I have them repeat the exercise many, many times, thus deepening the conviction and relieving the burden. One of the hymns specially adapted to such emergencies is:

I will believe ; I do believe,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the Cross he shed his blood,
From sin to set me free.

A hymn I have found most helpful to seekers has been :

But drops of grief will ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe ;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

For seekers, this has been the most successful and helpful hymn I have ever known.

Most of the ministers with whom I have labored have their favorite hymn. Bishop Wiley's was :

Down at the Cross where my Saviour died;
Down where for cleansing for sin I cried ;
There to my heart was the blood applied—
Glory to his name !

Sometimes the choice is characteristic of the temperament of the preacher. Rev. Dr. Musgrave's favorite is :

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power ?
Are you washed in the blood of Lamb ?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour ?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb ?

Similarly, the hymn that best suits Dr. Talmage's enthusiastic temperament is, as I have already stated : "Bringing in the sheaves."

There are times when the power of Gospel song is peculiarly manifested, and this has been the case in several of the great revivals in which I have been a humble worker. About four years ago I went to Boston and began a series of revival services in Dr. Ela's Church, known as the Bromfield Street Church, in that city. The Reverend Doctor had invited me to spend one Sabbath with him. The work at once broke out in earnest, and the services continued for seventeen weeks, during which time the conservative Hub was shaken by the Spirit. During these weeks, hundreds were brought to Christ, including many prominent business men, among whom I now recall Mr. Rich of Trinity Church, Charlestown (a suburb of Boston), Mr. Morrill and others. They came forward to the altar and pledged their allegiance to Christ. We held meetings also at Charlestown, and these, with those held in Boston, occupied seventeen weeks, increasing in interest and developing in power with every meeting. My only regret is that it should have been closed all too soon. At all these services, song was a potent factor in awakening the hearts of the audiences.

Still another city where God's Spirit wrought powerfully among the multitudes and where songs of Christian jubilation sustained the enthusiasm, was Providence, R. I. As you know, there are two capitals to little Rhode Island, one being Newport, the other Providence. I went to the latter to spend three weeks, and remained thirteen weeks, my principal work being in the old Chestnut Street M. E. Church. The work was slow at first, but deepened daily, widened every week, and extended monthly, until hundreds rose and called the meetings precious ! Among those who took a deep interest was Mr. Tarbell, the Superintendent of State Schools, and Mr. Smith, a teacher in the Classical School. The agitation spread, and we were compelled to hold services morning, afternoon and night, the morning meetings being held as early as six o'clock. At these early gatherings many mechanics and numbers of business men attended, the former dropping in on their way to work. At the evening meetings, the churches were thronged, the singing was wonderfully effective, and this was more particularly the case as the revival drew to a close.

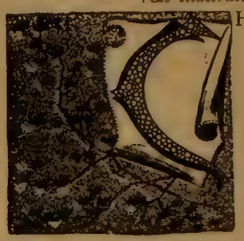
A hymn will often conquer an obstinate man. There are some that will take one's memory back to childhood and bring tears to the eyes. Such hymns will be able to touch the spirit of most men. I have known hymns that had the effect of raising men from their seats and sending them forward as seekers. This was brought about by the singing rather than the sermon. The Bible truth in the hymns sends conviction to the heart.

AN AFRICAN EMANCIPATOR.

KHAMA, THE CHRISTIAN KING OF THE BAMANGWATO, WHO FREED HIS SLAVES.

A Remarkable Illustration of the Power of Christianity —How the Warfare Against Slavery Progresses—It has Disappeared from a Large Part of the Dark Continent.

(See Illustrations on first page.)



CHRISTIANITY'S war on slavery belongs almost exclusively to the present century. Step by step, the dark places of the earth have been sought out and illumined by a Gospel that assures freedom to all mankind. One by one, the outworks have been carried and the principal strongholds stormed. Inland are many tribes by whom it has been totally abolished as the result of missionary teachings and spiritual enlightenment. But in the Soudan, around the great lakes, and along the margin of the Sahara, from Lake Tchad to the Atlantic, it still holds sway.

One of the most notable of African Christian potentates, whose rule God has blessed to his people, is King Khama, of the tribe of the Bamangwato, in Bechuanaland, whose portrait appears on the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This monarch is about sixty years old, tall, erect, and young looking. Khama's father, Sekhoma, was the chief of a tribe at Shoshong. in Bechuanaland, which was frequently subjected to raids by the warlike Matabele nation. With his four brothers, Khama was baptized in 1865, and their father, Sekhoma, being a heathen, sought to kill them. Three of the brothers, frightened by his threats, returned to heathenism. Ultimately the old chief abandoned his murderous designs, but he seized every opportunity to persecute them.

Khama's strength of character and Christian resolution were soon to be tested. Many years before, his father Sekhoma had usurped the chiefship of the Bamangwato, driving his brother Macheng, the reigning chief, from the country. Sekhoma now invited Macheng to return, on condition that he should put to death the Christian sons of Sekhoma, whom the latter had been unable to subdue. Macheng accepted the terms and assumed the rulership. In a speech at the public welcome to Macheng, Khama sternly rebuked the man who came to rule with murder in his heart. Macheng spared the young men, and after his death, Khama was chosen by the people as king or chief, the terms being synonymous among many African tribes.

When he was invested with power, Khama at once showed his progressive Christian character. One of his earliest acts was the freeing of the slaves and the nomad subject tribes, to all of whom he gave seed-corn and cattle, and encouraged them in pastoral pursuits.

He built the town of Palapye, in the Cwapong mountains, the former capital Shoshong, having become uninhabitable through scarcity of water. The new town covers some twenty square miles ; it has broad avenues, bridle and foot-paths and the dwellings are all of red clay, well-built and thatched, each having a plot of land contiguous. He has also encouraged the building of many churches and he is the stanch friend of the missionaries. Moreover, the wife of this Christian king is herself a Christian and an active worker in the church.

In strong contrast to this happy condition of affairs in Bechuanaland, is the picture presented on the first page of a trading caravan near Benguella on the west American coast. The caravan is composed of Biheans and Balundos, among whom the missionaries of the American Board have been laboring with considerable success, during the last ten years. In the trading caravan are a number of slaves, who may be distinguished in the illustration by their abject posture.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Evidence From a Coffin—A Father's Long Search for a Daughter—A Family Quarrel—A Marriage in a Prison—A Skilful Counterfeit Bill—Inspection of Immigrants.

An Exhumed Bible was presented as evidence in a law-court in Boston, Mass., last week. The *Transcript* of that city states that the claimants to a large fortune, part of which is some valuable real estate in Alabama, have found long missing evidence, substantiating their title. in a grave. The evidence needed was a family record proving their relationship to a milionaire who died in Boston more than twenty years ago. They obtained permission from the court to open the grave of a member of the family who died in 1866, and when that was done they found a Bible which was serving as a pillow under the head of the corpse. On the fly-leaf were entries of births, marriages and deaths which show their relationship to the deceased millionaire. It is likely to prove a valuable book to them, and if they do not confine their attention to the fly-leaf, but study other parts of the volume, they will find that its value is not limited to their present purpose. It will tell them how they may become heirs of God. (Rev. 21 : 7.)

The Mysterious Perturbation of a Ship's Compass is reported in a scientific journal. It appears that the surveying ship *Penguin* recently anchored off the northwest coast of Australia. It was noticed that the compass was deflected fifty-five degrees, and had "a dip" of eighty-three degrees. After the ship left the anchorage and proceeded on her voyage, the disturbance ceased. At two miles from the point the variation was quite normal. The captain spent a day in investigating the phenomenon. He passed two or three times over the point where he had anchored, and found that whenever the ship crossed it, the compass was disturbed as before, and recovered when at a distance of two miles in any direction. This satisfied him that the centre of the submarine disturbance was limited to a circle of less than two miles in diameter. He is convinced that the deflections were caused by the presence of magnetic minerals at the sea bottom. The journal reporting his observation says: "Great as is the gain to the navigator to be thus warned of a formidable danger in certain places, it lays upon him, the imperative duty of being always on his guard against such sources of disaster elsewhere, and of promptly reporting any new magnetic disturbance, as he would a rock or shoal." Similar vigilance is necessary on the part of every voyager through life. In certain scenes and among certain environments the conscience is apt to be under influences which impair its usefulness as a guide. (Titus 1 : 15.)

A Twenty-five Years' Search for a Lost daughter has been the sole occupation of a distressed father in New York. The reporter of a daily journal noticed last week a shabbily-dressed old man cowering for warmth near the stove of a Bowery lodging-house. He looked so poor and so weary that the reporter asked him what his trouble was. The man replied that he was seventy-six years old, but he was engaged in a search which he must still pursue, for he could not rest until it was successful. In 1866 he lost his daughter,then fifteen years old. He sought her all over the city and followed clues to other places. After a time, as he did not succeed in finding her, he disposed of his business and gave all his time to the quest. He could not bear to give her up and continued looking for the girl ten years. One cold winter night he caught sight of her in dissolute company in the Bowery. He called to her, but she ran away and he could not overtake her, and her companions jeered him. That sight of her renewed his energy and he redoubled his efforts. Fifteen years have passed since then, but he has never seen her since. His reason became impaired, but he holds fast to his one pursuit. He is quite harmless and those who know him pitying his misery, feed him and occasionally give him a cast-off garment. The keeper of the lodging-house lets him sleep there free in the morning, for the old man wanders about the streets the greater part of the night. He thinks still he may see his daughter any day and his long search will be rewarded. He is the only person who has that hope. Yet if the daughter still lives, and were to know how patiently and persistently her father has sought her perhaps she would return to him. But it might not be so: our Heavenly Father has entreated many of his wandering children to return to him for a longer period than that, and they know of it yet they will not return. (Hosea 7 : 10.)

Ladders have to be Used to Reach the Bedrooms of a house in Connecticut, owing to a family quarrel. Some years ago a farmer living at North Haven died, leaving his house and farm jointly to his two sons for use during their lives. His money and personal property were left in the same way. The testator did not leave anything to them absolutely but only the use and income. The principal and the land were to go to their children when his sons died, and if either died without issue the children of the other brother were to have the whole. As only one of the brothers had children the other was jealous and sought, by adopting a child, to prevent his brother's children inheriting the estate. This scheme led to litigation and frequent disputes. Both brothers lived in the old house, the childless one occupying the whole of the second story. The other brother's family had to pass through the second story to reach their bed-rooms which were on the third story. When the quarrel arose they found their way cut off, the occupier of the second story having boarded up the passage through his domain. Pending an appeal to the courts, the family has to use ladders, reared outside the house, to reach its sleeping apartments. The situation seems somewhat ridiculous but it is a type of a very sad condition which is widespread. Many families find it difficult to get rest in life because of the exacting nature of their employers who pay them so little for their work that scarcely can they earn enough to support them by toiling day and night. The churl in Connecticut is not the only man who ignores the duties of brotherhood. (James 5 : 4.)

A Marriage was Solemnized in the Chenango (N. Y.), County jail recently. Some months ago a young man settled in Susquehanna, where he found employment as a blacksmith in the Erie Railroad's shops. He became acquainted with a beautiful girl who was living with her parents at Bainbridge. The acquaintance ripened into love, and as the girl's parents heard an excellent account of the young man's industry and ability in his business, they consented to accept him as a son-in-law. The young man began to prepare a home for his bride and they were to have been married shortly, when an embarassing event occurred. The prospective bridegroom had occasion to make a visit to Oxford and while there visited the saloons and fell into the company of dishonest people. He could not remember exactly what occurred, but when he became sober he found himself in prison. The police had arrested the whole gang on a charge of larceny and he was taken with them. He stoutly declared his innocence, but the case went against him at the trial and he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment. The girl to whom he was engaged was much distressed by her lover's plight, but she refused to believe him guilty. Other people pitied her for her credulity, but the more difficult she found it to convince them the more earnest she grew in his defence. She declared that she would surely marry him in spite of his disgrace and finally resolved to marry him at once, the she might give a convincing proof of her faith in his innocence. Her parents were won over and they went with her to the prison in which her lover was confined. The sheriff yielded to their plan and a minister was sent for, who officiated at the ceremony. After spending an hour together the bridegroom went back to his cell and the bride returned home with her parents. Many of the bride's friends consider her conduct extremely imprudent but even they admire her fidelity to her lover in his trouble. An infinitely greater proof of love is that which the Saviour gives to sinners. Though there is no question of their guilt, he loves them still, and all who believe on him he takes into union with himself. (Rom. 5 : 7, 8.)

A Dangerous Counterfeit Two-Dollar Silver certificate is in circulation. Heretofore all counterfeits of our paper currency have been readily detected by experienced persons,through the failure of the counterfeiters to exactly imitate the genuine note in all its peculiarities. In this case, however, to the naked eye the counterfeit seems perfect. The vignette of Hancock is as fine as the original, and the lettering and lathe work are an exact copy of the Treasury note. In fact, the only difference is that in the upper left hand and lower right hand corner of the genuine note, on the figure 2, is engraved in characters so minute that they are not legible, except under a magnifying glass, the word "two." repeated three times. In the counterfeit the word "two" is similarly engraved the same number of times, but in two cases the counterfeiter has made the letters read "owt." Many of these counterfeits have passed undetected the sharp eyes of bank-tellers and have not been found out till they reached the Treasury. Counterfeit Christianity is similarly difficult of detection. Ministers and Christian workers are often deceived by designing persons who want to gain the worldly advantages that a profession of religion gives, but though they may pass the ordeal of the Church, detection is certain when they come to stand at the bar of him whose eye looketh on the heart. (Ezek. 33 : 31.)

Increased Vigilance in the Inspection of Immigrants is now demanded by the Washington government. So many afflicted persons who become a public charge have come here in past years, that it is necessary to watch every ship-load of immigrants carefully. Diseased persons, semi-idiots, the halt, the lame and the blind are now carefully excluded. It is to find these that Dr. Guiteras and his assistants in New York, go out on the stone pier nearly every day in the year and watch the immigrants as they descend the gang plank from the immigrant barges. Decrepit men or women, whose labored gait generally gives them away, are always detained for further examination. An immigrant with a glass eye is invariably held—not to pay duty on his eye. but to allow the doctors to make a careful examination of his real eye to see if it is likely to last. Several immigrants with glass eyes have been sent back since the Federal Government took charge of immigration at this port, because the sight of their remaining eyes was so poor that their ability to support themselves was a question of only a few months. The deaf and dumb are not detected at the gang-plank. They are found out by the registry clerks, who always ask questions requiring verbal responses. The excluded persons being sent back at the expense of the company to which the ship bringing them belongs, the captains are now more careful to see that no aged steerage passengers are brought, nor any who are not physically and mentally sound. Probably these stringent regulations cause severe disappointment to many who would like to come here. It may be hoped that all such will be led to seek the Saviour, so that when they die, they will be welcomed into that land from which none are excluded who come through Christ. (Luke 14 : 21.)

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

JONAH SENT TO NINEVEH.

S. S. LESSON FOR APRIL 19, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. JONAH 1: 1-17. GOLDEN TEXT, JONAH 3: 2.

The Command to the Prophet—Why he Hesitated to Obey—His Concern for His Reputation as a Prophet—His Attempt to Avoid Service — The Providential Storm — Jonah's Indifference — His Confession — The Sailors Reluctant to Sacrifice Him—The Storm Calmed.

OW the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai." Such is the abrupt introduction of a prophet in the chronicles of God, which shall not pass away, though "heaven and earth shall pass away." God lives in eternity; he records in his Book of truth just that in a man's life which bears upon eternity. His birth, his parentage; the incidents which may illustrate his natural character, such us appear in man-written biographies, are wanting in the Book of God. But that page which tells of the purposes of God in which he may have been an instrument, finds place in God's holy record.

"Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me." Jonah had no difficulty in understanding his commission. He had no doubt as to the leading of God; he had been familiar with such leadings for many years, but it did not accord with his plans for himself. "Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord." What! he knew God's will, and would not do it? Yes; it was even so. Jonah

Loved Popularity;

he loved to have people say: "What Jonah foretells is sure to come to pass." He knew God as "a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and he could not face the possibility of being found a false prophet. If he declared that Nineveh should be destroyed, and then God in mercy spared the city, how galling it would be if the little street arabs should run after him saying, "Eh, Jonah; it wasn't right this time; who said Nineveh was to be destroyed?" His pride and self-love could not stand such a humiliation. So Jonah sought to run away from God! It was a difficult task which he undertook. A wiser man than he had discovered the futility of attempting to hide away from God. "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell; behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." (Ps. 139: 7, 10.)

Jonah took ship to Tarshish, with the purpose of getting away from God. Oh, the tenderness of God with his rebellious children! He did not think it too much to send a tempest in the sea, for the sake of that one stubborn child of his, that one rebellious prophet! Never say things happen by chance, or come in the course of nature. Behind chance and behind nature, there lies

A First Cause.

Because God has something to say and something to do, the storm, the pestilence, the famine, the season of cold or of heat are permitted in this world of ours. "The mariners were afraid;" they saw the gravity of the situation. They first cried to their false gods, and then cast the cargo overboard. Only one man was callous; the man who knew the only true God was the only man who did not pray in this hour of danger! The heathen sailors were anxious for their own lives and those of the passengers; but Jonah, a believer who had got wrong with God, was indifferent to his own danger and that of others, and he went to sleep! What kind of witness was such a man of that God who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son" to die for and to save them? The attention of the captain was called to this selfish man, and he came and aroused him with the words, "What meanest thou, O, sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us that we perish not." The heathen believe in an over-ruling providence, the sailors cast lots that they might discover for whose cause this evil was upon them. Things were coming to a crisis. God was pursuing Jonah, the lot fell upon him, and at once his name, address, occupation, etc., were taken down. A man who seeks to hide from God must fall under man's inspection. And Jonah was not afraid to own,

"I Fear Jehovah,

which made the sea and the dry land." But what kind of witness was this man of Jehovah? "I fear Jehovah," and I run away from Jehovah. The fleeing prophet had told the crew the object of his journey. These heathen men were accustomed to gods which they could manage very easily; they could make them, ornament them, burn them, change, and do much as they liked with them. But this man had an unseen God, whose power they were feeling at that very moment, a God who moved sea and land to conquer his rebellious child—this was something new. If God's own child was so careless about the souls of these poor heathen, God was not: he would find means to arouse them, in spite of the unfaithfulness of Jonah. "What shall we do unto thee," they asked, "that the sea may be calm unto us?" "Take me up and cast me into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you, for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you." It was more and more incomprehensible to these heathen mariners. Here was a man seeking to withstand his God who had all power; he recognizes his hand in all that happens; and he does not prize the knowledge of such a God. So far from recommending his God, Jonah was possessed of a selfishness and callousness which made the very heathen despise him! Are there not many Jonahs in our midst, who dishonor rather than recommend God?

The poor sailors did their best to bring the ship to land, but no sailor can land without God's permission, and he willed it not. Then these heathen

Prayed to Jonah's God

that innocent blood might not be laid upon them, and they cast Jonah into the sea, "and the sea ceased from her raging." Impossible not to recognize the hand of God. All that crew were precious in God's sight, because one of his children, though rebellious, had been amongst them! He would save them, but no thanks to Jonah, who might have been his instrument but for his despicable selfishness. God's voice in the stilled waters conquered the poor heathen men, while his voice in offering Jonah the privilege of being his messenger to a mighty city was disregarded! The men feared the Lord, exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice to the Lord, and made vows. The whole crew turned to the Lord, although the only preacher amongst them was suspended! God will find a way to save souls, even though his chosen instruments may fail him. He has said to others besides Esther, "If thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place." (Esther 4: 14.) God is not limited by his instruments; he could work without any of us.

But God had not forgotten his rebellious child. He who had stirred up the tempest to withstand Jonah would not abandon him now: "The Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights." Agnostics and other creatures who are in the habit of criticising their Creator regard it as the height of absurdity to believe in the story of Jonah. If Jesus Christ believed it, and quoted the history as a type of his own resurrection (Matt. 12: 39, 40), who need be ashamed of such belief.

In this strange oratory, Jonah met with God. His life was preserved by a miracle as great as that which sustained Moses, Elijah, and the Lord himself, during their respective fasts of forty days. Jonah cried unto the Lord and testified, "He heard me; out of the belly of hell (or the grave) cried I, and thou heardest my voice." His experiences had been those of utter despair. Yet he always recognized the hand of God. "Thou," not the sailors, "hadst cast me into the deep. . . . all thy billows and thy waves passed over me. Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." Probably the disobedient prophet was so full of his own side of the question, and of the injury it would be to all the work he might do for his God in the future if his prophecies did not come true, that until a pressure was brought to bear upon him physically, and a real danger of drowning and then of being suffocated had extracted his cry of despair; he had never entertained the idea that he was in the wrong, but looked upon himself as a very ill-used man! It is strange how blind we all are to the real truth about ourselves, until God opens our eyes. Although still in his strange prison, he had asked, and obtained of his God a new lease of life, and was so conscious of God's dealing with him, that he spoke of it as though he were already released. It took a great deal to conquer Jonah at this time, but God at last accomplished it, and he said, "When my soul fainted within me, I remembered the Lord; and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple." Jonah was so far conquered that even in his present circumstances

He Could Praise

his God! "I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord." This is always the crucial point. Can we in the midst of the trial, just when and where the pressure is the greatest, look up and praise God? If so, just then and just there comes deliverance. "The Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land."

A MYSTERIOUS MANDATE.

A CORRESPONDENT in North Carolina writes us that talking recently with a lady of strong faith and sterling piety on the ways of God in Providence, her friend related the following incident from her own experience:

"You are aware," she said, "that I am now in reduced circumstances. My husband at one time was engaged in a lucrative mercantile business, and, although of prudent habits, his benevolence led him to endorse largely for one who had won his confidence as a Christian brother, but afterwards proved to be a designing knave. This resulted in his failure, when, with scrupulous integrity, everything was given up to his creditors. A season of unusual severity and general business depression then prevailed. My husband's most diligent efforts to secure employment were unsuccessful. Finally the little stock of provisions we possessed rapidly diminished, and we saw no way to obtain more, since we could not conscientiously incur a debt with no prospect of payment. I carried the case to him who says, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.'

"Gathering my little ones about me, I fell upon my knees, and, in an agony of prayer, besought the Lord for help. One, two, three hours passed. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon and my little children, who had tasted no food since early morning, began to cry for bread. Impelled by some strange and irresistible influence I could not understand, I went into the dining-room, and putting the last handful of coal into the stove, placed the tea-kettle filled with water thereon; then calling my little ones together, we again knelt and pleaded again with God for succor. Soon a heavenly tranquillity filled my soul, and in full assurance of faith, expecting deliverance, while still upon my knees in prayer, there was a ring at the door-bell. I arose, under the full conviction that relief was at hand, opened the door, when a servant handed me a sealed envelope saying as she hurried down the steps, 'I was told not to wait

for an answer.' Eagerly tearing open the envelope,a great throb of gratitude went up to God when I saw a ten-dollar bank-note neatly folded between the sheet. A choking sensation clutched my throat, a mist gathered before my eyes, and it was some minutes before I could read this remarkable letter:

"My dear friend: Enclosed please find and and accept this small favor. I must explain to you why I send it. This afternoon about four o'clock, while I lay upon a sick bed tossing with pain, suddenly a voice seemed to say to me, 'Send ten dollars to Mrs. W., she is in want!' I was astonished. I could not believe you needed help. I tried to banish the thought and go to sleep. But the voice said again with painful distinctness, even more impressively than before, 'Send ten dollars to Mrs. W., she is in want.' I scorned the idea as weak and silly—a mere phantasy of a sick brain. I tried to get rid of it, but could not; the more I fought it the stronger and more solemn the impression grew, until to get peace, and with feelings akin to awe, I bade the servant hand me my writing-desk, that I might pen you this feeble note and send you the enclosed sum. As I obey this imperative whisper, I feel such rest, and a singular peace following compliance with its dictates, that I almost believe it to be supernatural. I never knew the like before. Assuring you that I am acting under the strange influence of some mighty power, I ask that you will use the enclosed as seems best, and may an All-wise God abundantly bless you and yours, is the prayer of your FAITHFUL FRIEND.'"

THE DECISIVE DECADE: 1891--1901.

Momentous Events which many Students of Prophecy Believe to be Impending.*

BY REV. GEORGE BROWNE, (Presbyterian Minister.)

WE are undoubtedly on the eve of great and startling events as indicated by certain signs political, social, and prophetic. The whole of Europe is under arms, and its immense standing armies are out of all proportion to the population of the different countries to which they belong. Everything is being done to prepare for such a conflict as has never been known in the world before, and, as was remarked in one of the daily papers, so great and sanguinary is it to be, that the greatest conflicts we have ever read of will be as child's play compared with it. This precisely corresponds with our present predicted position at the close of the sixth vial in Revelation 16: 12-16 upon the verge of "The war of the great day of God Almighty." It is true that we hear of stringent measures for preserving peace while underneath all pacific protests are lying bayonets ready for the fray. The nations are crying peace when there is no peace for there is no real cessation to the jealousies and animosity of the European powers.

Statesmen say the peace of Europe is assured; be it so. But just before the great war of 1870 broke out between Germany and France, which was much inferior to

The Forthcoming Struggle,

the political outlook was just as peaceful as at present, and yet hostities broke out as a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Every far-sighted man must see that unless the Powers reduce their overgrown military armaments, war with all its horrors cannot long be averted. And the coming war will form the confederacy of the ten kingdoms symbolized by the ten-horned wild beast in Daniel 7: 24, before 1893, and about that year we may expect the Antichrist predicted as Daniel's Little Horn and as St. Paul's Man of Sin in II. Thessalonians 2, to be revealed for the first time as a Monarch over a little Eastern State, and in due time to run his predestined career as the world's Monarch for three and a half years from 1897 until the end of this age in Passover Week, 1901.

But it will be asked, how can the end of this age be demonstrated to be on the 22nd day of the Jewish month of Nisan, in 1901? Here we are at the outset confronted by the oft repeated objection, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man, not even the angels, neither the Son." This text was spoken by Christ in the present tense, and simply implied that at that time no one knew the day and hour of Christ's Second Advent, but Christ did not say "No man shall know," but only "No man knoweth." And there is no declaration in the Bible that men should not at a later period be able to discover from Scripture prophecies the time of the Second Advent of Christ.

We must, moreover, remember that when our Lord was subsequently about to leave his disciples and ascend into heaven, he used the very

Significant Words:

"It is good for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Holy Spirit will not come. I will send him to you from the Father, and he will lead you into all truth." This gives us clearly to understand that we may know these things now. We may know it from the book of Revelation, given by Christ to St. John in Patmos sixty years after he had said, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man."

We have first of all the general fact that we are living close to the terminating extremity—the clay-iron-toes—of Nebuchadnezzar's prophetic human image symbolizing the four great Gentile empires in Daniel 2, and we are situated in the instep of the feet, just before the formation by great European commotions, of the ten toes or ten confederate kings and kingdoms within the Roman world of the Cæsars.

Then, further, we have the 2,300 years in Daniel 8: 14, which were to commence simultaneously with the sixty-nine weeks of years in Daniel 9:25, at the going forth of the command to restore and build Jerusalem in the month Nisan of Artaxerxes' 20th year, B.C. 445, according to Nehemiah 2: 1, and were to end with the inchoate cleansing of the sanctuary of the Holy Land, which came to pass precisely at the end of the 2,300 years on the 22nd day of Nisan, 1856, when, by the signing of the Crimean War Treaty of peace, political and religious freedom was legally conceded to the Jews and Christians in Palestine.

Then in Daniel 12: 11, 12, we are told that the latter 1,290 years of these 2,300 years were to be the period of the conjoint Papal and Moslem abomination of desolation, namely, from A. D. 566 to Nisan 22, 1856; and still further that "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1,335 years" which are the extension of the 1,290 years by the addition of 45 years, so that the time of full Blessedness at the descent of Christ at Jerusalem will be on Nisan 22 (the last day of Passover Week) in 1901 precisely 45 years after Nisan 22, 1856, that is to say, on April 11, 1901.

We thus find that

Four Great Events

were foretold in connection with Daniel's three chronological periods of sixty-nine weeks and 2,300 years, and the additional 45 years (the latter portion of the 1,335) in Dan. 9: 25, and 8: 14, and 12: 11, 12, and that *three* of these great events have all come to pass exactly as predicted, and therefore, as reasonable persons, we justly expect that the fourth of these events will come to pass precisely as predicted, namely, the end of this age and the incoming of full blessedness at the descent of Christ at Jerusalem on April 11 (the last day of Passover Week), 1901. "Blessed is he that waiteth and cometh to the end of the 1,335 years." (Dan. 12: 12.)

God gave these prophecies to Daniel about 535 B. C., ninety years before the first of these four great events was accomplished, namely, the going forth of the command to restore and build Jerusalem in Passover month, Nisan 445 years before Christ, as stated in Daniel 9: 26-6 and Nehemiah 2. Then exactly at the end of the *first period* of sixty-nine weeks or 483 years from Nisan 445 B. C. there took place the second great event, namely, Messiah being cut off or made a covenant in Passover week, Nisan, A. D. 39. And exactly at the end of the *second period* of 2,300 years from Nisan B. C. 445, there took place the third great event, the signing of the Crimean War Treaty of Peace on Nisan 22, 1856, from whence there remains the *third period* of 45 years (the overlapping of the 1,335 years beyond the last 1,290 of the 2,300 years) which will end with the fourth great event, the personal descent of Christ at Jerusalem on April 11, 1901.

This, however, will be the concluding stage of

Christ's Second Advent

when he comes on earth as a Judge, as described in Zechariah 14:—in contradistinction to the introductory stage of his advent when he will come only "into the air" as a Bridegroom to raise deceased saints from their graves and to translate 144,000 expectant Christians to the glory of his presence without dying, as foretold in I. Thess. 4: 16, 17, and Rev. 12: 5 and 14: 1-5. This coming of Christ to translate living Christians to heaven, we expect on Thursday, March 5, 1896, precisely five years from to-day, (March 5, 1891,) and for this reason we are here assembled in order to observe this as a Commemoration Day or Anniversary in advance, of the ascension of 144,000 Christians who shall be translated to heaven like Enoch and Elijah.

March 5, 1896, is shown to be the day of this Translation, by Daniel's famous sixty-nine weeks which in their future fulfilment as weeks of days reach from November 8, 1894, "unto Messiah the Prince's" second coming to be made a covenant to his people on March 5, 1896, just as in their past fulfilment as weeks of years they reached from Passover Week B. C. 445 "unto Messiah the Prince's" first coming to be made a covenant to his people in Passover Week A. D. 39.

These Sixty-Nine Weeks

in Daniel 9: 25-6 have been strenuously maintained by Rev. Dr. Todd, Rev. Joseph Tyso, Rev. R. Govett, and others to be sixty-nine weeks of literal days reaching to the second coming of Christ, although they have also had one fulfilment as sixty-nine weeks of years reaching to the first coming of Christ.

Just as the sixty-nine weeks of years commenced with a command to rebuild Jerusalem B. C. 445 at the beginning of the 2,345 years before the end of this age on April 11, 1901, so the sixty-nine weeks of days must commence with another command to rebuild Jerusalem on November 8, 1894, at the beginning of the 2,345 days before the end of this age on April 11, 1901. Hence we shall have a very distinct forewarning on November 8, 1894, by a command going forth on that day to rebuild Jerusalem and we cannot help knowing that sixty-nine weeks of days subsequently, there will be the coming of Messiah the Prince "in the air."

We have seen in the last few days in connection with the German Empress Frederick's visit to Paris, what an unfriendly feeling exists among many of the French against Germany, and it only needs a little spark to bring about a European conflagration. Some people say that it is incredible that within so short a time as the next ten years all the concluding events of this age can transpire. But let us remember how within a month or two the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was practically settled by the battle of Sedan. And last year Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was in a few days deposed from his throne by an almost bloodless revolution and exiled.

So even if the predestined European war does not break out before the early part of 1892, there may be time for the transformation of the twenty or more present States within the Roman earth into the Ten-kingdomed Confederacy of Daniel 7: 24 before 1893, and in Passover Week 1894 the Napoleonic Little Horn, then King of Syria, may be in in a position to make his seven years' Covenant reaching to the End in Passover Week 1901.

* We are indebted to Rev. M. Baxter for the report of this remarkable address which was recently delivered in London.

"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" EVANGELIST.

JAMES H. CANNON, "THE GOSPEL SINGER" AND HIS NOBLE WORK FOR CHRIST.

How a Bold Sinner was Converted and Became the Means of Bringing Hundreds to the Saviour—His Evangelical Work in Many Cities—A Golden Opportunity.

(See Portrait.)

GRACE abounding, celebrated by John Bunyan as the power which transformed him and his life, has worked the same miracle on many since his day, and is still the only power we know of which can so operate on the human soul. Let heart-broken parents, grieving over the perversity of sons, fully set on the course that leads to ruin and death, say what other power there is that can save a soul from destruction. Punishment, kindness, entreaty, command,—all influences fail; the young man's own efforts, promises and good resolutions prove futile and all seems lost. Yet, let the grace of God touch the heart and the transformation is made. Saul the persecutor becomes Paul the Apostle; Augustine, the abandoned libertine becomes the saintly writer and preacher, and John Bunyan, the swearing tinker, the heroic prisoner for Christ's sake and the glorious dreamer of beatific visions. That grace is still in operation, achieving similar wondrous changes under our own observation, differing not in kind, however much they may differ in degree. One such instance is that of the evangelist whose portrait we give here, a man who was once a willing servant of Satan, but is now laboring so successfully for the Saviour that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has decided to extend the sphere of his usefulness.

James Henry Cannon was born in Painfield, N. J., Dec. 27, 1855, of Catholic parents. His father was a tailor. It cannot be said that pious influences surrounded his childhood, for he was permitted to run pretty much at large with other boys of the neighborhood, and he grew up a wild lad. He was a leader in juvenile mischief, and with other youths frequented the railroad depot a good deal, where he became the most expert of the band in jumping on and off the moving coal trains. One day he miscalculated and fell between the wheels, where his right arm was crushed so badly that it had to be amputated. At thirteen he left his home and went to Communipaw, N. J., where he became a newsboy, selling papers at the Stock Yards. Mr. S. H. Smith, the kindly superintendent, saw the boy, and believing that a better nature lay hidden beneath the rough exterior, engaged him as messenger for the Stock Yard Company.

Young Cannon performed his new duties satisfactorily, but otherwise his conduct remained unchanged. He associated with wicked young men, and gave little heed to the well-meant advice of his friends. He had at this time no thought of religion, and was the wickedest and most profane of a circle of boon companions, whose delight it was to mock at sacred things. When he was fifteen years old, a great change came over his life, which is thus described in his own vigorous language:

"There were five of us, and I was the leader in all their deviltries—the champion in their exploits of evil. One Sunday we went to the Methodist Church, on Communipaw Avenue, where revival services were being held. We had made up our minds, outside of the church, to go forward to the altar for fun, and to make a mockery of the holy ordinance; but when the invitation was given, instead of advancing to the altar, the last of our band turned and went out. All the rest of us followed him. Without observing it, I had left my hat in the church and, as it was snowing outside, I was obliged to pluck up courage, return and get it. Presently we got over our hesitation and made up our minds to go forward again the next night—purely out of the love of evil, and with the purpose of disturbing the congregation. We failed to realize what a frightful sacrilege we were about to commit.

"I will never forget that night—it was the eighth of March, 1870. We all went up to the altar, but instead of mockery, prayers came to our lips. It was the Spirit of God that took hold of us, and as we knelt there, we felt the enormity of our sins and repented deeply. They had a praying band there that night, led by Mr. James Carpenter, who is now with Mr. Crittenden, the founder of the Florence Mission. And how they did pray! Earnest and tearful appeals to the throne for pardon were followed—so my companions assured me—by divine forgiveness. All five of us professed conversion, and the five who had come to scoff at the Lord's altar departed with hearts full of praise for his goodness. We were a wild set of young men before that, myself the worst of the lot. Circumstances separated us afterward, and two of my old companions of these days are now dead. Since that meeting, I have continued to serve the Lord, and I find him the best of Masters. His service is a perpetual delight."

In March, 1890, Mr. Cannon began his public career as an evangelist. Of his old companions two had backslidden into sin and had met violent deaths. One was instantly killed by the railroad cars at Communipaw and the other was fatally kicked in the head by a horse. The two others were lost sight of. Strangely enough, it was in the same little Methodist Chapel in Communipaw, where he had twice come to scoff at God, that Mr. Cannon first preached. He had studied meanwhile and being naturally a fluent and graceful orator, had greatly improved his abilities. He had secured a license to exhort and he accepted an invitation to occupy the pulpit in the little chapel. He conducted services there for ten years, preaching Sundays and frequently week days as well. Then he became associated with the Wesley Evangelists, a band of young and earnest workers for Christ, organized about fifteen years ago, and he has been their leader ever since.

Mr. Cannon's experiences as an evangelist have taken him to many cities, and everywhere his ministrations have been signally blessed of God. Twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays, he leads the service at the Florence Mission in New York. At Elizabethport, N. J., where he conducted a revival, in the Fulton Street Methodist Church, of which Rev. Dr. La Rue was pastor, hundreds were brought to the Saviour. The meetings were especially blessed to many of the railroad men there. Many conversions followed his work at White Plains, N. Y., where he assisted the Rev. Geo. H. Gregory; at Rev. S. H. Smith's South Third Methodist Church, Brooklyn; the Emory Church, Jersey City, Rev. Dr. Van Horne, pastor; the Central Methodist Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Partington, pastor; the First Place Methodist Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Thompson, pastor, and more lately, St. Luke's M. E. Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Aston, pastor. He has labored in hundreds of other churches of various denominations in the same earnest and effective way. He has recently conducted a most glorious revival at Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y., which continued three weeks, in the church of which Rev. W. A. Dickson is pastor. Mr. Cannon is aided in his evangelistic work by his accomplished wife, who is a fine musician and an ardent Christian.

For the future, Mr. Cannon's work in the revival field will be exclusively directed by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD which has inspired much of his labors in the past. It is the purpose of this journal to send this able, energetic and devoted servant of the Master wherever its readers deem his services to be specially required, and wherever his voice can be lifted up in exhortation, prayer and song for the advancement of the Gospel cause. Churches in and around New York City can thus have the assistance of an evangelist whose past labors in the Lord's vineyard have brought salvation to many hundreds of souls, without incurring any expense whatever beyond the mere cost of travel. We have been prompted to do this by the increasing demand for practical aid in evangelical work, more particularly from quarters where the congregations were poor. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will gladly respond to calls of this character and will co-operate with churches desiring Mr. Cannon to pay them a visit for a longer or shorter period. Letters from churches desiring the services of Mr. Cannon, may be addressed to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Bible House, New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

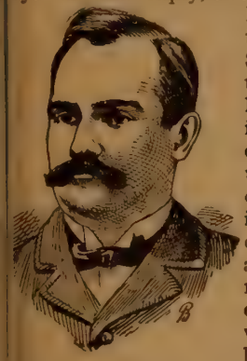
AN **Eccentric Disposition** of the body of a well-known citizen of New York, has formed the subject of much comment in the city. The citizen himself arranged the programme before his death, and exacted a promise from his friends that it should be faithfully and exactly carried out. In fulfilment of his injunctions, his body was cremated. Then the ashes were divided into four equal parts, which were placed in the charge of four of his friends. These accompanied by the members of a club to which they and the deceased belonged, crossed the bay to the Statue of Liberty. There they made merry with champagne, as the deceased had directed. Thus fortified, the four friends who bore the ashes, ascended the staircase inside the statue. At the top, each took his place at one of the points of the compass and, reciting a formula composed by their dead friend, scattered his ashes to the four winds. This done, they descended, partook of more wine, and returned. Why the citizen desired to have his remains disposed of in that way, we are not told. It may be hoped that his wish was a mere eccentricity and not a sign of a belief that the strange ceremony was the end of him, or of his admission that he was one of "the ungodly who are like the chaff which the wind driveth away." (Ps. 1: 4.)

The Discovery of a New Metal is Announced by an ironworker of Boston, Mass. He states that during a recent visit to the Rocky Mountains he found specimens of an ore which he had never before seen. He collected a considerable quantity and brought it home. Assayers in Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati, to whom he submitted it, told him that they could not tell him the name of the mineral. Experimenting with it, he found that when it and iron were reduced to a molten condition, they combined readily. The product of the alloy was a homogeneous metal of very fine pores, capable of higher finish than before. In the treatment of iron with only one per cent. of this new ore, the former's tensile strength was increased from ten to twenty-five per cent. If the discovery is genuine it will be very important, for the value of iron would be vastly increased if it could be made more ductile without impairing its strength. An effort is being made to produce the same result with Christian character by similar means. The result is not a success. Though the mixture of a little worldliness with religion may increase the polish and pliability of the character, it disintegrates it and destroys its strength. (Rom. 12: 2.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

ur Relations With Italy Temporarily Disturbed—Why Baron Fava was Recalled—Fatal Riot in the Coke Regions—Millionaires Indicted—Earl Granville Dead.

The Country was Surprised when, on April 1st, it was announced that Baron Fava, the Italian Minister at Washington, had en recalled by his government, in consequence of the failure of the United States to atisfy the demands of aly for reparation and demnity in connection ith the recent lynchg of King Humbert's ubjects by the citizen's New Orleans. In any her country than this, e recall of a Minister ould be equivalent to declaration of war. he letter of recall is id to have been in aron's possession nine ys before he presentd it to the Department of State, he and Mr. laine, meanwhile, holding daily conferences ith a view of adjusting the difficulty and satising the Italian Premier, Marquis Rudini, who d been quoted as declaring that if America d not perceive that she was in the wrong, a pture would be inevitable. In his letter of ithdrawal, Baron Fava notified Secretary aine that the step was taken because this overnment had admitted its impotence to mpel the punishment of the lynchers and its willingness to consider the subject of indemty. In his reply, addressed to the Marquis Imperiali, Baron Fava's temporary successor, Secretary Blaine denied that the United States had refused to consider indemnity, and explained that Baron Fava had unintentionally led Marquis Rudini's Ministry into a misconstruction of our Constitution. For a time, public feeling ran high over the strained relations, and there was much wild war talk; but at no time did the thorities at Washington regard the situation serious. It now turns out, happily, that the call of Minister Fava was merely a diplomatic cident, and that Premier Rudini has accepted ir assurances of a proper adjustment of the atter. Both here and in England it is hinted at the recall was a piece of stage politics by e new Italian Cabinet, which is aiming to tch the popular applause. A portrait of Baron ava, the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps in ashington, is published above, together with ne of Mr. W. S. Parkerson, the leader of the ew Orleans disturbance. In the event of real mplications with King Humbert's governent on this question, Mr. Parkerson, who is a odest young lawyer, would become a very imrtant personage indeed.



Chilian Advices Indicate no Subsidence of stilities. The insurgent ironclad *Blanco Encedo*, and the sloop-of-war *O'Higgins*, had a arp naval encounter lately with the government tug-boat *Florence*, and a torpedo boat, and stroyed both. The battle was a night attack tside the harbor of Valparaiso. Afterward, e insurgent vessels attacked the forts and a ell went clear through the *O'Higgins*, killing ne men and disabling her for further action. th insurgent vessels withdrew out of range the forts. President Balmaceda's triumph the recent elections may result in his withawal on the condition that he be allowed the rivilege of naming his successor.

The Striking Coke Miners in the Connellsville gion, near Pittsburg, Pa., indulged in a serious ot on March 31. At Connellsville, Jimtown and Leith, the strikers were advised by a few incendiary spirits to raid the plant of the coke-burning corporations and drive off the new workmen. They assembled for this purpose, led by fifteen women, and after driving off the workmen, defied the officers and stoned the deputies. On the morning of April 2, the slavs and Hungarians assembled in hundreds near Mount Pleasant, and armed with clubs and pistols, set out to destroy the plant of the Morewood Mine belonging to the H. C. Fricke Coke Co. Sixty-five deputies, armed with Winchester rifles, guarded the works and fired a volley at the rioters, killing ten and wounding forty. The excitement throughout the coke region is general. Governor Pattison has ordered out the militia to prevent a recurrence of the riots.

England has met with a Serious Disaster in India in the massacre of a large body of native Indian troops in Manipur, a mountainous district, southeast of Assam. There had been troubles in the district for some time and the tribesmen had assumed a hostile attitude. Chief Commissioner Quinton, F. St. G. Grimwood, the British Political Agent, his wife, and several officials are supposed to have been killed in the general slaughter. A body of troops sent from Shillong, a distant station, to relieve Manipur, shared a similar fate, being ambushed in a mountain pass and killed almost to a man. Reinforcements are now being hurried forward to punish the Manipur hostiles and prevent any general outbreak.

When the Faithful Subjects of the King of Siam assembled a few days ago at Bangkok, the ancient capital, to witness the ceremonies attending the coming of age of the Crown Prince, Somedetch Phra Papama, they were treated to a spectacle more brilliant probably than anything ever witnessed in that country. All the nobles of the Malay Peninsula, the rajahs, chiefs and governors, were present to witness the cutting of the young prince's hair—a sacred rite only performed on coming of age. The prince was dressed in silver embroidered robes, studded with diamonds. A procession was formed, headed by a hundred girls, beginning with the tallest and ending with mere babes, and all in costume. On reaching the pagoda, the king with a scissors of gold, clipped four locks from his son's head; the prince then came forth clad in white and wearing a small black helmet and was presented with the ancient crown and sword of the Siamese monarchs. The festival was kept up for seven days. A portrait of the young Crown Prince is given above.

The "Grippe," Whose Reappearance was noted in these columns two weeks ago, has since spread with amazing rapidity and is now epidemic in many cities. In Chicago it has multiplied the death-rate alarmingly—the average daily mortality from all cases reaching 160—and all the undertakers are kept busy. In New York it has crippled many business houses and threatens to compel the closing of the public schools. It is estimated that at least 6000 teachers and children are prostrated.

Twelve Men of Great Wealth and Prominence —several of them well-known millionaires—were indicted by the Grand Jury of New York City, a few days ago. They were the officers and directors of the New Haven Railroad, and they were held indirectly blamable for the death of the six persons who perished through a collision in the Fourth Avenue Tunnel in New York City, on February 20. Among them were Chauncey M. Depew, Nathaniel Wheeler, William Rockefeller and the President, Charles P. Clark. All gave bail, of course; but the indictment will furnish a new precedent for action by Grand Juries in similar cases elsewhere, as it charged them, as directors and as individuals, with operating a corporation which used the stove unlawfully in its cars.

Last Week "The Christian Herald" Contained a reference to the proposed African exploration tour of **Mrs.** French-Sheldon, who is now on her way from Zanzibar to the interior, accompanied only by a native escort. To-day we present an illustration, showing the peculiar basket-work car or palanquin in which the lady will make the trip. It was built expressly for her in England and is exceedingly light and graceful, and combines the facilities of boudoir, library and palace car. The result of Mrs. French's experiment in facing the perils of Central Africa practically alone, will be watched with interest.

One of the Foremost Peers in England, Earl Granville, died on March 31 of kidney troubles. He was born in 1811 and after an early manhood passed in the diplomatic service, he became a pillar of the Whig or Liberal Party. From 1840 till the year of his death, he held a succession of high offices, being at different times President of the Council and, on one occasion at least, having been summoned by the Queen to form a Ministry. This, however, he was unable to do and Palmerston, who had been temporarily out of power, returned to the Premiership. Granville assumed the leadership of the Liberals in 1875, and continued for five years as its recognized head in the House of Lords. He was dignified rather than brilliant, a magnificent scholar and a fine speaker.

One of the Most Active of Christian Workers is Mrs. Ballington Booth, wife of the chief of the American Branch of the Salvation Army. April 1st was a red-letter night at the Women's Training Garrison of the Army in New York, when forty new soldiers were sworn in amid very exciting scenes. The recruits were of all ages, both sexes, and both white and colored, and all went through the ordeal enthusiastically. Then Mrs. Booth (whose portrait is given in this column), gave a "long talk," in which she boldly attacked the critics of the Salvation Army, who found fault with it because of its noise. At the close of her remarks, the new troops surrounded the colors and were sworn in. The ceremony was witnessed by many outsiders.

Among the Notable Old World Events during the week are the defeat of Parnell in the Sligo election and the decision of Germany to be represented at the Chicago World's Fair. There is a prospect of a general strike of miners in France. Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army and Prof. Tyndall are both quite ill. Australia has adopted the title "Commonwealth of Australia" for her federated colonies. The week has been one of continued storms in Northern Europe, the snowfall being phenomenal.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

A POOR MAN'S CRY.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

How to Attract Tramps—The Lord Keeping Open House for Sinners—I. The Nature of Prayer—The God-given Basket—Prayer a Personal Matter—Frequently a Cry—A Natural and Simple Utterance—God Hears It—II. The Character of the Man — Poor and Troubled — III. The Usefulness of Testimony—A Lawyer Convinced.

"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Psalm 34 : 6.

N the morning of last Lord's-day we labored to bring sinners to their God ; and the Lord graciously made the Word effectual. We gave voice to the invitation to return and we entreated men to take with them words and turn unto the Lord. On this occasion I want to speak of what happens to those who do return to God ; because many have newly been brought, through mighty grace. For this joyful reason, I think we will go a step further, and talk of the happiness of those who have come back to their Father, have confessed sin, have accepted the great sacrifice, and have found peace with God. It is my heart's desire that those sheep who have come into the fold may be the means of inducing others to enter. You know how one sheep leads another; and perhaps when some come to Christ, many will follow. When one of our

Professional Beggars

knocks at a door, and gets well received, he is very apt to send another. I have heard that tramps make certain marks near the door by way of telling others of the confraternity which are good houses to call at. If you want many beggars at your house, feed one and another of them well, and birds of the same feather will flock to you. Perhaps while I am telling how Christ has received poor needy ones, others may pluck up courage and say, "We will go also." If they try it, they may be sure of receiving the same generous welcome as others have done; for our Lord keeps open house for coming sinners. He has distinctly said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." That does not refer merely to those who have come, but to those who are coming; and to you, dear hearers, who will come at this hour. Jesus bids every hungry and thirsty soul come to him at once, and be satisfied from his fulness. Our text tells how they have sped who have cried to God. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,and saved him out of all his troubles."

What Prayer Is.

I. The first lesson we shall learn, this morning, is upon the nature and the excellence of prayer: "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him."

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God ordains to give.

He gives us prayer as a basket, and then he pours the blessings of his grace into it. We shall learn from the text much about prayer. Evidently it is a dealing with the Lord. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." He cried to the Lord that the Lord might hear him. His prayer was not intended for men, nor was it mainly meant to be a relief to his own mind; it was intended for the ear of God, and it went where it was intended to go. I am afraid that many public prayers are a performance to please the congregation ; and when they are mixed with music,it is hoped that they will influence men of taste. Even private prayer is not always directed to God as it should be. I have heard ignorant people sometimes use the expression, "The minister came and prayed to me." That is a great mistake. We do not pray to you; we pray to God. We pray for you, but not to you. Yet I am afraid that the blunder reveals a mournfully dark state of mind as to what prayer is and does. I fear that many prayers are meant for the ears of men, or have no meaning at all beyond being regarded as a sort of incantation which may mysteriously benefit the utterer.

Believe me, to repeat good words is a small matter: to go over the best composed forms of devotion will be useless, except the heart rises into real dealing with God. You must speak with God, and plead with him. I often question those who come to join the Church in this fashion: "You say there is a great difference in you: is there a difference in your prayers?" I very frequently get such an answer as this: "Yes, sir; I now pray to God. I hope that he hears me. I know that he is near, and I speak to him; whereas before I did not seem to care whether God was there or not. I said my prayer by rote, and not like speaking to anybody."

Its Various Shapes.

From this psalm we learn that prayer takes various shapes. Notice, in the fourth verse, David writes, "I sought the Lord, and he heard me." Seeking is prayer. When you cannot get to God, when you feel as if you had lost sight of him, and could not find him, your seeking is prayer. "I sought the Lord, and he heard me"; he heard me seeking him ; heard me feeling after him in the dark ; heard me running up and down if haply I might find him. To search after the Lord is prayer such as God hears. If your prayer is no better than a seeking after one you cannot as yet find, the Lord will hear it. In the next verse David puts it, "They looked unto him." Then a looking unto God is a prayer. Often the very best prayer is a look towards God—a look which says, "Lord, I believe thee : I trust thee ; be pleased to show thyself to me."

But frequently, according to our text, prayer is best described as a cry. What means this? "This poor man cried." This poor man did not make a grand oration ; he took to crying. He was short ; it was only a cry. In great pain a man will cry out ; he cannot help it, even if he would. A cry is short, but it is not sweet. It is intense, and painful, and it

Cannot be Silenced.

We cry because we must cry. A certain poor man cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That is not a long collect, but it collects a great deal of meaning into a few words. That was a short cry, "Lord, save, or I perish"; and that other, "Lord, help me." "Save, Lord," is a notable cry, and so is "Lord, remember me." Many prevailing prayers are like cries because they are brief, sharp, and uncontrollable. A cry is not only brief, but bitter. A cry is a sorrowful thing ; it is the language of pain. A cry has in it *much meaning, and no music.* You cannot set a cry to music. The sound grates on the ear, it rasps the heart, it startles, and it grieves the minds of those who hear it. Cries are not for musicians, but for mourners.

A cry is a simple thing. The first thing a new-born child does is to cry ; and he usually does plenty of it for years after. You do not need to teach children to cry : it is the cry of nature in distress. All children can cry ; even those who are without their reasoning faculties can cry. Yea, even the beast and the bird can cry. If prayer be a cry, it is clear that it is one of the simplest acts of the mind. Oh, my hearer, whatever thou needest, pray for it in the way which thy awakened heart suggests to thee. God loves natural expressions when we come before him. A cry is as

Sincere as it is Simple.

But now note, further, concerning the nature and excellence of prayer, that prayer is heard in heaven. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." I do not think that we shall ever pray in downright earnest unless we believe that God hears. I have been told that prayer is an excellent devotional exercise, highly satisfying and useful, but that there its result ends ; for we cannot imagine that the Infinite Mind can be moved by the cries of men. Do not believe so gross a falsehood, or you will soon cease to pray. No man will pray for the mere love of the act, when he has arrived at the opinion that there is no good in it so far as God is concerned.

Once more, prayer has this excellence : that it wins answers from God. "The Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." The Lord does in very deed answer prayer. I read yesterday certain notes taken by an interviewer, who called on me some years ago. He reports that he said to me, "Then you have not modified your views in any way as to the efficacy of prayer?" In his description he says—"Mr. Spurgeon laughed, and replied, 'Only in my faith growing far stronger and

Firmer Than Ever.

It is not a matter of faith with me, but of knowledge and every-day experience. I am constantly witnessing the most unmistakable instances of answers to prayer. My whole life is made up of them. To me they are so familiar as to cease to excite my surprise ; but to many they would seem marvellous, no doubt. Why, I could no more doubt the efficacy of prayer than I could disbelieve in the law of gravitation. The one is as much a fact as the other, constantly verified every day of my life.'" The interviewer reported me correctly, and I would repeat the testimony. I could speak with even deeper confidence to-day. More than forty years I have tried my Master's promise at the mercy-seat, and I have never yet met with a repulse from him. In the name of Jesus I have asked and received ; save only when I have asked amiss. It is true I have had to wait, because my time was ill-judged, and God's time was far better ; but delays are not denials. But, my hearers, if you need evidence on this point, try it yourselves. Remember the Lord has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble : I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Here is a fair test. Make an honest experiment concerning it.

II. Let us move on, and note secondly,

The Character of the Man

who prayed : "this poor man cried." Who was he ? He was a poor man ; how terribly poor I cannot tell you. There are plenty of poor men about. If you advertised for a poor man in London, you might soon find more than you could count in twelve months : the supply is unlimited, although the distinction is by no means highly coveted. No man chooses to be poor. David, on the occasion which suggested his psalm, was so poor that he had to beg bread of the Lord's priests; and though he was a soldier he had to borrow a sword from their treasures. He had no house, no home ; no calling, no income, no country, no safety for his life. Does God hear poor men ? Ay, that he does, the poorest of the poor, the poor in spirit. He hears those who are so poor that even hope has dropped out of their box ; and that is the last thing to go.

This poor man was also a troubled man, for the text speaks of "all his troubles"—a great "all," I warrant you. He did not know what to do ; he could not see his way in

His Blizzard of Trials ;

he was surrounded with difficulties, as with an iron net, and he could not hope for a deliverer. He was a troubled man, and because he was a troubled man he cried. People wondered what he cried about, but they would not have done so had they known his inward griefs. His old companions thought he had gone out of his mind : they said religion had turned his brain, and they kept out of his way. This poor man cried, and no man noticed him because he was so poor and so wretched ; but "the Lord heard him." He does not turn away from the doleful and desolate : he takes delight in coming and binding up their wounds.

But yet he was a hopeful man. There must have been some hope in him, though he could not perceive it ; for people do not cry for help unless they have some hope that they will be heard. Despair is dumb : where there is a cry of prayer there is a crumb of hope. A cry is a signal of distress, and people will not hoist a rag on a pole unless they have a little hope that a passing vessel may spy it out, and come to their rescue. There is not only hope *for* a man but hope *in* a man as long as he can pray ;

s long as he can cry. If you do but long, and ook and seek, and sigh after God, you are one f those poor men whom I have tried to desribe, and good will come to you.

I can see that poor man now. I used to know im, for he was born in my native town, and he ent to the school where I was a scholar. He as hardly a man, but only a youth; and then used to sleep with him, or rather to lie awake at ights with him, and hear him groan. He has rayed in my hearing many a time, and very oor praying it was; but he meant what he aid. I have been with him in the fields, and e used to tell me that he was such a vile crea- ure that he feared that he must be cast into ell forever; he was afraid that he should ever be able to believe in Jesus. I knew him hen he gave himself up for lost. I know him ow. I see him *whenever I use the looking-glass*, nd I must say on his behalf this morning— This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, nd saved him out of all his troubles."

A Comprehensive Word.

I would have you notice the character of the lessing. "The Lord heard him, and saved im out of *all* his troubles." He gave him sal- ation from the whole of his troubles. His sins ere his great troubles; the Lord saved him ut of them all through the atoning sacrifice. he effects of sin were another set of grievous oubles to him; the Lord saved him out of iem all by the renewal of the Holy Ghost. He id fallen into a perilous position by his own ult, and troubles came upon him thick and eavy; but in answer to prayer the Lord made way of escape for him, out of them all, and d him into peace. He had troubles without id within, troubles in the family and in the orld, and he felt ready to perish because of iem; but the Lord delivered him out of them all. We see that all shame was removed in the me way: "They looked unto him and were ghtened, and their faces were not ashamed." appy men; for the shame of their sin is gone! hey were no longer distressed about the past, id no longer under apprehension of wrath in e future: "he saved them out of

All Their Fears."

you will look further on you will also id that the Lord saved them out of all their ants (verse 9): "There is no want to them at fear him"; "they that wait upon the Lord all not want any good thing." Oh, to be ved from the pinch of dire necessity within e soul—saved from all fear, all shame, all ouble, and then from all want! This is a and salvation! But this is not all; for this or man was saved from all dangers (verse 20): He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is oken." He saved him out of all real peril. id, lastly, he saved him from all apprehension desertion.—"None of them that trust in him all be desolate." The salvation that God gives answer to prayers is a perfect one; and he ves it freely, gives it in answer to a poor an's cry, without money or merit. How com- ete is God's deliverance!

And, once more, think that this all came rough a cry. A cry is all that the poor man ought. He did not go through a long per- rmance; he did not perform a laborious set ceremonies—"This poor man cried, and the ord heard him." What can be simpler? Oh, u think you want a priest, do you?—a priest whom a bishop has laid his hands? Or you eam that you must go to a holy place, a pile stones put together in architectural form. hat folly is all this!

You have but to Cry.

d the Lord will hear you. There is one priest even the Lord Jesus. There is but one holy ace—his glorious person. There is but one ly time, and that is to-day. When the Spirit God works a cry in the heart of the poor an, that cry climbs up to heaven by the way of cob's ladder, and at the same instant mercy mes down by the same ladder. Our Lord sus Christ is that ladder which joins earth d heaven together; so that our prayers go to heaven, and God's mercy comes down to us on earth. Oh, that men would be content with the blessedly simple apparatus of grace.

III. I must be brief on my last head; but it is a very important one. Consider the

Need of Personal Testimony.

Give your testimony cheerfully. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." Do not say it as if it were a line from "the agony column;" but write it as a verse of a psalm—of such a psalm as this, which begins with "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth." This witness, dear friends, while it was very strong to those who are like ourselves, will be increased in force as one and another shall join us. One person says "I cried to the Lord, and he heard me." "But," says an objector, "that is a special case." Up rises a second witness, and says, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." "Well, that is only two; and two instances may not prove a rule." Then, up rises a third, a fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and in each case it is the same story—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him." Surely he must be hardened in unbelief who refuses to believe so many witnesses. I remember

The Story of a Lawyer,

a sceptic, who attended a class-meeting where the subject was similar to our theme of this morning. He heard about a dozen tell what the Lord had done for them; and he said, as he sat there, "If I had a case in court, I should like to have these good people for witnesses. I know them all, they are my neighbors, they are simple-minded people, straightforward and honest, and I know I could carry any case if I had them on my side." Then he very candidly argued that what they all agreed upon was true. He believed them in other matters, and he could not doubt them in this, which was to them the most important of all. He tried religion for himself, and the Lord heard him; and very soon he was at the class-meeting, adding his witness to theirs.

If I were to put the question at this moment to my present audience, what would be the result? Our friend Mr. Stott said just now in prayer that we were a very promiscuous company this dark morning. I agree with him. Still I will try it. You that have had answers to prayers say, "Ay." (The response came like a thunder-clap.) I am sure there are none of us who have ever tried the power of prayer who would have to say "No." If I were to put the contrary, there would be no answer. All who are accustomed to pray will vote with the ayes. Go home, then, with the words of our text in your hearts and on your tongues—"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." Amen.

DR. PENTECOST IN INDIA.

THIS evangelist continues to meet with much acceptance in his evangelistic labors in Calcutta. He has not confined his efforts to one section of the community. A Calcutta paper, dated February 17, tells of his having given addresses in drawing-rooms in the residental surburb of Barrackpore; of meetings for soldiers in the Barrack Theatre; of a large and fashionable luncheon party in a park where Dr. Pentecost gave an address to the guests; of meetings for the employees of the jute mills at Sannugger: for native gentlemen at Serampore; and for a mixed audience at the Missionary College there.

Returning to Calcutta, Dr. Pentecost spoke on the Sunday afternoon to a large assembly of native Christian Bengalees. He urged that the evangelisation of India must ultimately be undertaken by Indians themselves; and counselled unity, as well as a spirit of independence, among the native churches. Arrangements were made for a series of other addresses to native Christians.

The evangelist's closing series of addresses in Calcutta began on February 16, when Lord Lansdowne, the Viceroy, with a party from Government House, was present as an interested and sympathetic listener.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Napoleon in Adversity.*

THE leave-taking at Fontainebleau, the Courtyard of the White Horse, the Emperor, the grenadiers of the Old Guard, form a wonderful drama, set in a wonderful stage, and with what brilliant characters! This dramatic scene was taken by Beranger for the subject of one of his most famous songs —*Les Dœux Grenadiers*,—which represents two soldiers talking together at the last midnight before Napoleon's departure.

In the early morning of April 20, all the inhabitants of Fontainebleau had gathered to witness the memorable scene, crowding to the railing around the Courtyard of the White Horse, where it was to take place. In this courtyard the Old Guard was drawn up. At noon the carriages had driven up to the foot of the Horseshoe Staircase, and General Bertrand had gone in to tell Napoleon that everything was ready. Napoleon came out of his room into the Gallery of Francis I. There were assembled the few surviving relics of his once brilliant court. He replied to their tears by a grasp of the hand, a glance, and without saying a word, passed through the gallery and vestibule, and walked down the Horseshoe Staircase with a firm, swift step. As Lamartine says: "The troops expressed a more solemn and religious feeling than cheers could express,—the honor, namely, of their fidelity, even in the darkest days, and the setting of the glory now about to sink behind the forest trees, behind the waves of the Mediterranean. They envied those of their companions to whom fortune had accorded exile in his island with their emperor." The Allies had permitted him to take with him but a single battalion, which was to be all he needed for conquering his throne. The men of the Old Guard had been asked how many would like to follow him, and all, without exception, offered themselves. Only four hundred were chosen. They were not in the courtyard, but were already on their way. Napoleon was at the foot of the staircase; the drums beat a salute. Why were they not draped in mourning? This was, in truth, the funeral of the Emperor, of the Empire, of the army. Their noise alone broke the silence. The soldiers were silent and gloomy. Napoleon made a sign that he wished to speak to them. The drums stopped beating; all seemed to hold their breath.

The Emperor's Farewell.

"Soldiers of the Old Guard," the Emperor began, "I say good by to you. For twenty years I have ever found you on the path to honor and to glory. In these last days, as in those of our prosperity, you have never ceased to be models of bravery and fidelity. With men like you our cause was not lost; but if it had no end, the war would have been a civil one, and France would have been only more unhappy. Hence I sacrificed my interests to those of my country, and I leave. Do you, my friends, continue to serve France. Its happiness will be my only thought—the sole object of my prayers. Do not mourn my lot. If I have consented to outlive myself, it is in order yet to serve your glory. I wish to record the great deeds we have done together." Here Napoleon's voice broke. He gave way to his emotion for a moment, and then went on: "Good by, good by, my children. I should like to press you all to my heart. Let me at least kiss your flag!" At these words, General Petit, a man as modest as he was brave, seized the flag, and stepped forward. Napoleon embraced the General and kissed the eagle of the standard.

* From *Marie Louise and the Invasion of 1814*, by Imbert de Saint Amand. Translated by Thomas Sergeant Perry. The picture here given of the miseries of that unhappy woman, is one of the most pathetic of those which the author has given us of the ladies of the French Court. Pp. 301: price, $1.25. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

The Late Dr. John E. Cookman.

Florrie Brings the Bible to her Mother.

Then nothing was to be heard for a few minutes but half-suppressed sobs, and the old grenadiers were seen wiping the tears from their weather-beaten faces. Napoleon, who was deeply affected, controlled himself by a mighty effort, raised his head, and in a firmer voice called out: "Good by, once more, good by, my old companions. Let this last kiss pass into your hearts!" Then he tore himself away from those about him, and covering his face with his hands, sprang into his carriage, which at once started on the first stage of his exile.

THE LATE DR. JOHN E. COOKMAN.

(See portrait.)

THE news that Dr. John E. Cookman is dead will cause many of our readers deep sorrow. So earnest, so enlightened a servant of the Master the Church and the world can ill spare. In the pulpit, on the platform, and in his pastoral visitation among the homes of the poor, his words touched the heart as those of few men do. They came from the heart and went to the heart. All who heard him realized that they were in the presence of one who lived very near to God. Christian men and women, as they listened, were stimulated to strive to reach the higher plane in which the fulness of the light of God's countenance shines, and where they receive grace for daily life. The world, hearing him, was astonished at the joy and happiness which gleamed from his eye and lent melody to his tongue. Such words as his told of delights which the world cannot give, neither can it take away; and they attracted those to Christ who had supposed that Christianity meant gloom and sadness. Then, too, in an age of sceptical criticism, such a man as Dr. Cookman was like a standard-bearer. He believed with all his soul, and he stood out manfully to tell to all whom his voice could reach how he had tested the promises for himself, and how not one thing had failed of all that God had pledged himself to give to those who trusted in him. It was a grand, a noble work that he did, and to him surely Christ has uttered the words it is the Christian's highest hope to hear: "Well done good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

John Emory Cookman was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1838. He studied at the Methodist Episcopal Seminary at Concord, N. H., and after receiving ordination, he labored at Lenox, Mass., at Tremont Street, Boston, Mass., at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and in several churches in New York and Brooklyn. About two years ago he was led to sever his connection with the Methodist Church, but he did not abandon his ministerial work. He joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he had many friends and of which his saintly mother had been a member. Dr. Cookman had the same message to deliver from its pulpits, and right earnestly he gave it utterance. In the fall of last year his fragile frame began to fail under his exhausting labors, but no serious alarm was felt by his friends until a month ago. His days were then evidently numbered. He gradually grew weaker and on Easter Sunday, March 29, he entered into glory. His funeral took place from Grace Church, New York, on April 2d, when Bishop Potter pronounced a eulogy over his remains.

A CHANGED HOUSEHOLD.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for April 19. "Preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." Jonah 3 : 2.

(See Illustration.)

"DO not be angry, mamma; but I feel so excited and feverish this evening; I should like very much to go to my room and remain there."

"Nonsense, child! This party has been got up especially for you; and what would your friends say if you should not be present to entertain them?"

"Well, mamma, I am not equal to the task—for it is a task—of entertaining them. So, please, let them understand that some other time I may be glad to meet them all."

There was much comment and gossip on the absence of Florrie in the home of the rich planter, who had thrown open his hospitable house for the entertainment of his daughter's friends on the evening of June 21, 1859. In those days it was not an unusual occurrence to give a splendid party on the banks of the Mississippi. But Mr. Pierson's house was famed far and wide for the elegance and taste invariably displayed on such occasions; and every one of the youthful guests gathered together on this occasion had promised themselves what they called "a real good time." The absence of Florrie, however, was distinctly felt by every one present; and many were the conjectures as to the cause.

Three months previous to the date of our story, a young lady had been engaged by Mr. Pierson as a governess for his daughter. She was a stranger in those parts, and to some extent seemed determined to remain a stranger. She said very little about herself, and discouraged every attempt to pry into the history of her past life.

There was nothing to find fault with in her as a governess. Her education was perfect; her temper always even, and her manners unexceptionable. There was also a charm about her which made her a favorite wherever she appeared; and no one had ever had so much influence over the sensitive mind of the planter's daughter—young Florrie Pierson.

Perhaps Miss Robertson might have been able to explain the cause of Florrie's absence on this occasion; but she said nothing.

The entertainments given at the Pierson mansion always ended in the same way—promiscuous dancing until a very early hour in the morning. On this particular occasion, the mirth was somewhat restrained, for the double reason that Florrie was not present, and that Miss Robertson took no part in the amusement.

On the following day Florrie seemed even more active and in better spirits than usual, and was evidently anxious for a conversation with her mother, whom she loved more than all else in the world.

"Why did you not remain with your friends last night, Florrie? They were much grieved at your absence; and some of them thought you might have put in an appearance for a short time, even if you did feel somewhat indisposed. Besides, Miss Robertson also cast a damper upon their mirth, by taking no part in it. It is strange she is usually so good, and so anxious to make everybody happy."

"Darling mamma, I want to speak to you on a subject that is very near my heart. Miss Robertson gave me a book some time ago; and it has been my joy and happiness every hour since it came into my possession. How much I should like you to take it and get from it the same happiness, and the same ideas I have got." So saying she ran to her room and presently returned with a small, beautifully bound copy of the Word of God, and handed it to her mother. "But my child, this is not a proper book for you to read: our Church does not allow us to read it." "O, mamma, the Church cannot surely gainsay God: and God himself, in the person of his Son, commands us to search the Scriptures." The child's simple words sank deep into the mother's heart; and in a short time she was engaged as she had never been before, drinking in the heavenly draught of g

The Late Rev. Samuel T. Spear, D.D.,LL.D., etc.

line knowledge she had been leprived of so many many ears. Miss Robertson called ipon her at this moment, and ound her bathed in tears. They soon came to a mutual nderstanding; and the good overness explained how she ad told Florrie of the sinulness of worldly pleasures, nd of the only genuine hapiness to be found in the ossession of the Lord Jesus. he fond mother was delighted to know that her daughter ad made so happy a discovry at such an early age and esolved from that very moment to shake off the yoke of he world, and to live for God lone. Her husband could ot understand the change hat had come over his wife nd daughter: but in a short me he too was brought to a nowledge of the truth as it s in Christ Jesus. He saw ow happy they were, quesioned them as to the cause f their happiness, and for nswer the precious "Book" as put into his hands. He earched diligently, and found . . according to the promise.

That house on the banks f the Mississippi, which was ormerly the scene of worldly ntertainments, and of soalled social pleasures,thenceorth witnessed the real joys nd happiness of the children f the Lord. Hymns of praise nd of thanksgiving took the lace of the worldly music; nd the poor of the neighorhood thanked God every ay of their lives that the strange young governess had in her own obscure way preached nto that family the preaching that the Lord ade her.

THE LATE DR. SAMUEL T. SPEAR.

(See Portrait.)

THE veteran Presbyterian minister and author hose portrait appears on this page, died sudenly at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., on April st. He was seventy-nine years of age. For ome two years past he has been in failing ealth. They have been years of sadness and orrow; for he was mourning the death of his ife and son, who passed away almost simulaneously. The end, however, came without arning. He had risen and breakfasted at his egular hour and seemed to be no worse in ealth than he had been; but about ten o'clock e complained of alarming weakness. Medical id was at once summoned but he sank so apidly that death ensued before any remedies ould be administered.

He was a native of Ballston Spa, N. Y. He hose the medical profession for a career and tudied in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York, from which he obtained n M.D. diploma. He did not practice, but at nce commenced the study of theology under r. Beman, of Troy, N. Y. He was ordained in 835, and accepted the pastorate of the Second resbyterian Church, of Lansingburgh, N. Y. n 1843, he removed to Brooklyn where he beame pastor of the South Presbyterian Church. Ie occupied this position until 1870, when he esigned and devoted himself to editorial work n the *Independent*. He also wrote several orks among which were *Bible Heroes*, *Church nd State*, and *The Federal Judiciary*. He was man of profound learning and a keen logical easoner. Dr. Spear made a very close study f ecclesiastical law and became an authority on ne subject. Nearly all his writings for the regious press were on that topic. The funer- l was held on April 3, in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, in First Place. For many years he had been a tried and valued friend of the Editor of this journal.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

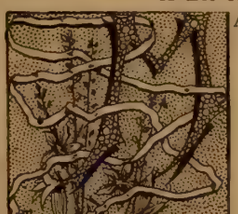
Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 207.*)

A Bit of Old Rome.



MARGARET'S pen raced over the paper a few minutes, as she resolutely pursued her task of composing an article on the women of Italy. "I suppose I ought to begin," she said, looking up from her work, "with the women of old Rome. After all, there were some noble specimens among them. Livia, the wife of Augustus, ruled the empire through him for fifty years."

"And there was our magnificent Vittoria Colonna. Don't you remember the pure, high love that Michelangelo had for her? Her death almost unsettled his reason. Why does not my Italy produce such women now?"

"I think there are three reasons," replied Margaret, "civil, religious, and social. The religion of the old Church has lost its hold on the men; and the women are kept tricky and superstitious, so that the priests can manage affairs through them. In order to that they are treated always as inferior, and held back from confidence in their own ability. Treat people as idiots, and you idiotize them."

"I have heard my father and Mazzini say," threw in Camilla, earnestly, "that it was impossible for us to come to our best while our women were made untrustworthy by being untrusted. Their scheme of human duties included women as well as men. My father became disgusted with the priesthood because at the confessional he had to deal with women more than men, and it was made his duty to frown them out of all liberal thought. They would not give their money, and their scheming to the Church unless they were kept superstitious."

"He must have had a hard time breaking away from it all," said Margaret, laying down her pen, and leaning back in her chair.

"Indeed he had," was the reply. "He was a long time coming to it. You know a priest is trained so carefully to that one occupation that it is very difficult for him ever to learn anything else. There is nothing for him but starvation outside of the priesthood. But for that, hundreds of them would leave it at once. When one does, I know he has a brave, strong soul."

"Did your father know your mother before he left the priesthood?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, yes; he heard her first confession. She was a sweet, little, fatherless girl. He was much older than she. He told me the whole story that night in the poor, little room in London, after we had folded her white hands, and kissed her eyelids down. She was not used to privations, but she was always patient. I don't know what we would have done those days, if your uncle John had not found us, and got us pupils. I had to learn to take care of the money, for neither of them ever knew, he, brought up a priest, and she the daughter of a Marchese. She was very happy to go and be with our Lord, she said; and that night, as soon as we could talk, father told me how he loved her from the hour of that first confession; and how he fought his own heart, and kept himself perfectly honorable toward her and all the world." The face of the Italian girl grew dark, and she shook her head sadly, while she added, "all priests are not so. It is easy to hide the truth from one's self, and drift on the tide of a great passion. My father never once betrayed his love by word or look, till they met in exile and poverty."

Margaret put her arms around her friend, and brushed away the tears that were slipping over Camilla's face.

"Wasn't your mother a Guiccioli, my dear?" she asked, after awhile.

"Yes; her home was in Tuscany. Her estate was in one of the valleys that you pass through in going from Florence to Bologna, a bit of Paradise. It was confiscated when my mother's brother joined Garibaldi. He was one of the "thousand."

Margaret made a note of that and said in her heart, "Some day my little Camilla shall have her vineyards back."

"We forget the paper," said Camilla, smiling through her tears.

Margaret took up her pen again. "I think I have enough, if I work it into shape," she said "I want to emphasize the fact that the women make the home: and the home is the unit of the State: so their advancement in independence of thought and action is of prime importance to the country as well as to the Church. As long as the priests hold their power over the women the pope may laugh in his sleeve. It is only a question of time. Soon or later

they will bring the land back under his sway."

"But they shall not! They shall not!" cried Camilla. "We will work. We will pray. We will give our life's life, and God will help us."

"And that right early," responded Margaret by way of amen.

The gathering of materials for the paper had taken so much time that it was too late to go out that forenoon. Gordon looking as radiant as native dignity would permit, declined the invitation to stay to luncheon. Indeed he really must go to his mother at once. He hoped that Mrs. Gordon might be able to come around, and look in upon Miss Pelham that afternoon.

Mrs. Gordon came immediately after luncheon. After kissing Carolyn warmly, she shook hands with the other young ladies as cordially as the most delighted woman in Rome might be expected to do.

"Really," she whispered to Margaret while she adjusted her cap before the glass. "It is all quite settled. Waiting to hear from her guardian, is the merest formality, you know." She insisted that the young ladies should go out if they wished, and leave Carolyn with her and Goldthorpe. They would be only too happy to stay with the dear child.

"To the Campodoglio," was the order when the three young ladies were seated in their cab.

"We're getting shockingly demoralized," said Margaret with mock distress. "The idea of our starting out at this time of day!"

Ve haf had ze great affair on hand," laughed Marie.

"Yes: but to think of our indolence! We ought to walk. Here I am, intending to reform the pedestrian habits of my country-women when I get home: and to think of my own grievous derelictions! We Americans are without occupation unless we are reforming something. I have three things in view for our women instead of the aristocratic nonsense that turns their poor heads when they come across the sea."

"And what are they, my queen?"

"Light breakfasts, simple dress, and much walking," was the reply. "Never did woman hold such a sceptre as she wields in America. She must understand her day and generation, and fit herself for her work. "There girls," pointing up at an arch, "what do you suppose that is? We'll have to get along without Carolyn, since that vandal has captured her. How are we ever going to find anything out?"

"I can tell you a little about this, Roma," said Camilla brightly "You know it was once my home. That arch over the street was a part of a secret passage. The Generals of the Franciscan Order had their headquarters in the Church of Ara-Coeli more than six hundred years. This secret passage was for their escape to the Palazzo Vinezia in times of danger."

"A good ways back," said Margaret, musingly. "Two hundred and fifty years before the Rennaissance. Art was in its grave clothes, America undiscovered, the world supposed to be flat and stationary, the chief priests of the church, right here in its centre, building secret passages for escape from each other's daggers and swords."

"Do you remember, my queen," asked Camilla, "that American on the platform in Genoa, whom we heard say that it was no great thing for Columbus to discover America; it was so big, he couldn't miss it? It seems, by the same rule, that the reformers of the sixteenth century had an easy task. Europe was so full of the sins of the church."

"If I'm not mistaken," said Margaret, as they passed the steps leading to the church of Ara-Coeli, "Italy to-day is piled full of that same kindling wood; and all that is needed for a magnificent conflagration, is a strong, daring hand to fling the torch."

"I vish I had studied zi English books as hard a zi count vished me to," said Marie, "I vould not be so bozzered to know all zi fine zings zot you vise people do say."

They got down from their cab on the Piazzo del Campodoglio. "Zi vork of zi great Michaelangelo," said Marie, as they looked around. "Ze great genius of zem all."

"Yes," assented Margaret. "Everything that he touched has the simplicity and strength that one finds in Beethoven."

"Like the sky on a clear, strong day," said Camilla. "His spirit is always broad, open, and good. Beethoven, the Hebrew, had a deep, fervent nature like our Italians."

"Ah, my dear, my dear," laughingly protested Margaret, "you must not be bigoted in your patriotism."

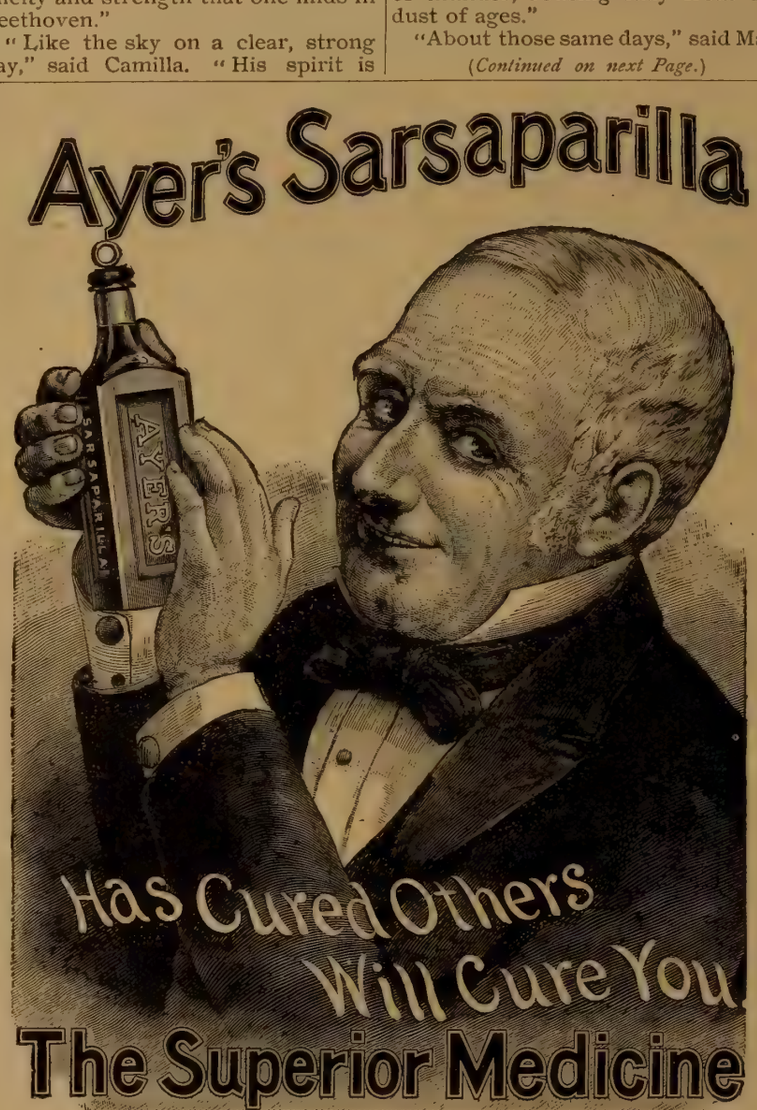
Camilla caught her friend's hand to her lips. "Maybe I do blow too shrill a blast on my bugle; but nobody has had a word for my poor Italians all these centuries. My beautiful country! It must bud and blossom as the rose—through Christ;" and she flashed the telegram of a new hope into Margaret's eyes.

"I want to take you to see a couple of old friends of mine;" and Camilla led the way across the portico to the right, into the court, where, under an inner porch, were standing the statues of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, one on either side of the door. "I used almost to pray to those old heathens when I was a child. I was so afraid that the better day would never dawn on our nation, the odds were so against us. I used to wish with all my soul that Julius would step down from his pedestal, and go forth to rally his legions with a voice of thunder, rousing Italy from the dust of ages."

"About those same days," said Mar-

(*Continued on next Page.*)

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



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ROMA.

(Continued from preceding Page.)

garet, covering her sympathy with Camilla's enthusiasm by a little laugh, "I used to curl up in a big arm-chair in the library, and wrestle with the conjugation of that same Julius Cæsar's big verbs. When I was able to read his Commentaries, without turning to the dictionary every other word, I was quite carried away with his magnificence, as most people are. But when I came to know Christ, I found that they who seize everything for themselves are the diameter of the universe below those who give all for the good of others."

The next undertaking was the two hundred and sixty-one steps, to the top of the Campodoglio tower, and a fine view of the city they had, the vision sweeping away toward the Alban and Sabine Hills, the Appenines with snow on their summits lying in the softened haze of remoteness.

"Where else in the world could you find mapped out so much history, ancient and modern?" asked Margaret, as again on the piazza, they turned toward the Capitoline Museum. They glanced at the Statue of Marporio, the river god that used to stand near the Pasquino, and as the political satirists wrote, hold conversation with him about the follies of the clerical rulers: the old pasquinades of centuries.

"It was strange that the popes could never discover who posted the satires on Pasquino's statue," remarked Camilla. "Many a sharp idea did they put into the people's heads. If the overthrow of the pope's temporal power hadn't given the people a chance to speak their minds, no doubt the lampoons would be going on yet: though the old authorities brought Marforio over here to break them up."

"Sall ve not go into ze church of Ara-Coeli, vile ve are here?" asked Marie.

They went down the Capitoline steps, past the little patch of garden with the palm and century plants, its pansies blinking in the March sunshine, and by the lairs of the she-wolf, kept in memory of the nurse of Romulus and Remus.

"These stairs," said Margaret as they turned toward the steps that led up to the old church, were placed here nearly two hundred and fifty years before our new America was thought of. Tiberius Gracchus was knocked down the flight that was here before them, and killed. Up at the top there, is where the old Franciscans used to pull the poor people's teeth."

"I used to come here on Christmas days to listen to the children," said Camilla, as they entered the church, "here was always a manger cradle on one side, and on the other a platform from which the little maidens declaimed."

"That's the way this old church takes care of the children," said Margaret. "Don't you remember those little tots that we saw in Santa Maria Maggiori? I mean the two that came in by themselves and knelt for the priest to touch them with his wand in blessing, and the wee one that begged for the holy water to cross herself with."

"Zis church stands vere ze temple of ze Capitoline Jupiter stood for a zousand years, does it not?" asked Marie.

"Yes," replied Margaret. "And here is the chapel of the Holy Bambino."

"Vat is zat? My fazzer never let me read zose stories. He says zey have no dignity."

"This little wooden image of the baby Christ used to be a great miracle-worker," said Camilla. "It was taken to visit more sick people than any doctor in Rome; and when its carriage went by everybody had to kneel down. They wouldn't do it now, though," with a little shrug.

"The priests pretend that they daren't take it out because a woman stole it, by putting another doll in its clothes, when it had been left in her sick-room."

"If it could vork such miracles, vy did it not take better care of itself?" asked Marie. "Is it not always ze funny vay to mix up ze leetle baby and ze great Christ?"

A couple of Italian ladies drifted into the party. A priest, after due courtesying and prayers, and necessary turning of keys and pulling of ropes, brought out the Bambino. Its garments were covered with precious stones. Its crown was brilliant with jewels; and diamond rings were sewed on its dress. The Italian ladies stepped back to give the strangers the first kiss of its toe.

"They don't kiss it," said the priest, impatiently. But he was mistaken. Marie pressed her lips reverently upon the toe of the doll. Margaret glanced at Camilla; and their hearts were lifted to God that their friend might see her idolatry.

After kissing the image, Marie turned quickly away. An explanation of the second commandment that she had heard Margaret give their washerwoman, flashed through her mind, like long-hidden sunlight through clouds. She turned her eyes full upon Margaret's face. "I'll never break ze commandment of God again," she said, wiping her lips, as if the memory of the kiss burned them. "No matter vezzer ze priest tell me, or ze priest tell me not, I vill never do it again."

(To be Continued.)

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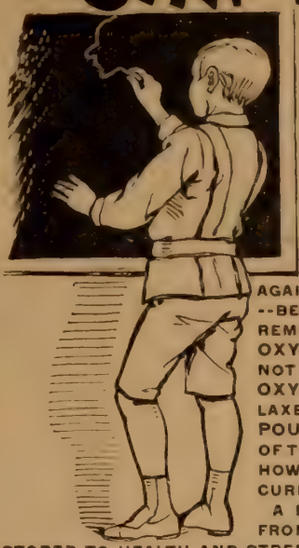

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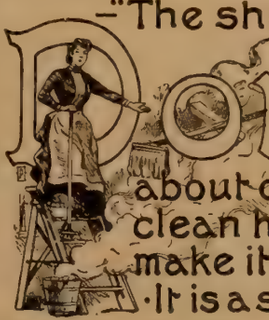

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HUMBLE SHEAVES.

I KNELT at the feet of the Master,
Who knew how my heart burned with love,
But I said: "Let me work in Thy service,
And so my devotion I'll prove."

And I looked on the far, waving harvest;
Saw the need of more laborers there,
And I said: "Let me haste to the reaping,
And my sheaves shall be golden and fair."

But He said: "Nay! my child there are others
Far stronger my reapers to be;
Stay thou still in thy place, and be watching
To do some small service for me."

Then I looked on the green sloping hillsides,
Where the vineyards in terraces lay,
And the sunshine, so balm and so golden,
Made joyous the long harvest day.

And I said: "Let me go to the vineyards,
Where the clusters hang purple and sweet;
I will gather the largest and finest,
And bring all my spoils to Thy feet."

But He said: "Nay! my child there are others
To gather the fruit of the vine;
Stay thou still in thy place and be quiet,
Nor thus at thy station repine."

Then I looked down the beautiful valley,
Where the lilies grew stately and fair,
And the roses blushed scarlet and crimson,
And scented the earth and the air:

And I said: "Let me gather the flowers—
Those flowers so fair and so sweet;
I will bring them in all their bright beauty,
And lay them with love at Thy feet."

But he said: "Nay! my child; let the flowers
Bloom on in their fragrance and grace;
They are not for thy fingers to gather.
Stay, stay thou content in thy place."

'Twas a dream! But the meaning remaineth;
And now in the byways and lanes
I search for the clover and daisies,
And glean for the scattering grains.

My sheaves will be scanty and humble—
All others more stately and good;
But what joy, if at nightfall the Master
Shall say, "She hath done what she could."

—*Lillian Grey.*

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York. will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell, they said, "We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go." But he said, "I must preach Jesus to them."

For two days he travelled without scarcely meeting a human being, until at last he found himself in the mountains and suddenly surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was instantly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not knowing of any other resource he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin he began with closed eyes to sing and play—

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Being afraid to open his eyes, he sang on till the third verse, and while singing the stanza,

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all,

he opened his eyes to see what they were going to do, when lo! the spears had dropped from their hands, and the tears were falling from their eyes.

They afterward invited him to their homes. He spent two-and-a-half years among them. His labors were so richly rewarded that when he was compelled to leave them because of impaired health and return to this country, they followed him for thirty miles. "O missionary" they said, "come back to us again! There are tribes beyond that never heard the Gospel." He could not resist their entreaties. After visiting America, he went back again to continue his labors till he sank into the grave among them. Who would face such dangers, but a soldier of the Cross? Missionaries are often the bravest men on earth. Such invincible courage blended with the love of Jesus, will yet conquer the world.

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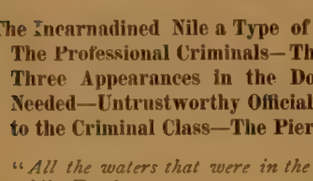
Portrait of Mr. Charles A. Bunting, Superintendent. (1.) Exterior. (2.) The Chapel. (3.) Reading-Room. (*See page 228.*)

THE PLAGUE OF CRIME.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED AT "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD" SERVICE IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, LAST SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 12, 1891.

The Incarnadined Nile a Type of the Crime-Polluted Cities—Whence the Criminal Army Gets its Recruits—The Professional Criminals—The Concern of Good Citizens—Punishment Should be Reformatory—A Boy's Three Appearances in the Dock—A Woman Sent to Prison Instead of the Almshouse—Philanthropists Needed—Untrustworthy Officials Nurturing Crime—The Idle Recruits—The Oppressed Poor Contributing to the Criminal Class—The Piercing Cry of Want—Practical Reasons for Dealing with the Subject.

"All the waters that were in the river were turned to blood." Exodus 7 : 20.



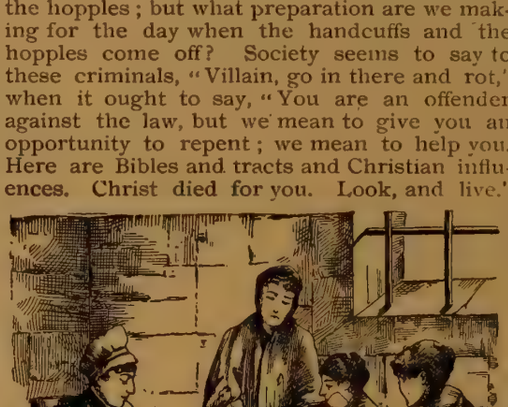
AMONG all the Egyptian plagues none could have been worse than this. The Nile is the wealth of Egypt. Its fish the food. Its waters the irrigation of garden and fields. Its condition decides the prosperity or the doom of the empire. What happens to the Nile happens to all Egypt. And now in the text that great river is incarnadined. It is a red gash across an empire. In poetic license we speak of wars which turn the rivers into blood. But my text is not a poetic license. It was a fact, a great crimson appalling condition, described. The Nile rolling deep of blood. Can you imagine a more awful plague?

The modern plague which nearest corresponds with that is the plague of crime in all our cities. It halts not for bloodshed. It shrinks from no carnage. It bruises, and cuts, and strikes down, and destroys. It revels in the blood of body and soul, this plague of crime rampant for ages, and never bolder or more rampant than now.

The annual police reports of these cities as I examine them are to me more suggestive than *Dante's Inferno*, and all Christian people as well as reformers need to waken to a present and tremendous duty. If you want this "Plague of Crime" to stop, there are several kinds of persons you need to consider. First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large portion in many communities. The vast majority of the criminals who take ship from Europe come into our own port. In 1869, of the forty-nine thousand people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country, thirty-two thousand were of foreign birth. Many of them were the very desperadoes of society, oozing into the slums of our cities, waiting for an opportunity to riot and steal and debauch, joining the large gang of American thugs and cut-throats. There are in this cluster of cities—New York, Jersey City, and Brooklyn—four thousand people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. To it they bring all their energies of body, mind, and soul, and they look upon the intervals which they spend in prison as so much unfortunate loss of time, just as you look upon an attack of influenza or rheumatism which fastens you in the house for a few days. It is their lifetime business to pick pockets, and blow up safes, and shoplift, and ply the panel game, and they have as much pride of skill in their business as you have in yours when you upset the argument of an opposing counsel, or cure a gunshot fracture which other surgeons have given up, or foresee a turn in the market as you buy goods just before they go up twenty per cent. It is their business to commit crime, and I do not suppose that once in a year the thought of the immorality strikes them.

Ten million dollars worth of property stolen in this cluster of cities in one year. You cannot, as good citizens, be independent of that fact. It will touch your pocket, since I have to give you the fact that these three cities pay about eight million dollars worth of taxes a year to arraign, try, and support the criminal population. You help to pay the board of every criminal, from the sneak-thief that snatches a spool of cotton, up to some man who swamps a bank. More than that, it touches your heart in the moral depression of the community. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined room where there are fifty people and yet not breathe the vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there is such a great multitude of the depraved without being somewhat contaminated. What is the fire that burns your store down compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? What is the theft of the gold and silver from your money safe compared with the theft of your children's virtue?

We are all ready to arraign criminals. We shout at the top of our voice, "Stop thief!" and when the police get on the track we come out, hatless and in our slippers, and assist in the arrest. We come around the bawling ruffian and hustle him off to justice, and when he gets in prison, what do we do for him? With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hopples; but what preparation are we making for the day when the handcuffs and the hopples come off? Society seems to say to these criminals, "Villain, go in there and rot," when it ought to say, "You are an offender against the law, but we mean to give you an opportunity to repent; we mean to help you. Here are Bibles and tracts and Christian influences. Christ died for you. Look, and live."



ELIZABETH FRY AND THE NEWGATE PRISONERS.

They are harder in heart and more infuriate when they come out of jail than when they went in. Many of the people who go to prison go again and again and again. Some years ago of fifteen hundred prisoners who during the year had been in Sing Sing, four hundred had been there before. In a house of correction in the country, where during a certain reach of time there had been five thousand people, more than three thousand had been there before. So, in one case the prison, and in the other case the house of correction, left them just as bad as they were before. The secretary of one of the benevolent societies of New York saw a lad fifteen years of age who had spent three years of his life in prison, and he said to the lad, "What have they done for you to make you better?" "Well," replied the lad, "the first time I was brought up before the judge he said, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' And then committed a crime again, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You rascal!' And after a while I committed some other crime, and I was brought before the same judge, and he said, 'You ought to be hanged.' That is all they had done for him in the way of reformation and salvation. "Oh," you say, "these people are incorrigible." I suppose there are hundreds of persons this day lying in the prison bunks who would leap up at the prospect of reformation, if society would only allow them a way into decency and respectability. "Oh," you say, "I have no patience with these rogues." I ask you in reply, how much better would you have been under the same circumstances? Suppose your mother had been a blasphemer and your father a sot, and you had started life with a body stuffed with evil proclivities, and you had spent much of your time in a cellar amid obscenities and cursing, and if at ten years of age you had been compelled to go out and steal, battered and banged at night if you came in without any spoils, and suppose your early manhood and womanhood had been covered with rags and filth, and decent society had turned its back upon you, and left you to consort with vagabonds and wharf rats—how much better would you have been? I have no sympathy with that executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court-room weeping because some hard-hearted wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety and life of the community demand more potential influences in behalf of public offenders.

In some of the city prisons the air is like that of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I have visited prisons where, as the air swept through the wicket, it almost knocked me down. No sunlight. Young men who had committed their first crime crowded in among old offenders. I saw in one prison a woman, with a child almost blind, who had been arrested for the crime of poverty, who was waiting until the slow law could take her to the almshouse, where she rightfully belonged; but she was thrust in the cell with her child amid the most abandoned wretches of the town. Many of the offenders in that prison sleeping on the floor, with nothing but a vermin-covered blanket over them. Those people crowded and wan and wasted and half suffocated and infuriated. I said to the men, "How do you stand it here?" "God knows," said one man, "we have to stand it. Oh, they will pay you when they get out. When they burned down one house they will burn three. They will strike deeper the assassin knife. They are this minute plotting worse burglaries. Some of the city jails are the best places I know of to manufacture foot-pads, vagabonds, and cut-throats. In the insufferable stench and sickening surroundings of such places there is nothing but disease for the body, idiocy for the mind, and death for the soul. Stifled air and darkness and vermin never turned a thief into an honest man.

We want men like John Howard and William Blackstone, and women like Elizabeth Fry, to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. I thank God for what Isaac T. Hopper and Dr. Wines and Mr. Hall and scores of others have done in the way of prison reform; but we want something more radical before will come the blessing of him who said: "I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

Again, in your effort to arrest this plague of crime you need to consider untrustworthy officials. "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes drink in the morning." It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city, at that time, for the most part, were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. They were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We have

nds of Rings. There was one man during ose years that got one hundred and twenty-ght thousand dollars in one year for serving e public. In a few years it was estimated that ere were fifty millions of public treasure quandered. In those times the criminal had nly to wink to the judge, or his lawyer would ink for him, and the question was decided for e defendant. Of the eight thousand people rested in that city in one year, only three ousand were punished. These little matters ere "fixed up," while the interests of society ere "fixed own." You now as well as do that one vil-in who escapes nly opens the oor for other riminalities. It no compli-ent to public uthority when e have in all the ities of the ountry, walking road, men and omen notori-us for crimin-ity, unwhipped justice. They e pointed out you in the street day by day. There you find hat are called the "fences," the men who and between the thief and the honest man, elteringthe thief and at a great price hand-g over the goods to the owner to whom they long. There you will find those who are lled the "skinners," the men who hover ound Wall Street, with great sleight of hand in nds and stocks. There you find the funeral ieves, the people who go and sit down and ourn with families and pick their pockets. nd there are the "harbor thieves," the shoplifters," the "pickpockets," famous all er the cities. Hundreds of them with their ces in the "Rogues' Gallery," yet doing noth-g for the last five or ten years but defraud so-ety and escape justice. When these peopl unarrested and unpunished, it is putting gh premium upon vice, and saying to th ung criminals of this country, "What a saf ing it is to be a great criminal." Let the law roop upon them. Let it be known in this untry that crime will have no quarter, that e detectives are after it, that the police club is ing brandished, that the iron door of the ison is being opened, that the judge is ady to call on the case. Too great leniency criminals is too great severity to society.

"STOP THIEF!"

Again: In your effort to arrest this plague of ime, you need to consider the idle population. f course, I do not refer to people who are get-ng old, or to the sick, or to those who cannot t work; but I tell you to look out for those hletic men and women who will not work. hen the French nobleman was asked why he pt busy when he had so large a property, he id, "I keep on engraving so I may not hang yself." I do not care who the man is, you nnot afford to be idle. It is from the idle asses that the criminal classes are made up. haracter, like water, gets putrid if it stands ill too long. Who can wonder that in this orld, where there is so much to be done at God lets his indignation fall upon a man ho chooses idleness? By what law of God man is it right that you and I should toil day and day out, until our hands are blistered id our arms ache and our brain gets numb, id then be called upon to support, what in the nited States are about two million loafers! ey are a very dangerous class. Let the pub-authorities keep their eyes on them.

Again: Among the uprooting classes I place *e oppressed poor*. Poverty to a certain extent chastening; but after that, when it drives a an to the wall, and he hears his children cry vain for bread, it sometimes makes him des-rate. I think that there are thousands of honest men lacerated into vagabondism. There are men crushed under burdens for which they are not half paid. While there is no excuse for criminality, even in oppression, I state it as a simple fact, that much of the scoundrelism of the community is consequent upon ill-treatment. There are many men and women battered and bruised and stung until the hour of despair has come, and they stand with the ferocity of a wild beast which, pursued until it can run no longer, turns round, foaming and bleeding, to fight the hounds.

There is a vast underground New York and Brooklyn life that is appalling and shameful. It wallows and steams with putrefaction. You go down the stairs, which are wet and decayed with filth, and at the bottom you find the poor victims on the floor, cold, sick, three-fourths dead, slinking into a still darker corner under the gleam of the lantern of the police. There has not been a breath of fresh air in that room for five years, literally. There they are men, women, children; blacks, whites; Mary Magdalen without her repentance, and Lazarus without his God: These are "the dives" into which the pick-pockets and the thieves go, as well as a great many who would like a different life but cannot get it. They are the underlying volcano that threatens us with a Caraccas earthquake. And there are only two outlets for it: the police court and the Potter's Field. In other words, they must either go to prison or to hell. Oh, you never saw it, you say. You never will see it until on the day when those staggering wretches shall come up in the light of the judgment throne, and while all hearts are being revealed, God will ask you what you did to help them.

There is another layer of poverty and destitution, not so squalid, but almost as helpless. You hear the incessant wailing for bread and clothes and fire. Their eyes are sunken. Their cheek-bones stand out. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsies. Their breath is like that of the charnel-house. They hear the roar of the wheels of fashion overhead, and the gay laughter of men and maidens, and wonder why God gave to others so much and to them so little. Some of them thrust into an infidelity like that of the poor German girl who, when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, said: "No, no good God. Just look at me. No good God."

In this cluster of cities, whose cry of want I interpret, there are said to be, as far as I can figure it up from the reports, about three hundred thousand honest poor who are dependent upon individual, city, and State charities. If all their voices could come up at once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But, for the most part, it suffers unexpressed. It sits in silence, gnashing its teeth, and sucking the blood of its own arteries, waiting for the judgment day. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them; some extra garment which might have made them comfortable in cold days; some bread thrust into the ash-barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while; some wasted candle or gas-jet that might have kindled up their darkness; some fresco on the ceiling that would have given them a roof; some jewel which, brought to that orphan girl in time, might have kept her from being crowded off the precipices of an unclean life; some New Testament that would have told them of him who "came to seek and save that which was lost." Oh, this wave of vagrancy and hunger and nakedness that dashes against our front door step! If the roofs of all the houses of destitution could be lifted so we could look down into them just as God looks, whose nerves would be strong enough to stand it? And yet there they are. The fifty thousand sewing-women in these three cities, some of them in hunger and cold, working night after night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lips. How well their grief was voiced by that despairing woman who stood by her invalid husband and invalid child, and said to the city missionary: "I am down-hearted. Everything's against us; and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "O," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. O sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have so much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly; and see this wee little thing growing weaker and weaker; and then to think we are not getting nearer to God, but floating away from him. O, sir, I do wish I was ready to die."

I should not wonder if they had a good deal better time than we in the future, to make up for the fact that they had such a bad time here. It would be just like Jesus to say: "Come up and take the highest seats. You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." O thou weeping One of Bethany! O thou dying One of the cross! Have mercy on the starving, freezing, homeless poor of these great cities!

I have preached this sermon for four or five practical reasons: Because I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. Because I want your to be more discriminating in your charities. Because I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. Because I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelisation, and all newsboys' lodging houses, and all Children's Aid Societies, and Dorcas Societies, under the skillful manipulation of wives and mothers and sisters and daughters; let the spare garments of your wardrobes be fitted to the limbs of the wan and shivering. I should not wonder if that hat that you give should come back a jeweled coronet, or if that garment that you hand out from your wardrobe should mysteriously be whitened, and somehow wrought into the Saviour's own robe, so in the last day he would run his hand over it, and say: "I was naked, and ye clothed me." That would be putting your garments to glorious uses.

But more than that, I have preached the sermon because I thought in the contrast you would see how very kindly God had dealt with you, and I thought that thousands of you would go to your comfortable homes, and sit at your well-filled tables, and at the warm registers, and look at the round faces of your children, and that then you would burst into tears at the review of God's goodness to you, and that you would go to your room and lock the door, and kneel down, and say: "O Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me thy child. O Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered to-day, I thank thee that all my life thou hast taken such good care of me. O Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children to-day, I thank thee mine are well, some of them on earth, some of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O Lord, breaks me down. Take me once and forever. Sprinkled as I was many years ago at the altar, while my mother held me, now I consecrate my soul to thee in a holier baptism of repenting tears.

"I AM DOWN-HEARTED!"

For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe thy grace is free,
O magnify that grace to me.

SINAI AND CALVARY.

EVANGELIST HARRISON ON WARNING AND ENTREATY AS FACTORS IN REVIVAL WORK.

The Tender Story of the Cross more Potent than the Terrors of the Law—Jonathan Edwards and Elder Knapp on Hell—Some Valuable Practical Hints for the Conduct of Revivals in Churches.

BY REV. THOMAS HARRISON.

IN revival work, it is a question for serious consideration whether the dread or fear of eternal punishment, or the invitation of a loving Saviour to be partakers of eternal happiness with him in heaven, is the most effective factor in influencing the minds of the average audience. Speaking from personal experience, I do not favor the persistent presentation of unending punishment for sin as the method that is most likely to reach the heart. As between Sinai, with its lightnings and its judgments, and Calvary with its sweet forgiveness and all embracing love, the latter is the argument that will more quickly touch the conscience and inspire the soul to gratitude and devotion. Tender love wins more souls than dreadful thunderings.

Persuasion Rather than Compulsion.

I would preach with a view of strengthening the convictions the hearers already experience. It is true, I would preach eternal punishment; but I would not persistently make it a prominent feature of the discourse. The old belief, I think, is the same. Men have the same fear and dread of the consequences of sin that they ever had. The established convictions regarding hell and its torments still prevail. But the preacher who dwells less on them than on the necessity of living a Christian life, and who shows, with all the force and eloquence at his command, the beauties of that life and the eternal reward that follows it, will accomplish more than he who tells men that, if they do not instantly accept, they are going to hell. Calvary's blood will touch more hearts than Sinai's alarms. I have tried them both, and I bear witness that the power of the blood is mightiest. Preach to your church the full Gospel, inviting all to partake of the fullness of God's love and to enter into the blessings of the higher life, and look for a revival harvest that will make mothers glad, homes glad, neighbors glad, and that will kindle the churches into flame because of the conversions, and of the fire of Christian love that is burning in many hearts!

Picture to your congregation the peace that comes into one's life by accepting Christ here; the triumph that will attend the closing of life, and the bliss of an eternity in Heaven. Men and women are restless, terribly burdened and anxious; they want relief. Present Christ as the relief, rather than as the angry Judge. Jonathan Edwards pictured God as holding the sinner over hell, as a boy would a spider over a fire. I would present him with open arms, trying to woo the sinner to himself, rather than as ready to drop him into the flame of everlasting torment. Elder Knapp used to preach hell until you could almost see the doom of the lost and hear the cry of despair! Yet all these terrors have not the potency for the sinner that is possessed by the tender and comforting invitation of the Gospel.

Tact in Dealing with the Awakened.

Sympathy, kindness and earnest patience must characterize the treatment of those who, having taken the Gospel message home to their hearts, arise for prayer. Any effort at compulsion would fail; they have to be led, they cannot be driven. Very often I have found that the elders at the meeting accomplished more than others—more than either the pastor or the evangelist. The people look most to their accustomed elders. It should not be forgotten that when a person rises for prayer, he has by that action committed himself to the Saviour and is already two-thirds won. When I see a person rise for prayer, I like to be his guide myself and to act at once, if there be time enough. But, of course, where hundreds rise, one person cannot do the work. This is the time and the opportunity for good and devout Christians to come forward and assist in doing it.

In isolated cases, it is well to take the individual in hand personally and say: "You have taken one step; now take all." Bring him to the altar by the hand as a seeker. There give him encouragement and have prayer; sing some hymn of faith. Then point the newly-awakened soul to Christ. Let him appreciate the value of practical experience and do not give him false hope. A convert must see things in the true light. There is altogether too much superficial work done. People take penitents for converts, when they are far from being such as yet. They mistake contrition for salvation, when the two are widely apart. At all the meetings, it is my chief anxiety that they should continue to seek until they are sure, beyond peradventure, that they have found Christ.

Preparatory Work.

There should be preparation on the part of a church in advance of a revival. This can only be done by proper consecration and an attitude

Rev. Francis Penzotti. (*See Page 229.*)

of devout expectancy. Ten days previous to the opening of the revival, the pastor should hold special meetings, and he should preach concerning the coming revival at least two Sabbaths before it really opens. Thus the people are all expectation before the first blow is struck. My first effort would be to lead the church to more faith, to self-examination and to consecration. As far as possible, I would have the choir well organized and the hymns learned, in order that the singing might be a valued feature of the service at once. The secretaries should be ready and the workers for the altar all prepared. The duty of the secretaries is to take the names of those who come to the altar. With such an organization, and with the true Gospel spirit pervading a church, in anticipation of the coming of the revivalist, the work of the latter would be much more effective and the opportunities for spiritual benefit greatly improved. In church work, as in all other things, organization is of the greatest value, and no one knows this better than the experienced revivalist, whose labors are thereby rendered more effective, and, under God's blessing, more surely instrumental in awakening conviction and turning souls to Christ.

HELP FOR THE DRUNKARD.

HOW MR. CHAS. A. BUNTING IS LEADING TH SLAVES OF LIQUOR TO EMANCIPATION.

The Power of God's Grace in the Rescue of the Falle Drunkenness a Sin, not a Misfortune—The Meth Adopted—The Remarkable Success.

(*See Illustrations on first page.*)

RUNKARDS, in majority of cases, alize very forcibly condition described the Apostle Paul in memorable word "The good that would, I do not; the evil which I wo not, that I do." Ma a victim has struggl heroically to overcome the habit and, hati and despising himself for his weakness in yie ing, has renewed the fight again and again, h ing against hope for victory. Very few willing slaves; the majority of those who are men who are overcome in spite of go resolutions and desperate resistance. To su men a helping hand is extended by the insti tion, pictures of which with a portrait of Superintendent appear on the first page. Bunting's theory is that drunkenness is not physical defect, not a hereditary taint, but sin and that the drunkard's best and almost only hope is in him who came "to procla liberty to the captives."

"We have a serious talk at the outset, w men who desire to enter the Home," said E. N. Hayes, who in Mr. Bunting's tempor absence received a representative of T CHRISTIAN HERALD. "We do not take in a m who is intoxicated. If a man comes to acknowledging his degradation and express an earnest desire to reform, we ask him if is willing to submit to our rules and to co-op ate with us in our efforts for his perman reclamation. We treat him as an intellig man desiring help. It is no part of our w to receive men who simply want to recuper after a long spree, only to enter upon anot We want men who in their sober senses sincere and in earnest in their wish to refo

"When a clear understanding is reached this conversation the man realizes that rules have been established in his interest he submits cheerfully to such restraints as have thought it necessary to impose. He ceives that we are working with him to achi the object of his coming."

"What are the restraints?" "Well, we ex him to remain in the home for a few d Afterward, when we are convinced that he be trusted he joins a few other persons have been longer in the home than he, takes exercise in Central Park every day."

"As to our remedies, we do not admini any. This is not a hospital. We tell the vi plainly that his sole hope of permanent re ery is in conversion. God can keep him even after he has broken the pledge, broken the most solemn promises and strongest resolutions. He must trust in C for keeping power. There is isolation f short time from temptation, and we ex much from the quiet retreat and chee social influences, nutritious diet and pure But everything depends—and this we imp on every inmate—on absolute unconditi surrender to God. Every man is taken in room alone and encouraged to look to God rescue and to give his heart to him. Ther have Bible-readings in the Chapel and fa prayers. Everything is designed to lead victim to look out of himself and to God."

Asked about the results, Mr. Hayes s confidently. It was rare indeed, he said th man who spent the prescribed five week the Home fell back into the sin. It was a si icant fact, however, that the cases which occurred were of those who had not ma

surrender. Where a man clung to the cco habit, for instance, and resumed it leaving the Home there was a strong ability of his falling. This was not so h because smoking might induce thirst, as use it showed that the man had not com-ly given himself up to God.

ie project of the Home dates back to 1877. May 18 of that year, it was discussed at a ing of gentlemen in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, ew York. Those present were Caleb B. rals, Rev. D. Stuart Dodge, William T. h, R. R. McBurney, Arthur C. Parsons and les E. Bunting. The project in outline had dy received the endorsement of John B. rh and William E. Dodge. A committee formed, and an appeal for funds issued. So al was the response that on June 7,1877, the stian Home for Intemperate Men was open-The house was situated on Seventy-eighth t, and was capable of accommodating thirty At the end of the third year so great had the success and so large the number of cants for admission, that the necessity for commodious quarters was recognized. her appeal for funds was issued. The re-se, as before, was prompt and liberal. A was purchased on the corner of Madison ue and Eighty-sixth Street,and the present some building was erected. It was form-ledicated on May 11,1882. It cost $125,000, was opened free of debt and mortgage. ng the past eight years an average number ree hundred men have been received, and ese, so far as can be ascertained, more two-thirds have remained steadfast. The is a convincing proof of the efficacy of grace, and of the encouragement there is ist in him for deliverance from this and all sins. A number of deeply interesting ents connected with this work will be shed in future numbers of this journal.

MR. PENZOTTI RELEASED.

le Dispatch Announces that the Persecuted Agent the Bible Society in Peru has been Liberated.

HE welcome news comes by cable from Lima, Peru, of the release from prison of the Rev. Francis Penzotti, who has been cerated for more than eight months for no crime than that of circulating the Bible olding religious worship. On January 21st, ull details of his arrest, trial and imprison-were related in this journal, with pictures house and the prison in which he was ned. The facts in brief are that Mr. Pen-whose portrait appears on page 228, was gent for Peru of the American Bible Society. ly 25, 1890, he was arrested and thrust into After several weeks imprisonment he was n trial and acquitted. But he was not re-l. His persecutors appealed to the Supe-Court, which adjourned for two months be-nearing his case. Dr. Gilman, the Secre-of the Bible Society made an earnest appeal shington for the intervention of the State tment, but the fact that Mr. Penzotti is alian embarrassed Mr. Blaine's efforts. ast news which came by mail was that our ter at Lima, was making efforts to induce Superior Court to hold a special ses-for the consideration of the case. The message now received would indicate that s been successful. It does not, however, ny details, but simply announces that Mr. tti has been released.

spirit in which the persecuted man en-his accumulation of sorrows is evinced correspondence, much of which we have y published. His last letter dated March very characteristic. He wrote: "The igation of my imprisonment is breaking the health of my family, especially of my her head is white, her color yellow, and dy weak, so that I have great solicitude er. For myself I have not any anxiety, know that death is gain, but to live seems necessary for my family and those who darkness."

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

MONEY in the Possession of a child has incited a family in Chicago to an attempt on his life. An orphan boy became the patient recently of a skilful physician in that city. The symptoms of his disease puzzled the doctor for a time. He was a busy man who had so many patients that it seemed unlikely that he would give much study or extra care to a child. But this particular child interested him, and he watched the case attentively. On making inquiries about him, he learned that he was heir to a large fortune, which reverted to his relatives in the event of his death. This discovery gave him a clue to the ailment of the boy. He satisfied himself that he was being slowly poisoned to death by minute doses of arsenic. He notified a lawyer of the facts, and the lawyer at once applied to the courts for an order to place the boy in St. Vincent's Asylum. If other boys have envied the orphan heir, they will be less disposed to do so when they hear that his wealth has nearly involved the loss of his life. There are many grown men who, as millionaires, are the object of envy, but who would not be so if the spiritual perils entailed by their riches were fully realized in the light of Christ's warning. (Matt. 19: 24.)

An Architect's Reason for Changing the Style of an edifice was given to a reporter last week. Citizens who have watched the restoration of the Western Union Building in New York, which was recently damaged by fire, have been surprised to see that the four upper stories, which have had to be entirely rebuilt, are of a different style of architecture from the lower stories, which the fire left standing. The former are of plain red brick utterly devoid of the blocks of granite which were so conspicuous in the old building and are still in their places in the lower stories. To the reporter who deprecated the change, which, he said, gave the edifice a patchwork appearance, the architect said that the difference was the result of the lessons learned from the fire. Although the granite blocks were strong and stable so far as supporting the weight of the building went, and though they gave it an imposing appearance they were an element of weakness in a fire. The fierce heat disintegrated the granite which quickly yielded when the flames attacked it. It had therefore been decided to discard the granite blocks though by doing so the beauty of the structure was impaired. His instructions were to provide first for safety. The same rule should be observed in character-building. Experience proves that some characters, which, in time of ease are admired for their beauty, contain elements which yield under the fierce fires of temptation or adversity. Stability rather than beauty is the object to be attained. (Matt. 13: 20, 21.)

Siren Signals in Railroad Tunnels are Suggested by an expert as a sure means of preventing collisions. The recent accident in the New York tunnel, has directed attention to the necessity of some new system of signals. The evidence given at the inquest proves that the danger-signal was duly set at the time of the catastrophe. The engineer's plea that he did not see it is nevertheless credited, as the tunnel was full of fog and smoke. It is now suggested that a lever should be so affixed to the signal as to touch the rail when the signal is set at danger. The front wheels of a locomotive passing that point would depress the lever, which should connect with a small tank or reservoir containing compressed air. The depression of the lever would open a valve in the tank, and the compressed air thus released would, in its escape, produce the peculiar noise known as the Siren cry. Thus, though the engineer might not see the signal, he could hear the noise and stop his train. If the engineer did not hear it, the conductor might do so and apply his brakes. All this assumes that the officials in charge of the train would not proceed if they were aware that there was danger ahead. The assumption is well-founded so far as trainmen are concerned, and one can only wish that there was the same caution exercised by all men when warning is given of spiritual danger. Preachers of the Gospel, Sunday School teachers and parents are continually uttering warnings of the danger of the eternal disaster which impends over those who are heedlessly living in sin, but too often the warning is disregarded. (Prov. 29: 1,)

The Marvellous Cure of an Idiot Child is Reported in a medical journal. It states that an operation has been performed upon an idiot girl by Dr. Lannelongue, an eminent specialist of Paris. The child, though four years old, could neither walk nor stand, never smiled or seemed to take notice of anything. The doctor made an incision in the centre of the child's skull, and raised a piece of bone from the left side to relieve the pressure of the skull upon the brain. Within less than a month the child could walk, and has now become quite like other children, smiling, playful, and observant. The suggestion is made, that other forms of mania less severe than that of the idiot, might be successfully treated by similar operations, and thus not only would the sufferers be benefited, but the burden of their support would be removed from the families to which they belong. Possibly the suggestion may be adopted in cases where there is a clearly defined malformation of the head, but when dementia proceeds, as it often does, from a moral cause, no such operation could avail. There are those, too, who are accounted sane, but whose propensities to evil render them a burden to society, and whose cure would give general relief. The physical remedy of the prison, which the law prescribes for them, often makes them worse instead of curing them. For them the only hope lies in the miracle which Christ promises to work on all who trust in him: "I will take the stony heart out of their flesh and give them a heart of flesh." (Ezek. 11: 19.)

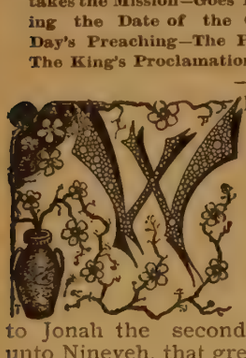
An Illuminated Lady was Exhibited Recently at Lawrenceburg, Ind. An entertainment was being given in that city for a benevolent object. One of its features was an exhibition of a series of symbolical figures, each of which was intended to typify some industry carried on in the city. When it came to the turn of the Electric-Light Company to place a figure on the stage, a lady peculiarly attired stepped before the spectators. Her dress was of a soft, white material with a trimming of the three national colors entwined. Over this was a network of wires with a minute colored glass globe at each intersection. On her head was something like a helmet, and in her hand she held aloft an antique lamp. As she stood motionless, the lights in the hall were turned down, and in a moment she was illuminated with the electric light. A dazzling light shone from the helmet, and another shot up from the lamp in her hand, while in each of the colored globes there was a spark glimmering. The effect is said to have been exceedingly beautiful, the light from the solitary figure illuminating the spacious room. It would be well for this dark world, if every Christian so lived, that his character would give out light, and thus be as Jesus said, "The light of the world." When there are in the character inconsistencies and worldliness, they obscure the light which the real Christian has within him, and which is a spark of the ineffable light of the Deity. Thus, the spark fails of its complete function, and the world is deprived of the light which should come from "The spirit of man which is the candle of the Lord." (Prov. 20: 27.)

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

NINEVEH BROUGHT TO REPENT.

S. S. LESSON FOR APRIL 26, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. JONAH 3: 1-10. GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE 11: 32.

A Second Opportunity of Service Granted—Jonah Undertakes the Mission—Goes Beyond his Commission in Fixing the Date of the City's Destruction—His First Day's Preaching—The People Believe and Repent—The King's Proclamation—The Prophet Disappointed.



HEN a child of God who is in his school, runs away from the lessons which his heavenly Father gives him to learn, this heavenly Father in love and pity often gives him returned lessons: it was so with Jonah. "The word of the Lord came to Jonah the second time, saying, Arise, go unto Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee." The first time it was, "Cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before me." *Now*, Jonah must go to Nineveh for his own soul's sake as well as for the people. Jonah must have pledged himself, while yet under the sea, to the obedience which God demanded; he had said, "I will pay that that I have vowed." (2: 9.) So Jonah arose, and went to Nineveh, according to the word of the Lord. His disobedience had brought him only shame, and confusion, and great loss of time; and at last, he had to yield to God. Jonah seems never to have doubted the power of God's word through his message, he never expected anything else than that his message should be received, and that the people should repent; but he was far from willing that it should be at any cost to him; he had not learned to be "a living sacrifice" for his God and for precious souls.

Nineveh was "an exceeding great city, of three-days' journey." What extent this signifies we cannot tell. In any case, when Jonah had carried his message; "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown," through one-third of the city, it began to tell powerfully upon the population: "The people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a fast, and and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even unto the least of them." The man of God disobeys and flees away from his God,

The Heathen Believe God and Obey!

Is there no parallel case in our own day? The men of Nineveh shall rise in judgment against this generation and shall condemn it; because they repented at the preaching of Jonas, and behold a greater than Jonas is here. (Matt. 12: 41.) The *people* were the first to bow before God. But word came to the king of Nineveh, and he was wise enough to recognize that a power which had bowed the hearts of his people as one man was no common thing; he was conscious of an unseen, but not unfelt power with the message, and he "arose from his throne," acknowledging by this very act, the superiority of Jonah's God who had sent his warning, he "laid his robe from him," his insignia of authority, and so bowed to a higher than he; and he "sat in ashes," in token of the deepest humiliation! And not only so, but he made use of his kingly power to bring his people down before God; he "caused it to be proclaimed and published through Nineveh, by the decree of the king and his nobles, saying, Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock, taste anything; let them not feed, nor drink water; but let man and beast be covered with sackcloth, and cry mightily unto God." Everything which lived must bow down in deep humiliation. It was a grand sight; a whole mighty city with the king at their head, broken and abased before God! O, if our land, our people with the preachers and rulers, and then all the people would thus bow and humble themselves before God for the terrible drink curse, the gambling and the immorality, and for the result of these sins in our lunatic asylums and prisons, in our ragged homes, and our unemployed, a far brighter light than that in any scheme or any long-tried work, would break over the country.

The king of Nineveh turned preacher, and, perhaps repeating the words of Jonah, he said, "Let them turn every one from his evil way, and from the violence which is in their hands. Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?" God has given us sometimes to behold wondrous works of his grace, souls seeking the Lord by dozens, by fifties, even by hundreds, in a single meeting, and Oh! the sense of holy awe, but of intense gladness, which then has filled our souls, to see him Conqueror! We know nothing like it. The

Appeal of the Penitent City

with her penitent king went up to God; the mute beasts which might not feed; the workmen all in prayer, while their spades and looms, their hammers and other tools lay idle; the chariots standing still while the horses' heads drooped in their stables for want of water; the bazaars all still; no fire kindled, no food cooked, no conversation carried on,—all appealed to the Father-heart of God. An entire city had recognized, and laid to heart, that God was speaking to her! Oh, if Jerusalem had thus recognised the voice of Jesus, if she too had known "the time of her visitation, "she would not have been "ploughed as a field," and her temple would not have been thrown down so that not one stone was left upon another! The cry of the city went up to God, not, like Sodom, for vengeance, but for mercy; "God saw their works that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that he had said that he would do unto them; and he did it not."

And Jonah! Was not his heart bursting with gladness, that, after all his wilfulness, God should use him as the instrument of the conversion of a whole city? Was he not beside himself with joy? Do we read it aright? "But

It Displeased Jonah Exceedingly,

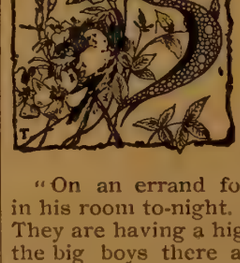
and he was very angry." What! a whole city converted to the fear of God, and the instrument of their conversion displeased? A city saved from destruction because it had repented before God, and a man of God displeased? Could it be possible? Yes; if all Nineveh had been destroyed and his prophecy had come to pass, it would have suited Jonah better! O, the depth of selfishness in the heart of man! Jonah had no pity for any other man but his despicable self, his reputation was more to him than the souls and bodies of all the people of Nineveh! Can there exist such depravity in a human heart? Yes; even to-day we have met with men and women who have no scruple in injuring some blessed work of God in order to gratify their own spite or ill-feeling against some other Christian! "Let Nineveh go, let souls perish, but I will have my rights, I am not going to be wronged." Such is the spirit which actuates some who betray their Lord for thirty pieces of silver or for some envied position in a church or mission! Some even commence missions in order to bring themselves into notice, and not to serve the purpose of their Lord! And he sees it all, and it grieves him to the heart. Nineveh was spared, but no thanks to selfish Jonah; the crew of the ship were converted, but no thanks to selfish Jonah; and yet he was a powerful preacher!

The cowardly man goes into a sulk, and says, because his prophecy had been reversed by God's mercy, "Therefore now, O Lord, take I beseech thee, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than live." Had Jonah forgotten the former lesson which God had taught him? Alas! he loved himself better than his God, and better than lost souls! The whole world and God and Nineveh, revolved around Jonah; he saw and felt everything, not as it was, but as it touched him, and so it is with every selfish man. "Doest thou well to be angry?" said his patient God. Jonah had an idea of how to make himself comfortable; he made a booth and sat under it in the shade, to watch what would become of the city and God prepared a plant to come up over the booth in the rapid growth of Eastern vegetation. And he who could not rejoice when thousands of lives were saved found in his heart to rejoice with great joy because he felt a little cooler! So utterly unfeeling is a selfish man. But God wanted to make something of this man whose heartless selfishness repels us as we read. When man turns away in disgust, God still has patience. He prepared a worm to destroy the gourd, and a burning wind which interfered with the physical comfort of the prophet, and made him faint with heat. For the third time, this man who was not afraid to die, but was too much of a coward to live, if he had to bear a little discomfort, requested to die! His only thought was to escape suffering himself, although he was callous enough to the dangers and suffering of others! A second time, God asks him, "Doest thou well to be angry?" and he growls out, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

Then said the Lord, "Thou hast had pity on the gourd for the which thou hast not labored neither madest it to grow, which came up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left, and also much cattle?" The gourd served Jonah's purpose, there it was of value; the Ninevites were nothing to him! But Christ died for us Christians, "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto him which died for them and rose again." (II. Cor. 5: 15.) Jonah could not know how to be "crucified with Christ," and so, how to live his life—Christ dwelling in our hearts by faith is our only refuge from self and selfishness.

AN APPEAL TO THE DOCTOR.

A Story of the Sunday School Lesson for April 26. "Nineveh brought to repentance." Jonah 3: 1-10.



SEVERAL boys were working industriously at their lessons, one winter evening in the lower class study of a large school. They were joined by one of their class-mates who came in hot and panting.

"Where have you been, Tom?" they asked. "We are almost through."

"On an errand for Gower. He has a party in his room to-night. I've been for the dessert. They are having a high time. There are ten of the big boys there and they've got wine and cards."

"They'd have a high time if the Doctor knew," said one of the boys.

"And so would you have if you told of them," retorted Tom. "They'd half kill you."

A few days later there was some fun going on in the younger boys' room and a heavy set was overturned. The noise brought to the room the junior master, under whose jurisdiction they were. He reproved them sharply and threatened punishment.

"You are pretty sharp on us," said one of the boys, "but you say nothing to Gower and his set for their drinking and gambling. That is worse than anything we do."

Mr. Prior, the junior master, was astonished at the retort, but as the senior boys were not under his control, it was no business of his. He decided, however, to report what he had heard to Dr. Faber, the principal of the school. It was clearly a case for expulsion but Dr. Faber was always reluctant to take severe measures. He was so in this case, but he could not allow drinking and card-playing in the school.

"See them, Mr. Prior," he said, "and warn them. Perhaps they are not aware what the penalty is. Tell them plainly that they are rendering themselves liable to expulsion and make them understand the disgrace it will be and the misery it will bring on their parents."

"Yes, sir; I will tell them, but I am afraid they will not heed *me*. They know I am one

ibordinate and they have always been haughty id arrogant with me."

"But this is a serious matter, Mr. Prior. They nnot afford to despise your message, especially they know you come from me."

Mr. Prior went very reluctantly on his mis-on. He had not bargained for this disagreeable sk when he spoke to the Doctor on the sub-ct. He supposed the doctor would have alt with the delinquents himself. He had no pe of success and expected to be jeered at d snubbed. However, there was no alterna-ve, as Dr. Faber had pressed him to go, so went.

"The Doctor has heard of your doings and you e to be expelled," he said, when entering Gow 's room he found the boys surrounded with gns of dissipation. It was true he was not thorized to make such a statement, but he ought that there was no better way of overaw-g them. "You have disgraced yourselves," he ided, "and have brought dishonor on your arents. How will they feel when they read of our conduct in the papers and learn that you ave been expelled?"

A sudden gravity fell on the boys at this terri-le threat. They were fully sensible of the serious onsequences of such a punishment. Mr. Prior as surprised at the way they took it. They id not jeer at him nor snub him as he had ex-ected. Neither did they beg him to intercede ith the Doctor for them. He left them gloom-y considering their position. After he was one they consulted and determined to go in a ody to the Doctor himself and express their ontrition. It was a painful thing to do, but ot so painful as would be the penalty they ad incurred.

"They spoke in a very manly way," said Dr. aber, talking about the visit with Mr. Prior fterward. "They are really contrite, I am sure nd there will be no more of those orgies."

"You are not going to expel them!" Mr. rior asked in amazement.

"No, this is a far better ending than expul-ion. We have to think of them and their tu-ire, you know, Mr. Prior. It is always a seri-us matter to disgrace a boy publicly. A stain n the character may make him reckless and, fter all, what we really want is that he should epent and reform."

"They will never heed anything, I say again," aid Mr. Prior, sullenly, as he left the Doctor's brary, and he knew in his heart that he was orry that they had been so leniently dealt with.

In another land and in a later time Mr. Prior vas reminded of the incident. He was lying igh unto death among strangers, and before im all was dark. Conscience told him that here was no hope for him beyond the grave. A sinful life lay behind him, and though he had ong known the way of salvation, he had never ought reconciliation with God. A young cler-yman who had heard of his desolate state, vent to his bedside and won his confidence.

"God will pardon all," he said, "if you re-ent and plead the name of Jesus."

"I cannot," said the sick man. "There is no ope for me. I must bear the penalty of my in."

"I remember once feeling as you do," said he clergyman. "When I was a mere boy in a ublic school, a great disgrace hung over me. There seemed no hope, but I went to the head-naster and humbled myself, and he forgave ne."

"What is your name?" the sick man asked.

"Gower," said the clergyman.

"I thought your features were familiar. Yes, knew you then. It is strange that *you* should e talking so to me. I am Prior, the junior naster who brought you Dr. Faber's message."

"Ah! I remember you now. Do you not hink that there is more encouragement for you to go to God than there was for us to go to Dr. Faber that day?"

Mr. Prior had never taken that view of the ase. His thoughts had been fixed on himself, not on the character of the God of love. He ought and found peace through Christ.

EARTH'S RE-GENESIS.

Will this Globe be Purified and Transformed by a Second Birth.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

DOES the Word of revelation disclose the future of this planet? If so, what shall the end be? Shall it be treated as a worn-out and useless machine, fit only for the junk-shop? Or shall it be counted worthy of the repair-shop, where its complicated movement shall be re-adjusted, and the wonderful orb, renewed and renovated, go on its course, beautiful as in its youth, when first created and sent on its mission through boundless space?

God hath indeed promised to renew the earth. As the bare grain cast into the soil, gives birth to the new grain with its abundant life, and as our corruptible bodies which are planted in the tomb shall spring into life immortal, so also will this physical globe emerge out of her terrestrial ruin, and become again a celestial planet, evermore bathed in the effulgent glory of her Creator, who hath promised to make all things new.

The Cloud Symbol.

The earth was indeed beautiful in her virgin youth; comely as a bride adorned for her husband. But she has had many days of sorrow, having been divorced from her royal partner, the glorious Cloud—symbol of the Divine Presence. These long ages "Ichabod" has been written on her walls, for alas, "the glory has departed." Nevertheless, the days of her divorcement shall end, and the friendly Cloud will again kiss her purified lips, and evermore dwell upon her radiant hills. (Isa. 4: 4, 5.) He who has told us of the birth of our planet by creation, has also predicted her second birth by a resurrection from the dead.

The theories which set aside creation, and *per consequence*, the Creator, we regard as the insane ravings of the maddest of mad men, instigated by hatred of God's sovereignty, and rebellion against his supreme authority. As we know of the world's genesis by divine and unerring history, so we know of its re-genesis by divine and infallible prophecy.

The Regeneration.

What then is earth's predicted future? Turn we now to Matt. 19: 28: "And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

The word translated regeneration is found again in Titus 3: 5, which very plainly refers to the new birth of a believer. It is not a figure of speech, not high-wrought imagery, but literal statement. The believer is made new, he is a new creation in Christ Jesus. So also shall the earth be made new according to the working of him who hath so purposed it. Those who are converted, through grace, are brought out of darkness into light, and from Satan unto God. Satan is now prince of the power of the air, the god of this age, but the planet will be wrested from his grasp, while he himself shall be hurled into the great abyss, and so we too will be brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

Again we read in Acts 3:21, "Whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began." Our Lord has gone into the heavens where he fulfills his priestly ministry until the time arrives when he shall again come forth for his glorious work of restoration.

And this is in consonance with that sublime "evangel of creation" in Rom. 8: 19-23. "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope: Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to-wit, the redemption of our body."

Here is depicted both

Agony and Expectation;

agony because of the dread curse; expectation because of the promised blessing. The earth brought under the captivity of corruption through the sin of the first Adam, shall be redeemed, regenerated and restored; her centuries of groaning will cease for she shall be delivered from her bondage through the redemptive agency of the second Adam. For thus it hath been prophesied of him in Isaiah 65: 17-18, "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." The exceeding glory of earth's future will so completely overshadow her present condition, that any beauty which she now possesses will completely fade out of mind. Even now in her laboratory she can transmute her charcoal into diamond. As another has said, "Her crystals and pearls and gems and silver and gold are but shining dust and glorified slime."

Her Jewels.

Her translucent alabaster is formed by her cunning hands out of common earth, and in her servile state she produces gems of exquisite grace. What then may she not do when free from the bondage of corruption, and re-invigorated by the Spirit of Christ? What wonders, glories, miracles may she not then perform! When heaven and earth are united in holy alliance the magnificence of the one shall be shared in by the other. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God *is* with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, *and be* their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful." Rev. 21: 1-5.

Purification.

How much is implied in this predestined renewal we do not know. But we do know that moral and physical evil will be banished from our planet, that the god of this world, by whose craft and malice, and strength the race has been deceived, and destroyed, will be hurled, a chained prisoner into the deep and fiery abyss, that the full consequences of the curse which man's sin entailed in its most virulent forms will be removed, and the ground, blighted and blasted by its fell power, will be purged from its results, when thorns and thistles will cease their spontaneous growth, and weeds shall no more usurp the soil. In view of such a hope for weary exhausted nature, well may we pray "Thy Kingdom come."

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KEPT BACK.

VARRO, a Roman author, said he sent in many directions to find out from men what they thought to be the chief good. He received three hundred and twenty different replies; so many opinions were there in the world as to what was really the chief good to be sought after, and the chief joy to be received. Blessed be God, we are not left to a wild guess upon this subject; but we have in the Bible a positive statement of the fact that the highest good and the gladdest joy of the soul is the service of God. The religion of Jesus Christ is compared in the Bible to the light; but it is brighter than that. It is compared to a rock; but it is firmer than that. And the Lord Jesus Christ, the great central force of that religion is represented as a shepherd; but he is more careful than a shepherd. He is represented as a captain of salvation; but he is braver than any earthly officer. He is represented as the morning star heralding the day; but he is a brighter and more glorious promise to the soul upon which he shines. Now, if all these things are true, why is it that the vast majority of men do not come and receive this Christ and accept this Gospel? There are those who are kept back from the religious life because they feel they are too young to come. They say: "We shall live twenty, or thirty, or forty, or sixty years, and in that long reach of God's mercy there will be plenty of time to attend to these things. Meanwhile let us eat, drink, and be merry." Are you too young to serve God? Yes, if you are too young to receive any mercies at his hand; if you are too young to sit at the table of his bounty; if you are too young to be clothed by his goodness, to be fed by his love, to be sheltered by his benefaction, to be cared for by his loving-kindness—then you are too young. Yet the fact of your youth, instead of being the reason why you should stay away from Christ, is the very reason why you should come. Especial promise is given to you now that will never be given to you again. Besides that, are you not aware of the fact that if you put off the day of grace until the years of your youth have passed, in all probability you put it off forever? Do you not know that if you take up the Church records in any religious organization the world over, you will find that the vast majority of those who find their way into the kingdom of Christ come in their early days? Do you not know that if a man allows twenty-five years of his life to pass without having found the peace and hope of the Gospel, the strong probabilities are—twenty to one, one hundred to one—that he will die in his sins? Do you not know that the day of youth is the especial day of God's mercy; that you cannot, without infinite risk to your soul, adjourn the matter; that it is far easier to come to Christ at five years of age than at ten, at ten than at fifteen, at twenty than at twenty-five; and that if there are obstacles in the way now, they will multiply and augment, until Alps are piled on Alps, and Himalayas on Himalayas, and you will never scale the heights?

THE BACKSLIDERS.

HERE is a man who started for heaven a year ago. He had been given to dissipation; he has looked back. You are drinking too hard. I believe a moderate drinker may get into heaven, but a hard drinker, never! "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." The snake catches the eye of the bird on the limb: it begins to tremble, and soon slips from the tree-branch, and begins to fly down toward the serpent, and soon it is caught in the terrible folds and is gone. The wine-cup has been your fascination. You have by it been brought down from the circles in which you once moved, and come down nearer and nearer to the day of your destruction, and after awhile you will be caught in the coils of that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Oh, man give up drinking, or give up heaven! There is your choice. A man stood on the scaffold about to be executed, and the Sheriff, pulling out his watch, said: "You have five minutes to say what you have to say." The dying man said. "Rum ruined me. I had a little brother. I loved him very much. He was a bright-eyed lad. I came home one day intoxicated. My little brother was picking berries in the garden, and for some reason I got mad at him, and I took up an iron rake and with one stroke I killed him. Now I am to die for it, and you ask me what I have to say. It is this: never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate." Alas, if you start for heaven and look back to your early dissipations!

A DIVINE BEING.

"CHRIST came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen." Paul was a reckless man in always telling the whole truth, it mattered not who was hit or what theological system it upset. In this one sentence he makes a world of trouble for Arians and Socinians, and gives a cud for scepticism to chew on for the next thousand years. We must proceed skilfully to twist the passage of Scripture, or we shall have to admit the deity of Jesus Christ. I roll up my sleeves for the work, and begin by saying, perhaps this is a wrong version. No, all the versions agree—Syriac, Ethiopic, Latin, Arabic. Perhaps this word God means a being of great power, but not the Deity. It is God "over all." But perhaps this word God refers to the first person of the Trinity—God the Father. No; it is "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen." Whichever way I take it, and when I turn it upside down, and when I try to read it in every possible shape, I am compelled to leave it, as those who have gone before me, an incontrovertible proof of the eternal and magnificent Godhead of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Christ came, who is over all, God blessed for ever. Amen."

BRIEF NOTES.

A visit was recently paid by the Shah of Persia to the mission premises of the American missionaries in Teheran. This was the first visit ever paid by the Shah to a private foreign resident.

Dean Lefroy, of Norwich, England, selected one of the poorest parishes of the city, for his own work as district visitor. He was warned that bricks would be hurled at him. To this he replied, "All right: that's the place for me."

According to the American Baptist Year-Book for 1891, the Regular Baptists have in the United States 1,382 associations, 34,780 churches with a membership of 3,164,227, an increase for the year of upward of 94,000 members.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell P. Johnstone have resigned their position as managers of the Margaret Strachan Home for the Rescue of Fallen Women in West Twenty-seventh Street, New York, in order to devote themselves to general evangelistic work.

Mr. James Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, begins services on Sunday next at the Bethany M. E. Church, 120th St. and First Avenue, New York, of which Rev. G. M. Compton is pastor. His services at the Woodstock Church have been very successful. The pastor has been sick, and Mr. Cannon filled the pulpit for him.

Rev. Arthur Crane has been conducting Union Revival services at Great Falls, N. H. The four churches of the town united in the work, and it is estimated that nearly one hundred souls were brought to Christ by the services. Mr. Crane is now holding meetings at Hampton Falls, and Seabrook, N. H.

Dr. Frank Deems, son of Dr. Charles F. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, has entered the lecture field. His lecture on "Two Years and a-half with Edison," illustrated by the stereopticon and bright with anecdotes of his personal relations with the great electrician, delighted a large audience here a few evenings ago.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is holding a very successful series of union meetings in Findlay, O. No church can hold the crowds, and the city has never had such an awakening. The evangelist works with exhaustless zeal and power, and has glorious results. Mrs. Kress, of New York, accompanied by her mother, is singing for him. From here, Mr. Yatman goes to Pueblo, Colo.

During the past week the Church has suffered the loss of many eminent men. Among them were Dr. Luther H. Gulick, for nearly forty years a missionary in Micronesia; Dr. Edward Prime, for many years the assistant-editor of the *Observer*, of which his brother Dr. S. Irenæus Prime was the editor; and Dr. Edmund de Presensee, the famous French Evangelical preacher, and the author of *The Life of Christ*, and other valuable works.

Efforts are being made to rebuild the American College at Aintab, Turkey, which was recently destroyed by fire. The United States Consul at Beyroot says that the loss of the college is severely felt, as there were many gratis students and a large number who partially paid their expenses. All these and others who paid full fees deplore the loss of the educational aid which the institution afforded.

The value of the influence of prominent men who use it on behalf of Christ's cause cannot be overestimated. A case in point is the excellent work General O. O. Howard is doing in New York since he has been in command of the military district. On a recent Sunday he addressed a large audience of young men illustrating his Gospel talk with incidents of his army experience. The effect of the veteran's address will never be forgotten.

Mr. E. P. Telford closed his meetings at Troy, Pa., on April 2nd. They have been signally blessed in the conversion of souls. The Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches united in the movement, one week being spent by the evangelist at each church. On Sundays he preached three times, once in each church. The whole town was stirred, and the majority of the tradesmen closed their stores every night two hours earlier than usual, to give their employees an opportunity of attending the services. Mr. Telford is now laboring at Providence, R. I., with two Baptist and one Methodist Church.

Mr. Arthur J. Smith, who has been associated with Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman in his work in Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has just resigned his position that he may give all his time to the work of an evangelist. Mr. Smith has been associated with many of the prominent workers of the country, and is therefore prepared by his experience to do good work in the churches, where he may be called to labor. He leaves Bethany with the heartiest commendations of Dr. Chapman, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, and the session of the church. He is open to engagements. His address for the present will be care of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The April Elections—Senator Edmunds' Retirement—The Anglo-Indian Revolt—An Inventors' Congress—What Wrecked the Galena—General Notes.

In Some States the April Elections have not been without surprises. In Ohio, many of the cities went republican; but the Democrats made gains in the State. Senator Sherman's home in Mansfield County went republican, and the home of Senator-elect Brice in Lima, democratic. Illinois also showed considerable gains for the Democrats. In Kansas, the new political factor, the Farmers' Alliance, made a much poorer showing than was expected. The Democrats made gains in many counties. In the rural districts, the wives of Alliance candidates went among the voters, stirring up their enthusiasm. In Kansas City, ladies went to the polls, cast their ballots, and then stepped into carriages and returned home, riding in the same hack with colored women. In Missouri, Texas and Colorado, the result was not significant. Republicans made gains in California, and Democrats in Wisconsin and Minnesota. Michigan and Nebraska went republican, although in many cities the Democrats made large gains. At the "bye elections" in Rhode Island, the Republicans generally were victorious. Party leaders fail to attach any special importance to these elections this year. A call has been issued for a National Convention of the "Third Party," composed of Nationalists, Labor Unionists, Alliance Men and Farmers, to meet at Cincinnati on May 19.

The Threatening Attitude of Russia is Again giving rise to uneasiness in Europe and a great war seems certain in the near future. The Czar's troops are concentrated in vast strength at various points along the Galician frontier, and Austria has hurried large bodies of troops forward to strengthen her vulnerable posts at Tarnopol and Brody. Germany, too, is preparing her frontier fortresses, east and west, in apparent anticipation of an approaching struggle, with the double purpose of checking a Russian invasion, and a simultaneous movement on the part of France. Kaiser Wilhelm, however, does not let the war furore interfere with his pleasures, for he is about to go on a shooting trip in the northern provinces. One evidence of Russia's determination to assume the aggressive, is the part she is about to play in Africa. She has fitted out an expedition under the command of Lieutenant Mashkoff, a most determined soldier, which is now ready to start for Abyssinia. With the co-operation of King Menelek, it will endeavor to reach the great lakes by some hitherto unexplored route. Notice has been given that any interference by Italy, which now has an expeditionary force in that territory, will be considered an act of war.

The Revolt Against British Rule in India threatens to be much more widespread than was at first anticipated. A letter has been received from the chief of the Manipuris in the Punjaub, admitting the killing of Commissioner Quinton and his party and justifying it on the ground that the British troops attacked his palace, massacred his soldiers and their women and children, threw living women and babes into the fire. This charge is indignantly denied. News has been received that a detachment sent against the Haku-Chins, another warlike hill tribe in Northern India, has been slaughtered to a man, having been ambushed and massacred. Late telegrams announce the defeat of a stroug force of Manipuris by the Anglo-Indian troops.

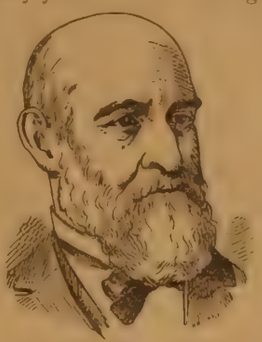
The International Flurry over the Action of the Italian government in recalling Baron Fava has wholly subsided, and there is no longer any talk of the probability of war, as there was a week ago. Marquis Rudini, King Humbert's Premier, has assured our government that he never intended to convey the request that the New Orleans lynchers should be punished in advance of a trial, and Secretary Blaine has replied, giving reciprocal assurances of protection to Italian interests. Baron Fava, although still quite ill from nervous prostration, has started for Italy. The Roman newspapers and the Italian press in this country have adopted a milder tone, and regard President Harrison's latest communication to King Humbert as conciliatory. The only disturbing element now seems to be the Mafia itself, whose members in different parts of the country are making threats of vengeance against the lynchers. They are being closely watched by the police in New Orleans and Chicago, where the order seems to be stronger than elsewhere.

Three High Canadian Officials have been Visiting Washington during the past week on a mission which, had it been successful, would have foreshadowed closer commercial relations between this country and the Dominion. They are Sir Chas. Tupper, Sir John Thompson, Minister of Finance, and Mr. Foster, Minister of Marine, and they came to confer with the President and Secretary Blaine concerning reciprocity.

They have returned to Canada very much chagrined over the ill-success of their mission, which is currently reported to have been a failure. They came, it is said, with authority from Sir John Macdonald, the Dominion Premier, to arrange for a Treaty, and they were surprised to find that the United States government could not recognize their authority to take any steps in a matter, which should be negotiated through the imperial government of England. The Canadian Liberals are greatly rejoiced over the failure of the mission. Sir Charles Tupper, (whose portrait is given in this column), and who acted as High Commissioner, is, next to Sir John himself, the strongest Conservative in Canada. He is a native of Nova Scotia and is about seventy years of age. He has held many notable offices under the Dominion government and, during the recent campaign, was a leading organizer and one of the most active adherents of the government party. Still another Commissioner who has met with disappointment is the Hon. Robert Bond (see portrait below), who framed the Reciprocity Convention between Newfoundland and the United States, which has recently been repudiated by that Colony, as worthless to its fishery interests. Mr. Bond is the lieutenant of the Premier of Newfoundland, Sir William V. Whiteway, and has been so outspoken in his antagonism to England that he was omitted from the list of delegates who visited that country to protest against the Knutsford bill, the terms of which were recently explained in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A National Congress of Inventors was in session in Music Hall, Washington, for several days during the past week. Among the well-known inventors in attendance were Edison, Bell, Westinghouse, and Gatling. President Harrison, Postmaster-General Wanamaker and other Government officials occupied seats on the stage, and about four hundred inventors and manufacturers from all parts of the country filled the house. Many interesting papers were read and a permanent organization was formed, to be known as "The American Association of Inventors and Manufacturers," having for its object the advancement of industrial inventions and the improvement and enlargement of the American Patent system. The occasion of the Congress was the celebration of the second century of our patent system.

In the Retirement of Hon. George F. Edmunds of Vermont, from the United States Senate, that body loses a member who has for many years been a leading figure in matters of national legislation. In his letter of retirement addressed to Governor Page, of Vermont, Mr. Edmunds states that personal considerations alone urge him to the step. He was born in Richmond, Vt., in 1828, and studied law at Burlington. At 26, he entered politics, serving five years in the State Legislature, three of them in the Speaker's chair. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1866, and took a leading part in the great debates on reconstruction and other important issues arising out of the civil war. In 1877 he was a member of the Electoral Commission, which seated President Hayes. As Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, he framed many of the leading measures passed by Congress during the last fifteen years. A portrait of Mr. Edmunds is given above. It is stated that Secretary of War Proctor will be a candidate for the vacancy.



So Many Counterfeit Two-Dollar Notes are in circulation that the United States Treasury has decided to call in all those of that denomination bearing the portrait of General Hancock, and to issue instead notes with the portrait of the late Secretary Windom. None of the old series will be reissued. It is probable that the use of the distinctive paper hitherto used in making these notes will be discontinued.

By a Vote of Three to One, the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has decided that women shall not be allowed to represent their sex in the General Conference or the Electoral Conferences. The discussion on this most interesting question took place at Yonkers last week, and a majority of the 200 members present had something to say on the subject. The galleries were crowded with women, who listened intently to the arguments and evinced pleasure at the eloquence of their champions. It would take a page of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to recapitulate the reasons adduced on either side, during the debate.

A Moral Lesson may very Well be Drawn from the testimony of Commander Bicknell of the United States ship *Galena*, at the official inquiry into the recent loss of the vessel off Block Island Light. The Commander stated that the usual precaution had not been taken of ascertaining before sailing the exact deviation of the *Galena's* compass. The compass of the tug *Nina*, which accompanied the *Galena*, was taken as the standard and it proved to deviate one point westerly. That single point of deviation was fatal for it wrecked the gallant warship and well nigh sacrificed nearly a hundred lives.

The Movement to Consolidate into One Great metropolis under a single municipal government, the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and to include the counties of New York, Kings, Queens, Suffolk, Richmond and Westchester, is making rapid headway. A Consolidation Commission is now at work on a charter for the proposed new city, and it will be sent to the State Legislature, when completed. The consolidation would give New York a population of very nearly three millions, and would make it the second city in the world numerically, and perhaps the first in actual territorial dimensions. Economic reasons urge the union, but there is much opposition in the rural districts, which are proposed to be merged with the greater city, and it is difficult to foreshadow the fate of the measure in the Legislature.

BETWEEN THE APPEARINGS.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Links Between Heaven and Earth—The Respective Objects of the Two Appearings—I. Once and no Second—The End Accomplished by Jesus at his First Advent—The Putting Away of Sin—Done Effectually—No Ground for the Larger Hope—II. The Second Appearing—Open and Visible—Without Sin—Will Find None in His People—Will Appear to Those Who Look for Him.

"Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself, ... and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Hebrews 9 : 26–28.

THE two great links between earth and heaven are the two advents of our Lord: or, rather, he is the great bond of union, by these two appearings. When the world had revolted, and God had been defied by his own creatures, a great gulf was opened between God and man. The first coming of Christ was like a bridge which crossed the chasm and made a way of access from God to man, and then from man to God. Our Lord's second advent will make that bridge far broader, until heaven shall come down to earth, and ultimately earth shall go up to heaven. Jesus is seen as opening the door which none can shut, by means of which the Lord is beheld as truly Emmanuel, God with us.

Here, too, is the place for us to build a grand suspension bridge, by which, through faith, we ourselves may cross from this side to the other of the stormy river of time. The cross at whose feet we stand, is the massive column which supports the structure on this side ; and as we look forward to the glory,

The Second Advent

of our Lord is the solid support on the other side of the deep gulf of time. By faith we first look to Jesus, and then look for Jesus ; and herein is the life of our spirits. Christ on the cross of shame, and Christ on the throne of glory, we dwell between these two boundaries: these are our Dan and Beersheba, and all between is holy ground. As for our Lord's first coming, there lies our rest : the once-offered Sacrifice hath put away our sin, and made our peace with God. As for his second coming, there lies our hope, our joy ; for we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.

I want, at this time, to bring before you those two appearings of our Lord. The text says, "He hath appeared ; and again, "He shall appear." The twenty-sixth verse speaks of his unique manifestation already accomplished, and the twenty-eighth verse promises the glorious second outshining, as it promises, "He shall appear." Between these two lights—"he hath appeared" and "he shall appear"—we shall sail safely, if the Holy Spirit will direct our way.

I. Our first theme is

Once, and no Second.

"Now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." This he has done once, and he will never repeat it. Let us dwell on the subject in detail. Our Lord Jesus Christ has once appeared, and though he will appear again, it will not be for the same purpose. On his first appearing fix your thoughts ; for the like of it will never be seen again. I know of no appearance that could have been more complete, more unreserved. He moved in the midst of crowds, he spake to men and women one by one. He was on the mountain, and by the sea ; he was in the desert, and by the river ; he was both in house and in temple ; he was everywhere accessible ; in the fullest sense "once in the end of the world hath he appeared." Oh, the glory of this gracious epiphany ! This is the greatest event in history : the invisible God has appeared in human form.

The text tells us very precisely that in this first coming of our Lord he appeared to put away sin. Notice that fact. By his coming and sacrifice he accomplished many things ; but his first end and object was "to put away sin." You know what the modern babblers say: they declare that he appeared to reveal to us the goodness and love of God. This is true ; but it is only the fringe of the whole truth. The fact is, that he revealed God's love in the provision of a sacrifice to put away sin. Then, they say that he appeared to exhibit perfect manhood, and to let us see what our nature ought to be. Here also is a truth ; but it is only part of the sacred design. He appeared, say they, to manifest self-sacrifice, and to set us an example of love to others. By his self-denial he trampled on the selfish passions of man. We deny none of these things : and yet we are indignant at the way in which the less is made to hide the greater. The great

Object of Our Lord's Coming

was not to live, but to die. He hath appeared not so much to subdue sin by his teaching, as to put it away by the sacrifice of himself. The master purpose which dominated all that our Lord did, was not to manifest goodness, nor to perfect an example, but to put away sin by sacrifice.

Do not let us think of Jesus without remembering the design of his coming. I pray you, brethren, know not Christ without his cross, as some pretend to know him. We preach Christ ; so do a great many more : but, "we preach Christ crucified" ; so do not so many more. We preach concerning our Lord, his cross, his blood, his death; and upon the blood of his cross we lay great stress, extolling much "the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." We know no past appearing of God in human flesh except that which ended with a sacrifice to put away sin.

Let us go a step further with our text : once only does the Lord appear for the purpose of putting away sin. He came once to do it, and he has done it so well that there is no need for him to offer any further sacrifice. "This man, after that he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down." He will never appear a second time for the putting away of sin. It was his purpose once ; but he has so fulfilled it that it will never be his purpose again. He has so put away sin by the sacrifice of himself that he will never need to offer a second sacrifice.

No Larger Hope.

If any of you here are entertaining some "larger hope," I would say to you—Hope what you please ; but remember, that hope without truth at the bottom of it, is an anchor without a holdfast. A groundless hope is a mere delusion. Wish what you will ; but wishes without promises from God to back them, are vain imaginings. Why should you imagine or wish for another method of salvation ? Rest you assured that the Lord God thinks so highly of the one sacrifice for sin, that for you to desire another is evil in his sight. If you reject the one sacrifice of the Son of God, there remains no hope for you ; nor ought there to be. Jesus did it alone ; he did not only seem to do it, but he actually achieved the putting away of sin. He blotted out the handwriting that was against us. He finished transgression and made an end of sin ; and brought in everlasting righteousness when he died upon the cross.

I do not need, I hope, to linger here to warn you that it is of no use to expect that God will put away sin in any other way than that which at so great a cost he has provided. If sin could have been removed in any other way than by the death of his dear Son, Jesus would not have died. If there had been within the range of supposition any method of pardon except by the sacrifice of himself, depend upon it Jesus would never have bowed his head to death. The great Father would never have inflicted death upon the perfect One if it had been possible that the cup should pass from him. He could never have inflicted upon his Beloved a superfluous pain. His death was needful ; but, blessed be God, having been once endured, it has once for all put away sin, and hence it will never be endured again.

II. We come now to look at the rest of the text. Once, and no second ;

And Yet a Second.

"He shall appear a second time." Yes, Christ Jesus shall appear a second time ; but not a second time for the same purpose as before. He will appear. The appearing will be of the most open character. He will not be visible in some quiet place where two or three are met, but he will appear as the lightning is seen in the heavens. At his first appearing he was truly seen : wherever he went he could be looked at and gazed upon, and touched and handled. He will appear quite as plainly by-and-by, among the sons of men. The observation of him will be far more general than at his first advent; for "every eye shall see him." Every eye did not see him here when he came the first time, for he did not travel out of Palestine, save only when, as an infant all unknown, he was carried down into Egypt. But when he comes a second time all the nations of the world shall behold him. They that are dead shall rise to see him, both saints and sinners ; and they that are alive and remain when he shall come shall be absorbed in this greatest of spectacles.

His second appearing will be without sin. That is to say, he will bring no sin-offering with him, and will not himself be a sacrifice for sin. What need that it should be so ? We have seen that he once offered himself without spot to God, and therefore,

When He Comes a Second Time,

his present relation to human guilt will finally cease. He will come, moreover, without those sicknesses and infirmities which arise out of sin. At his first advent he came in suffering flesh, and then he came to hunger and to thirst, to be without a place whereon to lay his head ; he came to have his heart broken with reproach, and his soul grieved with the hardness of men's hearts. He was compassed with infirmity ; he came unto his God with strong crying and tears ; he agonized even unto bloody sweat ; and so he journeyed on with all the insignia of sin hanging about him. But when he comes a second time it will be without the weakness, pain, poverty, and shame which accompany sin. There will then be no marred visage nor bleeding brow. He will have re-assumed his ancient glory. It will be his glorious appearing.

Then the text adds : "He shall appear without sin unto salvation." What does that mean? It means that he will then display the perfect salvation of all those who put their trust in him. He will come to celebrate the great victory of mercy over sin. At his coming he will set his foot upon the dragon's head, and bruise Satan under our feet. He will come to have all his enemies put under his feet. To-day we fight, and he fights in us.

Life from the Dead.

But the resurrection is the salvation principally intended here. Alas, what evil sin hath done ! How many of our best beloved lie rotting beneath the clay ! The worms are feeding on those whose voices were the music of our lives. The scythe of death has cut them down like grass ; they lie together in rows in yonder cemetery. Who slew all these ? The sting of death is sin. But when our Lord cometh, who is the resurrection and the life, from beds of dust and silent clay our dead men shall rise ; they shall leap up into immortality. "Thy brother shall rise again." Thy children shall come again from the land of their captivity. No aching hands and weary brows then ; but we shall be raised in power. Our vile body shall be changed, and made like unto his glorious body. Though sown in corruption, our body shall be raised in incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality. What a glorious prospect lies before us in connection with the day of his appearing a second time unto salvation !

Now notice that this appearing and this

salvation will chiefly belong to those who look for him. Will you bear with me patiently a minute or two here? I wonder how many there are in the Tabernacle who are looking for him. The text says, "Unto them that look for him shall he appear a second time without sin unto salvation." Beloved, I will put the question again: How many here are looking for our Lord's second coming? I am afraid if conscience hath her perfect work many will have to say, "I am afraid I am not among the number." I will tell you what it is to look for that second appearing. It is to love the Lord Jesus, to love him so that you long for him as a bride longeth for her husband. Why are his chariots so long in coming? Come quickly, Lord Jesus? Strong love hates separation, it pines for union. It cries, "Come, Lord! Come, Lord!" Longing follows on the heels of loving.

Preparing for Him.

To look for his coming is to prepare for him. If I were asked to visit you to-morrow evening, I am sure you would make some preparations for my call—even for one so common-place as myself. You would prepare, because you would welcome me. If you expected the Queen to call, how excited you would be! What preparation good housewives would make for a royal visitor! When we expect our Lord to come, we shall be concerned to have everything ready for him. I sometimes see the great gates open in front of the larger houses in the suburbs; and it means that they are expecting company. Keep the great gates of your soul always open, expecting your Lord to come. It is idle to talk about looking for his coming if we never set our house in order, and never put ourselves in readiness for his reception. Looking for him means that you stand in a waiting attitude, as a servant who expects his master to be at the door presently. If you look for his appearing you will be found in an attitude of one who waits and watches, that when his Lord cometh he may meet him with joy. Christ is coming, I must not sin: Christ is coming, I must not be rooted to the world.

The Tired Ones.

My friend Mr. Govett, in his Commentary on my text, reminds us of the story of Moses, when God told him to take seventy men up the hill with him We read of these honored men, that "they saw God, and did eat and drink." What a privilege! They were all the Lord's guests. As Moses went up to God into the thick darkness, he said to them, "Tarry ye here until we come again unto you." Moses was gone for forty days, and how many waited for him? I do not know when they began to slip down from the hill, or whether they went one by one, or in groups; but when Moses returned not a soul of them was left, save Joshua, whom Moses had taken up with him to still higher ground. The seventy had gone down among the people, and probably spread that unbelief among them which led to the making of the golden calf. None can do so much mischief as those who have been with God, but cannot wait for the glorious appearing.

You tell me Moses was gone a long time—well-nigh six weeks. Yes, and that is why many cannot wait for the Lord now, because the delay is so long: it is nearly nineteen hundred years since he went away. True, four thousand years rolled away before he came the first time, but two thousand quite wear out the watchers for his second coming. Men cannot wait, and therefore go down to the world and help to fashion its idols. Only here and there do we see a Joshua who will abide in his place till his leader appears.

As to watching, this is rarer than waiting. The fact is, even the better sort of believers who wait for his coming, as all the ten virgins did, nevertheless do not watch. Even the best sort of the waiters slumbered and slept. You are waiting, but you are sleeping! This is a mournful business. A man who is asleep cannot be said to look; and yet it is "unto them that look for him" that the Lord comes with salvation. We must be wide-awake to look. We ought to go up to the watch-tower every morning, and look toward the sun-rising, to see whether he is coming. Surely our last act at night should be to look out for his star, and say, "Is he coming?" It ought to be a daily disappointment when our Lord does not come; instead of being, as I fear it is, a kind of foregone conclusion that he will not come just yet.

The Two Clouds.

Many professing Christians forget Christ's second coming altogether; others drop a smile when we speak about it, as though it belonged only to fanatics and dreamers. But ye, beloved, I trust are not of that kind. As ye believe really in the first coming and the one great sacrifice, so believe really in the second coming without a sin-offering unto the climax of your salvation. Standing between the cross and the crown, between the cloud that received him out of our sight, and the clouds with which he will come with ten thousands of his saints to judge the quick and the dead, let us live as men who are not of this world, strangers in this age which darkly lies between two bright appearings, happy beings saved by a mystery accomplished, and soon to be glorified by another mystery which is hasting on.

Now all this must be strange talk to some of you. I wish it would alarm those of you who once made a profession of true religion, and have gone back to the world's falsehood. How will you face him, you backsliders, in that day when he shall appear, and all else shall vanish in the blaze of his light, as stars when the sun shines out? What will you do when your treachery shall be made clear to your consciences by his appearing? What will you do, who have sold your Master, and given up your Lord, who was and is your only hope for the putting away of your sins? Oh! I pray you, as you love yourselves, go to him as he appears in his first coming; and then, washed in his blood, go forward to meet him in his second coming for salvation. God bless you, and by his Son and Spirit make you ready for that great day which cometh on apace!

VISIT TO A PRINCESS.

IN a letter to the valuable periodical, *The Missionary Link*, Mrs. Bacon writes:—"Bhopal, a city in a native state which I have visited, is governed by a Hindu princess, called the 'Begum of Bhopal.' Though subject to the British Government, her position is hereditary, passing in regular succession from mother to daughter. This Begum has been married twice. During her first husband's life, she used to go among her people, and even visit other cities, but she married a second time a very strict Mohammedan, who shut her up in her palace, and for many years she has not been seen outside. Within a year the second husband has also died, and the people think and hope that she will come out among them again.

"In this city there has never been a missionary, and only three European families live there, who do not come to win souls, but to make money. I was fortunate enough to secure an interview with the Begum, and think it was owing to my saying I was an American. I doubt if her Majesty had ever seen any one from that far-away land.

"The Begum was seated in an alcove of an inner room, dressed in a pair of tight red trousers, with a band of gold around the ankle; without shoes or stockings, and a flowered sari thrown around her. She was most gracious, asking me all manner of questions about my country, and about myself, even to my age. An attendant at her command brought a bottle of exquisite perfume to pour upon my handkerchief, and she also gave me sachets of sweet spices. She told me she would send one of her elephants for me to ride on, to visit her favorite garden.

"The visit was most interesting and Oriental, yet the one subject nearest my heart, the one message I came to India to give, I was requested by her chief minister not to speak of, and it made me sad."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Permanence of Christ's Words.*

ALTHOUGH no magic was impressed on the syllables which flowed from the lips of the Redeemer to arrest their natural passing away, still it is true and certain that they have not passed away and cannot pass away while the world stands. For one thing they have not passed away in this sense—that when they were spoken, the simple narrative of the Evangelists took and perpetuated them; and in these four Gospels we have the words of Christ preserved. But it is a little thing to say that Christ's words were perpetuated on paper. We should not set much store by the fact that upon printed pages by millions and millions the words of our Redeemer, have outlived the storms and the wear of ages; we should not mind much about that if it stood by itself; but we take it with this, that these words are so marvellously adapted to the needs of our immortal nature that those who have once felt their power, would feel it was parting with life to part with them. Earthquakes, deluges might sweep this world; but you must unpeople it before the words of Christ could pass away from it. Though the last Bible perish, as perish it may in the wreck and ruin of this world, though the blessed words of Jesus were to do what they never can—fade away utterly from the remembrance of the glorified soul; even then these words would live on in the effects they had produced. They would live and last in heaven in the souls they had brought there; in their justification before God, in the purity of their renewed natures, in their changeless and never-ending peace.

What Self-Sacrifice Means.

A man is distinguished from an animal by the fact that he is able to regard his nature as a whole, and to gather up its passing experiences into the unity of a consistent life. But he is also, and still more strikingly, distinguished by the fact that he can live in the lives of others. He may so identify himself with others as to make their lives his own, and unless he does this he is not really human. It is only as our individual, narrow, exclusive, isolated self, is developed into a larger inclusive, sympathetic self, that we come to our highest life. The capacity of love and self-sacrifice is the capacity to make the happiness of others my own, and to identify my life with an ever-widening sphere of life beyond myself. As a rule, this capacity is called forth in early life; and when once it has been brought into exercise it should grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. The self-denial then, which Christ requires of us is not self-destruction, but self-completion,—self-perfection; it is not self-mutilation but self-development; it is not self-neglect, but self-fulfilment. It will bring us gradually to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. It does not ignore any of the various elements of our nature, but it enables them all to work together harmoniously for the perfecting of the whole man. He who has learned the lesson of self-sacrifice is so changed from what he was before he learned it, that he may emphatically be called a new creature, and yet he is not less a man than formerly; rather we should say it is he and such as he alone who deserve that exalted title.

The Alabaster Box.

Here is a woman—probably a poor woman—doing an act which excites the indignation of the whole Church. Not a voice is heard in her favor except—sublime exception!—the voice of Jesus. In such circumstances there must be

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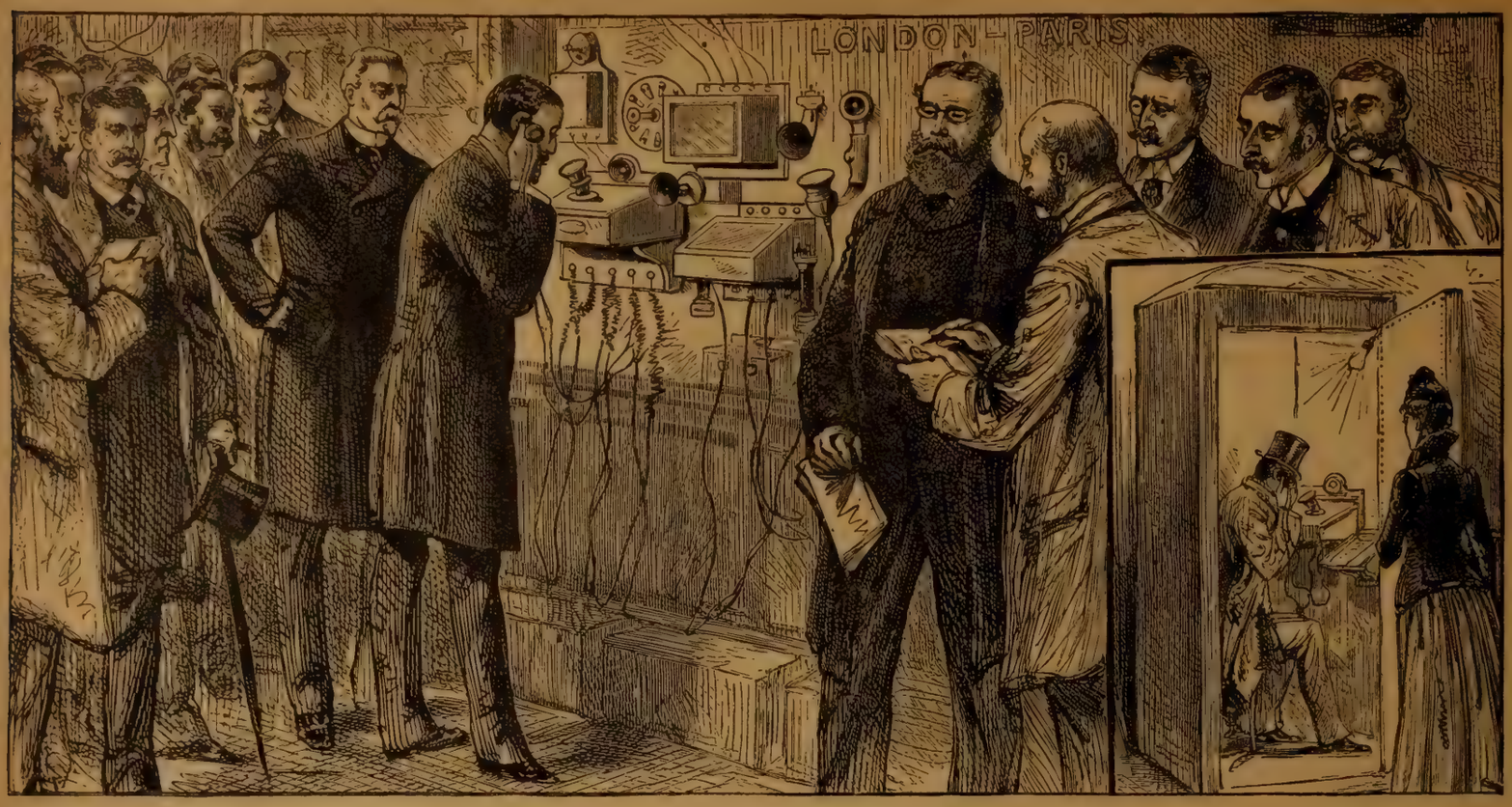
* From *The Sermon Bible*, Matthew and Mark 2 vols. These volumes form part of the well-known series, the former volumes of which, ministers and Christian worker have found most helpful and suggestive. The character of the series is here well maintained. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.



The Inauguration of the New Telephone Line between London and Paris.

something worth looking at. A minority which God approves must not be overlooked with heedlessness and contempt. The wisdom in this case is with the few and the folly with the many. The wisdom is with love, not policy; with gratitude, not calculation. The points of special interest are these: (I.) The all-surrendering generosity of love. The woman had an alabaster box of very precious ointment—only one box—and that solitary box she broke and poured its pure nard on the only human head that had not lost its crown. Love never puts its own name upon anything. Love has some object—must have some object—on whose shrine it lays its every possession. Love, warm, intelligent, growing love, keeps back nothing from God. (II.) The moral blindness of a prudential policy in the service of Christ. There are men who can never take other than an arithmetical view of things. They are the keen economists of the Church; they get near enough to Christ to ascertain the texture of his garments and to calculate the value of his seamless vesture. There is a point of criticism here most singularly suggestive. The same word in the original is used to signify both waste and perdition; and if we connect this idea with another, we shall apprehend the idea I wish to present. "Those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost but the son of perdition," and this very son of perdition was the man, who, on another occasion, and probably on this, called a sacrifice "waste," and vehemently maintained the claims of the poor. Then there is the startling fact before us that the men who denominate other people's service "waste," are themselves the most likely to be cast away as the refuse of the universe.

A NOVEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

A REMARKABLE incident significant of the social conditions which obstruct the work of the missionaries in heathen lands is narrated in a letter to the *Church at Home and Abroad* from the Rev. A. C. Good, who is laboring in Africa. It indicates a view of the marriage relation which prevails among peoples who have not been brought under the elevating influences of Christianity. Mr. Good says:

"The condition of society among these down river people is somethihg terrible. Immorality is fearfully prevalent, so that a large part of the population live by it. The lot of woman is hard indeed. Here, more than anywhere else in this country, she is bought and sold, married and unmarried, without any regard to her own preferences. Once married into a family, that is, once they have paid for her, she belongs to that family. If her first husband dies, she must marry some other man in the family. If she declines the man who offers to marry her, then she has committed a heinous crime called here "hating her husband," the punishment for which is usually death.

"In one of the towns we visited, a woman came to us and said she was to be killed, and declaring that she was innocent of any offence. We inquired into the matter, and were told that she was not to be killed, she was only to have her nose and ears cut off, and that she deserved it, for she had 'hated her husband.' On further inquiry we found that this was her offence: She had been married into a small family and all its male members had died, except one small boy, her husband being the last.' As there was no one left to marry her, she desired to return to her own people or to marry into some other family; but no; the decayed family were not to lose their money in that way.

"An old woman, the head of the family now that all the men were dead said, 'you shall marry me; I will be your husband,' *i.e.*, 'you shall serve and obey me, which is the prominent idea in marriage here. Naturally the widow declined, and so the charge was brought against her that she 'hated her husband.'"

LONDON-PARIS.

The Opening of the New Telephone Between the English and French Capitals.

(See Illustration.)

A NOTABLE advance in the facilities for international communication has just been made in the line which now connects the capitals of England and France by telephone. The completion of the line has been a work of considerable difficulty, owing to the stormy nature of the narrow channel which separates the two countries. The obstacles have, however, been overcome, and now statesmen, merchants and private citizens, can hold converse with each other by word of mouth, though three hundred and thirty miles apart. The official inauguration of the line took place on March 18, when the Prince of Wales in London held a conversation with M. Carnot, the President of the French Republic, in Paris. The conversation was in French, and the two gentlemen were mutually congratulatory. An exchange of congratulations then passed between Mr. Raikes, the English Postmaster-General, and M. Jules Roche, the French Minister of Commerce, Industries, and Posts and Telegraphs. They also spoke in the French language. At the Paris Central Telagraph Station, Lord Lytton, the English ambassador, Madame Roche, M. Reinach, and M. de Selves were present with M. Roche.

As the telegraphs and telephones in England are controlled by the government and form a department of the Post Office, the central station in London is in the Post Office building which was suitably decorated in honor of the occasion. A large board covered with red cloth stood against the wall of the room. Above it the English national flag was entwined with the Tricolor and beneath were the words, "London—Paris." Six transmitters of different kinds were fixed below for experimental use. These will be tested for a time and the best will be finally adopted. So far, the London people prefer the Gower-Bell instrument while the French officials have pronounced in favor of the Ader. Our illustration represents the scene in the London office on the inauguration day.

THE BLIND SINGING EVANGELISTS.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Baker Singing the Songs of Zion.

(See Portrait.)

VERY pathetic and very significant is the story of the two evangelists whose portraits are here given. In their physical darkness they not only enjoy spiritual light, but God has used them in enlightening others. Under an affliction which might naturally have caused deep depression of soul, they have gone from place to place singing joyous melodies and cheering the hearts of others. Their lives are a conspicuous proof of what God's grace can do in enabling his afflicted children to rejoice in their lot.

William V. Baker is now fifty-one years of age, and is a native of Luzerne County,

Pennsylvania. He lost his sight during a severe illness in infancy. At the age of seven he was admitted to an institution for the blind in Philadelphia, where he gained an education, and where under the guidance of a Christian inmate of the institution he was led to Christ. He remained there twelve years and then, at the age of nineteen, undertook the difficult task of earning a livelihood. His musical talents, and a voice of singular compass and power, were all his capital. At first he sang ballads at concerts and other entertainments, but soon God showed him that his calling was to sing for the Saviour. He commenced his religious work at Ithaca, N. Y., and since that time has visited many States, singing in churches and mission halls with many tokens of the divine blessing.

During one of Mr. Baker's intervals of rest in Philadelphia, he became acquainted with Miss Katie Smith, a lady similarly afflicted and similarly endowed with musical talents. The acquaintance soon ripened into love, and in 1884 they were married. Mrs. Baker now accompanies her husband on the piano and organ in his services, and so enhances their value. Her method shows a phenomenal power of memory for she is able to play any piece, the full score of which has been read to her. Mr. and Mrs. Baker have lately been holding services in New York, and during their visit they delighted a large audience in Dr. Talmage's Church by their beautiful rendering of sacred music.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Baker, the Blind Singing Evangelists.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 223*)

The Palatine and Coliseum.

ON their rounds of sight-seeing the end of which one seems never to reach in Rome, the young ladies plodded along, and Camilla fancied that Margaret in her feverish haste, was trying to crowd out other thoughts, and perhaps to be ready to leave the city abruptly. The Italian girl ventured to remonstrate. "No, my dear," returned Margaret, "I can't rest here.

One forenoon the Gordons came with a cab for Carolyn, and the rest followed in another to the Palatine Hill.

"Shall we need a gnide?" asked Goldthorpe, as they passed the gate, and he took his mother and Carolyn, one upon each arm, for the climb.

"I don't think so," replied Margaret. "We can better depend upon Carolyn. She is a little more modest about fixing the exact place where everything happened, than the guides are. How far can you take us back, coz?"

"Oh, to Virgil's story that Evander welcomed Æneas here, long before Romulus."

"Aristocrats have monopolized history," remarked Margaret; "so on this patrician hill, the most of the Roman story was planned, and much of it done."

"I never thought of that before," said Gordon, as he placed for his mother and Carolyn the camp-stools that he had been carrying, and sheltered them with his umbrella from the sun that began to seem warm to the foreigners. The others fluttered down upon bits of marble, and were in talking and listening attitudes.

"The palace of the Cæsars," said Mrs. Gordon; "I suppose the emperors lived here."

"No, mamma," replied Goldthorpe; "at least, not all of them. They had their villas outside of the city. The first of the palaces here was the one that the senators built for Augustus. He was too simple in his habits, and his house too plain to suit them."

"Nero had quite another notion of how to be great," said Margaret. "He spread his Golden House all over the Palatine, and out upon two other of the hills. We have some moderns who try to increase their consequence in a similar manner, heaping about themselves enough to make plenty of poor people comfortable." Goldthorpe and Carolyn looked at her, as if she were setting forth some American, or millennial vagary; so she added, "I suppose Nero was not troubled with any such fancies about the claims of the plebs."

"Some day when Carolyn has quite recovered her powers of locomotion," said Margaret, "she must show us just where Augustus' palace stood. Cataline's villa was near the same place; and Vespasian's palace was built over it. He filled up Augustus' house with dirt, so as to make a foundation for his own."

"How solidly those old Romans built," said Margaret, "on the rock, and of the rock. Their very language was rough. We cut our classical teeth on it; and so we know them better than our next-door neighbors. More patrician blood has been shed here than on any other spot on the planet."

"It is not such a great space, either," said Carolyn; "about ten or twelve hundred feet in area, according to the books."

"Poor zings!" echoed Marie.

"Some day next week," said Margaret, assuming a professional air, "Miss Pelham and Mr. Gordon, reciting on the spot, will give us the exact place where the palaces and temples stood, also, the house of Livia, of Drusus, and of Cicero. We must know where the Triclinium was, where Nero was dining with the imperial family, when his stepbrother, Britannicus, fell over dead, after drinking Nero's poison: and where Commodus was drugged and strangled; and where Pertinax was killed after his three month's reign."

"Miss Pelham," ventured Mrs. Gordon, a woe-begone expression wrestling with the hopefulness of her uplifted brows, "allow me to suggest—perhaps you might—eh—isn't there some more cheerful aspect of the place upon which the—eh—the young people might occupy themselves—under the circumstances?"

"I'm afraid, my queen," threw in Camilla, hiding her amusement behind a decorous air, "your chamber of horrors will be a little difficult of restoration."

"If only you Americans wouldn't quite take one's breath away!" said Carolyn.

"Signorina Mattioli." Margaret went on, as if loftily oblivious of comment, "will please be prepared to conduct the party from the entrance of the Crypto-Porticus, to the Fora in front of the palace. We will go with her through the passage with the mosaic floors, and inlaid ceilings, glancing into the private reception-halls as we pass."

Camilla's hands were thrown up in mock despair.

"We'll help you," said Carolyn, falling naturally into the use of the pronoun, first person, plural. "If the thing can be done, we'll do it. But one good turn deserves another. Suppose, cousin, you reproduce for us the trial of St. Paul, before Nero, here on the Palatine."

"A Roland for an Oliver!" cried Goldthorpe, with a delighted laugh, in which his mother joined heartsomely.

"Did you say zat St. Paul vas tried here on zis hill?" asked Marie.

"We know that Paul had converts in Cæsar's household," "but we shall have to get the monks to tell us where his own hired house stood."

"Oh, ze monks!" shrugged Marie. "Zey do know everyzing."

After the Palatine came the Coliseum. "Ven vas zis great zing built?" asked Marie.

"In the first century, B. C.," answered Carolyn. "It was built by Vespasian."

"Rome fell into the slough of mammonism," said Margaret, "as our Americans are likely to do. Then came effeminacy, and decay. This is one of the tombstones of human liberty—the birthright sold for a mess of pottage. Ambitious men treating the nation as if it were an unmanage-able child, to be amused. 'Bread and the circus!' became the cry. So they built this immense circus, where a hundred thousand, more or less, could be entertained at once."

"How hopelessly brutal their religion was!" exclaimed Goldthorpe, raising his umbrella and holding it over the two who were his special

care. Carolyn recognized his kindness with a murmured, "Thanks," asking in the next breath, "Was it open to the sky, cousin?"

"No: they had canvas over the top, managed by five thousand sailors who occupied the upper tier of seats. They could draw it over any part, or the whole, as the people needed shelter from sun or rain."

"Vere ze men and ze vomen seated togezzer?" asked Marie.

"O, no;" replied Margaret, "that would not be at all in keeping with heathen customs. The women sat in the next tier below the sailors,—next to the servants, always. The vestal Virgins sat in a lower tier opposite the emperor—the heathenish premium on celibacy. The citizens, knights, and senators, were in tiers below the women. There were fountains scattered about through the different rows of seats, and also eating places."

"And the beasts," suggested Goldthorpe.

"They were kept in dens on the Celian Hill, and driven down here through dark passages with torches of lighted tow. They were brought down the day before the fight, and kept in cages, under there," pointing with her parasol.

"In those little rooms under the arena?" asked Camilla.

"No," replied Margaret, "the gladiators were in them. If you don't mind the walk, Carolyn, we can see the stone partitions down there, and the very grooves in which the elevators ran, to bring the men upon the arena."

"Ah, my queen!" said Camilla with the Italian love of pictures, on canvas or wall, in marble, or words, "why can't you reproduce a gladiatorial play for us?"

"Really, Miss Pelham," said Mr. Gordon, I do not think we would mind the—eh—the horribleness of it, at all, if you would be so kind."

"Well, I'll try, though it may be like a twice-told tale. To begin, we'll place it in the first century, A. D. The legions have had a most successful campaign. Thousands have been killed, and to pacify their souls there must be a large number sent after them into Tartarus. An order has been sent to the Gladiatorial School. The gladiators have arrived, and are ready in the little rooms down there under the arena."

"Those same little rooms!" exclaimed Camilla. "Poor fellows! And some of them were princes and generals, before the Romans captured them, and put them in school to learn to fight and die for their pleasure."

"The other day when I was here alone," said Margaret, "I saw some pieces of stone up there in one of the recesses, with figures cut on them by gladiators who were waiting for their turn to come to fight."

"Ze Romans were very cruel," said Marie, with a little shudder.

"The gladiators were trained to die, Margaret went on. "When one of them had another at his mercy, he looked up for a sign from the chief Vestal Virgin. She took a quick vote of the spectators. If the majority thought the prostrate man had not shown spirit enough, and so deserv- to die, she held her hand down, and he was dispatched at once. If the majority thought he had made a brave fight, and must be saved to die for their delectation some other day, she held up her hand, and he was spared. If he had to die, he took a graceful attitude, throwing out his neck, so as to make the flow of blood profuse. That was meant to harden the men who were looking on, with the sight of human gore."

"They were a beastly lot," exclaimed Gordon, "absolutely brutal!"

"Our prizefighting is but little better," said Margaret. "The Romans ruled by muscle. They made themselves magnificent animals at the expense of every better trait."

"Our games move a little slowly," said Carolyn, who looked upon her cousin's philosophizing as a sign of great cleverness, though she never aspired to comprehend it fully.

"The emperors themselves took part in the games, did they not?" asked Goldthorpe.

"Commodus, the brutal son of the great Marcus Aurelius, took a regular course of gladiatorial training, and even a gladiator's pay. He used to shoot the heads off ostriches, that would run on, leaving their heads behind them."

"Unlike that saint over the door of the cathedral in Paris," said Camilla. "He carries his head in his hand."

"Commodus fought seven hundred and thirty-five times without receiving a wound," continued Margaret. "He killed a hundred lions, one after another, piercing the brain, just as they leaped upon the arena."

"Leaped upon the arena?" said Carolyn, "I thought they were kept down under there."

"So they were—in the dark, and without food. When the trumpet sounded, a bar was drawn, and the elevators came up through the trap doors bringing a hundred men upon the arena. At the same instant another bar opened all the cages, and the beasts leaped up the incline upon the stage. Now Commodus stood back of them, and shot the lions on the leap. When beasts and men were supposed to be killed, the trumpet sounded, and slaves with hot irons sprang out of those places that you see around the lower tier of seats. If the gladiators flinched under the hot irons, the Plutonians made an end of them. Then they were dragged over to the drawbridge in front of

(*Continued on next Page.*)

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ROMA.

(*Continued from preceding Page.*)

that arch :—the Gate of Death. It went up with weights, throwing the dead men and beasts into a ditch, while the arena was sanded for the next act. When this place was dedicated the games lasted a hundred days, and five thousand gladiators were killed. During Trajan's hundred and twenty-eight days of games ten thousand were killed."

"God be thanked, Christianity has conquered that beastliness," said Gordon with a deep breath.

"This old place has been a quarry," said Margaret. "Many fine palaces have been built of its stone. It has also been a fortress, a factory, and a sanctuary. There used to be a cross in the centre, and stations all about the circle, sacred to the martyrs who perished here."

"Christians could not have been gladiators," said Camilla, shaking her head dubiously; "and none but trained gladiators were allowed to fight in the imperial arena."

"I know, my dear, but there is proof that in the persecutions of the early centuries many Christians did perish in this place. Many white souls went to God, with this same brilliant sky above them, and these bird songs in their ears."

"Gavazzi used to harangue the people here," said Camilla. "In the terrible struggle for independence, he spoke to sixty thousand here, every day for two months."

"A good use to make of the old ruin," said Goldthorpe, shutting his umbrella, and taking up the stools to follow the ladies, who had risen, and were moving toward the entrance.

It was a bright afternoon that our little party chose for their visit to the burial place of the early Christians. They drove out through Porta Pia; and stopped to look at the place where the breach was made in the wall for an entrance of the army of liberation. About the names on the wall of the fifty men who fell at that time, there were laurel wreaths.

"Did you ever hear who went first through the breach?" asked Goldthorpe. They were sitting in their cabs talking about the great event that was brought about through the efforts of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Immanuel.

"Our people were wild with delight when the soldiers came," said Camilla. "The men marched down that street," pointing toward Via Venti Settembre. "The parliament changed its name in honor of the day. The people wept for joy, embracing the soldiers, bringing them fruit and confectionery, and throwing flowers in their path. They hailed them as deliverers from the papal tyranny."

"But ze first zat vent zrough ze breach?" queried Marie.

"O—ah—yes," replied Goldthorpe. "You see there was a little colporteur in camp—a man that sells Bibles, you know. He had a little cart for his books, and a little donkey that he called Pio Nono. He had been driven out of the city: and so the soldiers put him and his donkey and cart, books and all, first through the breach. They said, "They do not want the Bible; but the Bible they shall have."

All joined in a laughing appreciation of the soldier's joke, and its meaning, except Marie. It was a little beyond her comprehension. "I do not comprehend vy zey banish ze leetle Bible seller. My fazzer says zat ze Bible is ze best book: and ze count says zat ve vill study it togezzer sometime. Zen I vill understand ze joke of ze soldiers."

They drove out toward the church of St. Agnese. "These are all new villas," said Margaret. "If ever, in a fit of extravagance, I put up a house to my mind, I will have an Italian architect. We Anglo-Saxons know nothing of the rhythm of form and color."

"Your Queen Anne houses are fine, I'm told," remarked Carolyn.

"Yes: their crazy-quilt appearance is a rest from our square, white boxes with green blinds, and our red brick ones with white blinds, replied Margaret. "They have an antique look that contrasts charmingly with our newness. Beyond that they suggest nothing more than that one started to build with stone, and went on as long as it lasted, and then fell back on brick: and when that was exhausted, he finished out with boards and shingles. Now that villa," pointing to one at the left, "is a poem, a song. "I would like to have that house as a home for women who would work for the poor of the city."

"And you will some day, my queen," flashed Camilla. "You will some day."

"Are you ze prophet like Mazzini?" twittered Marie.

Their cabs drew up at the gate of St. Agnese *fuori le Mura*; and as soon as they were on their feet, Carolyn began dutifully, "Founded by Constantine, the first Christian emperor, at the request of his daughter Constantia, in honor of the virgin martyr, St. Agnese, buried in the Catacomb here. Innocent VIII., repaired it in 1490."

"Two years before the discovery of America," said Margaret. "That is one of the pins on which I hang those slippery dates. While Columbus"—

"The Italian," threw in Camilla.

"Yes, yes, my dear, while Columbus, the Italian, was trudging about from court to court, trying to get a few dollars with which to rig out his little schooners, Pope Innocent was out here rebuilding this old church of Constantine."

As they passed across the yard to enter the church, the porter pointed them to a window at the right. Shading the glass so that they could look in, they saw a large fresco on the opposite wall. It represented Pius IX. and his cardinals falling through the floor, while St. Peter and the Virgin appeared on the scene, just in time to prevent disagreeable consequences by exerting their benign power over broken planks and beams.

"St. Agnese is one of the primal saints in the calender," said Carolyn as they entered the church. "She was only twelve or thirteen when she suffered martyrdom."

"I zink I haf read," said Marie, "Zate ze pallium, vich is ze type of ze episcopal dignity of ze pope, is made of vool cut from ze lambs zat are consecrated here."

"Yes;" said Carolyn," the monks of St. John Lateran send two lambs here to be blessed at this altar. Their wool makes the pallium which is made holy by being kept in the urn of gold in St. Peter's tomb."

"Much ado about nothing," quoted Goldthorpe to Margaret, whose eyes expressed an irreverent amusement at that moment.

"O, I don't know," was the reply, "poor monks are shut away by thousands from honest trades and home life. They have plenty of useless time on their hands. This consecrating of wool may keep them from meddling with matters too high for them,—family and political affairs and the like."

(To be Continued.)

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Precious thought, my Father knoweth,
In His love I rest;
For whate'er my Father doeth
Must be always best.
Well I know the heart that planneth
Nought but good for me;
Joy and sorrow interwoven,
Love in all I see.

Precious thought, my Father knoweth,
Careth for His child;
Bids me nestle closer to Him,
When the storms beat wild,
Though my earthly hopes are shattered,
And the teardrops fall,
Yet He is Himself my solace,
Yea, my "all in all."

Sweet to tell Him all He knoweth,
Roll on Him the care,
Cast upon Himself the burden
That I cannot bear,
Then without a care oppressing,
Simply to lie still,
Giving thanks to Him for all things,
Since it is His will.

Oh, to trust Him then more fully!
Just to simply move
In the conscious, calm enjoyment
Of the Father's love,
Knowing that life's checkered pathway
Leadeth to His rest,
Satisfied the way He taketh
Must be always best. —*L. W.*

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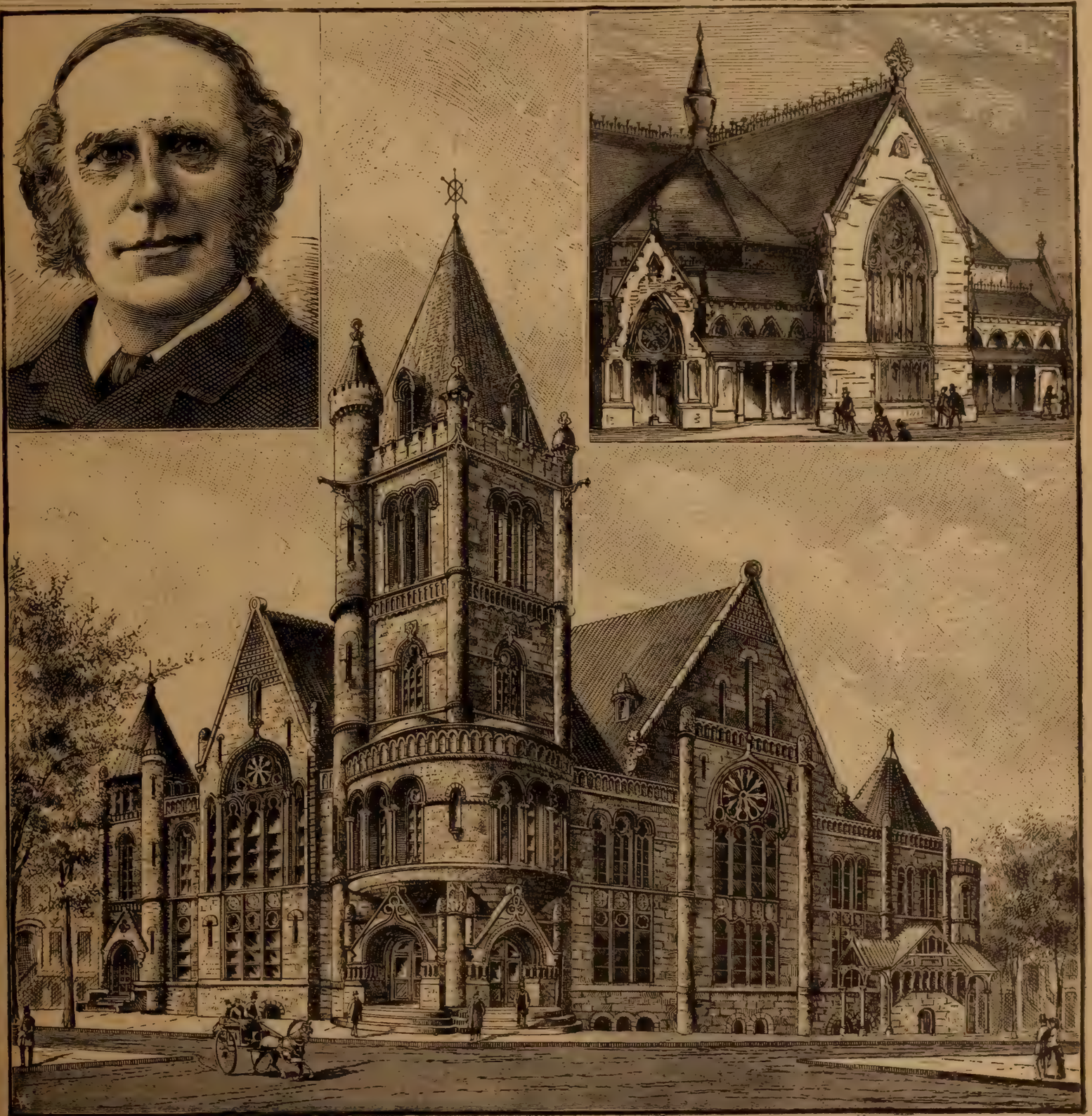


THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, TO BE DEDICATED NEXT SUNDAY, APRIL 26.

Portrait of the Pastor, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., (Editor of "The Christian Herald")—The Old Tabernacle, Destroyed by Fire Eighteen Months Ago.

A BRILLIANT RELIGION.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, BROOKLYN, LAST SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 19, 1891.

A Difference in Estimates—The Glories of the Crystal—Religion Superior to it in Precision—No Happen-So's in Theology—A Slip-shod Universe Maddening—Superior in Transparency—The Astronomer's Use of the Crystal—What it Reveals in the Spiritual Heavens—The Star in the Sky of Trouble—The Rivers and Mountains of Grace—Superior in Beauty—The Symmetry of God's Dealings—Superior in its Transformations—The Stony Heart Changed—The Three Apocalyptic Crystals.

"*The crystal cannot equal it.*" Job 28: 17.

ANY of the precious stones of the Bible have come to prompt recognition. But for the present I take up the less valuable crystal. Job, in my text, compares saving wisdom with a specimen of topaz. An infidel chemist or mineralogist would pronounce the latter worth more than the former, but Job makes an intelligent comparison, looks at religion and then looks at the crystal and pronounces the former as of far superior value to the latter, exclaiming in the words of my text, "the crystal cannot equal it."

Now, it is not a part of my sermonic design to depreciate the crystal, whether it be found in Cornish mine or Hartz mountain or Mammoth Cave or tinkling among the pendants of the chandeliers of a palace. The crystal is the star of the mountain; it is the queen of the cave; it is the ear-drop of the hills; it finds its heaven in the diamond. Among all the pages of natural history there is no page more interesting to me than the page crystallographic. But I want to show you that Job was right when taking religion in one hand and the crystal in the other, he declared that the former is of far more value and beauty than the latter, recommending it to all the people and to all the ages, declaring: "The crystal cannot equal it." In the first place I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in exactness. That shapeless mass of crystal against which you accidentally dashed your foot is laid out with more exactness than any earthly city. There are six styles of crystallization and all of them divinely ordained. Every crystal has mathematical precision. God's geometry reaches through it, and it is a square or it is a rectangle or it is a rhomboid or in some way it hath a mathematical figure. Now religion beats that in the simple fact that spiritual accuracy is more beautiful than material accuracy. God's attributes are exact. God's law exact. God's decrees exact. God's management of the world exact. Never counting wrong, though he counts the grass-blades and the stars and the sands and the cycles. His providences never dealing with us perpendicularly when those providences ought to be oblique, nor lateral when they ought to be vertical. Everything in our life arranged without any possibility of mistake. Each life a six-sided prism. Born at the right time; dying at the right time. There are no "happen-so's" in our theology. If I thought this was a slipshod universe I would go crazy. God is not an anarchist. Law, order, symmetry, precision, a perfect square, a perfect rectangle, a perfect rhomboid, a perfect circle. The edge of God's robe of government never frays out. There are no loose screws in the world's machinery. It did not just happen that Napoleon was attacked with indigestion at Borodino so that he became incompetent for the day. It did not just happen that John Thomas, the missionary, on a heathen island, waiting for an outfit and orders for another missionary tour, received that outfit and those orders in a box that floated ashore, while the ship and the crew that carried the box were never heard of. The barking of F. W. Robertson's dog, he tells us, led to a line of events which brought him from the army into the Christian ministry, where he served God with world-renowned usefulness. It did not merely happen so. I believe in a particular providence. I believe God's geometry may be seen in all our life more beautifully than in crystallography. Job was right. "The crystal cannot equal it."

The Pastor's Study in the New Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Again I remark that religion is superior to the crystal in transparency. We know not when or by whom glass was first discovered. Beads of it have been found in the tomb of Alexander Severus. Vases of it are brought up from the ruins of Herculaneum. There were female adornments made out of it 3000 years ago—those adornments found now attached to the mummies of Egypt. A great many commentators believe that my text means glass. What would we do without the crystal? The crystal in the window to keep out the storm and let in the day—the crystal over the watch defending its delicate machinery, yet allowing us to see the hour—the crystal of the telescope by which the astronomer brings distant worlds so near he can inspect them. Oh, the triumphs of the crystals in the celebrated windows of Rouen and Salisbury! But there is nothing so transparent in a crystal as in our holy religion. It is a transparent religiou. You put it to your eye and you see man—his sin, his soul, his destiny. You look at God and you see something of the grandeur of his character. It is a transparent religion. Infidels tell us it is opaque? Do you know why they tell us it is opaque? It is because they are blind. The natural man receiveth not the things of God because they are spiritually discerned. There is no trouble with the crystal; the trouble is with the eyes which try to look through it. We pray for vision, Lord, that our eyes might be opened. When the eye-salve cures our blindness then we find that religion is transparent.

It is a transparent Bible. All the mountains of the Bible come out: Sinai, the mountain of the law: Pisgah, the mountain of prospect; Olivet, the mountain of instruction; Calvary, the mountain of sacrifice. All the rivers of the Bible come out: Hidekel, or the river of paradisaical beauty; Jordan, or the river of holy chrism; Cherith, or the river of prophetic supply; Nile, or the river of palaces; and the pure river of life from under the throne, clear as crystal. While reading this Bible after our eyes have been touched by grace, we find it all transparent, and the earth rocks, now with crucifixion agony and now with judgment terror, and Christ appears in some of his two-hundred and fifty-six titles, as far as I can count them—the bread, the rock, the captain, the commander, the conqueror, the star, and on and beyond any capacity of mine to rehearse them. Transparent religion!

The providence that seemed dark before becomes pellucid. Now you find God is not trying to put you down. Now you understand why you lost that child and why you lost your property; it was to prepare you for eternal treasures. And why sickness came; it being the precursor of immortal juvenescence. And now you understand why they lied about you and tried to drive you hither and thither. It was to put you in the glorious company of such men as Ignatius, who, when he went out to be destroyed by the lions, said: "I am the wheat and the teeth of the wild beasts must first grind me before I can become pure bread for Jesus Christ;" or the company of such men as Polycarp, who when standing in the midst of the amphitheatre waiting for the lions to come out of their cave and destroy him, and the people in the galleries jeering and shouting, "The lions for Polycarp," replied: "Let them come on," and then stooping down toward the cave where the wild beasts were roaring to get out, "Let them come on." Ah, yes, it is persecution to put you in glorious company; and while there are many things that you will have to postpone to the future world for explanation, I tell you that it is the whole tendency of your religion to unravel and explain and interpret and illumine and irradiate. Job was right. It is a glorious transparency. "The crystal cannot equal it."

I remark again that religion surpasses the crystal in its beauty. That lump of crystal put under the magnifying glass of the crystallographer and he sees in it indescribable beauty—snowdrift and splinters of hoar-frost and corals and wreaths and stars and crowns and castellations of conspicuous beauty. The fact is that crystal is so beautiful that I can think of but one thing in all the universe that is so beautiful, and that is the religion of the Bible. No wonder this Bible represents that religion as the daybreak, as the apple-blossoms, as the glitter of a king's banquet. It is the joy of the whole earth.

People talk too much about their cross and not enough about their crown. Do you know the Bible mentions a cross but twenty-seven times while it mentions a crown eighty times? Ask that old man what he thinks of religion

He has been a close observer. He has been culturing an æsthetic taste. He has seen the sunrises of a half century. He has been an early riser. He has been an admirer of cameos and corals and all kinds of beautiful things. Ask him what he thinks of religion and he will tell you, "It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw." "The crystal cannot equal it."

Beautiful in its symmetry, When it presents God's character it does not present Him as having love like a great protuberance on one side of his nature, but makes that love in harmony with his justice—a love that will accept all those who come to him, and a justice that will by no means clear the guilty. Beautiful religion in the sentiment it implants! Beautiful religion in the hope it kindles! Beautiful, religion in the fact that it proposes to garland and enthrone and emparadise an immortal spirit. Solomon says it is a lily. Paul says it is a crown. The Apocalypse says it is a fountain kissed of the sun. Ezekiel says it is a foliaged cedar. Christ says it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride. While Job in the text takes up a whole vase of precious stones—the topaz and the sapphire and the chrysoprasus—and he takes out of this beautiful vase just one crystal and holds it up until it gleams in the warm light of the eastern sky, and he exclaims, "The crystal cannot equal it."

Oh, it is not a stale religion, it is not a stupid religion, it is not a toothless hag as some seem to have represented it; it is not a Meg Merrilies with shrivelled arm come to scare the world. It is the fairest daughter of God, heiress of all his wealth. Her cheek the morning sky; her voice the music of the south wind; her step the dance of the sea. Come and woo her. The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, let him come. Do you agree with Solomon and say it is a lily? Then pluck it and wear it over your heart. Do you agree with Paul and say it is a crown? Then let this hour be your coronation. Do you agree with the Apocalypse and say it is a springing fountain? Then come and take the thirst of your soul. Do you believe with Ezekiel and say it is a foliaged cedar? Then come under its shadow. Do you believe with Christ and say it is a bridegroom come to fetch home a bride? Then strike hands with your Lord the King while I pronounce you everlastingly one. Or if you think with Job that it is a jewel, then put it on your hand like a ring, on your neck like a bead, on your forehead like a star, while looking into the mirror of God's Word you acknowledge "the crystal cannot equal it."

Again, religion is superior to the crystal in its transformations. The diamond is only a crystallization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes into cubes and octahedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons and our homes and our museums have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Scientists for ages have been examining these wonderful transformations. But I tell you in the Gospel of the Son of God there is a more wonderful transformation. Over souls by reason of sin black as coal and hard as iron, God by his comforting grace stoops and says: "They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels."

"What," say you, "will God wear jewelry?" If he wanted it, he could make the stars of heaven his belt and have the evening cloud for the sandals of his feet; but he does not want that adornment. He will not have that jewelry. When God wants jewelry he comes down and digs it out of the depths and darkness of sin. These souls are all crystallizations of mercy. He puts them on and he wears them in the presence of the whole universe. He wears them on the hand that was nailed, over the heart that was pierced, on the temples that were stung. "They shall be mine," saith the Lord, "in the day when I make up my jewels." Wonderful transformation! Where sin abounded grace shall much more abound. The carbon becomes the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it."

Now, I have no liking for those people who are always enlarging in Christian meetings about their early dissipation. Do not go into the particulars, my brothers. Simply say you were sick, but make no display of your ulcers. The chief stock in trade of some ministers and Christian workers seems to be their early crimes and dissipations. The number of pockets you picked and the number of chickens you stole make very poor prayer-meeting rhetoric. Besides that, it discourages other Christian people who never got drunk or stole anything. But it is pleasant to know that those who were farthest down have been brought highest up. Out of infernal serfdom into eternal liberty. Out of darkness into light. From coal to the solitaire. "The crystal cannot equal it,"

But, my friends, the chief transforming power of the Gospel will not be seen in this world and not until heaven breaks upon the soul. When that light falls upon the soul then you will see the crystals. Oh, what a magnificent setting for these jewels of eternity! I sometimes hear people representing Heaven in a way that is far from attractive to me. It seems almost a vulgar Heaven as they represent it with great blotches of color and bands of music making a deafening racket. John represents Heaven as exquisitely beautiful. Three crystals. In one place he says: "Her light was like a precious stone, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "I saw a pure river from under the throne, clear as crystal." In another place he says: "Before the throne there was a sea of glass clear as crystal." Three crystals! John says crystal atmosphere. That means health. Balm of eternal June. What weather after the world's east wind! No rack of storm clouds. One breath of that air will cure the worst tubercle. Crystal light on all the leaves. Crystal light shimmering on the topaz of the temples. Crystal light tossing in the plumes of the equestrians of Heaven on white horses. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal river. That means joy. Deep and ever rolling. Not one drop of the Thames or the Hudson or the Rhine to soil it. Not one tear of human sorrow to embitter it. Crystal, the rain out of which it was made. Crystal, the bed over which it shall roll and ripple. Crystal, its infinite surface. But "the crystal cannot equal it." John says crystal sea. That means multitudinously vast. Vast in rapture. Rapture vast as the sea, deep as the sea, strong as the sea, ever changing as the sea. Billows of light. Billows of beauty, blue with skies that were never clouded and green with depths that were never fathomed. Arctics and Antarctics and Mediterraneans and Atlantics and Pacifics in crystalline magnificence. Three crystals. Crystal light falling on a crystal river. Crystal river rolling into a crystal sea. But "the crystal cannot equal it."

"Oh," says some one, putting his hand over his eyes, "can it be that I who have been in so much sin and trouble will ever come to those crystals?" Yes, it may be—it will be. Heaven we must have, whatever else we have or have not, and we come here to get it. "How much must I pay for it?" you say. You will pay for it just as much as the coal pays to become the diamond. In other words, nothing. The same Almighty power that makes the crystal in the mountain will change your heart which is harder than stone, for the promise is "I will take away your stony heart and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Oh," says some one, "it is just the doctrine I want; God is to do everything and I am to do nothing." My brother, it is not the doctrine you want The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain and it comes to crystallization, but your heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal. I do not ask you to throw open the door and let Christ in. I only ask that you stop bolting it and barring it. O, my friends, we will have to get rid of our sins. I will have to get rid of my sins and you will have to get rid of your sins. What will we do with our sins among the three crystals? The crystal atmosphere would display our pollution. The crystal river would be befouled with our touch. Transformation must take place now or no transformation at all. Give sin full chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder. In the days of Carthage a Christian girl was condemned to die for her faith, and a boat was bedaubed with tar and pitch and filled with combustibles and set on fire and the Christian girl was placed in the boat, and the wind was off shore and the boat floated away with its precious treasure. No one can doubt that boat landed at the shore of Heaven. Sin wants to put you in a fiery boat and shove you off in an opposite direction—off from peace, off from God, off from heaven, everlastingly off; and the port toward which you would sail would be a port of darkness, and the guns that would greet you would be the guns of despair, and the flags that would wave at your arrival would be the black flags of death. O, my brother, you must either kill sin or sin will kill you. It is no wild exaggeration when I say that any man or woman that wants to be saved may be saved. Tremendous choice! A thousand people are choosing this moment between salvation and destruction, between light and darkness, between heaven and hell, between charred ruin and glorious crystallization.

The Great Tabernacle Windows.

TO DEDICATE THE TABERNACLE.

EVERYTHING IN READINESS FOR THE GREAT EVENT IN BROOKLYN NEXT SUNDAY FORENOON.

It will be an Imposing Ceremony—Many Prominent Pastors to Assist Dr. Talmage—A Memorable Programme.

(See Illustrations on page 242, 243, 245, and this page.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day devotes a considerable portion of its space to illustrations of the new Tabernacle, the public dedication of which takes place on the forenoon of Sunday, April 26. Our readers have a special interest in this event, which signalizes the completion of the largest and finest Protestant church in the United States, the pastor of which is also their editor. With him they have watched with deep interest the progress of the work and now they unite with him in jubilation over its completion.

On the front page of this issue we present a picture of the exterior of the Tabernacle. The edifice is of the Norman style of architecture, unconventional in type, and is built of dark red Connecticut granite, with facings of brown stone from Lake Superior, forming a pleasant contrast. Over the two upper entrances, one on the Clinton Avenue side, the other fronting on Greene Avenue, there is a rounding projection, two stories in height, which forms the base of a square tower of massive proportions, with a slender round turret at each corner.

The semi-secular interior gives the impression of a vast amphitheatre, and, indeed, it is one of the very largest church edifices in its seating capacity, accommodating over 6,000. There are two galleries which will seat about one-half the number. Incandescent electric lamps will light the building. Among the most beautiful features of the new Tabernacle are the great windows of richly stained cathedral glass, the frames of which are beautifully carved. Three of these windows are shown in the illustration on page 243.

The pastor's study (see illustration on page 242) is a noteworthy feature of the new building. It is beautifully finished in cabinet style and is roomy and attractive—just the ideal study for a metropolitan clergyman.

The great organ, which at once attracts the eye on entering the Tabernacle, (see illustration on this page) is probably the finest and largest pipe instrument in the United States, and was built at a cost of $30,000. Mr. Henry Eyre Browne, the Tabernacle organist, and other experts unite in declaring it a perfect instrument. The total cost of the Tabernacle building and site, exclusive of the great organ, is in the neighborhood of $400,000.

The dedication programme is an imposing one. In the forenoon the services will begin with the singing of the long-metre Doxology:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
> Praise him all creatures here below;

after which the Rev. Thomas Hastings, D. D., President of the Union Theological Seminary, will make the invocation. He will be followed by the Rev. Wendell Prime, D.D., the son of the famous Dr. Irenæus Prime, who will offer the dedicatory prayer. Both gentlemen will be introduced by the Pastor, Rev. Dr. Talmage. It will be remembered that it was the late Rev. Irenæus Prime who laid the corner-stone of the new Tabernacle. In the corner-stone there was deposited, in a metal box, a copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, bearing the name of Rev. Dr. Talmage, as editor, there to remain while time endures, and until the great edifice itself shall have crumbled into dust.

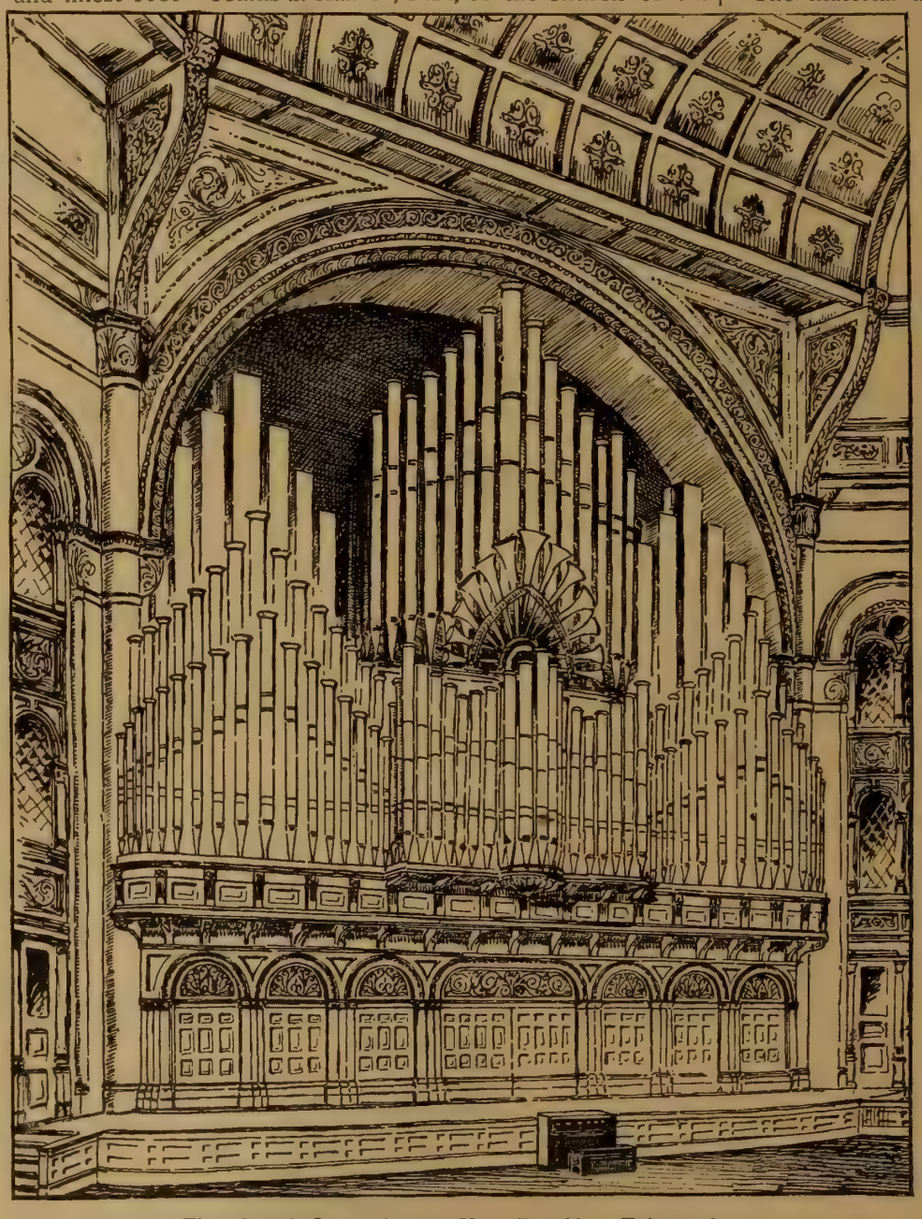
The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D., of the Church of the Covenant, Washington. Professor Browne will preside at the organ, and Prof. Ali, the cornet virtuoso, will lead the congregation at singing.

In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Talmage will preside and will personally conduct a "Union Service." There will be about fifteen or twenty addresses by well-known pastors of various churches—the whole constituting a great Union Meeting, in which clergymen of all Christian denominations will participate. In the evening, Dr. Talmage will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

Among the prominent preachers who have been invited, and who will probably assist in the dedication exercises in the forenoon, are Rev. Wendell Prime, Rev. James H. Darlington, Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, Rev. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth Church, Rev. Edward P. Terhune of the Reformed Church, Williamsburg, Rev. Charles Deems, Church of the Strangers, New York; Rev. A. B. Kendig, Hanson Place M. E. Church, Brooklyn, and others. The portraits of several of these distinguished divines are given on page 245 of this issue.

Among the other illustrations which we print in this connection, is the picture of the recent Brooklyn Tabernacle, which appears side by side on the first page with the portrait of Rev. Dr. Talmage, the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. We also print the portrait, on this page, of Dr. Tucker of the Tabernacle Board of Trustees, who has been one of the most active members in urging forward the work of rebuilding to a successful culmination.

The material assistance rendered by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD and its readers in rearing the new Tabernacle has been a constant source of encouragement to Dr. Talmage and was at certain important stages of the enterprise of exceptional value in forwarding the great work to a successful issue.



The Grand Organ in the New Brooklyn Tabernacle.

M. STAMBOULOFF.

(See Portrait on page 252.)

THE attempted assassination of M. Stambouloff, the Premier of Bulgaria has startled the whole world. It was a crime evidently inspired by international hatred, and therefore in the present strained relations of Eastern Europe has serious significance. The facts briefly stated are that M. Stambouloff was taking his usual evening stroll on March 27, in company with his colleague M. Belcheff, the Secretary of the Treasury, when four men rushed from under the shadow of the overhanging trees and fired at them, killing M. Belcheff. There are good reasons for believing that the assassins supposed they were killing the Premier, but it happened that in violation of the rigorous European etiquette which prescribes that the man of higher rank should walk on the right of his companion, M. Stambouloff was on the left. There was no reason for killing Belcheff while there were very cogent reasons for killing Stambouloff. He is the statesman who, more than any other, has incurred the enmity of Russia. So skilful a diplomatist is he that he has been called "the Bismarck of the Balkans." He it was who thwarted Russia by his fidelity to Prince Alexander and after the Russians had abducted the Prince, Stambouloff brought him back in triumph. The Prince declined to remain, being hopeless of maintaining Bulgarian independence in opposition to Russia, but Stambouloff dexterously thwarted Russian intrigue and so adroitly guided the destinies of Bulgaria that her inevitable enemy has been unable to gain control of the Government

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Ostentation in the Home Versus Comfort—An Ingenious Check on Advertising Agents—A Living Man Legally Dead—An Unsigned Will in Dispute.

USELESS palaces are in the market in San Francisco. The *Call* of that city, in mentioning the fact that the owner of a magnificent mansion on California Street is offering it for sale at a price far below its original cost, comments on the folly of erecting such residences. It says that several citizens who a few years ago became suddenly rich made that mistake. In their travels in Europe they were impressed by the grandeur of the castles owned by the nobility, and on their return erected residences on a similar scale. They soon discovered that they had no use for the multitude of rooms they had provided, and when they and their servants were provided with all the apartments they needed there were still many rooms unoccupied. Instead of a snug home they had erected a great barrack, and they speedily tired of the pleasure their ostentation afforded them for a time. The richest man only needs comfort in his home and the excess of accommodation so far from giving increased comfort adds to his cares and expenses and gives no return. The huge mansions will probably become hotels or apartment-houses at no distant date, and the aristocrats who expended enormous sums in building them will be content with homes of a size no more than sufficient for their use. It is not alone in buildings that this mistake is made. The acquisition of a large fortune entails similar disappointment. The royal preacher asked long ago: "What good is there to the owners thereof saving the beholding of them with their eyes?" (Eccles. 5:11.)

Photographic Vouchers are Demanded by a certain class of advertisers. Firms who rely largely for the extension of their business on the advertisements of their wares on the rocks and fences are, it is stated, requiring a new kind of proof from their agents. When they give out a contract for the painting of an inscription setting forth the merits of a patent medicine or a peculiar kind of soap on suitable places through any large country district, they stipulate that a photograph of the scene shall be furnished to them. The agent carries a camera and when he has painted the inscription on the rock or fence or the side of a barn he takes a photograph of it, and his employer examines the photographs and learns from the river or mountain or any natural object appearing in the background the locality of his advertisements and how many of them have been inscribed. This check is devised to prevent the agent charging for more advertisements than he has painted and from neglecting any distant section of country which he has contracted to cover. One well-known firm is said to have in its possession a collection of the photographs so complete that a perfect panorama of the country scenery for thousands of miles is represented in the series. A disinterested person looking over these photographs would be impressed chiefly by the natural beauty of the scenery, but the object for which the owner scrutinizes them is to see that his advertisement is there. When the Christian is called to account for his life-work the scrutiny will be of a similar kind. It is expected of him that wherever he may go and in whatever surroundings he may live, he will, by his life, if not by direct preaching, show forth the power of his Lord to redeem men from evil. Evidences of his sojourn may be found in his achievements as a financier, an artist, or even as a philanthopist, but he will not have done his duty if the men among whom he has been have not taken "knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus." (Acts 4 : 13.)

TO ASSIST AT THE DEDICATION OF THE TABERNACLE.
1. Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D. 4. Rev. A. B. Kendig, D.D.
2. Rev. Edward P. Terhune, D.D. 5. Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D.
3. Rev. Chas. F. Deems, D.D. 6. Rev. Thos. Dixon, D.D.
7. Rev. Wendell Prime, D.D.

A Man's Effort to Prove Himself Alive has involved him in considerable trouble as reported in the *Journal*, of Kansas City, Mo. It appears that after the war he setted in Independence, afterward removing to Santa Fe, and subsequently to Kansas City. During the war he had supplied the government with some horses and had rendered other services entitling him to payment. He had endeavored to collect the account, but through some informality in his claim had not secured payment. A claim-agent had offered his services, but, as the man did not want to pay fees the offer was rejected. He decided to wait until he could go to Washington and make his claim in person. He settled down to work at his trade, and no opportunity came of paying the visit. He still intended to go, but year after year passed without his doing so. In January last he was able to go, but on presenting his claim he was informed that the Department had been notified that he was dead, and the amount due him had been paid to his administrator. The man was puzzled, but he obtained a clue to the mystery when he discovered that the money had been paid to the claim-agent, whose services he had rejected. The agent having failed to trace him, owing to his change of residence, had made affidavit five years ago in a court in Independence that he was dead and had filed administration papers. The defrauded man has had no little difficulty in proving himself alive, as the court records attested his death, and he could not afford to take witnesses to Independence to identify him. If he had been seeking eternal riches he would have had no such difficulty. It is they who are dead to the world who get that blessing. (Rom. 6 : 8.)

Procrastination in making a will is likely to involve litigation in Plainfield, N. J. A wealthy old man, whose property is supposed to be worth nearly a million dollars, was stricken down with illness, recently. He had neither wife nor children living, but some of his nephews and other relatives came to see him when he was sick. His death was evidently near at hand when he surprised his relatives by saying that he must make his will. They were astonished that so wealthy a man and one who cherished a strong attachment to some of his nephews and as strong a dislike for others, had not performed the duty before. A lawyer was summoned and a will was prepared under his instructions. He listened to the reading of the document and pronounced it satisfactory and, having called all present to witness that it was his last will and testament, proceeded to sign it. Before, however, he could write his name, death seized him and he fell back lifeless with his pen in his fingers. The question now arises whether the will being unsigned will be admitted to probate. As its provisions are very different from those which would govern the distribution of the estate if he is declared to have died intestate, there is a strong possibility of a lawsuit. The old man would have grieved as much over his property being divided under the intestate law as he would over it being wasted in litigation, but his delaying the making of a will seems to have rendered one of those events, if not both, inevitable. His folly is evident to all, but many who would blame him for it, commit still more egregious folly in postponing to a dying hour the duty of making their peace with God through Jesus. (Isa. 55 : 6, 7.)

ISRAEL OFTEN REPROVED.

S. S. LESSON FOR MAY 3, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. AMOS 4: 4-13. GOLDEN TEXT, PROV. 29: 1.

The Lord's Prophets Taken from all Classes—Amos not a Professional Prophet—Amaziah Alarmed by his Visit—His Own Position as Prophet in Danger—Amos Told to Ply his Business in his Own Country—His Retort—A Mistaken Idea of Immunity—The Message Delivered.

UR God seeks among his children for hearts which will understand him. There were, in the latter days of Elijah, seven thousand in Israel which had not bowed the knee to Baal nor kissed him; there were schools of prophets to be found; worshippers of the true God had multiplied in the land,—but amongst them all, there was but one Elisha! There were more in quantity than in quality; few understood and knew him as he loves to be known; few were free enough from personal interest to bear the burden of the Lord. Sometimes one, two or three in a generation have fully understood the heart of God. Is it the mark, the prize of the high calling of God thus to know him? God has sought such souls from all classes: the learned Moses, the child Samuel, the prophets Elijah and Elisha, the statesman Daniel, the aged Anna, and the herdman of Tekoa, were among those of whom the latter wrote: "Surely the Lord will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants his prophets." (Amos 3: 7.)

Amos was a simple farm-laborer: "I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son: but I was an herdman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit: and the Lord took me as I followed the flock, and

The Lord Said Unto Me,

go, prophesy unto my people Israel." But those who are in the counsels of God never are, never have been, and never will be understood by man. The brethren of Joseph and of David made them suffer keenly, the disciples did not understand Mary Magdalene; "the world knoweth us not because it knew him not."

In all the rugged simplicity which belonged to him, Amos obeyed the call of his God, and the same power which was so with the child Samuel, that God "did let none of his words fall to the ground," gave weight also to the words of Amos. Amaziah, the high priest of the golden calf at Bethel, the archbishop, so to speak, of the then idolatrous established religion of Israel, began to be alarmed. Amaziah carried his complaint to the king, Jeroboam II., under the pretense that these prophecies were dangerous to the state: "Amos hath conspired against thee in the midst of the house of Israel:

The Land is not Able to Bear

all his words." What a testimony to the power of God with Amos! But this same idolatrous priest, who sought to appear so zealous for the government in disclosing a dangerous conspiracy, took quite another tone when he spoke to Amos in person. Far from charging him to his face with conspiracy, he gave him the title of prophet or seer; "O thou seer, go, flee away into the land of Judah, and there eat bread, and prophesy there. But prophesy not again any more at Bethel, for it is the king's sanctuary, and it is the king's court." The sleek ecclesiastic would be understood to act with a benevolent patronage which he might think would win or disarm an unlettered peasant, and easily gain his confidence, and so he would dispose of him quietly. A living was an object to a laboring man; if he preached in Judah, he would be appreciated, he could "eat bread there," he was sure of support there. But it was altogether out of place for him, an inferior, to go against the grain of royalty, and run counter to the state religion by preaching at Bethel; the king was against it; it would never do. Amos saw through the courteous hypocrite, and repeated his God-given commission to the man-made priest, at the same time turning by divine direction the edge of his prophecy against Amaziah himself, announcing that he who would turn aside a prophet by temporal and worldly considerations should find his own calculations in error and should himself become a pauper. Amos did not mince matters, God had given him to see sin as he saw it himself, "I know your manifold transgression and your mighty sins," he says (Chap. 5: 12), and his estimate of sin among the people of the Lord was formed from God's communications to him. First, to his own heart, and then to the people through him, God spoke, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth;

Therefore I will Punish You

for all your iniquities." It is imagined, and even asserted by some, that sin in a believer may be palliated or excused, and that it is guilty only in those who are unreconciled to God! Where such a doctrine of unrighteousness originated we know not; certainly not in the Word of God. It is the servant who "knew his Lord's will and did it not" that shall be "beaten with many stripes," and he that knew it not with few stripes.

Amos asks the pertinent question, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Enoch had walked with God and how blessedly that walk with God ended! The constant intercourse with his God made life on earth impossible to this patriarch; "and he was not, for God took him." But at this time, in Israel, God and his people were not pulling together, not walking together, not agreed. Amos saw the breach always becoming wider, and his soul was stirred within him. From time to time, in his former life, he had defended the sheep from the wild animals which at that time infested the land, and he says, "As the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion two legs or a piece of an ear, so shall the children of Israel be taken out." (Chap. 3: 12.) Amos saw the lion of idolatry devouring the people of the Lord, and they must at any cost be rescued. So he yielded himself up as an instrument to declare the attitude which God took up with regard to his people, not, like Jonah, considering his own reputation, but, like Paul, counting not his life dear unto himself.

Worship Without Consecration.

Rough and ready in his utterance, he addresses the population of Bashan, which was a rich grazing country, as "Ye Kine of Bashan" . . . which oppress the poor, which crush the needy; which say to their masters, bring, and let us drink. . . . Come to Bethel and transgress; at Gilgal multiply transgression." Bethel (the house of God), Gilgal, (the place of turning), O what a mockery that just here idolatry should flourish! There was plenty of religion of a certain kind among the people, "Bring your sacrifices every morning." They would not neglect their religious observances, they made a cover of respectability for their oppression and extortion and carnality! There was plenty of religion, but the object of their worship was a golden calf, instead of the God who had brought them up out of Egypt. Offerings, sacrifices, tithes, they were ready for, anything, everything, so long as they did not come in contact with the holy, and living, and true God!

The very object of Amos' mission was to plead the cause of God, and by some means, by any means, to awaken Israel by a sense of her departure from him. God says to his prophet: "I have also given you cleanness of teeth in all your cities, and want of bread in all your places; yet ye have not returned unto me, saith the Lord." Scarcity was to be a sign to his people that they were not walking with him, the sign was given them, they suffered under it, but took it as a chance, not recognizing the hand of their God, and they went on worshipping the golden calf, and forsaking the God that loved them. Then the Lord witheld the rain, and made it difficult and inconvenient for them to obtain water. Would not this bring back the memory of the smitten rock? No; the result was the same, "Yet have ye

Not Returned Unto Me,

saith the Lord." Next, he smote the fruits of their land with blasting, and mildew, and the palmer worm and curse after curse, which had been foretold by him through Moses, Lev. 26, Deut. 28, came upon them, pestilence, sword, conquest by their enemies; yet, in their blindness and hardness of heart, they did not connect the plagues which came upon them with their sins, or recognize God's hand in them. The fear of God which worked upon their fathers in the days of the judges to turn to God again and again when trouble came upon them, seemed to have died out from among the people, and the God who had so long borne with them says again, "Yet ye have not returned unto me!"

"Therefore will I do this unto thee, O Israel." Do what? "The Lord God hath sworn by his holiness, that, lo, the days shall come upon you, that he will take you away with hooks, and your posterity with fishhooks." (Ver. 2.) It was the announcement of their dispersion, which came to pass some half a century later. "And because I will do this unto thee,

Prepare to Meet Thy God,

O Israel." But what about those who are hardened against God in these days, those who now worship the golden calf of money, those who now live unto themselves under a certain cloak of religion? The same words apply, "Prepare to meet thy God." In time and in eternity, in mercy or in judgment, in Christ or in his sins, every soul must meet him. Oh, to meet him at the cross of Jesus!

EUROPE'S WARLIKE ATTITUDE.

Journalists Agreeing With Prophetic Students in the Expectation of an Approaching War.

STUDENTS of prophecy who read the newspapers in the light of the Bible are not surprised to notice that the European correspondents of American journals are reporting unusual military activity and open preparation for a great war. The times correspond in so many ways to the description given by Christ and the prophets of those which were to usher in the close of this dispensation, that there is an expectation of change in the boundaries of nations, which can result only from a stupendous conflict. Prophecy teaches that when the world enters on the last seven-year period of its pre-millennial history—the seventieth heptad mentioned by Daniel (Daniel 9: 24, 25), which was separated from the previous sixty-nine weeks by the whole of this parenthetical dispensation—the belt of territory surrounding the Mediterranean sea would be divided into ten kingdoms. That belt was the Roman world as it existed under the Cæsars. The territory, which was outside it then, will again be separated from it and the present divisions within it will disappear, and ten kingdoms will take the place of the twenty-three kingdoms of which it is now composed. A glance at the map will show how gigantic must be the struggle which could have this outcome. Believing that

This Change Will Surely Come,

those Christians who believe in their Bible and who think that God has put nothing there that was not intended for our instruction or warning, have, like Daniel, endeavored to "understand by books the number of years." These men have not been deceived by the pacific assurances of monarchs and statesmen, and they are not astonished by the reports that all Europe seems to be preparing for war.

Among these reports the most circumstantial and apparently the most sagacious are those sent by Mr. Harold Frederic, the correspon-

dent of the New York *Times*. In the course of a general survey of

The European Situation

last week, he says: "It is difficult to see how Europe's strained international relations can maintain their present tension for many more weeks without a rupture coming somewhere. No doubt a watched pot boils slowly and the longevity of sick men is proverbial, but even with all the experience of the past fifteen years of peace, with their successive war alarms turning out one after another to be premature, close observers grow more nervous now week after week as Spring advances. There is no longer any doubt whatever that Russia has added seven battalions to her army of observation on the Russo-Austrian frontier within the past ten days, and that in Berlin military circles the belief is general that the year cannot end without fighting.

"On this latter point numerous messages of confirmation have come under my notice, all from quarters far removed from any of those suspicions of stock-jobbing motives which too often taint the political news from Berlin. The element of doubt in the situation is that political students see irresolution in the French Cabinet. Numerous fancy lists have been printed of late giving the names of Ministers supposed to be ranged on either side of this momentous question. These are of small importance. It is more nearly true to say that each of the Ministers is on both sides of it. They all have their moments of excited confidence in the equipment, spirit, and fighting quality of their huge army.

"Nobody any longer thinks it worth while, in either Paris or St. Petersburg, to dissemble the plans of the two great powers lying to the East and West of Germany. They make no secret of their intention to fall upon her simultaneously when the time comes and tear her limb from limb. The Czar has got entirely over his former prejudice against an alliance with the Republic. All that nonsense was swept away by Bismarck's colossal tumble, and it had previously been much diminished by M. Carnot's conservative behavior.

"Looking at the map and studying the gigantic figures of army totals, one would say that Germany must be inevitably crushed between her enemies, and this might happen; but the French realize that something gravely different might occur, namely, that the German armies might be within sight of Paris in three weeks, with the hideous black wake of spoliation and a barren waste behind them, while the sluggish Russian forces were still pottering about on the wrong side of the Vistula. This is a very sobering thought.

The Uncertain Factor.

"If Italy could be detached from the Triple Alliance, French hesitation would vanish in a moment. This is the real key to the existing condition of armed suspense. Nobody is likely to know authoritatively what Italy decides upon in the matter until she has committed herself and then we are as likely to hear of it through the roar of cannon and bugle calls as by diplomatic announcements. Her continued adhesion to the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria by no means insures permanent peace, but her leaving it would certainly entail war.

"Italy had scarcely taken her place among the nations before she was dubbed "the harlot of European politics." Something of this contemptuous suspicion colors the mind of every diplomat who has to deal with the Quirinal. Stagnation is the one thing which Italy cannot stand. It means not only overtaxation and ruinous tariffs, but grievous boredom. She was promised by her rulers that her enormous outlay in ships and troops should bring her big territorial profits. None of these come, and she is very poor and tired to death of waiting for a dozen years.

"Her notion has been to partake in the partition of France and get Nice and Savoy as her share of the plunder. Now, France sagaciously suggests that she would do much better by joining the other combination and taking Trento and Trieste from Austria instead. This is what Italy is pondering just now, and all the armed camps of Europe are waiting for her to make up her mind."

"But when," said Jesus (Luke 21:9), "ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified; for these things must come to pass first; but the end is not immediately."

NED BAXTER'S PROCRASTINATION.

A Story of the S.S. Golden Text for May 3. "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. 29:1.

HAPPINESS does not depend on a large fortune or luxurious surroundings. If it did Ned Baxter and his wife would not have been happy. Ned's income was small—only the salary he received as a clerk in a dry-goods house. Ned's wife had no dowry, but she was a bright, cheery, pretty woman and had always been accustomed to the frugality which must avoid all unnecessary outlay. They had a small flat when they were first married and it seemed to them a little Paradise. Other people might have thought it cramped and poverty-stricken, but to Ned and his wife, who had been boarding before they were married, a home of their own, however small, was a delight. Mrs. Baxter's friends came to see her and envied her; Ned brought his acquaintances in to have supper with them and they would go away inclined to find a wife and set up housekeeping themselves. Ned's wife used to look so lovingly at him and he was so tender and gentle with her and so proud of her and his little home, that many a millionaire had less of real happiness than they.

"You must be very thankful to God, I should think," said one of Ned's old friends, his former Sunday School teacher, in fact, whom Ned brought in one evening, having accidentally met him in the street. "Such happiness as yours comes to very few. God has been very good to you. Don't forget who it is that blesses you."

Ned and his wife were silent. The fact was that they did forget God. They were so wrapped up in each other and there was always so much to talk about and think of, that somehow the little home had never been consecrated by prayer. They would have been shocked if the thought had been put in words, but they lived practically as if they thought that their happiness was due to their own ability and effort and they had no one but themselves to thank for it. Though they made no reply to the admonition of Ned's friend, the words touched them both for both had been in Sunday School and knew that what he said was true.

They had some talk about it late that night and agreed that they would go to church next Sunday. They had not been there since they were married. But the next Sunday was wet and there were several things to be attended to in the home, so it was postponed, and they drifted on as before. They were too much absorbed in themselves and their surroundings to "look up."

When love and happiness do not lead people to give their hearts to God, sometimes stern measures are applied. God wants the love of all his creatures and in his providence some are brought to him by adversity when prosperity has failed. There came such a time in the little home. Ned's wife was sick. Ned was alarmed, and as he sat by her bedside they had some serious talk. They promised that if her life was spared they would lead different lives for the future. She did recover, but there was such an arrear of work to be cleared up and there was a baby to occupy her attention, and Ned was working late hours, too. So their vow was not kept.

Ned was prospered in his business. The trade of the mercantile house in whose employ he began as humble clerk, was greatly increased and some four years after his marriage, young Baxter was appointed travelling salesman with salary and commissions, which gave them three times the income they had before.

After the first excitement of moving into better quarters had somewhat subsided, the still small voice was heard saying "Son, give me thine heart." "Daughter, give me thine heart."

"I must have a little time first, to enjoy myself" the husband said. "The children take up too much of my time," was the wife's reply.

The next summons came in the death of one of Ned's boon companions. They had been enjoying themselves after the manner of jovial travelling salesmen and were in a strange city away from home and friends. After a three days illness, during which time the sufferer had been in a delirium and Ned had been his only nurse, he passed away, crying "I am lost, I am lost!"

It was a terrible experience and Ned went home completely overcome with distress and fatigue. Several times during the illness that followed, when his wife was leaning over him, ministering to his comfort, he was on the point of saying "that dreadful cry of Joe Peters keeps ringing in my ears 'I am lost.' I know if I had been in his place the same would have been true of me. Let us dear wife seek salvation before it is forever too late." But he suppressed these yearnings after higher and better things and said nothing and grieved God's spirit.

"Ned" said his wife, the first day he was able to attend to business "I wish you would apply to the firm to change your position and give you something to do that would keep you at home all the time, You are not near so well as you were and you are so nervous and irritable that I am sure travelling cannot agree with you."

Ned kissed her anxious face and said "Yes, I mean to do so soon; but you know I have not laid by anything yet, and there are greater chances of making money in travelling. But I tell you what I'll do, I'll promise you not to have any more good times when I'm off."

This promise was made only to be broken because Ned Baxter made it in his own strength. The very next journey he took, a telegram was sent to him, saying one of his children was very ill, and asking for his immediate return. He could not be found for a couple of days, and when he finally reached home the child was dead. The mother's grief was very intense for it was the darling of her flock. This time she was ready to reply to the sweet voice that whispered through the affliction, "Look up:" "I will for:

> The heavens are better than this earth below,
> They are of more account and far more dear.
> I will look up, for all most sweet and fair
> Most pure, most excellent, is garnered there.

Ned Baxter, however, disregarded this heavenly voice, as well as his wife's pleadings. "Let me first do better and show that I mean it, then I'll become a Christian."

But the next thing his friends heard of him was from a paragraph in a Western journal which briefly reported that a travelling salesman named Edward Baxter had been killed that morning in the lobby of the principal hotel of that town. A detective was after him with a warrant for embezzlement. Baxter had recognized the detective, and endeavored to escape, and in the scuffle that ensued, he had been accidentally shot.

He had been often reproved, he had repeatedly hardened his neck, and now he was destroyed without remedy.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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"PEACE, BE STILL!"

THE question often asked us during the last few days is, "What do you think of the controversies now going on in the different denominations of Christians?" I do not wonder at the question, for it is an extraordinary time in many of the religious sects. There are our friends, the Episcopalians, who have on hand the interesting question, "Should some of the prominent Rectors who have invited ministers of other denominations to take part with them in worship, be reprimanded or disciplined?" The Methodists are having a lively time with the question whether women should be sent as delegates to their ecclesiastical courts. The United Brethren are not united on an important subject. The Presbyterian Church is bringing under Presbyterial observation, in anticipation of General Assembly scrutiny, an address delivered by a learned Professor in "The Union Theological Seminary." And there are fires all 'round the sky which indicate excitements among the great tribes of the Lord.

In answer to the question as to what I think of these discussions I have to say, "Let every denomination settle its own disputes." Denominational controversies, like family quarrels, are seldom made any better by outside intermeddlers. The newspapers (God bless them!) have to take all denominations under editorial and reportorial discussion, for their field is the world. But churches, non-episcopal, will fail every time they try to tell our friends who believe in apostolic succession how many of us outsiders they ought to admit inside their chancel. So the Methodist Church will not be helped by those who believe in the eternal decrees when they try to tell the followers of John Wesley whether or not it has been decreed that women should be admitted within the gates of General Conference. Nor will those who were born once, or born again on the wrong side of Presbyterianism define how much liberty of thought and belief are to be allowed in the chairs of "Theological Seminaries." When Pædobaptists attempt to instruct the regular Baptists on the subject of close communion or free communion they only break up the communion of good wishes which long ago was established between those who are sprinkled and those who are immersed. In the associations, and consociations, and conventions, and general assemblies, these questions ought to be settled, and will be settled, if ever settled at all. Mind your own business, is advice as appropriate for religious sects as for individuals.

We only hope that when the aforesaid questions come up in the different ecclesiastical courts, a spirit of kindness and good sense may dominate. Religious wars always have been the bitterest wars. Adam Clarke said, long ago, "some people serve the Lord as though the devil were in them." Moderation and suavity in large doses ought to be prescribed for those who manage religious disputes. Even ministers sometimes lose their patience, and say things they are sorry for the rest of their lives. The apology for which is that the greatest draught of that profession is on the nervous system. They have to weep with so many sorrows, listen to so many stories of wrong, become the receptacles of so many tales of imposition, and have to attempt on comparatively small resources to relieve so many overwhelming necessities that their nerves after twenty years of pastorate become worn out fiddle-strings. When such ministers, exhausted in Christian service, gather together to discuss important questions, I am not surprised they somtimes lose their equipoise, and beeome inflammable, and recite the imprecatory Psalms of David with unusual emphasis.

Our prayer is that all the questions about to be legislated upon in the church courts may be under the Divine supervisal and guidance, and that from the controversies all the great denominations of Christians may come forth without damage, and better prepared than ever before, to do the work the Lord has assigned them. We cannot spare one of them, for all the hosts of the church militant we have words of cheer. Forward, the whole line!

THE GLORIOUS CHURCH.

I LOOK upon the Church of God as one vast hosanna. Joy dripping from the baptismal font, joy glowing in the sacramental cup, joy warbling in the anthem, joy beating against the gate of heaven with a hallelujah like the voice of mighty thunderings. Beautiful for situation! The joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion. It is the day and the place where Christ reviews his troops, bringing them out in companies and regiments and brigades, riding along the line, examining the battle-torn flags of past combat, and cheering them on to future victories. Oh, the joy of Christian assemblage!

A WONDERFUL FLOWER.

ONE of my parishioners brought me from the South a strange floral creation. It is called "The Flower of the Holy Ghost," and was brought from Panama. We never saw anything more tenderly beautiful. It is twice the size of an orange blossom, white as the snow on the morning of its descent, its aroma suggestive of Paradise. As your eye walks in under the dome of alabaster, you see a dove's head a little bowed, and with tinged beak; wings spread as if descending, the plumage seemingly sprinkled with coagulated blood. Underneath it is a crown, as though the dove had dropped it. To our eye the flower is an evangel. It seems as if it must be a blossom from the Tree of Life shaken over the wall by a breeze from heaven. Here is the dove of the Eternal Spirit descending, on its wing the blood of redemption to apply to the soul, which application being made, here is the crown of pardon, and life, and heaven to be set upon the brow. The flower comes from a warmer climate, and we wrap it up in cotton, and place it in a box. To-day or to-morrow it will die, but neither its delicate fragrance nor its Divine architecture can be forgotten. Some flowers are typical of pride, or human affection, or remembrance; but this stands in none of those groups. Hereafter there shall be a glorious Trinity for us in the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, and the "Flower of the Holy Ghost."

BRIEF NOTES.

Owing to the pressure on our space this week, by the illustrations connected with the dedication of the new Brooklyn Tabernacle, we have to postpone publication of an excellent article by Rev. Thomas Harrison on "Shepherding the Lambs."

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions of Cumberland Presbyterian Church will be held in Dallas, Texas, May 3d, 4th and 5th.

The Disciples under the labors of Messrs. Updike and Eaton, have just closed a glorious meeting at Des Moines, Iowa, with a large number of converts.

The returns of the census just completed show the population of the Empire of India, to be 285,000,000, being an increase of 30,000,000 since the last census taken in 1881.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, commenced services last Sunday in the Bethany M. E. Church, on First Avenue and 120th Street, New York, of which Rev. G. M. Compton is pastor.

The students of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., are actively engaging in Evangelistic work in the neighborhood. There has been a marked revival of religious interest in the college since Evangelist Sayford labored there.

There are now seventy Extra-Cent-a-Day Associations. It is calculated that if all the Evangelical Christians of the United States who now contribute to Foreign Missions adopted the plan, nearly fifty million dollars would be available every year for mission work.

Rev. E. P. Telford's meetings at Providence, R. I., have been a success from the beginning. The ministers of the city say they have never seen the city so moved by revival meetings. The Baptist Church, seating one thousand persons, could not accommodate all who came.

The union meetings in Washington, D. C., conducted by Rev. E. Payson Hammond, continue with unabated interest. At one service, composed mainly of children and young people, about forty-five signed covenant cards as a token that they had decided to begin the Christian life.

Mr. W. Peck Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has left the New York Stock Exchange to devote all his time to Christian service. He is about to visit London, England, to take part in a revival work which began last summer and which is still going on with most blessed results.

The American Board of Foreign Missions since its organization has sent to the foreign field 2026 missionaries. The record of the society work abroad shows 446 churches, which have counted a membership of 110,449 persons. Last year forty-two new missionaries were sent out, and twenty-four new churches built.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's Union Services at Haverhill, Mass., are being much blessed. The Academy of Music is filled to overflowing, and the meetings for men only are attended by immense audiences. The Baptist, Congregational and Methodist pastors united in calling a Convention of Christian Workers at Haverhill, which was held on April 15 and 16, two sessions each day. Mr. D. L. Moody and Mr. George C. Needham, were among the speakers.

Contribution to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $53.50. From Fairmont, Minn., $10; Dudleyville, Ill., $1; Parnassus, Pa., $3.50; Fairbury, Ill., 50 cts.; Philadelphia, Pa., $4; Port Chester, N. Y., $2.50; Providence, R. I., $2; Osage City, Kans., $1; Omaha, Neb., $2; Norristown, Pa., $2; Morris Plains, N. J., $1.50; Parkesville, N. Y. $1; Riverside, Cal., $4.50: Occidental, Cal., $1; Stayner, Ont., Can., $1.50; Canterbury, N. H., $1; Reese's, Va., $1; Vassalboro, Me., $1; Jackson, Ont. Can., 50 cts.; Philadelphia, Pa., $3; N. Y. City, $3; Boothbay, Ont., Can., $1; Iron Bridge, Ont., Can., $1; Galt, Ont., Can., $3; Beverly, Mass., $1.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The President's Tour—Ravages of the Grip—A Western Commercial Congress—The Italian Troubles—European War-Clouds—Abuses in the Congo State—General Notes.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has started on his Southern tour. He is accompanied by Mrs. Harrison and a special party, which includes Miss Wanamaker, Secretary of War, Proctor, and a few others. They are travelling in a special train, which, for fineness of equipment and multiplied conveniences, eclipses any ever used in a Presidential tour heretofore. At most of the cities where stops were made, there were speeches of welcome and a cordial reception by the citizens, the President replying in brief terms. At Knoxville, Tenn., there was a narrow escape from what might have been a serious accident. The President and friends had left the cars and were in carriages, when the horse drawing the vehicle occupied by Secretary Rusk took fright and bolted, crashing into the President's carriage. Mr. Rusk's carriage was wrecked. At Chattanooga the President re-visited war-time scenes, and he journeyed to Atlanta by the same route that Sherman followed on his famous "March to the Sea." Excepting at Atlanta, the demonstrations of welcome were uniformly enthusiastic; at the latter city they were courteous but cold. All along the line, preparations were made for a hearty reception to the nation's Chief Executive.

Our Dread Foreign Visitor, the Grip, is now practically epidemic in a score of cities, including, New York, Brooklyn and Chicago. In the first, the death rate has gone up to over two hundred. In Brooklyn it is fully one hundred, and in the western city about one hundred and fifty. Other leading cities, North and West, have experienced an increase in proportion. Not in a generation has the death rate been so high as now. Many of the public schools, and private educational institutions in the East are closed. Health Boards are hopeful that with the advent of spring weather the mortality may be greatly diminished. England and France are also suffering a revival of the same malady, and in both the average death rate has doubled within the last fourteen days.

Simultaneously With the Unauthenticated rumor of the appointment of Explorer Stanley, as Governor of the Congo Free State, comes an attack on the conduct of King Leopold's present government in that part of Africa, which the civilized world has generally supposed to be ruled on Christian and humane principles. Col. Williams, a colored man of high intelligence, and who claims to write from personal acquaintance with the facts, accuses the rulers of the Congo State of the grossest abuses of power, even to the extent of buying and selling the blacks for the purpose of securing laborers and carriers. He declares that it is not uncommon for negroes to be beaten to death by Belgian officials, and that women and girls are seized and sold, or exchanged for carriers. King Leopold (whose portrait we give in this column), admits that many "sad things have taken place in Africa," but is loth to credit the specific charge against his officers. In any event, it will probably lead to an overhauling of the officials in question, who seem to have had very little sympathy with the real wishes of their king, whose goodness and worth are known all over Europe, and whose whole energy has for many years been devoted to the advancement of science and the improvement of his fellowmen, while other European monarchs have been dreaming of wars of conquest.

The First Commercial Congress ever held in the West assembled in Kansas City, last week, representatives being present from twenty-five States. Senator Kelley of Kansas was chosen as temporary chairman. On the opening day, a letter was read from President Harrison, in which he discussed the development of agricultural products, and the outlook for reciprocity with Central and South America, as furnishing new markets for meats, breadstuffs and manufactures. He declared also that nothing would so retard the restoration of the free use of silver by the commercial nations of the world, as American legislation placing this country on a basis of silver mono-metalism. The Congress discussed at several sessions the special needs of the West, the general sentiment of the speakers being that East and West should stand together and that the national Congress had hitherto legislated too much in favor of the East, and the creditor class. Edward Atkinson, Erastus Wiman and other prominent Eastern men read papers before the Congress.

King Humbert of Italy and his Handsome queen, Marguerite, (whose portraits are given below), are at the present moment the two most talked-of rulers in Europe. Just what Humbert will do with respect to the Triple Alliance is the question that is puzzling the Cabinets of Germany and Austria, no less than those of England, France and Russia. Shall he join the Alliance and thus precipitate the inevitable war between Germany and Austria on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other, in the hope of adding a slice of territory to his possessions? Or shall he hold aloof and be prepared to benefit by the victory of France, should the Republic, with the aid of the Czar, scatter the armies of the German Kaiser? Italy's navy, next to those of England and France, is the finest in the world and, arrayed on the side of the Alliance, would cast the balance of military power in their favor.

Secretary Blaine's Reply to the Latest Note of the Italian government regarding the New Orleans affair, was sent to the Marquis Imperiali, Italy's acting Minister, on Tuesday last. It is voluminous and answers all the points raised in the note of Premier Rudini. Mr. Blaine clearly sets forth the rights of foreign residents, who, he declares, are not a favored class, and claims that under existing treaties, no compensation is due the victims at New Orleans. On receiving the reply by cable, Premier Rudini made a statement in the Italian Chamber to the effect that Italy would not accept the American view of the irresponsibility of the general government for the acts of States. There is little cause to fear any serious diplomatic rupture. The beligerent feeling has revived in some of the rural districts, where companies are being formed whose services will be tendered to the government at Washington in the event of war. Meanwhile, United States Minister Porter, at Rome, is authority for the statement that our official relations continue undisturbed, and that the prospects still point to a peaceful settlement.

Newfoundland has Appealed its Grievances to the Imperial Parliament and the delegation now in England representing the colonial interest is making every effort to secure such treatment as will hereafter discriminate in favor of French fishermen adversely to the people of Newfoundland themselves. The delegation includes Sir. W. V. Whiteway, the Premier of the colony, Hon. A. W. Harvey, Hon. Moses Monroe, George H. Emerson, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and A. B. Morine, all very prominent and influential in colonial affairs. Premier Whiteway, (whose portrait is published in this column,) is an Englishman by birth, but has spent most of his life in Newfoundland, where he has amassed a fortune in legal practice. He is by no means popular with the fishermen, who had expected that his administration would have made better times for all the colony. The address to Parliament is a very strong plea in opposition to the French naval interests, which are now more potent in the Newfoundland fishing grounds than those of the settlers themselves.

Death has Again Invaded the Domestic Circle of ex-Secretary Bayard, the victim being Count Reinhold Abraham Loewnhaupt, who, only a few weeks ago, married Miss Ella Bayard, the youngest daughter of the famous statesman. Within a few days the bridal pair were to have started for Sweden, where the Count intended to present his wife to his family, one of the noblest in that country. The young nobleman had been in America a little over a year, and was studying marine architecture, with a view to utilizing the knowledge on his return to Sweden. Overwork brought on an attack of typhoid fever from which he never rallied.

A Climax is Approaching in the Chilian Rebellion. After sustaining numerous reverses, more or less serious, at the hands of the insurgents, the forces of President Balmaceda have been routed disastrously at Copiapo, where 3,000 government troops were driven back with heavy loss, the town being occupied by the rebels. Copiapo is the capital of a wealthy mining province, and has a population of over 12,000. The insurgent army, greatly strengthened by desertions from the government ranks, is now about to advance simultaneously upon Santiago and Valparaiso.

There is a "Tempest in a Teapot" Raging among the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair Commission. Some time ago, Miss Phœbe Couzins, who has long been known in connection with the Suffrage movement, and who has practiced law for a number of years in the West, was appointed secretary of the Commission; but for some reason Mrs. Potter Palmer, wife of the Chicago millionaire, and other members of the Executive Committee, decided to remove Miss Couzins and this was done accordingly. The secretary, however, showed fight, and protested that the removal was arbitrary and unauthorized; she declined to vacate the offices and the result is a dead-lock in the Woman's Department of the World's Fair, which is costing the government in the neighborhood of $120 a day. Miss Couzins threatens to carry her case to Congress.

Our New Treaty With Spain has been Concluded, and it will presently be made public. It is understood that it will provide for the opening up of the markets of Cuba to American goods on a broad basis of reciprocity, a stipulation being that our markets should be open for free sugar, and that American flour should be admitted to Cuba at reduced rates. No concessions are made by our government beyond those contained in the McKinley tariff bill. Hon. John G. Foster represented America in the negotiations at Madrid.

THE STRANGE OVATION.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Triumph Unique in the Saviour's Life—Strange that it Had not Occurred Before—His Services Called for It—Jesus had Repressed Enthusiasm—The Fickleness of the Crowd—I. Jesus Triumphant in the Capital—Why He Permitted the Ovation—Constituted an Open Declaration of His Rank—Intimated a Claim—II. Glorified in His Church—III. Received in the Heart—Brought Joy.

"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." Matthew 21 : 9.

OLLOWING the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, a great fame went abroad concerning our Lord. He rested still at Bethany, and the people who came up to the feast in great number went out—an easy walk from Jerusalem to Bethany—to see Jesus, and to see Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead. These people, on a certain day, formed a company, and marched with Jesus toward Jerusalem. On the way our Lord sent two of his disciples to fetch an ass and its colt; and upon this last he rode into the city. Another crowd, coming out of Jerusalem, met the company attending upon Jesus, and, forming one great procession, the whole multitude marched into the city escorting the Lord Jesus in humble state, and paying him honor as King in Zion. Upon no stately war-horse, but riding upon a colt the foal of an ass,

The Meek and Lowly King

entered the city of David, attended by vast and enthusiastic crowds, who strewed the fronds of palms, and the branches of trees, and their own garments in the way along which he rode. Our Lord thus received a right royal and popular reception to the metropolis of his nation. This was a strange event, so very different from anything else that happened to our Saviour, that one wonders at it with great wonderment.

Assuredly, this honor paid to our Lord was passing strange; a gleam of sunlight in a day of clouds, a glimpse of summer-tide in a long and dreary winter. He that was, as a rule, "despised and rejected of men," was for the moment surrounded with the acclaim of the crowd. All men saluted him that day with their Hosannas, and the whole city was moved. It was a gala day for the disciples, and a sort of coronation day for their Lord.

Why was the scene permitted? What was its meaning? The marvel is, that the like had not occurred before; for our Lord had healed many sick folk, and these and their friends must have felt favorably toward him. He had fed thousands at a time with the bread of this life, and hosts had been cheered and comforted by his teaching. The common people heard him gladly, and were ready to gather around him. Among an excitable people it was a wonder that they had not long ago taken him by force, and made him a king.

Avoiding Popularity.

It was the Lord himself who had suppressed the popular enthusiasm. With great skill he had succeeded in bridling a dangerous fanaticism. He, with a masterly art, repressed everything that would have made him a popular hero. He uttered unpalatable truth, or he stole away from the scene of his miracles, or he kept himself in obscure villages, and thus he eluded their honors. When he had fed the multitudes, he took ship, and went to the other side of the lake, that they might not follow him. Many men live for ambitious ends, but our Lord lived to escape the honors of men.

It came at last, you see: I have read you the story in John and in Matthew. They saluted him with their shouts of loyal welcome. But there was little in the acclamation when it did come. There was great shouting for the while, and abundant strewing of branches, and lining of the road with garments; but there was little else. Remember what happened less than a week afterward! If not the same individuals, yet people of the same city cried, "Crucify him, crucify him." The hosannas may be very loud, but they will not be long. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," sounds very sweetly; but how much more vehement will be the cry, "Let him be crucified!" Everything which comes to Jesus and his cause by

Popular Acclamation,

requires at all times to be duly weighed; and when weighed it will be found wanting. "*Vox populi vox Dei*" they used to say; but the saying is false: the voice of the people may seem to be the voice of God when they shout "Hosanna in the highest;" but whose voice is it when they yell out, "Crucify him, crucify him?"

So little value did our Lord place on popular applause that he repressed it; and when it did burst forth, so little did it elevate his spirit that we find him in the midst of it, gazing upon the city with tears in his eyes. While others were glad, he was weeping for the woes which his prophetic eye foresaw. It may seem good that the Christian minister should be popular, but popularity is lighter than vanity. Once the Saviour rides in state as a King, but soon he walks down those very streets bearing his cross like a criminal. How soon is the public voice purchased for evil! What dependence can be placed on the clamor of the streets?

I. First, I ask you to view

Christ Triumphant in Jerusalem.

Why this procession? Why these shouts of homage? Our Lord always had a reason, and an excellent one, for all that he arranged or permitted. What meant he by this? How shall we interpret the scene? I think it was, first, that he might most openly declare himself. He had frequently avowed his mission in plain speech; he had told them who he was, and why he came; but they would not hear; so that they dared to say to him, "If thou be the Christ tell us plainly." He had plainly told them times without number. Now he will assure them still more positively of his kingdom by openly riding into the city of Jerusalem in state. Now shall they see that he claims to be the Messiah, sent of God of whom the prophet said, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh." Therefore he permitted this great gathering and this honorable attention to himself, that he might say to Israel by deeds as well as by words, "I am he that should come." Thus he beyond all question manifested himself to the people. When they crucified him the rulers knew what he professed to be. Albeit many of them were in ignorance as to the truthfulness of his claims, yet they knew right well that they were crucifying one who professed to be the Lord of glory, one who was acknowledged to be the son of David, one who had in public avowed himself to be King in Zion. I think this was one reason for the joyous

Entry into the City of God.

Next, it was our Lord's public claiming of authority over Israel. He was the son of David, and therefore he was by natural right the King of the Jews. As King he rode to his capital, and entered his palace. In his priestly royalty the Son of God went to his Father's house, to the temple of sacrifice and sovereignty. Among the tribes of Israel is he seen to be "one chosen out of the people," whom the Lord had given to be a leader and commander for the people. Although they might afterward choose Barabbas, and cry that they had no king but Cæsar, yet Jesus was their King, as Pilate reminded them, when he said, "Shall I crucify your king?" and as his cross declared when it bore the legal inscription, "This is Jesus the King of the Jews." Before his trial and his condemnation he had put in a public claim to the rights and prerogatives of Zion's king, whom God has set upon his holy hill.

Nor have I exhausted the Saviour's reasons. We are told by the evangelist that he did this that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet. I have just now quoted the text from Zechariah 9 : 9. Our Lord was ever careful and earnest to fulfil each prophecy of Holy Scripture. He held the inspired Word in high esteem, and was careful of each letter of it. You never hear a word from him derogatory of the inspiration, authority, accuracy, or infallibility of the law and the prophets. He fulfils the Word of the Lord even to its jots and tittles. He directed his life by that old chart, in which the way of the Messiah was laid down long before he came to earth. Oh, for the same reverence of Scripture among preachers, nowadays!

I think also that as our Lord thus looked back and fulfilled Scripture, he was looking forward to give us a prophetic type of the future. Beloved, our Lord will not always be rejected. There are days of triumph for him. "The stone which the builders refused is become the headstone of the corner." This is the age of iron, but there comes

A Golden Age of Love and Light.

We look for his appearing and his reign; his reign of peace and joy. There will come a day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. He shall sit upon the throne of his father David, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. The Lord shall reign for ever and ever. We see, then, in the simple state of our Lord in the streets of Jerusalem, a vision of the long glories which await him in the New Jerusalem, where he shall sit upon his throne, and his enemies shall be made his footstool.

One thing more I cannot help mentioning: surely, our Lord allowed the populace a vent for their enthusiasm with the desire to delight his friends. Do you not think that the sympathetic Jesus thought it worth while to give his little band of followers what our forefathers would have called "a gaudy day"—a high day, a holiday? These had been with him in his humiliation, and he would give them a taste of his glory. They had seen him despised and rejected of men; and he relieved the monotony of his humiliation with a glimpse of his glory. For once they should be allowed to cast their garments under his feet and strew fragrant branches on his path. For once their zeal should have license to climb the trees and break down the boughs to strew his pathway. Nothing on that day filled their ears but the praises of their loved Lord and their honored Master. They would soon have enough sorrow when they would see him seized in the garden and taken away bound to Caiaphas and Pilate to be condemned to die. He would give them a breathing space, an interval of pleasure, wherein their spirits should no longer drag on earth, but rise on wings, into a lofty joy. Our Lord loves his people to be glad.

II. Secondly, my text is to my mind a parable of Christ

Glorified in his Church.

There are choice days when the shout of a King is heard in our assemblies. I think that such days come to the Church of God after special miracles of grace have been wrought. Lazarus is raised from the dead, and when the people thus see the greatness of the Prophet of Nazareth, they begin to commend and extol him, and this leads on to holy excitement. If the Lord will be pleased to work remarkable conversions among us, we shall have grand times. What joy there is in saintly hearts when ringleaders in sin become champions for truth! Oh, that our God would work such transformations in this city! Pray, my brothers and sisters, that the Lord will do the like for us, and for all his churches just now. Oh, for displays of his power to quicken the dead! Oh, for Lazarus to be raised, and to live among us as a wonder of grace whom neighbors would come to see! O Lord, give us this signal of delight!

It is also a cheering sign when there is a general eagerness among the people concerning our Lord. When the disciples gather around their Master, and are prompt to do his bidding then good times are come. When we are already, each man, each woman ready, to take our

share in the harvesting, then will the sheaves be garnered. It is cheering when the congregation shares the excitement with the church and its ministers, and the prospect of a divine blessing is before the mind of all who seek better things. Surely, the time to favor Zion, yea, the set time has come, when her King is longed for, and every heart beats high with love of him.

The case is clear when all this is attended with an abounding generosity. It is well when disciples are not only willing to fetch another man's colt, but are willing to lay their own garments thereon; when they will not only gather palm fronds to strew the path, but will take off their own coats to carpet the way of the King. When everybody does something, or gives something, or at any rate joins in the hearty Hosannas, then is the King come into our midst.

The Children's Share.

Beloved, we must not forget that it is a token of God's having come to his church and of his having given her a joyful day, when the children share in it. Luther was greatly encouraged when he found that the children met together for prayer. He said, "God will hear *them*. The devil himself cannot defeat us now the children begin to pray." It is very beautiful to read Mr. Whitefield's remarks about his sermons at Moorfields and elsewhere in London, when mud and stones were cast upon him, and yet a group of children always surrounded his pulpit; and though some of them were hurt, yet he noticed how bravely they stood by him through the service, He thought it a token for good that children drank in his words. When God moves the children to earnestness, he will soon move their fathers and mothers.

I want you to notice in our text, that our Saviour was received with a shout of Hosanna! The best interpretation I can give is—"Save, oh, save! Save, oh, save!" Different nations have different ways of expressing their good will to their monarchs. A Roman would have shouted, "Io triomphe!" The Persians said, "O King, live for ever." The Jews cried, "Hosannah!" "Save," or, "God save the King!" The French have their "Vivas," by which they mean, "Long live the man." Hosanna is tantamount to all these. It is a shout of homage, welcome, and loyalty. It wishes wealth, health, and honor to the king. In the Saxon we say, "Hurrah;" in Hebrew, "Hosanna, Hosanna, the King is come. Save him, O Lord! Save us through him! Long live the King!" We never cease to pray, "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." Let us then cry, Hosanna!

III. I have only a little time for my third point, and yet it is of great importance. Christ

Received in the Heart.

His triumphant ride into Jerusalem was a type of his entering the renewed heart. On that day, when Christ came up from Bethany, the city gates were wide open. We read nothing about them, because they were not in the way; they were no shut gates to him. He rode into Jerusalem without let or hindrance. Are your gates wide open this morning? If not, I would say, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors: and the King of glory shall come in." He is willing to abide in your hearts, and go no more out for ever; be sure that your gates are set wide before him. You must receive Jesus willingly, or not at all. He comes to reign; but he comes in the gentleness of love. He rides on no high mettled charger, he lays his hand on no sharp sword which clatters at his side, about him are no men-at-arms, behind him come no heavy guns, dragged along the trembling streets. Jesus was willingly received: everyone exultingly welcomed him. Will you so receive Jesus? Has he made you willing in the day of his power? You may well salute him, and welcome him to your heart and your home; for you have never before received so blessed a guest. Set open wide the gates, and entreat him to come in; for he will bring heaven with him. He never uses force; he conquers only by love.

His entrance caused great joy. No man's heart was made heavy that day. The face of the King frowned on none. Other kings have found it needful to force their way through crowds of rebels to their capital, and wade through slaughter to a throne; but none was found to hurt or devour in all the holy mountain when Jesus came to Zion. Women have been ravished, men have been murdered, even babes have been massacred when monarchs have entered cities; but when our King cometh, boughs and palm fronds, shouts and songs, are the setting of a very different scene. Instead of shrieks and groans, we hear the ringing music of children, with their glad Hosannas. Oh, will you not admit the Lord Jesus? Who will refuse an entrance to one who brings with him joy and peace?

As a Reformer.

But I must tell you one thing which I am sure will not damp your ardor, if you are in a right state. If Jesus comes into your souls he will come as a Reformer. He will make your heart a temple, and out of it he will drive the buyers and sellers, and all else that would pollute the soul. With his scourge of small cords he will whip out many a naughty thing from the heart which he makes his temple. Ay, let the thieves go! If your heart has been made a den of thieves by evil desires, should not these be chased out without mercy? So let it be. Welcome thou great Refiner! Fain would we lose our dross.

Last of all, you that have not yet received him, we want you to join with the rest of us in honoring him and glorifying him as he comes into your heart. "Oh!" saith one, "if he will only come into my heart I will indeed praise him." Have your Vivas ready! Receive the Lord Jesus Christ with all honors. Mention his name with rejoicing, Have your Hurrah ready to welcome the King, the Conqueror, as he enters your soul. Be jubilant! Be enthusiastic! Rejoice that such a one as he should come to dwell with such a one as you, and bring such a blessing with him. Praise him! Praise him! Extol him in the highest heavens! Then pray to him. "Save, Lord! Save, oh, save!"

RESCUED AND KEPT.

IT would be difficult to conceive of a clearer proof of God's power and willingness to keep those who put their trust in him, than is furnished by the letters which are received from time to time by Mr. Charles A. Bunting, the Superintendent of the Home for Intemperate Men in New York. The method pursued in this Home, has been already described in this journal. No recourse is had to medicines, the sufferer is not required to sign any pledge; but he is led to trust in Jesus for salvation and to rely on his power to keep him from falling. That he does not trust in vain there is abundant evidence.

In 1884 a merchant from Montreal, was living in New York, in a pitiable condition. He had fallen into the lowest depths of degradation. He was separated from his wife and family, who had lost all hope of his deliverance from the power of the intoxicating cup. He was penniless and hopeless. He was received into the Home and encouraged to look to Christ for help. He did so, and after remaining for a time went home to Montreal with a new hope in his breast. Last year he wrote: "Six years have passed and I can yet say 'Jesus keeps me still' in the midst of varied temptations."

Another case was that of a man who was introduced to the Home by one who had had personal experience of what it could do under God's blessing. He, too, was rescued, and he now writes: "I am very glad to be able to tell you that at no time since leaving you, though exposed to the usual temptations, have I tasted a drop of anything stronger than coffee, nor, I am thankful to add, have I experienced any desire so to do. I feel more encouraged for the future than at any time for the past ten years, and my heart turns with grateful remembrance to the source of my new inspiration for good, under the blessing of God."

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The War of 1812.*

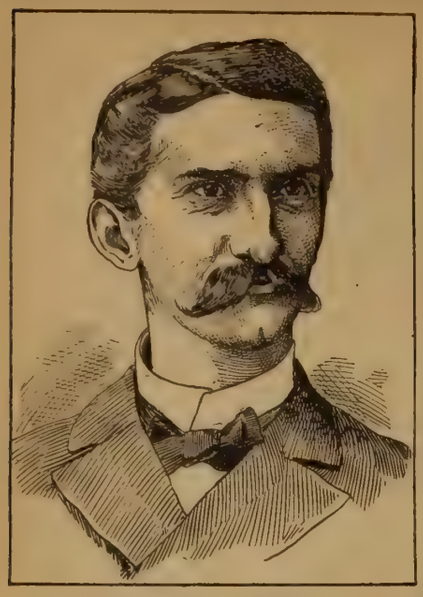
THE American declaration of war against England on July 18, 1812, annoyed those European nations which were gathering their utmost resources for resistance to Napoleon's attack. Russia could not but regard it as an unfriendly act, equally bad for political and commercial interests. Spain and Portugal whose armies were fed largely, if not chiefly, on American grain imported by British money under British protection, dreaded to see their supplies cut off. Germany, waiting only for strength to recover her freedom, had to reckon against one more element in Napoleon's vast military resources. England needed to make greater efforts in order to maintain the advantages she had gained in Russia and Spain. Even in America no one doubted the sincerity of England's wish for peace; and if Madison and Monroe insisted in her acquiesence in their terms, they insisted because they believed that their military position entitled them to expect it. The re-conquest of Russia and Spain by Napoleon, an event almost certain to happen, could hardly fail to force from England the concessions, not in themselves unreasonable, which the United States required. This was, as Madison to the end of his life maintained, a fair calculation; but it was exasperating to England, who thought that America ought to be equally interested with Europe in overthrowing the military depotism of Napoleon, and should not conspire with him for gain.

At first the new war disconcerted the feeble ministry that remained in office after the death of Spencer Perceval: they counted on preventing it, and did their utmost to stop it after it was begun. The tone of arrogance which had so long characterized Government and press, disappeared for the moment. Castlereagh did not abandon the hope of peace until Jonathan Russell, on August 24, reported to him the concessions which the President required antecedent to negotiation—the stoppage of impressments, dismissal of impressed seamen, indemnity for spoliations, and abandonment of paper blockades. The British Secretary intimated that he thought these demands, as conditions precedent to an armistice, somewhat insulting; and in conversation he explained to Russell that such concessions would merely cost the Ministry their places without result. Russell then proposed an informal understanding, adding of his own accord, without authority from his Government, a proposal, afterward adopted by Congress, that the United States should naturalize no more British seamen. Castlereagh made the obvious reply that an informal understanding offered no more guarantee to England than a formal one; that it had the additional disadvantage of bearing on its face a character of disguise; that in any case the discussion of guarantees must precede the understanding; and that Russell had on this subject neither authority nor instructions. The correspondence closed September 19, and Russell left England; but not until October 13, after learning that the President had refused to ratify the armistice made by Prevost with Dearborn did the British Government order general reprisals; and even this order closed with a proviso that nothing contained therein should affect the previous authority given to Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren to arrange a cessation of hostilities.

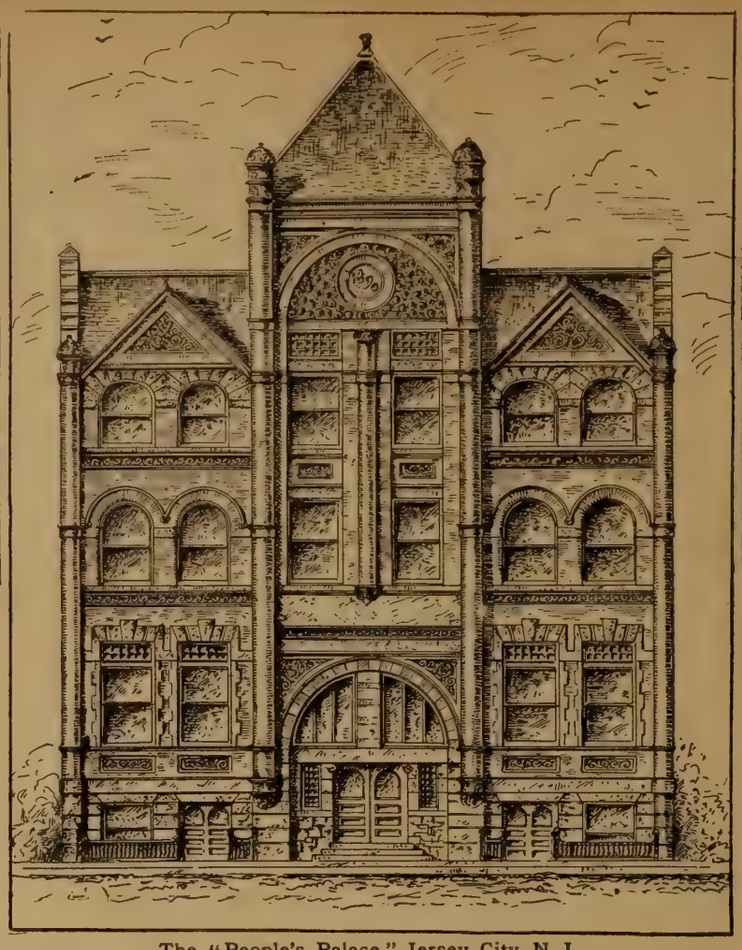
A Panic at the Capital.

Madison was still confined to his bed when on July 15, messengers from the lower Potomac

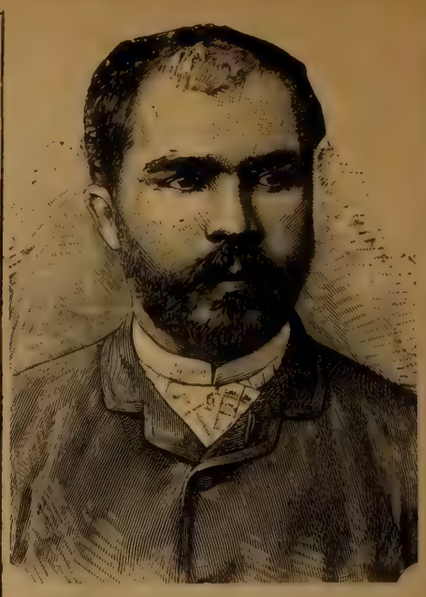
* From the *History of the United States during the Second Administration of James Madison*, by Henry Adams. These volumes complete Mr. Adam's great work which has received the highest praise from both reviewers and the public, generally. No more important contribution to American historical literature has been made in this generation. The entire work covers the four administrations of Jefferson and Madison from 1801 to 1817. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.



Rev. Dr. John L. Scudder.



The "People's Palace," Jersey City, N. J.



M. Stambouloff, Premier of Bulgaria.

brought news that the British fleet consisting of eight or ten ships-of-the-line and frigates, was in the river, sixty miles below, making its way up the difficult channel to Washington. A reasonable, and well-grounded fear took possession of the city. On July 21, Serurier wrote to his Government: "Everyone is making ready to move. I know that they are secretly packing up at the Departments. I have as yet sent nothing away, in order not to show distrust of the Government's power, but I have got ready my most valuable papers, and from the moment the President shall quit his residence, I shall follow where he goes, with my principal portfolios in one of my carriages." The British ships were approaching the city; the sound of their guns was believed to be heard; and the Government had little means of stopping them. Every man prepared for volunteer duty; other work was suspended. On July 15, the House of Representatives ordered a Fast, and went into secret session to consider modes of defence.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE IN JERSEY CITY.

The Philanthropic Christian Movement Initiated by Dr. John L. Scudder to Promote the Welfare of the Poor.

CHRISTIAN men who are grappling with the problem of "How to reach the masses," may get some light on the subject by visiting the Tabernacle in Jersey City, N. J., and having a talk with its pastor. They will there see in operation an earnest, well-conceived, and practical effort to make Christianity a real blessing to the poor. The Tabernacle, standing on the corner of York and Henderson Streets, is in the midst of a population which needs all the help that religion and philanthropy can give. Men and women live in the tenements around that spot, who must work hard early and late, to earn the barest necessaries of life, and who count themselves fortunate if they are not prevented working by sickness or accident or the caprice of an employer. They cannot save money; and they expect no rest on this side of the grave. Such people are apt to think that religion is not for them but for the well-to-do classes who can spare time to attend to it. They gain a new view of it when they go to the Tabernacle.

Dr. John L. Scudder, the pastor, is a son of the famous missionary to India, Dr. Henry Martyn Scudder, and was born in 1853. He graduated from Yale in 1874 and thence proceeded to Union Theological Seminary. In 1882, he became pastor of the First Congregation Church in Minneapolis, where he did excellent work among the students of the Minnesota State University. Four years later he settled in Jersey City and commenced his present work. The past four years have been years of arduous and consecrated labor with him. His firm belief is that religion should cover the entire man and not the spiritual part alone, for man is a composite and the spiritual nature can be reached by a variety of avenues. His aim was to *prevent* sin by keeping the boys off the streets, the young men out of the saloons, and interesting the girls in sewing, housekeeping, cooking, etc. Gaining the good will of the young people, his efforts were directed to bringing them to a saving knowledge of Christ. Bible readings, young people's meetings, and the Sunday School were brought to a high state of efficiency, and then he felt that he had made a beginning. Proceeding along this line he extended the field of his operations. A free public library was established, an amusement hall opened, a band and orchestra organized and other means adopted to render the Tabernacle a place of entertainment and delight as well as of instruction. Every effort, whether seemingly secular, or religious has been made in the name of Christ and in his spirit, and everything has been done to point to the Cross. The plans succeeded and the Tabernacle is now the largest Congregational church in the State.

Dr. Scudder is now taking another step which promises a still larger blessing. He has secured several lots adjacent to the Tabernacle on which he proposes to erect a "People's Palace," a picture of which is here given. It is to contain baths, a dispensary for the needy sick, a day nursery for working mothers, a kindergarten for neglected children, a clothing department, where contributions of slightly worn apparel can be sorted and kept in readiness for the worthy poor, a coffee-house and wood-yard attachment, a penny-bank, a newsboys' home, a boarding-house for working-girls, a manual training-school supplying instruction in various branches, enabling the rising generation to become intelligent workers and obtain an honest livelihood, and other aids for the welfare of the poor. All this will cost about $150,000. A considerable part of this sum has already been contributed, and Dr. Scudder believes that the whole will be furnished. Wealthy Christian men who endow colleges for the benefit of the few can scarcely fail to give a little to the support of an institution for the benefit of the many, whose need is more urgent; nor can the philanthropist find a better object for his gifts than one that will provide an attractive and effectual refuge from the saloon and other forms of vice. But the fact that it is a genuine Christian—that is Christ-like—work is its strongest claim. The poor are his representatives on earth, and in alleviating their woe, in helping them bear their burdens, and in leading them to trust in him his followers show, better than in any other way, their love for him and the extent to which they have entered into his spirit. We heartily wish Dr. Scudder god-speed in his effort and sincerely hope that the funds he needs will be speedily in his hands.

THE MASSACRE OF MANIPORE.

(*See Illustration on page 253.*)

Not since the terrible mutiny of 1857, has so heavy a calamity befallen the British forces in India as that which is now reported. The British Government in India does not confine its attention to the territory it holds there, but takes a lively interest in the affairs of its immediate neighbors. It has treaties with the native princes who rule the states which lie on its frontiers and in some cases has pledged itself to maintain them on their thrones.

The present trouble had an origin of this kind. England was pledged to support the Maharajah Chandra Kirti Singh in his government of Manipore, a native state north-east of the Bay of Bengal and south of Assam. Last year was the fortieth year of his reign and some of his subjects, losing patience, broke out in insurrection and deposed him. He appealed to the English to help him regain his throne. Mr. J. W. Quinton, the Chief Commissioner of Assam, who was the nearest English official, to him, promptly set out to his assistance with a force of 470 native Goorkha soldiers commanded by English officers. His first step on arriving in Manipur territory was to form a camp and summon all the native chiefs to a Durbar or conference to discuss the situation and, if possible, to arrange for a peaceable restoration of the Maharajah to his throne. The insurgents however, apprehending hostilities made a night attack on the camp. The Goorkhas defended themselves bravely, but their ammunition was soon exhausted and they were ruthlessly put to death. The Commissioner and the English officers were also killed and their bodies thrown to the dogs. The insurgents then marched to attack another force which was

hastening to the support of the Commissioner under Lieut. Grant. They met the force at Thobal, where Lieut. Grant had entrenched himself in an old mud fort. There a desperate fight ensued in which the insurgents, though outnumbering Lieut. Grant's troops nearly twenty to one, were utterly routed and their leader killed.

The State of Manipore, which will now probably be annexed to British India, contains about 250,000 inhabitants. It is a thriving province, the people being noted for their skill as weavers, saddlers and metal workers. They also breed a famous kind of ponies which command high prices in the markets of India. The accompanying illustration, which represents three types of Manipuris, is taken from a photograph secured by a press correspondent.

Types of the Warriors of Manipore.

ROMA.

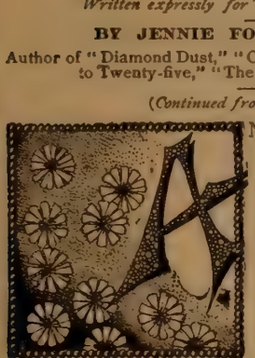
A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 239.*)



AN old, slipshod brother, in a long, grey gown, led the party through a side door, and down a flight of rough steps to the Catacombs, after giving each a lighted piece of candle-wick dipped in tallow or wax.

"The burial-places of the early Christians," remarked Mrs. Gordon. "Really, I cannot imagine anything more intensely interesting. Many a time I have pictured to myself the little procession of early saints who have gone down into the heart of the earth, as it were, to lay away their dead. They must have gone down these very steps, steep and narrow as they are."

"Yes," said Carolyn, "and three or four flights below these. The Catacombs are five stories deep, you know, in some places. It must have seemed frightful to leave one's friends away down here."

"No," said Margaret. "You must not forget that their hope of the resurrection was like the brightest noon compared with the midnight gloom that their former pagan notions threw about death. Don't you see you read always along here that they rest 'in hope,' 'in peace,' 'in joy?'" pointing to the rudely lettered and sculptured tablets. "Their anchor means hope, the dove, peace, and the palm-branch, victory."

"There must have been a great many of them," said Carolyn. "Their tombs are said to have been enough to reach 350 miles in a straight line—the whole length of Italy."

"Gibbon says that there were 50,000 Christians in Rome," said Goldthorpe.

They threaded their way along narrow passages, flanked on either hand by niches cut in the rock where had lain one or more bodies. Other passages crossed the one in which they were, and occasionally, there was a place large enough for a number of persons to sit or stand. A chapel, the guide explained: the slab covering the sarcophagus at one end, serving for an altar. There were columns partly cut from the rock, low, arched ceilings, and, now and then, a fresco of a Scripture scene.

"Were these burial-places private, or public," asked Mrs. Gordon.

"I think," said Margaret, who had stopped to notice a "Chi Ro" that formed the monogram of Christ the Redeemer, appearing often on the tombs, "at first they were the property of people of some means, who built their tombs on their gardens and vineyards, and shared them with others. I believe they were never used after the capture of the city by Alaric in 410."

"The church used to bury the dead at night," remarked Carolyn, her thought swinging back with characteristic persistence, to the Catacombs, after a glance at the historic mountain.

"I have read that their processions were grimly dismal," said Camilla, "after they got beyond the persecutions, and their faith began to decline; priests and paupers, hired for the occasion, carrying the dead along in a rough, heartless way, their torches flaring in the night wind, and their guttural chant hideously doleful. My people have a horror of death. They dread the purgatorial fire into which they expect to plunge; and then those old-time funerals may have made it worse. It will be different when the light of faith is shot through the gloom."

When the young ladies were driving home, they met a band of music escorting a hearse belonging to the civil authorities. It stopped at the door of a church.

"That is strange," said Camilla. Civil funerals never have priests, nor go to churches.

They got out of the cab and went into the church, one of the plainer edifices of which there are many in Rome.

The church pall was thrown over a plain, board box, in which lay the dead man, in centre of the dimly-lighted building. Rough men holding large, flaring, dripping candles stood around the coffin. Priests chanted and sprinkled holy water in an officially heartless way. After about an hour of these exercises, the pall was taken off the box, which was hurried into the hearse. The band began to play and the little procession moved off toward the cemetery.

Camilla asked a woman who was knitting before her shop-door beside the church, how a civil funeral came to stop at a church. "It is unusual," she said.

"Yes, signorina," replied the woman with a shrug, "but these are unusual times. We are not qnite out of the old, nor yet in the new." Then she went on to explain with many words that the dead man's fraternity wanted a civil funeral. His brothers favored it also; but his wife was afraid of her confessor. "The priests," she added, crossing herself with a shrug, "the priests and the woman carried the day, as you have seen."

That evening our young ladies were invited to meet some English and American friends at the house of a Mrs. Payne, who had been a resident of Rome for a number of years.

Margaret had a few moments' talk with the pastor of the soldiers' church who recognized her as having attended the service one Sabbath evening, a few weeks before. "Strangers often come to see us," he said. "Our church is unique, all of soldiers. I remembered your being there because you looked very ill when you went out. I had just been interrupted in my sermon. Possibly you remember."

"Oh, yes," said Margaret, mustering all her strength in an effort to appear indifferent, "I know nothing about your soldiers: so, of course, I couldn't understand the matter."

"The men are trained to rise, and salute a superior officer," said the Cavaliere. "They are always respectful and attentive; but that night when Major Buonanno came in they rose mechanically and saluted him. He is a splendid fellow. His presence is worth more than a sermon, the men think so much of his soldierly and Christian character. Oh, there is Guilfi· I must see him. Have you met him?"

Margaret replied in the negative. She wanted of all things to ask if Major Buonanno was an American. Was he at Dogali? Had he a family? But her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. She made some little, commonplace remark about Guilfi's handsome face and form, which served as a spur to the Italian's volubility. "Has not Signorina Mattioli told you? She met him at my house one day when she called to make some inquiry about—about a mutual acquaintance. Now I recall, it was the day after you were at our chapel."

"Indeed!" and Margaret followed the clue of recollection till she re-called the gentleman who picked up Camilla's handkerchief when their train was standing by the platform

in Turin. She looked again in his direction, and was half piqued and half amused to see him bending toward Camilla in animated conversation, with all his soul frankly beaming in the eyes that she had criticized. Forgetting her own love-affair in her care of her friend, she asked if Signor Guilfi had not been a priest.

"Yes;" replied the pastor. "In Sicily, though a Roman by birth and education. At twenty-six,—you know that is before young men are usually fairly in the saddle, he was at the head of a cathedral with nine canons, and rector of a school for the education of priests. He was tremendously popular as a preacher, and one day he was converted under one of his own sermons. It was on the passion of our Lord. Then there was trouble. A while after, the government claimed the privilege of inspecting the school, and the priests would not allow it: then the institution was closed; and Guilfi was glad to escape to England. He has been up north preaching to the soldiers. He has been preaching to Major Buonanno's men: though I am inclined to think that Buonanno is the better preacher of the two. I must go at once and ask him when the Major is coming back to Rome, if you will kindly excuse me."

That night in the fifth story on the corner of Via Torino and Via Cavour, there were two pairs of eyes that were hardly closed till dawn, though their owners for many reasons, occult and manifest, kept their own counsel.

Perhaps it was Mr. Pelham's letter, telling his nieces that he would be down in a few days for a glance at Rome, and then they would slip up to Paris for a peep at the Exposition which would have itself unpacked by that time,—perhaps it was the letter, and perhaps it was something else, that set our maidens off bright and early with a full programme for the day. The contented Carolyn was going with the Gordons to Tivoli, so three others set forth toward St. Peter's and the Vatican. It was clear to Camilla that while Margaret was waiting patiently for direct word from her lost friend, she was availing herself of Galen's "prime remedy, occupation."

"Isn't it strange how the superlative things of the world are crowded into a little space about this cathedral?" exclaimed Margaret as they went into St. Peter's. "This is the greatest church. Close by is the Pinacotica, the greatest gallery,—the Transfiguration, called the greatest picture, you know,—the Last Judgment, the greatest fresco,—the Apollo Belvidere, the god in marble,—and the Laocoon, the idealization of pain. The popes, with all their priestly vows of poverty, have managed to get for themselves the masterpieces of every art."

Camilla responded with one of her dainty palm-spreading shrugs; while Marie's bright, childlike eyes were wide with a new thought.

"I do not care to haf my poor, leetle head filled viz ze horrid mummies," she said as they stepped into the Egyptian museum.

"Don't you want to see again the cat that may have purred under the stroking of little Prince Moses?" asked Margaret laughing.

"You remember what that German burgher said to his wife, when we were here the other day," laughed Camilla, "about the cats four thousand years old.'"

"Shall we look at the Gobelins again," asked Margaret. "Made only for kings' palaces, a year's work on each square yard. The old man in this Vatican has that long gallery hung with them. Shall we go in there again?"

"Zey are ze wonderful pictures in silk and vool," said Marie wrinkling her forehead. "But my head vill not hold all ze magnificence. Let us not go there."

"Well, my little one," said Margaret, "we'll take the mosaics, if that pleases you." So to the mosaics they went. They passed through rooms the sides of which were covered with cabinets of material, 28,000 shades, they were informed. "The little blocks of coloring," the custodian said, "are made of metals, ground, mixed, and hardened by chemical processes; each has to be ground into exact shape to fit the place where its shade is needed."

In the room where the artists were at work several men were busy, each with his little grindstone beside his bench.

"How long does it take to make so large a piece as that?" asked Margaret of a young man who was copying Guido Reni's St. Peter.

"About seven years," was the reply. "That one," pointing to a portrait of Leo XIII., life-size, "working every day, one could do that one in a year and a half."

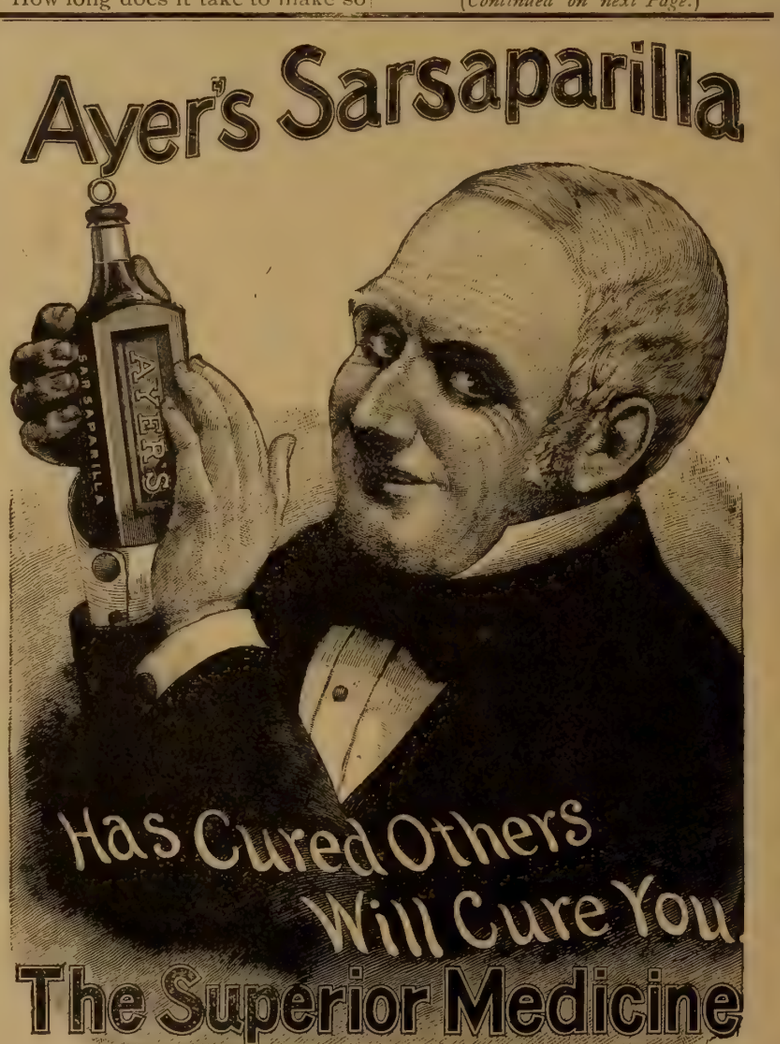
In making a picture, they were told, the first thing was to spread on a great surface about three-quarters of an inch of plaster of Paris, and over that a sort of putty in which the bits of coloring were set.

"Who was it, my queen," asked Margaret, "that called the mosaic the true paintings of eternity?"

"Ghirlandjo, was it not?" replied Camilla. "It seems a right word when one notices how they kept their color; those on the church of St. Prasede, for example."

"You mean the little church in which we found the tomb of the woman bishop," said Margaret. "Yes, that is the one," replied Camilla. "You know we said that in the early church, women were not only 'ministræ,' as Pliny calls them, but 'episcopæ.' I made a note of that, because my father believed that the degeneracy of the church came partly from the subjection of its women,

(*Continued on next Page.*)



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ROMA.

(Continued from preceding Page.)

driving them to use their strength in second-hand ruling through fanatism and intrigue."

"If one mouses about in this old treasure-house of eternal pictures," said Margaret, "there are plenty of strange bits of history to be found."

"Those mosaics on St. Prasede are more than 1,000 years old," said Camilla, "and they are as bright as ever."

After luncheon the young ladies went down Via Cavour, and up some stone-steps at the left, under a long, low arch that brought them out upon the piazza in front of San Pietro in Vincoli.

"This church has stood here early fourteen centuries," remarked Camilla, looking around, as they entered.

"Shall we ask to see the Holy Chains before we take our little chat with dear, old Moses?" asked Margaret.

"A bitter sarcasm," said Camilla; the holy chains at the elbow of the statue of him who liberated the world from anarchy."

The keeper of the chains opened their shrine and costly casket, and brought to view a rough, rusty old chain that looked as though it might have done service at a backwood's logging-bee. He informed them that these were two chains that bound St. Peter in the Mamertine Prisons. The identity of both was established beyond doubt, he said for when they were brought near each other they sprang together and welded themselves. This great edifice was built for them; and the church kept the day of their soldering as a feast. Kings and queens have paid well for a few filings from them; and no matter how much is filed away, they grow again, so that they never become less. A box near the statue of Moses bore the inscription, "Alms for the worship of the holy chains."

"I vould not vorship shains!" cried Marie. "I vould rather vorship him who sets ze people free from shains."

"If Michelangelo had finished the tomb of which this Moses was to have been a part," said Margaret, "it would have told a mighty tale, with its forty figures."

"It is strange that the pope himself should be in so subordinate an attitude," said Camilla. "Somebody has called him a conqueror in the robes of a priest, hearing the thunder of cannon in the music of the psalms."

"Michelangelo adored muscular strength," said Margaret, as they gated themselved before the statue. "Just look at the arm and knee. They are those of a desert shepherd."

"I wish we could see his mouth," said Camilla. "I am sure it is kind of expression."

"The beard," remarked Margaret, hides the corners of the mouth. A countryman of mine says that there is where that awkward fowl, self-consciousness, makes her nest."

"Vat kind of a nose has he?" Marie lowered her voice a trifle, as if he were afraid the statue might not see to be so scanned.

"It is less aquiline than the Hebrew," replied Margaret, "less exquisitely sensuous than the Greek, and without the dominance of the Roman. It has the best lines of each."

"But his eyes, my queen, his eyes!" said Camilla enthusiastically. "They are as open as those of a child, as devout as a saint's, as keen as a sage's, and as remote as a seer's. Some one says that they have in them the light of the burning bush, a majesty of anger as of a passionate being, drunk with fire: yet a little child would not be afraid to lay his head on that breast, or bend for the caress of that large hand."

"The secret of the world's enfranchisement is in that face," said Margaret reverently. "They who do good work for God must, like him, forget themselves so fully in their work that they will not think of making for themselves a house, or a succession. He was so loyal to the truth that he could say, though the meekest man that ever lived, the Christ was to be like him."

"Garibaldi and Gavazzi were like him," said Camilla, "but a greater than they must come to set my Italy completely free."

"God send him right speedily," said Margaret, as they rose and walked toward the door.

(To be Continued.)

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WEAVING.

BY S. L. CUTHBERT.

YES, I'm a weaver, and each day
The threads of life I spin,
And be the colors what they may,
I still must weave them in.

With morning light there comes the thought,
As I my task begin—
My Lord to me new threads has brought,
And bids me "weave them in."

Sometimes he gives me threads of gold,
To brighten up the day;
Then sombre tints, so bleak and cold,
That change the gold to gray.

His love, alas! I oft forget
When these dark threads I spin,
That cause me grief and pain, but yet
He bids me "weave them in."

And so my shuttle swiftly flies,
With threads both gold and gray;
And on I toil till day-light dies,
And fades in night away.

Oh when my day of toil is o'er,
And I shall cease to spin;
He'll open wide my Father's door,
And bid me rest within.

There safe at home in heavenly light,
How clearly I shall see
That every thread, the dark, the bright,
Each one had need to be!

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A lion escaped from the managerie of a Duke of Tuscany, and finding its way into the city of Florence, spread consternation on every side, people rushing wildly to and fro in their endeavors to reach a place of safety. In the confusion a mother let her infant fall from her arms, and before she could recover it, the ravenous beast was upon it, seized it, and seemed about to devour it. When the mother saw the fate in store for her child, throwing all regard of personal safety to the winds, and with all her motherly affection aroused she placed herself before the lion and by her imploring gestures, supplicated his mercy. The royal beast looked at her intently, then as if moved by her tears and entreaties he gently placed the helpless infant on the ground uninjured, and walked away. And will not the loving, faithful prayer of a Christian mother have effect with the Lion of Judah, whose love for us surpasseth all earthly love of which we have knowledge.

PATHETIC ORIGIN OF A HYMN.

Dr. Fawcett, author of the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," was the pastor of a small Baptist Church in Yorkshire, from which he received only a meagre salary. Being invited to London to succeed the distinguished Dr. Gill, he accepted, preached his farewell sermon, and began to load his furniture on wagons for transportation. When the time for departure arrived, his Yorkshire parishoners and neighbors clung to him and his family with an affection which was beyond expression. The agony of separation was almost heart-breaking. The pastor and his wife, completely overcome by the evidences of attachment they witnessed sat down to weep. Looking into his face, while tears flowed like rain down the cheeks of both, Mrs. Fawcett exclaimed, "Oh John, John, I can't bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," said he; "nor will we go; unload the wagons, and put everything in the place where it was before!" The people who had cried with grief now began to cry with joy. He wrote to the London congregation that his coming was impossible; and so he buckled on his armor for renewed toils in Yorkshire on a salary less by £40 a year than that which he declined. To commemorate this incident in his history, Doctor Fawcett wrote that hymn. He was converted at the age of sixteen under a sermon preached by George Whitefield, and at first united with the Methodist Church, but afterwards joined the Baptists.

A CRUSADER FORGIVING HIS ENEMY.

There is a story of a Crusader who had gone to fight in the Holy Land in those foolish wars of that time, and was taken prisoner by a Turk, who used him very cruelly. At last money was given to the Turk, for ransom. At great cost the knight was set free from his cruel prison, where his hardships and sufferings had almost ended his life. The war went on, and one day it chanced that this same Turk was taken prisoner by the soldiers of the knight, who brought him before their master. There they stood face to face. The tables had turned, and the prisoner was now master of his former tyrant. The knight thought a little as he looked at his captive, and then he said, "So it is my turn now, what do you expect from me?" "Retribution," said the Turk. "Yes," said the knight, "you shall have the retribution of a Christian. If you will not fight against us you shall go safely to your home in peace, for the Christ we serve has said, 'Love your enemies.'" It is great—it is Godlike to be merciful.

SOLDIERS PURCHASING BIBLE

It is told of an African Missionary that when he was first sent out, the Bible Society sent with him a large number of Bibles to be distributed among the soldiers of a Highland regiment then serving at the Cape. When the missionary arrived the regiment was drawn up in order to receive the Bibles, and ordered to file past Mr. Campbell, who stood at one side with the books. The first man to be presented with the Bible was a fine-looking, tall, stalwart Highlander, who, as the Bible was placed in his one hand, plunged with the other into his pocket and drew out four shillings and sixpence, saying, "I'll not accept this as a present when I can pay for it," and insisted upon his money being accepted, and many soldiers followed his example, each paying for and carrying off a Bible, which, I have no doubt, they valued more on account of having paid for it. True Christians are never content with always receiving; they seek to give, whether in work, sympathy, or money.

DON'T ENVY THE RICH.

The late Henry Ward Beecher used to tell the following anecdote: "I heard a good man say once, as we passed the home of a millionaire: 'It doesn't seem right that such a man as he is should be rolling in wealth, while I have to work hard for my daily bread.' I made no reply. But when we reached the home of the grumbler, and a troop of rosy children ran out to meet us, I caught one in my arms, and, holding him up, said: 'John, how much will you take for this boy?' And he answered, while the moisture gathered in his eyes: 'That boy! my namesake! I wouldn't sell him for his weight in gold.' 'Why, John, he weighs forty pounds at least, and forty pounds of gold would make you rich. And you would probably ask as much for each of the others. So, according to your own admission, you are immensely rich. Yes, a great deal richer than the cold, selfish, childless millionaire whom you were envying as we came along. Nothing would tempt you to change places with him. Then you ought to be grateful instead of grumbling. You are he favorite of fortune, or, rather, of Providence, and not he.'"

MALAGASEY SUPERSTITION.

The superstition of the Malagaseys has by no means died out. A scientific expedition was sent out from Paris, which landed at Madagascar in March, 1889. The exploring party consisted of Dr. Catat, M. Maistre and M. Foucart. The latter soon broke down with fever and had to return to France, while M. Maistre, who also had fever had to return to Tamatave. Dr. Catat, in giving an account of the Expedition at Paris a few weeks ago, stated that on recovering from his illness M. Maistre made some surveys of Lake Alaotra and the surrounding country. The two travellers then proceeded southward into the country of the Bara, where much distrust of their scientific operations were shown. The Royal family, however, submitted to be photographed. Next day the distrust increased, and at a grand "Kabary," war was declared against the travellers and their followers. The accusation against them was that the Frenchmen had taken the souls of the natives and meant to sell them in their own country. In a long reply, the travellers protested that they had done nothing of the kind. These assurances were unavailing. The travellers had at last, after the custom of the country, to catch the souls, which were placed in a great basket, and ordered by Dr. Catat to return to their respective domiciles.

NOT A BAD PRAYER.

A young lady not engaged to be married, is stated to have been in the habit of praying every night for whoever may be her future husband, "because," she explains, "you know if I am to be married, my husband is living somewhere in this world, and I pray always that he may triumph over all temptations, be kept faithful to Christ, and be successful in whatever business God gives him to do." "And is this all you pray for in reference to him?" "Oh, no," and she blushed a little as she made this admission: "I pray that the Lord may hasten the happy time whan we may be brought together!".

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AFTER THE DEDICATION.

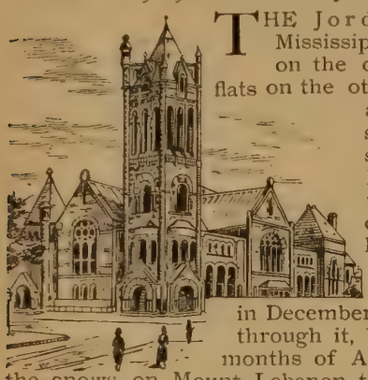
Dr. Talmage Receiving the Congratulations of his Friends at the Close of the Dedication Service on April 26.

SERMONS IN STONES.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1891.

The Crossing of the Jordan—The Command to go Forward—How the Perilous Passage Should be Celebrated—Joshua's Command to Raise a Memorial of Stones—The Church in the Wilderness—The Promised Land of the New Tabernacle—The Four Stones in the Wall—How they were Secured—Their Meaning—Law, Sacrifice, and Gospel—Stones for a Residence for Christ—All Denominations United—Salvation, Emancipation, Consecration.

"What mean ye by these stones." Joshua 4 : 6.

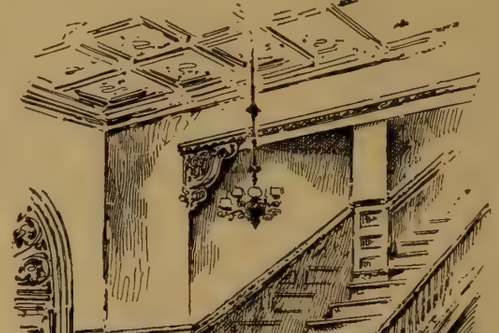


THE Jordan, like the Mississippi, has bluffs on the one side and flats on the other. Here and there a sycamore shadows it. Here and there a willow dips into it. It was only a little over waist-deep in December as I waded through it, but in the months of April and May the snows on Mount Lebanon thaw and flow down into the valley, and then the Jordan overflows its banks. Then it is wide, deep, raging, and impetuous. At this season of the year I hear the tramp of forty thousand armed men coming down to cross the river. You say, why do they not go up nearer the rise of the river at the old camel ford? Ah! my friends, it is because it is not safe to go around when the Lord tells us to go ahead. The Israelites had been going around forty years, and they had enough of it. I do not know how it is with you, my brethren, but I have always got into trouble when I went around, but always got into safety when I went ahead.

There spreads out the Jordan, a raging torrent, much of it snow-water just come down from the mountain-top; and I see some of the Israelites shivering at the idea of plunging in, and one soldier says to his comrade, "Joseph, can you swim?" And another says: "If we get across this stream we will get there with wet clothes and with damaged armor, and the Canaanites will slash us to pieces with their swords before we get up the other bank." But it is no time to halt. The great host marches on. The priests carrying the ark go ahead, the people follow. I hear the tramp of the great multitude. The priests have now come within a stone's throw of the water. Yet still there is no abatement of the flood. Now they have come within four or five feet of the stream; but there is no abatement of the flood. Bad prospect! It seems as if these Israelites that crossed the desert are now going to be drowned in sight of Canaan. But "Forward!" is the cry. The command rings all along the line of the host. "Forward!" Now the priests have come within one step of the river. This time they lift their feet from the solid ground, and put them down into the raging stream. No sooner are their feet there than Jordan flies. On the right hand God piles up a great mountain of floods; on the left, the water flows off toward the sea. The great river, for hours, halts and rears. The back waters, not being able to flow over the passing Israelites, pile wave on wave, until perhaps a sea-bird would find some difficulty in scaling the water cliff. Now the priests and all the people have gone over on dry land. The water on the left hand side by this time has reached the sea; and now that the miraculous passage has been made, stand back and see this stupendous pile of waters leap. God takes his hand from that wall of floods, and like a hundred cataracts they plunge and roar in thunderous triumph to the sea.

How are they to celebrate this passage? Shall it be with music? I suppose the trumpets and cymbals were all worn out before this. Shall it be with banners waving? Oh! no; they are all faded and torn. Joshua cries out: "I will tell you how to celebrate this: build a monument here to commemorate the event;" and every priest puts a heavy stone on his shoulder, and marches out and drops that stone in the divinely-appointed place. I see the pile growing in height, in breadth, in significance; and, in after years, men went by that spot and saw this monument, and cried out one to another, in fulfilment of the prophecy of the text: "What mean ye by these stones?"

Blessed be God, he did not leave our church in the wilderness! We have been wandering about for a year and a half worshipping in the the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, and Academy of Music, New York. And some thought we would never reach the promised land. Some said we had better take this route and others that. Some said we had better go back, and some said there were sons of Anak in the way that would eat us up; and before the smoke had cleared away from the sky after our Tabernacle had been consumed, people stood on the very site of the place and said: "This church will never again be built." We came down to the bank of Jordan; we looked off upon the waters. Some of the sympathy that was ex-



A Stairway in the New Tabernacle.

pressed turned out to be snow-water melted from the top of Lebanon. Some said: "You had better not go in; you will get your feet wet." But we waded in, pastor and people, further and further, and in some way, the Lord only knows how, we got through; and to-night I go all around about this great house, erected by your prayers, and sympathies, and sacrifices, and cry out in the words of my text: "What mean ye by these stones?" It is an outrage to build a house like this so vast, and so magnificent, unless there be some tremendous reasons for doing it; and so, my friends, I pursue you to-night with the question of my text, and I demand of these trustees and of these elders and of all who have contributed in the building of this structure, "What mean ye by these stones?" But before I get your answer to my question you point to the memorial wall at the side of this pulpit, and say to me, "Explain that unusual group of memorials. What mean you by those stones?" By permission of the people of my beloved charge I recently visited the Holy Lands, and having in mind by day and night during my absence this rising house of prayer, I bethought myself, "What can I do to make that place significant and glorious." On the morning of December the third we were at the foot of the most sacred mountain of all the earth, Mount Calvary. There is no more doubt of the locality than of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc. On the bluff of this mountain which is the exact shape of the human skull, and so called in the Bible "The place of a skull," there is room for three crosses. There I saw a stone so suggestive I rolled it down the hill, and transported it. It is at the top of this wall, a white stone, with crimson veins running through it, the white typical of purity, the crimson suggestive of the blood that paid the price of our redemption. We place it at the top of the memorial wall, for above all in this church for all time, in sermon, and song, and prayer shall be the Sacrifice of Mount Calvary. Look at it. That stone was one of the rocks rent at the Crucifixion. That heard the cry, "It is finished." Was any church on earth honored with such a memorial?

Beneath it are two tables of stone which I had brought from Mount Sinai, where the Law was given. Three camels were three weeks crossing the desert to fetch them. When at Cairo, Egypt, I proposed to the Christian Arab that he bring one stone from Mount Sinai, he said, "we can easier bring two rocks than one for we must balance them on the back of the camel," and I did not think until the day of their arrival how much more suggestive would be the two because the law was written on two tables of stone. Those stones marked with the words "Mount Sinai," felt the earthquake that shook the mountains when the Law was given. The lower stone of the wall is from Mars Hill, the place where Paul stood when he preached that famous sermon on the brotherhood of the human race, declaring, "God hath made of one blood all nations." Since Lord Elgin took the famous statuary from the Acropolis, the hill adjoining Mars Hill, the Greek government makes it impossible to transport to other lands any Egyptian antiquities, and armed soldiery guard not only the Acropolis but Mars Hill. That stone I obtained by special permission from the Queen of Greece, a most gracious and brilliant woman, who received us as though we had been old acquaintances, and through M. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister of Greece, and Mr. Snowden our American Minister Plenipotentiary and Dr. Manatt our American Consul, that suggestive tablet was sawed from the pulpit or rock on which Paul preached. Now you understand why we have marked it "The Gospel." Long after my lips shall utter in this church their last message, these lips of stone will tell of the Law, and the Sacrifice and the Gospel. This day I present them to this church and to all who shall gaze upon them. Thus you have my answer to the question, "What mean you by these stones?"

But you must not divert me from the question of the text as I first put it. I have interpreted these four memorials on my right hand, but there are hundreds of stones in these surrounding walls and underneath us, in the foundations, and rising above us in the towers. The quarries of this and transatlantic countries at the call of crowbar and chisel have contributed toward this structure. "What mean ye by these stones?"

You mean among other things that they shall be an earthly residence for Christ. Christ did not have much of a home when he was here. Who and where is that child crying? It is Jesus born in an out-house. Where is that hard breathing? It is Jesus, asleep on a rock. Who is that in the back part of the fishing-smack, with a sailor's rough over-coat thrown over him? It is Jesus the worn-out voyager. O Jesus! is it not time that thou hadst a house? We give thee this. Thou didst give it to us first, but we give it back to thee. It is too good for us, but not half good enough for thee. Oh! come in and take the best seat here. Walk up and down

all these aisles. Speak through these organ-pipes. Throw thine arm over us in these arches. In the flaming of these brackets of fire speak to us saying: "I am the light of the world." O King! make this thine audience-chamber. Here proclaim righteousness and make treaties. We clap our hands, we uncover our heads, we lift our ensigns, we cry with multitudinous acclamation until the place rings and the heavens listen: "O King! live for ever!"

Is it not time that he who was born in a stranger's house and buried in a stranger's grave should have an earthly house? Come in O Jesus! not the corpse of a buried Christ, but a radiant and triumphant Jesus, conqueror of earth, and heaven, and hell.

He lives, all glory to his name,
He lives, my Jesus, still the same
Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

Blessed be his glorious name for ever! Again, if any one asks the question of the text: "What mean ye by these stones?" the reply is, we mean the communion of saints. Do you know that there is not a single denomination of Christians in Brooklyn that has not contributed something toward the building of this house? And if ever, standing in this place, there shall be a man who shall try by anything he says, to stir up bitterness between different denominations of Christians, may his tongue falter and his cheek blanch, and his heart stop! My friends, if there is any church on earth where there is a mingling of all denominations, it is our church. I just wish that John Calvin and Arminius, if they were not too busy, would come out on the battlements and see us. Sometimes in our prayer-meetings I have heard brethren use the phrases of a beautiful liturgy, and we know where they came from; and in the same prayer-meetings I have heard brethren make audible ejaculation, "Amen!" "Praise ye the Lord!" and we did not have to guess twice where they came from. When a man knocks at our church door, if he comes from a sect where they will not give him a certificate, we say: "Come in by confession of faith." While Adoniram Judson, the Baptist, and John Wesley, the Methodist, and John Knox, the glorious old Scotch Presbyterian, are shaking hands in heaven, all churches on earth can afford to come into close communication: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Oh my brethren—we have had enough of Big Bethel fights—the 14th New York Regiment fighting the 15 Massachusetts Regiment. Now let all those who are for Christ and stand on the same side, go shoulder to shoulder, and this church instead of having a sprinkling of the Divine blessing, go clear under the wave in one glorious immersion in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. I saw a little child once, in its dying hour, put one arm around its father's neck, and the other arm around its mother's neck, and bring them close down to its dying lips, and give a last kiss. Oh, I said, those two persons will stand very near to each other always after such an interlocking. The dying Christ puts one arm around this denomination of Christians, and the other arm around that denomination of Christians, and he brings them down to his dying lips, while he gives them this parting kiss: "My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you."

How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, and faith and hopes are one.

I heard a Baptist minister once say that he thought in the Millennium it would be all one great Baptist Church; and I heard a Methodist minister say that he thought in the great Millennial day it would be all one great Methodist church; and I have known a Presbyterian minister who thought that in the Millennial day it would be all one great Presbyterian church. Now I think they are all mistaken. I think the Millennial church will be a composite church; and just as you may take the best parts of five or six tunes, and under the skilful hands of a Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven, entwine them into one grand and overpowering symphony, so, I suppose, in the latter days of the world, God will take the best parts of all denominations of Christians, and weave them into one great ecclesiastical harmony, broad as the earth, and high as the heavens, and that will the church of the future. Or, as mosaic is made up of jasper, and agate, and many precious stones cemented together—mosaic a thousand feet square in St. Marks, or mosaic hoisted in colossal seraphim in St. Sophia—so I suppose God will make, after awhile, one great blending of all creeds, and all faiths, and all Christian sentiments, the amethyst, and the jasper, and the chalcedony of all different experiences and belief, cemented side by side in the great mosaic of the ages; and while the nations look upon the columns and architraves of that stupendous church of the future, and cry out: "What mean ye by these stones?" there shall be innumerable voices to respond—"We mean the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The Four Memorial Stones in the New Brooklyn Tabernacle.

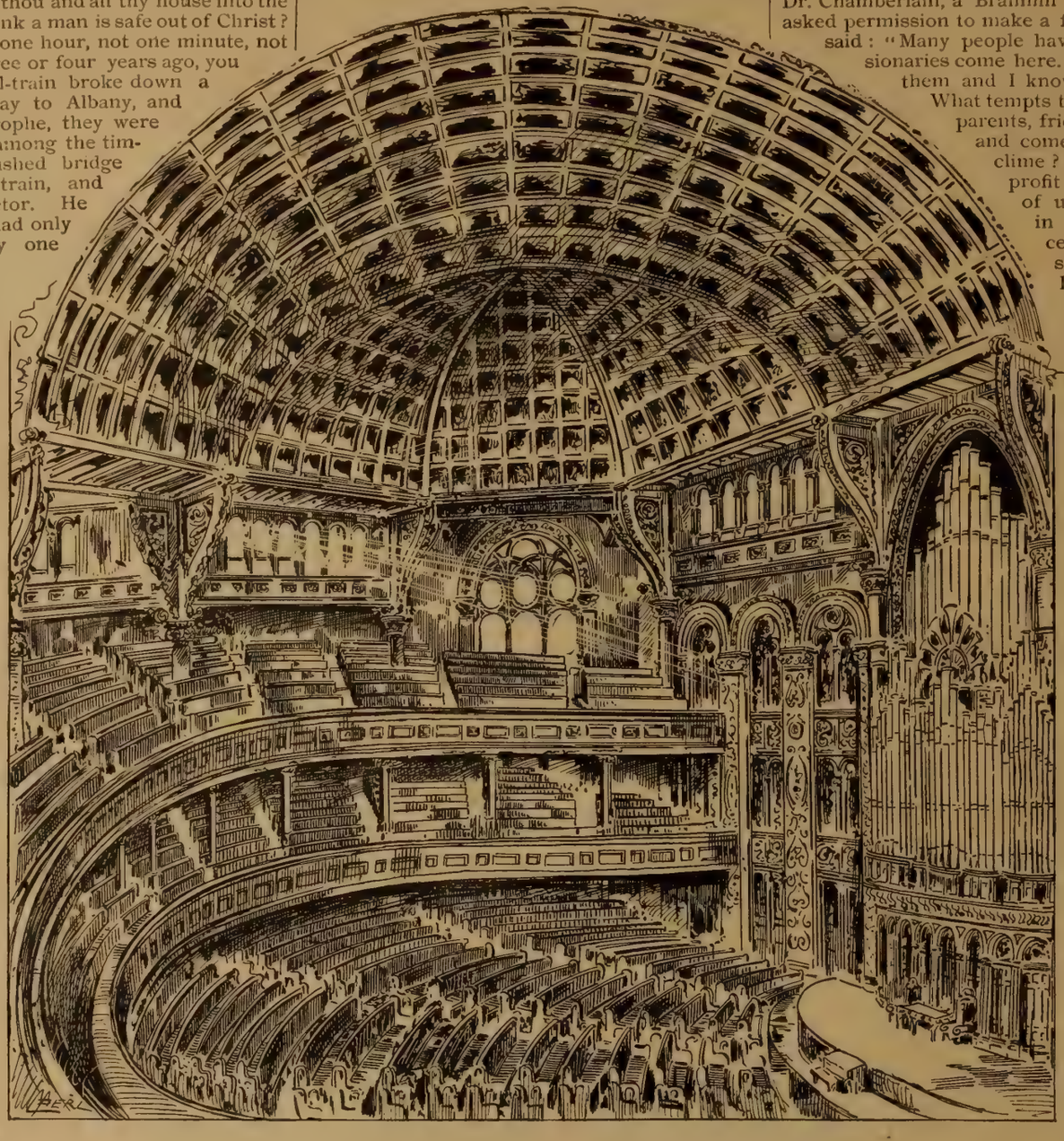
Still further, you mean by these stones the salvation of the people. We did not build this church for mere worldly reforms, or for an educational institution, or as a platform on which to read essays and philosophical disquisitions; but a place for the tremendous work of soul-saving. Oh, I had rather be the means in this church of having one soul prepared for a joyful eternity, than five thousand souls prepared for mere worldly success. All churches are in two classes, all communities in two classes, all the race in two classes—believers and unbelievers. To augment the number of the one and subtract from the number of the other, we built this church; and toward that supreme and eternal idea we dedicate all our sermons, all our songs, all our prayers, all our Sabbath hand-shakings. We want to throw defection into the enemy's ranks. We want to make them either surrender unconditionally to Christ, or else fly in rout, scattering the way with canteens, blankets, and knapsacks. We want to popularize Christ. We would like to tell the story of his love here until men would feel that they had rather die than live another hour without his sympathy, and love and mercy. We want to rouse up an enthusiasm for him greater than was felt for Nathaniel Lyon when he rode along the ranks—greater than was exhibited for Wellington when he came back from Waterloo—greater than was expressed for Napoleon when he stepped ashore from Elba. We really believe in this place Christ will enact the same scenes that were enacted by him when he landed in the Orient; and there will be such an opening of blind eyes, and unstopping of deaf ears, and casting out of unclean spirits—such silencing bestormed Gennesarets as shall make this house memorable five hundred years after you and I are dead and forgotten. Oh, my friends, we want but one revival in this church, that beginning now and running on to the day when the chisel of time, that brings down even St.

Paul's and the Pyramids, shall bring this house into the dust.

Oh, that this day of dedication might be the day of emancipation of all imprisoned souls. My friends, do not make the blunder of the ship carpenters in Noah's time, who helped to build the ark; but did not get into it. God forbid that you who have been so generous in building this church, should not get under its saving influence. "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Do you think a man is safe out of Christ? Not one day, not one hour, not one minute, not one second. Three or four years ago, you remember, a rail-train broke down a bridge on the way to Albany, and after the catastrophe, they were looking around among the timbers of the crushed bridge and the fallen train, and found the conductor. He was dying, and had only strength to say one thing, and that was: "hoist the flag for the next train." So there come to us to-night, from the eternal world, voices of God, voices of angels, voices of departed spirits, crying: "Lift the warning. Blow the trumpet, give the alarm. Hoist the flag for the next train."

Oh! that to-night my Lord Jesus would sweep his arm around this great audience, and take you all to his holy heart. You will never see so good a time for personal consecration as now. "What mean ye by these stone?" We mean your redemption from sin, and death, and hell, by the power of an omnipotent Gospel."

Well, the Brooklyn Tabernacle is erected again. We came here to-night not to dedicate it. That was done this morning. To-night we dedicate ourselves. In the Episcopal and Methodist Churches they have a railing around the altar, and the people come and kneel down at that railing and get the sacramental blessing. Well, my friends, it would take more than a night to gather you in circles around this altar. Then just bow where you are for the blessing. Aged men, this is the last church that you will ever dedicate. May the God who comforted Jacob the Patriarch, and Paul the aged, make this house to you the gate of heaven; and when, in your old days, you put on your spectacles to read the hymn or the Scripture lesson, may you get preparation for that land where you shall no more see through a glass darkly. May the warm sunshine of heaven thaw the snow off your foreheads! Men in mid-life, do you know that this is the place where you are going to get your fatigues rested, and your sorrows appeased, and your souls saved? Do you know that at this altar your sons and daughters will take upon themselves the vows of the Christian, and from this place you will carry out, some of you, your precious dead? Between this baptismal font and this communion table, you will have some of the tenderest of life's experiences. God bless you, old, and young, and middle-aged. The money you have given to this church to-day will be, I hope, the best financial investment you have ever made. Your worldly investments may depend upon the whims of the money market, or the honesty of business associates; but the money you have given to the house of the Lord shall yield you large percentage, and declare eternal dividends long after the noon-day sun shall have gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil and all the stars are dead.



Interior View of the New Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dedicated April 26.

WHY THE PEAR-TREE DIED.

In the course of an address at Dr. Cullis's Convention in Boston, Mass., the Rev. O. E. Mallory said: "Some years ago I planted three very beautiful pear-trees and watched them with anxiety and tended them with care, and the spring came when I thought to find fruit thereon. I saw they were loaded with blossoms, and one of them especially seemed to be loaded. I went down looking at it a few days after and I saw the blossoms were all falling off, and the little pears forming were falling off, and at last there was not a pear or blossom to be found on the tree. The trouble was at the root. The visible life was absolutely dependent upon the hidden. There are many Christians in our churches to-day who have some worm of sin gnawing at the tap root of their life.

A BRAHMIN'S SPEECH.

At a meeting in the American Arcot Mission in India when a large number of natives were present to hear a lecture by Dr. Chamberlain, a Brahmin rose and politely asked permission to make a few remarks. He said: "Many people have asked why missionaries come here. I have watched them and I know what they are. What tempts them to leave their parents, friends, and country, and come to an unhealthy clime? Is it for gain or profit they come? Some of us who are clerks in government offices, receive larger salaries than they. Is it for an easy life? See how they work, and then tell me. Look at this missionary. He came here a few years ago, leaving home and friends to tell us of this religion. He was met with cold looks and suspicious glances, and was shunned and maligned. He sought to talk with us of what, he told us, was the matter of most importance in heaven and earth; but we would not listen. He was not discouraged. He opened a dispensary, and we said, 'Let the pariahs [lowest class] take his medicines, we won't;' but in the time of our sickness and distress and fear we were glad to go to him, and he welcomed us. We complained at first if he walked through our Brahmin streets; but ere long, when our wives and our daughters were in sickness and anguish, we went and begged him to come, even into our inner apartments; and he came, and our wives and our daughters now smile upon us in health. Has he made any money by it? Even the cost of the medicine has not been returned to him. Now what is it that makes him do all this for us? *It is the Bible!* I have looked into it a good deal, at one time and another, and I declare there is nothing to compare with it in all our sacred books, for goodness, and purity, and holiness, and love, and for motives of action. Where did the Christian people get all their intelligence, and energy, and cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives it."

"I could not," adds Dr. Chamberlain, "but be surprised at this testimony. Some time ago I had attended in his zenana, his wife, a beautiful girl, through a dangerous illness, but I was not prepared to hear him give such a powerful testimony to the power and excellence of the Bible."

THE TABERNACLE DEDICATED.

BROOKLYN'S GREAT TEMPLE THE SCENE OF A MOST IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

Unprecedented Crowds at the Opening Service Last Sunday—The Dedication Programme—Many Distinguished Preachers Present—A "Union Service" in the Afternoon, and a Grand Evening Sermon.

(See illustrations on pages 257, 258, 259 and 260.)

SUNDAY, April 26th., will long be a memorable day in Brooklyn, as indeed it deserves to be everywhere in America. On the forenoon of that day was dedicated to God's service the splendid new Tabernacle that has been raised from the ruins of the old Tabernacle, destroyed by fire eighteen months ago. After many set-backs and unforeseen delays, this great Temple, in which every reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has a warm personal interest, stands before the world, a peerless triumph of architectural skill and beauty, and a powerful witness to the enduring popularity of a pastor who has been upheld by Divine guidance and a loving people, amid many vicissitudes.

Long before the hour set for the opening service in the forenoon, the neighborhood of the Tabernacle, on Clinton and Greene Avenues, was besieged by crowds clamoring for admittance. This the trustees had anticipated, and they had wisely arranged that the invited guests should be admitted by ticket at the pewholder's entrance. When the massive doors swung open, the building was quickly filled. The vast audience gazed with rapt interest on the beauties of the interior—the grand organ, with its lofty pipes and delicate traceries of fretwork; the great deep windows, through whose richly-stained panes the April sunshine streamed in mellow radiance, shedding a flood of subdued color over the scene; the memorial wall, with its four entablatures of stone, from Calvary, the Mount of Sacrifice; Sinai, the Mount of the Law; and Mars Hill, the Mount of the Gospel. Their eyes lingered appreciatively a moment over the beautiful staircases, and followed the high curves of the great ceilings and the broad sweep of the galleries.

On the Platform.

On the platform with the pastor, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., were many distinguished divines who had arranged to assist at the dedication of the largest Protestant church in the Union, among them being the Rev. Thomas Hastings, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary; Rev. Wendell Prime, D. D,, son of the late Rev. S. Irenaeus Prime, D.D., who laid the corner stone of the former Tabernacle; Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D. D., of the Church of the Covenant, Washington, (President Harrison's pastor), Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., Rev. Lyman Abbott of Plymouth Church, Rev. Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., of the Church of the Strangers. N. Y., Rev. A. B. Kendig of Brooklyn, and the Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, and nntil recently a prominent preacher in Baltimore, Md.

The service opened with the singing of the long metre doxology, the clear, silvery tones of Professor Ali's cornet and the deep diapason of the grand organ at which Prof. Eyre Browne presided, lending a richness and volume to the singing of the audience, who rendered the fine old air with a fervor suited to the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Hastings then offered the prayer of invocation, eloquently addressing the Throne in behalf of pastor and people. The Dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Prime, both gentlemen being introduced to the congregation by Rev. Dr. Talmage, in a few characteristic sentences. The Dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Hamlin, who chose for his text: "He who hath builded the house hath more honor than the house." (Hebrews 3: 3.) In the course of his sermon, which was delivered in a most impressive and eloquent manner, claiming the attention of his hearers to the end, he said:

The Dedication Sermon.

The inventor is greater than his inventions; Galileo than the telescope; Watt than the steam engine; Henry than the electric telegraph; Field than the ocean cable, Bell than the speaking telephone. The artist is greater than his pictures and his statues; Leonardo than the Last Supper; Raphael than the Sistine Madonna; Michelangelo than the frescoes of the Vatican.

Of this house Christ is the builder. Of this household Christ is the founder. Not the designer. The conception was our Heavenly Father's, who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." But that Son's atoning blood ransomed all the innumerable multitude of souls that, "fitly framed together, are growing unto an holy temple in the Lord;" redeemed the whole family that, in earth and heaven, is named for him. All these Christ claims as his. He hath built the house. He hath both furnished the material and done the work. The house is his by the best possible title. And he "hath more honor than the house." To him "every knee doth bow, and every tongue confess." The Redeemer is greater than all the redeemed. The Captain of our salvation is greater than all his hosts.

A Christian Church.

This is a Christian Church. We abjure all lesser names, that speak of sects and divisions, that we may place this church in fraternal relations to the whole household of faith. We baptize this edifice into the name of Christ alone. It belongs to him. We are here this morning to give it to him, to devote it to his service. It is right that a structure offered in loyal homage to such a Saviour should be beautiful and costly. "You have a worthy pride in this noble building; but your joy in it would be immeasurably less had you not put into it anxious thought and genuine self-denial. You have been building yourselves into those walls. Many of you have done this now for the third time. Yours has been a trial by fire. But under the splendid leadership that God has given you, you have never faltered. Tribulation hath wrought patience; and patience, experience and experience, hope. You have been strong, and of good courage, and God hath strengthened your hearts. Each time you have built larger and finer than before, impelled to it by the great prosperity God hath given you. Eight hundred thousand dollars is a vast sum of money for any congregation to raise within twenty-two years for building sanctuaries for its own worship. But the trials and the giving, even the temporary homelessness, have all done you good, confirming your individual faith, cementing your mutual love. You have proved yourselves worthy of this magnificent edifice.

And the edifice is worthy of you. Massive, imposing, beautiful, without; spacious, comfortable, elegant, within; the Brooklyn Tabernacle of 1891 is a glory and crown even in this city of stately churches. There are those, no doubt, who will say you have wasted money in needless ornamentation; but the Master knows that it is your ointment poured forth for him, and he approves.

But they that have builded the house must have more honor than the house. It is for them, not they for it. The law that Christ laid down in another connection is equally applicable here; —"The Sabbath was made for man not man for the Sabbath." Man is of more worth than the institution, which was founded solely for his good. The moment it takes the precedence, it becomes a tyrant. As soon as we think more of honoring it than of helping men, we have fallen away from God's purpose. The Lord's question is always pertinent; "Is it not lawful to do well on the Sabbath day?" So here. This edifice must not become the master of those who have built it, not of the multitudes for whom they have built it, in hospitable spaciousness and comfort. It has been built for man; for his use and service. If it proves too elegant for this, it will prove just elegant enough to be torn down until not one stone is left upon another. We all know churches that deserve thls fate, for the congregations that have built them prize them more than they prize man. They are thought too good to use. They are held more sacred than man. They are kept so very choice that one is always prompted to ask; "Is it not lawful to do well in this magnificent building?"

A Tribute to the Pastor.

This church is unique in the person of its pastor, whose fascinating eloquence has given it and him international renown. Metropolitan in its location; cosmopolitan in its thronging audiences; it is world-wide in its influence. For more than a score of years, the voice of this Tabernacle pulpit has been heard in America, in Australia, in New Zealand, in Europe, in Asia, from Brooklyn to San Francisco, from Calcutta to Pekin. Twenty-five millions of the copies of the sermons here preached are read each week in all the principal languages of the civilized world. More than fifty volumes from this fertile brain enrich the religious literature of Christendom. The more than five thousand converts that have here confessed Christ are but a fraction of the multitude that the same faithful preaching, either heard or read, has brought in penitence and faith to the Cross of Jesus. How great the number, and from how many lands, only the last great day will disclose. Every true pulpit is a throne of influence and power; this pulpit has a dominion that circles the globe. May you long be spared, my dear brother, to extend, in unfaltering loyalty to Christ, the reign of his glorious grace over human hearts and lives!

We are dedicating this church to-day not consecrating it. We cannot thus consecrate it. No form of words, pronounced here can make this house holy, or give it any new claim upon your reverence and love. But we have already begun a process that will, by-and-bye, make this sanctuary indescribably sacred and precious. These walls have no phonographic powers; but in years to come they will echo hundreds of sermons and thousands of prayers. Here your sons and daughters will pledge their troth to each other in marriage. Hence you will carry the sacred dust of your beloved dead. Here you will bring your children for baptism, and, like Hannah, lend them to the Lord as long as they shall live. Around this communion table you will hold sweet fellowship with each other and with your common Lord, as you renew your vows of loyalty to him. Before this pulpit will stand many "young men and maidens, old men and children" to confess their Saviour, while it is recorded on high: "This and that man was born there." I esteem it a great privilege to preach the first sermon in this, the largest Protestant Church of America. But the privilege involves a responsibility. I dare not fail to proclaim, if in only a sentence, the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. Pardon through his atoning blood; Pardon for you, fellow-sinner, whatever the load of guilt you have brought in here this morning. Immortal life for you, dear friend, whom fear of death has held all your life-time in bondage. The bread of life for you that hunger. Living water for you that thirst. Divine comfort for you that mourn. An Almighty Friend for you that are friendless. Heaven for you that are homeless. Purity for you that blush in secret as you think of your soiled and stained souls. Grace for you tempted ones that will enable you to resist and overcome. And all free! All for the asking! Whosoever will, may come! Whosoever cometh, Christ will in no wise cast out! See in his outstretched hands pardon, peace, purity, heaven! All for you, beloved, all for you! O that this Church may be consecrated this very hour by every unsaved man and woman here turning in penitence and faith to the waiting Redeemer.

The Afternoon Service.

At the "Union Service" in the afternoon, Dr. Talmage personally led the exercises. About fifteen pastors of leading churches of various Christian denominations shared in these services. In the evening Dr. Talmage preached (see sermon on page 258), on the text: "What mean ye by these stones?" (Josh. 4: 6), to a phenomenally large attendance, many of whom were unable to gain entrance at the earlier services.

Our illustrations to-day show the interior of the new Tabernacle (the exterior having been shown in last week's issue), the scene at the close of the forenoon service, when Dr. Talmage was overwhelmed with congratulations, not only from members of his own congregation but from a host of others, who have watched the splendid efforts of the Tabernacle pastor and people, now happily culminated. Another illustration shows a corner on one of the staircases—the artistic workmanship being faithfully reproduced. Perhaps the most interesting of all is the illustration of the Memorial wall with its four inlaid stones, which were fully described and explained by Dr. Talmage in his evening sermon.

A ROWER WASTING HIS STRENGTH.

A MINISTER recently used the following illustration to show how Christians who are praying and striving after growth in grace, may be hindered by a secret attachment to the world:

Some young men in our town went out fishing a year ago or more, and one fellow was bragging on the way, of being an excellent oarsman, and he wanted to row the boat. So they unlocked the boat and got in, and he was showing his dexerity in making the boat go. But they began to laugh at him; the boat was moving scarcely at all. They began to think there was some trouble and looked around, to find the anchor was dragging on the bottom. The trouble with many Christian people is that they have struck out from the shore, but they have got the anchor down in the mud, and they are dragging it all the time. Oh, cut the rope.

ISRAEL'S OVERTHROW.

S. S. LESSON FOR MAY 10, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. AMOS 8: 1-14. GOLDEN TEXT, LUKE 8: 18.

God's Judgments on the Nations Often Sudden—Foreseen by His Prophets—A Series of Visions—A Culmination—The Significance of the Plumb-Line—The Burden of the Prophet—What Looking for the Appearing of the Lord Involves—Scattering and Restoration.

GOD'S judgments do not take his prophet-children by surprise. Those who live for this world, buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, do not see the signs of a coming storm. It was such a generation who "knew not, until the flood came and took them all away." (Matt. 24 : 39.) The men of Sodom "did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded. But the same day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all." (Luke 17 : 28, 29.) Perhaps, even in our own day, the word may be fulfilled, "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night, for when they shall say, peace and safety, then

Sudden Destruction Cometh

upon them, as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape." (I. Thess. 5 : 2, 3.) But Noah knew and Abraham knew, what God was about to do in their days. These men were more at home with God than with their fellowmen ; they had more in common with him than with those whose lives might be summed up in the words: "Who mind earthly things." Surely those "who love his appearing" are of the same order. What can the words mean: "For our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ," if they do not indicate such a relation to the upper world that the eating and drinking, buying and selling, planting and building, marrying and giving in marriage, take a secondary place in the heart, enabling heaven's citizens to say of earth's advantages and trials alike : "None of these things move me." Amos was a man who

Looked at Things from Above,

he saw God and things unseen where other men saw only outward circumstances ; therefore to him the Lord could reveal his purposes of judgment upon backsliding Israel, sure that the prophet would understand, and lay to heart for himself, and for his people, what his God would reveal to him. Amos was a countryman and he noticed grasshoppers (or locusts, R. V.) destroying the second hay harvest ; "the latter growth after the king's mowings." It was no uncommon thing, but God showed him through it the coming destruction of his people, yet no one else would have understood the significance of this thing. It led the prophet to prayer, he cried: "O, Lord God, forgive, I beseech thee, by whom shall Jacob stand ? for he is small." This time his intercession prevailed, and the Lord repented. Amos next saw, probably in a dream, the Lord calling to contend by fire, "and it devoured the great deep, and did eat up a part." Again the prophet interceded, and a second time the Lord repented, and neither of those judgments came upon the land.

But the lull was only temporary, the people went on sinning, and judgment hastened. The prophet saw the Lord with a plumb-line in his hand. This was enough ; the unerring test of the righteousness of God would discover the smallest deviation from rectitude in the crooked heart of man. How could Israel stand ? "Then said the Lord : Behold I will set a plumb-line in the midst of my people Israel; I will not again pass by them any more: And the high places of Isaac shall be desolate, and the sanctuaries of Israel shall be laid waste ; and I will rise against the house of Jeroboam with the sword." Why was this ? What had the plumb-line discovered ? Men "that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying, when will the new moon be gone that we may sell corn ? And the Sabbath that we may set forth wheat ? Making the ephah small, and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit." God abominates oppression, deceit, and unrighteous dealing. "The way of the just is uprightness: thou, most Upright, dost weigh the path of the just." (Isa. 26:7.)

Again, Amos saw "a basket of summer fruit," probably the last of the season. "Then, said the Lord unto me, the end is come upon my people of Israel, I will not again pass by them any more." Amos saw the coming trouble ; he heard howlings in the place of song, and saw dead bodies in every place ; it was more than a presentiment ; it was a God-given warning of evil to come. Amos had been faithful: the burden upon his soul had been the sin of

The Golden Calf at Bethel.

He declared for his God. "In the day that I shall visit the transgressions of Israel upon him, I will also visit the altars of Bethel." "Come to Bethel and transgress." "Thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, seek ye me, and ye shall live : but seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal, and pass not to Beersheba : for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and Bethel shall come to naught. Seek the Lord, and ye shall live ; lest he break out like fire in the house of Joseph, and devour it, and there be none to quench it in Bethel." This sin of substituting the golden calf for the actual presence of the living God in the midst of his people was unbearable to Amos ; his heart almost broke with the burden of it, "I am pressed under you as a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves." (2 : 13.) He knew the burden of the Lord. There were some who professed to desire "the day of the Lord," it was the correct thing, but the prophet saw the superficiality of these people, and said to them : "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord ! To what end is it for you ? The day of the Lord is darkness, and not light. As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him ; or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him. Shall not the day of the Lord be darkness and not light ? Even very dark, and no brightness in it ?"

But how solemnly these words speak to us in this day ! There are many who talk quite fluently of the coming of the Lord whose loins are not girded, and whose lights are not burning, and who are by no means like men that wait for their Lord. Some of these very men are ready to take every advantage of others in business matters : as greedy after gain in the world as though they had no expectation to be taken away when Jesus comes. Can we do otherwise than doubt whether, after all, they will be found ready, whether the oil in their lamps may not fail at the coming of the Bridegroom, and they be shut out ? (Matt. 25:10.) How terrible to find out such a mistake just too late !

There was yet another thing which stirred up the anger of the Lord : there were those who in these days of sin were

"At Ease in Zion"

while sin unrepented of, unforgiven, lay between them and God ! They put far away the evil day, indulged in the greatest self-indulgence; beds of ivory, luxurious furniture, good dinners, music, wine-bibbing, perfume ; "but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. Therefore now shall they go captive with the poor that go captive, and the revelry of them that stretched themselves shall pass away." No ivory bed for Amos, no wine drinking for the prophet, no putting far off of the evil day, the man who had eyes for the invisible world saw the heavens darkening over Israel. Whichever way he looked, he saw sin which called for vengeance. There was no hope from king, or priest, or people ; all were alike sinful. How could he cry to God ? When he looked heavenwards, he discovered wrath.

The Evil Day Must Come,

there was no help for it. He saw that the land trembled because of her sins, and that the day of mourning would surely come, and he foretold an awful famine, not of bread, but of hearing of the words of the Lord. That which they had despised would be taken from them, man cannot lightly neglect the Word of his God. Let us take heed lest in the increasing power of Rome in our land, such a famine may not visit us also.

And the prophet saw God pursuing his people in his just displeasure ; from hell, from heaven, from the top of Carmel, from the bottom of the sea, he would hunt them out ! O how vain to seek to escape God ! Finally, he would sift them as in a sieve, and not one grain of his true wheat should fall to the ground. Then the tide of judgment turns, and the same hand which has been so strong in discipline and punishment will raise them again, restore them, bring again their captivity, and plant them in their land. It is the same God who chastens his people now. He is as intolerant of sin now as then : at any cost, his people must be holy : "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

EARTH'S RE-GENESIS.

What Agencies will Effect this Radical Change ?

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

WILL a slow progressive conversion of the world bring about the predicted consummation ? If not, has the Gospel of Christ lost its power ? Verily, no ! The Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The question, however, does not concern the *power*, but rather the *purpose* of the Gospel. It will surely accomplish that whereunto it has been sent. But not by *preaching* will the planet be regenerated, nor yet by preaching will millennial blessedness be consummated.

Will Peace Societies, and Reforming Societies, and Nineteenth Century Clubs elevate the world to Paradise conditions ? Will Elsmereism and Bellamyism introduce the Golden age? The scare which frightened the clergy when these airy sentimentalities intruded themselves has passed away, and with it also the utopian plans for universal righteousness. Thank God, I never read these books. Am I much the worse off for this dereliction ? May we ask, are the ministers who spent their precious hours reading and discussing, and preaching on them any better for it ? Were the churches helped, and the nation benefited by the hopeful visions spread before them ? No, in no wise. We have humane societies, but cruelty stalks through the land. We have medical societies, but spite their science and skill, disease asserts its dread power and men die. Do I forget the alleviating results of modern civilization, inventions and discoveries ? No ; nor do I forget their alarming results in cannons, mitrailleuses and the terrible dynamite. Am I forgetful of the onward march of medical knowledge, and the almost miraculous feats of modern surgery ? Nay : I thank God for the alleviation of pain and woe, nevertheless, I think with profound sorrow of that great soldier, General Grant, whose iron constitution and firm hand became the sport of disease, while consummate skill was baffled by a merciless messenger from the "king of terrors." Nor could the martyred Garfield be saved to the country and family he so dearly loved, when injury challenged science. So, also, Frederick, the royal German, of grand physical proportions, is buffeted and battered to death by germs and atoms of infinitesimal proportions. Oh ! are there not pains, and diseases, and physical evils which laugh at skill and defy science. Yea, more, are there not sighs and groans wrung from the very heart

which has received the Gospel, and enjoys the peace of God. Strong men and sensitive women become a prey to physical suffering, whose pangs are never modified, and whose wounds are never healed. These malignant powers are the legacy of the curse which has smitten the race and infected the planet, which conversion does not demolish, nor grace diminish. The consecrated unselfish, and spiritually minded man suffers the same exquisite pain, as the godless and the profane.

What then! Just this: There is no complete physical deliverance for the earth and man till Jesus comes. By resurrection and regeneration will the one and the other enter into life immortal. Nature's deadly wound will be healed. The Great Physician will lay his healing hand upon her, and bid her rise and walk. She continues disabled until her cure be accomplished by his direct interposition. Then with nature's cure, and complete restoration will come the even working of her laws. Her administration will be evenly balanced. Mercy and truth, righteousness and peace will be manifest throughout her borders.

Between the earth in her present sinful condition, and her prospective sinless state there will be many striking contrasts, but chiefly this: the entire substitution of righteousness for sin. The earth will continue a solid sphere surrounded by its blue expanse of sky, but not a stain of pollution will disfigure her fair face. She shall then be like the ransomed glorified Church, "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." She will pass from decay and death to healthfulness and life.

No doubt there will be great cosmical changes. Then, we read, "But the heavens and the earth, which are now by the same word, are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men." (II. Pet. 3: 7.) Again: "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." (II. Pet. 3: 10.) The burning and dissolution of old elements do not annihilate. So far as the Bible teaches nothing is annihilated. Students of science say that no force of nature is ever lost. A change takes place. There is transformation of substance. The deluge did not annihilate the earth. It purified it. So, hereafter, the earth and ærial heavens willl be renovated by the purgatorial fires of the last day. Then will nature be delivered from the bondage of corruption to flash and glow in the power of her miraculous emancipation. A gleam of the vastness of these expected cosmical changes is given us in the achievements of local disturbances. Earthquakes have wrought physical reforms. Rivers have been turned into new channels, hills have sunk, lakes have been dried, mountains have belched forth fire, and oceans have been displaced. Hereafter, there will be an enlargement and intensification of such convulsions.

When Jehovah stood on Mount Sinai, the mountain was mightily shaken. Paul refers to this agitation in Heb. 12: 26, "Whose voice then shook the earth." But there is a predicted shaking in the same verse: "Yet once more will I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." Dr. Joseph A. Seiss, that accurate scholar, and careful exegete makes this critical comment:

"The word for 'shaking' in Revelation 6: 12, in our version translated 'earthquake,' is employed in Matthew to express tempestuous commotion of the earth and sea. In Joel it is used to denote violent disturbances in the heavens. In the form of a verb, it signifies to shake, toss, jolt, agitate, whether the things be the earth, the air, the sea, the sky, or anything else." No doubt the results of this tremendous commotion will be far-reaching in their influence. For Haggai hath prophesied, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens and the earth, and the sea and the dry land."

A WRECKED LIFE.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for May 10: "Whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." Luke 8: 18.

"HI! HI! there, what are you doing trespassing on my property?" growled a man with grizzled beard and unkempt hair coming out of a desolate, tumbled-down frame-house and accosting two men just entering a much-used path near his dwelling."

"Good morning, neighbor Thomas," replied the elder of the two pleasantly. "I suppose we are trespassing if you insist on your rights, but you don't do that, I think—Anyway I hope you won't do it this morning for we are pressed for time. We are going to church and this cut will save us a good mile. Come along with us, neighbor Thomas, and then we shall be your guests and you will be our guest in church. That will make things even."

"Go to church, indeed! Better ask me if I would not go with you into a nest of stinging, biting serpents—into a den of raving, wild beasts," hissed the old man, interspersing his remarks with dreadful oaths. "If I had my way I'd hunt every man of you off the face of the earth." The rage of the old man was something frightful to witness.

"No, you dont!" he cried, as the two men tried to step quietly by him and escape his foul language, as well as to save themselves the extra walk. "I've said you should not go this way, and you shan't, if I have to break every bone in your bodies," and he picked up big stones near him and began to throw them.

"Uncle, we shall get hurt if we continue in this way, let us climb the fence and go round by the other route, we can hurry and make up for lost time," said the young man.

"Well, I think you are right, rejoined the uncle, and after they were safely on the broad highway they entered upon the following conversation:

"You wouldn't think, Robert, that that man was a schoolmate of mine?"

"Well no, Uncle, he did not show much fraternal affection. And I should never have supposed he had had any other schoolmaster than an evil spirit, to judge from his actions."

The uncle drew a deep sigh as he replied, "Yes, we were schoolmates — Dwight Thomas was older than I, and I had a great love for him. He was bright, active, bold, daring, and we thought he might be—well, I don't know as there was anything we thought he could not be if he chose to.

"He took all the prizes in school, was a fine athlete, and seemed to bid fair to become one of those full, rounded, symmetrical characters that it is such a pleasure to meet, because they are so rare. He married a beautiful girl who loved him devotedly. There was not a finer looking couple in all the country side. And she was his equal in mind as well as outward appearance. For three years their lives sped on in one unbroken, blissful honeymoon. At the end of that time there occurred a revival of religion.

"It was not an ordinary revival, but a great awakening, when old hardened sinners felt the breath of the Almighty, stirring into life their long dormant spiritual natures. Business was suspended and the all-absorbing question 'with the impenitent was in regard to their souls' salvation. The wife had been a Christian before, but she seemed quickened into new life by this experience, and the burden of her prayer was the conversion of her husband. He wavered—he never had been a bad man, in fact he had been a man of strict integrity, unimpeachable moral character and kindly disposition. In fact, he was generally regarded as a Christian, and he did not, himself, see that he was in need of conversion. But he was in that position of peculiar danger in which have stood so many who have been lost—the position of nearness to the kingdom of God, but not in it."

"Surely, you are not speaking of the man who has just been abusing us, uncle?" the young man said. "Why he was most profane."

"Yes, the very same man, my boy," was the reply." You see God had greatly blessed him. In his disposition, in his intellect, in his associations with pious people he had every advantage; but he had not the vital principle which a man gets at conversion. That is the life of God, the Holy Spirit in his soul. He could have had that in the revival or under the ordinary preaching of the Gospel but he chose to put it away from him. He thought it was unnecessary. From that time, when he made his choice, a great change came over him. It was not perceptible at first to anyone but his wife. After a time he became irregular in his attendance at church. Then he did some tricky things in business which surprised everyone. People began to talk of his moral deterioration and perhaps that made him worse. He grew careless of his reputation, associated with bad men and at last became as you see him a scoffer, a profane man and practically an infidel. It is with him as it has been with many whom the world has regarded as just as good as Christians. They have lost the very semblance of religion and the saying is fulfilled in him 'From him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have.'"

RELIGIOUS FREETHINKERS.

MENTION has frequently been made in these columns of the successful work being done by the Rev. R. W. McAll in Paris and the country districts of France. An illustration of the kind of work that is needed appears in the *McAll Mission Record*, just issued. It shows that the people who have broken away from Romish superstition are not infidels as the Romish priests call them, but are sincere inquirers after truth. These are the people that the McAll Mission is reaching and helping. One of the superintendents says:

A young man who has taken part in our mission-work and who is employed in the Paris Post Office, was recently required to attend, in his official capacity, the funeral of a fellow employee not personally known to him. It was an *enterrement civil* (i. e., without religous service), and it pained our friend to be called to appear publicly on an occasion in which, as he naturally supposed, the Divine name and the life to come would be ignored. In the cortege were some 150 workingmen, all wearing the badge of a Socialist or freethinking society. On the long route to the cemetery, one of these men said to him, "Excuse me, sir, do you not belong to the *Societe McAll*?"

"Certainly; but what led you to ask the question?"

"Sir, the whole family is distressed because the deceased is about to be buried without a word spoken; and we should be greatly obliged if you would say something at the grave."

"I will gladly do that; but since you have some knowledge of the *Societe McAll*, let me say that, if I speak, I should wish to do so in accordance with Mr. McAll's principles—i. e., respecting Jesus Christ, 'crucified for our offences, and raised again for our justification.'"

A relative was then consulted, and the reply was: "Say all that you desire to say, but do speak, we beg you."

Taking his motto from a wooden cross planted on an adjoining grave, our colleague told of man's sinful state and of God's infinite love in the gift of his Son. His words, emphasizing these vital truths, drew tears from many eyes. When he had concluded, the family and comrades of the deceased gathered round him. One man then addressed him, in the name of all, as follows:—"Sir, we thank you; you have done us good. It is true that we have broken entirely with the ceremonies of religion (Romanism), but these have nothing in common with what you have said to us. We approve it, and, like you, we are and shall remain religious men."

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CHRISTIAN WORK.

AN enterprising Church will not hold back its help from any good cause. It will send its members down through the dark lanes, and into squalid cellars, and among pestiferous fumes, to prophesy in God's name over the riven, scalded, mangled, and decaying carcasses of the morally dead. It will send its box of clothing to the colporteur in the West, and with its prayers help fill the sails of the clipper that carries Christian missionaries to Japan. It will rejoice over a blind girl taught to read in the asylum, and the throwing open of heathen ports to the Gospel. It will teach the black boy in the Sabbath class his A, B, C, and pray that Ethiopia may soon stretch forth her hands to God. It will light a taper in a sick man's room, and by prayer help roll up the Sun of righteousness to the noonday glory of the millennium. The prayer-meeting of such a Church will be crowded with worshippers, and long, dull prayers will be cut off at both ends, and set on fire in the middle. The psalmody will be buoyant and rapturous; old "Coronation" will ring out as though all the crowns of heaven were that moment thrown down at the feet of Jesus.

The field is white to the harvest! Men with the sickles, come on and lay to the work! In this age of the world, with so many Gospel advantages, and so many grand incentives to work, a dead Church ought to be indicted as a nuisance. Invention and discovery have quickened the world's pace. The age, no more a-foot, is on wheels and wings. Quiet villages have been roused up by the hum of machinery, the clang of foundries, and the shriek of steam-whistles. We rise, after a short night's sleep, and find that the world has advanced mighty leagues. The pulse of the world beats stronger, the arm of industrious achievement strikes harder, the eye of human ingenuity sees farther, the heart of Christian philanthropy throbs warmer. The earth shakes under the quick tread of scientific, moral, and religious enterprises. In such a time, a torpid, lethargic, timid Church is both a farce and a blasphemy. If it do not march when God commands it to march; if it do not strike when God commands it to strike; if, when the mountains round about are full of horses and chariots of fire, it shrinks back from the conflict, God will mark it for ruin, and Christians will become inconsistent, and the minister will sleep in the pulpit, and the choir will quarrel in the gallery, and the shingles will rot, and sinners will perish, and the cause of God will be dishonored. One enterprising Church! How many tracts it might scatter! How many hungry mouths it might feed! How many poor churches it might help! How many lights it might kindle!

BEWARE!

IT is more and more demonstrated that polluted literature is a marked hindrance to Christian life. Bad books never pressed so mightily on the hearts and consciences of men as to-day. There was a time—some of us remember it—when every book that came into the house was scrutinized. The index was examined, the pictures looked over, and the general structure, bearing, make-up of the book was known by the father and the mother. It is not so now. A half dozen new books might come into some of our houses in a day, and we would hardly ask: What is this book? Who reads it? Where did it come from? Who published it? What is it all about? The influence is most tremendous. It comes in upon the newspapers, and it comes in upon the printed volume. There is no one who is independent of that influence. It touches in one direction or in another direction. And it seems impossible for a man in this day to serve God when he is seeing so many influences that attempt to shake his faith in Christ, and to overthrow his religious and eternal interests. This depressing influence of a polluted printing-press, I consider the most blasting and damnable of all influences, and that parent who allows a child to read a bad book might as well consent that his boy carry a heap of rattlesnakes in his satchel to school. It will sting him to death. I simply believe that nine out of ten of the novels of this day are reeking with pollutions.

Printing-presses, that in other days would have scorned to publish nefarious books, halt not now at the literary crime, and the most pernicious volumes are pouring out from the finest printing-presses in America, and it is high time that every Christian man looked out for himself and for his family.

The press is a mighty engine for good, but Satan uses it to an alarming extent. At home and abroad he is scattering his wares. How few religious publications are offered for sale on railroads, but what a mass of light literature is exhibited and sold! This we see; but who has any idea of the traffic in demoralizing publications which is carried on secretly? The few facts and figures brought to light are startling. If Luther threw the ink-bottle at the devil, it seems as though he must have picked it up and have been using it ever since.

GYMNASIUMS.

I KNOW of nothing more free from dissipation or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have made use of the gymnasium, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellences. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides and despondent spirits, who through that institution might be roused up to exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year who might through such an institution be benefited in their spiritual relations. God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault, and when through right exercise and prudence you might be athletic and well. O, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair, spending the rest of their life, not in some great enterprise for God and the world, but in studying what is the best thing to take for dyspepsia! When you may through the gymnasium work off your spleen and your querulousness and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament. In our cities life is so unhealthy and unnatural that when the census taker represents a city as having four hundred thousand inhabitants there are only two hundred thousand, since it takes at least two men to amount to one man, so depleting and unnerving and exhausting is city life.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, has been much blessed in his labors at Bethany Church, New York. Rev. George N. Compton, the pastor, speaks in the highest terms of the benefits which the church is enjoying. Among those who have been brought to the Saviour was a man who, before these meetings, had not been in a church for fifteen years.

Mrs. Mary E. Gough, widow of John B. Gough, the renowned temperance orator, died at Hillside Farm, Boylston, Mass., on April 20, at the age of seventy-one years. The immediate cause of death was paralysis. Mrs. Gough has been helpless for some months past.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond is holding services in the Bloomingdale Church Boulevard, and West 68th St., New York. An afternoon service for children and young people is held at four o'clock, and a general meeting in the evening. Last week he was laboring in the St. Andrews M. E. Church. One of the most gratifying features of the services is the fact that some of Mr. Hammond's helpers are men and women who were converted under his preaching when they were children.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's services at Haverhill, Mass., have terminated in a grand jubilee meeting to thank God for the blessing that has come. No less than 517 cards have been received from persons who have received a blessing at these meetings, and have resolved in the strength of Christ to live henceforth for him. At the Convention of Christian Workers, held at the close of the meetings, Mr. D. L. Moody, Mr. George C. Needham, and other eminent evangelists, discussed the methods of evangelistic work.

The International Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations will be held at Kansas City, Mo., May 6th–10th. The first meeting will be at eleven o'clock, on Wednesday, May 6, in the Y. M. C. A. Building on the corner of Ninth and Locust Streets. Delegates should take their credentials with them and exchange them on their arrival for delegates' tickets entitling them to entertainment and to admission to the floor of the Convention. Information about special rates of railroad fares may be obtained by writing to the International Committee, 40 East 23rd St., New York.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has closed his meetings on the South Side, at Findlay, O. The *Republican* of that city speaks of the revival as the most successful the city ever had. Every day there were two services, and on some days there were six. On Sundays the day commenced with a sunrise prayer-meeting at 6.30 A. M. which was well attended. At all the later services the house was crowded. At the men's mass meeting, at four o'clock, there was a very deep interest, the men listening spell-bound to the words of the preacher and the singing of Mrs. Kress. Mr. Yatman is now laboring on the North Side with great success.

A statement of the work being done for the rescue of boys from the streets has just been issued by the Committee for Christian Workers in the United States and Canada. The work has been in operation chiefly in Massachusetts and Connecticut for three years and a half, and during that time no less than thirteen thousand boys have availed themselves of the help of the organization. Twenty clubs have been formed having rooms well warmed, lighted and ventilated and supplied with wholesome literature. Penny savings-banks have been established in which eleven hundred boys have deposited sums aggregating $2,000. The boys are visited in their homes and invited to come to Sunday School and their parents encouraged to attend church. It appears that it costs only $200 to establish one of these clubs and the General Committee is willing to aid with its experience any person or church willing to engage in the good work. Further particulars may be obtained from Rev. J. C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Ratifying the Congo Treaty—Transvaal Troubles—Old Foes as Friends—Our New U. S. Treasurer—The Land Commissionership—President Harrison in California—Riotous Hungarian Coke Miners in Pennsylvania.

OUR Minister at the Court of Belgium has secured an extension of the time allowed for the ratification of the Congo treaty. Last July the Plenipotentiary of the United States joined in the Conference of Brussels with the representatives of other powers in negotiating this treaty. It pledged each of the powers to refrain from countenancing the slave trade in Africa and from selling intoxicating liquors or fire-arms within a defined belt of territory in that continent. The treaty was signed by our Plenipotentiary, subject to the approval of the Senate, and one clause of the treaty stipulated that certificates of ratification must be deposited in Brussels before July 2nd of this year. As the Senate separated without taking definite action on the matter, it appeared that the treaty would fail for lack of the ratification of our government. Mr. Blaine felt that this result would be a calamity for Africa and a disgrace to us. He therefore instructed our representative at Brussels to ask that an opportunity might be afforded the government to ratify the treaty by extending the time to a reasonable period after the next regular meeting of the Senate. It is gratifying to learn that the concession has been granted and it may be hoped, in the interest of humanity, that the Senate will avail itself of the opportunity.

Rioting and Disorder Have Prevailed During the week in the coke regions of Pennsylvania, as a sequel to the recent labor strike. On the 22nd, so violent had the disturbances grown that the State militia was sent to Adelaide, in Fayette County. Futile attempts had been made to evict a large number of Hungarians, whose sheds and shanties were wanted for the new workmen. A desperate resistance was offered, and during a fight between a sheriff's posse and a band of Hungarians, fifty persons were more or less seriously hurt. A Hungarian girl, who was frantically opposing the deputies, was also shot. There is a large force of Pinkerton detectives on hand in the disturbed district, besides military and local officers, as much trouble is still looked for. Hundreds of Italians are arriving to take the strikers' places.

An Educator of National Fame has been Honored in the offer of the Presidency of the new University established by Senator Leland Stanford, at Palo Alto, Cal., to David Starr Jordan, President of the Indiana State University at Bloomington. The office carries with it a salary of $10,000 a year and, in view of the splendid endowment of the institution, affords magnificent possibilities.

President Jordan was born in New York State in 1851, and studied at Cornell, where he became an instructor of botany. During his career he has served in various professorships at the leading colleges of half a dozen states. He is possessed of remarkable executive and administrative abilities, and his influence has been widely felt in educational affairs. He will assume charge of the Palo Alto College next September. A portrait of Prof. Jordan is here given.

One of the Greatest of German Warriors, Field Marshal Count Helmuth Von Moltke, died at Berlin on April 24th. Although 90 years of age, he has continued to perform many public duties to the last, and on the afternoon of the day of his death, he was in his seat in the Reichstag. He died the same evening of heart failure.

He was born at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, Oct. 26th, 1800, and got his first taste of military life in a Cadets' Academy at Copenhagen. The slender, little fellow, with thick blond hair and blue eyes, was destined to be the leading figure in many a sanguinary battlefield. He entered the Prussian service when he was 22, without influence or recommendation but such was the genius of Moltke that promotions came thick and fast. He served in Bohemia, France, Asia Minor, Turkey, and Austria and was on the field at the battles of Sadowa and Koniggratz. in the Austro-Prussian Campaign, and almost every battle of importance during the Franco-German war. He planned the bombardment of Paris, and was one of the four men who brought about the unification of Germany, all of whom are now dead, except Bismarck. Moltke was never conquered on the field; he never quarreled with his Royal Master, and it is recorded of him that he was an unwavering Christian from first to last, recognizing the hand of Omnipotence in all the events of life, whether dealing with nations or individuals. A portrait of the General is given above.

President Harrison got his First Glimpse of the Rocky Mountains and the slopes of the Pacific on Wednesday, April 22nd. At El Paso, on the border, the party had been saluted by the Mexican authorities and had sent its compliments to President Diaz and the Governor of Chihuahua. The party entered California after a long and dusty ride over the plains, reaching Fort Yuma at half-past four in the morning, where a fine collection of flowers and fruit was presented to the travellers. As they were sound asleep at the time they did not appreciate the gift till several hours afterward. Speeches were made at a number of stopping points. The President expressed his pleasure at the great beauty of the scenery of Lower California and the fertility of the country. At Indio, Chief Cabason of the Indio tribe, over a hundred years old, was introduced to Mr. Harrison and presented a petition asking for justice and assistance for his people. At Riverside, Cal., the horses drawing the President's carriage bolted at the risk of his life, Secretary Rusk leaped to the heads of the frightened animals and checked them.

A Renewal of the Trouble between England and the Boers of the Transvaal in Southern Africa was threatened last week. Its nature was the more serious because Portugal was involved in it, and the relations between that country and England were already strained to a dangerous point. News reached London that a party of Boers proposed to settle in Mashonaland or Manicaland and establish a republic. The possession of those territories has been one of the matters in dispute between England and Portugal. The British Foreign Office suspected that Portugal was conniving at this incursion of the Boers and promptly notified that power that it would be held responsible if the settlement took place. A notice was also sent to Paul Kruger, the President of the Transvaal that it would be regarded as an act of hostility to England. For some days it seemed probable that a conflict such as that which humiliated England in 1880 would take place, with the additional complication of a war with Portugal. Assurances, however, have now been given by the Portugese government that it will not countenance a Boer incursion, and by the government of the Transvaal that the Boers have been warned against the project. The Boers may decide to act in defiance of their government, as they are a bold, independent race, but they would not be able to maintain a settlement without the support of the Transvaal.

Twice within the Year has a Successor been chosen to United States Treasurer Huston, whose resignation has been in abeyance for some months. Some time ago, as announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, State Treasurer Lemcke, of Indiana, was selected for the post; but he declined, and now Edward H. Nebeker, of Fountain County, Indiana, formerly Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, has been chosen to fill the place. A portrait of the new Treasurer is given above.

A Significant Meeting of Former Enemies took place in New York on April 20. The famous Third Georgia Regiment came north to join the Ninth Regiment of New York Volunteers, known as Hawkins' Zouaves, in celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the organization of the latter regiment. The walls of the hotel in which the celebration was held were decorated with the battle-flags of the two regiments, and underneath were inscribed the names of the battles in which the regiments met in deadly conflict. Gen. Hawkins, "the father" of the New York Regiment, gave a cordial welcome to the Southern visitors, and Col. Snead on behalf of the Georgians, congratulated all on the better times in which the two regiments met again after so many years.

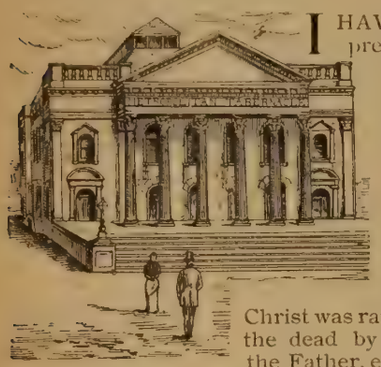
The Last Congress Provided for the Establishment of a Land Court, for the adjudication of all questions affecting the public lands. Its members have not yet been appointed, but in all probability will soon be. Meanwhile, ex-Congressman Lewis E. Payson, of Illinois is talked of as the successor of Mr. Groff, as Commissioner of the General Land Office. He will also be a member of the Land Court. Mr. Payson is a Rhode Islander, where he was born in 1840. He studied and practised law at Ottawa, Ill. He has been elected to four Congresses and has sat upon the bench in Illinois for several years. His portrait is given above.

NEWNESS OF LIFE.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Believer Identified with his Lord—The Model of Conduct—I. The Resurrection of Christ a Type of the New Life—In Itself a Marvel—Glorious in Cause and Effects—II. The Parallel—The Death and Corruption of Sin—The Quickening—Security of Perfection—III. The Life Given—New Life—Imparted not Developed—New in Principle—The Old Self an Undesirable Acquaintance—IV. The Walk Changed—Mammon Service Given Up.

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Romans 6: 4.



I HAVE aforetime preached upon the whole verse, so that this morning I shall take the liberty to dwell chiefly upon the latter part of it—"Like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." The idea that the grace of God should lead us to licentiousness is utterly loathsome to every Christian man. We cannot endure it. The notion that the doctrines of grace give license to sin, comes from the devil, and we scout it with a detestation more deep than words can express. "How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

Every believer is, in the purpose of divine grace, identified with Jesus. His life is the model of our experience: he makes us to be conformed to his image now, and we shall be like him when we shall see him as he is. O my hearer, if you are not in Christ you have nothing. Out of Christ you are in the wilderness: with him you are in a paradise. In Christ believers possess all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and grace, and power, and love. All things are yours, if you are Christ's. From our union to Christ follows our sanctification: we cannot follow after sin, for Christ does not follow after it. He died unto sin once, and we are henceforth dead to it. He is risen by the glory of the Father, and we are risen with him into righteousness, and acceptance, and joy.

I. Follow me in the text, taking as your first thought the fact that

The Resurrection of our Lord

was attended with glory. In itself it was a great marvel. Our Lord was assuredly dead: the Roman guards at the cross took care that no condemned person escaped the death penalty; in our Lord's case his heart was pierced with the spear to make sure that no life remained in him. Joseph begged his body, and by the loving hands of those who were sure that he was dead he was wrapped in spices and fine linen, and laid in the rocky tomb. There lay our Lord in the grave, with a stone rolled at the cave's mouth, and a seal set upon it by those in authority, whose envy made them take double precautions. As when a prince lies slumbering in his pavilion he is watched by a guard, so was our Lord's sepulchre, watched by a guard of Roman soldiers, that no man might steal his body. There he lay in the heart of the earth, for a portion of three days and nights. He was really dead, and in the grave he wore all the marks of decease: a napkin was bound about his head, and the linen clothes enwrapped his limbs.

On the morning of the third day it was truly said, "The Lord has risen indeed"; for he actually, literally, and in very fact awoke to life, unbound the napkin and laid it by itself, leisurely folded his grave-clothes, and when the angel had rolled away the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, the First-begotten from the dead came forth in a material body to live among his disciples for forty days. During the time of his sojourn, his resurrection was established by many infallible proofs: he was seen, and heard, and touched, and handled. One of his disciples put his finger into the print of the nails, and thrust his hand into his side. He possessed a real body, for he ate a piece of a broiled fish and of a honeycomb before them all. It was Jesus of Nazareth, and none other than he, who met his disciples at Galilee. On this firm basis of fact we build our holy faith; but, certain as it is, it is none the less a marvel. All glory be to him "that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant."

The resurrection of our Lord is glorious in contrast with his humiliation. It has in it sufficient of glory to redeem his passion from the shame which gathered about it. We celebrate Gethsemane and Calvary, and find no bitterness in all their grief, because death is swallowed up in the victory of resurrection. His resurrection is glorious in its effects. He was "delivered for our offences," but "he was raised again for our justification." In death he discharged our debt: in resurrection he exhibited the receipt of all our liabilities.

He was Surety for Us,

and therefore he smarted and went down to the prison of the grave; but by death he discharged his suretyship and was set free. Our Lord has risen, and therefore we shall rise in the day of his appearing. When we say one to another, "The Lord is risen indeed," we feel like singing all the time, for now our faith is not in vain, we are not in our sins, and those who have fallen asleep have not perished.

Our Lord's resurrection was glorious as to its cause, for it was a display of the glory of the Father. For "glory" you may read "power," if you please; for it was a great work of power to raise Jesus from the dead. To the child of God death furnishes a couch of rest, and is no longer a dark and noisome prison-cell. Death is the refining pot for this poor flesh and blood: the body is sown in corruption, but it is raised in incorruption and immortality. We shall with these eyes behold our Lord when he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth. O glorious resurrection, which has turned our poison into medicine! O miracle of love, which has made death to be the gate of life!

II. Let me introduce you to our second point, which is this—

The Parallel in Our Experience

is also full of glory. It is a blessed thing that we should be made alive in Christ. As many of you as have believed in the Lord Jesus have been raised from among the dead. You were once without faith and without feeling. You had no sense of sin; you had no desire after holiness; you had no confidence in Christ; you had no love for the Father: but "you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." You live now even as Jesus lived when he was "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead."

Being thus quickened you are partakers of a new life. You are not like Lazarus, who, when he was raised from the dead, had the same life restored to him. True, you have that same life about you. Alas, that you should have it! for it will be your burden and plague. But your true life has come to you by your being born again from above. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. He that hath the Son hath life." The Holy Ghost hath wrought in us a higher life than nature possessed.

In this parallel of our history with the story of Christ, in our being spiritually raised from the dead, we have a pre-eminent security for future perfection. "He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit." If he raised us up when we were dead in sin, will he not keep us alive now that we live unto him? If he called us out of our graves when we were under the bondage of death, will he not preserve us now by the life of him that dieth no more? If the life of God has really been infused into us, who shall destroy it? Hath not our Master said, "I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand"? He would never have given us this life unless he had intended to bring it to perfection. As surely as you live by the Father, you live as Jesus does, beyond the range of further death.

III. But now I want your special attention while I notice, in the third place, that

The Life Given

is emphatically new. Read our text: "Like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father"—I expected that we should then read, "even so we also should be raised by the glory of the Father;" but it is not so. Paul sometimes takes great leaps of thought. It is in his mind that we are raised together with Christ; but his thought has gone further, even to the activity which comes of life; and we read "that we also should walk in newness of life." As much as to say, "I need not tell you that you have been quickened as Christ was; but since you have been made alive, you must show it by your walk and conduct."

"Newness of life"—what does it mean? It means this. When we are born again, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—which things take place at the same time—we receive a life we never before possessed. We begin to feel, to think, and to act as we never did before. The new life is something foreign to our fallen nature; an exotic,

A Plant of another Clime.

It is not a development of something hidden in our constitution; it is not the evolution of a principle which already exists, only it is hampered and hindered. No: it is not written, "You hath he fostered, who had the germs of dormant life;" but, "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." You had no life, you had nothing out of which life could come. Fostered you might have been; but all the fostering possible would only have developed your corrupt nature, and caused the evil within to grow at a greater rate. No seeds of eternal life lie buried in the dunghill of fallen nature. Eternal life is the gift of God.

This novel life is new in its principles. The old life at its very best only said, "I must do right that I may win a reward." Wage-earning is the principle of the old legal life when it tries to be obedient. Now you are moved by gratitude, and not by mercenary motive. Now, you serve not as a hired servant, but as a loving child. Grace reigns. The love of Christ restraineth you. It is your joy to obey out of love, and not from slavish fear.

New Motives in Life.

This life is swayed by new motives. You live now to please God; aforetime you lived to please yourself, or to please your neighbors. Once you lived for what you could get for yourself; you lived for the passing pleasures of a fleeting life; but now you have launched upon eternal seas. Eternity holds your treasures; eternity excites your efforts; eternity elevates your desires. You live as seeing him who is invisible, and your conduct is controlled, not by the judgment of fallible men, but by the rule of a heart-searching God.

Your inner life has made you conscious of new emotions. You feel now as you were not wont to feel. Your fears are new, your hopes are new; your sorrows are new, and your joys are new. If you were to meet your old self you would not wish to strike up an acquaintance with him, but would rather walk on the other side of the street. When I meet my former self I always quarrel with him, and he with me. I grieve to confess that I find another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and seeking to bring me again into captivity. Behold, all things are new to us. One

said to me, when I asked her what kind of change she had undergone—"Either the world is quite altered, or else I am." Yes, friends, the light is changed, because our eyes are opened to it. We feel the very opposite of what we felt by nature.

Now are we cheered by new hopes, we have a hope of immortality; a hope so glorious, that it causes us to purify ourselves in preparation for its realization. We wait for the glorious appearing of our Lord. We look for new heavens and a new earth. We have a lively hope which defies death.

IV. I must close, though the subject is absorbing, and one would like to go further into it. Our fourth point is this—

The Walk Which Comes out of this Life

is new. The new life that God gives us is exceedingly active. I have never read that we are to lie down and sleep in the newness of life. It is true I have met with persons who professed to have been saved, and therefore they took matters easily, and made themselves religiously comfortable in idleness. I greatly question whether you have new life if you do not walk. The new life in a Christian is quick, energetic, forceful. The new life produces a holy walk as soon as it is created. If you have been born unto God, you have cast off your lethargy, and are ready to run the race set before you. You may happen to be dull and sleepy occasionally through disease; but you will not choose this. When in spiritual health, you will glow with divine ardor, and burn with holy fervency, delighting yourself in serving the Lord.

This activity of life induces progress. If we are really quickened, we are to walk in newness of life: that is to say,

We Shall Move on.

We are not to grow in the energy of the old life, but in newness of life. But, alas, all professors are not of this sort! I see a Christian man coming back one evening from a place of questionable amusement. Did he go there in newness of life? The old man used to go in that direction. When a man is doubtfully honest, and has made a bargain which will not bear the light; is that done in newness of life? When an employer grinds down the workman to the last farthing; is that done in newness of life? Surely, you will see what I am aiming at. Brethren, have done with the things of the flesh. Put off the old man. If Christ has quickened you, walk in newness of life. Say to the old man, "Down with you, sir! I have done with walking in your way."

What a change is wrought by the perception and possession of better things! Dr. Chalmers, in his Exposition of Romans, pictures a man engaged with full and earnest ambition on some humble walk of retail merchandise. He cares about petty things, and makes great account of his little stock-taking. His hopes and fears range within his circumscribed trading; and he aspires to nothing more than to reach a few shillings a week to retire upon. But a splendid property is willed to him, or he is introduced into a sublime walk of high and honorable adventure. Henceforth

Everything is Made New.

The man's cares, hopes, habits, tastes, desires, are all new. His expenditure alters; his valuation of money alters; his fear about the state of the stock disappears; his joy in the prospect of a small competency is no more before his eyes. He has risen to a different level altogether. New conditions have silently changed all things. The whole man is built on a bigger scale: his house, his table, his garments, his company, and his speech, are all of another sort. In the same way the Lord, by all that he has done for us, and in us, has changed everything. No point is unaffected. Newness of life affects our manhood from head to foot. The Lord has made us rich in himself, by the gift of Jesus, and by the work of his Spirit, and he would not have us grieving and fretting about the little matters which once were so exceedingly great to us. "After all these things do the Gentiles seek." Let us have higher cares and diviner aspirations. Let us seek to live the life of heaven on earth. We are called unto righteousness; let us not follow after mammon. We are new creatures; may the Lord renew us day by day!

The Christian life should be one of joyful vivacity. We cannot always be what we should like to be, especially if we have a sluggish liver or an aching head; but I would now speak of our normal condition. The Christian man, living in newness of life, should find life fresh about him. Our inner man is

Renewed Day by Day.

A healthy Christian is one of the liveliest creatures on earth. When he is at work you may hear him sing. He cannot help it; do not blame him for a little noise. Let him sing, and laugh till he cries. Sometimes he cannot help it; he will burst if his soul may not have vent. When he begins to talk about his Lord his eyes flash fire. Some people hint that he is out of his mind; but those who know best assure us that he was never before so sane as now. Of course, the world thinks religion is such poor stuff that nobody could grow excited about it. To my mind, cold religion is the nastiest dish ever brought to table. True godliness is served up hot. Newness of life means a soul aglow with love to God, earnest, zealous, happy.

Come, my soul, if Christ has raised thee from the dead, do not live after the fashion of the dark grave which thou hast quitted. I am not so enamored of the sepulchre as to return to it. Walk after the fashion of the new life, and it will conduct thee to God from

Whence it Came.

Live a God-like life; let the divine principle in thee sit on the throne, and tread the animal beneath his feet. "It is easier said than done," cries one. That depends upon the life within. Life is full of power. I have seen an iron bar bent by the growth of a tree. Have you never heard of great paving-stones being lifted by fungi, which had pushed up beneath them? Life is a mighty thing, especially the divine life. If you choose to contract your souls by a sort of spiritual tight-lacing, or if you choose to bend yourselves down in a sorrow which never looks up, you may hinder your life and its walk: but give your life full scope, and what a walk you may have! Yield yourselves fully to God, and you shall see what you shall see. There is a happiness to be enjoyed by truly whole-hearted believers which some even of God's own children would think to be impossible.

Let me finish by a picture, which will show you what I mean by

Whole-Heartedness.

I have seen boys bathing, in the morning. One of them has just dipped his toes in the water, and he cries out, as he shivers, "Oh, it's so cold!". Another has gone in up to his ankles, and he also declares that it is fearfully chilly. But see! Another runs to the bank, and takes a header. He rises all in a glow. All his blood is circulating, and he cries "Delicious! What a beautiful morning! I am all in a glow. The water is splendid!" That is the boy for enjoying a bath! You Christian people who are paddling about in the shallows of religion, and just dipping your toes into it—you stand shivering in the cold air of the world which you are afraid to leave. Oh, that you would plunge into the river of life! How it would brace you! What tone it would give you! In for it, young man! In for it! Be a Christian, out and out. Serve the Lord with your whole being.

Oh, this is life! Oh, this is joy,
My God, to find thee so!
Thy face to see, thy voice to hear.
And all thy love to know.

May we thus walk in newness of life! Amen.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Jew's Idea of Wisdom.*

PROVERBS belongs to a group of works in the Hebrew literature, the subject of which is Wisdom. It is probably the earliest of them all, and may be regarded as the stem of which they are the branches. Without attempting to determine the relative age of these compositions, the ordinary reader can see the points of contact between Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and a little careful study reveals that the book of Job, though fuller and richer in every respect, belongs to the same order. Outside the canon of Holy Scripture we possess two works which avowedly owe their suggestion and inspiration to our book, namely, *The Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach*, commonly called *Ecclesiasticus*, a genuine Hebrew product, and *The Wisdom of Solomon*, commonly called *The Book of Wisdom*, of much later origin, and exhibiting that fusion of Hebrew religious conceptions with Greek speculation which prevailed in the Jewish schools of Alexandria.

Broadly speaking, the Wisdom of the Hebrews covers the whole domain of what we should call Science and Philosophy. It is the consistent effort of the human mind to know, to understand and to explain all that exists. It is, to use the modern phrase, the search for truth. The "wise men" were not like Moses and the Prophets, inspired legislators and heralds of God's immediate message to mankind; but rather like the wise men among the earlier Greeks, Thales, Solon, Anaximenes, or like the Sophists among the later Greeks, Socrates and his successors, they brought all their faculties to bear in observing the facts of the world and of life and in seeking to interpret them, and then in the public streets or in appointed schools endeavored to communicate their knowledge to the young.

The Structure of the Book.

The main body of Proverbs is the collection which begins at the tenth chapter, the Proverbs of Solomon and ends at Chapter 22: 16. This collection has certain distinct features, which mark it off from all that precedes, and from all that follows. It is strictly speaking, a collection of proverbs, that is, of brief pointed sayings, sometimes containing a similitude, but more generally consisting of a single antithetical moral sentiment, such as spring into existence and pass current in every society of men. As the form is the same in all, so the general drift of their teaching is quite uniform; the morality inculcated is of no very lofty type; the motives for right conduct are mainly prudential; there is no sense of mystery, or wonder, no tendency to speculation or doubt; be good and you will prosper; be wicked and you will suffer, is the sum of the whole. A few scattered precepts occur which seem to touch a higher level and breathe a more spiritual air; and it is possible, as has been suggested, that these were added by the author of the first nine chapters when he revised and published the compilation.

An entirely new collection is that comprised in chapters twenty-five to twenty-nine, which was made, we are told, in the literary circle at the court of Hezekiah, two hundred and fifty years, or thereabouts, after the death of Solomon. In this collection there is no uniformity of structure such as distinguished the proverbs of the former collection. Some distichs occur, but as often as not the proverb is drawn out into three, four, and, in one case (25: 6, 7) five clauses. The social condition reflected in these

*From *The Expositor's Bible*: The Book of Proverbs, by R. F. Horton, M.A. The author has well maintained in this volume the high character of this series of works on the books of the Bible. He classifies under various headings such as Wealth, Friendship, Forgiving, Conduct, Freedom, the various gems of thought scattered through the Proverbs, and brings out of them a consistent system of philosophy. Pp. 418; price, $1.50. Published by *Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

Girls Sorting Roses in the Great Perfume Factory at Grasse in the South of France.

chapters is not very attractive ; it is clear that the people have had experience of a bad ruler ; we seem to have hints of the many troubled experiences through which the monarchy of Israel passed of divided rule, injustice, incapacity and oppression.

The two collections which have been described, with their several appendices, were at some favorable point in religious history, possibly in those happy days of Josiah, when the Deuteronomic law was newly promulgated to the joyful nation, brought together, and, as we should say now, edited with an original introduction by an author who, unknown to us by name, is among the greatest and noblest of Biblical writers.

THE BRITISH DISASTER IN MANIPORE.

(See Illustrations on page 269.)

THE disaster to the British forces in Manipore, India, described in these columns last week, appears, from later and fuller reports now received, to have involved a smaller sacrifice of life than was at first stated. It was believed that the whole of the native Goorkha force, which escorted the British Commissioner, had been annihilated, but it is now learned that about two hundred men succeeded in effecting a retreat to a place of safety. Unhappily the news is confirmed that Commissioner Quinton has been killed as were also Lieut. Col. C. McDowel Skene, Lieut. L. W. Brackenbury (whose portraits appear on this page), and several other British officers.

The catastrophe was evidently the result of rashness on one side, and treachery on the other. Commissioner Quinton on his arrival in the territory of Manipore, found that the throne was occupied by a weak prince, a brother of the deposed Maharajah, but the real power in the State was wielded by the Senapati or regent, who was a half-brother of the deposed monarch, and had become the Jubraj or heir-apparent. Mr. Quinton summoned a durbar, or conference of chiefs, in the hope of arranging for the restoration of the rightful Maharajah to the throne. The Jubraj declined to attend the durbar, and Mr. Quinton thereupon directed Lieut. Col. Skene to attack the palace.

Skene's force consisted of the 470 men whom he had brought with him as an escort, and about eighty men who formed the permanent guard of the British representative at Manipore. Opposed to this little force of about 550 men were over 6000 native Manipuris, who were massed around the palace. The attack was met with vigor, the little British force was driven back and took refuge in the Residency. Then the Manipuris assumed the offensive and attacked the Residency. The Goorkhas defended it bravely, but their ammunition becoming exhausted, a truce was arranged. The Jubraj announced himself willing to treat with the Commissioner. Firing ceased, and Mr. Quinton, accompanied by Col. Skene and Mr. Grimwood, the British representative at Manipore, went out into the open land to meet the Jubraj. They were at once seized and carried to the palace, where they were put to death. The attack on the Residency was then renewed. Lieut Brackenbury who was in command was killed. The Goorkhas, finding their position untenable, cut their way through the besieging force and retreated, still fighting as they went, toward the hills. There they fell in with a small detachment under Col. Cowley. A consultation was held as to the possibility of rescuing the three prisoners from the palace, but it was clear that there was no hope of success, owing to the lack of ammunition. The retreat was, therefore, continued as far as Gherighat, where they were safe.

Lieut. Col. Skene.

Lieut. Brackenbury.

Troops are now being hurried forward to Manipore from Burmah and Assam in numbers sufficient to insure success. The usurping Maharajah has also been notified that it is the intention of the British to restore the deposed monarch to the throne. It appears that the present is not the first of these troubles. For years past there have been plots for getting rid of the Maharajah. They have not been successful before this, because the factions were divided, one party being headed by the Senapati, who was commander-in-chief, and the other by the Jubraj, who is now the usurping Maharajah. It was only when they were united by the arrangement that the Senapati should be recognized as next heir to the throne that the revolution succeeded. The country has long been torn by the contests of those rival chiefs, and will be vastly benefited if the British take possession of it and maintain peace and order. Our illustration is taken from a photograph of the native Manipuri village of Kohima.

A TOWN OF SWEET ODORS.

The Industry of Extracting Perfumes from Flowers which brings Grasse its Wealth.

(See Illustration.)

THE ancient little town of Grasse, in the South of France, is just now enjoying an unaccustomed honor in being a royal residence. Its chief hotel was engaged in March for the exclusive accommodation of Queen Victoria and her relatives and attendants. The aged monarch, it appears, was advised to seek change of climate for the benefit of her health and Grasse was recommended to her. She has been there since March 25, and is expected to remain till the end of the month if not later. Whether she will be benefited by her visit remains to be seen, but there is no doubt that the visit will benefit the town, which will henceforth have a European reputation as a health-resort.

Hitherto the only notoriety the town has had has come from its odoriferous industry. It is a veritable garden of fragrant flowers and its people thrive on the use they make of them. Large factories are filled with work-people busily engaged in distilling essences from roses, jasmine, heliotrope, verbena, violets, and other sweet-smelling flowers. In other factories there, the distillation of medicinal essences from herbs is carried on. Thousands of acres around the town are laid out in vast gardens in which the flowers grow and are carefully tended. In some sections one comes on whole acres of thyme, rosemary, eucalyptus aud other plants from which the essences are extracted. Orange and lemon trees are also cultivated for the sake of their blossoms. Thus the town at this season is filled with delicious perfume

brought by every wind that blows. So largely has this industry developed that no less than twelve hundred tons of orange-blossoms are annually used by the large factories. With these are eight hundred tons of roses, two hundred tons of jasmine and one hundred tons of violets, besides the more useful but less agreeable herbs which supply the drug-stores of Europe with their products. The gardens have gradually extended as the business has increased, so that now they reach almost to the shores of the Mediterranean, ten miles away. The illustration on page 268 represents one of the most important processes—that of sorting the roses.

The Native Village of Kohima, Manipore.

Of the perfumes manufactured at Grasse the most precious are the attar of roses and the "neroli," which latter is made from the flowers of the bitter orange tree, and is used principally in the manufacture of eau-de-cologne. Extracts for scenting pocket-handkerchiefs are made from freshly gathered flowers laid between two sheets of glass. On each side of the glass is a layer of lard, which, in twelve to twenty-four hours, completely absorbs the odoriferous oil. When the flowers are abundant they are renewed every twelve hours, sometimes every six hours. The operation is repeated a different number of times on the same lard with different flowers. The lard is melted in a large iron vessel, and mixed with spirits made from grain, which, combining with the volatile oil, rises to the top; the fluid is then filtered.

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 255*)

THE next point of interest was a sculptor's studio, near the Piazza dell' Independenza. Camilla had chosen that one because she was acquainted with a young man there, a son of one of her father's old friends.

There were some fine pieces in the studio, among them as bas-relievo, the figures of which were full of the daintiest, airiest grace.

"You first model your piece in clay, do you not?" asked Margaret. "And the master, himself, does that."

"Yes, yes, yes, *Signorina*," replied the student. "There is where his genius shows its power. The figure is first in his brain, which has to be trained to expression, so that the thought can be formed in clay. Then we make a plaster cast of the clay model, like that one," pointing to a figure that stood beside a young man who was at work upon a block of marble with his mallet and chisel.

"The sculptor employs cheaper hands than his own for most of the work, does he not?" asked Camilla.

"Yes, yes, *Signorina*. We beginners get our hand in so that we can find out if it is in us to do good work. Many cut marble who can never do anything but imitate the casts. They never could be sculptors. After all is cut," he added passing his hand carelessly over the bare arm of a statue, "the smooth parts, like the faces and arms, have to be worked over patiently and well polished."

"Beautiful work," said Margaret. "But suppose you come to a discolored spot in the marble, that spoils it all."

"Indeed it does," replied the young man. "I will show you one," stepping out into the court whither the young ladies followed. "Now you see that piece of marble is like the cast that Boroldo is copying. The hands were to have been crossed as in the cast. When he had gone so far he found that dark vein in the marble. He cut and cut, trying to get by it without spoiling the piece; but he had to give it up. All his work on that goes for nothing."

"We find people like that," said Margaret. "The secret flaw or stain spoils the work of the Divine Artist."

"Yes, yes, yes, *Signorina*." The face of the Italian glowed responsively. "But the Divine Artist, as you call our Lord, can make the secret stains whiter than snow with his own blood."

"You have learned that wonderful and beautiful lesson," said Margaret, the Divine gladness lighting the depths of her eyes.

"I learned it of a countryman of yours, *Signorina*, an American. If I were given to the worship of saints, as I used to be, I should make a shrine for him:—though—" his artistic sense stumbling over an incongruity, "we never make saints in military costume. He is an officer in our army."

The blood surged from Margaret's face to her heart, which gave a great bound.

"He is out of the city now," the young sculptor went on, while he brushed a little dust from the cheek of a Sibyl. "He loves our art; and spends time with us when he can. He and the Signor are great friends. We are all very proud to do anything for him. He does not care to become a sculptor. He works upon the finer material, the costlier, the human soul:—but—I have wondered if all Americans can turn their hand to anything that strikes their fancy. I have a mind to show you his piece in bas-relievo. You see, he was wounded at Dogali, where he rendered special service, for which he was promoted. While he was recovering his strength, though he studied hard, writing, and doing all good things for our people, he took up the chisel for recreation. The *Signor* helped with the modelling and I, with the cutting; but the faces came out of his own head. I am sure he wouldn't care if I showed it to a countrywoman of his. If you will kindly step into his room. He used to study and work in this little alcove. The *Signor* and I fitted it up for him."

He led the young ladies across the court, in which was a gently splashing fountain surrounded by beds of bright bloom. The alcove was partitioned from the garden by glass doors, a few feet before which was a light trellis, supporting a lemon tree, whose dark leaves, and yellow fruit contrasted prettily with the large, full, red and white roses, with which a bush in the corner of the grey stone wall of the old building, seemed quite ablaze.

"Our Major is something of a recluse," remarked the young sculptor, as he led them toward that curtain. "Not gloomy, but some great grief has made him serious. This is the piece," pushing the crimson curtain to one end of the rod. "We regard it as excellent for an amateur. He worked upon it 'con amore' I have always thought that it had something to do with his past life."

When Margaret passed into Jerome's room, a half score of birthdays seemed to roll off her head. The sun of youthful hope that seemed to have set ages before, sent the sweet tender rays of its rising again, across a heart that had humbly accepted lonliness as its lot, choosing to forget its own loss in the gain of others. When her eyes rested upon Jerome's thought in marble, her face was redder than the roses, and then whiter than the lilies in the garden outside. The room seemed suddenly hushed, as by a death, or a birth. The splash of the fountain floated in from the garden, and the glad trill of a bird. His bas-relievo represented the sacrifice of Iphegenia, and in the sad, patient, brave, self-forgetful face of the main figure, Margaret recognized *her own*, while her father stood beside the altar as Agamemnon, proud and stern.

The young sculptor glanced at the marble and then at her face; but Camilla, with an apparently careless gesture, partly overturned a light stand near the piece. He sprang to catch it; and when he looked again at Margaret, her eyes were covered by her veil, so that he failed to trace the resemblance.

"Many thanks," said the Italian girl in a voice that was bewildering sweet. "It is very kind of you to show us this piece of your friend's work. Come and see us. We are at the corner of Via Torino and Via Cavour, fifth flat. We will be there a few days yet."

Her matter-of-fact manner braced Margaret's over-wrought nerves, like the tonic of every-day obligation and duty.

Strange as it may seem, though Camilla shared Margaret's joy in finding her lost friend; yet neither spoke of him when they were alone. They were both deeply reticent, and the Italian girl did not care to give the source of her information in regard to Jerome. She had a little secret of her own that she was not quite ready to communicate.

The next day was one of true Italian weather, the clear sky and balmy air seeming to plead with every one to come out-of-doors and renew life.

"Whither away this charming day?" asked Margaret in unintentional rhyme, as they rose from their morning worship after breakfast.

"We are to do the Jewish quarter, are we not?" was Carolyn's responsive question: "It is not a pleasant neighborhood; I am quite sure I should decidedly prefer a bright day for that disagreeable business. The sky is perfect this morning," looking out of the window, and up into the clear, deep azure.

"Vy do ve go at all to ze Jews?" asked Marie in turn, a centuries-old prejudice cropping out in her graceful, little shrug. "Ze church has always"—

"Treated them scandalously," threw in Camilla; "begging your dear little pardon, my Queen, you spoke the other day of the Roman sense of dominance. The Jews have a sense of sacerdotal aristocracy quite as pronounced. They were brought here to Rome as captives and slaves, but you know they conquered their conquerors."

"I do not see—I cannot understand that," said Carolyn looking intently from under her uplifted brows.

"Why, don't you know? The old Romans, though haughty and stern with equals, delighted in their freed people, who were often Jews?"

"They never forget how to make money," said Carolyn. "And they seem to have the secret of avoiding the sicknesses which kill off other people."

"The Lord taught them that," said Margaret. "That old Mosaic law is the best sanitary code ever known. It keeps them well to obey it. They have always had the meanest part of the city, yet they escape the fever, and when the cholera comes, it is said that it never touches the Jews' quarter. The old law made them thrifty, because it made them just, and temperate, and industrious."

"We, in England, ought to think well of them," said Carolyn, brushing the dust of yesterday from the skirt of her travelling dress. "We have had one of them at the head of our government: and there is no end to the primrose knights and dames, who wear his flower, and carry out his conservative principles."

"What was that that Beaconsfield said" queried Camilla, "about Christendom honoring the Jews, because half of them worshipped a Jew, and the other half a Jewess?"

"Don't you remember, my dear," said Margaret, "he speaks in Coningsby about their baffling the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzars, and Romans? He says something about the mixed races of persecutors disappearing, while the pure, persecuted race remains: and then their personal influence, not only their literature saturating the Christian mind, but living Hebrews monopolizing the professional chairs in European Universities, and ruling courts and ministers of finance."

"I vill run avay from you vise people for my hat!" exclaimed Marie, tossing up her vivacious, little hands. She had been listening intently and drawing her own conclusions. She stopped at the door, and turned to throw back: "Ze church do pairsecute zem, ever, ever, ever; and yet our Lord vas a Jew; and ven he had all nations to choose from he took ze beautiful Jewess to be his mozzer. O, my poor, leetle head!" striking her forehead tragically. "It cannot hold all ze contradictions. I vill let it all go! Ze church may say vat it zinks best; I vill love zem all—all—Jews and all!"

The young ladies drove into the Ghetto through the passage where the old gates used to be that shut the Jews up in their narrow quarters every night.

"Here they had to stay, packed as closely as possible," recited Carolyn, "and if they went out into the city during the day, the men had to wear yellow hats, and the women yellow veils. That inscription on the wall just before we came in—what was it, cousin?—in Latin—you read it."

"Yes," replied Margaret, "a prayer to Christ: 'Saviour of the world, save us!'"

"And then the church over there near the bridge of Quattro Capi, with the crucifix on the front, and those words from Isaiah, 'I have spread out my hands all day, unto a rebellious people.' Besides, you know, they used to drive them into this church just back of the grand portico ruin, and stand over them with scourges to make them worship in the Christian's way."

"Not much Christianity about all that," said Camilla, indignantly. "I don't wonder they hated the whole thing."

"Pius IX. took down the gates of the Ghetto," said Carolyn, "and let the Jews live where they please."

"Zat vas vone good zing of him," laughed Marie, a little nervously.

"Yes," said Margaret. "You know he was a gay, benevolent, young, cavalry officer, before he became a priest. He did not take up intolerance easily."

"He disappointed my poor people execrably," exclaimed Camilla with warmth. "His family was so good, that the old pope before him said that even its cats were liberal. Everybody thought that Pius IX. would be a reformer: but I suppose he found himself in an iron cage, and helpless."

"We are passing some wonderful ruins," said Carolyn most seriously. "Do you not think you ought to give them proper attention?"

"Yes, yes my lady Professor!" cried Camilla. "These magnificent columns are a part of the Porticus-Liviæ-et-Octavia," reading slowly. "O, I see! Augustus Cæsar built this

(Continued on next Page.)

The time to purify the blood is in **MARCH, APRIL, MAY.** The medicine to take is **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla, which is **SUPERIOR** in combination, **SUPERIOR** in proportion, **SUPERIOR** in appearance, and **SUPERIOR** in all that goes to strengthen and build up the system weakened by disease and pain. **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla gives tone to the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels. It quickens the appetite, and imparts to the system a healthful feeling of strength and vigor. When taken for **Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism,** or for any other disease originating in impure blood the results are positive, thorough, and lasting. These statements are true only of **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla. Be sure to ask for **AYER'S. IT CURES OTHERS, WILL CURE YOU.**

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ROMA.

(*Continued from preceding Page.*)

in honor of his wife, and of Octavia, his sister, who married Mark Antony —poor thing!"

"It occupies the site of the old temples of Jupiter Stator, and Juno Regina," said Carolyn, in her zeal for facts quite ignoring sentiment. "They were built by Romulus, just think of their antiquity! In that church across the way, Sant' Angelo Pescheria"—

"The angel of the fish-market," interpreted Camilla.

"Rienzi the Tribune took his stand against Roman oppression," Carolyn persevered. "In it he kept the vigil of the Holy Ghost, and on that wall he painted his allegory."

After looking about the Ghetto and leaving their cab long enough to run up some wretched stone flights for a look into a neat dispensary, a part of the Scotch mission, they drove around by the theatre of Marcellus.

"And who vas he?" asked Maria. "I never can tell zose two zousand years old people zi vone from zi ozzer."

"Augustus' nephew and son-in-law," replied Carolyn, "Augustus meant him for his successor, but he died early. This magnificent building was his monument."

Marie gave a sigh of relief when they left the Ghetto, and were soon winding their way up the old Janiculum.

"The wall that was here before this one, said Margaret, calling attention to the picturesque boundary of the roads, "was paid for by poor Beatrice Cenci. She was burned before the high altar in the church up there," pointing toward San Pietro in Montorio, "though it is said that there is not even an inscription to mark her grave. They persecuted her to the death, and then buried her in one of their grandest churches!"

"Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain built this church," said Carolyn as the cab stopped before the edifice.

"A thank-offering for their success in robbing the Incas and Montezumas," said Camilla, dryly.

"We must go in," said Carolyn getting out of the cab.

"I do not care for it," said Marie. "I know I vill not remember half of ze churches, and zui zousand of years! and zui great people! zey are now all dust and nonsense! I vill not go in."

"I prefer the view," said Margaret looking off over the city, her thoughts busy, you can easily guess upon what.

"Why, cousin!" exclaimed Carolyn, "your art hero, Michelangelo, did a lot of the work here. Don't you remember he and Vasari had a contest over the ornamentation of the Barbarini chapel, and he carried the day?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, "and what was better, he was great enough to acknowledge his mistake, when he found that his love of Greek simplicity had carried him into too great plainness."

Carolyn did her duty faithfully by the tombs and inscriptions while the others enjoyed the superb view of the city, the hills, and the sky. Then they drove toward the Convent of St. Onofrio, where Tasso spent his last days, and was buried. The green hill down which they wound, was ornamented with statues and busts of the heroes of 1849 and 1870, and everywhere they were resplendent with spring flowers, snowy with daisies and golden with buttercups.

"There is all that is left of Tasso's oak," said Carolyn, pointing across the way from the convent.

"There is nothing that we care for in the church except his monument, is there, Lyn?" asked Margaret as they walked toward the old building.

"Perhaps not," was the dubious reply: "but your American avidity for the antique ought to interest you in the church itself. It was built before your continent was discovered. I believe:— in honor of an Egyptian hermit,—one who lived in a cave sixty years, never hearing a human voice except his own."

"I wouldn't have built a church for him," said Camilla. "No matter how good he was. He ought to have gone about to help other poor sinners, if he had found the way to please God."

"Anozzer mistake," said Marie, shaking her pretty head. "Let us hear about zis great Tasso. Ze Lord vill have to take care of his saints; zey do make so many mistakes."

"Tasso was one of our noble, unselfish poets," replied Camilla; "no time-server but brave and true:— a seer."

"You can see it in his face in this fresco," said Margaret, stopping before the one on the wall, "and better still from that bust taken from a cast of his dead face."

"It is a pity he died just when they were ready to give him the laurel crown," said Carolyn, when they stood before the poet's monument in the church.

"No:" said Margaret, "that mattered little; whatever he did by God's dear grace to make people better is his real crown; and it is unfading."

"To be sure," assented Camilla.

"What do you say, girls, asked Margaret, after they had driven home and had luncheon, "shall we try another church this afternoon."

"My poor, little head is qnite tired out," replied Marie with spoiled child grace, "but let us get zrough zem all vile ve can."

So they started for San Paolo fuori le Mura, taking on the way, the temple of Vista or Hercules, whichever it is,—the round "run," the model of which makes such a pretty, bronze inkstand—and the "Bocco della Verita," the large stone face, the jaws of which are said to snap together when one who has told a falsehood thrusts his hand between them,— and the temple of Fortuna Virilis, supposed to have been built by Servius Fullius,—and the house of Rienzi. All in on short drive; no wonder Marie's head was tired.

When they neared the Porta San Paolo, Carolyn reminded them that Attila and Genseric came in at that gate to conquer Rome, and Paul went out by it to his martyrdom.

"To conquer Rome, also," said Margaret. The Protestant cemetery was near the gate. They had been through it before, looking for the grave in which Leigh Hunt buried Shelley's heart. So they inquired of the costodian the way to the old cemetery which was near by; and went up along the path among the violets and daisies to the grave of poor Keats, whose name was "writ on water."

(To be Concluded.)

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"I'll drop my burden at His feet
And bear a song away."

Over the narrow foot-path
That led from my lowly door,
I went with a thought of the Master,
As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim;
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of Him.

It was more than I could carry,
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it—
Only One upon the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me;
But our Lord could understand it,
And His touch could set me free.

Over the trodden pathway,
To the fields all shorn and bare,
I went with a step that faltered,
And a face that told of care.
I had lost the light of the morning,
With its shimmer of sun and dew;
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of morn renew.

While yet my courage wavered,
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a Voice behind me
Saying a tender word.
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road,
And suddenly lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.

Nothing that hour was altered,
I had still the weight of care;
But I bore it now with gladness
Which comes of answered prayer.
Not a grief the soul can fetter
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to His will, Amen.

O friends! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret,
Shall we not take *them* to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song!

—*M. E. Sangster.*

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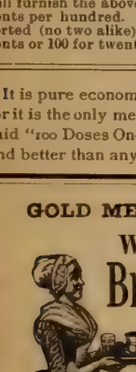

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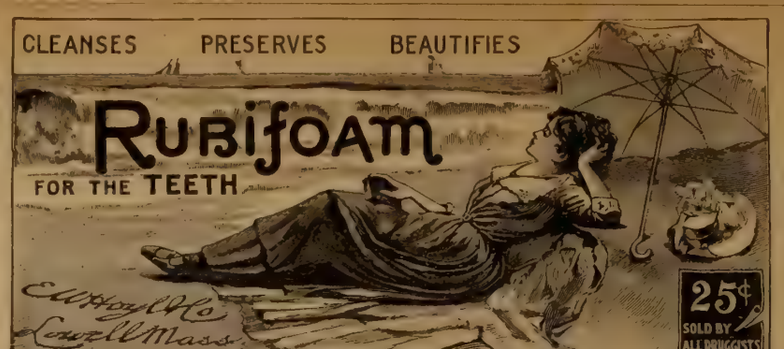

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VOLUME XIV., No. 18. Offices, BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1891.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK OF THE A. S. S. UNION IN THE SOUTHWEST—REV. W. P. PAXSON, D. D., SUPERINTENDENT.

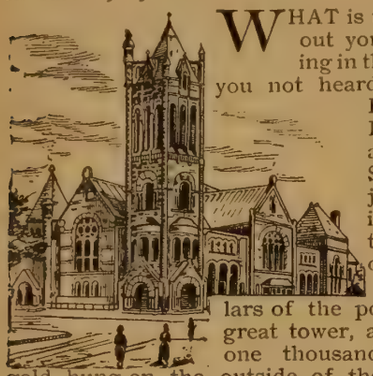
1. A Sunday School Building, Indian Territory—2. Chief Keokuk, now a Christian Teacher—3. Indians Outside the Tepee. (*See page 286.*)

HUMDRUM ABOLISHED.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1891.

The House Solomon Prepared for his Egyptian Bride—His Magnificence and his Wisdom—His Solution of the Puzzles of the Queen of Sheba—The Queen's Visit—The Spices She Brought Typical of Religion—The Need of Spice in Religion—Why Men Do Not Go to Church—The Damage Lugubrious Christians Do—Spice in the Sermon—In Church Music—The Lament of a Widow's Child—The Taj Mahal Eclipsed.

"Of spices great abundance; neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon." II. Chron. 9 : 9.



WHAT is that building out yonder, glittering in the sun? Have you not heard? It is the House of the Forest of Lebanon. King Solomon has just taken to it his bride, the princess of Egypt. You see the pillars of the portico, and a great tower, adorned with one thousand shields of gold, hung on the outside of the tower—five hundred of the shields of gold manufactured at Solomon's order, five hundred were captured by David, his father, in battle. See how they blaze in the noonday sun!

Solomon was not like some of the kings of the present day—crowned imbecility. All the splendor of his palace and retinue were eclipsed by his intellectual power. Why, he seemed to know everything. He was the first great naturalist the world ever saw. Peacocks from India strutted the basaltic walk, and apes chattered in the trees, and deer stalked the parks and there were aquariums with foreign fish, and aviaries with foreign birds; and tradition says these birds were so well-tamed, that Solomon might walk clear across the city under the shadow of their wings as they hovered and flitted about him.

More than this, he had a great reputation for the conundrums and riddles that he made and guessed. He and King Hiram, his neighbor, used to sit by the hour and ask riddles, each one paying in money if he could not answer or guess the riddle. The Solomonic navy visited all the world, and the sailors, of course, talked about the wealth of their king, and about the riddles and enigmas that he made and solved; and the news spread until Queen Balkis, away off south, heard of it, and sent messengers with a few riddles that she would like to have Solomon solve, and a few puzzles which she would like to have him find out. She sent among other things, to King Solomon, a diamond with a hole so small that a needle could not penetrate it, asking him to thread that diamond. And Solomon took a worm and put it at the opening in the diamond, and the worm crawled through, leaving the thread in the diamond. The queen also sent a goblet to Solomon, asking him to fill it with water that did not pour from the sky, and that did not rush out from the earth; and immediately Solomon put a slave on the back of a swift horse and galloped him around and around the park until the horse was nigh exhausted, and from the perspiration of the horse the goblet was filled. She also sent King Solomon five hundred boys in girls' dress, and five hundred girls in boys' dress, wondering if he would be acute enough to find out the deception. Immediately Solomon, when he saw them wash their faces, knew from the way they applied the water that it was all a cheat.

Queen Balkis was so pleased with the acuteness of Solomon, that she said: "I'll just go and see him for myself." Yonder it comes—the cavalcade—horses and dromedaries, chariots and charioteers, jingling harness and clattering hoofs, and blazing shields, and flying ensigns, and clapping cymbals. The place is saturated with the perfume. She brings cinnamon, and saffron, and calamus, and frankincense, and all manner of sweet spices. As the retinue sweeps through the gate, the armed guard inhale the aroma. "Halt!" cry the charioteers, as the wheels grind the gravel in front of the pillared portico of the king. Queen Balkis alights in an atmosphere bewitched with perfume. As the dromedaries are driven up to the king's storehouses, and the bundles of camphor are unloaded, and the sacks of cinnamon, and the boxes of spices are opened, the purveyors of the palace discover what my text announces: "Of spices, great abundance; neither was there any such spices as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

Well, my friends, you know that all theologians agree in making Solomon a type of Christ, and making the Queen of Sheba a type of every truth-seeker; and I shall take the responsibility of saying that all the spikenard, and cassia, and frankincense which the Queen of Sheba brought to King Solomon are mightily suggestive of the sweet spices of our holy religion. Christianity is not a collection of sharp technicalities, and angular facts, and chronological tables, and dry statistics. Our religion is compared to frankincense and to cassia, but never to night shade. It is a bundle of myrrh. It is a dash of holy light. It is a sparkle of cool fountains. It is an opening of opaline gates. It is a collection of spices. Would God that we were as wise in taking spices to our Divine King as Queen Balkis was wise in taking the spices to the earthly Solomon!

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT.

What many of us most need is to have the humdrum driven out of our life, and the humdrum out of our religion. The American, and English, and Scottish church will die of humdrum unless there be a change. An editor from San Francisco a few weeks ago wrote me saying he was getting up for his paper a symposium from many clergymen discussing among other things, "Why do not people go to church?" and he wanted my opinion and I gave it in one sentence: "People do not go to church because they cannot stand the humdrum." The fact is that most people have so much humdrum in their worldly calling, that they do not want to have added the humdrum of religion. We need in all our sermons and exhortations and songs and prayers more of what Queen Balkis brought to Solomon, namely more spice.

The fact is that the duties and cares of this life, coming to us from to time, are stupid often, and inane, and intolerable. Here are men who have been bartering, and negotiating, climbing, pounding, hammering for twenty years, forty years, fifty years. One great long drudgery has their life been. Their face anxious, their feelings benumbed, their days monotonous. What is necessary to brighten up that man's life, and to sweeten that acid disposition, and to put sparkle into the man's spirits? The spicery of our holy religion. Why, if between the losses of life there dashed a gleam of an eternal gain; if between the betrayals of life there came the gleam of the undying friendship of Christ; if in dull times in business we found ministering spirits flying to and fro in our office, and store, and shop, every-day life, instead of being a stupid monotone, would be a glorious inspiration, penduluming between calm satisfaction and high rapture.

How any woman keeps house without the religion of Christ to help her, is a mystery to me. To have to spend the greater part of one's life, as many women do, in planning for the meals, in stitching garments that will soon be rent again, and deploring breakages, and supervising tardy subordinates, and driving off dust that soon again will settle, and doing the same thing day in and day out, and year in and year out, until their hair silvers, and the back stoops, and the spectacles crawl to the eyes, and the grave breaks open under the thin sole of the shoe—oh, it is a long monotony! But when Christ comes to the drawing-room, and comes to the kitchen, and comes to the nursery, and comes to the dwelling, then how cheery become all womanly duties. She is never alone now. Martha gets through fretting and joins Mary at the feet of Jesus. All day long Deborah is happy because she can help Lapidoth; Hannah, because she can make a coat for young Samuel; Miriam, because she can watch her infant brother; Rachel, because she can help her father water the stock; the widow of Sarepta because the cruse of oil is being replenished. O woman, having in your pantry a nest of boxes containing all kinds of condiments, why have you not tried in your heart and life the spicery of our holy religion? "Martha! Martha! thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

I must confess that a great deal of the religion of this day is utterly insipid. There is nothing piquant or elevating about it. Men and women go around humming psalms in a minor key, and culturing melancholy, and their worship has in it more sighs than rapture. We do not doubt their piety. Oh, no. But they are sitting at a feast where the cook has forgotten to season the food. Everything is flat in their experience and in their conversation. Emancipated from sin, and death, and hell, and on their way to a magnificent heaven, they act as though they were trudging on toward an everlasting Botany Bay. Religion does not seem to agree with them. It seems to catch in the wind-pipe and become a tight strangulation instead of an exhilaration. All the infidel books that have been written, from Voltaire down to Herbert Spencer, have not done so much damage to our Christianity as lugubrious Christians. Who wants a religion woven out of the shadows of the night? Why go growling on your way to celestial enthronement? Come out of that cave, and sit down in the warm light of the Sun of Righteousness. Away with your odes to melancholy and Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs."

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

I have to say, also, that we need to put more spice and enlivenment in our religious teaching; whether it be in the prayer-meeting, or in the Sabbath School, or in the Church. We ministers need more fresh air and sunshine in our lungs, and our heart, and our head. Do you wonder that the world is so far from being converted when you find so little vivacity in the pulpit and in the pew? We want, like the Lord, to plant in our sermons and exhortations more lilies of the field. We want fewer rhetorical elaborations, and fewer sesquipedalian words; and when we talk about shadows, we do not want to say adumbration; and when we mean queerness, we do not want to talk about idiosyncrasies; or if a stitch in the back, we do not want to talk of lumbago; but, in the plain vernacular preach that Gospel which proposes to make all

men happy, honest, victorious, and free. In other words, we want more cinnamon and less gristle. Let this be so in all the different departments of work to which the Lord calls us. Let us be plain. Let us be earnest. Let us be common-sensical. When we talk to the people in a vernacular they can understand, they will be very glad to come and receive the truth we present. Would to God that Queen Balkis would drive her spice-laden dromedaries into all our sermons and prayer-meeting exhortations.

More than that, we want more life and spice in our Christian work. The poor do not want so much to be groaned over as sung to. With the bread, and medicines, and the garments you give them, let there be an accompaniment of smiles and brisk encouragement. Do not stand and talk to them about the wretchedness of their abode, and the hunger of their looks, and the hardness of their lot. Ah! they know it better than you can tell them. Show them the bright side of the thing, if there be any bright side. Tell them good times will come. Tell them that for the children of God there is immortal rescue. Wake them up out of their stolidity by an inspiring laugh, and while you send in help, like the Queen of Sheba also send in the spices. There are two ways of meeting the poor. One is to come into their house with a nose elevated in disgust, as much as to say: "I don't see how you live here in this neighborhood. It actually makes me sick. There is that bundle—take it, you poor miserable wretch, and make the most of it." Another way is to go into the abode of the poor in a manner which seems to say: "The blessed Lord sent me. He was poor himself. It is not more for the good I am going to try to do you than it is for the good you can do me." Coming in that spirit, the gift will be as aromatic as the spikenard on the feet of Christ, and all the hovels in that alley will be fragrant with the spice.

We need more spice and enlivenment in our church music. Churches sit discussing whether they shall have choirs, or precentors, or organs, or bass-viols, or cornets; I say, take that which will bring out the most inspiring music. If we had half as much zeal and spirit in our churches as we have in the songs of our Sabbath Schools, it would not be long before the whole earth would quake with the coming God. Why, in most churches, nine-tenths of the people do not sing; or they sing so feebly that the people at their elbows do not know they are singing. People mouth and mumble the praises of God; but there is not more than one out of a hundred who makes "a joyful noise" unto the Rock of our Salvation. Sometimes when the congregation forgets itself, and is all absorbed in the goodness of God, or the glories of heaven, I get an intimation of what church-music will be a hundred years from now, when the coming generation shall wake up to its duty.

I promise a high spiritual blessing to any one who will sing in church, and who will sing so heartily that the people all around cannot help but sing. Wake up! all the churches from Bangor to San Francisco, and across Christendom. It is not a matter of preference; it is a matter of religious duty. Oh, for fifty times more volume of sound. German chorals in German cathedrals surpass us, and yet Germany has received nothing at the hands of God compared with America; and ought the acclaim in Berlin be louder than that in Brooklyn? Soft, long-drawn-out music, is appropriate for the drawing-room and appropriate for the concert; but St. John gives an idea of the sonorous and resonant congregational singing appropriate for churches when, in listening to the temple service of heaven, he says: "I heard a great voice as the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings. Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Join with me in a crusade, giving me not only your hearts, but the mighty uplifting of your voices, and I believe we can, through Christ's grace, sing fifty thousand souls into the kingdom of Christ. An argument, they can laugh at; a sermon, they may talk down; but a vast audience joining in one anthem is irresistible. Would that Queen Balkis would drive all her spice-laden dromedaries into our church-music. "Neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave King Solomon."

Now I want to impress this audience with the fact that religion is sweetness and perfume, and spikenard, and saffron, and cinnamon, and cassia, and frankincense, and all sweet spices together. "Oh," you say, "I have not looked at it as such. I thought it was a nuisance; it had for me a repulsion; I held my breath as though it were malodor; I have been appalled at its advance; I have said, if I have any religion at all, I want to have just as little of it as is possible to get through with." Oh, what a mistake you have made, my brother. The religion of Christ is a present and everlasting redolence. It counteracts all trouble. Just put it on the stand beside the pillow of sickness. It catches in the curtains, and perfumes the stifling air. It sweetens the cup of bitter medicine, and throws a glow on the gloom of the turned lattice. It is a balm for the aching side, and a soft bandage for the temple stung with pain. It lifted Samuel Rutherford into a revelry of spiritual delight, while he was in physical agonies. It helped Richard Baxter until, in the midst of such a complication of diseases as perhaps no other man ever suffered, he wrote, "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." And it poured light upon John Bunyan's dungeon—the light of the shining gate of the shining city. And it is good for

Entrance to the Taj Mahal.

rheumatism, and for neuralgia, and for low spirits, and for consumption; it is the catholicon for all disorders. Yes, it will heal all your sorrows.

Why did you look so sad to-day when you came in? Alas! for the loneliness and the heart-break, and the load that is never lifted from your soul. Some of you go about feeling like Macaulay when he wrote: "If I had another month of such days as I have been spending, I would be impatient to get down into my little narrow crib in the ground like a weary factory-child." And there have been times in your life when you wished you could get out of this life. You have said: "Oh, how sweet to my lips would be the dust of the valley," and wished you could pull over you in your last slumber the coverlet of green grass and daisies. You have said: "Oh, how beautifully quiet it must be in the tomb. I wish I was there." I see all around about me widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness; sadness, disappointment, perplexity. If I could ask all those to rise in this audience who have felt no sorrow, and been buffeted by no disappointment—if I could ask all such to rise, how many would rise? Not one.

A widowed mother, with her little child, went West, hoping to get better wages there; and she was taken sick, and died. The overseer of the poor got her body and put it in a box, and put it in a wagon, and started down the street toward the cemetery at full trot. The little child—the only child—ran after it through the streets, bare-headed, crying: "Bring me back my mother! bring me back my mother!" And it was said that as the people looked on and saw her crying after that which lay in the box in the wagon—all she loved on earth—it is said the whole village was in tears. And that is what a great many of you are doing — chasing the dead. Dear Lord, is there no appeasement for all this sorrow that I see about me? Yes, the thought of resurrection and reunion far beyond this scene of struggle and tears.

Some one could not understand why an old German Christian scholar used to be always so calm, and happy, and hopeful, when he had so many trials, and sicknesses, and ailments. A man secreted himself in the house. He said: "I mean to watch this old scholar and Christian;" and he saw the old Christian man go to his room and sit down on the chair beside the stand, and open the Bible and begin to read. He read on and on, chapter after chapter, hour after hour, until his face was all aglow with the tidings from heaven, and when the clock struck twelve, he arose, and shut his Bible, and said, "Blessed Lord, we are on the same old terms yet. Good-night. Good-night." Oh, you sin-parched and you trouble-pounded, here is comfort, here is satisfaction. Will you come and get it? I cannot tell you what the Lord offers you hereafter so well as I can tell you now. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Have you read of the Taj Mahal in India, in some respects the most majestic building on earth? Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it. It cost about sixteen millions of dollars. The walls are of marble, inlaid with cornelian from Bagdad, and turquoise from Thibet, and jasper from the Punjaub, and amethyst from Persia, and all manner of precious stones. A traveller says that it seems to him like the shiningof an enchanted castle of burnished silver. The walls are two hundred and forty-five feet high, and from the top of these springs a dome thirty more feet high. that dome containing the most wonderful echo the world has ever known; so that ever and anon travellers standing below with flutes, and drums, and harps, are testing that echo, and the sounds from below strike up and then come down as it were the voices of angels all around about the building. There is around it a garden of tamarind, and banyan, and palm, and all the floral glories of the ransacked earth. But that is only a tomb of a dead empress, and it is tame compared with the grandeurs which God has builded for your living and immortal spirit. Oh, home of the blessed! Foundations of gold! Arches of victory! Cap-stones of praise! And a dome in which there are echoing and re-echoing the hallelujahs of the ages. And around about that mansion is a garden—the garden of God—and all the springing fountains are the bottled tears of the Church in the wilderness, and all the crimson of the flowers is the deep hue that was caught up from the carnage of earthly martyrdoms, and the fragrance is the prayer of all the saints, and the aroma puts into utter forgetfulness the cassia and the spikenard, and the frankincense, and the world-renowned spices which the Queen Balkis, of Abyssinia, flung at the feet of King Solomon.

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Through obduracy on our part, and through the rejection of that Christ who makes heaven possible, I wonder if any of us will miss that spectacle? I fear! I fear! The queen of the South will rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, because she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here! May God grant that through your own practical experience you may find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are paths of peace—that it is perfume now and perfume forever. And there was an abundance of spice; "neither was there any such spice as the Queen of Sheba gave to King Solomon."

A CRY FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

ONE MILLION WHITE CHILDREN IN THE SOUTHWEST WITHOUT RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGES.

Rev. Dr. W. P. Paxson, Son of the Pioneer American Western Sunday School Founder, Decribes the Work of the A. S. S. Union, Among the Whites and Civilized Indians—An Inviting Mission-Field—Christian Co-operation Needed.

(See illustrations on the first pages.)

HRISTIAN patriots cannot learn the real truth about any section of our land, without feeling deep concern about its future. Whether we study the condition of the people in the urban or the rural districts, we find elements which are grounds for apprehension. Social, political and religious problems cause concern to every thoughtful man. What hope is there that out of this seething turmoil we shall reach to better things? The one hope is in the young. If our boys and girls can be Christianized now, there is hope for the future.

That fact renders the work of every man who is laboring among the young as a teacher in a Sunday School, or in any other way, a work of national moment. The readers of this journal must have realized this truth and they will therefore be interested in the portrait we give this week of a representative worker in this field with some account of what he has done and what he is trying to do.

A Grand Record.

The Rev. W. P. Paxson, D. D., is the Superintendent of the Southwestern Department of the American Sunday School Union. His district includes the States of Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana, and the Indian Territory. This field he organized at the close of the Civil War, and he has now a corps of fifteen assistants whose labors, as shown in the latest report of the Southwestern Department, have been the means of gathering into these Sunday Schools 22,366 neglected children, in the year from March 1889 to March 1890. During that time, 572 new schools were organized.

The father of Dr. Paxson was Stephen Paxson, the pioneer American Missionary in Missouri and Illinois. Some thirty-eight years ago, when young Paxson was about fifteen years old, he spent his vacations in the field then occupied by his father in Illinois and Missouri, and assisted him in the work. During his lifetime, the elder Paxson planted 1,311 new Sunday Schools, and gathered into them 83,000 scholars and teachers. The seed then sown by the devoted missionary has borne fruit a thousandfold, as is shown by the report above quoted.

Thousands of Schools Planted.

"I was born in Alabama, among the Cherokees," said Rev. Dr. Paxson, yesterday. "After the war, I went, under the auspices of the American Sunday School Association, to re-organize the schools in Missouri, and when this was done, Arkansas, Texas and the Indian Territory were added to my field. Since that time, with the aid of my associates, we have planted 7,586 schools, containing 37,555 teachers, and 311, 295 scholars, besides visiting and aiding 10,312 other schools, containing 60,018 teachers and 655,431 scholars. During our travels we have distributed 70,813 Bibles and Testaments. Our schools are scattered all over the Southwest, and besides schools among the whites, we have a number among the colored people.

"Then we have 176 schools among the five civilized Indian tribes, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Seminoles, Creeks and Chickasaws. Rev. J. P. Lane, one of our missionaries who lives at Norman, Oklahoma Territory, superintends this sphere. The work is very difficult because there are three distinct languages spoken among the five civilized nations of Indians, besides many dialects. The Creeks can understand the Seminoles, the Choctaws and Chickasaws can understand each other, because their languages, though differing, come from the same stem, but the other nations cannot converse, and the work among them, involves learning all three languages or using an interpreter.

Missionary Methods.

"Our missionaries," explained Dr. Paxson, "are supported by contributions from Sunday Schools, churches and other sources. There are several instances where a mission is supported by a single individual, the total cost being about $700 a year. The Board of Managers, of whom Judge Strong is President, has its headquarters in Philadelphia, where the vice-President has associated with him thirty-six business men, representing various denominations, yet all contributing to the work. One dollar, in the Southwestern districts, about which I know most, secures the instruction of two children in our Sunday Schools. Our method of working is to assign to the missionary several counties, and he takes steps to ascertain what religious element there is in his district. When we learn definitely about these matters, the next step is the planting of a Sunday School and the supplying of Bibles and Testaments. Wherever there is a day-school, there is generally an available building; but we do not stop looking for fine quarters. I have organized one Sunday School in Texas *in the shade of a live oak tree*, and it is going yet. Sometimes we build an arbor and hold school in that. You can get the air there. We make use of any building of a public character that may happen to be empty on Sunday. I remember one occasion where we organized in the kitchen of a man's house. Then we build log school-houses at suitable points, and leave them in charge of the most reliable man in the neighborhood. We send the people literature; selling it to them where they can pay, and if not, then giving it to them free. After a time, we begin preaching there; and so the work progresses, step by step.

"It should not be forgotten," Dr. Paxson added, "that government lends no hand in this work of ours. It does not contribute to religious schools; when Grant was President, that was turned over to the different denominations. Moreover, government has nothing to do with the civilized Indian tribes. The latter have their own administration in their territory, including a Governor, Cabinet and Council. They hold their land in common."

Indian Peculiarities.

Some of the peculiarities of these tribes among whom Rev. Dr. Paxson and his associates labor, are extremely interesting.

"Old Keokuk," said the Superintendent, "a member of the Sac-Fox tribe, was a blanket Indian and a bad Indian, too. He heard a missionary telling a dying Indian the story of the Cross, and that was the first time Keokuk knew that anybody ever died for him. He was so struck with the story that he travelled two hundred miles to be baptized, and is now preaching among his people." (His picture in his old Indian costume, appears on the first page.)

"Then there was another—old man 'Journey-Cake' they called him. He belonged to the Delaware tribe. He also became a preacher of the Gospel. The Rev. Allan Wright, who lately died, was a Choctaw Indian. His son—a half-Indian—is now preaching in New York City. These civilized Indians, I should explain, became Christians before they got any education. The Indians who are educated before being Christianized sometimes make the biggest villains in the whole country. Leave the heart untouched, and you have got a rascal, whether he be white, black or red!

Roley Macintosh's Idea of Justice.

"A notable illustration of Indian character is the case of 'Roley Macintosh,' a Creek. There are no jails among the civilized Indians. Capital punishment is administered by shooting, as a general thing, though they occasionally hang a man for the third offence at horse-stealing. The first offence secures the culprit fifty lashes; the second a hundred, and the third hanging. When 'Roley Macintosh' was judge, a fellow was brought before him charged with stealing a horse. The evidence was conflicting, but 'Roley' after hearing the evidence of one man who spoke positively, gave the order: 'Take him out and whip him.' The man received fifty lashes. Next morning the horse came up; he had been caught on an island where he had strayed. 'Roley' was perplexed. It was quite clear that the man was innocent and had been wrongfully punished. The judge called the chiefs together, and then the Indian whose evidence had turned the scale was brought in.

"'Give him fifty lashes,' said the Creek Solon. 'And you,' he added, turning to the victim of the judicial blunder, 'you can steal another horse.'"

How an Indian Meets Death.

"The Indian has no fear of death, and he never breaks his word even though his life be the stake. I recall a case in point which shows what reliance may be placed upon the faith of an Indian. An execution was about to take place and a friend of mine—a stranger in the Territory—said he would like to see it.

"'Where do you keep the prisoner?' he asked.

"'The prisoner went home after hearing the verdict.'

"'What! A condemned man at liberty? Impossible! You have no guard and no jail? Won't he run away? That's what any white man would do.'

"'He's no white man,' they told him, contemptuously.

"'Well, if he comes up, I'll be disappointed—that's all.'

"Sure enough, the man came up. 'I'm ready,' said he to the sheriff. That official told him to choose a friend to shoot him. This was customary among these tribes, it being regarded as a privilege to die by the hand of your best friend. The man made his choice and pointed with his finger to a spot on his breast, right over his heart, indicating where he desired the bullet to be lodged. The friend stepped back with his Winchester levelled and there was a puff of smoke and a report. The Indian died, true to his word."

The first Sunday School at Vinita, I. T., was organized by the Rev. Dr. Paxson. There are now two colleges and several churches there. Regarding the stories frequently circulated about the dangers of travel in the Indian Territory, he says that, as far as his observation goes, they are without foundation. He has travelled all over the territory, preaching, teaching, and organizing schools, and never experienced the slightest trouble.

An Inviting Mission Field.

In Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana, there is a very large rural population. There is where the Sunday School influence most needs to be extended. There is where the children are who stand in greatest need of Sunday Schools. In these States, there are to-day *one million white children without Sabbath Schools* and with no religious privileges whatever. The number of schools established is wholly inadequate to the needs of more than a fraction of this vast army of little ones. The good that has been already done by these schools is incalculable. One of the best men in the United States Senate—a Senator remarkable for his statesmanship, eloquence and Christian principle—was converted in one of the log cabin Sunday Schools of the Union. In the pulpits, and in a thousand other honorable posts, are to be found men whose faith was first kindled when, as boys, they went to these Sunday Schools. In all the range of Christian effort there is no work more worthy or more urgent than this that brings to the children of the Southwest the Gospel message and fits them for the life that now is and that which is to come.

The section is growing rapidly and its influence on the course and destiny of the whole nation will soon be enormous. Will it be a beneficent influence? That depends on the children who are now growing up there. Dr Paxson and the men who are laboring under

his superintendence are endeavoring to give them the Christian training that will fit them to become intelligent God-fearing men and women. The parents welcome the Sunday School missionary and gladly co-operate with him in his effort but they seldom initiate the movement. The field is white to the harvest but the laborers are few. Strange to say, they are few, not because men are lacking but because funds to support them are lacking. Dr. Paxson says he could place in most promising fields several men who are well fitted for the work, if he had the necessary funds. One man especially, a noble, indefatigable consecrated worker, is ready to go and Dr. Paxson could send him to a district where, in a year, he could organize from thirty to forty Sunday Schools containing from 1200 to 1600 children. To do this would require seven hundred dollars. The man is there, the work is waiting, but there is no money for the purpose. Seven hundred dollars is not a large sum to accomplish a work so beneficent with a prospect so glorious. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would like to furnish it and if its readers will co-operate with the publisher in doing it, he will gladly give $200 of the amount required. We shall be pleased to hear from any who will avail themselves of the privilege.

TA-CHIEN-LU.

A Strange Chinese Village Embosomed in Mountains at an Altitude of 8400 Feet.

(See Illustration on page 285.)

THE village, a picture of which appears on page 285, is one of the most remarkable in the whole world. It is situated in a nest of mountains and is no less than 8400 feet above the level of the sea. Our picture is reproduced from a photograph taken by Mr. A. E. Pratt, the famous naturalist, who lived in the village for several weeks in 1889 and again in 1890. Its name is Ta-Chien-Lu and it is situated in Western China among the mountains which separate it from Eastern Thibet.

Mr. Pratt travelled thither from Shanghai, the first twelve hundred miles of his journey being on the great river Yang-tze which is said to be three thousand miles long. After leaving the river he bought a horse and travelled overland, having first shaved his head and put on Chinese costume to avoid the hostility which the inhabitants show to foreigners. His course was over high mountains and through deep ravines, his path leading him to higher altitudes until at last he found himself on the Fei-Yu-Ling pass, 9020 feet above the sea. Descending by a slippery path so dangerous that every step must be in a hole cut for the foot to rest in, he came suddenly upon the village of Ta-Chien-Lu. There he found some French missionaries who hospitably entertained him during his stay. His object in visiting the place was to make a collection of moths. He spent most of his time on the mountains, sheltering himself in a Thibetan tent, made of Chinese cloth embroidered with blue.

THE COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

(See Illustration on page 284.)

AN important feature of the Mohammedan Mosque is the spacious court surrounding the main building. It generally contains several small edifices. These often comprise a school in which the Koran is read and explained; a library; a hospital; a khan for the reception of pilgrims; a public bath; and a place in which a pilgrim, a widow or a minor may leave treasure for safe keeping, the sacredness of the place being a sufficient protection. Our illustration, which is reproduced from a photograph brought by Dr. Talmage from the Holy Land, represents some buildings of this kind in the Court of the Mosque of Omar, in Jerusalem. The Mosque itself is one of the most ancient and most venerated of all Mohammedan edifices. It stands on the site once occupied by Solomon's Temple, and is said to have been founded by the Caliph Omar, who is reverenced by all Mohammedans, next to the prophet himself. He captured Jerusalem in the year 627.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

FIFTEEN Hundred Puzzled immigrants have been detained nearly three weeks on an island off the coast of New York. They came here on two steamers—the *Fulda* and *La Burgoyne*. The former had a case of malignant small-pox on board, and the latter a case of typhus. Very few of the passengers could speak a word of English. They are chiefly Germans, French, Swiss, and Italians. It was very difficult to make them understand why they were carried off to the island to be quarantined instead of being landed in New York. Interpreters explained to them that, though none of them were sick at the time, some might have taken the infection and would become sick. They would have to wait on the island eighteen days, and then if they were all well they would be admitted. We understand how, in the interest of a great city such precautions are necessary and some have thought that God acts on the same principle before admitting his children to heaven. Happily there is no Scriptural basis for the idea of Purgatory. The Christian is in this life "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." (Col. 1 : 12.)

An Invitation Given Twenty-nine Years Ago, was accepted in New York recently. The invitation was given in camp immediately after the second battle of Bull Run, in 1862. General di Cesnola, who commanded the cavalry, was sitting down to a meal of macaroni after the battle, when General Sigel, the commander of the Eleventh Army Corps, passed by and smelled the dish. He poked his head in the tent, and General di Cesnola invited him in. Generals Stahl and Carl Schurz, who were division commanders in the corps, were sent for to join in the repast. After it was finished the three guests expressed their satisfaction with the meal. General di Cesnola said: "Wait till we meet in New York and I will give you an Italian dinner that will prove to you that Italian cooking is the best in the world." The four men did not meet in New York until two months ago, when General di Cesnola renewed the invitation. It was promptly accepted, and a few days ago he had the pleasure of entertaining his three friends, at a noted Italian restaurant on Fifth Avenue, at the feast to which he had invited them twenty-nine years before. The long delay did not imply any negligence on the part of the host, nor any disrespect on the part of the guests; but how different is the conduct of those whom God invites to the Gospel feast! Their delay in accepting the invitation is an affront to him and may involve their eternal ruin. (Luke 14 : 24.)

A Snake-Charmer's Fight for his Life is Described in a despatch from Chicago published last week. The man was particularly careful on his arrival in the city to have a long blue box carried to his room in the Grand Palace Hotel. The box contained a number of fine snakes one of which was a python, seven feet long. Several friends called on him that evening and the professor took the snakes out of the box and fondled them for his friends' gratification. When the party adjourned to the barroom he put the snakes back in the box but omitted to secure the lid. An hour or two later the professor returned and went to bed. In the course of the night the occupant of the adjoining room was aroused by cries for help. He went into the professor's chamber and there saw a horrible sight. The gigantic python had forced its way out of the box and had tightly coiled itself around its owner's body. The man was being choked but could not move a limb. Help was summoned and then while one man grasped the snake by the neck close to the head two others with difficulty untwisted the coils of the tail. It was then securely fastened in the box and restoratives were administered to the bruised man. He had a narrow escape. Some who have fallen into the power of the great enemy of souls, who in the Bible is likened to a serpent, have not been so fortunate. Though they knew his power, as the professor did that of the python, they did not dread it until they awoke helpless in his grasp. (Prov. 23 : 32.)

A Remarkable Application for Divorce has been rejected by a Judge of the Supreme Court at Albany, N. Y. It was made by the husband who alleged that since the marriage he had discovered facts reflecting on his wife's character, which she had concealed from him when he married her. The Judge in denying him relief observed that, "if false representations of personal characteristics would justify a judgment annulling a marriage it would be impossible to say to just what qualities the rule would apply. Applications might be made on the ground of temper, religious belief, education, or concealed physical defects." Though the decision gives the victory to the wife she is not likely to enjoy much happiness with her husband. It might have been better for her if she had told him of the facts before the marriage, though in that case he evidently would not have married her. Happily for the believer there is no such barrier to union with Christ. He accepts the most unworthy and makes them fit to be his bride. (Eph. 5 : 25-27.)

The Adoption of a Lady into an Indian Tribe which recently took place at Carrollton, N. Y., is said to be an event unprecedented in our history. It appears that a bill was before the Legislature at Albany which if it had passed would have been detrimental to the interests of the Senecas. The measure was defeated mainly through the earnestness and eloquence of Mrs. Converse, the valiant and long-tried friend of the Indians. She appeared with the Indian delegation before the Senate Committee and so ably argued against the bill that it was rejected. The Indians were deeply grateful to her for the service and as the highest mark of their gratitude, they have formally adopted her into the Indian community and have conferred upon her an Indian name. Not every white lady would consider it an honor to become an Indian, but such a lady as Mrs. Converse who loves the race and has served it so faithfully, doubtless, is proud of the distinction. It is thus that Jesus glories in the name of the "Son of Man." By his life and death he identified himself with the race and counts it no humiliation to be so known. (Heb. 2 : 9.)

A Search for Gold Among the Ashes of a burned house has been carried on at Absecom, N. J., for several days. The owner of the house was a man of considerable wealth, but he had a profound distrust of banks, and safe-deposit vaults. He kept his mortgages, bonds and valuable papers in a barrel which stood near his desk in his office, but his money, consisting of gold eagles and double eagles to the value of over ten thousand dollars, he secreted in his cellar. He put the coins in baking-powder cans. These cans were set in large square boxes with sand filled in to make them solid. After his house had been burned down and the smouldering debris which fell into the cellar had been extinguished a search was made for the property. The precious barrel of papers had of course been consumed. The boxes in which the coin had been set had shared the same fate, but many of the coins were recovered uninjured. A large number, however, had been melted by the intense heat; but when the ashes were carefully sifted the metal of which they were made, was found. If before the fire the owner thought the barrel of papers the most valuable part of his estate, as he probably did, he must have changed his mind when the flames had done their work. The day is coming when there will be a similar change in the estimate which men now place on the relative value of their achievements. Then, too, the trial is to be by fire and the Apostle warns us that it will "try every man's work of what sort it is" and there is much that will be destroyed (1 Cor. 3 : 12–15).

SIN THE CAUSE OF SORROW.

S. S. LESSON FOR MAY 17, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. HOSEA 10: 1-15. GOLDEN TEXT, ISAIAH 59: 2.

Sorrow to Continue as Long as Sin Remains — Nothing Accidental in the Believer's Life — A Widow's Dream of Happiness Unrealized—Men Thwarted who Live for Themselves—The Idolatry in Israel—Hosea Raised up to Reprove the People — The Christian's Wilderness Experience—Sorrow a Means, Not an End.

NTIL sin came into the world, sorrow was unknown. Only when sin has ceased to be will tears be all wiped away. As a rule, men look upon trouble as accidental, or as caused by the wrong-doing of someone else than the party himself. They are slow to perceive, acknowledge, sometimes even to allow, that there is any connection between sin and sorrow; and few there are who see the direct hand of God in his permission of the trouble and sorrow which there is upon earth. David knew his tears were marked, and calls his God to put them into his bottle, and note them in his book. Our Lord himself tells us that every hair of our heads is numbered, and Zechariah declares, that "Whoso toucheth God's children toucheth the apple of his eye." It is a heathenish idea that things happen by chance; a true believer knows that God has to do with all which happens, that "All things work together for good to them that love God," and therefore looks instinctively to discover in all things what God is saying and doing. "Israel is an empty vine; he bringeth forth

Fruit Unto Himself."

God's purpose for Israel was quite another. "As the girdle cleaveth to the loins of a man, so have I caused to cleave unto me the whole house of Israel and the whole house of Judah, saith the Lord; that they might be unto me for a people, and for a name, and for a praise, and for a glory." No wonder there crept in friction, misunderstanding, and trouble, between Israel and their God. "Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear."

But is this state of things peculiar to Israel of old? Look on the sad, disconsolate faces which meet us at every turn of the street, and enquire into their history. What is the secret of that poor woman's sorrow, who never seems to have a smile, or a look of joy, upon her face? She will tell you she is a widow, she had looked forward to years of happy life with her husband in a comfortable home, with her children a comfort to her, and all that heart could wish around her. This was her picture of life. It was for herself, her husband must live for her, her children minister to her, her comfortable house must gratify her, and so time and eternity, family and circumstances, must revolve round her! And where is God to be found in all this? What place does she leave for him? He is reduced to the level of a relieving officer, to come in when some unforeseen calamity may arise! No wonder God upset such a plan for life, and the castle in the air fell in ruins. God has never led men to expect this kind of life, and yet thousands pity themselves, blame God, and think themselves hardly used if they cannot procure it; and thousands more are doing all they can to provide for such a life: they are bringing forth fruit unto themselves.

We were not sent into the world for ourselves, but for our God; "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise." (Isa 43: 21.) We were not redeemed for our own sake, but that we might be "to the praise of the glory of his grace," and if God is pulling one way, and we are pulling another, it is no wonder if trouble and sorrow are the result. God says, "The spirit should fail before me." But man lifts up his puny arm against God, as though he expected God to yield before him! Man's great trouble is that

He Cannot Have His Own Way,

he wants to be rich, and in numberless instances, he is thwarted; and sorrow follows. Why? Because it is a sin to live with no higher motive than to be rich; God created man for something better. A man who seeks to be rich for the sake of riches, becomes a monster of selfishness; and his very riches become his trouble, "he bringeth forth fruit unto himself." Another man may seek to be great. He is ambitious, he covets power for the sake of being somebody, he must be a centre of attraction. With many men, it does not matter so much in what way, or by what means, they secure popularity so long as they obtain it in some way. Even the very work of God is made use of by some as a means to an end, a pedestal on which to place their own statue, a candlestick to carry their own light. But it is our own way which Christ came to save us from. "We have turned everyone to his own way and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." (Isa 53: 6.) Is it not the truest, tenderest love in our heavenly Father that he stops us, thwarts us, lets us suffer? "The way of a man is not in himself." "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." (Prov. 16: 25.) There is mercy in the severe discipline of our God. And how many there are who must be thwarted, broken, humbled, brought to nothing in themselves, until they learn, like Paul, that the treasure we have is not the fruit which we bring forth unto ourselves, but "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ;" and "We have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." (II. Cor. 4: 6, 7.)

Cain lived to himself; there was fruit unto himself in the very offering he brought to God, but it was not accepted. Lot lived for himself; and succeeded in getting a position and a name among the ungodly men of Sodom; but before his soul could be really secure, sorrow and trouble must visit him; and the nest, which he had so well feathered, had to be broken up. Balaam had his own plans for advancement in life but he failed in his attempt to bring God into them at the cost of cursing his own people; and sorrow and trouble came on Balaam. What brought sorrow upon King Saul but his own sin? What made David, the man after God's own heart, so grievously suffer in his own family? It was sin.

The religion of Israel in the time of Hosea, during the reign of the wicked Ahaz, was rank idolatry; the king "burned his children on the fire," "sacrificed, and burnt incense in the high places," "cut in pieces the vessels of the house of God," "shut up the doors of the house of the Lord," so that no one else should worship the true God, "made him altars in every corner of Jerusalem. And in every several city of Judah he made high places to burn incense unto other Gods." No wonder Ahaz himself was brought into sore distress! No wonder "The Lord brought Judah low because of Ahaz, king of Israel!"

God raised up Hosea to bear witness to them that he was unchanged. Israel had left him, but he had not forsaken Israel. But how make for her a way of return? "Behold, I will allure her, and bring her

Into the Wilderness,

and speak to her heart." (Hos. 2: 14, margin.) Yes, in the wilderness, the loneliness of a sick-room, the humiliation of poverty, when business losses have visited us, in bitter disappointments and humiliations in the work of God,—in such wilderness times, he gains the ear of his people. "I will go and return to my place, till they acknowledge their offence, and seek my face; in their affliction they will seek me early." (Hos. 5: 15.) Sorrow is not the end, not the goal of the Lord's dealings with his people, it is but a means to an end. There is a way back to our God when we have wandered. Let sorrow lead to confession, to a complete break with sin and selfishness, and then the precious blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin. But there is no permanence in simple cleansing if we stop there. Newness of life, a life out of self, must be the result, or the old idolatry, the old self-life, will return. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up the fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you." It is as though the Lord would say to Israel, If you must be self-seeking, then know that the best way to serve yourselves is to serve your God; sow to yourselves, not in idolatry, but in righteousness; break up instead of treading down, your fallow ground. How? By this; "it is a time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you," which will be a fruit unto God in which ye shall have your share. Learn to wait upon your God until you know that the end you seek is gained. "He that soweth to the flesh shall of his flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." (Gal. 6: 8.) Let God have his rights as the true Centre of our being, of our life, and then sorrow will be turned into joy as sin and self give way to righteousness, and to the service of our God. Whose are the faces which know no wrinkles and wear no trace of care? Those who truly walk with God, who know "no condemnation" who have no will but his, who make him the end of all they do and say. Looking on such a face as Stephen's, we see as it were "the face of an angel."

A DARKENED HOUSEHOLD.

A Story of the Golden Text for May 17. "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God." Is. 59: 2.

BY J. B. McLOY.

H! Harry, do not be so cruel. The poor horse does not deserve to be so ill-treated." "Well, then, why does he not do what I tell him? He always wants his own way; but he can't have it with me, that you may depend on." Thus spoke to his sister a beautiful boy of twelve years: his eyes flashed and his whole body shook with excitement. But the distress, which his cruelty to the horse had caused his sister, evidently produced some effect upon him; for all at once he rushed from the courtyard into the house, and with sobs and tears threw himself on his couch.

Harry and Cora were the only children of a wealthy farmer in one of our Eastern States. Their parents were good people who attended church regularly, and saw to it that the children went punctually every Sabbath to the Sunday School in the village church. The father's business took up all his time during the week; and as the facilities for getting an education were not in those early days what they are now, the whole training of the children devolved almost exclusively on the fond mother. In her eyes her darlings were perfection. She could see no fault in them. Cora was indeed the gentlest of creatures; but Harry was naturally of a quick, headstrong disposition. The good mother could only see manliness and independence in her boy, and resented any word from a neighbor who might insinuate the advisability of correcting faults which others could not see in the same light that she did.

"Now, Harry," said his mother on this particular occasion, "you really must not be cruel to the poor horse. You have not a bad heart, I know: but you are too hasty, and you grieve me very much when you excite yourself so unduly. Promise me this will not happen again."

Harry gave the promise; and the mother was fully satisfied that her whole duty had been performed.

Years rolled on: and a very great change had

taken place in that family. The farmer and his wife were now old and feeble; their faces showed clearly signs of grief and suffering. The children they loved so dearly were far away from them. Cora had made a good marriage, and had her home in a distant city. But Harry —what had become of him?

At the age of twenty-one, he had accepted a position in a mercantile house in one of the Eastern cities. Before leaving home, his mother, whose eyes had been opened as to his disposition, spoke to him in a very earnest manner.

"Harry, my dear son, you are leaving us and going out into a very wicked world. Promise me, before you go, that you will never forget to ask God's blessing on you every day; and also that you will associate only with Christian people." Harry with tears in his eyes made the promise, and after an affectionate farewell left the house.

For a time everything prospered with him, and his conduct was such as to command the esteem and full confidence of his employers. His attendance at church was regular; and everybody believed that he was leading a genuine Christian life.

In an evil hour a new clerk was introduced into the same office with Harry. He was a fine young man with a good appearance and the happiest of dispositions. He had travelled much and knew the world like a book. Poor Harry was literally fascinated by his new companion, as the thoughtless bird is fascinated by the bright eyes of the snake. He began to sigh for that knowledge of the world in which he was deficient, and gradually became remiss in his religious duties. The grace of God, however, was following him up, and many an effort did he make to tear himself loose from the influence of his fellow clerk. But the poison had entered his soul, and his efforts in the right direction began to grow feebler and more feeble. Four years have elapsed since we last saw the fond mother's darling, spoiled boy; and surely no one could recognize in the swaggering bully at the race-track and in the saloon, the young man who started so well.

Harry was now flashily dressed, and always had plenty of money, although he had no visible means of support, since he had dropped all correspondence with his family. True, his conscience frequently reproached him for the life he was leading; but he had long since learned to stifle that small still voice; and his iniquities had evidently "separated between him and his God."

But the end was at hand. A dispute took place in a bar-room one evening. A man covered with wounds was carried out and soon breathed his last. Harry was accused and afterwards convicted of having used a knife; he was condemned to spend the remainder of his days behind the bars of a State prison. How truly his iniquities had separated between himself and his God!

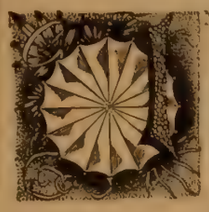
Can you wonder that the poor old father and mother in their distant home were dwelling, at the time of our story, in a darkened household.

AN ORIENTAL PIPE SURRENDERED.

A STORY of the conversion of an aged Greek is told in a letter to the *Missionary Herald* by Mr. Bartlett who is laboring at Boordoor, a town 175 miles south-east of Smyrna, where the American Board has a station. He says: "Yesterday we celebrated the Lord's Supper and received to the church a man seventy years old. His two sons, both young men, had united with the church before. They are Greeks, and he has been a leading man in the Greek church for many years; but he has been very intemperate, and a most inveterate slave to the nargileh, which he would smoke almost incessantly, declaring that he should die if he were obliged to give it up. He had for some time known the truth, and had occasionally attended the service on the Sabbath. One day while listening to a sermon from the pastor, in which he narrated the story which had suggested the hymn, 'Over the line,' he was led to a decision that he would not leave his seat till he had decided the contest, and then and there yielded his proud heart and stubborn will to Christ, and from that hour, for now three months, has never smoked his nargileh nor drunk any ardent spirits. He is constant in attendance upon all the services, and his wife also, in full sympathy, always accompanies him, though she says that for forty years they have never walked together, oriental custom forbidding. From the day of his decision he has had no desire to smoke or drink, so completely has grace conquered his appetite."

THE NEARING ADVENT.

An Address at the London Prophetic Conference by Bishop Richardson, D.D., of the Reformed Episcopal Church.



IN reference to various criticisms upon the prophetic views which have been set forth by the Rev. M. Baxter, which have appeared in many papers, we are obliged to these papers for calling attention to his expositions, and knowing the good he is doing by his preaching, and by the evangelists, numbering more than one hundred, belonging to his organization called the Gospel Union, we should be willing to stand by his side on occasions of this kind. I wonder if the writers who carp at prophetic expositions, ever heard of one who had a little knowledge of the starry heavens, and who rejoiced in his day in the name of Sir Isaac Newton, and if they did not know, they may read, that he believed in the Word of God and the prophecies of Daniel, and that he spoke very definitely on some of that prophet's predictions. Good Bishop Newton also wrote a great work on "Prophecy," and some of the ablest clergymen of the church of England, such as the Revs. E. Bickersteth, T. R. Birks, E. B. Elliott, G. S. Faber, Thomas Scott, the Commentator, Dr. Hales, and others, have held that great troubles and trials will befall the Christian Church in the closing years of this nineteenth century, in connection with the Second Coming of Christ. So that Mr. Baxter, in publicly proclaiming his views is substantially setting forth what these divines have

Written in Their Expositions.

Most of you who are students of prophecy will be aware that there are two great schools of interpreters. One class of persons, the Historical Expositors, who consider that the fulfilment of the Book of Revelation has been going on ever since it was written, and that the time of the end is near. The other school is called the Futurist, who hold that a very large portion of the symbols of Revelation will be fulfilled within a short period of the end of the present age. Though these two schools apparently differ, both are at one on this point, they all believe that the end of the age is near at hand, so that even if we cannot absolutely agree to every figure that Mr. Baxter puts down, we may rest assured that he is very near the truth at any rate. Nothing astonishes me more than when I see intelligent men saying that these prophetic students predict the end of the world. I never knew students of prophecy put the thing in that way. What we do say is that the times of the Gentiles are nearly fulfilled, and that the conversion of the Jews and of the heathen, will soon be effected by the Coming of Christ in connection with the close of our Gentile dispensation and the beginning of

The Millennial Dispensation.

Prophetic students who look for the return of the Lord to this earth, know that the great tribulation must come first, as set forth in Matthew 24: 21, and as predicted in the last chapter of Daniel in the words, "At the Time of the End, there shall be a Time of Trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that time and at that time, many who sleep in the dust of the earth shall arise, some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

We are never taught in the Word of God that the preaching of the Gospel, as at present carried on, is going to convert the world, because the Gospel is to be preached for a witness to every nation, and God shall gather out from the nations a people prepared for himself, but until the coming kingdom the nations will not be gathered into his blessed fold.

Then again, some newspapers speak lightly with respect to the translation of the saints, and the resurrection of the dead. How few people understand what the Bible says on these subjects. If we believe that Enoch was translated, and that our blessed Lord was raised from the tomb, we must believe that God will manifest similar divine power on another occasion, if he says he will do it. People believe one resurrection, and think a second resurrection incredible. What did Christ teach? The New Testament abounds in wonders, and not the least is that where Christ is regarded as the first fruits of them that slept.

Christ Rose From the Dead,

and afterwards they that are Christ's. He is coming again. There is a long interval between the resurrection of Christ and those who are Christ's, and then there will be another interval before the general resurrection at the end of the millennium. Then in the third chapter of Philippians, St. Paul speaks of an earnest desire, one supreme longing that fills his heart, that is constantly with him, and that longing is that he may be permitted to take part in the resurrection of the dead, that is to say, an electic resurrection of the righteous from out of the mass of the dead.

That is a beautiful passage where he comforts mourners with these words, "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the dead in Christ shall rise first," only the dead in Christ, not others, "and then we which are alive shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and so we shall ever be with the Lord." Therefore we can cheer one another with these words, knowing that it beckons us onward to so glorious a meeting with the blessed Redeemer. We have a distinct promise that Satan shall be bound for a thousand years, and unable to do his evil work for that period, and those that have died believing in Christ, and those who are watching for the translation of the saints will live and reign with him for 1,000 years. This is the first resurrection. It is easy to be understood. All the teaching of Scripture is easy to be understood. If this is the Word of God we should believe it whether we understand it or not. There is one great miracle which God has been carrying on through all the ages. I am thinking now of the wonderful Jews—God's ancient people. His promises and threatenings in connection with them are most marked and carried out most literally.

The Jew

for over 1,800 years has not been allowed to hold land in his own country; he has had his teeth drawn to make him give up money; and his children taken from him upon the slightest pretence, and now he is persecuted by Russia. There is one thing to be fulfilled, and that is, he is to possess his own land, and God is to come to his defence. Judæa has been the battle ground of the nations. Men have fought for it, but none have possessed it. When you see the Jew returning to his own land you see the last link in the chain of prophecy being fulfilled. What do you see to-day? That the land is being re-peopled with thousands of Jews. Their persecution in Russia is bringing them back in great numbers to their own land. I am right in saying that there are nearly 100,000 Jews in Palestine to-day. I look upon these things as indications from God of what is going to happen. The Lord said, "When ye see these things come to pass, lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." This redemption is for the Jew as well as for the Gentile, and when you see him going back in a widening stream to his own land, we may feel sure that God is working out his purposes, and that the time is short, and we ought to be thoroughly in earnest as men who watch and wait for the coming of their Lord.

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OUR INFIRMITIES.

THERE is no warmer Bible phrase than this: "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities." The divine nature is so vast, and the human so small, that we are apt to think that they do not touch each other at any point. We might have never so many mishaps, the government at Washington would not hear of them; and there are multitudes in Britain whose troubles Victoria never knows; but there is a Throne against which strike our most insignificant perplexities. What touches us, touches Christ. What annoys us, annoys Christ. What robs us, robs Christ. He is the great nerve-centre to which thrill all sensations which touch us, who are his members.

He is touched with our physical infirmities. I do not mean that he merely sympathizes with a patient in collapse of cholera, or in the delirium of yellow fever, or in the anguish of a broken back, but in all those annoyances that come from a disordered nervous condition. In our excited American life, sound nerves are a scarcity. Human sympathy in the case we mention amounts to nothing. Your friends laugh at you and say that you have "the blues," or "the high strikes," or "the fidgets," or "the dumps." But Christ never laughs at the whims, the notions, the conceits, the weaknesses of the nervously disordered. Christ probably suffered in the same way, for he had lack of sleep, lack of rest, lack of right food, lack of shelter, and under this his finely strung temperament must have become (as we say) nervous.

Chronic complaints,—rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia,—cease to excite human sympathy. But with Christ they never become an old story. He is as sympathetic as when you felt the first twinge of an inflamed muscle, or the first pang of indigestion. When you cannot sleep, Christ keeps awake with you. All the pains you ever had in your head are not equal to the pains Christ had in his head. All the acute sufferings you ever had in your feet are not equal to the acute suffering Christ had in his feet. By his own hand he fashioned your every bone, strung every nerve, grew every eyelash, set every tooth in its socket, and your every physical disorder is patent to him and touches his sympathies.

He is also touched with the infirmities of our prayers. Nothing bothers the Christian more than the imperfection of his prayers. His getting down on his knees seems to be the signal for his thoughts to fly every-whither. While praying about one thing he is thinking about another. Could you ever keep your mind ten minutes on one supplication? We never could. While you are praying your store comes in, your kitchen comes in, your losses and gains come in. The minister spreads his hands for prayer, and you put your head on the back of the pew in front, and travel round the world in five minutes. A brother rises in prayer-meeting to lead in supplication. After he has begun, the door slams, and you peep through your fingers to see who is coming in. You say to yourself, "What a finely-expressed prayer!" or "What a blundering specimen!" "But how long he keeps on! Wish he would stop! He prays for the world's conversion. I wonder how much he gives towards it? There! I don't think I turned the gas down in the parlor. Wonder if Bridget has got home yet. Wonder if they had thought to take that cake out of the oven?" or "What a fool I was to put my name on the back of that note! Ought to have sold those goods for cash, and not on credit!" And so you go on thinking over one thing after another until the gentleman says "Amen!" and you lift up your head saying, "There! I haven't prayed a bit. I am not a Christian!" Yes, you are, if you have resisted the tendency. Christ knows how much you have resisted, and how thoroughly we are disordered of sin, and he will pick out the one earnest petition from the rubbish and answer it. To the very depth of his nature he sympathizes with the infirmity of our prayers.

BRIGHT HOMES.

MAKE your home the brightest place on earth if you would charm your children into the high path of rectitude and religion. Do not always have the blinds turned the wrong way. Let God's light, that puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy, stream into your windows. Do not expect your children to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with West's "Death on the Pale Horse," and Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents;" but rather let there be on your walls some simpler pictures,—"The Hawking Party," "The Old Mill, by the Mountain Stream," "The Fox Hunt," "The Harvest Scene," "The Children amid Flowers," and "Saturday Night Marketing." Get you no lesson of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap, and lamb's frisk, and squirrel's chatter, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet which, from the rock on the mountain-top to the meadow fern under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at, and talking just for the sake of hearing itself talk? If all the skies hurtled in thunder tempest, and storms perpetually wandered across the sea, and all the streams were raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mud foam, and there were eternal simooms, throbbing among the hills, and the world had neither lark's carol, nor humming-bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark, and panther's scream, and wolf's howl — then you would do well to bother and plague yourself all through life, gathering around you only the shadows; but when God has strewn our path with so many blessings, it is high time we took into our homes more of the brightness, more of the innocent hilarity, more of the good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls to be bad men and bad women.

BRIEF NOTES.

Mr. E. P. Telford has consented to remain another week at Plainfield, N. J. During the past two weeks there has been a rich harvest of blessing. The Baptist and Methodist Churches are uniting in the work.

Professor J. H. Hyslop of Columbia College, read a paper yesterday before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy. The Summer School of this Institution will be held this year at Avon-by-the-Sea in August.

The One Hundred and Third General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States will meet in the Fort Street Presbyterian Church, Detroit, Mich., Thursday, May 21, 1891, at 11 A. M., and will be opened with a sermon by the retiring Moderator, the Rev. William Eves Moore, D. D.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD evangelist commenced a series of services last Sunday in the Bedford Street M. E. Church, New York. Three services were held on Sunday, and they are to be continued every evening this week and next. Mr. Cannon's meetings in the Bethany Church were wonderfully blessed.

Eleven dollars have been received at this office from a correspondent at Hunters Hot Springs, Mont., whose signature is "A Laborer." He desires the money to be expended in sending copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to persons who may be benefited by the perusal. "This," as he justly says, "is a good way to do missionary work among people who can be reached in no other way."

Bishop William Taylor writes from the steamer *Gaboon:* "We are in sight of Accra. We are a loving party of eighf missionaries, including myself. Brother Rasmussen, who has come on board, is in good health. He is going to prospect for new stations on the north bank of the Congo. I have seen all our missionaries except two, in the Snive and Cape Palmas districts. All well except Miss Dingman, who must have a change of air. Our work is progressing all along the line."

The approaching National Conference of Charities and Correction, which will be held at Indianapolis, May 13 to 20, is one of the most important assemblies of the year. Its object is to collect, compare, and diffuse information respecting every kind of charitable, penal and reformatory work, and eminent men of experience in this sphere, will be be there to report on their labors, and discuss the best methods of work. Information as to railroad rates may be obtained from Mr. Alexander Johnson, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the American Bible Society will be celebrated May 13th and 14th. A public meeting will be held in Chickering Hall, New York, on the evening of Wednesday, May 13th, at which addresses will be delivered by Rev. John Burton, D.D., of Toronto, Representative of the Upper Canada Bible Society; by the Rev. James Stalker, D. D., of Glasgow, Representative of the National Bible Society of Scotland; by the Rev. T. Aston-Binns, of London, Representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, D. D., of Boston. Admission to this meeting will be by ticket, which may be secured without cost by application at the Society's salesroom, No. 4 Bible House, after May 4.

General sympathy has been aroused during the past week for the Rev. George W. Bothwell, D. D., pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose life was imperilled by a remarkable misadventure. About three weeks ago while administering a dose of medicine to a sick child he accidentally swallowed a small cork which he was holding between his teeth. The cork lodged in the bronchial tubes, causing acute suffering. Though skilful surgeons operated twice upon him the cork resisted their efforts to remove it. A third and still more critical operation was ordered in the hope of saving his life.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., was on Thursday last elected Bishop of Massachusetts in succession to Bishop Paddock, who died on March 9th, and whose portrait and life were published in this journal at the time. The Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church had been thoroughly canvassed prior to its assembly, by the leaders of the rival parties, Dr. Brooks, being the candidate of one, and Dr. Henry Y. Satterlee, of New York, the candidate of the other. In the clergy house the vote was 92 for Dr. Brooks, and 58 for Dr. Satterlee. Of the lay delegates 55 voted for Dr. Brooks, and 32 for Dr. Satterlee. Dr. Brooks is fifty-six years of age and is one of the most famous pulpit orators of our land.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Southern Exposition Programme—The Eight-Hour Labor Strikes—Samoa's Usurper Dead—The Grant Monument—China Rejects Minister Blair—General Notes.

WHEN the Southern Exposition opens at Raleigh, N. C., on May 15th, fourteen Southern States, and New Mexico and Arizona will be represented. It is intended that the Exposition should be a permanent one, but a special effort will be made, from October to Dec., to have an impressive showing of the farm products and resources of the South. One of the most interesting features will be the exhibit showing the advancement of the colored race. This branch will be managed exclusively by colored men, each State having its own commissioner. Colored people all over the country will be more than ordinarily attracted by this utilitarian demonsration of the progress of their race.

The Great Eight Hour Labor Strikes, which were announced in many parts of the country to be inaugurated on May 1st, did not take place, as anticipated, except in a few cities. There were a few peaceful and orderly parades, followed by evening banquets and speech-making. In the European Capitals socialist disturbances were expected, and troops held in readiness for any outbreak. In Paris, a terrible dynamite explosion occurred in the Champs Elysees, in a private building, breaking windows and alarming the neighborhood. The Anarchists were suspected, and 300 dangerous characters were arrested. Rioting occurred in Marseilles.

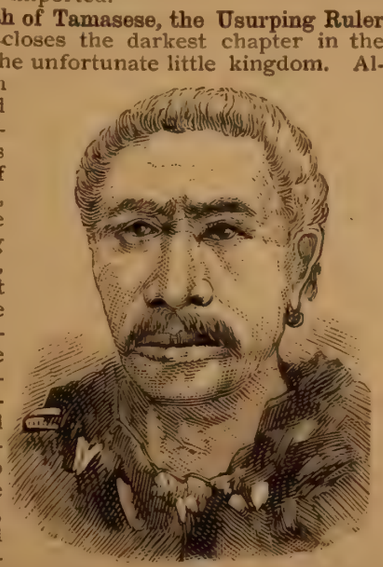
China has Refused to Accept the Hon. Henry W. Blair as United States Minister, and the act has excited a stir among the diplomats at Washington. Mr. Blair, while in Congress and during the great debate on the Chinese Exclusion Bill, was among the foremost opponents of admission, and his speeches have been the means of influencing Premier Li Hung Chang and **the Chinese Government in this decision.** When the news of the rejection reached Washington, Mr. Blair had already started for his new post. He frankly admits that he still entertains the same views he held when he spoke and voted for exclusion. Ex-Senator Blair has been one of the most active members of Congress of late years and has been specially prominent as an advocate of public education. He is now about fifty-five years of age, a man of rugged physique and strong character, eloquent and forcible in debate. It is highly probable that the President may nominate him as Minister to Japan, in which event the Pekin mission would probably go to a Western man. Mr. Blair is a native of New Hampshire. His portrait is given in this column.

Ground was Broken at Riverside Park, New York, on Tuesday, April 27th, for the building of the long-deferred monument to the late General Grant. In presence of a most distinguished attendance, including Mrs. U. S. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris and other relatives of the dead hero, half a hundred military and naval officers of high rank, and a large representation from the different posts of the G. A. R., in several states, Commander Charles H. Freeman of the N. Y. State Department G. A. R., turned the

first sod with a silver spade, the U. S. S. *Yantic* fired a salute and General Porter delivered an eloquent oration. The silver spade will be preserved by the Grant Monument Association as a relic. The monument, which is shown in the illustration above, will be in the Doric style of architecture, in the form of a pile of granite one hundred feet square and one hundred feet high, capped by a dome seventy-feet in height. Around the dome will be figures representing four of the generals attached to Grant's staff during the war. The gateless portico will be surmounted by a colossal equestrian statue of Grant. The crypt will contain a memorial hall where 1,000 persons can assemble. On one side will be a granite sarcophagus with a place by the side of the warrior for the body of his wife, when she shall have departed this life. The whole will cost in the neighborhood of $500,000.

Major Wm. McKinley Jr., the Author of the Tariff Bill was the central figure of interest at the Annual Banquet of the American Protective Tariff League, which took place in New York, on the evening of April 29th. Among the noted men present, were vice-President Morton, Secretary Noble, Murat Halstead, Commissioner Porter, of the Census Bureau, Asst. P. M. Gen. Clarkson, and a large array of statesmen in and out of public official life. There were fourteen tables, at which thirty-seven guests sat down, and every article,—food, pottery, napery, glass-ware and crockery was of American manufacture—the coffee and the waiters alone being imported.

The Death of Tamasese, the Usurping Ruler of Samoa, closes the darkest chapter in the history of the unfortunate little kingdom. Although there had been, at different times revolts of rebel chiefs, against the rule of King Malietoa, arising out of the greedy policy of the various European powers, and their attempts to divide the kingdom, Samoa had a comparatively tranquil government until 1878. For five years she had been under the virtual protection of the United States and her commerce was prosperous. England and Germany were both interested in the Samoan trade, and the latter was desirous of obtaining a station in the Pacific. The two powers disagreed, and despite the protests of the American and English representatives at Apia, the German naval commander took Malietoa prisoner, and carried him into exile. At the same time, Tamasese, a rival chief, was proclaimed king. At the time, there was a very serious prospect of trouble between Germany and this country over the affair, but Bismarck gave assurances that were deemed satisfactory, and the matter was allowed to rest. Samoa was regarded as practically annexed to Germany. Malietoa fled on being released by the warships, and his followers proclaimed Mataafa king. A number of conflicts occured between the native factions, and peace was finally concluded in 1889, Tamasese being accepted as monarch. Tamasese has been an invalid for some time past. His portrait is given in the preceding column.



Recent Antiquarian Discoveries at Thebes, Upper Egypt, have brought to light two very interesting figures of *Isis* and *Nephthis*, two of the leading deities of the ancients, (see illustration.) The figures are wooden statuettes and were found hidden in a temple-gallery among the mummy cases and other funeral accompaniments. *Isis* (the wife of *Osiris*) and *Nephthis* (the spouse of *Set*), were assigned, under the old heathen mythology, to escort the soul from its mortal tenement and to introduce it to the land of spirits. Figures such as these excavated were placed by the side of the distinguished dead. Although carved possibly about the time of the Israelitish exodus from Egypt, the figures are artistic and almost perfect, with fine anatomical appreciation and expressive attitudes. The wood is painted light yellow, head-dress and robes white, and the jewels on neck, arms and wrists green. The carving is even delicate and is a revelation of the accomplishments of the ancients in these early ages. The statuettes are about 30 inches high.

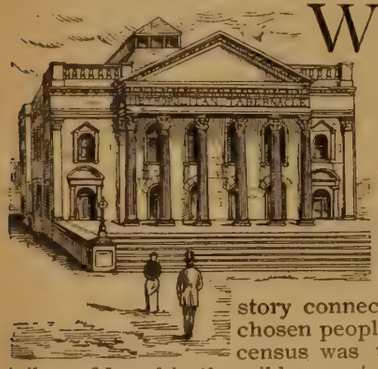
Little Newfoundland has not Met with Great encouragement in the assertion of her rights on the fisheries question, as the experience of her envoys to the Home Government in England shows. Sir William Whiteway and his ministers are greatly dissatisfied with their treatment, and the Colonial Premier is even quoted as declaring that, unless Newfoundland's claims are considered and justice done her, with a view to the repeal of the coercive enactments and the repression of French influence, the Colony will seriously think of union with the United States. While these words have excited much comment in London, an equally firm attitude is maintained by the people of St. John and other towns throughout the Colony. Public meetings have been held and resolutions expressing dissatisfaction with Lord Salisbury's course adopted. Annexation talk is rampant, and the popular feeling has been intensified by the news of the chary reception accorded to the delegates in England. The excitement seems likely to effect the entire colony.

THE CENSUS OF ISRAEL.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The First Census on Emerging from Egypt—The Second Census on the Borders of Palestine—The Men who were Counted—The Kind of Men needed in the Church—I. The Notable Change Death makes in a People—Under Divine Control—The Change Beneficial—II. The Perpetuity of the People—The Nation Living though the Individuals Die—The Gaps Filled—III. The Unchangeable Word of God—IV. The Necessity of Faith.

"These are they that were numbered by Moses and Eleazar the priest, who numbered the children of Israel in the plains of Moab by Jordan near Jericho. But among these there was not a man of them whom Moses and Aaron the priest numbered, when they numbered the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai. For the Lord had said of them, They shall surely die in the wilderness. And there was not left a man of them, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun." Numb. 26: 63-65.



WE have come in England, to another census, an important halting-place in the march of a nation's history. This carries our thoughts back to the ancient Bible story connected with the chosen people of God. A census was taken of the tribes of Israel in the wilderness two years after they had left Egypt. It only numbered males who were over twenty: the men capable of active service in war. There was good reason for taking the number of the people just as the nation was forming, so that in the wilderness they might be arranged, and marshalled, and disciplined for the conflict which lay before them.

Thirty-eight years had passed away since the first numbering at Sinai, and the people had come to the borders of the Promised Land; for they were in the plains of Moab by Jordan near Jericho. The time had come for

Another Census.

The Divine wisdom which commanded the counting of Israel at the beginning of the wilderness journey, also determined to count them at the end of it. They were to go forth in their armies to fight giant races, and armies versed in war; they were to dislodge nations from their ancient strongholds, and with the sword, to destroy guilty aboriginal races which God had condemned to destruction; and for this their military strength needed numbering and ordering. Here was good reason for the census, which now, for the second or third time, was carefully carried out.

Our text is from the Book of Numbers, and the book well answers to its title; for it continually deals with numbers and numbering. The numbering on this occasion was not of the women and children or the infirm; for the order ran thus, "Take ye the sum of all the congregation of the children of Israel, from twenty years old and upward, throughout their fathers' house, all that are able to go to war in Israel." If the numbers of our churches were taken in this fashion, would they not sadly shrink? We have many sick among us that need to be carried about, and nursed, and doctored. Half the strength of the church goes in ambulance service towards the weak and wounded. Another diminution of power is occasioned by the vast numbers of believers, who are sadly slow in reaching the fulness of the stature of men in Christ Jesus. How many are quite unable to bear arms against the foe; for they need to be themselves guarded from the enemy! To revise the church rolls so as to leave none but vigorous soldiers on the muster-roll would make us break our hearts over our statistics.

When the second census was taken, it was found that the people were nearly of the same number as at the first. Had it not been for the punishment so justly inflicted upon them, they must have largely increased; but now they had somewhat diminished. It is of God to multiply a nation, or a church. We may not expect any advance in our numbers if we grieve the Spirit of God, and if by our unbelief we drive him to declare that we shall not prosper. Israel's growth ceased for forty years; may it never be so with us as a church!

Concerning the second census of Israel, I would speak with you, since this is the morning of the day on which our British census is to be taken. May we gather lessons of wisdom from the theme!

The Work of Death.

I. First, observe with interest, and with a design to be profited—the notable change wrought among the people by death. "But among these there was not a man of them whom Moses and Aaron the priest numbered, when they numbered the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai." They answered to their names, six hundred thousand and more of them, and there they stood in their ranks, full of vigorous life. About forty years had passed away, and if these same names had been read out not a man save Caleb and Joshua could have answered to the roll-call. The entire mass of the nation had been changed. The old ones were all gone; all that stood in their places by the Jordan were men who were under age at the first census, or who were not even born at that time. "Not a man of them" remained, says the text; and it repeats the statement: "There was not left a man of them."

Such changes strike us as most memorable. They must not be passed over without remark. In the course of forty years, my brethren, what changes take place in every community, in every church, in every family! A friend showed me, last Thursday,

A Photograph of Myself,

in the midst of my first deacons. It was taken scarcely thirty-eight years ago, and yet of the entire group only I survive. Those associates of the youthful preacher have all gone to their reward. The going and the coming, the adding and the taking away, have changed the texture of this fabric; and soon no thread will be left. Surely the Lord would have us notice this, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

A costly operation, involving so many sorrows, is not to be passed over without thought. Beloved, we, too, are passing away. The pastor and his present helpers must themselves be summoned home in due course. The march of the generations is not a procession passing before our eyes, while we sit, like spectators, at the window; but we are in the procession ourselves, and we, too, are passing down the streets of time, and shall disappear in our turn. We, too, shall sleep with our fathers, unless the Lord shall come speedily. I hear a clarion-blast sounding out from the graves which lie behind us: "Be ye also ready." From the last closed sepulchre there comes the prophetic warning, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live."

But let us not forget that all this change was still under the divine control. Though the people must pass away, yet still the Lord's hand would be in each death and its surroundings. If not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father's knowledge, we may rest assured that no man dieth without the will of God; no man is carried to his long home unless the Lord hath said, "Return, ye children of men."

> What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
> An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave—
> Legions of angels can't confine me there.

Moreover, the change was beneficial. It was well that the first generation should die in the wilderness. The people who had been accustomed to servitude in Egypt had acquired the vices of slaves; and when they came out of the house of bondage they were fearful, fickle, the creatures of appetite, and the victims of panic, selfishness, and discontent. They had all the vices of subject races, and were alike destitute of manliness and self-control. They were soon cowed by fear and baffled by difficulty. They were easily persuaded, and as easily dissuaded. They were a people of whom nothing could be made. It was desirable that there should be a people trained in a better school, with a nobler spirit, fit to take possession of the promised land. The change was working rightly; the divine purpose was being fulfilled. Maybe, we do not think thus of the changes that are taking place in the communities to which we belong. We scarcely think that better men are coming on; we even fear that the coming race is weaker than the present; but then, we are not fair judges; for we are prejudiced in favor of our own generation. I do not doubt that God meaneth well to his own church, and that the accomplishment of his eternal purposes requires that men should come and go, and that thus the face of society should be changed.

II. Secondly, we have here before us

The Perpetuity of the People

of God. There was a change in the constituent elements of the Israelitish nation, but the nation was still there. Not one man was there who was counted thirty-eight years before, save Caleb and Joshua, and yet the nation was the same. Do you ask for Israel? There it is. Balaam can see the people from the top of the hill, and they are the same people whom Pharaoh pursued to the Red Sea. The nation is living, though a nation has died. God has a Church in the world, and he will have a Church in the world till time shall be no more. The gates of hell and the jaws of death shall not prevail against the Church, though each one of its members must depart in his turn.

The gaps were filled up by appointed successors. As one warrior died another man stepped into his place, even as one wave dying on the shore is pursued by another. The men were not all swept away at once, but by perceptible degrees. In the Church of God one dieth in the order of nature, but another is born into the kingdom by the power of Grace. We miss some useful Christian woman, and we lament her; but before many days another sister is prepared of the Lord

To Serve in Her Stead.

Baptism for the dead workers never ceases among us. An honored brother falls asleep, and we carry him to the grave; and possibly we fear no other can do his work, and fill the vacancy he leaves. Perhaps no one can do the same work; but yet, in some other way or form the work is done; and still the vines are trimmed, and the sheep are feed, and the lambs are cherished. The chosen host still marches on. Even as the stars in their courses, we still move on. God buries his workmen, but his work lives.

At the second numbering, the people stood ready for greater work than they had ever done before. The first numbering found them fit for the wilderness; the second numbering found them ready for the capture of the goodly land and Lebanon. God had been preparing them, by forty years of marching, for their new enterprise, and for development into a nation. May it please the Lord to make his Church ready for the coming of her Lord, and for the salvation of nations! If brighter days are dawning, the Church will be prepared as a bride for her husband; and if tribulation is to come to try all the earth, she shall be strengthened as a martyr for the burning. The Lord doth keep her: lest any hurt her he will keep her night and day.

III. Thirdly, let me bring before your minds

The Unchangeableness of the Word

of God. This we perceive in the last verse, "For the Lord had said of them, They shall surely die in the wilderness. And there was not left a man of them, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun." Note how unchangeable are the threatenings of the Lord. "Among these there was not a man of them whom Moses and Aaron the priest numbered. For the Lord had said of them: They shall surely die in the wilderness." Take note of this, you that think God's word can fail: ye

know not what ye dream. The unbelievers were many, yet not one escaped. "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." The rebels were in a terribly large majority, but the crowds in the broad way make it none the safer. It was a long time before all the sinners died; but the long-suffering of God had its limit, and in the end every rebel died in the wilderness. They lived on, some of them, for all the forty years; but they could not pass the bound. Do not, I pray you, doubt the terrible certainty of divine threatenings because they are long in taking effect. Say not, "Where is the promise of his coming?" He will come; and when he comes it shall be "in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

The Promise Kept.

As the Lord fulfilled his threatenings, so did he cause his promises to come to pass. Caleb lived on, and so did Joshua. They were often in danger. Did not the rebels take up stones to stone them? They were often near to death: Joshua was commander-in-chief of the army, and Caleb was a man of war from his youth up. They endured the common risks of soldiers; but nothing could kill them, for God had promised that they should enter the land. They believed God and honored him by their conduct, and therefore he kept them until the hour came to go in unto the land to possess it. There were only two of them; but God did not therefore overlook them. He keeps covenant with individuals as well as with nations. If you believe in Jesus, though you should be the only one of your family, yet you shall be saved. Though you know none of your kith and kin that fear the Lord, yet the God of Israel will not forget the lone one who is separated from his brethren. Though the faithful should become so few that all the saints together should only make a handful, yet it is written, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

IV. Our last point is this: learn from my text

The Necessity of Faith.

Those people came out of Egypt with Moses, and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea when they came forth into the wilderness. One would have hoped that they all would march to Canaan, but it was not so. The first census is taken, their names are on the roll; but, sad to say, at the next numbering all those names have vanished.

If you profess to be the people of God, we count you among his children: you are written among the living in Zion; but what an awful thing it would be if your name should not be written in the Lamb's Book of Life at the last! What if you should lie on the threshing-floor in the great heap before the winnowing, but should be gone with the chaff as soon as the Lord has come, "whose fan is in his hand!" Oh, that none of us may provoke the Lord to swear in his wrath that we shall not enter into his rest!

Learn, next, that no privilege can supply the lack of faith. We read that they heard, as you do; but "some, when they had heard, did provoke." Their provocation lay mainly in their unbelief. "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." Hearing may lead to condemnation

If the Truth is not Believed.

These people went a certain way with Moses towards the Lord's promised rest. They did come out of Egypt, they were numbered with Jehovah's people, in the numbering at Sinai, they were separated from all the world in the quietude of the wilderness; but we read there was in them "an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God." In heart they went back into Egypt. It is not enough to begin well; "he that endureth to the end shall be saved," and no other. "They could not enter in because of unbelief." Nothing can make up for the absence of faith.

But none perished who had faith; no, not one. All those who believed God, and held fast to him, were made inheritors of the land. Caleb and Joshua—these two saw the land, and took their places in it. If thou believest, whatever thy name may be, thou shalt be saved; for "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." It is written, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shall be saved." Caleb and Joshua by faith entered into the land promised to the fathers, and thou, my hearer, canst only enter in by faith. Have faith in God, and thou hast all things; but without faith it is impossible to please God.

The Reward of Faith.

Now, what say you, beloved friends? Do you believe God? Do you believe his Word? Or are you of a captious and a dubious spirit? Do you believe like children? Is God your Father, and therefore is his Word your Father's Word, which you cannot think of questioning? Will you follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, against giants or Canaanites? Will you believe God, whatever may give him the lie? If so, you shall dwell in the land that floweth with milk and honey, and you shall have your portion when the Lord appeareth. But if you do not truly believe, whatever profession you may make, your carcases must fall in the wilderness. Woe is me that I have to deliver such a prophecy! Greater woe to you if it should be fulfilled in you. Believe the Lord and you shall prosper. This day as you are preparing for the census of the nation, bethink you of the time when God shall make up his last account of natives in his holy city. Will you be numbered with his people, or will your names be left out at the reading of the muster-roll? God give us a place among his redeemed, and to his name shall be glory for ever and ever! Amen.

THE LATE DR. PRESSENSE.

FRANCE has suffered a severe loss in the death of M. Edmond de Pressense, who was precisely the kind of a man she can least afford to lose. Though only a plain Protestant preacher he exerted an influence for good on the people and the councils of the nation which has borne fruit more than once in critical times. So clearly was this recognized and so highly was he esteemed, that he was made a Senator for life and no voice in the highest assembly of the nation commanded more respectful attention than his.

Edmond de Pressense, whose portrait is here given, was born in Paris in 1824. His family was one of the old Huguenot stock, and he was true to the principles of his ancestors. He studied at Lausanne, at Halle and at Berlin, and in 1847 returned to Paris to begin his ministerial work. His profound learning evinced in several historical works soon gave him a European reputation. But it was his labors during the siege of Paris, in 1870, which made him most famous among his own people. The Parisians were astonished at the energy, devotion, and self-sacrifice with which the Protestant pastor labored among the sick and the wounded, and the starving, in that dreadful time. His counsels were sought, and his eloquence used in allaying the passions of the people, and at the end of the struggle he was, in spite of his Protestantism, one of the most popular men in the poorer districts of the city. He continued his preaching, his visits among the poor, and his literary labors after his election to the Senate, and down to a recent period, until a disease of the throat compelled him to discontinue public speaking. A few weeks age he had an attack of pneumonia, from which he died on April 8. He has left behind many valuable works, chief among them being a *Life of Christ*, which is a charming work, showing all the brilliance of Renan, and the piety and reverence of an earnest Christian.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Business End of Broadway.*

BUSINESS men know Broadway as a street blocked with moving drays and wagons, with pavements which move with unbroken lines of men, and that are shut in on either side by the tallest of tall buildings. It is a place where no one strolls, and where a man can as easily swing his cane as a woman could wear a train. Pedestrians do not walk steadily forward here, or in a straight line, but dodge in and out like runners on a foot-ball field. They all seem to be trying to reach the bank to have a check cashed before three o'clock. The man who stops to speak to a friend, or to gaze into a shop window, is jostled and pushed and shouldered to one side; everyone seems to be trying to catch up to the man just in front of him; and everyone has something to do and something on his mind to think of, too, if his face tells anything.

So intent are they on their errands that they would not recognize their own wives if they passed them by. This is the spot on Broadway where the thermometer marks fever heat. It is the great fighting ground of the city, where the battle of business goes on from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, at which time the work flags a little and grows less and less hurried until five, when the armies declare an armistice for the day and march off uptown to plan a fresh campaign for the morrow. The armies begin to arrive before eight and gather from every point of the compass. The ferry-boats land them by thousands and hurry back across the river for thousands more, the elevated roads marshal them from far uptown, gathering them by companies at each station, where they are unloaded and scattered over the business districts in regiments. They come over the Brooklyn Bridge by tens of thousands, in one long endless procession, and cross the City Hall Park at a quickstep. It is one of the most impressive sights the city has to offer.

Shopping on Broadway.

The shopping district begins about Tenth Street, and is bounded on the north by the latitude of Twenty-third, where the promenade begins and continues on up indefinitely to Forty-second Street. The business district is very grim and very real, the shopping district is all color, and movement, and variety. It is not the individual woman one sees here, but woman in the plural. You may have a glance of a beautiful face, or of a brilliant gown, but it is only a glimpse, and the face is lost in a composite photograph of faces, the expression of which seems to be one of decided anxiety. For it is apparently a very serious business, this shopping. The shoppers do not seem to be altogether happy, for they have heard, perhaps, of a place where you can get that same lace flounce for two cents a yard less than at the other place, where you got the last lot, and they are pressing on before it is all gone. They are as keen over their bargains in trimmings and gloves as their husbands down town are over the rise and fall in oil, and they certainly do not look as if they were on pleasure bent. On the contrary, they seem to have much upon their minds. On a sunny, bright morning, when it is possible for them to wear their best bravery without fear of rain, Broadway holds, apparently, every woman of means in the city.

Where Fortunes are Won and Lost.

I never pass Wall Street but I am filled with wonder that it should be such a narrow, insignificant street. One would think it would need more room for all that goes on there, and it is almost a surprise that there is no visible sign of the fortunes rising and falling, and of the

*From *Scribner's Magazine* for May, which contains articles on "The Great Streets of the World," "An Ocean Steamship," etc Price 25 cts. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

Lieut. C. J. W. Grant, the Hero of Manipore.

Courtyard of the Mosque of Omar, Jerusalem. (*See Page 287.*)

great manœuvres and attacks which emanate in that two hundred yards, and which are felt from Turkey to Oregon. But it seems just like any other street, except for the wires which almost roof it over, and that the men one meets in it are different in mien and manner from those one meets on upper Broadway; they wear a sharp, nervous look, and they stoop, as if they had grown so from bending so often and so intently over the momentous strips of paper tape. It is rather interesting to think that the man who brushed past you may have been but a few years back one of the uniformed boys who run with cable dispatches to the floor of the exchange, and that he may in a few weeks time be looking for a clerkship in one of the banks which he did not succeed in breaking. The broad statue of Washington, with its shining knees and dusty coat, always seems to be in the most incongruous position here. Unless it is that he is guarding the Sub-treasury behind him, and that his uplifted hand is meant to say to the bulls and bears—so far can you go, and no further. It is a most suggestive place, is Wall Street, and one feels more easy when one gets out of it into Broadway again. It is worth while to step across into Trinity Church and note how far away the street seems, and how calmly grand the church is, with its high pillars meeting the great arches, and with the sun stealing through the gorgeous window at the west. It is almost like the cathedral of some sunny, sleepy English town, and you are not brought home again until another sight-seer like yourself opens the screen doors, and you can hear the shrill whistle of the car-driver just outside.

THE HERO OF THOBAL.

(*See portrait on this page.*)

THE gallant fight of Thobal, mentioned in this journal last week, will not soon be forgotten. Lieut. C. J. W. Grant, with his little band of eighty men, standing at bay against four thousand Manipuri savages would be a fit subject for a great historical painting. Grant and his company were on their way to join Mr. Quinton at Manipore when the Manipuris, having driven the British forces out of the Residency, swept down upon them. Grant seized the old mud fort of Thobal; and the Manipuris, though outnumbering his men fifty to one, could not dislodge him. Finally, with unparallelled daring, he gave the assailants battle and routed them with heavy loss, their commander being among the slain. Lieut. Grant comes of a race of soldiers, his ancestors of several generations back having distinguished themselves by their valor. He is under thirty years of age. During the nine years he has been in the army he has served chiefly in Burmah. An ancestor, Grant of Grant, was the founder of the famous fighting Forty-second Highlanders of the British Army, known as "The Black Watch."

SHEPHERDING THE LAMBS.

EVANGELIST HARRISON GIVES SOME PRACTICAL ADVICE CONCERNING YOUNG CONVERTS.

Guarding and Guiding the Newly-Converted—Three things to be Remembered—They should Join in Christian Work—Value of Sympathy—Enduring Conversions.

BY REV. THOMAS HARRISON.

ONE of the most important elements of revival work is that of shepherding the lambs. By this I mean the guiding and nurturing of the converts, who by the blessing of God on the Evangelist's labors, have been convicted of sin and have found pardon and peace at the foot of the Cross. When the Evangelist's work is closed, there is no duty so essential as that of fulfilling our Lord's injunction to the penitent Apostle, "Feed my lambs." This duty of course devolves mainly on the pastor of the church, though in the Methodist denomination he has excellent and efficient aids in the class-leaders. I have great faith in the "class" as a means of helping the young convert. I always recommend the Methodist pastors to urge every beginner in the Christian life to join a class immediately. Many pastors regard this step as indispensable, and results justify their belief. The Rev. Dr. McChesney, Stephen Merritt, and other ministers, whose churches have been most blessed, always insist upon it. In the class or the "young converts' meeting," the minister, or some experienced Christian, can impart the instruction the young convert needs, can deal with his difficulties can keep up the revival spirit and encourage him to strive after a fuller realization of the blessing. The value of this work was not overlooked even when an Apostle was the preacher; for Paul says: "I have planted, *Apollos watered;* but God gave the increase," and he adds significantly, "now he that planteth and he that watereth are one."

There are three things to be specially impressed upon the minds of young converts, as being of inestimable value to those who sincerely desire growth in grace: the daily reading of the Bible, daily secret prayer, and constant attendance upon the means of grace. These three must be urged upon them with the authority of an imperative duty. Besides, I would advise the pastor to look after them personally and individually, as far as possible. While young and inexperienced, they have so many temptations, that they need a guiding hand and a warning voice to keep them safely within the shelter of the fold and prevent their feet from straying.

It is a good plan for the young converts in a church to unite themselves as an Epworth League, or a Christian Endeavor Society. The work of these societies is a personal work, and does much to strengthen the Christian character in individuals. They should be encouraged to speak at the meetings of their society, to pray and take part actively in all that is done, as well as to visit the sick. If we could only have enough of these meetings, they would be a power to lead to all godly works.

I should endeavor, as far as possible, to give the young convert some kind of public work to do which would make him feel the measure of his responsibility and to realize that he was not a nonentity in the new sphere on which he had entered. Let him both speak and pray publicly and so develop whatever talents he may possess for Christian effort in that direction. Above all he should give public testimony of his faith.

Sympathy Essential.

It must not be forgotten that sympathy is a potent element in this shepherding of the lambs. Lack of sympathy on the part of the Church, or the evident want of it on the part of the minister, will frequently go very far toward driving a young convert back into the world. He will come forward full of joy and enthusiasm, and when he meets with a half-hearted greeting or with indifference from pastor or fellow-members, he loses courage and the flame of love that has been kindled dies down. He was burning with desire to unite with the Church: but now that he is in, amid such surroundings, he does not seem to care much about it.

The stability of the young convert may depend largely upon the pastor. There are some pastors who preach the Greek of holiness to converts, when they ought to begin at the a-b-c of practical religion. As development progresses, the fruits of the Spirit will manifest themselves in Chistian activities.

No effort should be spared to make the shepherding of the lambs an efficient shepherding. The test is, of course, to be found in the steadfastness of the converts in the faith. I remember being told by the Rev. Dr. Joyce, of Cincinnati—now Bishop Joyce—something that comforted me greatly. He assured me that ninety per cent. of the converts who had been brought to Christ during the period of my labors there, had kept the faith, and that even after I had been away from there for years, their fires of Christian love were still burning brightly. His unremitting oversight, and the fact that he took pains to know each convert personally by name, made his shepherding effective.

It is not possible for a Church to continually maintain a revival agitation. There is a time for the harvest, and a time for the sowing. To hold a revival every night would be to challenge disappointment.

I have never known a man, woman, or child,

who fed their mind with literature of a doubtful character, who lived up to their religious privileges. It is always better in selecting literature to give yourself the benefit of the doubt, remembering that the issues at stake are of everlasting consequence. And it is far better to be on the safe side in the choice of reading matter than to take chances. I am sometimes asked what kind of literature I would recommend. I do not wish to appear prejudiced, but in view of the fact that members of one denomination will not read the papers published by another denomination, I believe it best, on general principles, to prefer a paper that is not bound by denominational lines. Such a paper is found in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose strictly undenominational character no less than its pure and admirable Christian tone throughout, has made it a power for Christ in this country and in other lands as well.

I do not attach much importance to "convert cards." While preaching at New Haven, Ct., recently, I stated my views regarding them, and a gentleman came to me and remonstrated. I told him that these cards were superficial and could not be held as evidence of the fact that a man had really been converted. Some evangelists, I know, adopt the card system, and if good is accomplished, I say "Amen;" but as for me and my work, I have no sympathy or sanction for cards and signing promises or what are called "professions."

Ta-Chien-Lu, a Chinese Mountain Village 8400 Feet Above the Sea. (*See Page 277.*)

ROMA.

A NEW SERIAL STORY,

Written expressly for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

BY JENNIE FOWLER WILLING.

Author of "Diamond Dust," "Chaff and Wheat," "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," "The Potential Woman," &c.

(*Continued from page 271.*)

A Rose-hued Future.

SUMMER seemed blended in its mature richness with the tender, delicate, spring gladness the next morning. Margaret and Camilla were alone in the drawing-room. Carolyn and Marie had gone over to Mrs. Gordon's room in the Continental. The American girl was a little worn by the excitements of the last weeks which she had hid in her heart, breathing them only into the ear of the one Friend who had power to help. She must not leave the city till Jerome's return. She ought to let him know: but how could she do that? He could not have given her up. No knowing what he might have heard those five silent years. A whole winter had passed since that piece of sculpture was made. She caught her breath sharply. Why not tell Camilla? No: she would leave it all with Christ, choosing that it be all and only his way. She settled back in her arm-chair, her high soul conquered, but profoundly at rest. There was a soft, sweet light in her face which the eye of genius sees in the countenance of its saints.

Meanwhile Camilla was fluttering about in a very foolish manner. She had given everything in the room an artistic touch, arranging the curtains so as to let in just enough sunshine, opening the French windows for the genial air, and filling the vases upon the table with flowers. She had insisted that Margaret should put on a neglige dress, of soft white cashmere, with blue ribbons at the waist and throat. She had arranged the hair of that indulgent, young lady so as to give her face the contour that it had in Buonanno's bas-relievo in the alcove at the sculptor's. She flitted hither and thither, amusing Margaret with bright epigrams in three languages at once.

There was a ring at the door. "I'll go, my queen," she cried, "and see who it is when Ann lets them in," and she kissed Margaret, Italian fashion, on both cheeks, and pinned a bright, red rose on her friend's dress just below the blue throat ribbon. "There," she cried, "that will do! Now you are patriotic, as well as good. You have the colors of both our lands,—the red, white and blue, and the white, green and red."

She danced out, shutting behind her the door into the reception-room. Margaret waited a moment for her return, and then settled back into her reverie. She closed her eyes, and with a sweet breath like that of early summer enwrapping her, she fancied herself in the country home on the Hudson. She felt her mother's presence. She half expected to hear Jerome's full, deep voice reading aloud a pretty Italian poem. She had never before trusted herself to recall more than an outline of those happy days. It is long after roses are blooming on the little grave, that the mother can look into the drawer where she had laid the tiny shoes and dresses, thanking God for the lovely dream that it was, and the sweetness of reunion in the shadowless land. So, for the first time, Margaret allowed herself to think of all the beautiful things of the last happy summer. She remembered half, smiling at the pleasure of it, how they had translated and shortened each other's names. His solid, old "Jerome" was "Rome," or "Romo;" and her plain, strong "Margaret" became "Marquerita," and often "Rita."

The opening of the door startled her. Camilla entered followed by two gentlemen. The next instant her name was pronounced in the deep, rich cadence of that happy summer, "Rita! my Rita!"

Camilla, whose large eyes were ablaze with joy, drew Signor Guelfi, the Turin ex-priest, back into the reception-room without even the formality of an introduction, causing poor Boggins to beat a desperate retreat. The wits of that excellent maidservant were so sharpened by anxiety that she had caught the drift of affairs. She was prepared to expect any eccentricity in the Italian girl: though she had come to have considerable confidence in the straightforwardness of that poor, dear, young American. This new turn of affairs put her quite out of her head.

"Worse'n malary, Ann," she cried. "Ann, I say malary oughtened to be mentioned in the same fortnight with this affliction. Oh, dear! dear! The poor, dear master! Whatever will he be a sayin' to all these goin's on?" and she threw her apron over her head, beginning to cry, and ending in a hysterical laugh.

"An' its yersilf as has the malary!" exclaimed Ann. "An' bad luck to us all whin we trusted oursilves in this quare, unscrutable counthry!"

During the days that intervened before the arrival of Mr. Pelham, our little party with its agreeable additions, developed a tangential tendency, like a fugue oratorio.

There were consultations by ducts, trios, and quartettes. There were long stories to be told, and explanations given, which, unlike sermons, are the better for the smaller audience. Margaret and Jerome had to bring up to date the events of their five years of separation. So as they walked about the wonderful city, they talked in tones merry and grave, hiding tears with laughter, and gladness under a matter-of-fact manner that was glorified by their joy. Tourist and Romans turned to look after them, and well they might. One could seldom see so erect and manly a form as that of Major Buonanno. The careless, backward sweep of dark hair from his full forehead, the honest, unselfish look of his eyes, "clear and deep as the sky," as Margaret described them, the pose of his head, even and tower-like, upon shoulders that had never bent under the yoke, the easy grace with which his arms swung downward, all marked him as a patient, gentle, tender, powerful king of men, who, like his Divine Master, ruled to serve.

Margaret's vital, yet delicate dignity made her his counterpart. The strength of her bearing with the refined air that comes from carefully cultured life, and the naturalness that loses self-interest for others, gave her the ability perfectly to

please, yet showed that her care to please was that she might the better use her power to help.

Tourists and Romans looked after them as they walked; she in her plain, pretty travelling suit, he in his showy uniform. Brother and sister? Hardly. But they seem closely akin. They carry their heads as if born to wear the same crown. When they sat under the trees beside a fountain, the silver braid on Buonanno's broad chest would hold the eye of passers for a moment. They would have been glad to lay a flower upon the heart that they knew was loyal to Italy, though foreign-born. They saw that the bronze was wanting on his cheek, and they said, in their quick, impulsive thought, "God bless him! He has been wounded in our service. He has come to sit with his wife—his queen—under the trees. God bless them both!"

One afternoon when the young people had all gone their ways, Boggins and Ann were wondering and crooning, scolding and laughing over the strange turn that affairs had taken. There was a ring, and they both went to answer the bell. Boggins would not try to understand a single sentence of the strange speech while Ann, with her Irish shrewdness, could make it out mostly, "unearthly as it was, to be sure."

Ann opened the door only so far as the chain would permit, peeped out, and drew back with a terrifying whisper in Boggins' ear that it was "one o' thim prastes, with a looped up hat rim, and a sailin' under false riggin' in a woman's gownd."

The priest had come to bless the premises, be they Protestant or Catholic, hoping to pick up a few francs by these means, or carry away in his sack something for his Easter dinner.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Boggins. "Whatever does he say?"

The bag on the priest's arm looked to Ann like the camera that Margaret used in her excursions in the country about London. The maid had often carried it and seen the pictures taken.

"Whatever can he be after?" asked Boggins, lowering her voice, as if there was a chance of the priest's understanding what she said. 'Just you tell him to be off with hisself. They'll have us shut up in the Inquisition 'fore we fairly turn round, if once they get into the house."

"He wants to take a view of us," said Ann. "I've been a telling him that no doubt we'd make a lovely group, but we ain't no 'casion."

"I'll tell him to be off with hisself, if you're frightened of him," said Boggings, doughtily. Then raising her voice, as if that would make him understand "see here!" she stormed. "We don't want none of your picters. We're all artists here!" and she slammed the door in his face; while Ann with her hands on her hips, threw herself that way and this, in convulsions of smothered laughter.

That afternoon Margaret and Jerome sat in the little park near the fountain on the Via Nazionale, talking endlessly, as only those do who give the whole heart's confidence. Children and sunbeams were playing bopeep among the flowers, birds were flitting and singing in the trees, people were passing with kind glances. They were talking about investing all in Christ's work. "In an inventory of our joint possessions," said Jerome, "my poor little belongings will make a sorry figure, but then, a woman always brings the heavier share of capital into the concern."

"There, Romo!" she exclaimed, raising a finger, "do you remember?—when we were studying Italian that summer in the cottage, that very sentence was the first original one you tried to translate. I thought it a bit of pretty moonshine; but it pleased mamma. How she did love you! And no wonder."

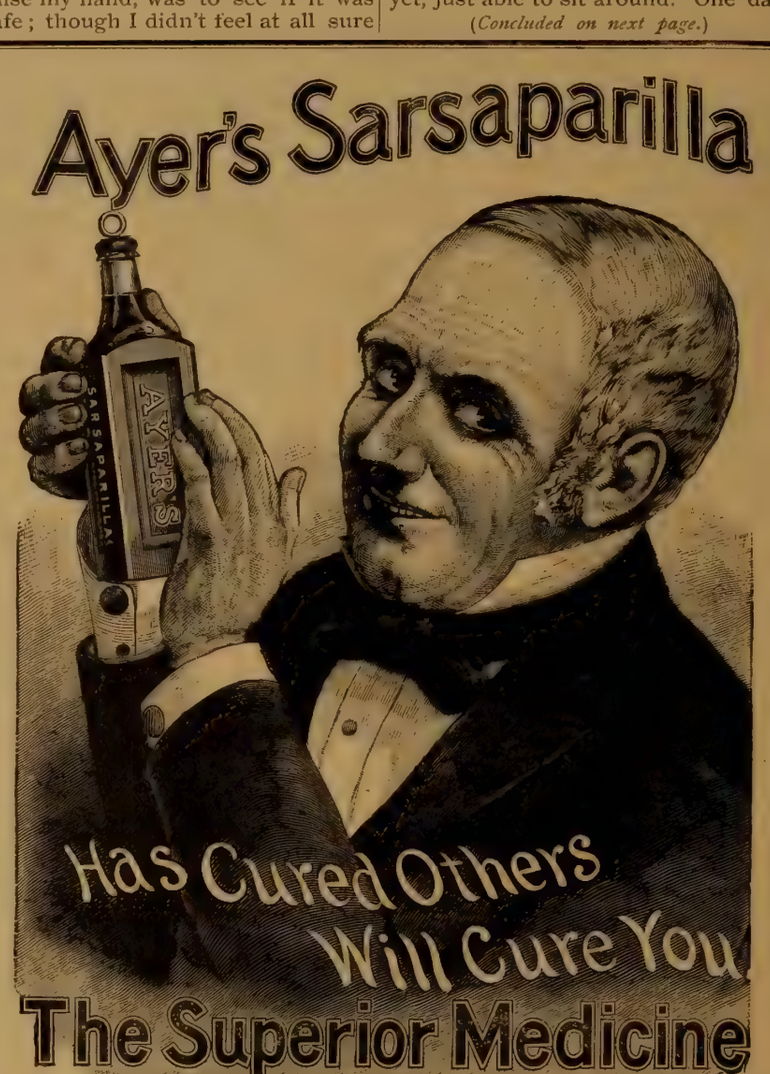
He thanked her with his eyes for the compliment.

"My mother gave so generously," he said, "I made up my mind never to deal so with you. I was not humble enough to take so much more than I could give. It was my own pride more than your father's that drove me away. I saw it for the first when I lay half dead on the field at Dogali. As I told you I escaped death only because they thought me dead. They took all my valuables; but they could not find this," taking a small leather case from an inner breast pocket, and showing her the photos of herself and his mother. "The first thing I did when I could raise my hand, was to see if it was safe; though I didn't feel at all sure that they had left the nose on my face." He laughed as men are apt to do when their voices grow husky. "While I lay there I saw the wealth and honors of this world as the merest trumpery. I saw my pride as most absurd and ungodly:—a Christian—a follower of the Galilean peasant;—yet straining every nerve to get position and wealth so that I might offer myself to you as your equal. In Christ's white holiness, it looked abominable and ghastly. You know, in college I would never let anybody help me but you, and that never seemed like anybody else. So when I began to gather myself together again, I undertook to make my soul as white as yours: but I had to get beyond that. I had to seek to be pure in heart, not to please you, nor to be as rich as you in the true wealth, but simply to please him who bought me with his own blood, and through whose merit alone I could be made clean from my selfishness."

"Poor Romo! carrissimo!" she said. "Did our Lord send anyone to help you?"

"Yes, thanks to his name! but I was quite reluctant to receive the messenger. I was in the hospital yet, just able to sit around. One day

(*Concluded on next page.*)



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ROMA.

(*Continued from preceding Page.*)

sat outside with my Bible, studying arder on this problem than I ever id on any of our mathematics, when poor Salvation Army fellow who ad been so roughly handled by a nob that they had sent him to the ospital, limped up, and began to alk about the book. Of course the ride that was left in me drew back rom his teaching; think of it, Rita nia! I supposed then that I was rippled for life. I had saved but lit- e from my salary, which was not verlarge before my promotion. I as further than ever from being ble to sail home grandly, as your qual. At the very bottom of every- ning, yet too proud to take an ad- anced lesson in Christian life from Salvation Army cobbler!"

"Poor Romo!" said Margaret, miling though there was a lump in er throat. "But I am glad our Lord onquered you."

"And so am I. When I gave up tterly he manifested himself to me n a way that perfectly satisfied every ant of my soul. Since then he has iven me everything, health, promo- on, the royal favor, and above all ıy Rita; but I would give up all, en you, and go back to the hospit- l, alone, crippled, with nothing to ook forward to but poverty and pain -yes, I would a million times rather an give up the fellowship I have ith him."

She nodded assent with a silent anksgiving for the tender, high fel- owship that bound each to the other.

They talked of the beautiful exper- ence of which he had spoken, of the imple life they would live, and of he wide evangelism they hoped to ccomplish together.

"We will have as much money for as we will care to answer for," she aid.

"Yes;" he replied, "there will al- ays be plenty of money for all that e wants us to do. A soldier never ears a lack of supplies as long as he government back of him is in ood condition and he has its confi- ence."

"But you are not so poor in your wn right as you fancy," said Marga- et. "Do you remember old Jona- han Gurley? You used to read to im evenings when he was down ith the rheumatism. A dear, cranky, ld fellow, too contrary to let any- ody know of a good intention. le hasn't a relative in the world. Ie's rich, and he meant to give his ıoney to you. When I wrote him hat your Dogali comrade told me, e changed his will in my favor; but have written him since I found you, nd I know how it will turn out. He lways insisted that you would come ut right yet. He will want you to ut a good deal of it into some Chris- ian work, while he lives, for he says e means to be his own executor, ince he is to be judged by the deeds one in the body,—not by what his ıoney does after he can hold it no onger."

"I was sure the money would be orthcoming for work among my oor soldiers," said Jerome; adding ı a voice low and reverent, "like he benediction that follows the rayer," "I did not dream when I sked for it that it would come so soon. The soldiers are the best evangelical force in Italy. We have one thousand in our catechumen classes here in Rome, young, impressible, many of them soundly converted. When they go home they carry the fire with them. They are kindling all Italy with the love of Christ."

"But, Romo mio, what if there is war? Of course I would go with you —but your evangelical work?"

"That is all arranged, dearest Rita," and he held up his left wrist. "It was a bitter day when the surgeons decided that I could never take the field again. You said you saw me in my struggle with Vittorio, my horse, the day of the review — the king's birthday. I should have made short work with him if I had had both hands. The left is practically well, but it will never be as strong as before. I owe my position partly to that poor wrist. They mean to make the most of my mathematical ability. I am in the best arm of the service; and my work gives me access to them who are most settled, especially the officers."

"By the way, Romo, have you spoken to Crispi about the Guiccioli estate?"

"Yes," he replied, "that will be made right, your little Camilla shall have her villa again. She and Guelfi will be capital help in our plans. He has great influence with the students.

"We must fit the three arms of our service for the evangelical field, and put them at once in motion; a forward movement all along the line. You must gather a staff of workers from England, America, and the home field, and lead the women to Christ. Guelfi and Camilla may have the students, while I will do what I can for the soldiers. Yours is the most important part of the work. They who train the children shape the civilization of the future. I am glad about dear old Gurley's money. It puts us at once on a war footing."

He rose, and replaced on his head the plumed hat that had been beside him on the bench while he talked with Margaret. "Yes," he said as they moved with brisk even step toward her home. "Yes, the women, the students and the soldiers, working in the fullness of the Gospel of Christ will make this beautiful Italy Immanuel's land."

[THE END.]

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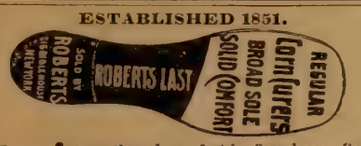

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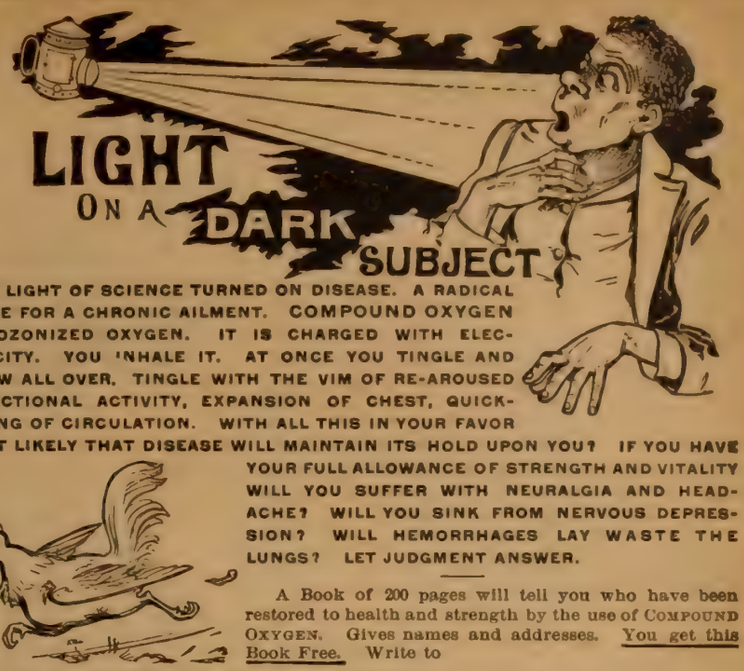

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SEEING AND BELIEVING.

If, sometime, when my soul sits dark and lonely.
A sudden light should shine,
And the Lord's human face one brief hour only
Might stand revealed to mine,
I think that henceforth all my journey long,
I could walk onward, steady, brave and strong.

If He could come from His far heavenly splendor,
And, entering at my door,
Smile on me with some gracious word and tender,
I would despond no more.
Could any weeping ever after dim
The eyes that but for once had gazed on Him?

Seeing His love outshines His kingly glory,
Sitting down at His feet,
Easy it were to tell the long sad story,
For other ears unmeet,
Of strife and struggle, weariness and loss,
And the sharp piercing of my daily cross.

With all my terror changed to loving boldness,
My lips at last could speak,
How all alike, earth's love and hate and coldness
Make me and keep me weak;
How duty undone clogs the spirit's wing,
Or done, seems still a mean and paltry thing.

Yes—I would have Him know without concealing
All that the past hath been,
Would humbly at His garment's hem seek healing
For weakness and for sin;
Oh, could that sin keep longer hold on me
When once His pardoning love had set me free?

Dear Christ, who upon earth was born of woman,
And for Thy glory's throne
Still bendest with heart pitiful and human
Yearning towards Thine own,
Though blessed to my soul such sight of Thee,
The deeper joy of faith grant unto me?

That through the darkness reaching and believing,
I *may* move onward steadily and strong;
Into my heart Thy spirit's peace receiving,
May find my sorrow changing into song,
While Thou unseen dost know and calm my fears,
And keep my feet from fall, my eyes from tears. —*Harriette O. Nelson.*

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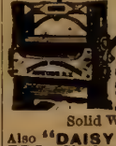

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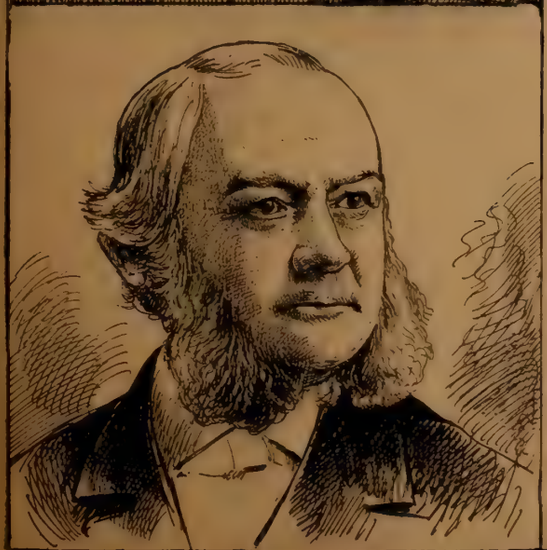

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THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY'S ANNIVERSARY, ITS PRESENT EX[illegible]TIVE OFFICERS AND ITS PAST RECORD.

Rev. Mr. Bingham Finishing the Translation of the Gilbert Islands [illegible] at Apaiang, February, 1889.

INVITATION TO A WEDDING.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 10, 1891.

A Day of Holy Festivity—The Historic Entertainment of a Queen—Cardinal Wolsey's Hospitality—A Grander Entertainment—No Disappointment at that Banquet—Christ is Ready—His Long Waiting—The Day-Break of the Soul—The Holy Spirit Ready—A Young Man Converted at the Tabernacle—The Church Ready—A General Invitation—Angels Ready—Glorified Kindred Waiting.

"Come; for all things are now ready." Luke 14: 17.

HOLY festivities to day. We gather other sheaves into the spiritual garner. Our joy is like the joy of heaven. Spread the banquet, fill all the chalices. We are not to-day at the funeral of a dead Christ; we are celebrating the marriage of the King's son.

It was an exciting time in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest. The door of the great banqueting hall was opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpets. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dollars a day did the banqnet cost as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands, and torches and the thunders of cannon, and fireworks that set the night ablaze, and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy, and from excitement to excitement, and from rapture to rapture, That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day, so that their appetites might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banqueting hall, with table aglitter with imperial plate, and ablush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of the feast was made of food in all shapes, of men and birds and beasts, and dancing groups, and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the King of England, and then to the health of the Emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey spread in Hampton Court.

But to-day, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light, and paved with joy, and curtained with unfading beauty are the banqueting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh, that you might break the seal of the invitation and read in ink of blood, and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Sometimes there have been great disappointments at a banquet. The wine has given out, or the servants have been rebellious, or the lights have failed; but I walk all around the banqueting table of my Lord to day, and I find everything complete, and I swing open the door of this banqueting house and I say: "All things are now ready."

Illustrating my text, I go on and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him; but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ay, he has been waiting for his guests, waiting for some of them 1891 years, waiting with mangled feet, waiting with hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples, waiting, waiting! Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say: "Shut the door, and let the laggards stay out.' No, he has been waiting. How much he is in earnest! Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded his cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channelled his brow and back and hand and foot, to purchase our redemption, I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill and mountain hunger and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry—I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and spike and spear, into one groan—I take one drop of sweat on his brow, and I put it under the glass

THE RUINS OF KENILWORTH CASTLE.

of the Gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ to-day, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heart-break and every sentence a martyrdom, he says to you and he says to me: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Ahasuerus made a feast that lasted 180 days. This lasts forever. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I are invited to this. Yes, he has been waiting, he is waiting now. Other kings wrap themselves in robes of beauty and power before they come into a banquet. So does Christ. Oh, he is the fairest of the fair. In his hand is the omnipotent surgery that opened blind eyes and straightened crooked limbs and hoisted the pillars of heaven, and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Oh, what a Christ—a Christ of beauty, a Christ of power. There are not enough cups on earth to dip up this ocean of beauty. There are not ladders to scale these heights of Love. Oh, thou Flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven. Oh, thou Daybreak of the soul, let all nations clap their hands in thy radiance. Chorus! Come men and angels and cherubim and seraphim and archangel, all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll on through the heavens in chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna, under arches of coronation, by the towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, to him be glory.

Ah! there is one word of five letters that I would like to write; but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records, and some pencil used by angel in describing a victory, and then with hand struck with supernatural energy, and with pencil dipped in everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: J-E-S-U-S Jesus! It is this One that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God. How long he waited for me! How long he has waited for you! Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meats smoking, and the beakers brimming, and the minstrel with his finger on the stiff string ready to strike at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for a boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Oh, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importunate enough, high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say he is waiting as only an all-sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

But I remark again, not only Christ is waiting, but the Holy Spirit is waiting. Why are some sermons a dead failure? Why are there songs that do not get their wing under the people? Why are there prayers that go no higher up than a hunter's halloo? Because there is a missing link that only the Holy Spirit can make. If that Spirit should come through this assemblage this morning, there would be a power felt like that when Saul was unhorsed on the road to Damascus, like as when Lydia's heart was broken in her fine store, like as when three thousand souls were lifted out of midnight into midnoon at the Pentecost. Do you notice that sometimes that Spirit takes an insignificant agency to save a soul? I think it is very often that at just one passage of Scripture, just one word of Scripture, a soul is saved because the Holy Spirit gives it supernatural power. Do you know what it was that saved Martin Luther? It was that one verse: "The just shall live by faith." Do you know what it was that brought Augustine from his horrible dissipations? It was that one verse: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." Do you know what it was that saved Hedley Vicars, the celebrated soldier? It was the one passage: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Do you know what it was that brought Jonathan Edwards to Christ? It was the one passage: "Now unto him be glory forever and ever."

One Thanksgiving morning in church I read my text, "O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good," and a young man stood in the gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am thine forever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell my own experience, I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the Gospel by reading of the Syro-Phœnician's cry to Christ where she said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Philosophic sermons never saved anybody. Metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. An earnest plea going right out of the heart blessed of the Holy Ghost, that is what saves, that is what brings people into the kingdom of Christ. I suppose the world thought that Thomas Chalmers preached great sermons in his early ministry, but Thomas Chalmers says he never preached at all until years after he had occupied a pulpit he came out of his sick room, and weak and emaciated, he stood and told the story of Christ to the people. And in the great day of eternity it will be found that not so much the eloquent sermons brought men to Christ as the story told, perhaps, by those who were unknown on earth, the simple story of the Sav-

iour's love and mercy, sent by the power of the Holy Ghost straight to the heart. Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, he is here this morning. He fills all the place. I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready.

Then I go on and tell you the church is ready. There are those here who say: "No one cares for my soul." We do care for it. You see a man bowing his head in prayer and you say: "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. The air is full of prayers. They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening God. The air is full of prayers—prayers ascending noon by noon from Fulton Street prayer meeting, Friday night by Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute of an hour of any day that there are not prayers ascending to the throne of mercy.

THE VISION OF SAUL OF TARSUS.

The church is ready. And if you should this morning start for your Father's house, there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it: "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament; bring the silver bowl for his baptism; give him full right to all the privileges of the church of Jesus Christ.

Oh, I know there are those who say the Church is a mass of hypocrites, but they do not really think so. It is a glorious Church. Christ purchased it. Christ built it. Christ swung all its gates. Christ curtained it with upholstery, crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it. Come into it. I do not pick out this man or that man and say: "You may come." I say all may come—whosoever will. "Come with us and we will do you good. The Lord hath promised good concerning Israel."

> We are a garden walled around
> Chosen and made peculiar ground,
> A little plot enclosed by grace
> Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. One and all. All! All! But I go further and tell you that the angels are ready. Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting into the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry to preach about the angels of heaven, but after he has gone on further it is hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's ladder? When Lazarus' soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels?" Are they not represented as the chief harvesters of the judgment day? Did not one angel in one night slay 180,000 of Sennacherib's troops? Oh, yes, our world is in communication with two other worlds. All that communication is by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bad spirits come on sulphurous wing and they shackle him, and try to push him off the precipices into the ruin, and they lift a guffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a line of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels, reaching all the way from earth to heaven, and when others gather like them I suppose the air is full of them. They hover. They flit about. They push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice. Look! There is an angel from the throne of God. One moment ago, it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the redeemed. It is here now. Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer comes melting on the air: "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All ready. Ready, cherubim and seraphim. Ready, thrones, and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael the archangel.

Yes, I go further and say that your glorified kindred are ready. I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born in perdition. When I see the ravages it makes with human intellects, when I see the homes it has devastated, when I see the bad morals that very often follow in its wake, I have no faith in modern spiritualism. I think if John Milton and George Whitefield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Rochester tables and rattle the leaves they had better stay home in glory. But the Bible distinctly teaches that the glorified in heaven are in sympathy with our redemption. "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and if the angels hear it, do not our departed kindred there hear it? There are those there who toiled for your salvation, and when they bade you good-by in the last hour, and they said, "Meet me in heaven," there was hovering over the pillow the awful possibility that you might not meet. But oh, the pathos when that hand was thrust out from the cover, and they said good-by. For how long good-by was it?

Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning, suppose you should say: "I'm done with the sins of this world. Fie upon all these follies. O Christ! I take thee now, I take thy service, I respond to thy love, thine am I forever"—why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with the message for thy soul, would cry upward, "He is coming!" and angels poising mid-air would cry upward: "He is coming!" all along the line of light from doorway to doorway, from wing tip to wing tip, the news would go upward till it reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mansions, and find your kindred out, and those before the throne would say: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!"

Now, my friends, if Christ is ready, and the Holy Ghost is ready, and the Church is ready, and the angels of God are ready, and your glorified kindred are ready, are you ready? I give with all the emphasis of my soul the question: "Are you ready?" If you do not get into the King's feast it will be because you do not accept the earnest invitation. Arm stretched out soaked with blood from elbow to finger-tip, lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming everlasting love while he says: "Come, come, come, for all things are now ready."

At Kenilworth Castle, I told you, they stopped the clocks when Queen Elizabeth arrived, that the hand of time might point to that moment as the one most significant and tremendous; but if this morning, the King should enter the castle of your soul, well might you stop all the clocks and have the finger of time pointing to this moment as the one most stupendous in all your life. Would that I could come all through these aisles and all through these galleries, not addressing you perfunctorily, but taking you by the hand as a brother takes a brother by the hand, and saying to one and all, to each: "Come, come, the door is open, enter now and sit down at the feast."

Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of gratitude? Come, all the young. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not till thy heart gets hard. Come, the furthest away from Christ. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackle. Come now, to-day, and get his pardon and its strength. Libertine, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows all the story of thy sin. Come to him this day. He will wash away thy sin and he will throw around thee the robe of his pardon. Harlot, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street—O Mary Magdalen! Christ waits for thee. And one further off, further than any I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have mentioned, self-righteous man, feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of pardon, no need of help—O self-righteous man! dost thou think in those rags thou canst enter the feast? Thou canst not. God's servant at the gate would tear off thy robe and leave thee naked at the gate. O self-righteous man! the last to come. Come to the feast. Come, repent of thy sin. Come, take Christ for thy portion.

AHASUERUS' FEAST.

Day of grace going away. Shadows on the cliff reaching further and further over the plain. The banquet has already begun. Christ has entered into that banquet to which you are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the King has his hand on the door of the banqueting-room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is your time to go in. Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now, it is half shut. Now, it is three-fourths shut. Now, it is just ajar. After awhile it will be forever shut!

> Why will ye waste on trifling cares
> That life which God's compassion spares?
> While in the endless round of thought
> The one thing needful is forgot."

A CHILD'S PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

DR. W. P. PAXSON, the zealous Superintendent of the work of the American Sunday School Union in the Southwest, whose portrait appeared in this journal last week, relates an instance of the saving of a child's life. He says:—"Mrs. Robb, who is a relative of mine is a grandaughter of a chief of the Choctaw's. She tells an interestiug story concerning the introduction of the whites into the Choctaw tribe. A white man had found his way out there, and he married a Choctaw girl. No attention was paid to the matter, till the baby was born. Then the question came up before the council whether or not white people should be allowed to marry with the women of the tribe. 'The whites are so much more numerous than we,' said the chiefs, 'that we may lose our Indian characteristics if we permit it.' They decided to have no more intermarriages, and that the young man who was the offender in the present case should be punished and *the child killed*. A committe was appointed to 'remove' it, but they did not want to do it. That night, an old 'aunty' stole the baby and made a little soup of venison and put it into a skin bag. Then she hid the baby in a hollow tree with this bag to live on. When the committee came, the child was gone. They decided that the Great Spirit had taken it away.

"'If the child comes back,' they said, 'all right; we will let him live if he stays here. If he never comes back, then we will know that the Great Spirit has taken him away, and saved us the trouble.' The baby was kept hidden a couple of days and about the third night, the mother woke up, overjoyed to find it beside her in bed. The boy was regarded after that as charmed and under the special care of the Great Spirit. He became a chief of the tribe."

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS' WORK OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

Over Fifty Million Bibles and Testaments Distributed Throughout the Entire Globe—How the Society, from a Modest Beginning, has Become a Mighty and Ever-Increasing Force for the Spread of the Gospel—Its Organization and Management Described.

See illustrations on the first page.)

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago, this week, a number of gentlemen met in the Consistory-room of the Dutch Reformed Church in Garden Street, New York, City, and organized, in a modest manner, what has since become one of the most powerful agencies for Christ in the entire history of evangelization—the American Bible Society. There had been Bible Socities anterior to the one then formed and much good work had been accomplished by the Philadelphia, Connecticut and Massachusetts Societies, the first of these, the oldest in America, dating back to 1808. The New York Bible Society, the New Jersey, and similar organizations, which sprang up from time to time, had also been the means of scattering the Sacred Word very generally among the people of the States which then formed the Union. But their field was in every instance a local one and their work was hampered by the smallness of their resources. When, in 1816, a union was proposed, thirty-five of these societies responded to the call for a convention which assembled in New York, on May 8th of that year. There were also present four representatives from the Society of Friends, besides other supporters of the movement, making sixty persons in all. Joshua M. Wallace, of New Jersey, presided, and the Revs. Lyman Beecher and J. B. Romeyn acted as Secretaries.

As the result of that Convention, a Constitution was adopted and an address sent out to the people of the United States, announcing the formation of a general Bible institution for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures "without note or comment." Executive officers and a very able Board of Managers were chosen, and the American Bible Society entered upon its career of benevolence and Christian usefulness—a career which has since broadened and expanded until, under God's blessing, it has beneficently embraced nearly every tongue and nation in every land under the sun.

In recognition of the fact that the first suggestion for the new departure had come from New Jersey, Hon. Elias Boudinot of Burlington, in that State, was elected as the first President of the American Bible Society. Among his active coadjutors were such notable divines as Revs. Drs. Nott, Mason, Rice, Morse, Blythe, Wilmur and Jones, besides a number of Christian gentlemen, including Messrs. William Jay, Gen. Linklaen, John Murray, Jr., James Fenimore Cooper, Orrin Day, Robert Sedgwick, Ichabod Skinner, and others. Although the Convention was formed from a large number of different denominations, there was not a single dissenting voice. Its deliberations closed on May 13th, 1815, and as this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes to press, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Society is being celebrated in New York City, by a gathering which, although all the original founders of the organization have passed away, can look back to a record of constantly extending usefulness, in which the plans of the pioneers have been faithfully carried out to a magnificent success.

The history of the American Bible Society during the three-quarters of a century of its existence illustrates the tremendous potency of concentrated effort in Gospel work. It is in the highest sense, a benevolent institution, manufacturing and disposing of the Scriptures not for the sake of profit, but solely for a philanthropic and Christian object. It has cheapened the Holy Word so as to place it within the reach of all who desire it; it has carried the Bible into the remotest parts of the earth; it has enabled any household to possess it, either by purchase or by gift, and the highest price asked for God's Word, where anything was asked at all, has never exceeded the simple cost. Where poverty rendered payment impossible it has furnished the Scriptures "without money and without price." Unsectarian as to its management, its benefits have extended to every denomination of Christians, and its labors have included all classes. It is not too much to say that wherever the foot of the white man has penetrated, the Society has labored to make its influenc felt and to spread the Gospel. There are on its registers over 2,000 auxiliaries and these in turn have not less than 5,000 branches, so that it now has in this country alone fully 7,000 subordinate Societies in active operation.

BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Its work in the foreign field dates as far back as 1833, when Mexico was made the first centre of operations outside of the United States. Next followed South America, then the Levant, including sub-agencies at Beirut and Alexandria; thence Paraguay, Brazil, China, Japan, Persia, Cuba, Siam, the countries of Europe, Venezuela, Bolivia, Siberia, India, the Islands of the Northern Pacific, Western and South Africa, and almost every land where American Churches have founded missions. Teachers and colporteurs were employed to oversee the distribution of the Scriptures at these distant points, and editions in different languages were rapidly multiplied, until at the present time the Scriptures are printed in more than eighty different tongues, all conveying to the remotest parts of the world the precious message of God's love and Christ's sacrifice.

In another part of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, we present examples of some of the languages and dialects into which the Bible has been translated; to give all would fill an entire number of the HERALD, even if the illustration were confined to a single verse. So enormous a task involved large expense, a considerable part of which was borne by the Society direct; the translations in other instances being circulated by the missionaries of different denominations, assisted and encouraged by the Society. It may be said in general that the Society circulates annually a million and a half of volumes, more than half of which are in English; that its foreign circulation exeeeds 500,000 a year, three-eighths of which are distributed in China, and another three-eighths in Japan, Turkey, Mexico and South America. Among the versions used abroad are the Classical Mandarin, Canton, Fuhchau, Ningpo, Amoy and Shanghai in China; the Hebrew-Spanish, Turkish, Armeno-Turkish, Græco-Turkish, Azerjiban, Ancient and Modern Armenian, Persian and Koordish in the Levant; the Hindi, Urdu and other languages in India and Ceylon; the Siamese, Mongolese, Japanese, Ebon and Reval-Esthonian. In 1856 it presented to each of the reigning monarchs of the world, a copy of its Imperial Quarto English Bible, handsomely bound, enclosed in an elegant rosewood case and accompanied by a Christian letter, and among its achieves are the many courteous replies received in acknowledgment.

During its first year the Society issued 6,410 volumes, its fiftieth year reached the magnificent total of 1,150,528 volumes, and up to the present time it has issued a grand total of FIFTY-FOUR MILLIONS OF VOLUMES! Of these, a large proportion have been distributed gratuitously. In 1852, the Society determined to erect a building sufficiently large to accomodate its steadily-increasing operations, and the corner-stone of the Bible House was laid on June 29th of that year. This building (see illustration on this page), which is situated on the block bounded by Third and Fourth Avenues and Eighth and Ninth Streets, was the result of individual subscriptions raised for that purpose. The editorial rooms and publishing offices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are located in this great building.

The working force of the American Bible Society embraces a small army of employees, being divided into two branches—the Executive and the Manufacturing. There are altogether over two hundred and fifty persons employed, many of who are women. A sixty-horse-power steam engine furnishes the motive power necessary for the operation of twenty-two presses, capable of turning out 2,000,000 Bibles and Testaments annually or about 7,000 copies per diem.

Every year brings a further extension of the Society's field of usefulness and increased demands upon its resources. With the spread of the Gospel work at home and abroad, it finds even its phenomenal facilities hardly adequate to the work, which has now grown to proportions beyond all precedent. This should encourage the liberality of Christian people everywhere, to find that so much can be accomplished with their aid. The present officers of the Society are Hon. Enoch L. Fancher, LL.D., New York, President; Rev. Edward W. Gilman, D.D., Rev. Alexander McLean, D.D., and Rev. Albert S. Hunt, D.D., Secretaries; William Foulke, Treasurer; and Caleb T. Rowe, General Agent. Portraits of several of these gentlemen are published in this issue. On the first page is depicted a most interesting scene: Rev. Mr. Bingham dictating the translation of the last verse of the Old Testament, on April 11, 1890, and so completing his version of the Gilbert Islands Bible, begun at Apaiang, in February 1859—a task involving an amount of long-continued energy and devotion difficult to realize.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Citizens to Keep the Streets Clean—The Escape of the Chilian War Vessel—A Child Lost—A Woman in Prison Fifty Years—A Physician's Midnight Adventure.

STREET-CLEANING pledges were circulated for signature last week in New York. The streets of the city have long been notoriously filthy, and there is a prospect of their becoming worse, for the Legislature has refused to permit an increase of the appropriation for cleaning them. A society has, in consequence, been organized to aid the Street-Cleaning Bureau. Any person may become a member by signing the pledge it has issued, and forwarding it to the offices of the Society. In signing the pledge the citizen binds himself to have the sidewalk in front of his own residence swept every morning, not to throw orange or banana peelings on the sidewalk, nor in the gutter, and to scrupulously observe certain city ordinances now commonly disregarded. There can be no doubt that if this pledge is generally signed and honestly kept, there will be a marked improvement in the cleanliness of the city. It would be a good thing, too, if the principle is not limited to street-cleaning. It would be equally beneficial if applied to morals. Many social evils would be abated if all those who profess to deplore their existence would abjure them. (Rom. 2 : 21.)

A Mysterious Steamer has been Causing some uneasiness to the Government for some days past, and on May, 6, orders were sent from Washington to detain her, but as only one deputy-marshal was put on board, the vessel sailed away in defiance. She has been at San Diego, Cal., and was registered as a passenger ship. Suspicions were, however, excited that she was really intended as a transport, if not an armed cruiser for the Chilian insurgents. It was noticed that enormous quantities of coal and general supplies were being taken on board. Forty live cattle, three thousand pounds of dressed meat and eight hundred tons of coal were put on board in one day. This kind of cargo and its quantity convinced the authorities that there was no truth in the captain's statement that the vessel was going no farther than Nangamo to load with coal. The arrival of a schooner at the Santa Catalina Islands with a cargo of Remington rifles and cartridges confirmed the suspicion, as she was believed to be waiting the arrival of the big steamer. There is no principle of international law more familiar to the Government than that which forbids the shipping of munitions of war to insurgents against a friendly power; orders were, therefore, sent to San Diego to seize the steamer and hold her. It is much to be wished that similar vigilance were exercised to thwart men who design to prey on the morals of our own citizens. The licensing of saloons and theatres of immoral tendency, and connivance at the existence of gambling resorts, are practices inconsistent with the principle on which the Chilian vessel was detained and they, like the vessel, uaually evade the law. (Prov. 28 : 10.)

The Pathetic Complaint of a Child Touched the heart of a police-sergeant in New York on April 29. He was on duty at the Twenty-second Street Station about six in the evening, when a strange group entered. The leader was a girl of some twelve years, and with her were two little girls, one of them apparently about three and the other about five years old. The eldest of the company explained that she had seen the other two wandering aimlessly near her home, and, thinking "such little things" might come to harm with no one to take care of them, she had brought them to the police station. The Sergeant questioned the little wanderers as to their names and homes, but could learn nothing on either subject. The three-year old gave no information except that she was hungry, and her five-year old sister said "*mamma is lost.*" The Sergeant smiled at the latter statement, but he dealt with both complaints. To relieve the former he sent out for some food and to deal with the latter he telephoned headquarters that the children were in his station. About two hours later the children were claimed by their parents. It appeared that their mother had left them for a moment at the door of their home while she spoke to a neighbor and the two children wandered away. They had travelled nearly two miles before the little "Good Samaritan" saw them and handed them over to the police. The child's complaint that mamma was lost was much like the complaints of some of God's wandering children. That is how the situation appears to them ; but when they are restored they realize that their case is more fitly described in the phrase, "This *my son was lost* and is found." (Luke 15 : 24.)

A Veteran Prisoner was Brought up for Sentence in a Court at Hartford, Conn., on May 4. She was an old woman who had been found intoxicated on the streets. She was sent up for thirty days for intoxication and thirty days more for refusing to tell who it was that sold her the liquor. When her record was looked up it was found that she had been imprisoned in almost every jail in the State. Her first crime was committed when she was a young woman. She was employed in a fashionable boarding house in Hartford and one night she entered her mistress' room while the latter was asleep, chloroformed her and stole her jewels and a large sum of money. She was detected and imprisoned for seven years. Soon after her release she committed a daring theft at Waterbury for which she was again sent to prison. She went to Bridgeport next where she robbed a woman of money and jewels and was a third time sentenced to a long term. After this she secured a temporary shelter with Vicar-general Hughes, but she was caught stealing there and sent back to prison for another term. Besides these long terms she has served out several minor terms. She is now seventy-eight years old and has passed nearly *fifty years behind the bars.* It is astonishing that her frequent imprisonments did not operate as a warning to her and lead her to reform. There are many, however, who, though they do not break human laws have a similar record in the courts of heaven. In spite of warning, chastisement and providential dealings they continue the enemies of God and obdurate to his appeals. (Ps. 29 : 1.)

An Aged Lady's Terrified Flight Formed the subject of a story related by herself to a contemporary. She says that when residing in a country district near Dedham, Mass, she one day went to visit a friend who lived about a mile off. It was a lonely road with not a single house between her home and that of her friend. She remained there, talking and knitting until evening, and then set out to walk home alone in the moonlight. She had walked about a quarter of a mile when she heard a strange scratching noise behind her. She was somewhat timid at being alone on that road at night, and she looked nervously around to see what the noise came from. She saw a dark object following her, and, having heard that wildcats had been seen in the neighborhood, she thought the dark object in the path was one of those animals. She quickened her steps, but she could still hear what she supposed to be the scratching of its paws on the hard ground. Her terror increased, and she was soon running as fast as she could, but a glance over her shoulder showed her that the creature, whatever it was, was close on her heels. Her fear magnified it until it seemed to her excited fancy to be a great panther. She was almost fainting when she reached her own door, rushed in and shut it quickly behind her. Her husband was alarmed at her condition, but she begged him not to worry about her, but go out and kill that panther that had followed her all the way home. He obeyed, but soon came back laughing. Holding up a dark, half-finished stocking, he said, "Here is your panther." The old lady had dropped the stocking she had been knitting, but as the ball of yarn attached to it remained in her pocket the stocking had trailed after her, and the knitting needles in it had made the scratching noise which alarmed her. She was too much unnerved to laugh then at herself for mistaking her own work for a panther, though she has often done so since. She can afford to laugh, but not so those who see the work they have done in a sinful life following them, and realize its true nature by its consequences to themselves and others. (Job 20 : 11.)

A Physician's Strange Midnight Adventure is described in a press despatch from Springfield, Ohio. It states that a well-known physician of that town was aroused on May 1, by a ring at his bell. It was not loud, but rather as if the caller wished to avoid disturbing the household. The doctor did not respond at first, but, as the low, stealthy calls continued, he rose from his bed and went to the door. Two men were there, supporting a third. Their faces were muffled so that he could not recognize them. It was the third man who needed medical attention and he was helped into the doctor's consulting room. He was suffering from a severe wound in the chest, a deep, long cut. The doctor dressed the wound and gave directions for the treatment of the patient. As he bade the men good night, one of them cautioned him against speaking of the visit. The wounded man gave him a searching look in the face and then said to his companions, "Better kill him." The doctor saw the flash of a knife in the hand of one of the men. He struck it aside with his hand and sprang backward. Nothing else saved his life, for the blow was aimed at his heart. No further attack was made upon him and the men went away after warning him that if he gave information they would return and kill him. That the man whose life the doctor had just saved should be the one to suggest the murder shows a degree of depravity and ingratitude almost incredible. Yet we know human nature is capable of even worse things. The Saviour was slain by the men whom he came to save and even now he is "wounded in the house of his friends." (Zech 13 : 6.)

An Interesting Meeting of Two Old Friends occured in New York a few days ago. One of the two was over fifty years of age and the other seventy. The younger came to the city a poor friendless lad forty years ago. He wanted employment and applied to a retail tradesman for help. The tradesman wrote a note which the lad took to a workshop in North William Street, and which secured him work. He was a diligent lad, soon learned the business and went out West where he found a chance of going into business for himself. He prospered in life as the years sped along ; he won wealth by the time he had reached middle age ; he rose to distinction among his fellows ; he became a powerful person in his State, and for years past he has stood among the notables of the county. In all these years he had never again seen the retailer who spent ten minutes, forty years ago, in finding him his first work. A few days ago, when the rich notable, was making a visit to this city, he determined to hunt up the retailer who had taken pains to give him a start in life. He found him in the old retail shop, doing business in the old way, neither rich nor notable. As might be expected, the two graybeards did not know each other when they met, and it turned out that the retailer had forgotten that he ever rendered a slight service to a country lad forty years ago. But the eminent man told him of it, assured him that he owed all his success in life to the kindly act and gave expression to his gratitude in a way that will relieve the aged retailer from worldly cares hereafter. Such instances of gratitude are rare. Many acts of Christian kindness do not lead to prosperity and many which do, are forgotten by the receiver as well as the doer. But he who spent his life in doing good, assured us that they are not forgotten in heaven and they "shall in no wise lose their reward." (Mark 9 : 41.)

CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL.

S. S. LESSON FOR MAY 24, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS 17: 6-18. GOLDEN TEXT, II. CHRON. 24: 20.

God's Patience with Wicked Nations—The Warning to Israel—The Nation Persistent in Idolatry — Adopting Heathen Practices—Prophetic Warnings—The Instrument of Judgment—The Terrible Siege—The Captivity —A Sign to Every Generation.

N the history of nations, as well as of individuals, there comes a time which must prove a crisis. In Noah's days, the longsuffering of God waited a hundred and twenty years; but then the flood came upon that generation. God was patient with them, but when the iniquity of the Amorites was full, then judgment came upon them, and Israel possessed their land. (Gen. 15: 16.) The sin of Sodom accumulated, but God waited until the cry of it reached up to him; then fire and brimstone from heaven destroyed the city.

God had warned Israel through his servant Moses, "If ye will not hearken unto me, and will not do all these commandments; and if ye shall despise my statutes, or if your soul abhor my judgments, so that ye will not do all my commandments, but that ye break my covenant; I will . . . appoint over you terror, . . . set my face against you . . . punish you seven times more for your sins, and I will break the pride of your power, . . . And I will bring a sword upon you, that shall avenge

The Quarrel of My Covenant.

I will walk contrary unto you also in fury; will destroy your high places, . . . make your cities waste, . . . bring the land into desolation; and . . . scatter you among the heathen." (Lev. 26: 14-33.) Could this be the same God who said, "Israel is my son; even my firstborn?" Was it he who had said, "If ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people, for all the earth is mine?" (Ex. 19: 5.) Was it he who said, "Yea, he loved the people; all his saints are in thy hand?" (Deut. 33: 3.) Yes, and there was love in his very severity, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth" (Heb. 12: 6); if Israel was to be saved, it must be so as by fire. (I. Cor. 3: 15.) War, famine, pestilence, had been sent as visitations from God upon "backsliding Israel," yet from "the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin," they had not returned. The golden calves were still more to them than the God who had led their fathers through the Red Sea and fed them with manna in the wilderness. And in addition to their first form of idolatry, which became general in Israel, the worship of Baal had so prevailed amongst them for many years as to become the state religion of God's chosen people! The very people whom he had called out from the nations to be his "witnesses" to show forth his praise had

Sunk to the Level of the Heathen

around them, and followed in their steps! Is there nothing similar to this to be found in the present day among professing Christians? Where is the holy singularity which made the Shunammite know and speak of the follower of Elijah as "a holy man of God which passeth by us continually"? Where is that great grace upon them all which gave its irresistible power to the witness of the first disciples of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus? Where is the angel face of a Stephen? And who shares with him the unconquerable spirit and wisdom with which he spoke? Is not the level of the Christianity of the day of quite another order,—self-seeking, earthly, carnal? In the old dispensation, God sought a people who would at all times, and under all circumstances, bear testimony that the unseen God who made heaven and earth was with them, that he was their God and dwelt among them. In the present day, Jesus seeks a people in whom, and through whom, he can manifest himself, his Spirit and his life.

Warning after warning had been sent to Israel; prophet after prophet had been raised up; Elijah, Elisha, Amos, Isaiah, Hosea, Nahum and Micah had sounded their warning against present sin, and foretold coming judgment. The last king of Israel was on the throne, yet no man knew, or at least believed, that judgment was so nigh at hand.

The Instrument of Judgment

was prepared and ready. In the first place, Shalmaneser, the king of Assyria came up against Hoshea, and reduced him to a tributary prince. But the king was found guilty of conspiracy with So, king of Egypt, against the Assyrian dominion. And thus he who was set to be a witness, and a light for God, became treacherous before the heathen who probably had more sense of honor than this man who professed to know God! Therefore Hoshea was made a close prisoner. "As with the prince so with the people;" Samaria was besieged three years. What these years of siege must have been to the famished inhabitants, who can tell?" In the ninth year of Hoshea, the King of Assyria took Samaria." All the resistance of the people was in vain; God was against them. The king of Assyria "carried Israel away into Assyria, and placed them in Halah, and in Habor, by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes."

It is a solemn parable, as well as a solemn history. When God's people imitate the practices of the world, enter into its spirit, seek its honors, and obey its precepts, they are nearing the point when they become its slaves. The writing of their condemnation stands over against the history of their captivity. "For so it was that the children of Israel had sinned against the Lord their God, which had brought them up out of the land of Egypt, from under the hand of Pharaoh, king of Egypt; and had feared other gods, and walked in the statutes of the heathen, whom the Lord cast out before the children of Israel." It is this terrible failure to recognize or to have respect to the honor of their God which strikes us so painfully in the history of Israel and Judah. But what about ourselves? As a Church, are we in the present day any better? We may not be guilty of rank outward idolatry, but who can deny that the opinion of the world weighs more with the generality of church members of all denominations then does the Word of God? The secret things which were not right, the images and groves, incense and idols have their counterpart in the externals of ritualism, the pride of rationalism, the carnality of materialism, the dark sin of spiritualism, which form the idolatry of so-called Christians in our day. And now, as then, God sends his prophets, but just as Israel of old would not hear but "hardened their necks like the necks of their fathers that did not believe in the Lord their God," so is it now.

The religionists of the day will not have a living, moving, acting, present God among them, anything which brings them face to face with him is put aside as vulgar, senseless, childish, antiquated, etc.; for

The Nineteenth Century

will have "no God." Spiritualism had crept in, then as now, among the people; "they used divination and enchantments . . . Therefore the Lord was very angry with Israel, and removed them out of his sight." It was the punishment of Cain. 'From thy face shall I be hid." (Gen. 4: 14.) And yet "God has not cast away his people whom he foreknew," the time shall yet come when "All Israel shall be saved.' (Rom. 11: 2, 26.) But meanwhile Israel is under judgment;

A Sign to Every Generation

that God keeps his word of truth as well as his word of mercy, that he is a just and holy, as well as a merciful and loving God. And now the land that flowed with milk and honey was given over to strangers, the men of Babylon and of Assyria lived there instead of the children of Israel. They brought in their idolatry in its fulness, but God sent lions amongst them; and then they sought a teacher from among the captive Israelites who should teach them "the manner of the God of the land," putting Jehovah on a par with the gods of the nations! The priest from among the Israelites, who was sent on this errand, was not a man of power by the spirit of the Lord; he "taught them the fear of the Lord," and yet the people worshipped their own gods besides, and thus a mixed worship became general. They *feared* the Lord, but they *served* their own gods, there was no turning of the heart to the Lord, it was only an outward change in which they simply altered the form of their worship. And yet—was it worse or was it as bad as the same mixture in the lives of the children of God now? Alas! that the captivity of God's people for their sins is too often no blessing to those through whom they are carried away. If any of us are in captivity, in spirit, in body, in circumstances, let us see to it that we recognize the hand which binds us, and humble ourselves "under the mighty hand of God," that he may exalt us "in due time." (I. Pet. 5: 6.)

THE CYCLE IN DANIEL.

A Remarkable Astronomical Discovery for Which the Prophecies of Daniel Supplied the Clue.

ESSRS. Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York have just published a deeply interesting volume. It is the last work of the late Rev. Austin Phelps, D.D.,, L.L.D., who was for many years the President of Andover Theological Seminary, and the author of many learned treatises. This work, which is entitled *My Note Book*, was prepared just before the great scholar's death. "If I can only live," he wrote to a friend, "till this book is done, I shall be content to go." He did live to finish it, and the last letter he received was one from the publishers acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript. His famous daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart P. Ward has read the proofs, and added an introduction after his death, but found no necessity for making any changes in the book. As its name implies, the volume is fragmentary, containing the jottings and stray thoughts of years, but the fragments are gems of rare value, all the more precious because they are the last we shall ever have from the pen which has written so much and so well. Among "the fragments" are the following observations, which, coming as they do from so learned a man, are entitled to the attention of students of prophecy:

A service of very peculiar nature and not generally known, connects the books of our faith with the researches of astronomical science. It is well understood by experts in astronomy that

A Certain Complicated Cycle

which should harmonize certain intricate revolutions of the solar system, has been sought for, for centuries. At last, it was until recently, given up as being beyond the reach of human discovery. But within a few years, an eminent Swiss astronomer professes to have found the long-sought marvel of astronomical science. His researches have been submitted to three distinguished astronomers of the "Royal Academy of Sciences" in Paris. By them it has been pronounced accurate and of practical value.

The interesting fact about this astronomical discovery is that the discoverer was first led to suspect the existence of the cycle, by a study of the symbolical prophecies of Daniel. It is well known that the majority of the interpreters have found in those prophecies a period of 2300 solar years, as the measurement in the prophetic visions, of the time which should elapse between the age of Daniel and the end of the, so-called *Times of the Gentiles*. The Swiss

astronomer—M. de Cheseaux, by name—is a devout believer in the Scriptures. In reading the symbolical predictions of Daniel, it occurred to him as a hypothesis that this period of twenty-three centuries might be the cycle so long despaired of by experts in astronomical science. On further investigation, by astronomical methods, he found that it was even so. The discovery led to that of other cycles, all involved in the prophetic computations, and by means of which he was able to solve between thirty and forty astronomical and geographical problems.

He suggests, plausibly, to say the least, the inquiry: "How happened it that a Hebrew prophet, twenty-three centuries in advance of scientific discovery, used

That Occult Cycle

in his timing of coming events in the far distant future?" If he had conversed with the most eminent astronomers of his age, he could not have learned it from them. They knew nothing of its existence. If he had been, himself, the most accomplished scientist of the century, he could not have discovered it. There were no astronomical instruments in existence by which the requisite observations could have been made. The famed astrology of Chaldæa of which he may have known something, knew nothing of it. For twenty-three centuries that ignorance of the learned world has continued, notwithstanding the immense advances in astronomical knowledge, and in the improvement of the instruments of the observatory. Yet all the while the mysterious and unknown cycle lay embedded in the symbolic prophecies of the Hebrew seer. How happened that? Not one only, but a system of co-ordinate cycles was made the groundwork of prophetic computations.

How Came that About?

The theory of the discoverer is, that a foreordained synchronism exists between the movements of the solar system and the developments of human history. The chronologies of the two are one. The mind which contrived the one foreordained the other. The clockwork of the material heavens and the clockwork of the history of man have been created and wound up by the same Being. So reasons the devout astronomer. Of course none but proficients in astronomical researches and proficients in the interpretation of symbolic prophecy can pronounce independently upon the value of the discoveries. But the conditions attending their announcement entitle them to the consideration of Biblical scholars. They place the hallowed books of our religion in very interesting relation to human science.

CHRIST OR FRIENDS?

IN a professedly Christian land we do not realize the force of the words Jesus addressed to those who would be his disciples, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." But in India, converts often have to make that painful choice. Miss Christine Bell, who writes to *The Church* from Etawah, India, says;

"In the village of Utteporé a woman said to me, 'When I hear you speaking, anger will rise in my heart, because all you say is true; but, by the system of caste, we are bound down to remain Hindus;' and then her voice gave way in a flood of tears running down from her eyes. At a number of places, after having explained to the women that without Christ no sinner can be saved, one or another would come forward and say to me: 'Is it right to forsake father and mother, and every other relative, which will be the case if I become a Christian?' Sometimes I answer them by saying, 'I do not tell you to forsake your relatives, but to give up sinning against God, and to believe in his Son, Jesus Christ, to be saved.' 'But,' they reply, 'when we become Christians, then our relatives will not suffer us to remain with them.' I tell them, 'Then you must leave them.' When addressing a number of women in the village of Allanpore, a man who also listened to my address, said to me, 'All that you say is very true. I have read the New Testament myself, and I know that Jesus Christ is the true Saviour of this world, and I believe in him as my Saviour.' Then I asked him, 'Why do you not ask for baptism and confess Christ openly?' He answered by shaking his head and saying, 'I will call on his name and worship him.'"

AN UNGRATEFUL PROTEGE.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for May 24. "Because ye have forsaken the Lord, he hath also forsaken you." II. Chron. 24: 20.

"JOSEPH, my boy," said a dying man, when a lad of sixteen entered the room and stepped softly to his bedside, "I am dying, but I have kept hold of life to say something to you before I go. Promise me that you will pay attention and obey me; your whole future depends upon your doing so."

"I promise it, father," said the boy.

"It is about the Senator, and I must say it quickly for I am sinking. A long time ago, before you were born, I was living in Pennsylvania. I was a miner, and you have no idea what misery that means. It only brought us bare food and clothes, and there were times when it did not do that. There was no hope of anything better, for the boss was a hard man. He seemed more like a demon than a man, he was so cruel. I expected nothing else but to die of starvation some day in one of our strikes, or when I grew too old to work. I heard one day by chance that Mr. Fidelis was a great man out here and a good man, too. So I wrote to him and described my state. He replied quickly telling me that I should do well if I would come here, and he sent me the money to come. Well, I came and you know what a good time we have had. Plenty to eat and to wear, a good home and comfort. We owe it all to Mr. Fidelis. Oh! I wish I had told you all this before. Oh! I am sinking and the story is not half told. Doctor, try to keep me here a little while longer."

A restorative was administered and then the dying man continued:

"You know how Mr. Fidelis has got on. When he was Governor he looked after my interests and put several good things in my way. He is Senator now, you know, and he could do much for you. If he knew I was dying he would be here, but he could not come from Washington soon enough. You must write to him when I am dead and tell him I died praising him for all he has done for us. Now, Joseph, you must be true to him and he will help you. He needs friends, and a bright intelligent young man can serve his interests. He has a lot of enemies who plot against him while he is away at Washington. You must stand up for him. They want to get his place, but you must do all you can to hold his friends together, and when you are a man you must make his interest your first concern. He has been my best friend and he will be yours, too. I am sorry to say I have not been faithful to him always. His enemies are jolly fellows and I was fond of going with them. It was awfully mean of me, but it can't be helped now. He has forgiven me, and you must do better than I have done." His voice had sunk to a whisper, he had just strength to say, hoarsely," "Promise me, Joseph," and as the boy's promise was uttered, his eyes closed in death.

Joseph wrote to the Senator, as he had promised, and the answer came promptly. Mr. Fidelis would be a friend to the boy. He would see that he was well-educated; if he needed money he must write to Washington; when he grew up money would be forth coming to establish him in business, or if he preferred politics the Senator would give him a start. The only condition was that the boy should never drink strong liquor, should never gamble, and should never have anything to do with the opposition political party. All these things the boy willingly promised and congratulated himself on his prospects.

There seems an incurable perversity in human nature leading it to seek forbidden things merely because they are forbidden. Joseph Cohen was afflicted in that way. His life for several years was a continuous falling away from the rules the Senator had laid down. Time and again he got into trouble and had to confess and beg pardon. Then he would sign the pledge and promise never to touch the dice nor make a bet again. But as soon as the Senator had paid his debts and given him a new start, he began to fall back into his old ways. The boy seemed incorrigible. The Senator bore patiently with him, hoping that he would outgrow his faults.

The time came when Joseph was through school and college and then the Senator kept his promise of establishing him in business in his native town. "My term expires two years from now," he said, when Joseph was thanking him effusively for all his kindness, "you are of age now and you can help me. Those fellows will prevent my getting another term if they can. Do your best for me while I am away; look after the primaries and keep me informed of what is going on. If you want more money in your business, send to me. Remember I am your friend."

A man's enemies never do him so much harm as false friends can do. Senator Fidelis would have been re-elected if it had not been for an ambitious man in his own party. This man began by dropping hints that the Senator was getting too old for his position. A more active, vigorous man would do better for the State. A more showy, hospitable man would represent the State better in Washington. He contended that on several occasions the Senator had been remiss of late. The still-hunt went on unobservedly, but it was effective. When the Legislature was elected that Fall it was evident that the Senator had but a bare chance of being re-elected.

Strange to say, Joseph Cohen was a warm friend of the man who was trying to supplant the Senator. He was so active against Mr. Fidelis that he neglected his business and financial difficulties pressed upon him. The new man promised that if he was elected Senator, Joseph would have a good place, so Joseph worked still harder and looked forward to the election as the time when he would be quit of business and would have an easy time in some office in Washington. He did not write to the Senator now, though he wished he could have the help that Mr. Fidelis used to give him with his payments. He was ashamed to write. He knew that Mr. Fidelis knew of his treachery, for the Senator sent one friend after another to him to appeal to him, to remind him of his obligations and to remonstrate with him. Joseph treated these men very curtly as a man does who knows he is doing a mean thing and does not want to be reminded of it.

At last election came. Mr. Fidelis was rejected and relegated to private life. Joseph pressed his claims on the new Senator, but the answers were vague. Time would be needed to get familiar with the duties; there was no office vacant, and similar excuses. Joseph's creditors were pressing and he knew not what to do. If he could have time, if he could "tide over a few months" he would come out all right. In a bad crisis he offered a note to stave off the sheriff and one night in the privacy of his office he forged an endorsement on it.

Yes, it has come to this. He was a criminal. That was what his forsaking of his friend and his father's friend had brought him to. There was no help now. He would have gone to Mr. Fidelis and confessed everything, but the ex-Senator had given him up. He was in Europe now travelling for his health and there was no one from whom Joseph could get help. He resolved to abscond before the forged note came to maturity, but detection came before that and he was arrested and convicted and sent to the penitentiary for a long term.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

COLLEGE BOAT-RACES.

WE will have this coming season, as last summer, contests of oar between college and college. Some of the religious newspapers condemn all such rivalries, enlarging upon the strained wrists, broken blood-vessels, and barbaric animalism of men who ought to have been rowing their race with the Binomial Theorem for one oar, and "Kame's Elements of Criticism" for the other.

For the most part, we have sympathized with the boys, and confess that at our hotel we kept careful watch of the bulletin, to see whose boat came in ahead. We are disposed to applaud anything that will give our young men muscular development. Students have such a tendency to lounge, and mope, and chew, and eat almond-nuts at midnight, and read novels after they go to bed, the candlestick set up on Webster's Dictionary or the Bible, that we prize anything that makes them cautious about their health, as they must be if they would enter the list of contestants. How many of our country boys enter the Freshman class of college in robust health, which lasts them about a twelve month; then in the Sophomore they lose their liver; in the Junior they lose their stomach; in the Senior they lose their back-bone; graduating skeletons, and fitter for an anatomical museum than the bar or pulpit.

"Midnight oil," so much eulogized, is the poorest kind of kerosene. Where hard study kills one student, bad habits kill a hundred. Kirk White, while at Cambridge, wrote beautiful hymns, but if he had gone to bed at ten at night instead of three o'clock the next morning, he would have been of more service to the world, and a healthier example to all collegians. Much of the learning of the day is morbid, and much of the religion bilious. We want, first of all, a clean heart, and next a strong stomach. Falling from grace is often chargeable to derangement of gastric juices. Oar and bat may become salutary weapons.

But after all there may be excesses in the summer boat-races. A student with a stout arm and great girth, and a full chest, and nothing else, is not at all admirable. Mind and body need to be driven tandem, the body for the wheel horse and the intellect the leader. We want what is proposed in some directions, a grand collegiate, literary race. Let the mental contest be on the same week with the muscular. Let Yale and Harvard and Williams and Princeton and Dartmouth see who has the champion among scholars. Let there be a Waterloo in Belle-Lettres and Rhetoric and Mathematics and Philosophy. Let us see which of the students are most worthy to wear the belt. About twelve o'clock at noon, let the literary flotilla start prow and prow, oar-lock and oar-lock. Let Helicon empty its waters to swell the River of Knowledge on which they row. Right foot on right rib of the boat, and left foot on the left rib,—bend into it my hearties, bend!—and our craft comes out four lengths ahead.

Give the brain a chance a well as the arm. Do not let the animal eat up the soul. Let the body be the well-fashioned hulk, and the mind the white sails, all hoisted, everything, from flying jib to spanker, bearing on toward the harbor of glorious achievement. When that boat starts, we want to be there to cheer, and after sun-down, help fill the air with sky-rockets.

SLOVENS.

IT is a fact that some ladies, who in the street and in the parlor are attractive in appearance, come down to breakfast in what is called deshabille. Our opinion is that the whole family ought to look well in the morning. It is important that the calico and the breakfast dress be rightly adjusted as well as the afternoon silk and the basque. It takes but little longer and it pays well. The children of the household ought to understand that whatever can be done by brush, and mirror, and ribbon, should be done at the start of the day. The first hour of the morning decides whether our children shall be gentlemen and ladies, or boors and slovens. But the younger members of the family will not observe domestic order if the father and mother look like a "fright." Parents are the mirror by which their children dress.

AUDIENCES.

AN eminent lecturer declares that all audiences are about alike to him. He enters at eight o'clock the public hall, and finds a circle of humanity coiled around him just like the one he saw in some other hall on the previous night. Our experience is different. We find no two audiences alike. Each one is as different from all the others as one man's face varies from another's physiognomy. Some audiences are dull. In that village we find poor schools or stupid churches or unenterprising newspapers. Everything is profoundly silent save as a cough or a sneeze interrupts one. The stolidity of the assembly reacts upon the lecturer. While you are speaking you look at your watch. You begin to measure off your lecture with less interest than the merchant measures a yard of cassimere. You say to yourself, "Half through!" "Three-fourths through!" "Five minutes more and I may quit!" And you close your manuscript, shake hands with the treasurer, and go out. At another place the audience beam upon you as you enter. Everybody seems to say, "Welcome to our town! We are all waiting for you. Now do your best. If you have any wisdom or wit, fling it over this way." Your smallest joke goes off like a pack of Fourth of July fire-crackers. You are amazed to see how people take things. Your poorest lecture catches enthusiasm from the good-natured audience. You feel as if you were in your own parlor talking with a group of college chums. The hour-and-a-half seems to you only like twenty minutes, and after shaking hands with men, women and children, you are so well pleased, that the commercial part of your engagement seems most insignificant. You got your pay before you came to the peroration. Let audiences know that oft-times they are responsible for the stupidity of a speaker. The attempt to build a fire among green wood makes a smoke, but no blaze.

BRIEF NOTES.

The American Sunday School Union celebrated its sixty-seventh anniversary at East Orange, N. J., on Sunday last.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, inherits $350,000 under the will of a lady who died recently in Glasgow.

The total amount received by the New York Hospital Saturday and Sunday Fund during 1890 and 1891 was $58,342.23. Of this the amount received from the churches was $27,619.70.

Rev. Thomas J. Conant, who died a few days ago in Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the ablest American Biblical scholars and linguists. He took part in the preparation of the Revised Version of the Bible.

Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, has been elected Professor of Systematic Theology in the Uuion Theological Seminary, New York. His portrait and life appeared in this journal on May 21, 1890.

Rev. George W. Bothwell, D.D., whose critical condition was mentioned in this column last week, died on May 3. An autopsy showed that the cork, the accidental swallowing of which caused his death, had lodged in the windpipe, and effectually shut out the air from the left lung.

At the recent annual meeting in Washington, of the American Tract Society, it was stated that the receipts for the year were, in round numbers, $305,000. The Society has issued, in the sixty-six years of its existence, 7,585 distinct publications in this country and 4,593 in foreign countries.

A report showing remarkable progress has been issued by the Baptist Church of Havana, Cuba. At its organization in January, 1886, it had only three members. It has added since then by baptism, 1966 members, has organized six new churches, 21 mission stations, and has sent out seventeen mission preachers, The pastor, Rev. A. J. Diaz, speaks most hopefully of the prospects.

The Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., has commenced its usual summer work with the Gospel Wagon, a picture of which appeared in this journal a year ago. The zealous consecrated workers who give time and labor to this mission, and have made it the most effective mission in the whole country, ask the prayers of our readers that God will continue to bless this wagon enterprise as he has done in the past.

Mr. George W. Wheeler, of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C., desires to make acknowledgment of the receipt of the following additional sums received by him for Mr. J. McLain Brown, Missionary at Tokio, Japan, a sketch of whose life and work appeared in this journal on January 28, 1891: "The Lord's Tenth," $2.75; W. R. Aitken, $5.; J. G. Jackson, $1.; "Well Wisher," $33.; Riehle Bros., $5.; Lottie Verbrugger, $13.; Mrs. K. K. Centerville, $1.

The Rev. Mr. Mackay writing from the Island of Formosa, on the South East coast of China, describes an extraordinary turning from idols on the part of the people of Ka-le-oan, a village, or rather a congeries of villages, recently visited by him. A native assistant had commenced work in that district, and when Mr. Mackay went to see what progress had been made, he found many of the people having a clear idea of Gospel truth, Nearly 500 idolators cleaned their houses of idols in his presence. They also gave a temple built for idols as a house of worship for the living and true God.

Rev. J. S. Murrow, who has been a mtssionary among the Indians for nearly thirty-four years, writes us that he has returned from a visit to Lone Wolf's Camp, where the readers of this journal helped Rev. W. F. ReQua to establish a mission. Mr. Murrow reports that the mission is now flourishing under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lancaster, and that it is worthy of continued confidence and support. The Kiowa Indians heartily appreciate the mission and would send four times the number of children to the school that are now there, if there was room to receive them. Mr. Lancaster's address is Quartz P. O., Greer Co., Ind. Ter.

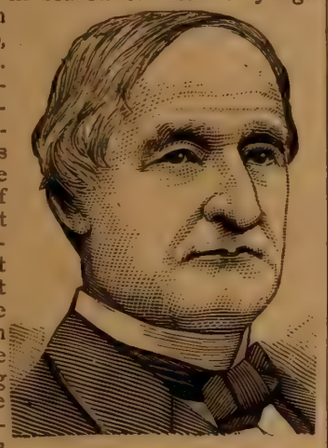
CURRENT EVENTS.

Old World Labor Troubles—War Cloud in South Africa—Mediation Proposed in Chili—The New Orleans Grand Jury's Report—Millionaire Carnegie's Latest Benefaction—Ex-Minister Taft Dying—General News.

TIRED of Slaughtering each other, the Chilians are now casting about for some power to act as a mediator. The United States, France and Brazil have offered their services in restoring peace. There is a strong probability that this offer, by the three greatest republics in the world, will be availed of in the near future. The insurgent leaders and the Balmacedists have been in vain negotiation, the former insisting that the President should resign, disband his army, and allow a new President to be elected. This he positively refused to do. Up to the present time the destruction of life and property has been appalling. Chili's fine navy has now been reduced to three vessels on the government side and four cruisers on the insurgent side; several of the principal trading ports are almost in ruins. Twenty years will hardly repair the loss to commerce. The towns of Pisagua, Zapiga, San Frncisco, Huaraz, Pozo Almonte, and Iquique, are all more or less damaged by the fighting that has taken place. Iquique is practically a ruin.

Europe's Capitals are again in the Sway of the "grip," and the disease is showing no respect of persons. Among those who are serious sufferers are Prince Hatzfeld, Prince Christian, the Duchess of Marlborough, a number of the members of the British Parliament and a host of officials in the larger cities.

One of best known of American Statesmen and jurists, Hon. Alfonso Taft, of Ohio, lies dying at Los Angeles, Cal., whither he had gone from his home in Ohio in search of health. Judge Taft was born in Vermont, in 1810, on a small farm. He received a common-school education, but so energetic and studious was the lad that he pushed himself forward, and at sixteen was teaching the district school, when not needed upon the farm. At nineteen he entered Yale College, graduating at twenty-three and afterwards filling a position as tutor there. He studied law and at twenty-eight was admitted to the bar. Moving to Ohio, his abilities secured prompt recognition and he rose rapidly, being twice elected to the bench and holding other important offices in that State. In March, 1876, President Grant nominated him as Secretary of War and he afterwards held the post of Attorney-General. President Arthur sent him successively as Minister to Austria and Russia. Since 1885, he has been practically out of politics and in failing health. A portrait of Judge Taft is given in this column.



The New Orleans Grand Jury has made its official report on the recent troubles, including the shooting of the Chief of Police Hennessy and the lynching of the Italian members of the Mafia. They refused to find an indictment against the men concerned in the lynching at the Parish prison and declared that the lynching was the spontaneous act of the people and that to indict and attempt to try the members of the mob would be unwise; that the uprising of the people justified the tragedy, whereby the Italian Mafists lost their lives. They presented indictments, however, against Detective O'Malley and five of his associates for attempting to bribe the jury that tried the Italians. The report takes occasion to speak very seriously of the evils existing under the present Immigration laws, by which hundreds of Italian criminals find their way to New Orleans. It will be important to note the effect of this report by the Grand Jury of New Orleans on the somewhat complicated question now at issue between our Government and that of Italy. Signor Corte, Italy's Consul at New Orleans, has written to the authorities there, asserting that nearly all the men lynched were Italian citizens, and that full reparation will be demanded.

An Event in the Musical World, Worthy of mention, was the public opening of the new Music Hall founded by the millionaire, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in New York City, on Tuesday, May 5. The hall is situated at 57th Street and 7th Avenue, and was crowded with noted persons. Bishop Potter, of New York pronounced an oration, and a chorus of five hundred voices sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," followed by a classical programme. Mr. Carnegie's purpose in founding this institution, as in the case of the Pittsburg Library which he endowed not long ago, is one of pure public interest. He wishes to popularize the great oratorios of the old masters and the best classical music of a religious character—in other words to counteract by pure music, rendered by the best talent in the land, the tendency to cheap, meretricious music, so common in public entertainments. Among the distinguished people present at the opening, were Mrs. and the Misses Blaine, daughters of the Secretary of State, J. D. Rockefeller, Elliot. F. Shepard, Isaac M. Seligman, James Stokes and others. At the festival, which began with the opening and continued several days, the most famous American and European singers contributed to the entertainment of the audience. We publish in this column, a portrait of Mr. Carnegie, the greatest iron-master in the United States. From a poor boy, working as messenger in a telegraph office at $3 per week, he arose by strict integrity and industry to be one of the most eminent men and Christian philanthropists of the present day.

Twenty Thousand Boers are Preparing to emigrate from the Dutch Republic in the Transvaal, South Africa, to Mashonaland, with the avowed intention of founding a great Northern Republic there. This movement is undertaken in the face of the protests of England and the warning of President Kruger, of the Boer Republic, who officially ordered the new "trek" to be stopped. THE CHSISTIAN HERALD last week referred to the growing cloud of war between the British and Dutch in South Africa, and the latest despatches show that the trouble is rapidly growing more serious. The British are sending troops forward to Mashonaland to oppose the movement and a collision is daily expected.

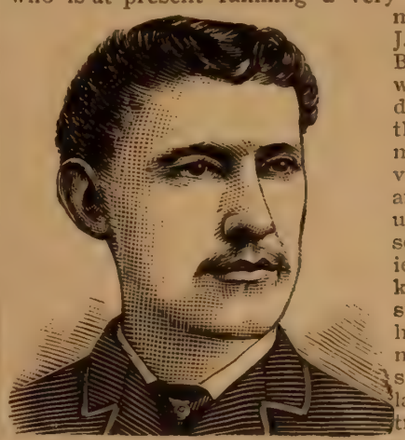
The Week has been one of Uneasiness, if not of terror, in many places of the Old World. Following on the May-day demonstrations by the labor organizations and the Socialists, and the fatal riots in Belgium and France, comes the news of a panic in Rome, arising from the popular discontent. At Ponto Pantaleo, an explosion occurred, destroying the barracks and stables of the armed police. The disturbances have unsettled business and thrown thousands of workingmen out of employment. There are indications that the country is on the verge of revolution. The troubles have been fomented by the adherents of ex-Premier Crispi, who are determined on the overthrow of the Rudini Ministry and who are said to have paid certain agitators. A number of arrests have been made.

Before He Finally Retires from Public Life, Senator Edmunds says he intends to make a strong effort, at the opening of the next session of Congress, to secure a report on the bill establishing a National University. It is not to be a college, but a great non-sectarian institution, which shall make plain the narrowness of the Papal power and combat the efforts that are being made by Catholics everywhere in this country to combine Church and State. He believes that a strong support can be had for the bill in Congress, and that the country is ripe for it.

Arctic Exploration Seems to Have Been Shorn of much of its terrors, for it is proposed by Bowdoin College to send out a party of students, during the coming summer, on an expedition to Labrador. Professor Leslie will be in command, and the main object will be the collection of birds, fish and lichens. A schooner has been chartered and the party will sail at the end of the college term. One section will endeavor to penetrate to the great Falls of Labrador, which no white man has ever seen, and which are said to be the grandest in the world, with a sheer fall of over 2,000 feet.

Ever since the Great Baring Failure, the bankers of England, Germany and France have been timid on credits and anxious to increase their stock of gold. The result has been that in a majority of cases where American bills were due in Europe, for months past, gold was demanded and sent. In advance of the new tariff going into operation, American importers bought heavily last fall, and thus far they have shipped over $28,000,000 gold in payment. There is no distrust abroad regarding our bankers, and as there is an abundant supply of gold, merchants and bankers here regard the situation with complacency.

A Young Man, who has Risen from Humble circumstances to considerable distinction and who is at present fulfilling a very important misssion, is J. Stanley Brown. He was lately detailed by the Government to investigate and report upon the seal fisheries of Alaska. The statement has been made by some of the largest seal traders that unless speedy action is taken to prevent the indiscriminate slaughter of seals in Alaskan waters, these fisheries will soon be exhausted and the supply will cease. It will be Mr. Brown's duty to ascertain the extent of the depredations by foreign sealers and to submit a method of checking them. Mr. Brown (whose portrait is given above), was the son of a working carpenter in Washington, D. C. He studied law and was appointed as private Secretary to the late President Garfield, to whom his rare fidelity untiring energy and Christian character greatly endeared him. Three years ago, he married Miss Mollie Garfield. Lately he has been engaged in investigations connected with the Geological survey.

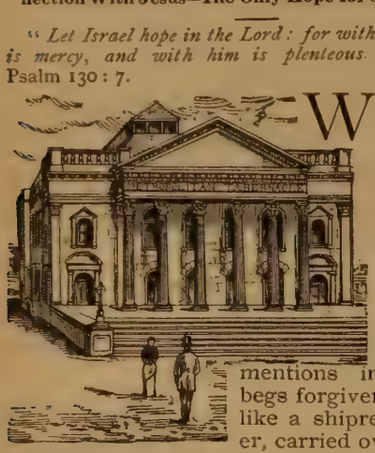


THE CENTRE OF THE TARGET.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Cry of Distress—A Shout of Deliverance—How the Rescue Came—A Lesson that May be Useful to Others—I. The First Exercise of Faith—Should be Toward Jesus, Not Toward the Blessing—Faith in the Promiser Leads to Faith in the Promise—The Wisest and Best Way—II. Faith in Reference to Other Blessings—Must be in Connection With Jesus—The Only Hope for Sanctification.

"Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption."—Psalm 130: 7.



WHEN he penned this psalm, the writer, David, was in deep distress, if not of circumstances, yet of conscience. He constantly mentions iniquities and begs forgiveness. He felt like a shiprecked mariner, carried overboard into the raging sea. Thus he reviews the situation—"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord." Yet he lived to tell the tale of deliverance. His prayer from among the waves was a memory worth preserving, and he does preserve it. The mercy of God to him he weaves into a song for us; and in this our text is found.

Two things the wretched sufferer tells us. First, that, as God delivered him from the power of sin, so he will deliver all his praying, wrestling, believing people. That is the last verse of the psalm—"He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities." The argument is—He delivered me. What am I more than others? The gracious Lord who saved me will save all those who call upon him in truth. He delivered me, though laden with iniquities, and his pardoning mercy is unfailing; and therefore he can and will rescue others from their uttermost distresses. This is a good line of reasoning, for the Lord's ways are constant, and he will do for all believers what he has done for one.

May we learn well the lesson of this psalm! When we meet with a man who has been in special trouble. and he has escaped from it, we are anxious to know how it came to pass, in order that, if we are cast into similar trial, we also may resort to

The Same Door of Hope.

You meet with a man who has long been sorely afflicted, and to find him full of joy at his relief is a pleasure and a personal comfort. You heard him lamenting for years, and now you hear him rejoicing; and this excites your wonder and your hope. It is as though a cripple saw another lame man leaping and running. He very naturally enquires, "How is this?" The other day you saw a man blind, begging in the street, and now he has an eye bright as that which sparkles on the face of a gazelle, and you cry in astonishment—"Tell me who was the oculist that operated on your eyes; for I may be in a like case, and I should be glad to know where to go." Here, then, we have a gate of knowledge opened before us. The Psalmist found salvation and deliverance in going direct to God, and trusting in him; let us follow his example.

I. The chief point to which I desire you to give earnest heed is this: in obtaining Gospel blessings

The First Exercise of Faith

must be towards God in Christ Jesus, and not towards the blessings themselves. "Let Israel hope in the Lord.' To me this has the look of a very encouraging truth: the sinner is not to hasten with his first thoughts to the mercy he wants, nor even to the mercy of God to which he may look; but he is to go to the Lord Jesus Christ himself, as the Lord of mercy, and fountain of redemption. The first exercise of our faith is to deal immediately with the Lord God as he meets us in the person of our Lord Jesus.

Here let me say that this is the most natural order which faith can follow. Look first to the Giver, and then to the gift. Look for the Helper, and then for the help. Do not be saying, "I long to be forgiven. I labor to believe that I am forgiven. I desire to be saved. I want to know that I am saved." This is looking for the fruit, when you have need first to find the tree.

Your First Business,

as a seeker of salvation, is to believe in Jesus Christ, that is, to trust yourself with the divine Saviour. The natural order is, believe in the Promiser, aud then you will believe in the promise. You cannot help believing the promise when once you believe in the Promiser. If you find a merchant to be an eminently upright and substantial man, you do not hesitate to take his cheques; in fact, you would be glad to have your purse full of them. Faith prizes the promises of her faithful God, and calls them precious.

Apply this rule, and deal with heavenly things in due order. You seek pardon. Do not look continually at this priceless mercy at first, but look to the pardoning God. You will soon believe in forgiveness if you cause the first exercise of your faith to refer to the Forgiver, even Jesus Christ himself. When you have believed in him, as able to say, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," then you will believe in sins being forgiven. This is the natural order of things. So also, if you desire to believe for salvation, and to be assured that you have it, or may have it at once, the simple course—

The Natural Course

—is to believe in the Saviour. To be healed, you believe first in the Healer. When you have believed in the Saviour, then you will believe in the salvation. If you know that Jesus can save you, if you desire to be saved, you will trust him to save you. You will be readily able to believe that you can be saved when you trust in Jesus as able to save to the uttermost. Poor trembling heart, do not look at the blessing,and say, "Alas, it is too great!" Look at the Saviour himself!

To this I would add, this is the necessary order. It must be so: the Saviour first, and then the salvation. Begin at the Cross. See how Jesus puts it:—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." He does not first say, "Take my yoke upon you;" but first "Come unto me." He first gives you rest, and then afterwards we find it; but we begin with coming to him. First Christ, and then his yoke. First Christ, and then rest. Do not ask for rest first, and then say, "I will come to Christ afterwards." This is an impossible order. Do not even say, "I must get a broken heart, and then come to Christ." No, come to Christ for a broken heart. I preach to you a Saviour who wants nothing of you, but who is ready to begin with you at the beginning, just where your are, in all your unworthiness and ill desert—in all your depravity and vileness.

The Easiest Course.

Observe, also, that, as it is the natural order, and the necessary order, so it is evidently the easiest order. Sometimes it seems to a burdened heart to be more than difficult to believe in the pardon of innumerable sins: it appears impossible. Guilty one, do not try to believe in pardon in the abstract, but believe in Jesus the Sacrifice and Saviour, who has once for all appeared to put away sin. Believe in the divine Substitute, and then you will believe that the forgiveness of your sins is a thing provided for by him. Do not even say, "I can never be sanctified; such a wretched sinner as I am could never be made into a saint." Do not try to believe in sanctification, but rely upon the boundless power of Jesus to "make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight." For all parts of salvation, hope in the Lord,and look to his hand for the working thereof.

This is the way even to God himself, and the only way which our human feet can tread. Consider well who Christ was, and what he has done, and then you will conclude that he can save even you. By looking to him you will be saved; and what is easier than to look? To hope in God is a far more simple matter than to search for the signs and evidences in yourself, or to labor to force yourself up into certain states of mind. Answer the question, "Will he save me?" by looking to see what kind of a Saviour Jesus is; and when you perceive the glory of his person, the perfection of his obedience, and the merit of his blood, you will be convinced that you may safely trust in him according to his command; for he commands you to believe. Jesus declares, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Let us come at once, for it is the nearest and best road to peace.

To come first of all to God in Christ Jesus is the wisest course. You are too bewildered to know which blessing to seek, therefore seek Jesus himself, and he will be unto you wisdom. It is easier to come to the Cross than to separate blessings which come of it.

Take the Straight Road.

I believe that, in every case wherein the soul finds peace, that is the actual order. We may go about after pardon, renewal, and holiness, but we find no rest unto our souls while hunting for these. As a matter of fact, we look unto him and are lightened, and not by any other means. If, by aiming even at repentance, we are taken off from the Lord, we are taken off the right road. It is possible even to look to faith in such a manner as to forget the object of faith. It is not my hand, but what my hand grasps that saves me when I lay hold on Christ. It is not my eye, but what my eye sees which saves me when I look to Jesus. In very deed no heart can find salvation in that which comes forth from itself: its hope lies alone in the Lord, to whom it must trust for everything. Beware of trusting to an anchor which lies on your own deck, or to a confidence which depends in the least degree on yourself. "Let Israel hope in the Lord."

This, then, is my message to every man who desires salvation, "Let Israel hope in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with him is plenteous redemption." I would also have preachers learn a lesson from the point I have been driving at. Let them not so much preach sinners to Christ as Christ to sinners. I am persuaded that a full and clear declaration of what Jesus is, as to his person, offices, character, work, and authority, would do more to produce faith than all our exhortations. "Whosoever believeth hath everlasting life;" but how shall they believe unless they hear of him?

A Woman Converted.

The very best topic for the immediate conversion of men is Christ crucified—the doctrine that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. I know one that came in here full of evil, living an unchaste life, and the text was, "He that believeth in him hath everlasting life." There would not seem to be anything about the sermon to convince of sin, but the charming mercy of God won that heart, and that heart, being won by love, learned at once to hate evil, and to serve the Lord Jesus in all that is pure, and lovely, and of good report. There sat in this very house, not long ago, side by side with one who still is in the service of Satan, a woman who had not attended the house of God for years. Nothing was heard but the simple proclamation of the grace of God in Christ Jesus to the guilty, but she was shot down by the side of her companion: the thought of the amazing mercy and infinite love of God, in giving his Son to die, touched her heart, and she began to weep, whereat her companion upbraided her; but she answered, "I have found mercy." That was enough for her: she made no other excuse for her emotion. I pray that like effects will follow this sermon. I bid you hope in the Lord.

II. Another form of the same truth now invites our attention—all exercises of

Faith in Reference to Other Things

must be in connection with the Lord. I began with our first exercise of faith, but I would not end there. As the stars called "the Pointers" always point to the pole-star, so must our faith ever look to God in Christ Jesus. Having begun with Jesus, our faith must not look elsewhere. Let Israel always hope in the Lord, for with him is what she still requires. What want you to-night, dear friend? Ask, and you shall receive; but ask only of the Lord. Knock, but knock still at the same door. Plead, but when you are pleading, still plead the name of Jesus. Hope still in the Lord, and never have any hope in yourself, for that would be a fruitless, groundless, rootless, sapless hope. You are still to find mercy and redemption in the Lord alone.

I am afraid that sometimes we seek mercies apart from God the Giver, or apart from Christ, the channel of their bestowal: and this is always ill of us. Avoid such dangerous error. I read in the papers, frequently, allusions to "Providence." I know what I intend by Providence; but I do not know what the newspapers mean by it. I fear it is only a convenient phrase, a conventional expression, which is not to be too carefully examined. They do not mean a living, foreseeing, providing, working Personality: that would be too much like religion. They admit a certain something, "a power which makes for righteousness," a nonentity called "Providence." I have too often heard Christian people talk about

Thanking Providence.

What is it that you thank? Do you mean, "thank God?" If so, say it boldly! It is God that provides. God arranges, God overrules, God worketh out his gracious designs. Again, how often do we hear of "Nature" doing this, and "Nature" being that, and "Nature" producing the other! What do you mean? We do not erect an altar, and inscribe it to the unknown God. We know the Lord, and are known of him, and therefore we would speak of him as our hope, our trust, our joy. We know no providence apart from Jehovah-Jireh, the God who foresees and provides.

Now dear brother, do you want mercy? In your prayers for pardoning mercy, quote the Saviour's sacrifice. Do you want sparing mercy? Mention him whom God did not spare in the great atoning day. Do you want restoring mercy? Plead him whom God brought again from the dead. Do you want to behold the light of Jehovah's countenance? Plead him who said, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" In hoping for mercy, set the eye of your hope upon the Lord Jesus, and let no mercy be hoped for by you apart from him. I would bind you, if I could, to the Cross as your one hope.

So it is with "plenteous redemption." What a grand utterance that is—

"Plenteous Redemption!"

I would like to dwell upon it. Is there not rare music in the sound? It means plenteous forgiveness for plenteous sin, through a price paid, a ransom given. In Christ only can you find this. "With him is plenteous redemption." Do not dream of finding redemption in ordinances, in prayers, in tears, or in anything but the life and death and person of the Son of God. "With him is plenteous redemption." A great price he has paid, and therefore a great debt is blotted out. Great offences are forgiven, but only through the precious blood of our adorable Redeemer.

"Plenteous redemption." Why, that means deliverance from the bondage of many lusts, freedom from the thraldom of strong passions, a ransom of captives from fierce taskmasters. My God, I long to be so delivered, and redeemed, and there is with thee all grace and power, and provision for plenteous deliverance by redemption; but this is found in Christ alone, I charge you, my hearers, do not look for escape from the slavery of sin apart from the redemption of Christ. Do not expect to overcome the smallest sin except by the blood of the Lamb. There is nothing, I believe, more deceiving than the notion of the unregenerate heart that is seeking after holiness, though it takes no thought of the merit of Jesus Christ.

"Plenteous redemption" includes in its range of meaning great growth in grace, abounding usefulness, high spirituality, and perfect preparedness for heaven: for all these we must hope in the Lord, for they are with him. Never think to have redemption in the least or in the highest degree apart from your hope in the Lord—your trusting in Christ Jesus.

The pith and marrow of what I have said is this: hope distinctly in the Lord. There are many stars, but let one alone of all the train be the object of your believing eye. Lay the foundation of your hope in the Lord; go on building up your comfort in the Lord Jesus; and in him bring forth the topstone. Begin with Christ, and end with Christ. As Christ grows more to you, take care that self grows less and less. If your Christianity puffs you up, it is not Christ's Christianity. God will always help us while we are weak. When we are strong: what shall I say? Then are we weak, and have need to fear, for we are being lifted up already, or we should not count ourselves strong — poor, puny creatures that we are! God will always bless us as long as we confess our dependence upon his blessing. He will always fill us as long as we are empty. He will always feed us as long as we are hungry. He will be your all in all so long as you are nothing. But the moment you boast in yourself, and say, "I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing," you will be left to learn that you are naked, and poor, and miserable. The poorest, weakest, saddest among us may hope in the Lord, for he can do all things: wherefore, let us end our meeting with each one of us hoping in the Lord, and let us continue in our faith in "the God of hope," till we receive the heaven we hope for through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A PHILANTHROPIST.

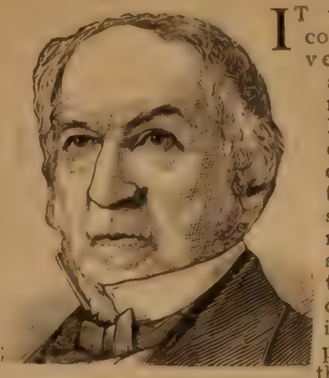
Mr. Charles Pratt's Gift to the Cause of Education in Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEATH has claimed one of Brooklyn's best known citizens. Mr. Charles Pratt, the millionaire founder of the Pratt Institute and the President of the Adelphi Academy

expired suddenly in his office in New York, on May 4th. He was sixty-one years of age. The son of a poor cabinet-maker, he was early set to earn his own living. He earned his first dollar as a machinist in his native town of Watertown, Mass. When he was seventeen years old he went to Boston. There he became impressed with the disadvantages of being without an education, so he went to Wilbraham Academy for a year, and managed to *live on a dollar a week* while he studied. At the end of the year he obtained employment in an oil and paint house in Boston. From that time his success was uninterrupted. In 1857 he moved to New York and became junior partner in a firm of oil refiners. Later he went into business for himself in Brooklyn, and accumulated a fortune, which at the time of his death, was estimated at twenty million dollars. Mindful of his own early difficulties, he endeavored to give aid to young people who were struggling. He contributed largely to the founding of the Adelphi Academy, and subsequently built and endowed the Pratt Institute at an expense of a million dollars. There an education academical and technical is provided for about two thousand pupils at a low cost to each. It is estimated that Mr. Pratt's expenditure on this intution and the Adelphi, exceeded two million dollars. Beside this he gave largely to religious funds. He was a member of the Emmanuel Baptist Church, toward the building of which he gave $150,000.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Gladstone as a Correspondent.*



IT was perhaps a combination of universal sympathy and receptiveness, with the kindly instincts of a naturally courteous heart, that led the great statesman in his retirement to spare a daily interval from his congenial tasks in order to reply personally to the letters of his numerous correspondents, many of whom inconsiderately intruded upon him without the slightest justification. His critics have often made themselves merry over his voluminous mail; for, of course, many of those who received from him a letter or a post card took care to make the world acquainted with their good luck. But there have been few men whose casual utterances would better bear repeating, and better stand the brunt of ridicule, than Mr. Gladstone. He is ever sensible: ever in earnest; ever simple and single-minded. These qualities have been marked and esteemed by the masses. Thus, in his home at Hawarden, affectionately tended by his wife and children, varying his occupation between a Greek commentary and the felling of a doomed tree on his estate, watching the political world from afar and occasionally reminded of it more nearly by an incursion of Liberal interviewers from the neighboring centres of industry, he learned to forget the sting of his great defeats and to grow steadily in the heart's affection of his fellow-countrymen.

His Attitude toward Russia.

Mr. Gladstone was instant, in season and out of season (1877–78), against the idea of going to war with Russia; and it is certain that his solemn utterances did as much as anything else to avert that calamity. In a letter to a meeting of workingmen at Liverpool, he wrote: "We are for the interests of Europe, but let Europe, and not our Indian army, look after its own interests. I, for one, will not willingly go into war till I know what it is about. If what the government mean is to set Turkey up again, in God's name let them say so, and we shall know how to deal with them. As for myself, I hope to oppose it to the very end; and even I may live to see the day when its unexampled folly will be looked back upon with a unanimity of grief and amazement."

His Egyptian Policy a Mistake.

Never was a statesman so beleaguered as was Mr. Gladstone, from the time when he advised the abandonment of the Soudan to the moment when he forwarded his resignation to Her Majesty on the 8th of June, 1885. Desperate as were the Egytian troubles that ensued, they were but a small portion of the burden which the harrassed Premier had to bear. The interval was also marked by a severe struggle on the question of Parliamentary reform, by a conflict, once threatening to become desperate, with the House of Lords, by such strained relations with the Russian Empire as seemed certain to end in war, and by an opposition which was not less unscrupulous in method than it was factious in spirit.

Mr. Gladstone has, since that date, made the melancholy confession that his Egyptian policy was a mistake. It was one that was left to him as a legacy by the preceding government; it was approved by the bulk of his supporters and clamored for by his opponents; it unquestionably had the support of the country; but to those who observed him closely, it was obvi-

* *William Ewart Gladstone: His Life and Times:* By Lewis Appleton; Walter Scott & Co., London, and A. Lovell & Co., New York. 12 mo.; cloth; 329 pages, with portrait.

A House in the Shire Highlands, South Eastern Africa.

A Native Barn.

ous that the Prime Minister was making a reluctant surrender of his will and of his better judgment to the popular current in public affairs.

On the first night of the session of 1884, telegrams arrived announcing that Baker Pasha had been defeafed near Tokar by a force of the Mahdi's followers, and had been driven back on Suakin. Before this time, the Government had despatched General Gordon to Khartoum, on the understanding that he was to bring back the beleaguered garrison, and such of the colonists as desired to return to Lower Egypt. This step won almost unbounded applause. Gordon was a popular hero, in whom was combined much of the soldier and something of the saint. He was going out in the spirit of knight-errantry—one man to liberate a city full of prisoners. A deliberate attempt was made to fix upon Mr. Gladstone the responsibility for Gordon's death. The Conservatives roundly accused Mr. Gladstone of murder. Mr. Gladstone defended himself and his government with great vehemence and passion, and eventually the vote of censure was defeated by the small majority of fourteen.

SCENES IN THE SHIRE HIGHLANDS.

(*See Illustrations.*)

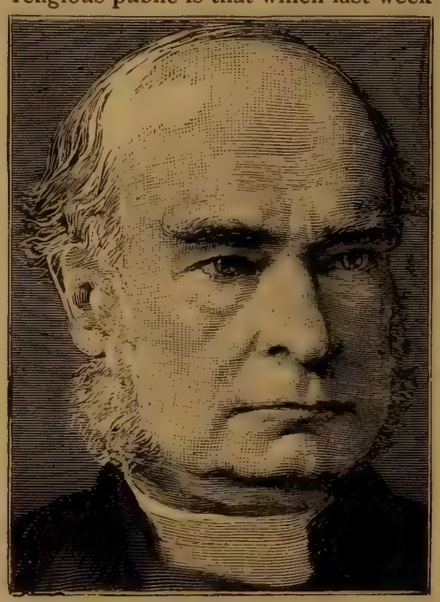
RENEWED disputes between England and Portugal as to the Shire Highlands, in South Eastern Africa, were reported by cable last week. The Portugese officials seized a British steamer on its way up the Zambesi and refused to allow it to proceed. As the vessel was carrying the mails and stores which were urgently needed, the captain offered to pay duty on his cargo but it was refused. The captain and crew were imprisoned until after the vessel, manned by Portugese and under Portugese colors had proceeded, when they were released. The trouble arises out of an ancient claim of Portugal to the entire country from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. It is based on a grant from Pope Alexander VI. in the fifteenth century. By the recent partition treaty, Germany secured a section of this territory on the Atlantic coast; the Transvaal Republic has another section of it; and England has a strip between the two, extending northward from Cape Town to the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. For a short distance, the River Zambesi forms the boundary between English and Portugese territory and the two governments have established a *modus vivendi* by which the English may use the river from that point to the Indian Ocean, though its course is through Portugese territory. The English allege that the seizure of the ship was a violation of the *modus vivendi*.

The importance of being able to use the Zambesi consists in its being the direct way from the sea to Lake Nyassa and to the Shire Highlands, where an English corporation, known as the African Lakes Company, is operating. Mr. Fred. L. Moir, one of the managers of that company who has recently made a journey with his wife, through the Shire Highlands from Mandala to Lake Tanganyika, describes the country as fertile, and rich in mineral products. The illustrations on this page are from photographs taken by Mr. Moir on that journey. One of them represents a house at Mandala appropriated to the use of the resident-manager of the African Lakes Company; the other is a structure which serves the natives as a safe deposit vault in which grain is stored and valuables are placed for safe keeping. During the journey they encountered many natives who had never before seen a white woman. At Myezrzo, a crowded village surrounded by a wooden stockade, they came out in crowds to look at Mrs. Moir and criticized her appearance with embarrassing frankness.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP.

(*See Portrait.*)

A CABLE message which shocks and surprises the religious public is that which last week announced the death of Archbishop Magee. It is but little more than three months ago that he was receiving the congratulations of his friends on his elevation to the Archbishopric of York, the highest office but one in the Church of England. The Church was also congratulated; for Dr. Magee was a man whose learning, eloquence and tact qualified him in an eminent degree to perform the duties of the office.



Dr. Magee was an Irishman by descent, a grandson of the famous Archbishop of Dublin. He was born in 1821, and at an early age entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with honor. He was ordained in 1844. As a young man he was remarkable for his thrilling eloquence as well as for close reasoning and profound thought. A striking sermon, showing wide culture, which he preached before the Church Congress in 1868, attracted the notice of Mr. Disraeli who was then in the Cabinet, and by his advice Dr. Magee was, in 1868, made Bishop of Peterborough. This appointment gave him a seat in the house of Lords, and there he has done excellent work, speaking always on the side of righteousness and national principle, and protesting against the opium-traffic and other iniquities which still stain English Government. On the death of Dr. Thompson on December 25, 1890, Dr. Magee was chosen to succeed him.

THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

The Captain's Indiscretion.

"ANOTHER glass, Captain?"

"No, not another, thank you, Mr. Combe."

"What, not another? Isn't the liquor good? Shall I mix you a julep now, or something hot with lemon, eh?"

"No—no more," said Captain Allen, eying the tall bottle with desire. "The fact is, Mr. Combe, I promised my wife—and she is a woman-with-a-head-on-her-shoulder—that I wouldn't touch above one glass before I sold that lumber; and what 'Zekiel Allen says he sticks to, sure."

"Oh, but seems to me Mrs. Allen may be drawing the reins rather tight—eh, Captain?"

"None too tight, after all," said the Captain with a laugh; I'd as like as not give the lumber away, or sell it for less than the trees cost me standing. I'm free, Mr. Combe, very free, after two glasses."

If one might read the little droop of Mr. Combe's shoulders and of the corners of his mouth, possibly he had known that little peculiarity in Captain Allen, and had considered a few glasses of Old Rye a good investment as he bargained with him. But now Captain Allen, having refreshed his mind with his promise to his "'Liza," said briskly: "And so, Mr. Combe, will you have the lumber or shall I go round to Jenkins before train-time?"

"Oh, "I'll have the lumber," said Mr. Combe, knowing that Jenkins, the rival builder, was now out on the street looking for the Captain.

"At the price laid down ere?" said the Captain, push-g a long bill of various items ward Mr. Combe. "No beat-g down. You take it all?"

"Yes," said Mr. Combe. "De-vered at once."

"I'll begin sending it down -morrow by six," said the aptain joyfully, now feeling the hilaration of the builder's rog; "or at five, or at four, if ou say so. Come up at three the morning if you like."

"Pshaw! I can't get there be-re the train, Captain," said r. Combe; and, with the fear f Jenkins before his eyes, he rote at the bottom of the long mber bill "Bought by Sam'l ombe." "There now!"

"All right," said the Captain, olding the document and put-ng it into his pocket. "And ow I will have another glass."

Mr. Combe poured out a sec-nd glass and put sugar there-. Then he prudently locked p the bottle in the closet. Why aste Jamaica when the bargain as made?

As Captain Allen sipped his quor with evident keen relish, r. Combe said:

"Since your wife is so sharp bout getting a promise as to ow many glasses you will take, wonder she does not try to nake you swear off drinking ltogether."

"She does—she does," said he Captain, shaking his big ead. "But, you see, I won't do . I know too well what it will ost me. Whatever 'Zekiel llen promises, that he sticks o, if it kills him. Ask the ounty, they'll say Captain Allen s a man of his word. And I won't give my word for tee-otal, because I like a good glass now and then first-rate. here; I'm sorry that one's inished—not that I am or ever mean to be a drunkard. I think too much of 'Liza and the children for that. It's on their account I made the promise about not drinking over one glass before the bargain is finished. But I'll not swear total abstainer. Oh, no! And, Mr. Combe, if you like, you can bring up the rest of that bottle to-morrow, and we'll drink to our good luck when the last of the sticks are sent off."

Combe laughed. "All right; perhaps after a glass or two you'll throw me in an odd hundred or so of scantling."

"You needn't build on that," said the Captain honestly; "for 'Liza'll be there. Oh, she is a woman for trade! She made out the bill. She measures all the lumber. She used to be a school-ma'am. Oh, she is a woman-with-a-head! I don't know just how she does it, Mr. Combe. I never could measure lumber myself; but she—she just runs the rule here and there, and then—then she multiplies! Or is it that she divides? No; she adds! I vow I can't tell which it is—but she gets it right!"

Mr. Combe laughed again as he opened the door. The Jamaica was telling on the Captain, but too late to do his entertainer any good.

Captain Allen was very easily affected by liquor. His intoxication was always speedy, brief, and of three stages. He was in the first stage now—the stage of exhilaration. In that stage it would be very hard to persuade the Captain that he had not a million or its equivalent in either pocket. It would be equally hard to persuade him that it was not his mission to lavish of his abundance on all his fellows. Given two glasses, Captain Allen was a new Don Quixote; every broken-down steed was to him a full-blooded charger; every windmill a giant; every village maid a Dulcinea to be defended. He was now in what the French call the state glorieux; he forgot that he trod the earth, and he marched with his head in the clouds. Had not his poverty and the prudence of 'Liza combined to keep his pockets empty, Captain Allen would have scattered his earnings right and left in such phases of feeling as the present.

Now he took the road to the railroad station. About him, in the waning light of the early April afternoon, were the skeletons of half-covered frames of various houses rising under the supervision of Combe or the rival Jenkins. For this little town of Lacy was coming up on a sudden boom. These houses which the workmen were leaving for the night, aided the glowing fantasies of Captain Allen's brain. "If they'd only build a thousand houses, and I could get out the lumber for all of them—ha! ha! I'd be rich as Jay Gould in no time. Ho! ho! I'm no fool! What will 'Liza say when she sees this!" and he slapped the pocket where the bill of lumber rustled. "Sold! Sold to the first man! Sold at full price! If I go on like that I can pay off the mortgage on the old mill and build me a house, and buy 'Liza a silk gown and little Bob a watch when he is twenty-one!"

Thus, emulating the "Maid with the Pail of Milk" and the "Glass Seller of Bagdad," Captain Allen strode toward the station just at the edge of the little town. But before he reached the station, he saw on the roadside an excited group, mostly women, and their exclamations and questions mingled with the wild crying of a child.

Captain Allen was a man extravagantly fond of children, and, moreover, he was now in his state of "Redresser General of all Grievances;" he elbowed his way into the crowd. Sitting on a boulder was a hatless, shoeless, ragged, and very small child. He was crying stormily, furiously; as a child cries after long and painful repression, after long terror and endurance when at last all barriers and restraints have given way, and it yields completely to the force of its woe.

"Poor little thing!" cried a woman, shrilly; "no wonder he cries. There he sat whenever I opened my door this morning—still as a stone. After an hour or so, I went and spoke to him. He said his mammy had left him there, and told him to wait. I took him some bread and milk, and again I took him some cake; and he slept a bit. And there he's sat the blessed day, afraid to move, waiting for the wretched woman, whoever she is, to come back."

"She won't come. Never fear. She's deserted him. She's been cute enough to get the day's start and go by, before folks were up to see her, the brute!"

"Don't cry, my little man," said an old grandmother, "tell us your name. What's your name, dear?"

"Wobbie."

"Oh, Robbie. And where do you live?"

"Nowhere!"

"Oh, yes, you do. Where did you come from tell us?"

"F'om nowhere," sobbed the child, breaking forth into renewed wails.

"There, he knows nothing, or he is so scared he has forgotten all he knows. Well, what's to be done with him? He can't sit here all night. It's going to rain, too. Can't you take him in, Mrs. Moss?"

"Me take him in!" said Mrs. Moss, who evidently had not "been a schoolma'am," like 'Liza. "And if there is one thing Absalom hates, it is the noise of a child!"

"Yes, yes," said her neighbors, "she can't," for the vile temper of her Absalom was well known, but condoned, as for ten years he had been paralyzed from a railroad accident.

"Couldn't you see to him a bit, Mrs. Mooney?"

"The saints forbid!" cried Mrs. Mooney. "I've raised eight, and now I live with my daughter and she has six, and they're more than she can handle, sure."

"That's true," said a big matron. "Everybody has got more than they can do for, of children. I wonder that they will keep coming when there's no room for 'em." And she eyed the weeping "Wobbie" with reprobation, as a sample of that legion of children which will insist on crowding into an over-peopled world.

"Perhaps his mother will come back for him, after all."

"Not she," cried the chorus. "She's deserted him, the tramp!"

"Mr. Beasely, don't you want him—you've no chick or child?"

"No; and no one to mend my own stockings, let alone his," quoth Mr. Beasely, who was a bachelor.

SPRING FLOWERS.

Everywhere about us they are glowing,
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand, like Ruth amid the golden corn.

And with childlike, credulous affection
We behold the tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great Resurrection.
Emblems of "the bright and better Land."

—*Longfellow.*

"What's the row?" demanded Luke Martin, the sole policeman of the place, who had been summoned.

The woman explained vociferously.

"Well, I suppose I must take him to the station-house"—thus designating a ten-by-twelve room behind the post-office—"and in the morning, if he's not called for, hand him over to the poormaster."

"You've no right to hand him over to the poormaster," said a hard-faced man. "Why should our country be burdened with the like of him? If you take in all the strays that are left here, we'll soon have to pay fifty cents tax on the dollar. He's not our poor. Send him where he came from."

"But we don't know where he came from."

"You've no right to burden our county, I say!"

"Oh, Sam Hastings! Burden! One little bit of a boy!"

"Yes, Mrs. Moss. Burden! It's a precedent. We don't want no such precedents. Our taxes is heavy enough now, and too heavy."

"Arrah, you don't pay any of 'em," said Mrs. Mooney.

Meanwhile the child had stopped crying—stopped from exhaustion, and to take breath.

"Come on, sonny," said the big constable, "you can't sit here."

But the child was frightened nearly into convulsions at the touch of this big, bluff man with the thick stick. He burst into renewed shrieks, and clung to the petticoat of the nearest woman.

"Can't some of you quiet him a little?" said the poor constable. "I don't want to drag him off yelling like that. People will think I'm trying to cut his throat."

The child seemed to regard this as a threat. He redoubled his shrieks. While the women said, "There, there; don't, my dear; don't take on so." "He won't hurt you." "Go with the nice man." "He'll give candy, sonny." "Here, dear, hush; here is a penny for you." "There's a good boy."

Another lull; but for breath, not because comforted.

"Well," said the reluctant constable, "the poorhouse is the only place since none of you wants him."

"I want him."

It was Captain 'Zekiel.

He pushed near the child and got down on his knees. He wiped the tear-drenched face with his big bandanna. He wooed the child with soft words. "There, my little man! Cap'n Allen likes little boys. Come with me, and you shall have some pie and a bird and a pussy cat, and a baby to play with! 'Zekiel Allen won't see a little chap sent to the poorhouse."

"Oh, the good man!" "Aye, that's right!" Heaven be your bed!" "The Lord will reward you!" "Take him!" Thus "the chorus of the women."

"Do you mean you'll take the child, mister? I don't remember your——."

"Oh, it's Captain Allen from Lal's Mountain," cried Mrs. Mooney. "We know him—Captain 'Zekiel."

"And you really mean to take the child?" said the constable.

"Certain, why not? I've got a mill up near the mountain, and I can sell my lumber for any price I name. I've got a wife with-a-head-on-her-shoulders, and I've got two youngsters, and I'm not one of those to say there's too many children in the world. I like children. I'd as lief do for a hundred! Give me the little chap, I'll make a man of him. I'll make him Gov'nor or President, or a barge captain, or—or something!"

The lost infant, standing very short and small beside Captain 'Zekiel's six feet four inches, locked one small hand tight in the big palm of his protector, and with the other gripped fast hold of the baggy knee of the Captain's trousers.

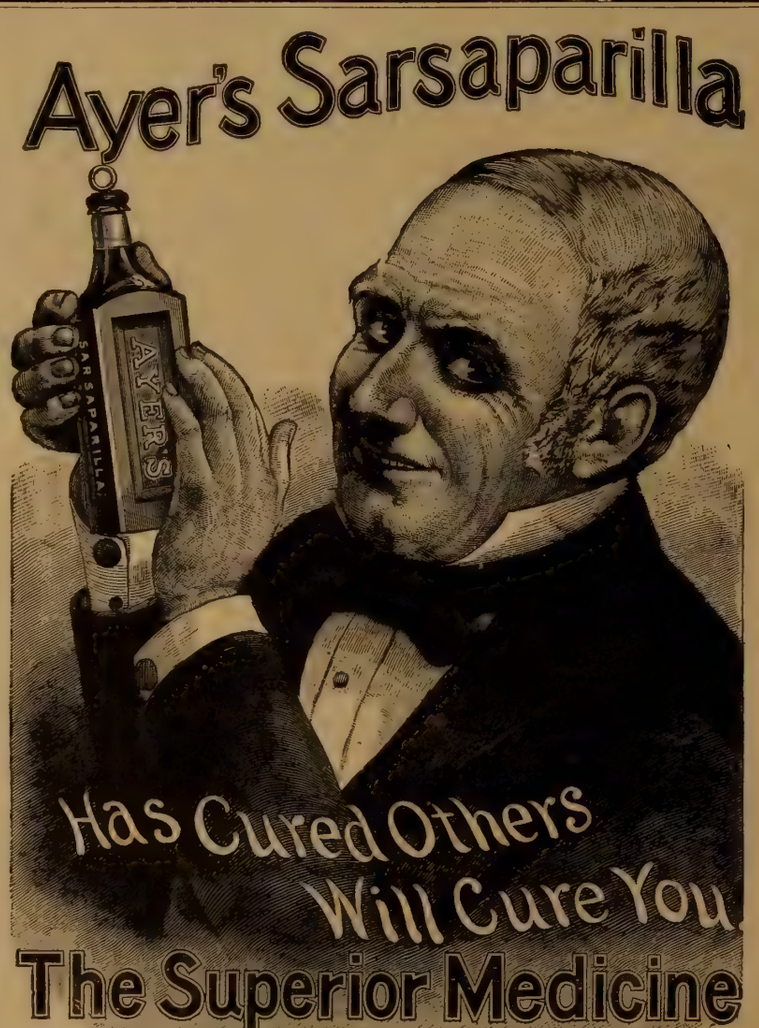
"I'll just take down your name and address, so I can send to you in case the mother comes back," said the relieved constable, taking out a notebook.

"She won't come!" "Never hear of her again!" "So much the better!" "The boy's in luck!" "Oh, the good man!" "That's what it is to be generous!" "Oh, the kind heart!" Amid this chant the crowd broke up, and Captain 'Zekiel and his waif marched hurriedly to the station. There was only one grimy little car to the engine. The distance to be travelled was only ten miles. One passenger, one smoky lamp, a conductor who was also brakeman—nightfall! These were Captain 'Zekiel's surroundings. The admiring crowd had fallen away from him; the inspiring "chorus of the women" no longer rung in his ears. And the mental barometer of Captain 'Zekiel was falling very fast. His drunkenness had always three stages—the second stage was sure to be one of timidity, anxiety, apprehension. Into this second stage he was now drifting out of his brief period of glory and self-sufficiency. He was going home—to a very poor home—to a wife and two children: and the woman-with-a-head-on-her-shoulders might make serious objections to having a new child cast upon her cares. It was borne in on the Captain's failing heart that he had reckoned without his hostess. What should he do—what should he do? How could he encounter the redoubtable 'Liza? What was likely to occur he knew well—for this was not the first time the Captain had been guilty of such an indiscretion.

Lower, lower, lower sank the Captain's feelings; down, down, down into the very depths went the lately jubilant, boastful Captain.

And the car stopped. He must walk a mile to reach home. The rain was falling. The night had come. The mountain road was rutty and muddy. How this poor uncomplaining mite, clinging to his hand, lagged

(*Continued on next Page.*)



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THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

(Continued from preceding Page.)

and stumbled and dragged! At last the child's feet merely slid along the way as the remorseful Captain pulled him forward. Then Captain 'Zekiel picked him up to his broad breast, and the little fellow locked a pair of confiding arms around the man's horny neck, and clung to him for shelter from the storm. The Captain somehow revived a little at that clasp.

Home! The Captain lived in two rooms at the bottom of the rickety old mill. The light shone from the uncurtained window, 'Liza was frying ham for tea. The Captain put the boy down, opened the door, and as 'Liza, engrossed with her cooking, did not turn round, he politicly addressed her on a pleasing theme.

"'Liza, I sold the lumber—the hull bill of it—for just the price you set, 'Liza—just the price. It's to go down to-morrow, 'Liza."

"All right," said the household priestess, bent over her tripod, and pursuing her incantations with the dredging-box. The smoke of the ham, the steam of the tea-kettle rose up about her. She was a small, dark, middle-aged woman.

"Your tea smells dreadful good, 'Liza——"

"What a nice place it am!" piped the waif from behind the sheltering legs of the colossal Captain

"What's that?" cried Mrs. 'Liza.

It was not Bop, the infant son of the home; he slept. It was not Pink; she had for an hour been hanging to the maternal skirts, "cross enough to kill," as Mrs. 'Liza said. That voice of silvery satisfaction! Mrs. 'Liza whirled about. Looking around the Captain's left leg—lo! a pair of big brown eyes in a very dirty face, a mop of very tangled brown curls, a slim, eager, shrinking, tiny, ragged figure.

"What's that?" demanded the Pythoness.

"It's—a little—a boy—I picked up," faltered the Captain, and he passed instanter into the third stage of his drunkenness—remorse. In this stage he was always burdened with remorse, first for having ever been born, and then for everything he had ever done since he was born.

"A boy you picked up! 'Zekiel Allen! Have you done that again? 'Zekiel you've been drinking!"

The Captain took a chair in a corner.

"I won't keep him, mind! Carry him straight back where you got him from. That's my last word."

The Captain hid his face in his hands. He must take him back! The poor, dear little boy! Consign the forlorn babe to the horrors of a county poorhouse! And he had promised to keep him. He had boasted. He had been praised by all the women. And he must go back to the constable and say, "My wife won't let me keep him." Oh dear, oh, dear! And yet, the Captain had a sense of justice. Not he, but 'Liza must cook, make, wash, mend, toil for this waif if he stayed. And if she wouldn't, well—she wouldn't. The Captain groaned.

"Take him away, I tell you!" cried the angry 'Liza, brandishing the long meat-fork, and advancing on the cowed Captain. "As if I hadn't enough on my hands! And we as poor as Job's turkey, and may have a dozen of our own; who knows! Take him off!"

"Yes, 'Liza," said the Captain, "yes only—there isn't another train to-night, you know. And it's raining, 'Liza, and it's seven o'clock, and—oh, dear——"

"I suppose he's got to stay all night," said 'Liza, wrathfully; "but in the morning he goes packing. I'd like to know if we've got to take in every stray dog, and cat, and boy that you cast your eye on, 'Zekiel Allen? I never saw such a man in all my born days! One never knows what you'll do, when you've been drinking. Poor as we are, too! To-morrow morning, bright and early, 'Zekiel, mind."

"Yes, 'Liza," said 'Zekiel, meekly.

Meanwhile the child, drawn by the fragrance of the food and the delicious warmth of the stove, had made cautious advances into the room, and, with a prudence beyond his years, had obliberated himself, so far as possible, behind the stove. His big brown eyes gazed upon the Captain and the irate 'Liza. Did he understand the sentence pronounced against him? Mistress Allen whisked tea, potatoes, and ham upon the board. "Well, come to supper: come along, you boy! We can give you a meal, I suppose. 'Zekiel Allen, you have made a bargain!"

(To be Continued.)

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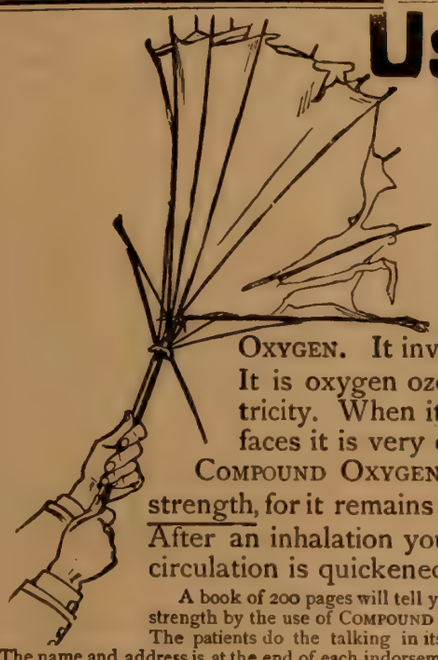

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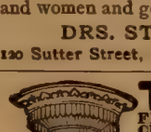

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THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

LET us learn a useful lesson,
No braver lesson can be,
From the ways of the tapestry weavers,
On the other side of the sea;
Above their heads the pattern hangs,
They study it with care,
And as to and fro the shuttle leaps,
Their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing besides
Of the patient, plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore,
But works for the right side ever;
It is only when the weaving stops,
And the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork,
That his marvelous skill is learned.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty,
It pays him for all its cost,
No rarer, daintier work than his,
Was ever done by the frost;
Then the master bringeth him golden hire,
And giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is,
No tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we all are weaving,
Till the mystic web is done;
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely,
Each for himself his fate,
We may not see how the right side looks,
We can only weave and wait.

But looking above for the pattern,
No weaver hath need to fear,
Only let him look clear into Heaven,
The Perfect Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of the Saviour
Forever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey,
And his weaving sure to be right.

And when his task is ended,
And the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master,
It will say to him, "Well done!"
And the white-winged angels of Heaven,
To bear him thence shall come down;
And God shall give for his hire—
Not golden coin, but a CROWN.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO ...

Edited by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

VOL. XIV. No. 19. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1891. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

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A UNIQUE AND INTERESTING EXHIBIT.

ENGLISH.

"For God so loved the World that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

GERMAN.

Also hat GOtt die Welt geliebet, daß er seinen eingebornen Sohn gab, auf daß Alle, die an ihn glauben, nicht verloren werden, sondern das ewige Leben haben.

SPANISH.

Porque de tal manera amó Dios al mundo, que haya dado á su Hijo unigénito; para que todo aquel que en él creyere, no se pierda, mas tenga vida eterna.

FRENCH.

Car Dieu a tellement aimé le monde, qu'il a donné son Fils unique, afin que quiconque croit en lui ne périsse point, mais qu'il ait la vie éternelle.

PORTUQUESE.

Porque de tal maneira amou Deos ao mundo, que deo a seu Filho unigenito; para que todo aquelle que nelle crê, não pereça, mas tenha a vida eterna.

ARMENIAN (Modern).

Ինչու որ Աստուած անանկ սիրեց աշխարհը մինչև որ իր միածին Որդին տուաւ, որ ամէն ով որ անոր հաւատայ՝ չկորսուի, հապա յաւիտենական կեանք ունենայ:

BULGARIAN.

Защото Богъ толкозь възлюби свѣтътъ, щото даде Сына своего единороднаго, за да не погыне всякой който вѣрува въ него, но да има животъ вѣченъ.

TIGRE. (*Abyssinia.*)

ኸዋዚውን: ፈትወ: እግዚአብሔር: ንዓለዋ: ኽሳብ: ዝሀቦ: ብሕቱ: ንዝተወልዶ: ወዲ: ኳይጠፍእ: ኵሉው: ዚአዋን: ብእኡ: ኽትኮነሉ: እዋበር: ሕይወት: ዘለዓለዋ:

IBO. (*West Africa.*)

Ma otuăhan Tsúku hónru ẽlu'-wana na ānya, ma ya nyére otu ọli Opáraya, ma onye gwúna kwéreya, ogagi ẽfu, ma ga ẽweta ndu ẽbigebi.

ARABIC.

لِأَنَّهُ هٰكَذَا أَحَبَّ ٱللّٰهُ ٱلْعَالَمَ حَتَّى بَذَلَ ٱبْنَهُ ٱلْوَحِيدَ لِكَيْ لَا يَهْلِكَ كُلُّ مَنْ يُؤْمِنُ بِهِ بَلْ تَكُونُ لَهُ ٱلْحَيٰوةُ ٱلْأَبَدِيَّةُ.

SERVIAN.

Јер Богу тако омиље свијет да је и сина својега јединороднога дао, да ни један који га вјерује не погине, него да има живот вјечни.

ZULU.

Ngokuba uTixo wa li tanda kangaka izwe, wa li nika inDodana yake ezelweyo yodwa, ukuba bonke aba kolwa kuyo ba nga bubi, kodwa ba be nobomi obungapeliyo.

CHINESE.

Classical.	Mandarin.	Foochow (Colloquial).
蓋神愛世、甚至以其獨生之子賜之、俾凡信之者、免沉淪而得永生。	天主憐愛世人、甚至將獨生子賜給他們、叫凡信他的不至滅亡、必得永生。	因爲神學將欸愛世間、賜獨生其仔、以致大凡信伊其仏都寘沉淪去、是儘得長長生活。

GAELIC.

Oir is ann mar sin a ghràdhaich Dia an saoghal, gu'n d'thug e 'aon-ghin Mhic féin, chum as ge b'e neach a chreideas ann, nach sgriosar e, ach gu'm bi a'bheatha shiorruidh aige.

WELSH.

Canys felly y carodd Duw y byd, fel y rhoddodd efe ei unig-anedig Fab, fel na choller pwy bynnag a gredo ynddo ef, ond caffael o hono fywyd tragywyddol.

SIAMESE.

ดวยว่าพระองค์เจ้าทรงรักษโลกย์, จนถึง ประทาน บุตร องค์เดียวของพระองค์, เพื่อทุกคนที่ได้เชื่อถือในบุตร นั้น, จะมิได้ถึงฉิบหาย, แต่จะมีชีวิตรอยู่ชั่วนิรันดร์.

HINDI, or Hindui.

क्योंकि ईश्वरने जगतको ऐसा प्यार किया कि उसने अपना एकलोता पुत्र दिया कि जो कोई उसपर विश्वास करे सो नाश न होय परन्तु अनन्त जीवन पावे।

ICELANDIC.

Því svo elskaði Guð heiminn, að hann gaf sinn eingetinn Son, til þess að hver, sem á hann trúir, ekki glatist, heldur hafi eilíft líf.

SWEDISH.

Ty så älskade Gud världena, att han utgaf sin enda Son, på det att hvar och en, som tror på honom, skall icke förgås, utan få evinnerligt lif.

ESQUIMAUX.

Taimak Gudib sillaksoarmiut nægligiveit, Ernetuane tunnilugo, illunatik okpertut tapsomunga, assiokonnagit nungusuitomigle innogutekarkovlugit.

GREENLAND.

Sillarsûb innue Gudib taima assakigei, Ernetue tunniullugo taukkonunga, tamarmik taursomunga opertut tammarkonnagit, nāksaungitsomigle innursútekarkollugit.

TIBETAN.

དགོན་མཆོག་ཅིས་ཀྱང་ཕྱི་སྲས་གཅིག་པོ་ཁྱེད་པ་ཙམ་དུ་འཇིག་རྟེན་ལ་བྱམས་པ་མཛད་པས། དེ་ལྟ་དད་པ་ཐམས་ཅད་ཀྱིག་པའ་མི་བྱུང་ཕྱི། མཐའ་མེད་བའི་སྡུག་བསྔལ་བའ་བྱོན།།

CHEROKEE.

ΘᏯᎩȝZ ᏂᏐᎩ ᎤᏁᎳᎤᏁ ᎤᏲᎦᎡᎩ ᎡᏣᏁ, ᏚᎤᏲᎡᎩ ᎤᏙᏐᏚ ᎤᎷᏱ ΘᏯᎩ ᎤᏣᎡᎯᏣ ᎤᏚᏁᏍᏁ, ᎩᏣ ΘᏯᎩ ᏍᏗᎯᏣᏤᏍᏚ ᎤᏂᎦᏍᏁᏁᏍ ᏂᏲᎡΘ, ᎬᏂᏣᏤᎧᎩᏂ ᎤᏣᎷᏗ.

GREEK (Modern).

Διότι τόσον ἠγάπησεν ὁ Θεὸς τὸν κόσμον, ὥστε ἔδωκε τὸν Υἱὸν αὐτοῦ τὸν μονογενῆ, διὰ νὰ μὴ ἀπολεσθῇ πᾶς ὁ πιστεύων εἰς αὐτὸν, ἀλλὰ νὰ ἔχῃ ζωὴν αἰώνιον.

BURMAN. ဘုရားသခင်၏သား တော်ကိုပို့ကြည်လေသမျှတယောင်းထိုသည်မျက်ဗိုးခြင်းထိုမရောက်။ အစည်ထာဝရအသက်ရှင်ခြင်း ကိုရလေမြဲးငါဘုရားသခင်သည်အ ခွင်တပါးတည်းသောသားတော်ကိုပေးခဲ့တော်မူသည်တိုင်အောင်လေးကို သားထိုတို့ချစ်သခင်းတော်ရှုပါ။

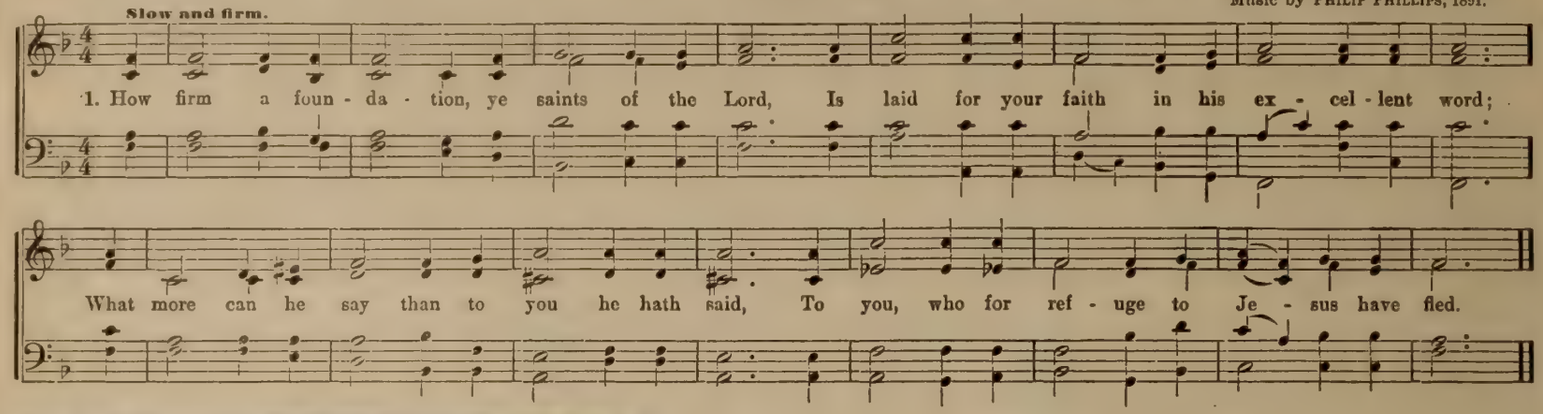
RUSSIAN.

Ибо такъ возлюбилъ Богъ міръ, что отдалъ Сына своего единороднаго, дабы всякій, вѣрующій въ Него, не погибъ, но имѣлъ жизнь вѣчную.

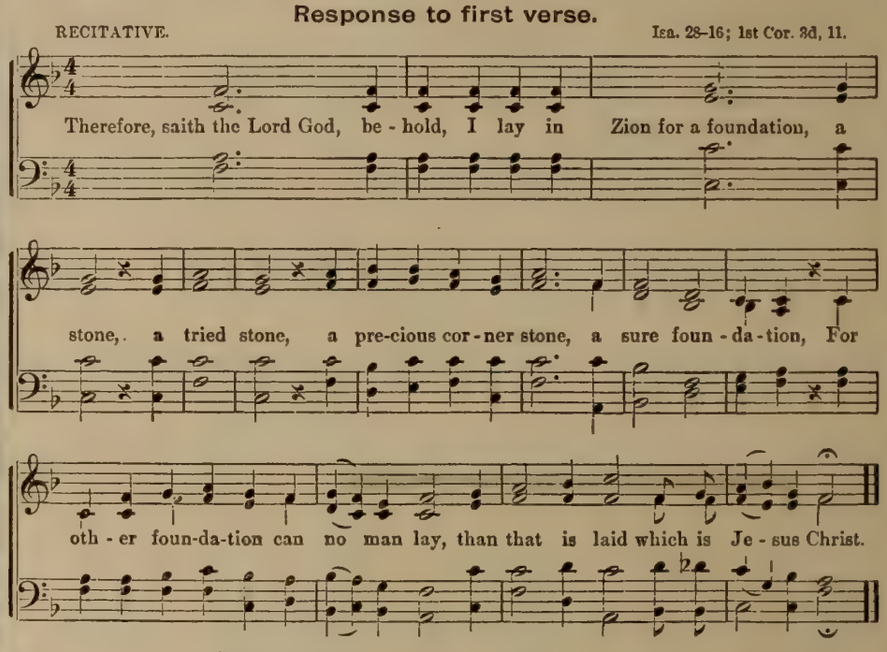
THE FIRM FOUNDATION.

This hymn has been a solace and comfort to thousands of people in every condition of life and in the hour of death. Now that it appears in a new dress, it is believed it will be even more popular and useful, either when read or sung as a solo or chorus, accompanied with the scriptural responses and illustrations.

Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1891.



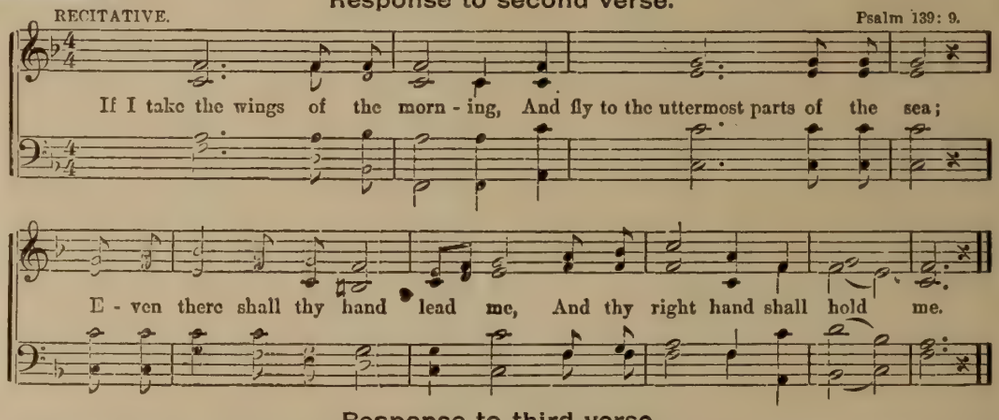
Response to first verse.



2.

In every condition,
in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale,
or abounding in wealth;
At home or abroad,
over land and o'er sea,
As thy days may demand,
shall thy strength ever be.

Response to second verse.

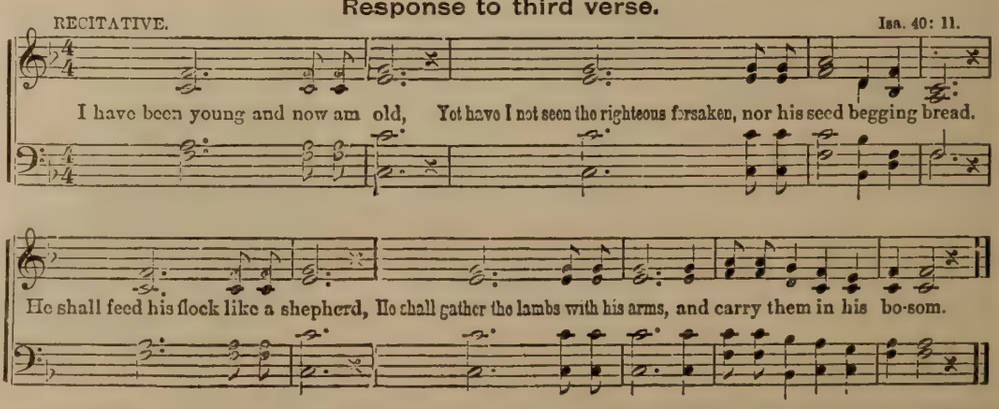


3.

E'en down to old age,
all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal,
unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs
shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still
in my bosom be borne.

GEO. KEITH.

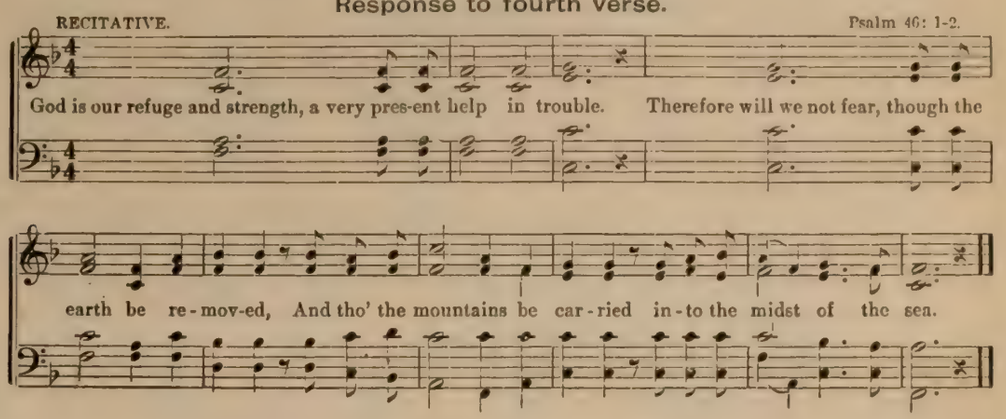
Response to third verse.



4.

Fear not: I am with thee: O be not dismayed:
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand.
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

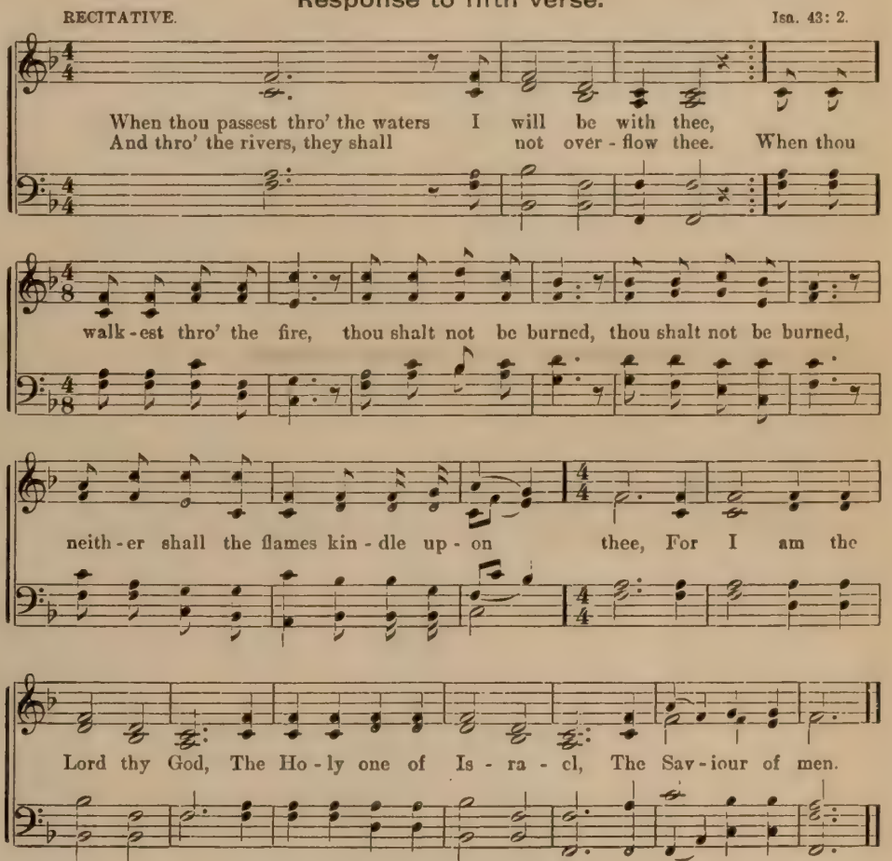
Response to fourth verse.



5.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

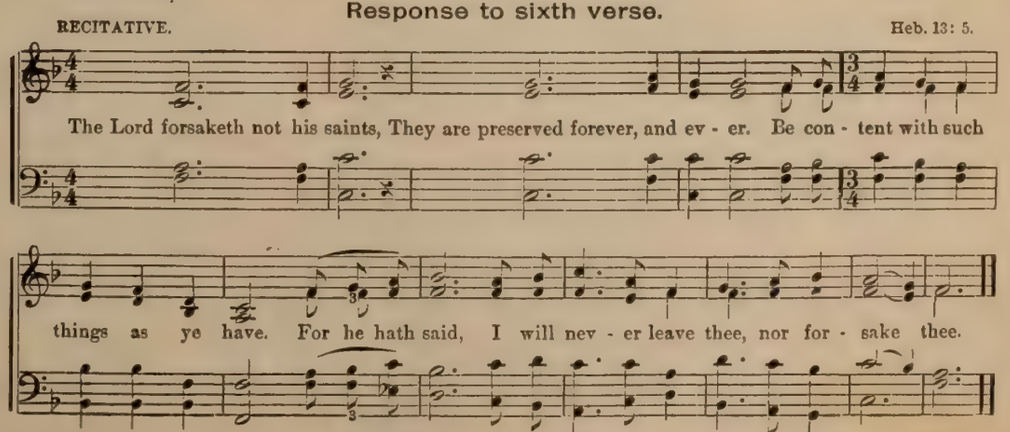
Response to fifth verse.



6.

The soul that on Jesus
hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not
desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell
should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never,
no never forsake.

Response to sixth verse.



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COPTIC. (Egypt.)

Παιρηϯ ϵαρ ⲁϕϯ ⲙⲉⲛⲣⲉ ⲡⲓⲕⲟⲥⲙⲟⲥ ⲉⲯⲱⲥⲧⲉ ⲛⲉϥⲱⲛϩⲓ ⲙⲙⲁⲩⲁⲧϥ ⲛⲧⲉϥⲧⲏⲓϥ ⲉⲩⲛⲁ ⲟⲩⲟⲗⲗⲃⲉⲗ ⲉⲃⲟⲗⲉϯ ⲉⲣⲟϥ ⲛⲧⲉϥ-ⲱⲧⲉⲙⲧⲁⲕⲟ ⲁⲗⲗⲁ ⲛⲧⲉϥϭⲓ ⲛⲟⲩⲱⲛϩ ⲛⲉⲛⲉⲓϩ.

TINNE. (Hudson's Bay.)

ᑕᐅᐊ ᐅᑎᐯ ᒧᐃ ᓂᐦᑐᐃ ᐅᐢᑕᐦ ᑌᓐᓀ ᒧᐃᓐᓂᐦᑐᐃ, ᑕᐢ ᑎᔭᑎ ᐅᐢ ᐅᑎ ᓴᐦᑎ, ᑕᑌ ᐅᑌ ᑲᐅᑎ ᐃᑎ ᐅᑎᐢ, ᐅᐢᐅᐅᑎᐢ ᐃᐢᓀᐢ ᓴᐢᑕ ᐅᑎᐢ.

PUNJABI, or Sikh.

ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਪਰਮੇਸ਼ੁਰ ਨੈ ਜਗਤ ਨੂੰ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਪਿਆਰ ਕੀਤਾ, ਜੋਉਸ ਨੈ ਆਪਣਾ ਇਕਲੋਤਾ ਪੁਤ੍ਰ ਦਿੱਤਾ; ਤਾਂ ਹਰੇਕ ਜੋ ਉਸ ਪੁਰ ਪਤੀਜੇ, ਤਿਸ ਦਾ ਨਾਸ ਨਾ ਹੋਵੇ, ਸਗਵਾਂ ਸਦੀਪਕ ਜੀਉਣ ਪਾਵੇ।

ITALIAN.

Perciocchè Iddio ha tanto amato il mondo, ch'egli ha dato il suo unigenito Figliuolo, acciocchè chiunque crede in lui non perisca, ma abbia vita eterna.

JAVANESE.

ꦮꦺꦴꦤ꧀ꦠꦺꦴꦱ꧀ꦄꦭꦺꦴꦃꦠꦸꦃꦤꦸꦴꦃꦩꦶꦱꦺꦴꦃꦄꦱꦶꦃꦏꦺꦴꦃꦤꦺꦴꦃꦏꦺꦴꦃꦤꦺꦴꦃꦏꦺꦴꦃꦤꦺꦴ

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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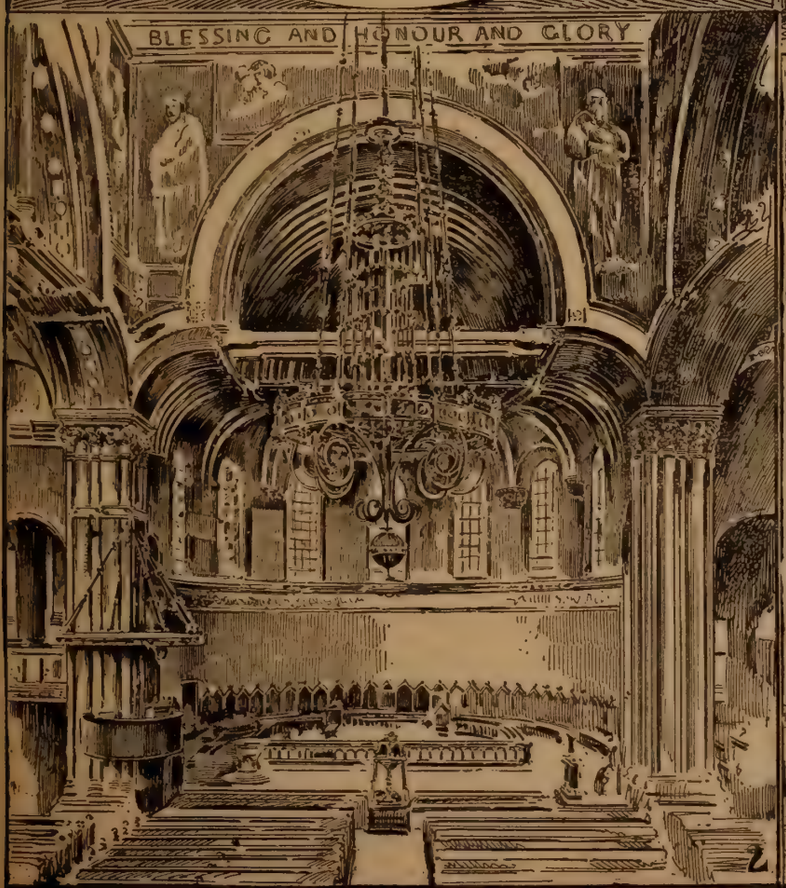


THE NEW PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP-ELECT, REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, OF BOSTON. (*See page 308.*)

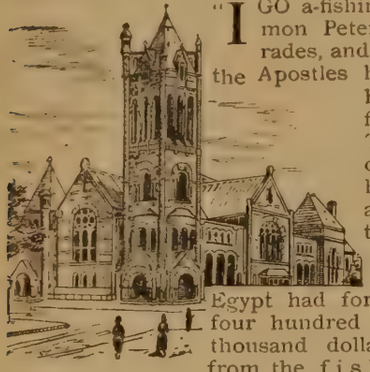
1. In Trinity Cloisters—2. View Facing the Chancel—3. Exterior, Trinity Church, Boston, Mass.

MENDING NETS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 17, 1891.

The Wealth of the Sea—Mortifying Loss of Fish Through a Break in the Net—The Nets Used by Fishers of Men—Many of them in Need of Repairs—Some with the Meshes too Large—Injured by being Entangled with other Nets—Fishing and Fighting Cannot be Done at the Same Time—How the Repairs Should be Done—Common-Sense Threads Needed—A Fellow-Traveller's Unsuspected Trouble—Threads of Sympathy to be Used—Threads of Patience and Faith—Where to Mend the Nets—Two Tremendous Hours.

"James the Son of Zebedee and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets." Matthew 4 : 21.



"I GO a-fishing," cried Simon Peter to his comrades, and the most of the Apostles had hands hard from fishing tackle. The fisheries of the world have always attracted attention. In the third century the Queen of Egypt had for pin-money four hundred and seventy thousand dollars received from the fisheries of Lake Moeris. And if the time should ever come when the immensity of the world's population could not be fed by the vegetables and meats of the land, the sea has an amount of animal life that would feed all the populations of the earth and fatten them with a food that by its phosphorus would make a generation brainy and intellectual beyond anything that the world has ever imagined. My text takes us among the Galilean fishermen. One day Walter Scott, while hunting in an old drawer found among some old fishing tackle, the manuscript of his immortal book *Waverley*, which he had put away there as of no worth, and who knows but that to-day we may find some unknown wealth of thought while looking at the fishing tackle in the text.

It is not a good day for fishing and three men are in the boat repairing the broken fishing nets. If you are fishing with a hook and line and the fish will not bite, it is a good time to put the angler's apparatus into better condition. Perhaps the last fish you hauled in was so large that something snapped. Or if you were fishing with a net, there was a mighty floundering of the scales or an exposed nail on the side of the boat which broke some of the threads and let part or all of the captives of the deep escape into their natural element. And hardly anything is more provoking than to nearly land a score or a hundred of trophies from the deep and when you are in the full glee of hauling in the spotted treasures, through some imperfection of the net they splash back into the wave. That is too much of a trial of patience for most fishermen to endure and many a man ordinarily correct of speech in such circumstances comes to an intensity of utterance unjustifiable. Therefore no good fisherman considers the time wasted that is spent in mending his net. Now the Bible again and again represents Christian workers as fishers of men, and we are all sweeping through the sea of humanity some kind of a net. Indeed, there have been enough nets out and enough fishermen busy to have landed the whole human race in the kingdom of God long before this. What is the matter? The Gospel is all right, and it has been a good time for catching souls for thousands of years. Why, then, the failures? The trouble is with the nets and most of them need to be mended. I propose to show you what is the matter with most of the nets and how to mend them. In the text old Zebedee and his two boys James and John were doing a good thing when they sat in the boat mending their nets.

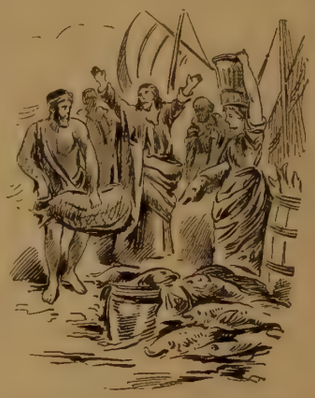
The trouble with many of our nets is that the meshes are too large. If a fish can get his gills and half his body through the network, he tears and rends and works his way out and leaves the place through which he squirmed a tangle of broken threads. In our desire to make everything so easy we relax, we loosen, we widen. We let men after they are once in the Gospel net escape into the world and go into indulgences and swim all around Galilee from north side to south side and from east side to west side, expecting that they will come back again. We ought to make it easy for them to get into the kingdom of God and, as far as we can, make it impossible for them to get out. The poor advice now-a-days to many is: "Go and do just as you did before you were captured for God and heaven. The net was not intended to be any restraint or any hindrance. What you did before you were a Christian, do now. Go to all styles of amusement, read all the styles of books, engage in all the styles of behavior as before you were converted." And so through these meshes of permission and laxity they wriggle out, through this opening and that opening, tearing the net as they go and soon all the souls that we expected to land in heaven, before we know it are back in the deep sea of the world. Oh, when we go a-gospel-fishing let us make it as easy as possible for souls to get in and as hard as possible to get out.

Is the Bible language an unmeaning verbiage when it talks about self-denial and keeping the body under and about walking the narrow way and entering the strait gate and about carrying the cross? Is there to be no way of telling whether a man is a Christian except by his taking the communion chalice on sacramental day? May a man be as reckless about his thoughts, about his words, about his temper, about his amusements, after conversion as before. Alas, that the words of Christ are so little heeded when he said: "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." The church is fast becoming as bad as the world, and when it gets as bad as the world it will be worse than the world by so much as it will add hypocrisy of a most appalling kind to its other defects.

MENDING THIER NETS.

Furthermore, many of our nets are torn to pieces by being entangled with other nets. It is a sad sight to see fishermen fighting about, sea-room and pulling in opposite directions each to get his net, both nets damaged by the struggle and losing all the fish. In a city like this of more than eight hundred thousand, there are at least five hundred thousand not in Sabbath Schools or churches. And in this land where there are more than sixty-four million people, there are at least thirty million not in the Sabbath Schools and churches. In such an Atlantic ocean of opportunity, there is room for all the nets and all the boats and all the fishermen and for millions more. There should be no rivalry between churches. Each one does a work peculiar to itself. What a glad spectacle when on our recent dedication day ministers of all denominations stood on this platform and wished for each other widest prosperity and usefulness. But there are cities in this country where there is now going on an awful ripping and rending and tearing of fishing nets. Indeed, all over Christendom at this time there is a great war going on between fishermen, ministers against ministers.

Now I have noticed a man cannot fish and fight at the same time. He either neglects his net or his musket. It is amazing how much time some of the fishermen have to look after other fishermen. It is more than I can do to take care of my own net. You see the wind is just right and it is such a good time for fishing and the fish are coming in so rapidly that I have to keep my eye and hand busy. There are about two hundred million souls wanting to get into the kingdom of God and it will require all the nets and all the fishermen of Christendom to safely land them. Oh, brethren of the ministry! Let us spend our time in fishing instead of fighting. But if I angrily jerk my net across your net, and you jerk your net angrily across mine, we will soon have two broken nets and no fish. The French revolution nearly destroyed the French fisheries, and ecclesiastical war is the worst thing possible while hauling souls into the kingdom. My friends, I notice in the text that James the son of Zebedee and John his brother were busy not mending somebody else's nets but mending their own nets and I rather think that we who are engaged in Christian work in this latter part of the Nineteenth century will require all our spare time to mend our own nets. God help us in the important duty!



THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT

In this work of reparation we need to put in to the nets more threads of common sense. When we can present religion as a great practicality we will catch a hundred souls where now we catch one. Present religion as an intellectuality and we will fail. Out in the fisheries there are set across the waters what are called gill nets and the fish put their heads through the meshes and then cannot withdraw them because they are caught by the gills. But gill nets cannot be of any service in religious work. Men are never caught for the truth by their heads; it is by the heart or not at all. No argument ever saved a man and no keen analysis ever brought a man into the kingdom of God. Heart work, not head work. Away with you gill nets! Sympathy, helpfulness, consolation, love, are the names of some of the threads that we need to weave in our gospel nets when we are mending them.

Do you know that the world's heart is bursting with trouble and if you could make the world believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is a soothing omnipotence, the whole world would surrender to-morrow, yea, would surrender this hour. The day before James A. Garfield was inaugurated as President, I was in the cars going from Richmond to Washington. Two gentlemen seated near to me in the cars knew me and we were soon in familiar conversation. It was just after a bereavement and I was speaking to him from an over-burdened heart about the sorrow I was suffering. Looking at his cheerful face, I said: "I guess you have escaped all trouble. I should judge from your countenance that you have come through free from all misfortune." Then he looked at me with a look I shall never forget and whispered in my ear: "Sir, you know nothing about trouble. My wife

has been in an insane asylum for fifteen years." And then he turned and looked out of the window and into the night with a silence I was too overpowered to break. That was another illustration of the fact that no one escapes trouble. Why, that man seated next to you in church has on his soul a weight compared with which a mountain is a feather. That woman seated next to you in church has a grief the recital of which would make your body, mind and soul shudder.

When you are mending your net for this wide, deep sea of humanity, take out that wire thread of criticism and that horse-hair thread of harshness and put in a soft silken thread of Christian sympathy. Yea, when you are mending your nets tear out those old threads of gruffness and weave in a few threads of politeness and geniality. In the house of God let all Christian faces beam with a look that means welcome. Say "good morning" to the stranger as he enters your pew and at the close shake hands with him and say "How did you like the music?" Why, you would be to that man a panel of the door of heaven; you would be to him a note of the doxology that seraphs sing when a new soul enters heaven. I have in other days entered a pew in church and the woman at the other end of the pew looked at me as much as to say: "How dare you? This is my pew and I pay the rent for it!" Well, I crouched in the other corner and made myself as small as possible and felt as though I had been stealing something. So there are people who have a sharp edge to their religion and they act as though they thought most people had been elected to be damned and they were glad of it. Oh, let us brighten up our manner and appear in gentlemanliness or ladyhood.

A CONFESSION OF SORROW.

The object in fly-fishing is to throw the fly far out, and then let it drop gently down and keep it gently rising and falling with the waters and not plunge it like a man-of-war's anchor; and abruptness and harshness of manner must be avoided in our attempt at usefulness. I know a man in New York who is more sunshiny and genial when he has dyspepsia than when he is not suffering from that depressing trouble. I have found out his secret. When he starts out in the morning with such depression, he asks for special grace to keep from snapping up anybody that day, and puts forth additional determination to be kindly and genial, and by the help of God, he accomplishes it. Many of our nets need to be mended in these respects, the black threads and the rough threads taken out, and the bright threads and the golden threads of Christian geniality woven in.

In addition to this, we need to mend our nets with more threads of patience. It is no rare thing for a fisherman to spend one whole day before he can take a St. Lawrence pike, or an Ohio salmon, or a Long Island pickerel, or a Cayuga black bass, or a Delawaware cat-fish, and he does that day after day without particular discouragement. But what a lack of patience if we do not immediately succeed in soul-catching. We are apt to give it up and say: "I will never try again." Into all our nets we need to weave all along the edge, and all through the centre, great, long, stout threads of Christian patience. How patient God has been with us! Can we not be patient with our fellows?

Again, in mending our nets we need, also, to put in the threads of faith and tear out all the tangled meshes of unbelief. Our work is successful according to our faith. The man who believes in only half a Bible, or the Bible in spots, the man who thinks he cannot persuade others, the man who halts, doubting about this and doubting about that, will be a failure in Christian work. Show me the man who rather thinks that the garden of Eden may have been an allegory, and is not quite certain but that there may be another chance after death, and does not know whether or not the Bible is inspired, and I tell you that man for soul-saving is a poor stick. Faith in God and in Jesus Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the absolute necessity of a regenerated heart, in order to see God in peace, is one thread you must have in your mended net, or you will never be a successful fisher for men. Why, how can you doubt? The rottennest thread to tear out of your net is unbelief, and the most important thread that you are to put in it is faith. Faith in God, triumphant faith, everlasting faith.

Oh, this important work of mending our nets! If we could get our nets right we would accomplish more in soul-saving in the next year than we have in the last twenty years. But where shall we get them mended? Just where old Zebedee and his two boys mended their nets—where you are. James and John had no time to go ashore. They were not fishing for fun, as you and I do in summer time. It was their livelihood and that of their families. They mended their nets where they were, in the ship. "Oh," says some one, "I mean to get my net mended, and I will go down to the public library, and I will see what the scientists say about evolution and about 'the survival of the fittest,' and I will read up what the theologians say about 'advanced thought.' I will leave the ship awhile, and I will go ashore and stay there till my net is mended." Do that, my brother, and you will have no net left. Instead of their helping you mend your net, they will steal the pieces that remain. Better stay in the Gospel boat, where you have all the means for mending your net. What are they, do you ask? I answer all you need you have where you are; namely, a Bible and a place to pray. The more you study evolution, and adopt what is called advanced thought, the bigger fool you will be. Stay in the ship and mend your net. That is where James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother stayed. That is where all who get their nets mended stay.

I notice that all who leave the Gospel boat and go ashore to mend their nets stay there. Or if they try again to fish, they do not catch anything. Get out of the Gospel boat and go up into the world to get your net mended, and you will live to see the day when you will feel like the man who, having forsaken Christianity, sighed "I would give a thousand pounds to feel as I did in 1820." The time will come when you would be willing to give a thousand pounds to feel as you did in 1891. These men who have given up their religion cannot help you a bit.

These dear brethren of all denominations, afflicted with theological fidgets, had better go to mending nets instead of breaking them. Before they break up the old religion and try to foist on us a new religion, let them go through some great sacrifice for God that will prove them worthy for such a work, taking the advice of Talleyrand to a man who wanted to upset the religion of Jesus Christ and start a new one, when he said: "Go and be crucified and then raise yourself from the grave the third day!" Those who propose to mend their nets by secular and sceptical books are like a man who has just one week for fishing, and six of the days he spends in reading "Isaak Walton's Complete Angler," and "Wheatley's Rod and Line," and "Scott's Fishing in Northern Waters," and "Pullman's Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout," and then on Saturday morning, his last day out, goes to the river to ply his art, but that day the fish will not bite, and late on Saturday night he goes to his home with empty basket. Alas! alas! If when the Saturday night of our life drops on us, it shall be found that we have spent our time in the libraries of worldly philosophy, trying to mend our nets, and we have only a few souls to report as brought to God through our instrumentality, while some humble Gospel fisherman, his library made up of a Bible and an almanac, shall come home laden with the results, his trophies the souls within fifteen miles of his log cabin meeting-house.

In the time of great disturbance in Naples in 1649, Massaniello, a bare-footed fishingboy, dropped his fishing-rod, and by strange magnetism took command of that city of six hundred thousand souls. He took off his fishing-jacket and put on a robe of gold in the presence of howling mobs. He put his hand on his lip as a signal and they were silent. He waved his hand away from him and they retired to their homes. Armies passed in review before him. He became the nation's idol. The rapid rise and complete supremacy of that young fisherman, Massaniello, has no parallel in all history. But something equal to that and better than that is an every-day occurrence in heaven. God takes some of those, who in this world were fishers of men, and who toiled very humbly, but because of the way they mended their nets and employed their nets after they were mended, and suddenly hoists them and robes them and sceptres them and crowns them, and makes them rulers over many cities, and he marches armies of saved ones before them in review, Massaniellos unhonored on earth but radiated in heaven. The fisher boy of Naples soon lost his power but those people of God who have kept their nets mended and rightly swung them shall never lose their exalted place, but shall reign forever and ever and ever. Keep that reward in sight.

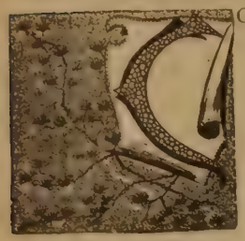
But do not spend your time fishing with hook and line. Why did not James the son of Zebedee sit on the wharf at Cana, his feet hanging over the lake and with a long pole and a worm on the hook dipped into the wave wait for some mullet to swim up and be caught. Why did not Zebedee spend his afternoon trying to catch one eel? No, that work was too slow. These men were not mending a hook and line, they were mending their nets. So let the church of God not be content with having here one soul and next month another soul brought into the kingdom. Sweep all the seas with nets, scoop nets, seine nets, drag nets, all-encompassing nets, and take the treasures in by hundreds and thousands and millions, and nations be born in a day, and the hemispheres quake with the tread of a ransoming God. Do you know what will be the two most tremendous hours in our heavenly existence? Among the quadrillions of ages which shall roll on, what two occasions will be to us the greatest? The day of our arrival there will be to us, one of the two greatest. The second greatest, I think, will be the day when we shall have put in parallel lines before us what Christ did for us, and what we did for Christ, the one so great, the other so little. That will be the only embarrassment in heaven. My Lord and my God! What will we do and what will we say when, on one side are placed the Saviour's great sacrifices for us, and our small sacrifices for him; his exile, his humiliation, his agonies on one hand, and our poor weak, insufficient sacrifices on the other. To make the contrast less overwhelming let us quickly mend our nets, and like the Galilean fishermen may we be divinely helped to cast them on the right side of the ship.

MASSANIELLO'S TRANSFORMATION.

REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

Recently Elected by the Protestant Episcopal Convention Bishop of Massachusetts.

(See illustrations on the first page.)



CONGRATULATIONS have come to the diocese of Massachusetts from every part of our land and from other lands, from men of every section of the Christian Church, and from men who do not belong to the Christian Church at all, on the election of Dr. Phillips Brooks to the bishopric.

The unanimity of opinion is extraordinary and almost unprecedented. The cause of it is not far to seek. It is doubtless in part a tribute to his eminent ability as a preacher; but that fact does not fully explain it. Honors might fall to many eloquent and powerful preachers without stirring enthusiasm so general and so sincere. The cause is to be found in the large-heartedness, the generous tolerance, the cordial sympathy with every man who loves the Lord Jesus and is working in any way for him, which is the chief characteristic of Phillips Brooks. The Christian preacher and worker in any denomination, however widely it may be separated from that which Dr. Brooks adorns, is regarded by the great preacher as a comrade and a brother, not as a rival. The Protestant Episcopal Church is proud of him, as it has reason to be but the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, even the Roman Catholic is proud of him, too, for Phillips Brooks belongs to the Church universal. We think of him as a Christian, rather than as an Episcopalian—as a valiant soldier of Jesus Christ, who is on our side in the great battle with sin and Satan.

A Remarkable Election

in many ways was that which raised Phillips Brooks to the Episcopate. Dr. Vintner, in making the nomination, was known to be at issue with the clergyman whom he nominated on many questions of doctrine and administration; and among those who voted for him were clergymen belonging to all the parties in the Church. They sacrificed their personal predilections and their ecclesiastical preferences that they might do honor to a man whose worth is universally recognized, and whose words and works are a pledge of cordial, manly co-operation in all Christian effort. The election is an evidence that the clergy have learned the spirit of the time. The forces of rationalism and ritualism and worldly self-seeking, are surging on all sides against the Church. Leaders are needed in this day who are in close touch with American life, whose abilities command the respect of "them which are outside," who stand for what is broad and true and right, and who are less concerned about differences on speculative doctrines, about the detail of vestments and ritual, than about the central truths on which all Christians are united. A perception of this fact led to the selection of Dr. Brooks for leadership, not in Massachussetts, only, but in the Church throughout Christendom.

His Past Services

have been of a character to give solid ground for the hopes of what Phillip Brooks will be enabled to accomplish in his new sphere, if his life is spared. As in olden time men were "sent from God," specially adapted to do a special work at a critical juncture, so it would seem that God sent Dr. Brooks to Boston twenty years ago to do a work that was urgently needed. The tide had run strongly in the direction of Unitarianism in that city. Educated thinking men drifted in that direction, and were rapidly passing beyond it into agnosticism and practical infidelity. The arrival of Dr. Brooks stemmed the tide. His profound learning, his familiarity with the modes of thought in the city, and his strong faith, gave him just the power over the people that was needed to hold them firm in the faith and recall those who had reluctantly abandoned it. They learned from him that no man need be ashamed of being a humble believer in Jesus of Nazareth. He convinced them that there is no higher philosophy known among men than the Christian religion and that every man who, knowing his inherent weakness, was earnestly striving to live soberly, righteously and godly in the world could obtain in the strength of Christ the help he needed. Men who went to Trinity Church ceased to criticise, to doubt, to speculate, and tried for themselves by their own experience the power of the Gospel on their daily life. When people will do that, when they know and feel the power of God in their own souls, mental doubts and perplexities do not shake them. Like the man in the Gospels whose sight was restored, they say in reply to the sceptics, "*One thing I know* that whereas I was blind, now I see."

Dr. Brooks went to Boston from Philadelphia where he had also done a notable work. He was born in the former city in 1835. All the associations of his boyhood were Unitarian. He graduated at the Latin school and then went to Harvard, taking his baccalaureate there in 1855 at the age of twenty. Thence he proceeded to the Alexandria Seminary for his theological course and was ordained in 1859. He labored three years at the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, resigning to become rector of the

The Late Rev. George W. Bothwell, D.D.

church of Holy Trinity in the same city. After a season of popularity and wide usefulness he received a call from his native city in 1870 to become rector of Trinity Church. The old church was destroyed by fire and it was six years before the magnificent edifice we now know as

Trinity Church, Boston,

was completed and ready for occupation. Pictures of this noble pile appear with the portrait of Dr. Brooks on the first page. It cost a million dollars and when it was dedicated it was completely free of debt. Though every sitting in the vast edifice might have been rented, Dr. Brooks insisted that the galleries, which will accommodate five hundred persons, should be perpetually free. This fact was made known, and it has been a blessing to the city; for in those galleries many have been brought from darkness to light. The general plan of the church is unique. The base of the design is a Greek cross, headed by a semi-circular apse. The resultant is practically an amphitheatric auditorium, having all the sittings within a short radius of the chancel. The result is a marked improvement for hearing purposes on the Gothic and it is on hearing that Dr. Brooks relies. "The people," he once said, "may worship God best in the closet when the door is shut. They get light and help in Church as the Spirit blesses the word spoken."

In his physical proportions, Dr. Brooks is herculean. His voice is sonorous and his delivery exceptionally rapid. The closest attention is necessary to follow his train of thought which is always logical and carefully arranged. His sermons sparkle with gems of thought but each one goes to the mark and leads up to the great climax in which the one central idea is presented with irresistible power. His one theme is Jesus the Saviour of the world, the need of men in every age, the solution of all problems, the panacea for all affliction, the deliverer from all sin. May he long continue to deliver that message to a perplexed, weary, sin-burdened world!

THE LATE REV. GEORGE W. BOTHWELL, D.D.

A Useful and Promising Career Closed at its Meridian by Pathetic Misadventure.

(See Portrait.)

THE deplorable accident which has resulted in the death of the Rev. G. W. Bothwell, D. D., pastor of the Church of the Covenant, Brooklyn, N. Y., has already been mentioned in these columns. The Christian public here and in other cities in the South and West sympathized sincerely with him in his acute suffering and prayed for his recovery. Since his death the messages of condolence which have been sent to his family and to his church indicate how widely and genuinely he was respected. The readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will therefore be glad to have the portrait of him which appears on this page and which has never before been published in any journal.

As already explained Dr. Bothwell's death was caused by the presence in the bronchial tube which supplies the left lung with air, of a small cork. A very touching act of paternal love led to the swallowing of the fatal obstruction. One of his two little daughters was sick and was reluctant to take the nauseous medicine prescribed for her. The father took the little girl on his knee to give her the medicine which she would not take from any other hand. Holding the bottle in one hand and the spoon in the other he removed the cork with his teeth and held it there. The sister of the little sufferer was watching the operation and offering childish sympathy. Some word or gesture on her part seemed to Dr. Bothwell very ludicrous and he threw back his head with the hearty laugh characteristic of him. In an instant the indraught of air carried the cork down his throat. It set him coughing violently, but the only result was to carry the cork from his throat to the windpipe.

The serious nature of the accident was not realized for some hours, but when the coughing was continued and the cork was not ejected the family physician was summoned. He attempted to reach the obstruction with a long forceps but could not touch it. He thought that nature would eventually eject the cork by natural means and as it was then causing no pain, was allowed to remain. On the following Sunday Dr. Bothwell preached twice as usual but after the evening service he was again seized with a violent fit of coughing. Other physicians were called into consultation and it was decided to perform an operation. Dr. Bothwell went to a hospital, where a small cork screw protected by a flexible tube was passed down the trachea. It reached the cork and took hold of it, but the top of the cork broke off and all further attempts to reach it failed. Several operations were performed without success. The cork then was effectually shutting out the supply of air from one lung and the other lung was doing the work of two. The patient su

fered intensely and grew gradually weaker until on Sunday, May 3 he died.

During his illness his patience and Christian cheerfulness were most exemplary. His intimate friend, the Rev. W. T. Stokes, pastor of Bushwick Avenue Congregational Church, who was continually by his bedside, speaks pathetically of the faith and trust in God which the brave man manifested in that trying time when he realized that his life and work were to be prematurely ended.

Dr. Bothwell was only forty years of age. He was a native of Marion County, Ohio. He studied at Adrian College, Mich., and subsequently at Yale Theological Seminary. After laboring in a church in Ohio, and afterward at Portland, Mich, he went South to accept the Presidency of Southern University, New Orleans. Some years of successful labor there were followed by a pastorate of a Congregational church, at Oakland, Cal. He remained there until last June, when he accepted an invitation to become pastor of the Church of the Covenant in Brooklyn. Happily those who suffer most—his grief-stricken family and his sorrowing church—know that nothing happens to a good man without the consent of a loving Father and their faith enables them to bear their affliction with Christian resignation.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

Family Likeness—Gen. O. O. Howard's Appeal—A Suit Dismissed—A Dog in Church—A Fatal Valley.

PHOTOGRAPHIC Test of a popular theory has been made by the Photographic Association of Geneva. The result is quoted by the *Youth's Companion*. It appears that the statement was put forth at a recent meeting of the Association that a man and woman who have been married a great many years grow to resemble each other, not only in manner and voice but actually as to features. The theory being disputed, it was decided to make a practical test with the camera. The photographs of seventy-eight elderly or very old married couples were taken, and an equal number of family groups. The result proved the theory, inasmuch as in twenty-four cases the resemblance between husband and wife was much greater than that between brother and sister, and in thirty cases more it was fully as great. The failure of the other twenty-four old couples to realize the expectations of those interested in the matter is supposably due to "incompatibility of disposition," which time was apparently unable to combat in its effects. In the spiritual relation, of which marriage is a type, the resemblance is more than a theory—it is a promise. They who live near to their Lord are "changed into the same image." (II.Cor. 3 : 18.)

An Appeal on the Battlefield Saved a Young man from ruin some twenty-nine years ago. Gen O. O. Howard, speaking to an audience of young men in New York on May 11, said that at the battle of Five Oaks his arm was shot off and he was making his way to the hospital, weak from pain and loss of blood, when he saw a young man staggering along in a state of intoxication. He was so under the influence of whiskey that he could hardly walk. "As I came near him," said the General, "I stopped long enough to tell him it did not pay to drink. It would ruin him, and he had better stop before the habit had control of him. I passed on to the hospital, had my arm amputated, and was sent home to recover. I heard nothing more of the drunken soldier until a short time ago, when a letter from an officer in Washington told me his subsequent history. Impressed by the fact that in my wounded condition I had taken enough interest in him to stop and give him advice, he had then and there resolved to quit drinking. He kept his resolution, and when the war was over, settled down to a life of steady, honest hard work. He gradually rose, and the letter from Washington told me he had just died, a judge on the Supreme Bench in the State of New Hampshire, one of the foremost men in that Commonwealth." There is a lesson for Christian workers in the incident. If the interest of the wounded General could so impress that man, what must be the effect on the sinner of realizing that the Son of God so loved him as to die to save him. (Rom. 5 : 8.)

A Proposal to Utilize Refuse and Transform a desert into a garden was under the consideration of financiers in New York last week. A man who has acquired a wide reputation as the manufacturer of a famous fertilizer is the originator of the plan. In common with other people who have been in the habit of passing near the meadows of Hackensack, N. J., he has noticed the foul odor which arises from the refuse that the tide washes up at that point. He offers to receive all this refuse if it can be delivered at his works and has devised a system of pipes by which it could be conveyed thither. When treated with chemicals, he says, it would make an excellent fertilizer, which would find a ready market. The land, which the refuse now makes an ill-smelling nuisance, would be benefited by the removal of the foul flotsam. It is, he contends, excellent soil, capable of producing fine fruits or flowers. By adopting his plan the refuse can be turned into money and the noxious desert be transformed into peach-orchards and rose gardens. A plan thus doubly beneficent deserves our best wishes for its success. It is a type on a small scale of what will happen the world over when Christ comes. Then the things which now work iniquity will be made subservient to him and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." (Isa. 35: 1.)

A Significant Decision was Given by a Judge of the Appellate Court in Chicago on May 5. A commission firm sued a number of dealers in corn for fees and money expended in arranging a corner in wheat. The judge decided against the claim, though he believed that under the terms of the contract the claimants were entitled to it. His reason for so deciding was that the whole transaction was intended to operate to the public detriment. Its object was to buy up a staple commodity, and by holding it create an artificial scarcity. If it had succeeded it would have compelled the public to pay any price the speculators chose to ask for a necessary of life. The law, the judge said, condemned such operations, and it would not "attempt to adjust differences which arise out of transactions which it condemns. It will leave the parties where their own conduct leaves them. It will not compel them to divide the plunder or share the loss of unlawful enterprise, neither will it require them to remunerate those, who, with full cognizance of the character of such undertaking, assist them with money or service." The same principle may explain the adversity into which Christian men sometimes fall and why their prayers are not answered. When a man is living in sin, and is breaking God's law in his dealings, God withholds his blessing, and will not grant his petitions, though he pleads the direct promises of the Bible. (Isa. 59 : 2.)

A Dog's Fidelity to a Church is Mentioned among other reminiscenes of past days by a writer in a Boston journal. He says that one of the most regular attendants at the Congregational Church of Greenfield Meadows, Mass., was a farmer who was always accompanied by his dog. At the commencement of the service the dog would go to the stairs of the old-fashioned pulpit and settle himself comfortably to sleep until the benediction was pronounced. After some years the building was renovated and the pulpit gave place to the modern platform. The dog was disconcerted on his first visit after the alterations but after searching vainly for his accustomed sleeping-place he contented himself with the steps by which the minister ascended the platform. His master died and the farm passed into the hands of a Baptist deacon. The dog stuck by the farm and on the first Sunday morning he trotted beside the wagon in which the deacon and his family went to church. But when the party reached the village the dog was puzzled. The family passed the church he had been accustomed to attend and proceeded to the Baptist Church. What passed through the canine mind no one can say, but he adhered to his old habit and entered the Congregational Church and curled himself up in his old familiar corner. He was there every Sunday in all weathers and continued to attend until he died. A man, in the dog's place, would probably have accepted the new creed when he had a new master; for men are apt to study their worldly interests in attending church. But too many are like him in making their attendance a matter of habit rather than of intelligent conviction. We are explicitly warned in God's Word that religion consists in something more than being in God's house and sitting before him as his people sit. (Ezek 33 : 31.)

The Adventures of a Monarch in Disguise are described by a European correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*. He says that the Emperor William, of Germany, was recently beset by several enemies of the Jewish race who urged him to a more severe execution of the anti-Semitic laws. A few days afterward disguised as a Jewish peddler he visited the haunts of the Jews of Berlin and conversed with some of the more intelligent members of the race about their business and their mode of life. On another occasion, in the disguise of a sailor he passed a day and a night in visiting the saloons patronized by sailors and common soldiers, discussing with the men whom he met the hardships and difficulties of their lot. He listened attentively to their stories and asked numbers of questions. He did not close his investigation until late at night, in a low saloon, he found himself among a company of drunken sailors, who insisted on his dancing with them. Then he seemed to remember his rank and abruptly quitted the place, followed by a couple of men who, until that moment, had appeared to be his half-intoxicated companions. Doubtless, he obtained much information on both subjects in his wanderings, but his knowledge of the condition of these classes of his subjects must be small compared with that which an actual experience of their lives could give him. The Christian in his trials and troubles is comforted by the knowledge that *his* King is able to sympathize with him in all things having been "tempted in all points like as we are." (Heb. 4: 15.)

The Valley of Death is the Name Given to a desert in California, which a United States Mineral Surveyor has recently explored. It acquired its name in 1850, when a party of emigrants, leaving the beaten track, attempted to cross it. They wandered for days without finding a stream or a green thing. Then, parched with thirst, physically exhausted, mentally deranged, they lay down beneath the blazing sun and died. Ever since that time the barren strip has been called Death Valley, and the mountains that border on the east, Funeral Range. The surveyor says: "I worked my party in the field in Death Valley with the thermometer at 130 in the shade. For two days and two nights in that same district the lowest point reached by the thermometer was 104 degrees Fahrenheit. In one part a small stream enters the valley. As it descends it forms a great swamp that spreads all over the valley, giving off a frightful odor of sulphureted hydrogen. One sinks up to one's knees in endeavoring to cross the swamp. Right above it is a salt crust a foot thick, surmounted by rough pinnacles of saline efflorescence. Enormous deadly snakes abound there." No one should enter the valley, the surveyor says, who is not well supplied with water, in barrels or canteens. His business was to look for minerals and geological specimens, and in that he was successful, but he advises everyone to be careful how they enter the valley. Similar advice is given in the Bible to those, who tempted by their love of gold, go to seek it in places where their souls are in danger. (I. Tim. 6 : 10.)

THE TEMPLE REPAIRED.

S. S. LESSON FOR MAY 31, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. CHRON. 24 : 4-14. GOLDEN TEXT, II. COR. 9 : 7.

God's Order in Church-Building — The Living Church First — Afterward Its Habitation — Two Faithful Hearts in the Nation — Their Patient, Prayerful Waiting — The Young King Revealed — The Division of the Forces — The Coronation — A Solemn Covenant of Consecration — The Offerings for the Temple Restoration.

OD'S order in church-building, church-restoring, etc. How little it is understood! God works from within outward; man from without inward. God works for eternity, man for time; God for his own indwelling, whether in individuals or in his Church: man for the eye of other men. God's order is

First, a Living Church,

then a tabernacle or a temple. He first brought out his people from Egypt, and drew them to himself, and then caused the tabernacle to be built. The Corinthians understood this principle; when they gave of their substance to the Lord, they "first gave their own selves unto the Lord." (II. Cor. 8 : 5.) New spiritual life, souls awakened, saved and consecrated, a tide of self-denial and Christ-like life, revives and restores dead Churches. And as to the shell, the outward building, it is a small matter to set that right when a tide of life has set strongly from within.

Jehoram, the son of the good Jehoshaphat, had been united in marriage with the wicked Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel. (II. Chron. 21 : 6; 22 : 2, 3.) Ahaziah had succeeded him on the throne, and he walked also in "the ways of the house of Ahab, for his mother was his counselor to do wickedly." Jehu had slain Ahaziah, and the infamous Athaliah seized the opportunity to indulge her guilty dreams of ambition and power, by slaying all the seed royal, and grasping for herself the reins of government. All whom she slew were her own grandchildren or near relations, but this wicked woman had no heart. One daughter of King Jehoram, however, had married Jehoiada, the priest, apparently not the high priest, but one of the sons of Aaron who had remained true to God. She found Joash, one of the sons of the late king, who was but an infant, and hid him and his nurse in a bedchamber of the house of God; and there he remained six years.

Meanwhile, Athaliah seemed to have everything her own way; her sons had broken up the house of God, and had bestowed all the dedicated things of the Lord upon Baalim. But there were two hearts on which

The Burden of the Lord

lay. Jehoiada and his wife prayed and wept in secret, and unknown to any others, they were loyal to the hidden king. Generally true revivals begin with the ones and twos who are true to God in the midst of a general lukewarmness and declension. Those who dare to acknowledge Jesus King, and to obey his laws, and maintain the honor of his kingdom, when they are misunderstood, and treated with contempt, or ignored altogether, and who, nevertheless, weep and pray over those around them, and sigh and cry for the abominations which are done in the land, form a nucleus round which other faithful souls will gather when God sees the time is come. Six years, waiting, six years, prayer, six years, patience, and still the King was hidden and unknown, still the temple was lying waste, still idolatry flourished, and evil had the upper hand! No answer seemed to be given to their prayers, nothing was done, and the temptation may have been strong to yield to despair. John, the apostle, writing to the churches, signs himself: "Your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the Kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," (Rev. 1 : 9.) Faith must be accompanied by patience, or it ceases to be faith. (Heb. 6 : 12–15; 10 : 35, 36.)

When everything was ripe for a real revival in Israel, Jehoiada began to move, himself moved undoubtedly by God. First he secured the military, then the Levites, then the chief of the fathers, then all the congregation; "they made a covenant with the king in the house of God," "And he said unto them,

The King's Son Shall Reign

as the Lord hath said of the sons of David." There was no attempt to rebuild the walls, or repair the breaches in the temple, until the King's son was restored to office. This is a first essential. Wherever there is a proposal to build a new church, or restore an old one, let us first see how it stands as regards the King's Son. Has Jesus got his place and power with that congregation? Are they loyal to him? Are his laws respected? Is his person loved?

Then Jehoiada divided his forces. One-third were to be porters, and have charge of the doors. Unless a good force of evangelists keeps the doors and shows the way into the strait gate and the narrow way, a real revival does not take place. Then a third part were to be at the King's house, ready to his hand, the witnesses to loyalty and obedience; and a third part were to be at the gate of the foundation, to keep out the world, and the flesh, and the devil. Everyone had something to do, "all the people shall be in the courts of the Lord." But only chosen ones, the priests and the Levites that minister, were to come into the house of the Lord, "for they are holy, but all the people shall keep the watch of the Lord." Where a real revival takes place, there is always a recognition of those who live really near the Lord—the true priests and the ministering Levites, to whom God has given their office as "a service of gift" (Num. 18 : 7), such may find an inside place in the house of God, and their work was to compass the King around about with their weapons in their hand, "the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God" and prayer. These were to be with the King "when he cometh in, and when he goeth out," following "the Lamb withersoever he goeth." No one else might enter the house of the Lord on pain of death.

Thus prepared, they held a grand coronation service, they "brought out the king's son, and put upon him the crown, and gave him the testimony, God's word, and made him king, and Jehoiada and his sons anointed him." False rule falls as the true rule is established. Let Christ reign, and he will tread all enemies under his feet. It is useless to attempt to overcome the evil in a church or nation so long as Christ is not supreme; he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. Athaliah, who a few days previously reigned with undisputed sway, defying God and man with her impious pride, now fell an easy prey. The triumph of the wicked is short. "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." God has a hook for the nose of those who may have served his purpose for the trial of his children and as soon as they presume upon their position and regard themselves as masters of the situation, God casts them down. Athaliah was slain, and not one adherent was found to take up her cause or avenge her death. Joash once crowned, the first act of his reign was a solemn covenant entered into between Jehoiada, the king, and the people, that they should be

The Lord's People.

But what about Baal? Up to this time, Baal worship had been the state religion. During Athaliah's reign, oaths were sworn in Baal's name, the worship of Baal, not Jehovah was taught in the schools. But "the Lord's people" must worship the Lord, and him only must they serve. So the covenant, which had just been made, was confirmed by deeds which were consistent with it: "*Then* all the people went to the house of Baal, and broke it down, and brake his altars and his images in pieces, and slew Nathan the priest of Baal before the altars." But this was negative. Something positive was needed, and Jehoiada appointed the officers of the house of the Lord, and burnt-offerings were offered as the Lord had commanded by Moses. Without sacrifice, without the shedding of blood, the past could not be cleansed and put away, but now there was the real meeting place, the blood of sprinkling, established between the people and their God. The revival was in course, the king was upon the throne of the kingdom, the people of the land rejoiced, the city was quiet, Baal-worship was abolished, and Athaliah was dead, now they could begin their church building.

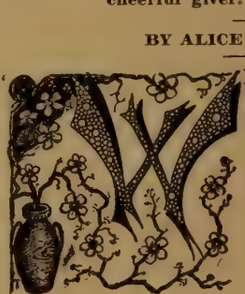
Now the tide was turned, the current was all the other way; now the people found it a joy and not a weariness to serve the Lord. It came first into the mind of the king to repair the temple of the Lord. In the first place, he sent priests and Levites to gather money from the people, but this plan of begging did not answer. Then he did what every king should do, he consulted the written Word of God, and found it written, "When thou takest the sum of the children of Israel after their number, then shall they give every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord, when thou numberest them; . . . every one that passeth among them that are numbered, from twenty years old and above, shall give an offering unto the Lord, the rich shall not give more, and the poor shall not give less than half a shekel, when they give an offering unto the Lord, to make an atonement for your souls. And thou shalt take the atonement money of the children of Israel and shalt appoint it for the service of the tabernacle of the congregation." (Ex. 30 : 12-16.)

Here then was God's own provision; the king had God's authority to levy this tax. The money was paid to those who did the work, and more was brought than could be used. If we go God's way to work, he will bless us.

MRS. CARPENTER'S MISTAKE.

A Story of the Golden Text for May 31. "God loveth a cheerful giver." II. Cor. 9 : 7.

BY ALICE M. MUZZY.



"ELL Mirandy how do you do? It was such a beautiful day I could not resist the temptation to come over and see you a bit. But law sakes, Mirandy, you do look terrible beat and not very glad I've come."

Miranda Carpenter stood on the doorstep of her farmhouse as her friend, the wife of a neighboring farmer, drove up in a narrow high-topped buggy. There was an unmistakable air of depression as her friend suggested, but she said, half mechanically:

"Oh, yes, I be, come in."

"Don't take me into the best room Mirandy. Let me come and set with you and help do whatever you were working on when I druv' up."

Mrs. Carpenter demurred, but her friend insisted with so much good nature that she was forced to yield and she led the way into an attic chamber where she was looking over wool that had come from the backs of some fine merino sheep and was to be done up in bundles for market.

"What beautiful fine wool this is, Mirandy!" exclaimed her friend enthusiastically.

Mrs. Carpenter's face grew longer and the cloud resting on her brow more heavy as she replied: "Oh, yes, but what's the good to us? It ain't our'n."

"Why, how is that?" asked her friend. "My husband and I have often admired your large flocks of sheep as we have seen them grazing in the fields."

"We ain't but two flocks," replied Mrs. Carpenter testily, "and Luther and me 'greed the proceeds of one we'd keep; and the t'other we'd give towards building the new meeting house. There were not nigh so many animals

in this flock and I see to it when Luther was away that t'other flock were put in the best pasture; but for all that these critters have given twice as much and a great deal better wool. And I don't think it's fair! I asked Luther to change 'round only this morning. I told him the money from this wool would make our contribution to the meetin' house larger than any one's else in the parish and we only two folks to profit by it. If there were eight in our family as in the Browns, or twelve as in the Adams, why then we might be able to get our money's worth in time. But law! you might just as soon think to move a mountain as Luther when once he's sot. 'Mirandy,' says he, 'I should give that money if it beggared us!' and there was a terrible grim look about his mouth. I know he hates to give it just as much as I do, but he has more grit than I. This is just the way t'will be when Deacon Foote and Squire Rogers hear we have given such an amount; they'll just pat their fat pocket-books and say, 'Good enough for the Carpenters! Guess that wont be all they'll give.' And you see if their bank accounts will not go up, while their contributions will go down, and they a grinnin' in their sleeve at us all the while. I can stand being made fun of, for most anything except giving, and that's such an easily avoided failing I've never been open to ridicule on that point yet."

"I am sorry, Mirandy, you and Luther feel so, but as you do, I think you make a mistake to give the money."

"I only wish you could convince Luther of that," returned Mirandy, "to-morrow morning this wool is going to market."

"Isn't he out in the wood-shed?" asked the friend. "He will be coming in presently when we will talk the matter over together."

Luther Carpenter appeared where his wife and her friend were sitting and after the usual greetings his wife started the topic so near her heart by saying:—

"Chloe thinks along with me that it's a mistake to give the proceeds of this wool towards the meetin' house."

"Why how is that, sister Conrad, didn't I hear to'ther day you were raising broods of fine turkeys and ducks to sell for the same cause?" asked Luther Carpenter in surprise. "I expected you'd talk very different to Mirandy. She's a little nigh, is Mirandy, and she don't need no encerridgment to withhold. That's natur' to her."

"No more than to yourself Luther Carpenter," returned his wife.

"I said to Mirandy just as I say to you, brother Carpenter," said the friend. "It is a mistake for you to give such an amount for the meetin' house when you're all the time hanging back and wishing you didn't have to. I am raising my turkeys and ducks to give to something I love. My regret is that I have so little to give."

At this moment the door opened and Mrs. Conrad's son, a lad of ten years, entered. He had driven his mother over and after fastening the horse had wandered out into the meadow gathering flowers. He had a handful of wild roses, field daisies, ferns, and wild parsnip, which he laid in his mother's lap. "Do you mean them *all* for me, my son?" the mother asked.

"Yes, and millions more I mean to pick for you," returned the boy, kissing his mother fondly.

"That is the spirit to have in our giving," resumed Mrs. Conrad, addressing Luther Carpenter. "We don't simply give to the meetin' house. We are giving to a loving Father who is filling our lives with blessings every day and hour, and after laying all we have before him, it should be our ardent wish to lay millions more there. Above all things I think we should beware of the dishonesty of giving when our hearts do not go with our gifts. What a terrible mistake to attempt to deceive God! Deacon Foote and Squire Rogers might be led to think us saints for our liberality, no matter what were our motives, but not so with our Father in Heaven. But there will be no trouble with our motives if we only dwell more on the great privilege to have frequent collections and appeals and opportunities of giving. It is the meagre and not the free givers who complain of so many calls."

"Don't say another word, sister Conrad," exclaimed Luther Carpenter decidedly. "I'm going to get a motto and hang it over our dining-room table so Mirandy and me can look on't three times a day and see if we can't be brought to a different frame of mind on this subject. I suppose you couldn't guess what that motto would be?"

"Law yes, *I* could," replied his wife briskly. "It would be, 'God loveth a cheerful giver,' and if you hadn't added 'and me,' after 'Mirandy,' I wouldn't looked at it once!"

EARTH'S RE-GENESIS.

Conditions and Characteristics of Life on the Renovated Earth.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

UR planet having to undergo, as shown in former articles, a purgation by fire, we have now to consider what provision is made for those who pass over into the restored, and purified earth. We note that there is ample proof of God's illimitable resources. What human mind would have conceived the design of carrying the righteous family of Noah out of the old condemned world into the new one? The great Lord does not need to repeat his miracles. As Enoch was caught away from impending judgment by translation, and as Lot was warned by angels to flee out of Sodom before the fiery rain had fallen on the guilty city, so will his people be guarded from every hurtful power which may be utilized for the earth's renovation.

If we allow that Omnipotence is unlimited, we can have no difficulty in believing that the mighty God can carry whom he will, through the fiery elements. Hananiah, Michael and Azariah, Daniel's companions, were cast into Nebuchadnezzar's seven-times heated furnace, but they came out loosed and unsinged. Not even was the smell of fire upon their garments. So also can the Almighty One use the fires which shall set free the planet from its consuming curse, to liberate from every binding power, political, social, or physical, the people or the nations who shall become the inheritors of the completed kingdom of God on the earth. That provision will be made for the righteous cannot be questioned. What meaneth such a promise as this of unlimited application:

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him"? (Malachi 4: 2; 3,17.)

The consideration of this weighty subject—"Earth's re-genesis," and its assured anticipation should fill the devout mind with serious and hallowed delight. Why must any believer set it aside as speculative or unpractical? The apostle Peter writing by the Spirit of God declares: "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in holy conversation and godliness: looking for, and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless, we according to his promise look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

It remains for me now in ending this exposition to briefly sketch some of the characteristic features which will distinguish the future and final ages of the earth from her present conditions.

I. Heaven and earth will come into closer union and communion. The Tabernacle of God will dwell with men. The New Jerusalem will descend out of heaven and be brought into view. Eden in its virgin purity and beauty, its gardens of delights with its tree of life, and its innocent occupiers was only a type, or resemblance of the more glorious and extensive Paradise that shall be. God's purpose in creation that a sinless race shall inherit the planet can never be thwarted. Satan with his allies, will be banished to the bottomless pit, completely routed and overthrown by the avenging sword of the Faithful and True—The Word of God—King of kings and Lord of lords.

II. There will be universal peace in the final age. Nation will not war with nation; strikes and strifes will cease from the earth. The Prince of Peace, will lift up his ensign — the Dove with the olive branch. No more battles, no more bloodshed.

III. It will be an era of great fertility. The whole land will yield its milk and honey. Food will be in abundance. Legislation will be proof against corruption; laziness will find no willing subjects on whom to fasten itself, and poverty will be unknown.

IV. Longevity will be restored to man. The life of a man will be as the tree of life, for death, the fruit of man's sin shall pass away with sin itself, and the fruits of righteousness shall abound. Health will be universal; none will be disabled by sickness, and the people will enjoy the work of their hands.

V. Harmony will again be established between the animals. All discord will forever terminate. The lion and the lamb will lie down together, and the lion will eat straw like the ox, for the monarch of the forest will also undergo a change in his nature, and become, as when first created, a graminivorous animal. A little child will play with the beasts, now most ferocious, and they will enjoy the long-lost companionship of man. The wolf shall dwell peacefully with the lamb who fears its gleaming teeth no more, while cow and bear fodder together and their young sport by their side. They shall not hurt, nor destroy, nor devour one another throughout the holy mountain, for the earth, with its regenerated populations, and restored animal creation, shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

And what shall I say more? Only this: That our planet, consecrated by the ministry and blood of Jesus, shall be thoroughly recovered from the dire curse and all its blighting effects. That as the First Adam lost the kingdom and dominion by transgression, both shall be restored and re-established by the Second Adam, the Lord from heaven. When he comes again to earth it will be for purposes of universal redemption. The Church now awaits her Lord; the Jew will then welcome his Messiah. Thereafter the nations will gladly receive the sovereign Monarch, while nature herself will joyfully recognize her Creator, who comes again to restore her to original power and blessedness. And further, as we anticipate his being honored who was once despised; how he shall be received who was once rejected; how he shall be crowned who was once insulted, and how he shall be enthroned who was once cast out of his kingdom, can we forbear to cry out of a heart loyal to him, and longing to see him duly exalted, "Come, Lord Jesus! Come quickly." Yea, come Creator, Redeemer, Sovereign, who didst weep thy tears, and offer thy prayers, and pour out thy blood upon our sin-cursed earth, come back again to redeem her from all evil. Thou who art earth's rightful king to thee we pray "Thy Kingdom come." The gold, and the silver, and the brass, and the iron and the clay cannot endure; yea, all earthly governments are but failing experiments, but thy name, and thy throne, and thy kingdom shall endure forever. Return, return, O Shulamite, for when thou comest again thou wilt wipe away all tears; thou wilt comfort every broken heart; thou wilt soften every grief; thou wilt ease every pain; thou wilt heal every disease. Neither shall there be any more death, nor mourning, nor funerals, nor suffering, nor sin; for these old things shall pass away, and there shall be new heavens, and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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WHERE TO GO.

THE question is coming up in many households as to the best mode of vacation. We shall all need rest. The first thing to do is to measure the length of your purse; you cannot make a short purse reach around Saratoga and the White Mountains. There may be as much health, good cheer and recuperation in a country farm-house where the cows come up every night and yield milk without any chalk in it. What the people of our cities need is quiet. What the people of the country need is sight-seeing. Let the mountains come to New York and New York go to the mountains. The nearest we ever get to heaven in this world is lying flat down on our back under a tree, looking up through the branches, five miles off from a post-office or a telegraph station. But this would be torture to others. Independent of what others do or say, let us in the selection of summer recreations study our own temperament and finances. It does not pay to spend so much money in July and August that you have to go pinched and half-mad the rest of the year. The healthiest recreations do not cost much. In boyhood, with a string and a crooked pin attached to it, we fished up more fun from the mill-pond than one summer with a fifteen-dollar apparatus we caught among the Franconia Mountains. There is a great area of enjoyment within the circumference of one dollar if you only know how to make the circuit. More depends upon ourselves than upon the affluence of our surroundings. If you are compelled to stay at home all summer, you may be as happy as though you went away. The enjoyment of the first of August, when we go off, is surpassed by nothing but the first of September when we come home.

A WIDE GOSPEL.

IF it had been possible, religion would have been monopolized. Some would have said: "Let us have all this to ourselves—no publicans, no plebeians, no lazzaroni, no converted pickpockets. We will ride toward heaven on fierce chargers, our feet in golden stirrups. Grace for lords, and dukes, and duchesses, and Counts. Let Napoleon and his marshals come in, but not the common soldier that fought under him. Let the Girards and Barings come in, but not the stevedores that unloaded their cargoes, or the men who keep their books." Heaven would have been a glorified Windsor Castle, or Tuilleries, or Vatican; and exclusive people would have strutted through the golden streets to all eternity. Thank God, there is mercy for the poor! The great Dr. John Mason preached over a hundred times the same sermon; and the text was: "To the poor the Gospel is preached." Lazarus went up, while Dives went down; and there are candidates for imperial splendors in the back alley, and by the peat fire of the Irish shanty. King Jesus set up his throne in a manger, and made a resurrection day for the poor widow of Nain, and swung the gate of heaven wide open. I can snatch the knife from the murderer's hand while it is yet dripping with the blood of his victim, and tell him of grace that is sufficient to pardon his soul. Do you say that I swing open the gate of heaven too far? I swing it open no wider than Christ, when he says: "Whosoever will, let him come."

The nations of the earth will one day come into this refuge. The windows of heaven will be opened; God's trumpet of salvation will sound, and China will come from its tea-fields and rice-harvests, and lift itself up into the light. India will come forth; the chariots of salvation jostling to pieces her Juggernauts. Freezing Greenland, and sweltering Abyssinia will, side by side, press into the kingdom; and transformed Bornesian cannibals will preach of the resurrection of the missionaries they have slain. The glory of Calvary will tinge the top of the Pyrenees; and Lebanon cedars shall clap their hands; and by one swing of the sickle Christ shall harvest nations for the skies. I sing of a world to be redeemed. In the rush of the winds that set the forest in motion, like giants wrestling on the hills, I see the tossing up of the triumphal branches that shall wave all along the line of our King as he comes to take empire. In the stormy diapason of the ocean's organ, and the more gentle strains that in the calm come sounding up from the crystal and jasper keys at the beach, I hear the prophecy: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea." Come in, Black Hottentot and snow-white Caucasian; come in, mitred official and diseased beggar; let all the world come in. Room in Castle Jesus! Sound it through all lands; sound it by all tongues. Let sermons preach it, and bells chime it, and pencils sketch it, and processions celebrate it.

DEAD BEATS.

THE commercial world has a significant term which it applies, not to the unfortunate and distressed, but to those who are exertionless in their mishap, and who succumb to adversity, expecting others to do for them what they ought to do for themselves. They have a genius for borrowing money. They are persistent bores. You know them a block away, and wish they would always stay that distance. They are among business men called "Dead Beats." Almost every Church has an element corresponding to that. These are they, who, notwithstanding they have means, pay no pew rent where the pews are let, or contribute nothing where everything is voluntary. They are voluble in prayer, mighty in religious gab, make a big swash, but do nothing for religious institutions. They pray that the pastor may "be blessed in his basket and store," but do nothing to keep him from starving to death. They do not recognize the fact that there is a religion in giving and a wickedness in withholding. The furnaces would go out for lack of coal, and the lamps for lack of oil, and the church be shut in six weeks, if it depended upon their contribution. The poor must have the Gospel preached to them, and the penniless must be welcomed; but there are not more than ten people in any church who cannot give something. If a man cannot give a hundred dollars a year he can give three cents. Woe, then, be to him if he do not give the three cents. We never like to hear a man pray who takes it all out in prayer. It is all folly for a man to pray for the world's conversion unless he gives something toward it. The man whose income is not more than two hundred dollars a year ought to give some of it to God. One of the great wants of the Church everywhere is to get rid of its "Dead Beats."

BRIEF NOTES.

Evangelist J. H. Weber has just closed a series of meetings at Bristol, Conn. Over three hundred persons were led to seek the Saviour during his visit.

Rev. Jacob Freshman has had the happiness of baptizing four new converts from Judaism. His work at his Hebrew Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, is being much blessed among the Jews of New York.

The corner-stone of the New Collegiate Church at Second Avenue and Seventh Street, New York, was laid with appropriate ceremonies on May 17. Drs. Thomas E. Vermilye, Talbot W. Chambers and Edward B. Coe, officiated. The order of service was that prescribed by the Liturgy of the Reformed Church in America.

The sixty-sixth anniversary of the American Tract Society, was celebrated on May 13th. in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York. The report showed that during the past year the Society had spent $23,176.30 for literature and had circulated 84,719 volumes. The income of the benevolent department had been $151,016.99, and that of the business department $258,777.47.

Mr. James Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist has been laboring successfully during the past week at the "Home Camp-meeting" at Bedford St. M. E. Church, New York. On May 10, the altar was crowded in the morning with Christians seeking a new baptism of the Holy Spirit. A revival service for the Sunday school was held in the afternoon, and at night there was a rich harvest of souls. Meetings were held every evening during the week with large attendance and great blessing.

The Presbytery of New York, on May 12, received the majority and the minority reports of the committee appointed to consider the case of Prof. Charles A. Briggs, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary. The question submitted to the committee was whether the views expressed by Dr. Briggs in his inaugural address were in accord with the Confession of Faith. The majority report, which was signed by three members of the committee—Drs. G. W. F. Birch, J. J. Lampe and J. J. Stevenson—practically declared Dr. Briggs heterodox, and recommended "that the Presbytery enter at once upon the judicial investigation of his case." The Presbytery adopted this report by a vote of 44 to 30, and a committee was appointed to formulate the charges. The minority report, which the Presbytery rejected, was a defence of Dr. Briggs, and was signed by Dr. J. H. McIlvaine, only.

Rev. B. Fay Mills has been wonderfully blessed at Cleveland, Ohio. He commenced services in the East End at the beginning of April, eleven churches uniting in the work. From the first there was a manifest evidence of the presence of the Holy Spirit. On the second day of the services the inquirers numbered over a hundred, and at the end of the week Mr. Mills had in his possession fourteen hundred cards, signed by persons earnestly desiring to lead a Christian life. On April 10, the evangelist commenced work on the West Side, ten churches uniting, and the results were equal to those on the East Side. A third series was held in the centre of the city, and again a similar number were brought in. Altogether forty-five churches have united in the work, and it is believed that during the four weeks fully *six thousand persons* have confessed Christ. At the meetings in the Music Hall, holding nearly five thousand persons, every inch of available space was filled, and numbers were unable to gain admission.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Blaine and Gladstone Both Ill—The Attack on the Czarewitch—A Unique Design at the World's Fair—The Chase of the Contraband Steamer "Itata"—A Greenland Explorer—Great Western Forest Fires, &c.

O Many Designs have been Submitted to the managers of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, that it has been a very difficult task to decide upon the most suitable styles for the different structures proposed to be erected. One of the most unique will be the Procter Tower (see illustration), which is to have an altitude of 1150 feet or 150 feet higher than the great Eiffel Tower of Paris. It will be built of railroad iron and concrete, with a superstructure of steel, and will be shipped to the Fair grounds during the present summer in sections, ready for fitting together. The base will enclose a square, five acres in extent, with a foundation of stone masonry sunk seventeen feet below the surface. The central space of 400 feet square, elegantly floored and with marble walls, will accommodate the engines and dynamos. Ten elevators will continually run and on the top will be an observatory with telescopes and an exhibit of the Signal Service sytem in operation. On the second floor several thousand persons can dine simultaneously at an altitude of four hundred feet. Apropos, a Chicago Syndicate has asked the Italian government to sell the Colosseum which they will remove and re-erect at the Fair.

President Harrison was Affected to Tears when at the end of his Western trip, he reached Montezuma, Ind., on the return journey and was greeted by his old neighbors. All his oratory forsook him when the familiar faces crowded around him and the well-known voices were heard. His progress through the West has been marked by a series of brilliant receptions. At Springfield, Ill., the party stopped long enough to permit the President to pay a tribute to Lincoln's memory. The party arrived at Washington on Friday, May 15.

Portugal, Till Now Considered One of the quietest and most conservative governments in Europe, has experienced a very remarkable panic during the past week. A colossal deficit was discovered in the national finances, the result of ruinous loans contracted upon humiliating terms. This disclosure shook public confidence and the sequel was a condition of affairs which affected every branch of commerce and industry. Portuguese securities in Paris, London, Frankfort and other financial centres rapidly declined. At one time, as the news that national bankruptcy had overtaken Portugal, a panic was threatened in Paris, but the flurry was soon over. Russia contributed to the general uneasiness by withdrawing large amounts of gold on deposit in London. Meanwhile revolutionary talk goes on at Lisbon and it is said that King Carlos has expressed his readiness to abdicate, whenever his ministers shall so advise.

A Terrible Visitation of Fire has Afflicted parts of Pennsylvania and Michigan during the past week, caused by forest conflagrations spreading to the villages and hamlets along the line of the railroads, and doing enormous damage. No such destructive forest fires have been known since 1871. In Michigan, the towns of Clinton, Walkerville and Bear Lake—all composed of frame buildings—have been swept away, involving barns, houses, stores, churches and mills, with many millions of feet of lumber. At different points the residents have had a heartrending experience, fighting off the fire to save their homes and their families. In all, nearly twenty villages have suffered in Michigan alone, and many lives have been lost in the flames. In Pennsylvania the lumber and farming towns of Austin, Costello, Galeton and Moore's Run were almost destroyed. At Moore's Run, seven train men, who were fighting back the fire, which had communicated with a train on the Sinnamahoning Valley Railroad, were burned to death, and about thirty other employees on the train were seriously injured. Forty million feet of hemlock and timber, piled at different points along the line, were consumed. At Huntington, Oil City, Warren and other points, the people were almost panic stricken by the imminence of the fiery cordon all around them. Forest fires have also done considerable damage on the line of the Erie Railroad in New York State, one lumber company alone losing twenty million feet of lumber during the week. A farmer in Tioga County, named Allison Banks, was roasted to death in the presence of his family while fighting the fire in the woods near his farm.

It is Announced by the Academy of Natural Sciences, at Philadelphia, that the expedition to be commanded by Lieut. Robert E. Peary, U. S. Navy, will sail from New York for Greenland about June 1. The programme of the expedition has already been outlined in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Lieutenant Peary, who is a sturdy American of forty, will be accompanied by a party of scientists appointed by the Academy and a crew of eight Northmen. The explorers will endeavor to reach the southern end of Greenland on snowshoes, over the inland ice. Their winter quarters will be near the famous Humboldt Glacier, whence next spring they expect to penetrate south as far as the DeLong Fiord and so on to the terminus of Greenland. Sledges will be used where practicable on the inland ice. In the illustration in this column, Lieut. Peary is shown in Arctic travelling costume with his sledge and ice skates.

Secretary Blaine was Suddenly Prostrated, last week, an event which caused a great deal of uneasiness among the officials at Washington, and no little concern throughout the country. He had arrived in New York City intending to see his daughter off to Europe, and while dining with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the ironmaster, he was suddenly seized with vertigo and removed to bed. Three physicians were called, and were in constant attendance for three days, after which he was pronounced out of danger. Absolute quiet and rest have been recommended. Mr. Blaine's illness, the physicians declare, has been brought about by recent overwork, which has weakened him, and unsettled both mind and body. Simultaneously with the illness of our Premier, comes the news of Mr. Gladstone's sudden prostration from almost similar causes.

In Europe, "The Coming War" seems to Absorb every other topic. There is little doubt that all the great powers are straining every nerve to be in readiness for the struggle, which will be a terribly violent one when it comes. Some of the weapons that have been placed in the hands of the German reserves are of such fearful execution as to make even veterans shudder. The new rifle carries a bullet about an inch long and as thick as a good-sized pencil, yet this insignificant missile will penetrate earthworks at a distance of 150 metres, and at 170 metres has passed through five knapsacks, ranged sidewise. Even at a distance of 2000 metres, it penetrates a human body. Such weapons go far toward rendering the game of war too horrible even for the indulgence of even the most aggressive nations.

Assassination Haunts the Royal House of the Romanoffs. An attempt was made on the life of the Czarewitch at Otsu, near Kioto, Japan, a few days ago, which, but for the timely arrival of help, would have left the Czar without an heir-apparent. A Japanese political fanatic, armed with a short, two-edged sword, attacked the prince, who defended himself bravely until his assailant was driven off. He sustained painful injuries, the worst being a sword-cut on the side of the face. This unfortunate affair temporarily stops the progress of the prince's tour. He has already visited India and various other dependencies of the British Empire, and lately started from Hong Kong, for Japan, whence he intended to proceed to Omsk in Eastern Siberia. Everywhere the authorities of the different countries guarded his person with the utmost care, evidently fearing an attack from some quarter. His attendants, including Prince George of Greece, Princes Ouktomsky, Bariatinsky, Katchubey, and Oblensky, were constantly by his side. The attack came at last from an unexpected quarter, the would-be assassin being a native Japanese policeman, named Tsuda Sanzo, who was accompanying the party an a sight-seeing trip. The Czarewitch (whose portrait is given above), is physically the reverse of his father, being a rather weak and puny youth, while the Emperor Alexander is a giant in strength.

Naval Authorities at Washington are Anxiously watching the result of the stern chase of the Chilian steamer *Itata* by the U. S. cruiser *Charleston*, which set out in pursuit of the fugitive thirty-six hours after the former had sailed, with a cargo of arms and ammunition for the Chilian rebels. The *Itata* is a slow steamer and there is a probability that she may be overtaken. Orders are said to have been issued at Washington to capture her at all hazards. Besides the *Charleston* the U. S. Steamer *San Francisco* will likely join the pursuit and the two will be reinforced by the American squadron in Chilian waters which has been ordered to keep a sharp lookout for the *Itata*. What makes the situation doubly interesting is the fact that the rebel war steamer *Esmeralda* is lying off Cape San Lucas to assist the fugitive, and should the *Esmeralda* meet with any of the United States vessels while the latter are engaged in following the *Itata*, a sharp fight is not improbable. The *Itata* is known to be well armed, having ten mounted guns and about one hundred and fifty of a crew. Her shipment consisted of 1,000 rifles and two and a half million cartridges, all intended for the use of the rebel army in Chili. The *Charleston* is shown in the illustration. A sensational rumor was current that the *Itata* had been overtaken and sunk.

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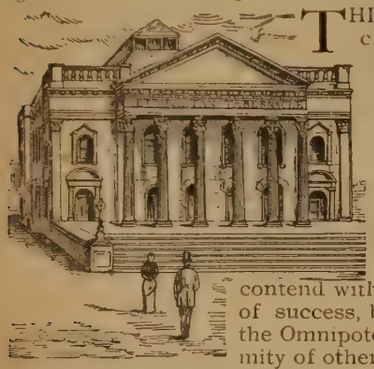
GOD AS AN ENEMY.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Desperate Plight of a Man who has God for his Enemy—God's Hatred of Sin—I. A Text for God's Offending Children—For Christians who Rebel—Affliction Befalling Them—The Comfort of the Holy Spirit Withheld—Punishment an Evidence of Sonship—II. For Outsiders—Discoveries Made in the Conflict—A Man Spoiled at the Tabernacle—III. Those who Die Impenitent.

"But they rebelled, and vexed his Holy Spirit: therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and he fought against them." Isaiah 63: 10.



THIS is a terrible case. When God is turned to be a man's enemy and fights against him, he is in a desperate plight. With other enemies we may contend with some hope of success, but not with the Omnipotent. The enmity of others is an affliction, but the enmity of God is destruction. If he turns to be our enemy, then everything is turned against us. The stars in their courses fight against us, and the stones in the fields are in league for our stumbling. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" But if God be against us, who can be for us? The words read like a funeral knell: "He was turned to be their enemy, and he fought against them."

God is not Indifferent.

This shows us that God is not indifferent to sin. Men may try to persuade themselves that God does not care; that it is nothing to him how men act, whether they break or keep his laws. Men may plead that he is "kind to the unthankful and to the evil," and the same event happens unto all, both to the righteous and to the wicked; and so indeed it seems for the present. Our shortsightedness may even assure us that the ungodly prosper, and have the best of it; but this is only our blindness. God hates sin now and always. He would not be God if he did not. God is stirred with righteous indignation against every kind of evil: it moves his Spirit to anger. Some believe in an impassive God; but certainly the God of the Bible is never so described. He is represented in Holy Scripture after the manner of men; but how else could he be represented to men? If he were represented after the manner of God, you and I could understand nothing at all of the description; but as he is represented to us in Scripture, the Lord notes sin, feels sin, grows angry with sin, is provoked, and his Holy Spirit is vexed by the rebellion of men.

The Unpopular Truth.

Having said these two or three things as a helpful commencement, I would invite you to consider this remarkably impressive verse with very great reverence and awe. The current idea now is, "Never preach anything that is dreadful or terrible. If you do you will earn as bad a character as Spurgeon." Now, I am not ashamed, in the least degree, to have a bad character for preaching against the evil of sin, and declaring the sure punishment of it. What have I to gain by such preaching? Shall I get the applause of men? Nay, the whole current of this generation's liking rushes the other way. Let the preacher tell men that they may live as they like, and that it will come all right in the long run, and that will please them. Universal salvation is a very popular doctrine among the "cultured" folk. I want none of your popularity. I will preach to you, as long as this tongue moves in my head, God's truth, whether it offend or please; and the day shall declare who best loved your souls—those who could flatter, or those who spoke unpalatable truth.

I. First, my text belongs to

The Lord's Offending Children,

Let me try to find them out, and lay this text home to them. There are some of God's own people—really converted, saved people—who have, nevertheless, degenerated into such a state of sin that the Lord is turned to be their enemy. If you read this chapter, you will see that it is so. Is it not shocking that the people of God should backslide? Is it not sad that they who have eaten the bread of heaven should hunger for the ashes of this world; that men who have lain in the bosom of Christ should, nevertheless, play the traitor to him, and provoke his anger? Yet it is so, sadly so; we have seen it so in others. God grant that it may not be so with us!

Well, then, what happened? Now we come to the text indeed: "He was turned to be their enemy and he fought against them." This is the story in many cases. He sends affliction. There come upon the man's harvest the palmer-worm, and the caterpillar, and the canker-worm. There come upon his business a blight and a blast. He cannot make it out; for where everything seemed to go well, all affairs now go amiss. All that he gets is like money poured into a bag that is full of holes. Seeing that he is a child of God, and has become a rebel, he has vexed God's Spirit, and

Chastisement Falls

upon him. Perhaps he is brought low by a painful disease. Perhaps a dear child is taken away. Affliction comes into the family one way or another: not the affliction of Job, which tried him for God's glory; but the affliction of Jacob, who was afflicted in his family because that family had become defiled with sin. God is jealous, and deals severely with his erring children.

He sends them affliction: but worse than that, he turns to be their enemy, and he fights against them by withholding the comforts of the Holy Spirit. Oh, how they once enjoyed a sermon! it was full of grace and truth. They do not enjoy it now. The same preacher; other people are edified as much as before; but they are not. Such a man goes to pray; but he feels no Spirit pleading within. He reads the Bible, and it is a dead letter. He seeks the company of Christian people, but their society is dreary to him, and yields no solace. God has shut up the windows of heaven. He has made the angels cease to bring down blessings by the way of the golden ladder. God has turned to be his enemy and fights against him. I have known cases in which true people of God (I know they were the true people of God, for they have come back, and they never did lose the life of God, even when they were away from him) have come to this—that God has fought against them in their prayers, and they seemed to pray like a man shouting inside a great copper caldron, where every sound echoes in his ears like thunder.

A Sign of Sonship.

I charge you that are the people of God to mind what you are at; for God, who loves you, will deal roughly with you if you sin against him. Remember that text, "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will punish you for all your iniquities." As I have often said, if a man saw a boy in the street breaking windows, or doing mischief, he might say very little to him; but if he was his own boy, he would give him a smart blow, and send him home; and so it is when the Lord catches his own children sinning. He may let the common sinner go on, and sin until judgment shall be executed; but as for his own children, they cannot transgress with impunity. "He was turned to be their enemy."

At such times if they still pursue any Christian career of usefulness, they are smitten with great barrenness, and their work is without efficacy. I should greatly sorrow if my words brought bruising to the tenderest of God's people; but yet I know that it is so. If the preacher leaves his God, his God will leave him to preach in vain. If the teacher quits the Saviour, the Saviour will quit the teacher; and leave him, or her, to fail with the children. What generally happens with a minister when God has gone? Well, instead of going to God, and humbling himself and crying to him for mercy, he resolves that he will buy a new organ. That will do the trick. The new organ, after all, blow it as they may, does not come to much. Well, then, he will have sensational entertainments, a Sunday-evening concert—fiddling, or something or other. If God will not help him, he is in the same plight as Saul the son of Kish. He will try music first, and if that does not render him aid, he will go to the witch of Endor, now called "modern theology," and ask assistance there. God have mercy upon us, if we ever do that! O child of God, do not try to do without God! Do not bring in new inventions to patch up the breach that your sin has made. If the Lord turns to be your enemy, and fights against you, bow and confess your wrong.

Love Disguised.

I leave this point when I have made solemn inquiry. Am I speaking to any Christian man or woman to whom this text is sorrowfully true? Is not sin the cause of your sorrow? I beseech you, do not trifle with this matter. It is a very solemn thing to have God fighting against you. Say to him, "Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me." But do not despair. If the Lord had meant to destroy you, he would have sternly said, "He is joined to idols: let him alone." To leave a man altogether alone is God's ultimatum with the hopeless; but to flog the wanderer back to his Lord is love in a mask. The wise man can see beneath the mask, and understand that it is because God would not destroy you with the wicked that therefore he now brings you under the discipline of his family, and makes you feel that sin and smart must go together in an heir of heaven. Seek you the Lord; cry unto him; and confess your sin.

The parable of the prodigal son belongs much more to you than it does to an unconverted person; for you can call God "Father," and you may come back to him as a son! for you are his son, notwithstanding all your riotous living in the far country, and all your wasting of your Father's substance. Arise, and go to him at once.

You Know the Way.

You know your Father: fly to him immediately. Put your head into his bosom, and sob out your confession, "Father, I have sinned;" and before this present service is over, you shall receive your Lord's full absolution, and you shall feel yourself—

> To your Father's bosom pressed,
> Once again a child confessed;
> From his house no more to roam,
> But with God to rest at home.

God will soon put away the rod when you put away the sin. If he does not stay the chastisement, you will patiently bear it, and bless him that he has forgiven you; for that is the chief thing to be thought of. As a rule, the Lord ceases to fight against the man who ceases from sin; but if he does not, prostrate yourself before him. He has no pleasure that you should suffer: as his dear child he would have you happy. He is grieved that you should wander away from him. Come back at once, backslider; come back even now. The Lord enable you to do so now, for Jesus' sake!

For Outsiders.

II. The text is true to those who cannot say that they are the people of God, who would give their eyes if they could. Many an awakened sinner feels that he has rebelled, and vexed God's Holy Spirit, and now he feels that God has turned to be his enemy, and is fighting against him by sending him trouble. Yes, he was getting on splendidly, and his prosperity was a snare to him. He had plenty of money, and therefore he could go into every place of amusement and every haunt of vice. Now he mourns an empty pocket. To-night he hardly knows where he is going to find a lodging. He was a young gentleman once, but he has to herd

with beggars now. Yes, many and many a man has been brought down, by lechery and drunkenness, to the lowest abyss of penury. God has turned to be his enemy, for all things fail him: he has tried to get a situation, and he cannot; he has worn his boots off his feet, and he cannot find work to do.

Perhaps I speak to some young woman here whose course has been far away from God; and she, too, has come down in another sense. Health is gone. Alas, for that laughing girl! That hectic flush upon her cheek tells that the worm is within the fruit. Poor soul! she is sickening. She will pass away, and she is still without hope. God has turned to be her enemy (so she thinks), and he fights against her, for the medicine is of no use to her; while other people seem to have been cured, she remains as sickly as ever. There are those here against whom God has been fighting of late; and when God fights, it is not child's play, nor mere buffeting: he fights indeed.

A Man Spoiled.

In the progress of this battle you may have suffered very serious damage. There came a man into this Tabernacle, some years ago, who said, "I got spoiled one Sunday morning. I came into this Tabernacle, and I thought that I was as good a man as any tradesman within fifty miles of the place." Said he, "I went out spoiled; for I was made to confess that I was as bad as anybody in Newington, or within a thousand miles of the place." That is what comes to us when God begins to fight against our self-righteousness.

At such times, when God is fighting against a man, his inward sorrows seem to increase. His memory shouts at him, "Remember this! Remember that! Remember the other! Remember that night of sin! Remember that day of rebellion!" His fears rise up and stalk like grim ghosts before him. His hopes, that once sang sweetly siren songs, now turn their sonnets into dirges. His expectations fail. The man's thoughts are all a case of knives, cutting his soul at every point. O sirs, when God besieges the town of Mansoul, he sets his batteries against every gate. His artillery is turned against every part of the wall. His big shells burst in the centre of the heart. When he goes forth to battle, it shall be terrible for the man against whom he fights.

Discipline for the Obstinate.

I hear you say to me, "You are giving a very terrible description." I am not not describing everybody that is saved. Many come to Christ very readily, and simply trust in him, and live at once. But, my hearer, you are not of that tender sort. You would not come. A mother's tears could not persuade you, your teacher's exhortations could not induce you; even the gentler dealings of God could not drive or draw you; and you have lived in sin till at last God has taken you in hand. Your conscience is aroused; you cannot go on any longer as you now are.

Oh, dear hearts, if God fights against you, throw down your weapons! Pull those feathers out of your caps! Down on your faces before him! Yield, and when you have yielded he will do you no harm; but he will stoop over you, and lift you up, and forgive you. The woman taken in adultery in the presence of Christ is a sample of what he will do with you, taken in the very act of rebellion against him. The tender Saviour said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more!" Dear soul, yield, yield, yield! Make no excuse. Offer no extenuation. Yield to the omnipotence of God, which, in your case, will be omnipotent love. He has wounded, and he will heal. He has torn you, and he will bind you up. "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive: he woundeth and his hands make whole."

I leave off when I have warned you to watch carefully that you do not go into sin. It is a blessed thing to be forgiven; but it is a more blessed thing to be kept from sin. Oh, what agony, what mischief, I have seen brought upon individuals and families by acts of carelessness which have afterwards led to acts of licentiousness! Steer clear of the lesser forms of sin, lest you so vex the Spirit that he shall turn to be your enemy, and fight against you.

III. Lastly, this text is a very dreadful one in reference to

Those who Die Impenitent.

Concerning those who die impenitent, what shall we say? What ought to be the truth about them? You—I speak only now of those who have heard the Gospel, of such as are sitting in this Tabernacle, where the warning and the promise are set before them—if you die impenitent, having wilfully rejected the great sacrifice of Christ, you will die with a vengeance. Jesus Christ has died, and you have refused the merit of his blood. You have wilfully and wickedly done despite to the mercy of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; and this is in addition to all your other sins. Now, let me ask you—What is to be done with the man who will not have mercy when it is set before him? If a convicted criminal is invited to confess and receive pardon, and he will not do it, what remains but to carry out the sentence? Both justice and injured mercy require that it should be so.

When a man gets into the next world, who dies refusing Christ, and rejecting divine mercy, he will fight against God there, and, according to his ability, he will be a greater sinner there than here. If you will turn to this Book, you will not find between these two covers a solitary ray of hope for a man who dies without God, and without Christ.

At once look to Jesus crucified—Jesus crucified for the guilty, Jesus who came into the world, took our nature, and bare our sin and shame. He cries from the cross, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth." I cannot speak to you like an angel from heaven, but I speak to you like a sinner saved from hell; and I implore you to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved; God bless you!

THE LATE DR. SAPHIR.

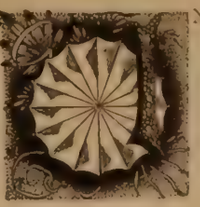
(See portrait on page 316.)

STUDENTS of the Bible in all lands will regret to learn that the famous Biblical scholar and earnest evangelical preacher is dead. He had never experienced robust health, but he seemed to possess so much mental and spiritual vitality that his physical frame partook of the vigor of his intellectual manhood, and retained its youthful freshness. The death of his wife, however, a short time ago, affected him deeply. Everyone could see that he had sustained a severe shock and he did not recover from the prostration which resulted from it.

Dr. Saphir, who at the time of his death, was sixty years of age, was a native of Hungary. He was of Jewish extraction, but embraced Christianity in his youth. He was at that time studying in the University of Berlin. He accepted the doctrine of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice in all its fulness, and resolved that all his future life should be given to preaching Christ and him crucified. He determined to go to Scotland to study, believing that there he could best obtain the help necessary to fit him for his life-work. He studied at Glasgow, and afterward at Edinburgh. His first sphere of labor after his ordination was among the German Jews of Hamburg, but after a time he returned to Scotland, where he prepared a series of tracts designed to meet Jewish difficulties in accepting Christ, and to convince God's chosen people that Jesus of Nazareth was he of whom Moses and the prophets did write. They were written in Hebrew, but were subsequently translated into English, Dutch and German, and were extensively circulated with the best results. A series of lectures on the Old Testament attracted public attention to Dr. Saphir, and he was urged to settle in England. He joined the Presbyterian Church and ministered at South Shields, and afterward in London. His learning and skill as a logician were much blessed wherever he labored, and were the means of winning many souls to Christ.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Man of Tarsus.*



IN one of his letters St. Paul describes himself "as of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law a Pharisee." He was born at Tarsus in Cilicia, a place of which he was wont to speak with some consciousness of its importance. It was in his eyes "no mean city." We need not suppose that this statement is colored by the partiality of a native, for there is ample evidence that as a geographical and trading centre, and as a seat of learning, it was in fact, no mean city. Its situation was favorable; a navigable stream gave direct access to the Mediterranean; it had communication on the one hand with Syria, and on the other with the lands beyond the Taurus, and its trade was therefore considerable. As a boy he must have often watched the rafts of timber, which hewn in the forests of the Taurus, and floated down the river, were sent to the dockyards, or other places, as required. Here, too, he must have seen bales of goods, which having the names and marks of the owners on them lay on the quays. How profound an impression the busy mercantile life of Tarsus made on his young mind may be gathered from the fact that his style, his mode of thought and almost all his metaphors and illustrations are drawn from it. Nor is this the only debt he owed to Tarsus. We know from Strabo that Greek learning greatly flourished in Tarsus at this time. It is scarcely to be supposed that he should have lived in such a city without sharing the culture and the learning for which it was celebrated. We know that he thought and spoke in Greek with great accuracy and ease, and we know that such ease comes only to one who has practised the use of the language from infancy, and to whom it has become part of his mental life. No one could have spoken the speech given by Paul on Mars Hill if he had not had a perfect acquaintance with the spirit of Greek life and thought. Occasionally, too, he shows an acquaintance with obscure parts of Greek literature, which is remarkable, and can use sentences from them with great effect. Witness the verse quoted by him to the men of Athens, "For we are also his offspring," and also the passage about the Cretans (Titus 1 : 12.) It was fitting that he who was to be the bearer and the messenger of a religion suited to all men, fitted to meet and satisfy all human needs, should have seen with his own eyes and felt in his own life the pressure of Pagan religions as all who lived at Tarsus must have felt them.

Imprisonment and Execution.

In the final words of his history Luke tells us that Paul abode two whole years in his own hired dwelling [in Rome] and received all who went in unto him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ with all boldness, none forbidding him. . . . One thing is clear, that the trial of the Apostle did not take place during the two years mentioned. In the absence of accusers the trial was necessarily postponed. The result was that the Apostle was kept a prisoner for an indefinite period. The imprisonment was as lenient as was consistent with safe keeping. He was permitted to live in his own house; his friends were allowed free access to him; and he could communicate by letter with as many as he pleased. We learn, however, from a passing reference (II. Tim. 4 : 16, 17,) that when he wrote that letter his first trial was past and that he was acquitted. "At my first defence no one took my part, but all forsook me: may it not be laid to their account! But the Lord stood by me and strengthened me . . .

* From *St. Paul: his Life and Times*, by James Iverach, M.A., one of the most thoughtful and suggestive of the volumes yet issued of the valuable series of works: Entitled, *Men of the Bible*' pp., 216; price, $1: published by Messrs. Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, 38 West Twenty-third St, New York.

A Boer Trek in Mashonaland, South Africa.

and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion." On his liberation he seems to have left Rome, and travelled by the usual route to Macedonia, as he expected to do when he wrote the Epistle to the Philippians. (Phil. 2 : 24.) In the Second Epistle to Timothy we find that the Apostle is back in Rome. He had recently been at Troas, Corinth, and Miletus. At Troas he had left a cloak with Carpus, with books and parchments. So this journey must have been quite recent. At Miletus he had left Trophimus in sickness, and Erastus he had left at Corinth. In Rome he had been again imprisoned and was persuaded that the end was near. But he has still some hope that he may be again delivered; at all events, he writes to Timothy, "Do thy diligence to come before winter." We see that Paul's time was fully occupied, that in the interval between his first and second imprisonments he was in many places, and was pressed with anxieties and cares as much as ever. He may indeed have travelled as far as Spain, as he formerly intended, and as a very early tradition affirms .... We earnestly long to know the cause which led to his second imprisonment. He may have been arrested at Nicopolis and sent to Rome for trial. Traces appear of the fact that his second imprisonment was much more severe than his first. "I suffer hardship with bonds as a malefactor" (II. Tim. 4 : 15.) Many were ashamed of his chain, and many foreseeing danger, took themselves out of the way. Indeed in this epistle he says that Luke alone was with him when he wrote, but at his former defence not even he. Whence it is probable that Luke wrote his Acts of the Apostles about this time, continuing his history down to the time he was with Paul. Eusebius adds to his history of that time the brief sentence, "Paul is therefore said to have been beheaded at Rome." Thus at the will of a capricious madman, the great Apostle of the Gentiles ended his long career of suffering, and of work, and by the sharp stroke of the headsman's sword entered into his rest.

A NIHILIST ON DR. TALMAGE.

A NOTABLE incident was related at the Friday evening Prayer-meeting in the Brooklyn Tabernacle by Rev. B. B. Tyler, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Disciples, New York. Refering to the large congregations which gather every Sunday to hear Dr. Talmage and the vastly larger audiences which he addresses through the press, Dr. Tyler said that the influence of those sermons was working in many beneficent ways that were not fully realized. They were a blessing to the whole nation. A proof of the fact came under his own notice during a recent journey in the West. Among the persons with whom he conversed was a prominent Nihilist who had come to this country to disseminate the doctrines of the Order. Dr. Tyler asked him what success he was having. The Nihilist admitted that he was discouraged. He had made few converts and had been especially disappointed with his failure among the miners and ranchmen from whom he had expected many recruits. "Those are the people who generally join us with enthusiasm," he said, "but there are obstacles to the work here that I did not know of.' Dr. Tyler asked the nature of the obstacles. "Well," said the Nihilist, "there is a preacher named Talmage over in the East, whose sermons are printed in the papers. I find them everywhere. They have them right out in the backwoods; you can find them in the ranchmen's huts and

The Late Dr. Adolph Saphir, (*See page 315.*)

the miners' cabins, and wherever you find the men reading those sermons it is of no use talking Nihilism to them. They believe in God and they love their country and respect the laws and institutions. Talk is wasted on them." Dr. Tyler thought the public had cause to be thankful for such a condition of things. It was a reason for national congratulation that when a Nihilist came here to preach dynamite, assassination and anarchy he found the soil preempted by the Gospel of peace and could find no congenial ground in which to sow his dangerous seed.

THE "CONVERT CARDS."

A PARAGRAPH in Rev. Thomas Harrison's article on "Shepherding the Lambs," published in this journal on May 6, forms the subject of a letter written to us by the eminent evangelist, Dr. L. W. Munhall. He thinks the remarks of Mr. Harrison may give rise to a misconception which would be misleading and unjust. If such a misconception has been produced it should be removed at once.

Dr. Munhall says:—"I do not believe that there is an evangelist on earth that believes or teaches that the signing of a card saves any one, or that it is an 'evidence of the fact that a man had really been converted.'

"The object of the card-plan is to ascertain who have professed faith in Jesus Christ, where they reside, and what is the church of their choice. Mr. Harrison does this very thing, only he gets the names in a blank book. Usually the evangelists who use cards simply say the signers have 'professed faith in Christ;' or, they have 'confessed Christ.'

"Of course neither Mr. Harrison nor any other evangelist can settle the fact of a man's conversion. It is a matter between the believer and God. All an evangelist can know about it is, if the 'seeker,' or 'inquirer' has complied with the conditions laid down in the Word of God, then he is saved. But has he done that? The evangelist can only know this by the fruits of conversion, subsequently in their lives.

"This was one reason why John Wesley organized the class meeting; and why the M. E. Church adopted the six-month's probation plan."

THE BOER TREK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(*See Illustration.*)

THE gravity of the Boer movement grows with each budget of news. The warlike Dutch farmers have formed a project which is exceedingly attractive to men of eminence in all sections of South Africa. They propose to establish a State in Mashonaland, which will be called The Republic of the North. It is now stated, that the Boers, to the number of twenty thousand, are pledged to the scheme. The Boer plan is to assemble on the southern bank of the Limpopo River organize the forces, and settle the plan of action, then cross the river and immediately proclaim the Republic. The leaders are said to be men of determination, ambitious to be prominent in the new state. They come from the Transvaal, the Free State and even from Cape Colony itself. Their elevation to the rank of leaders appears to be chiefly due to the vigor of their dislike to Imperialism in any form. Their present intention is to cross the river on or about June 1.

That serious trouble will ensue there can be no doubt. The fierce and hardy Boers have not forgotten their victories over the British forces in the former conflict, and cannot be made to believe that England can send any army against them strong enough to hold the country. On the other hand, the disastrous campaign is also fresh in the minds of British statesmen, and will doubtless prompt them to avoid their former mistake of under-rating the military skill of the Boers. Portugese interests also appear to be threatened by the Boer project as Mashonaland where they propose to settle is claimed by Portugal as well as England.

Strong efforts are apparently being made by Paul Kruger, the President of the Transvaal

Republic, to prevent the incursion. He has promised the British authorities that it shall not take place, but if the "trekkers" have the force stated, it is not likely that he will be able to keep his promise. The colonists in Cape Colony are earnestly pressing the Imperial Government to prepare for war. "If," they say, "England will not protect the country it is time for the colony to declare itself independent." This declaration has had the effect of arousing the Government to action. It thus seems probable that the proposed "trek" will not be made without bloodshed.

The word "trek," which appears so frequently in the despatches, comes from the Dutch, *trekken*, and means to draw, to travel by a wagon or to journey in search of a new settlement. The present Republic of the Transvaal is the result of a trek. The Boers, or Dutch farmers and cattle raisers, who settled in Cape Colony in the sixteenth century, trekked northward and established the Republic of the Transvaal when the English took possession of the Cape. They believe that another trek further northward has now become necessary, and will be equally successful. Our illustration represents a Boer trekking wagon.

The Temple of Buddha's Tooth, at Kandy, Ceylon.

THE TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH.

(*See Illustration.*)

ONE of the most famous temples of Buddhism in the world is the *Delado Maligawa*, or Temple of Buddha's Tooth, a picture of which appears on this page. It is situated in Kandy, Ceylon, and was built many centuries ago by the Singhalese Kings, as a shrine for the dental relic of Buddha. The reverence thus displayed for the relic was not wholly and purely religious in its nature. A current popular tradition had it that whosoever was the possessor of the tooth was the divinely appointed sovereign of the whole island of Ceylon, with its two million inhabitants. The beauty of the temple, and the extreme sanctity of the relic, attracted great crowds of worshippers. Under Portugese supremacy the Roman Catholics endeavored to break up the senseless worship. The tooth was seized and carried to the Archbishop of Goa, who, with his own hands, ground it to powder. The usual effect of persecution followed. In a short time the Buddhist priests were again exhibiting the tooth, and assuring the devout believers that it had been miraculously reconstituted from the powder and restored to its proper shrine. It was then as large as a horse's tooth, but the priests declared that the increase in size was the result of the miracle, and doubtless they were credited; for if the devotee could believe in a miracle he could as easily believe in its reputed effects. The tooth is still on exhibition, and multitudes of Buddhists go to see it, to recite their prayers and make their offerings. Among the latter are two magnificent tusks of ivory, shown in the picture, and beside these, the black box, which is the treasury of the temple, is always well filled. The Island of Ceylon is now under English rule, and Christian missionaries are laboring there to enlighten the people and lead them to him who is greater than Buddha.

THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 303.*)

To Go, or Not to Go.

MISTRESS 'LIZA put Pink into a high-chair, placed her at the table, and tied a bib under her chin. All 'Liza's motions were quick and nervous; now their energy was intensified by wrath. She bounced the waif into another high-chair, and tied a bib under his chin. Surely this was not out of deference to his dirty clothes. Probably it was out of deference to her own feelings, and her table-cloth.

The door opened and a boy, who made an amazing amount of noise in walking, came in and sat down by Captain 'Zekiel, at the end of the table. The Captain's remorse continued; indeed, it deepened. He repented of every mouthful of food, even as he ate it.

Pink, mollified by the sight of supper, leaned across the table which separated her from her little guest, set her small, white teeth together, and opening her red lips in a grin, exhibited, as with pride the double, gleaming row. The boy smiled at her benignly. Why should he not smile? Mrs. 'Liza had heaped his plate liberally with potatoes and gravy. Presently Pink filled a spoon from her own plate, and, leaning over, thrust it into the stranger's mouth. This was hospitality. Then, instantly, the changeful maid lifted herself in her chair and gave "Wobbie" a resounding whack on the head. He winked back the tears like a little hero, and only nodded at her. What was a blow with a pewter spoon, to a boy eating all he wanted of hot potatoes? Then Pink, applying herself to her little mug of milk, drained it to the last drop, and burst into a loud wail for more. At once the little visitor held out his own mug to her with both his small, grimy hands saying, "Tate mine." Pink, unhesitant, took it all. It was freely given. Never until now had the boy had before him, at one meal, meat and potatoes, gravy, bread, butter, and milk. He could spare the milk. Supper over, the Captain and the noisily-walking boy took a lantern and went out. "Wobbie" again shrunk behind the stove. He had a vague feeling that is Mrs. 'Liza saw too much of him she might put him out in the rain. Heretofore, weather had never offered any restraint to those who wished to thrust him out of doors.

The house-mother undressed Pink and put her to bed in the next room. It looked a wonderful room to Robbie. It had a bed, a crib and a trundle-bed, all of home manufacture; two great, bright, braided mats on the floor; white curtains at the window; two or three gay prints on the wall, and a little table with a red cover. What a paradise!

Madame 'Liza next washed her tea-dishes, set bread-sponge, and made her kitchen tidy. Meanwhile the Captain returned and again sat desolate in the corner. Then Mrs. 'Liza took a little tin tub, put plenty of hot water therein, laid a sponge, a crash towel, a square of brown soap, and a bottle of ammonia on a chair, and, reaching behind the stove for Robbie, said, "Now I'll make you clean if you're going to sleep in my trundle-bed."

She stripped off his one garment, a gray flannel "confection" of pants and waist, and plumped him into the tub of water. Whatever this dame did she did thoroughly, especially in the cleaning line. She administered soap and ammonia with an unsparing hand; she rubbed, she scoured, she rinsed, she polished with the crash towel. The soap-suds went into Robbie's eyes, mouth and ears. Well, what if it did? He set his lips together, squeezed his

eyelids tight shut, held his breath, and let her scrub. The water was lovely warm, the soapy sponge was soft; unconsciously to himself something in his nature seemed responsive to this cleansing process. As Mrs. 'Liza scoured away the grime the short hazy horror of the past seemed to fall away from him, and he was a new boy in a new world.

"There! Now for your head!" said Mrs.'Liza.

She stood him up in the tub, braced against her knees. The little man vaguely felt as if his head had already a full share of the scouring, but he uttered no remonstrance. Ammonia made his scalp burn, his eyes rain silent tears, his breath vanish utterly—and then the combs! A remorseless coarse comb, a tenfold remorseless fine comb! Mrs. 'Liza seemed to forget that his head was any more sensitive than a croquet-ball. She combed up, down, forward, backward, sidewise. Her victim was dumb as an Indian suffering torture. He shut his eyes tight, doubled up his little fists into two red balls, thrust his elbows in admonitory fashion into his own ribs, and—let her comb. No doubt he reflected that no amount of combing was so bad as to be seized ruthlessly by a handful of curls, and have your head knocked against the wall; or to be given a fling and sent reeling across a room to hit your head on the edge of a table, and raise a big lump to last for a week; nor was standing to be combed half as bad as to cower shivering and trembling under a bed and watch a drunken man and a drunken woman throwing bottles, tongs, coals, or chairs at each other. All these had been of the varied experiences of "Wobbie's" brief sojourn here below. What, he and we ask, was the most vigorous combing in comparison? Besides, there was the stove—a beautiful shining stove, with the fire twinkling through two isinglass doors. A stove all warm and clean was more than a treat to a little man in April who had been uninterruptedly cold since last October. Robbie basked before the stove. It is true he might have baked as well as basked but for the happy accident that Dame 'Liza turned him round now and again in the exigencies of combing.

Finally: "Now you're clean!" said Mrs. 'Liza. She lifted him to her lap, wiped his feet, and stood him on the floor before her. The heat, the scrubbing, the rubbing, had made all his little body pink as a rose from head to heel. His clean wet hair, after the last passage through it of the comb, had divided into great dark curls that fell over his shoulders. He looked tranquilly at his genius, with large, brown, steadfast, sleepy eyes. He was cherubic.

Mrs. 'Liza went to a blue chest, and took out a new garment of unbleached cotton. "I made it," she said, addressing herself to the room in general—"for Pink, with allowances for growing—I didn't think a little beggar would get the first wear of it." Then she dropped the garment over his head, pulled his arms into the sleeves, and buttoned it about his neck. The little beggar in this straight white array, was more angelic than ever. It is written of old, "Some have entertained angels unawares." Then Mrs. 'Liza led her beggar to the bedroom, his little feet pattering obediently in time with her own hasty tread. As Bop had pre-emption rights to the front of the trundle-bed, she lifted the beggar in behind him. Bop, feeling something warm and soft slipping in beside him, asserted his ownership, by kicking out a fat leg, and driving his bed-fellow well against the wall, then turning on his back and striking a fat fist into Robbie's eye. But what did that matter? Robbie's eyes were already closing. What were a few kicks and punches compared to a delicious, clean, soft, warm bed? A wonderful feeling of general well being made up of cleanness, softness, satiety, absorbed him. Sweet dreams came thronging to bear him away into slumber-land.

Mrs. 'Liza, a fond mother, bent to kiss the red head of Captain 'Zekiel's youngest image. Was it only one of Robbie's dreams, that for the first time in his experience a hand lingered for an instant in maternal touch on his head?

Mrs. 'Liza went back to her kitchen. She poured more hot water into the little tub, washed the waif's forlorn suit, and hung it close to the fire to dry. Then, without a word to her Captain, she sat down to darn stockings.

Meanwhile the Captain was watching all these proceedings out of the corner of his eye. There had been similar scenes once before.

The last stage of his intoxication had passed; 'Zekiel was himself again. He had expected not merely a domestic storm, but a tornado of the fiercest description. It had been violent, but brief, and its last forces had been spent in combing that curly head. The Captain seeing the stray infant's heroic conduct while being washed and combed, his genial manners to Pink, and his wisdom in hiding behind the stove, had told himself that "the boy was a reg'lar little brick." And then, how beautiful he was! Even doting parents admitted that the Captain's Bop was homely. Pink was a pretty child, but of a diabolical disposition—but this boy! what a straight, well-knit little figure! What great brown eyes, what curls! What a skin, like cream! What a smile!

An infinite longing to own him, filled the soul of the child-loving Captain Allen. Brought up and living all his life in the wooded silence of the mountain-side, the Captain was filled with that intense unspoken beauty-worship which made the herdsmen and hunters of ancient Greece see demi-gods, fauns, nymphs, dryads in the woods and streams. Oh, this beautiful child, could he yield him up to the desolation of the county poorhouse, where toothless old paupers mumbled, and a stray idiot and lunatic or two mouthed and gibbered? Could he go back to the admiring chorus of the women, the constable, and say, "Here's the boy; my wife won't have him"? Yet Mrs. 'Liza, by virtue of that head-on-her-shoulders, was the true head of the house; moreover, they were very poor, and Mrs. 'Liza was very hard worked, and—well—what cannot be gained by fighting, may sometimes be gained by waiting—so the Captain went to bed.

By five next morning, the Captain called "the Hands," and a great bustle began, getting out the lumber for Mr. Combe. "Allen's Mill," an ancient, tumble-down structure, with a huge under-shot wheel, stood on the side of a mountain stream never too dry to drive the saw-mill, but now full-flushed with the breaking up of the mountain snows and the spring rains, a wide swift creek, hurrying into the Schuylkill, and capable of carrying down rafts. Therefore, Captain 'Zekiel and his "Hands," were finishing making rafts of stout bark-covered logs for underpinning, and on these the other lumber was to be loaded. Then a tiller being rigged, the "Hands" and Mr. Combe would navigate one raft the nine miles of waterway to Lacy, and Captain 'Zekiel would take down the other.

The Captain worked in a fury of zeal. He meant to leave no time for 'Liza to remonstrate with him about the stray boy, or to repeat her orders to carry him off on the first raft. The Captain was wont to prepare himself for unusual labors by a glass of Old Rye, but this morning it would not be well to recall to 'Liza, by drinking his last evening's indiscretion. Moreover, if there was one thing above another that made that good woman wrathful, it was to see the Captain indulging in Old Rye. Therefore unaided by his usual fortifier, the big Captain worked like a Hercules. He had no time to eat; he snatched his bread and bacon, and ate as he rolled logs over the banks by mighty kicks. Eliza, with the baby over one arm, and the bill of the lumber in her right hand, came out to see that Mr. Combe got what he paid for, and no more.

The Captain worked. "The Hands" worked. Mr. Combe arrived and he worked. Mrs. 'Liza made coffee and brought it out to them. The great yellow boards were piled high on the rafts. The Captain wrought prodigies. He talked—for 'Liza's benefit

(*Continued on next Page.*

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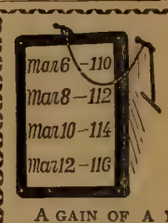

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THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

(Continued from preceding Page.)

"If you'll build three or four hotels and stores at Lacy, and get the lumber of me, Mr. Combe, I think of getting more machinery here in the mill. My wife thinks if we made shingles now—things are looking up in Lacy, Mr. Combe, and all over the country.'

"So they are. I brought the Jamaica, Captain; will you have a glass to help you along?"

The Captain's mouth watered, but there was 'Liza!

"No, thankee; no, not any. 'Pears to me I'm working a leetle better without it."

Presently Mrs. 'Liza went into the house. The Captain trembled. Now she was getting the boy ready to go off on the raft. She came out; the Captain was passing; she beckoned him to the bedroom window. All was over. She was about to bid him carry off his bad Bargain. He approached slowly; looked in as 'Liza's finger directed. On the pillow of the trundle-bed sat Pink in her night-gown. In one hand she held a wooden horse, trophy of her father's jack-knife; in the other a rag-doll, triumph of her mother's needle. On his knees before her—a veritable copy of Reynolds' "Little Samuel," though the Captain and 'Liza did not know it—was the boy. One arm held securely a blue earthen bowl of bread and milk, left on the table for Pink's breakfast; the other hand was busy conveying loaded spoonfuls of this refreshment to Pink's mouth. Pink held her mouth wide as a young robin, and the boy, neat-handed, put the spoon safely within the yawning rosy cavity. Now and then Pink graciously turned a spoonful to his mouth. The Captain and 'Liza laughed and went away. Later both children were dressed and out playing. Pink hurt her finger on a board, and her ready shriek arose.

"Don't ky, boy!" called out Robbie's silvery voice as he ran up, holding his curly head low. "Don't ky; pull my hair if you like; then you'll laugh."

Pink pulled with a will and laughed.

"Now you feel nice, boy," said the stranger.

"Ain't boy—am gell," said Pink.

"Yes; now you're glad, gell," said her guest.

Then the waif approached "the Hands" occupied in taking a bit of luncheon. Though spoken of in the plural, "the Hands" was but one, a boy of fifteen—not even a whole boy, thought Robbie, only a piece of a boy. He had only one leg. A wooden leg of domestic make was firmly strapped to the stump of the missing left leg; and, as if to balance this deficiency, "the Hands" had also lost his right eye. Probably in courtesy to his having two hands, and also because every mill should need and have more than one workman, the Captain spoke of his fragmentary coadjutor as "the Hands."

Robbie surveyed this boy with interest. "Is you going to work all day?"

"No; I'm going down to the town on the raft."

"Did 'the lady sended you away?" asked Robbie in awed tones.

"Oh, no; I'm coming back."

"Does the lady let you stay?"

"All right; she does."

"Does the lady like you?"

"The Hands" laughed. Mrs. 'Liza had heard. She did not like the waif less for calling her "the lady."

The rafts were made and loaded. All was ready for a start. Mrs. 'Liza and the children were nowhere to be seen. The Captain could fly unnoticed, possibly, But that hardly seemed fair to 'Liza. With reluctant steps he approached the kitchen-door. His wife was sewing. Bop sat on the floor. "Wobbie" had organized a play. "Me an' you gell is bears. We'll run at him on our knees. We'll bark ow, ow, ow, ow, only not too loud, gell, to make him ky. Come on, gell—ow, ow, ow!" Like the classic Bottom, Wobbie roared as gently as any sucking dove.

"'Liza," said the Captain faintly, "we're—going—down."

"All right," said 'Liza, never lifting her eyes.

"You—you don't want to send for anything, 'Liza?"

"No," said the dame, calmly.

"I'll get back by—seven, 'Liza."

"You won't if you don't hurry off." said 'Liza.

The Captain went off stupefied. Well, he had given her a fair chance. The rafts started. As they got well into mid-stream, Captain 'Zekiel saw his family on the bank watching. His wife had the baby in her arms. "Wobbie" held Pink's hand. The rafts were well made and well piled up. There was a long oar fitted at both ends of each. Mr. Combe and "the Hands" manipulated the first raft. 'Zekiel alone proudly managed the second.

When the rafts reached Lacy, almost the first person Captain 'Zekiel saw was the constable. His heart fell. The wretched mother had come back to claim that boy! "She's found?" he asked.

"What, the tramp woman, that left the young one? You'd better believe she ain't. She'll never turn up. You've got the boy on your hands, sure enough, Cap'n; and everybody in Lacy is talking how good it is of you, too."

Oh, suppose he had brought the boy back!

"Have a glass, Cap'n, before you start for the train?" asked Mr. Combe, for politeness' sake.

Ah, it would not do to anger 'Liza by going home in any one of his three abnormal states. She would send the boy away then sure, and everyone was saying how good he was, too! Besides, suppose in the exhilaration of the rum he should pick up another boy!

"No, thank you" said Captain Allen, and went home, without the taint of Jamaica, to his household. There were no storms that night, and Pink was not fretting. The boy in a corner was building cob-houses for her to knock over. Mistress Allen said, "I have never had such a day's peace with Pink since she was born."

While Pink was being put to bed, the waif climbed on Captain Allen's knee, and sat with his head leaning on the good man's broad breast. Captain Allen was not in the corner that night; he was not full of remorse; he sat by the stove and whistled "Blue Bonnets Over the Border."

The next day and the next passed, and no word was said about the boy. But the position was becoming strained; there was not that freedom of intercourse between the Captain and his 'Liza which is pleasing in the conjugal relation. Topics of conversation were scarce between them. The Captain felt that the "affair Wobbie" must be definitely settled. He took courage in his hands. "'Liza, I'm going down to Lacy to get an order this afternoon. Are you resolved that I shall send this little man to the poorhouse?"

Pink at the word flung herself headlong on the floor, and, whirling her legs and arms like the fans of a windmill, shrieked at the top of her lungs. The alarmed Bop joined the pæan; Babel reigned. The little man knew that his fate wavered in the balance. By one of those divine instincts of childhood, he cast himself, not upon the Captain, but rushed, white with terror, to lay hold on the skirts of 'Liza. The Captain bowed his head, as a criminal before the judge. The hour of 'Liza's triumph had come! Blessed be the conqueror who knows how to administer a victory.

"The boy may stay so long as you, 'Zekiel, don't drink a drop, and you, Pink, don't have another tantrum."

These were the words of Eliza.

(To be Continued.)

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That we may know He hath the power of giving
Enduring rapture more supreme than this.

We would see Jesus, when our pathway darkens,
Beneath the dread of some impending ill;
When the discouraged soul no longer harkens
To Hope, who beckons in the distance still.

We would see Jesus when the stress of sorrow
Strains to their utmost tension heart and brain;
That He may teach us how despair may borrow,
From faith, the one sure antidote of pain.

We would see Jesus when our best are taken,
And we must meet, unshared, all shocks of woe;
Because He bore for us, alone, forsaken,
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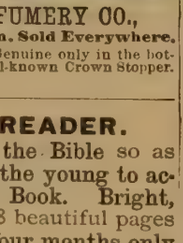

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4. J. G. Whittier,	16. Joseph Jefferson,
5. George Bancroft,	17. Benj. Franklin,
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7. Ulysses S. Grant,	19. Oliver Perry,
8. Robert E. Lee,	20. Goethe,
9. Gen. Sherman,	21. Schiller,
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A FAMILY GROUP OF WANDERING BEDOUINS—TYPES OF THE ARABS OF THE DESERT.

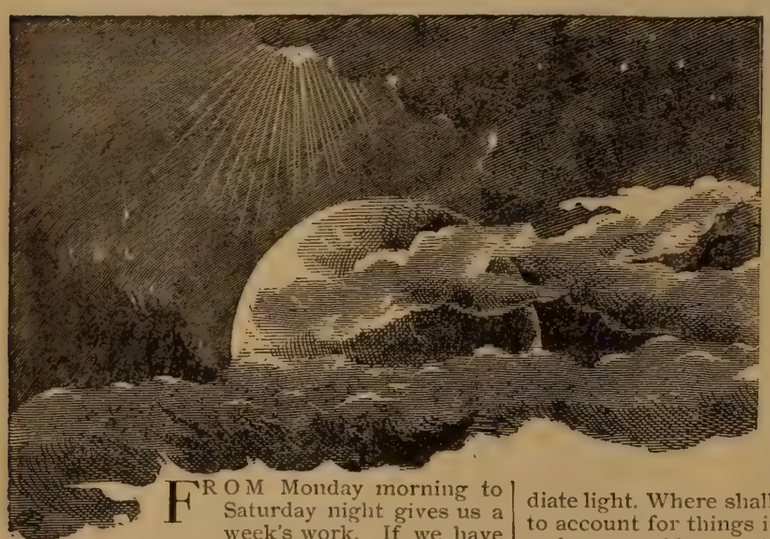
From a Photograph secured in the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage. (*See page 332.*)

ONE WEEK'S WORK.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 24, 1891.

The First Week of the World's History—The Same Result in a Week of Ages—The Poor Prospect of the First Day—An All-Comprehensive Word—Light the First Necessity—Woven of the Robe of God—The Great Cry of Philosophers and Sages—The Second Day's Labor—The Lesson of Abundant Water—The Creation of the Third Day—The Ancestors of our Fruit Trees—The Curtain Drawn on the Fourth Day—The Fifth Day's Work—Life in Water and Land and Air—The Sixth Day the Climacteric Day.

"*And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.*" Genesis 1 : 31.



FROM Monday morning to Saturday night gives us a week's work. If we have filled that week with successes, we are happy. But I am going to tell you what God did in one week. Cosmogony, geology, astronomy, ornithology, ichthyology, botany, anatomy are such vast subjects that no human life is long enough to explore or comprehend any one of them. But I have thought I might in an unusual way tell you a little of what God did in one week and that the first week. And whether you make it a week of days or a week of ages, I care not, for I shall reach the same practical result of reverence and worship.

The first Monday morning found swinging in space the piled-up lumber of rocks and metal and soil and water from which the earth was to be builded. God made up his mind to create a human family and they must have a house to live in. But where? Not a roof, not a wall, not a door, not a room was fit for human occupancy. There is not a pile of black basalt in Yellowstone Park or an extinct volcano in Honolulu so inappropriate for human residence as was this globe at that early period. Moreover, there was no human architect to draw a plan, no quarryman to blast the foundation stones, no carpenter to hew out a beam, and no mason to trowel a wall. Poor prospect! But the time was coming when a being called man was to be constructed and he was to have a bride; and where he could find a homestead to which he could take her must have been a wonderment to angelic intelligences. There had been earthquakes enough, and volcanoes enough, and glaciers enough, but earthquakes, and volcanoes and glaciers destroy instead of build. A worse-looking world than this never swung. It was heaped up deformities, scarifications and monstrosities. The Bible says it was without form. That is, it was not round, it was not square, it was not octagonal, it was not a rhomboid. God never did take any one in his counsels, but if he had asked some angel about the attempt to turn this planet into a place for human residence, the angel would have said, "No, no; try some other world; the crevices of this earth are too deep; its crags are too appalling; its darkness is too thick." But Monday morning came. I think it was a Spring morning and about half past four o'clock. The first thing needed was light. It was not needed for God to work by, for he can work as well in the darkness. But light may be necessary, for angelic intelligences are to see in its full glory the process of world-building. But where are the candles, where are the candelabra, where is the chandelier? No rising sun will roll in the morning for if the sun is already created, its light will not yet reach the earth in three days. No moon or stars can brighten this darkness. The moon and stars are not born yet, or, if created, their light will not reach the earth for some time yet. But there is need of immediate light. Where shall it come from? Desiring to account for things in a natural way you say, and reasonably say, that heat and electricity throw out light independent of the sun, and that the metallic bases throw out light independent of the sun, and that alkalies throw out light independent of the sun. Oh, yes; all that is true, but I do not think that is the way light was created. The record makes me think that, standing over this earth that Spring morning, God looked upon the darkness that palled the heights of this world, and the chasms of it, and the awful reaches of it, and uttered, whether in the Hebrew of earth, or some language celestial I know not, that word which stands for the subtle, bright, glowing and all-pervading fluid, that word which thrills and garlands and lifts everything it touches, that word the full meaning of which all the chemists of the ages have busied themselves in exploring, that word which suggests a force that flies one hundred and ninety thousand miles in a second and by undulations seven hundred and twenty-seven trillions in a second, that one word God utters —Light! And instantly the darkness began to shimmer, and the thick folds of blackness to lift, and there were scintillations, and coruscations, and flashes and a billowing up of resplendence, and in great sheets it spread out Northward, Southward, Eastward, Westward, and a radiance filled the atmosphere until it could hold no more of the brilliance. Light now to work by while supernatural intelligences look on. Light, the first chapter of the first day of the week. Light, the joy of all the centuries. Light, the greatest blessing that ever touched the human eye. The robe of the Almighty is woven out of it, for he covers himself with light as with a garment. Oh! blessed light!

I am so glad this was the first thing created that week. Good thing to start every week with is light. That will make our work easier. That will keep our disposition more radiant. That will hinder even our losses from becoming too sombre. Give us more light, natural light, intellectual light, spiritual light, everlasting light. For lack of it the body stumbles, and the soul stumbles. Oh thou Father of Lights, give us light! The great German philosopher in his last moment said "I want more light." A minister of Christ recently dying cried out in exultation, "I move into the light!" Mr. Toplady the immortal hymnologist in his expiring moments exclaimed, "Light! Light!" Heaven itself is only more light. Upon all superstition, upon all ignorance, upon all sorrow let in the light. But now the light of the first Monday is receding. The blaze is going out. The colors are dimming. Only part of the earth's surface is visible. It is six o'clock, seven o'clock, eight o'clock; obscuration and darkness. It is Monday night. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."

Now it is Tuesday morning. A delicate and tremendous undertaking is set apart for this day. There was a great superabundance of water. God by the wave of his hand this morning gathers part of it in suspended reservoirs and part of it he orders down into the rivers, and lakes and seas. How to hang whole Atlantic Oceans in the clouds without their spilling over except in right quantities and at right times was an undertaking that no one but Omnipotence would have dared. But God does it as easily as you would lift a glass of water. There he hoists two clouds each thirty miles wide and five miles high and balances them. Here he lifts the cirrous clouds and spreads them out in great white banks as though it had been snowing in heaven. And the cirro-stratus clouds in long parallel lines so straight you know an infinite Geometer has drawn them. Clouds which are the armory from which thunder-storms get their bayonets of fire. Clouds which are oceans on the wing. No wonder, long after this first Tuesday of Creation week, Elihu confounded Job with the question, "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" Half of this Tuesday work done, the other half is the work of compelling the waters to lie down in their destined places. So God picks up the solid ground and packs it up into five elevations which are the continents. With his finger he makes deep depresssions in them, and these are the lakes, while at the piling up of the Alleghanies and Sierra Nevadas and Pyrenees and Alps and Himalayas the rest of the waters start by the law of gravitation to the lower places, and in their run down-hill become the rivers, and then all around the earth these rivers come into convention and become oceans beneath, as the clouds are oceans above. How soon the rivers got to their places when God said: "Hudson and James and Amazon, down to the Atlantic; Oregon and Sacramento down to the Pacific." Three-quarters of the earth being water and only one-quarter being land, nothing but Almightiness could have caged the three-fourths so that they could not devour the one-fourth.

Thank God for water and plenty of it. What a hint that God would have the human race very clean: Three-fourths of the world water. Pour it through the homes and make them pure. Pour it through the prisons and make their occupants moral. Pour it through the streets and make them healthy. There are several thousand people asleep in Greenwood, who, but for the filthy streets of Brooklyn and New York, would have been to-day well and in churches. Moreover, there never was a filthy street that remained a moral street. How important an agency of reform water is, was illustrated by the fact that when the ancient world got outrageously wicked, it was plunged into the Deluge and kept under for months till its iniquity was soaked out of it. But I rejoice that on the first Tuesday of the world's existence the water was taught to know its place, and the Mediterranean lay down at the feet of Europe, and the Gulf of Mexico lay down at the feet of North America, and Geneva lay down at the feet of the Alps, and Scroon Lake fell to sleep in the lap of the Adirondacks. "And the evening and the morning were the second day."

Now it is Wednesday morning of the world's first week. Gardening and horticulture will be born to-day. How queer the hills look, and so unattractive they seem hardly worth having been made. But now all the surfaces are changing color. Something beautiful is creeping all over them. It has the color of emerald. Aye, it is herbage. Hail to the green grass, God's favorite color and God's favorite plant, as I judge from the fact that he makes a larger

number of them than of anything else. But look yonder! Something starts out of the ground and goes higher up, higher and higher, and spreads out broad leaves. It is a palm tree. Yonder is another growth, and its leaves hang far down, and it is a willow tree. And yonder is a growth with mighty sweep of branches. And here they come—the pear and the apple, and the peach and the pomegranate, and groves and orchards and forests, their shadows and their fruit girdling the earth. We are pushing agriculture and fruit culture to great excellence in the nineteenth century, but we have nothing now to equal what I see on this first Wednesday of the world's existence. I take a taste of one of the apples this Wednesday morning, and I tell you it mingles in its juices all the flavors of Spitzbergen and Newtown pippin and Rhode Island greening and Danvers winter sweet and Roxbury russet and Hubbardston nonesuch, but added to all, and overpowering all other

"THAT LIMPING HORSE."

flavors is the Paradisaical juice that all the orchards of the nineteenth century fail to reach. I take a taste of the pear, and it has all the luxury of the three thousand varieties of the nineteenth century; all the Seckel and the Bartlett of the pomological gardens of later times, an acridity compared with it. And the grapes! Why, this one cluster has in it the richness of whole vineyards of Catawbas and Concords and Isabellas. Fruits of all colors, of all odors, of all flavors. No hand of man yet made to pluck it or tongue to taste it. The banquet for the human race is being spread before the arrival of the first guest. In the fruit of that garden was the seed for the orchards and gardens of the Hemispheres. Notice that the first thing that God made for food was fruit, and plenty of it. Slaughter-houses are of later invention. Far am I from being a vegetarian, but an almost exclusive meat diet is depraving. Savages confine themselves almost exclusively to animal food, and that is one reason that they are savages. Give your children more apples and less mutton. The world will have to give dominance to the fruit diet of Paradise before it gets back to the morals of Paradise. May God's blessing come down on the orchards and vineyards of America, and keep back the frosts and the curculio. But we must not forget that it is Wednesday evening in Eden, and upon that perfect fruit of those perfect trees let the curtain drop. "And the evening and the morning were the third day."

Now it is Thursday morning of the world's first week. Nothing will be created to-day. The hours will be passed in scattering fogs and mists and vapors. The atmosphere must be swept clean. Other worlds are to hove in sight. This little ship of the earth has seemed to have all the ocean of immensity to itself. But mightier craft are to be hailed to-day on the high seas of space. First, the moon's white sail appears and does very well until the sun bursts upon the scene. The light that on the previous three mornings was struck from an especial word now gathers in the sun, moon and stars. One for the day the others for the night. It seemed as if they had all within twenty-four hours been created. Ah, this is a great time in the world's first week. The moon, the nearest neighbor to our earth appears, her photograph to be taken in the nineteenth century, when the telescope shall bring her within one hundred and twenty miles of New York. And the sun now appears, afterward to be found eight hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles in diameter, and, put in astronomical scales, to be found to weigh nearly four hundred thousand times heavier than our earth; a mighty furnace, its heat kept up by meteors pouring into it as fuel, a world devouring other worlds with its jaws of flame. And the stars come out, those street lamps of heaven, those keys of pearl, upon which God's fingers play the music of the spheres. How bright they look in this Oriental evening! Constellations! Galaxies! What a twenty-four hours of this first week—solar, lunar, stellar appearances. All this Thursday and the adjoining nights employed in pulling aside the curtain of vapor from these flushed or pale-faced worlds. Enough! "And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."

Now it is Friday morning in the first week of the world's existence. Water, but not a fin swimming it; air, but not a wing flying it. It is a silent world. Can it be that it was made only for vegetables? But, hark! There is a swirl and a splashing in all the four rivers of Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates. They are all a-swim with life, some darting like arrows through split crystal, and others quiet in dark pools like shadows. Everything, from spotted trout to behemoth; all colored, all shaped, the ancestors of finny tribes that shall by their wonders of construction confound the Agassizs, the Cuviers and the Linnæuses and the ichthyologists of the more than six thousand years following this Friday of the first week. And while I stand on the banks of these Paradisaical rivers watching these finny tribes, I hear a whirr in the air and I look up and behold wings—wings of larks, robins, doves, eagles, flamingos, albatrosses, brown-threshers. Creatures of all color, blue as if dipped in the skies, fiery as if they had flown out of the sunsets, golden as if they had taken their morning bath in buttercups. And while I am studying the colors, they begin to carol and chirp and coo and twitter and run up and down the scales of a music that they must have heard at heaven's gate. Yes. I find them in Paradise on this the first Friday afternoon of the world's existence. And I sit down on the bank of the Euphrates, and the murmur of the river, together with the chant of birds in the sky puts me into a state of somnolence. "And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."

Now it is Saturday morning of the world's first week and with this day the week closes. But oh, what a climacteric day! The air has its population and the water its population. Yet the land has not one inhabitant, But here they come, by the voice of God created!—Horses grander than those which in after time Job will describe as having neck clothed with thunder. Cattle enough to cover a thousand hills. Sheep shepherded by him who made for them the green pastures. Cattle superior to the Alderneys and Ayrshires and Devonshires of after times. Leopards so beautiful, we are glad they cannot change their spots. Lions without their fierceness and all the quadruped world so gentle, so sleek, so perfect. Look out how you treat this animal creation, whether they walk the earth or swim the waters or fly the air. Do you not notice that God gave them precedence of the human race? They were created Friday and Saturday morning, as man was created Saturday afternoon. They have a right to be here. He who galls a horse, or exposes a cow to the storm, or beats a dog, or mauls a cat, or gambles at the pigeon-shooting, or tortures an insect, will have to answer for it in the Judgment-day. You may console yourself that these creatures are not immortal and they cannot appear against you, but the God who made these creatures, and who saw the wrong you did them will be there. Better look out, you stock-raisers and rail-road companies who bring the cattle on trains without food or water for three or four days in hot weather, a long groan of agony from Omaha to New York. Better look out, you farmer riding behind that limping horse with a nail that the blacksmith drove into the quick. Better look out, you boys stoning bull-frogs and turning turtles upside down, and robbing birds' nests.

But something is wanting in Paradise and the week is almost done. Who is there to pluck the flowers of this Edenic lawn? Who is there to command these worlds of quadruped and fish and bird? For whom has God put back the curtain from the face of sun and moon and star? The world wants an emperor and empress. It is Saturday afternoon. No one but the Lord Almighty can originate a human being. In the world where there are in the latter part of the nineteenth century over fourteen hundred million people, a human being is not a curiosity. But how about the first human eye that was ever kindled, the first human ear that was ever opened, the first human lung that ever breathed, the first human heart that ever beat, the first human life ever constructed? That needed the origination of a God. He had no model to work by. What stupendous work for a Saturday afternoon! He must originate a style of human heart through which all the blood in the body must pass every three minutes. He must make that heart so strong that it can during each day lift what would be equal to one hundred and twenty tons of weight and it must be so arranged as to beat over thirty-six million times every year. About five hundred muscles must be strung in the right place and at least two hundred and fifty bones constructed. Into this body must be put at least nine million nerves. Over three thousand perspiring pores must be made for every inch of fleshly surface. The human voice must be so constructed it shall be capable of producing seventeen trillion five hundred and ninety-two billion one hundred and eighty-six million forty-four thousand four hundred and fifteen sounds. But all this the most insignificant part of the human being. The soul! Ah, the construction of that God himself would not be equal to if he were any the less of a God. Its understanding, its will, its memory, its conscience, its capacities of enjoyment or suffering, its immortality! What a work for a Saturday afternoon! Aye! Before night there were to be two such human and yet immortal beings constructed. The woman as well as the man was formed Saturday afternoon. Because a deep sleep fell upon Adam and by divine surgery a portion of his side was removed for the nucleus of another creation, it has been supposed that perhaps days and nights passed between the masculine and feminine creations. But no! Adam was not three hours unmated. If a physician can by anæsthetics put one into a deep sleep in three minutes, God certainly could have put Adam into a profound sleep in a short while that Saturday afternoon and made the deep and radical excision without causing distress. By a manipulation of the dust, the same hand that moulded the mountains moulded the features, and moulded the limbs of the father of the human race. But his eyes did not see, and his nerves did not feel, and his muscles did not move, and his lungs did not breathe, and his heart did not pulsate. A perfect form he lay along the earth, symmetrical and of God-like countenance. Magnificent piece of Divine carpentry and Omnipotent sculpturing, but no vitality. A body without a soul. Then the Source of all life stooped to the inanimate nostril and lip, and, as many a skillful and earnest physician has put his lips to a patient in comatose state and breathed into his mouth and nostril, and at the same time com-

"I SEE THE SUN RISE."

pressed the lungs, until that which was artificial respiration became natural respiration, so methinks God breathed into this cold sculpture of a man the breath of life, and the heart begins to tramp, and the lungs to inhale, and the eyes to open and the entire form to thrill, and with the rapture of a life just come, the prostrate being leaps to his feet—a man! But the scene of this Saturday is not yet done, and in the atmosphere, drowsy with the breath of flowers, and the song of bobolinks, and robin-redbreasts, the man slumbers, and by anæsthetics, divinely administered, the slumber deepens until without the oozing of one drop of blood at the time, or the faintest scar afterward, that portion is removed from his side which is to be built up the Queen of Paradise, the daughter of the great God, the mother of the human race, the benediction of all ages, woman the wife, afterward woman the mother. And as the two join hands and stroll down along the banks of the Euphrates toward a bower of mignonette and wild rose and honeysuckle, and are listening to the call of the whip-poor-will from the aromatic thickets, the sun sinks beneath the horizon. "And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

What do you think of that one week's work? I review it not for entertainment, but because I would have you join in David's Doxology: "Great and Marvelous are Thy Works, Lord God Almighty;" because I want you to know what a homestead our Father built for his children at the start, though sin has despoiled it; and because I want you to know how the world will look again when Christ shall have restored it, swinging now between two Edens; because I want you to realize something of what a mighty God he is and the utter folly of trying to war against him; because I want you to make peace with this Chief of the Universe through the Christ who mediates between offended Omnipotence and human rebellion; because I want you to know how fearfully and wonderfully you are made, your body as well as your soul an Omnipotent achievement; because I want you to realize that order reigns throughout the universe, and that God's watches tick to the second, and that his clocks strike regularly, though they strike once in a thousand years. A learned man once asked an old Christian man who had no advantages of schooling, why he believed there was a God, and the good old man, who probably had never heard an argument on the subject in all his life, made this noble reply: "Sir, I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the sun rise in the east and set in the west. The north star stands where it did the first time I saw it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky and never turn out. It isn't so with man's work. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for awhile, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars keep on this same way all the while. The heavens declare the glory of God." Yea, I preach this, because I want you to walk in appreciation of Addison's sublime sentiment when he writes:

> The spacious firmament on high
> With all the blue ethereal sky
> And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
> Their Great Original proclaim.
>
> In reason's ear they all rejoice
> And utter forth a glorious voice
> Forever singing, as they shine,
> The hand that made us is divine.

Volume XIII., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1890, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, 1888 and 1890 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN JAPAN.

(See Illustrations on this page and page 332.)

LAST January an article was published in this journal describing an effort that was being made by Mr. J. McLain Brown, an American missionary to reach the University students in Tokio, Japan. A portrait of Mr. Brown and a picture of the ruins of the burned Tabernacle in which the work had been conducted, accompanied the article. We now give on this page a picture of the new Tabernacle, which has been erected, and on page 333, portraits of seven young students, who have been won by God's blessing on Mr. Brown's labors, to seek Christ for themselves. Respecting the latter picture, Mr. Brown writes:

"Four of the leading colleges are represented in the group shown in the photograph. These seven, who have been in my Bible classes, have asked for and are now receiving instruction preparatory to baptism, and our hearts are so full of gratitude to our heavenly Father that we cannot praise him enough. My Sunday Bible class, which is evangelistic, has now thirty-five scholars, the greater part of them students of the Imperial University. The Tuesday night training class has fourteen members. And week before last a fine fellow by the name of Akutsu, came to me and entreated me to give Christian instruction to him and five of his fellow students in the higher middle school. He has been in my Sunday class, but as he is studying surveying his class has to go out and do practical surveying on Sunday afternoon, and therefore could not come. Notwithstanding that my time is nearly all occupied, I had them come on Saturday night, and we had a blessed time. Akutsu accepted Christ as his Saviour, and another young man said that he had all his doubts removed, and both prayed fervently. The third was greatly impressed, and I am asking God for the souls of these five, because they come from the school that has antagonized Christianity. These fellows in the higher middle school of the Imperial University are the students that committed the assault on Dr. Imbrie last spring. We have a band of twenty self-supporting persons (including the wives of the members,) at work in different parts of the Empire, teaching and preaching among the people.

The New Central Tabernacle in Tokio, Japan.

Unsectarian Work.

"Four of our workers here are classed as follows—Kimura, our godly Japanese singer and leader of the choir, is a congregationalist, a graduate of the Doshisha, Kiota college. Gauntlett is an Episcopalian, and his father is rector of a church in Wales. He is our organist. Dr. Eby is a Methodist. They are all as broad as the day is long, and want souls saved anyway that will bring them the regeneration of the Holy Ghost. I brought my certificate from the Lutheran church at Cumberland. The Christian men that come to our training class come from other churches, and we don't ask them any questions, but say to them, came and take of the water of life freely.

"On Wednesday, January 7th, the Sunday School was organized with Mr. Ambaira, a member of the Japanese House of Parliament, as superintendent, J. Kono, B. A., assistant superintendent, and Mr. Sakarai as secretary and treasurer. The first Sabbath, there were sixty-four scholars present. Now the school has run up to eighty-five, although we have had only three sessions. Now a word about our band meeting. This meeting took place on tthe 2nd of January, and lasted several days. Two of our number travelled about one thousand miles in order to get here, and spent one night in a Jinrikisha (a man buggy) between Kumatoto and Nagasaki. I have been in a great many deliberate assemblies before, but I never saw business done by common consent. The deference shown each other proved to my mind that there are men on earth that literally fulfill the divine command.

"All the proceedings were tempered with much prayer, and as a result since the brethren have returned to their respective fields of labor, they write me that the divine power abides with them. Without my knowledge and consent (for my wife was sick and I was absent the afternoon the election took place) they made me the secretary and treasurer of the Self-Supporting Band, and allowed me, in addition to what I get from friends in America, enough to keep the 'wolf' from the door. Well, I am like Brother Sweeney, I cannot help saying praise the Lord! We need every cent that we can get in order to push the work, as there are native helpers coming to us that will have to be cared for out of the fund, so that any amount that the Lord puts it in the hearts of my friends to send me lightens the exchequer of the Band fund that much."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Brown asks for books on *the Second Advent*, and adds "How this blessed truth of our Lord's return takes hold on our young men!" This is what is wanted in Japan.

DR. TALMAGE'S HELP TO THE FALLEN.

A PATHETIC story is sent to us from Albany, Ga., which shows how the wide circulation of Dr. Talmage's sermons is being blessed of God. At a recent session of the Methodist Church of that town, a woman was received into membership who had for some years lived a life of profligacy and open shame.

In relating her experience she said that for a long time her conscience had tortured her. She knew that she was a lost woman and she was continually in dread of the time when she must stand before the bar of God. She believed that she was beyond the reach of mercy. Separated by her notorious character from religious association, the message of pardon for the contrite through Jesus did not reach her ear. One day recently, however, she read a sermon by Dr. Talmage, and its Gospel message brought light and hope to her heart. She sent for the Rev. J. W. Roberts, the pastor of the Methodist Church, and asked him if it was true as Dr. Talmage said, that even such as she might come to God and find pardon. She was assured that it was true. There and then she humbled herself before God and pleaded for mercy through Christ. Soon the peace and joy of salvation filled her heart.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

An Ignoble Use for a Flag—A Soldier Traced by a Blood-Stained Book—A Remarkable Suit.

UNDER Concealed Under the Stars and Stripes was taken last week from a house in New York. A girl who was sitting-up all night nursing a sick person heard a noise in the street about three o'clock. Looking out of window, she saw, by the light of the electric lamp, two Irishmen, one of whom she knew, coming out of a house opposite, carrying a bundle wrapped in the national flag. Later in the day it was found that a burglary had been committed. A club-room had been entered, and spoons and forks and two silver cups had been stolen. The girl told what she had seen, and the two men were traced and arrested. The plunder, still covered by the Stars and Stripes, was found in their possession. It was an ignoble use for the venerated emblem, and was not excused by the fact that the offenders were citizens of foreign birth. They should have had more respect for the flag under which they live. But their offence was venial in comparison with that of men who use the Christian profession to conceal a wicked life. The practice is all too common now, as it was in old time, when the prophet complained of his contemporaries who did evil, but were punctilious in religious observance, "and," as he said, "so they wrap it up." (Micah 7 : 3.)

A Prisoner's Paintings have Astonished the visitors to the prison at Sing Sing, N. Y, Four years ago a man who had been convicted of grand larceny was sentenced to six-years' imprisonment and was confined at Sing Sing. When the law was passed forbidding the prisoners working, this man spent his time in making pen-and-ink sketches. Principal Keeper Connaughton, who is always studying the peculiarities of the prisoners in his keeping, observed the man's taste and skill, and permitted him to try his hand at decorating the chapel walls. He went to work first on the north wall of the chapel, on which he painted a representation of the Prodigal Son. He did so well that the remainder of his time in prison was occupied in the same work. His last painting, "The Last Supper," he completed a few months ago. His sentence, with deductions for good conduct, expired on Wednesday last and he was discharged. It is not the first time that the discovery of an unsuspected talent has been made in a period of shame and discipline. It may be hoped, however, that this was not the only discovery about himself that the convict made in prison. His future life may be a better one if he learned, too, the fact, which also may have been unsuspected before, that his nature is corrupt and that only in Christ is there hope of strength for permanent reformation. (Hos. 13:9.)

A Blood-Stained Book of Psalms was Last week the means of relieving the suspense of a family in Ohio. It appears that early in the war a young man enlisted in the 126th Ohio volunteers. He was known as a brave soldier and kept his family informed of his movements down to 1864. On May 6 of that year the battle of the Wilderness was fought and after that the family heard no more of him. Inquiries were made of his comrades and the officers of the regiment, but no information was obtained. A few weeks ago his cousin was in communication with Gen. Gordon of Georgia and asked him if he had ever chanced to hear of the missing soldier. Gen. Gordon sent the question to an Atlanta journal which published it. On May 18 an answer was received. It came from a man who had been a Confederate soldier and had been wounded in the battle of the Wilderness. He said that while in the field-hospital a young wounded Union soldier was brought in and laid beside him. Both were expecting death and they talked of the impending change. The Union soldier had a book of Psalms which was stained with blood from his wound. This helped them in the trying time. The Union soldier died in the hospital leaving the volume in the hands of the Confederate, who recovered. He has the book still and on looking into it when Gen. Gordon's question was published, he saw on the fly-leaf the name of the man about whose fate his family knew nothing. They now know through the inscription in the book the time and place of his death. The Confederate wrote underneath, "I hope he is in heaven." The family are sure to echo that hope, but as to that they are still ignorant for it depends on whether his name was inscribed in another book which no living man has seen—the Book of Life. (Rev. 20 : 12.)

A Remarkable Suit to Cancel the Sale of Real Estate was tried last week in New York. It appeared from the evidence that a house worth twenty thousand dollars is the property of a widower who has two sons. He inherited it under the will of his deceased wife, who bequeathed it to him for his life, with the stipulation that after his death it should pass to his two sons in joint ownership. The father is now fifty years of age. His sons, knowing the terms of their mother's will, and being sure that if they outlived their father they would eventually own the house, recently disposed of

Dr. W. H. Green, the New Moderator.

their interest in it. They sold it to a saloon-keeper for six hundred dollars, he to enter upon possession at the death of their father. They allege that they were under the influence of liquor when the bargain was made, and they now appeal to the courts to cancel the sale. They must be very foolish young men, but even they would probably have refused to make such a bargain in their sober senses. Yet it is common for men who are considered shrewd to make an infinitely worse bargain, for they sacrifice eternal life to obtain money or pleasure in this world. (Mark 8 : 36.)

A Man, Whose heart was Shaken out of its place by an accident on the railroad, died at his home near Birmingham, Ala., on May 20. In November, 1889, he was working as brakeman on a freight train on the Georgia Pacific Railroad, running between Birmingham and Columbus, Miss. He was climing up the side of a box car while the train was passing through a cut. A rock projecting out from one side of the cut struck him in the left side knocking him off the car. He was unconscious a long time, and when picked up the doctors said his injuries were all internal. They found that his heart had been moved over on the right side of his chest, eight inches by actual measure from its normal position. The doctors said the man would die in a few hours, but he did not, and in a few days was able to walk about and suffered very little pain. His heart, however, did not return to its proper position. He sued the Company for $30,000 damages, but as he was apparently well the jury gave him only $3,500. A few months after he was injured he began to lose flesh. As he became reduced in flesh he suffered great pain in his chest, and finally hemorrhages set in from which he died last week. After death an autopsy was made, and it was found that not only the man's heart, but all his internal organs had been moved from their natural position by the shock which in the end caused his death. The jury would probably have given him a larger sum had they known that his injuries were fatal, but they were deceived by his robust condition. The world and the church are often similarly deceived by moral character. Many men are apparently so good that they are regarded as children of God, but God condemns them because they draw near to him with their mouth and honor him with their lips, but they have *removed their heart far from him* (Isa 29 : 13)

Canadians who have Settled in the United States are being urged by the Dominion Government to return to their native land. A special agent who has been travelling through the New England States reports that he finds large numbers of Canadians who are out of employment or who are working for small salaries who bitterly regret coming across the border. He said : "These people were induced to come to the United States under the idea that they would get higher wages and better employment, but they realize that they have exchanged the substance for the shadow. Wages all over the United States are lower to-day than in Canada, and I have the most reliable evidence to prove it. There is plenty of employment in Canada for good, steady men, and living is cheaper. The difficulty in the majority of cases is that they have not the money to get back." Many people who have been tempted by the hope of gain to leave God's house for the world, are in like condition, but there is no such difficulty in their case. God promises to receive them freely. (Hosea 14 : 4.)

PROF. WILLIAM H. GREEN

The Newly-Elected Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

(See Portrait.)

THE one hundred and third General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, which convened at Detroit, Mich., on Thursday last, accomplished the difficult and delicate task of electing a Moderator with unexpected ease and celerity. Dr. Dickey, of Philadelphia, who was the candidate of the progressive party in the Assembly for the office, proposed the election of Prof. William Henry Green, of Princeton, and he was chosen by acclamation.

Dr. Green, whose portrait is given on this page, is sixty-six years of age. He was born near Bordentown, N. J., and was educated at Lafayette College. After teaching classics and mathematics for three or four years he went to Princeton, graduating in Theology in 1846. He was pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia for a time, and a Professor of Princeton in 1851. He has now occupied the chair of Oriental and Old Testament literature in that institution for forty years. His scholarship in this department is unsurpassed. In addition to his work as an instructor, he has published a Hebrew grammar, a *Hebrew Chrestomathy*, *Moses and the Prophets*, which was a reply to Robertson Smith and Kuenen; *The Hebrew Feasts*, a reply to Wellhausen, and many other works. He was one of the translators of Lange's *Commentary*, and was *one of the committee on the Revised Version of the Bible.* Dr. Green is recognized as the highest authority in America on the conservative side in the higher criticism of the old Testament. The Assembly is to be congratulated on having for its presiding officer a man so well qualified, so far as learning goes, to deal with the questions which it will have to consider in relation to the appointment of Dr. Briggs mentioned on page 331 of this issue.

THE WORLD'S LAST DIVISIONS.

How the World will be Divided in the Days Preceding the Millennium.

BY REV. HENRY STURT.

OF the four monarchies represented by the Great Image in Daniel 2: the fourth was the Roman Empire. This monarchy is represented in two stages—by the iron legs in the first stage, and by the clay-iron feet and toes in the second stage. The iron was Roman Imperialism. The Roman Empire was in this first stage of its history when Christ was born, being then in its unity, and the height of its glory, under Augustus Cæsar. This fourth empire closes in a ten-fold division, represented by the ten toes of the image and they are all composed of iron and clay. Its first division was into East and West, corresponding to the two legs of the image. But its final division will be into exactly ten kingdoms. If you take a map of

The Roman Empire

you will see now it embraces all the countries around the Mediterranean Sea, and stretches from the Euphrates in the East to Britain in the West. According to the vision, this will finally fall into ten kingdoms, with democratic forms of government.

Historically, the growth of the image is from the head downward, beginning with absolutism, and ending with democratic monarchies. At this stage the Stone strikes the image and grinds it to powder. The Stone then takes the place of the image, but far exceeds its dominion, and 'fills the whole earth.'

We must bear in mind that the vision has carried us on to the 'latter days,' and far beyond the period of the first Advent of our Lord, which took place during Augustus Cæsar's reign, when the Roman Empire was in its unity, and in its iron stage of Imperialism. It cannot, therefore, be Christ's first Advent which is referred to by the Stone which smites the image but must be something yet to come. For it does not smite the image until its growth is complete; and that final stage is clearly not yet fully reached.

The Ten-Fold Division

of the fourth empire, represented by the ten toes of the image, is clearly shown in Daniel 8: 24, where the ten horns of the wild beast are said to be 'ten kings that shall arise' out of the fourth kingdom. For 'kings' and 'kingdoms,' it will be observed, are used interchangeably. No commentator, living or dead, has yet been able to show the past accomplishment of this ten-fold division of the Roman Empire, taking in the whole extent of it, in its eastern and western divisions.

Probably such kingdoms as England, France, Austria, Italy and Spain, will remain much as they are until the ten-fold division is complete. A further enlargement of Greece may be expected and the complete independence of Egypt. There will also doubtless be a separation of Syria from the rest of Turkey, and other changes in the Balkan States recently separated from the Turkish Empire, by the Russo-Turkish War, and also in the Rhenish provinces now held by Germany.

But the chief addition to our information which Daniel's seventh chapter contains is the rise and history of

The Eleventh Horn,

which springs out of one of the ten, and subdues three others, and then, after a career of lawlessness and rebellion against the Most High, and persecution of the saints for three years and a half, as shown in Daniel 7: 25, is brought under the judgment of the Ancient of Days, as described in verses 9-11. In verse 26 we see that the career of this evil power runs on to the end, that is, to the close of "the times of the Gentiles," to which the vision of the image reaches; thus harmonising with the words of Daniel to Nebuchadnezzar, that God had shown him what was to come to pass in "the latter days." It is of the greatest importance to notice these time marks, if we are to give a consistent explanation of the prophecies of God's Word. This power which lifts itself in lawlessness against God is the great Antichristian development, which the Scriptures in so many places distinctly show will mark the end of the present age.

Daniel's vision of the ram and goat is contained in Daniel's eighth chapter and from the interpretation at verses 20 and 21 we learn that the former represented 'the kings of Media and Persia,' and the latter

The King of Grecia

But the interest of the chapter centres in the latter. This Grecian Monarchy is represented in the vision of the image by brass, and in the vision of the four beasts by the winged and four-headed leopard. The great horn between its eyes, it is said, "is the first king"—i. e., Alexander the Great. When that was broken, four came up in its place to represent the four-fold division of his empire, which took place at his death, among his four generals. Ptolemy took Egypt, Cyrene, Cœlo-Syria and some of the southern parts of Asia Minor; Cassander took Macedon and Greece; Lysimachus took Thrace, Western Bithynia, Lesser Phrygia, Mysia, and Lydia: Seleucus took all the rest, commonly called Syria. But here again our attention is drawn to a little horn springing out of one of the four. It stretches its power towards the south and east and towards the pleasant land—i. e., Palestine. It becomes a great persecutor of the saints, represented in verse 10 by "the stars and the host of heaven." It destroys the sacrificial worship, and "casts down the truth to the ground" (verse 12).

Special attention in this case too must be paid to

The Time Marks,

which fix the period when the vision is to be fulfilled. These are very different and clear. In verse 17 it is said to refer to "the time of the end;" in verse 19 it is called "the last end of the indignation;" in verse 23 it is said to be "the latter time of their kingdom"—i. e., the four kingdoms rising out of Alexander's Empire, and in verse 25 the evil king, represented by the little horn, is said to "stand up against the Prince of princes"—i. e., Christ.

The four kingdoms into which Alexander's Empire fell were swallowed up in the Roman Empire. But this prophecy shows they will reappear in the latter days, which will be "the latter time of the kingdom." In a word, they will be four of the ten into which the Roman Empire will then fall. The little horn is the same in both cases, rising within the same territory, at the same period, and having the same marks of evil. But this vision shows more clearly that this evil power will rise somewhere in the Eastern part of the Roman Empire, which has been so strangely overlooked by those who have tried to find the fulfillment in the Western half, as if the Eastern had never existed.

We see, therefore, that the four divisions of Alexander's Empire will re-appear as the "time of the end" draws near. Greece has already done so, though it has not yet attained its full dimensions. Egypt is doubtless just on the borders of independence. When, in the impending rupture of the Turkish Empire, Syria is taken away from it, then the four will once more exist (the remaining portion of Turkey, around Constantinople, being the fourth), and "the latter time of their kingdom" will have come, when the "fierce king" will stand up and run a brief career of fearful rebellion against the "Prince of princes." Then will follow the session of the "Ancient of Days" and the judgment "because of the great words which the horn spake." And then the Son of Man will be invested with the sovereignty of the earth, and all the nations shall be ruled and blessed by him.

HEZEKIAH THE GOOD KING.

S. S. LESSON FOR JUNE 7, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. CHRON. 29: 1-11. GOLDEN TEXT, I. SAM. 2: 30.

The King's Difficult Task—Complicated by his Father's Misdeeds—Reopening of the Lord's House—Hezekiah's Motto—His Appeal to the Priests—Repairing the Negligence of the Preceding Reign—The Type of Nineteenth Century Religion—The Great Dedication Service.

HEZEKIAH had the misfortune of being the son of a very bad father. It was no light thing for a young man of twenty-five years of age to take the reins of government in the Lord's land out of the hands of a father whose sins had been so great that for his sake "the Lord brought Judah low." (chap. 28: 19.) It was no easy matter to institute a reform when the national religion had been completely overturned, and all religious observances subverted by rank idolatry. But circumstances are not all-powerful, and Hezekiah, if he had a bad father, had, on the other hand, a good adviser, and an earnest, praying friend in the prophet Isaiah. Who can estimate the value of such a friend? God, who called Hezekiah to his vocation, provided him with this incalculable blessing and encouragement. Hezekiah was raised up by God

To be a Reformer,

and he did not let the grass grow under his feet. "He, in the first year of his reign, in the first month, opened the doors of the house of the Lord." It was a bold stroke; priests, prophets, (with the exception of Isaiah and Joel,) politicians, poets and scribes, had all lapsed into idolatry; was it not an unwise and dangerous thing to run so utterly counter to general opinion, and that so early in his reign? Might it not have been better to wait a little, and win the people gradually? Worldly wisdom would have said so, but with Hezekiah the question was a vital one, a question for eternity. God was everything to him; without God he could do nothing and the young king knew his God well enough to count definitely on his support in all that he did by his direction. "God first" was practically his watchword. He knew that if the idolatrous priests and prophets stirred up a revolution against him, they could only do what God permitted them, nothing could be by chance and he counted God responsible. By the order of the king, the doors of God's house were opened, before he had given himself time to inspect the army and revise the laws, or to attract any attention to himself as the newly crowned sovereign. He wished it to be understood that he reigned over God's people in the fear of God. There is great wisdom in making a bold stand for God. When a young Christian man enters an office for the first time, it is well that he should let all his companions know on whose side he is, the very first opportunity. If they urge him to accompany them to the theatre or music hall, he has the best of chances to say, "I am not my own, and I cannot dispose of myself, I must go where God calls me." Raillery and mockery may follow, but he has taken his stand, and all his companions know that he is not afraid to be known as a Christian.

Having begun the work of reformation in person, and so led the way, Hezekiah next aroused the priests; no legendary etiquette prevented his dealing with them in all faithfulness. He brought them and the Levites together. The king well knew that if the teachers were not reformed, any movement of reform among the people would fail of its ultimate object. Hezekiah's appeal was unmistakable in its clearness and definiteness. "Hear me, ye Levites, sanctify now yourselves,"—no putting off, no delay—"and sanctify the house of the Lord God of your fathers." Themselves first, then the house, both must be unreservedly the Lord's. "And carry forth the filthiness out of the holy place." "For our fathers have trans-

gressed," etc. Thank God we are redeemed, not "with corruptible things," but with incorruptible, even "with the precious blood of Christ," from our sins; from "this present evil world;" from living to ourselves, and from the "vain conversation (or manner of life) received by tradition from our fathers." While we are bound to honor our parents, we are not bound to make their lives the standard for ours. Jesus says, "follow me."

The generation of Ahaz had "shut the doors of the house of the Lord"—the way into the sanctuary was blocked up, the altar of burnt offering, the witness that through the shed blood, the poured out life, there was atonement for sin, had stood unused, the way to God was untrodden. They had "put out the lamps." It was God's ordinance that the lamp should

"Burn Always."

(Exod. 27: 20.) It was a precious type of the light which he intended his people should be; "Ye are the light of the world, a city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." (Matt. 5: 14.) When God's children cease to be the light of the world, when the light which is in them is darkness, O "how great is that darkness," how infinitely greater than if they never had been children of light! They had "not burned incense, nor offered burnt offerings in the holy place." God had been ignored; independence of God had been the order of the day. His Word was not read, his songs were not sung, his laws were not obeyed, his guidance was not sought, and the religion which was substituted for his worship was that which ministered to the senses and tastes of the people, not to the honor of God. What is

Nineteenth Century Religion

intrinsically but the sin of Ahaz, who shut up the doors of God's temple, put out the lamps, stopped the sacrifices, and put idols in the place of God? The spirit of the age is "no God," at least, "no God who hears prayer, who interferes with us, who moves, and speaks, and acts. We want a God whom we can admire at a distance, a beautiful idea, not a real God who can have a claim upon us, and to whom we are responsible? No, we will have none such."

Hezekiah was not afraid to trace the desolation of Judah to their sins against God. "Wherefore the wrath of the Lord was upon Judah and Jerusalem, and he hath delivered them to trouble, to astonishment, and to hissing, as ye see with your eyes." The same supercilious smile would curl the corners of the lips of irreverent scoffers then as now, and probably if the young king had had his eye on man he would have had a hard time of it.

Then the king held a solemn dedication service and offered for all Israel; it was a national confession and humiliation (ver. 21–24), and then only was the voice of praise heard. It is easy to sing and praise God when no burden of sin is on the conscience. Then sacrifices and thank offerings succeeded, and the city and the temple which had been filled with idols were now all alive with worshippers, and the Lord had done it through his faithful servant. "And Hezekiah rejoiced, and all the people, that God had prepared the people, for the thing was done suddenly." Thus quickly, thus completely, a whole nation returned to their God, when their ruler himself took the lead!

One month later, the greatest passover feast ever known in Judæa was celebrated. The revival was at its height. Even from Israel many came up to it. It was continued twice the ordinary time, lasting a fortnight, instead of a week only. And the result was an abolition of idolatry, destruction of idols, the re-establishment of God's worship throughout the whole land, and then such an abundant offering for the maintenance of the Levites and of the worship of God, that chambers had to be prepared in the house af the Lord to contain the superfluous offerings! Could it be a loss to Judæa politically that Hezekiah's reign began thus? Would that every king and ruler put God thus first; would that all who rule over men should thus lead the way in serving God!

THE FAITHFUL GOVERNOR,

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for June 7. "Them that honor me, I will honor."—I. Saml. 2: 30.

EARLY four hundred years ago, the kingdom of Corea, which was then under the peaceful rule of a monarch of the ancient line of the Tunguse, was invaded by an army, which crossed the Sea of Japan, and began to advance on its principal cities. The Kaoli-Wang, or sovereign of the little kingdom, summoned his feeble army to resist the invasion. From the borders of the Yellow Sea, which washes the South and West shores of the kingdom, to the Sea of Japan, which bounds it on the East, came the patriots; from the plow, from the loom, from the mines they came, and from the fishing boats, all flocking to Seoul, the capital city and the chief fortress of the kingdom.

To the South of Corea is the famous Gate, which, as all Easterns know, is the key by which the brave Coreans have held their country safe from enemies for many centuries. Here a strong guard was posted, under the brave leader, Oyama, who was appointed Governor of the Gate and ordered by the Kaoli-Wang to hold it at all hazards with his troop of swordsmen and spearmen. It had been the custom for many generations in Corea to light fires on the mountain tops, as a signal to the dwellers below, one fire meaning that all was peaceful and two indicating the approach of an enemy. On the evening of the third day after Oyama and his troop had been stationed at the Gate, they discovered fires on every mountain top within sight. The invaders had left their ships and were now marching on the Coreans.

What followed is told in the royal chronicles of the kingdom. Three armies attacked at different points, and on the North, the weak forces of the Coreans, notwithstanding that many among them performed prodigies of valor, were soon overcome and scattered. Driven back with a remnant of his arms to the capital, the king, to avoid further slaughter consented to receive an embassy from the enemy.

During the negotiations the fallen monarch was approached by a courier from the south, with the news that all was not yet lost, that Oyama still held the gate, although his troop had been reduced very greatly by the fierce onslaughts of the enemy. The courier bore to the king the assurance from Oyama that never while he lived would he surrender the Gate. This stray morsel of comfort had no effect, however, as far as the situation at Seoul was concerned. The capitulation was complete; the terms degrading. The deposed monarch was doomed to exile and those chiefs who had been foremost in the field, to decapitation.

It was a sad day in Seoul when the decree went into effect, which pronounced the usurper king of Corea and ruler of its people. With the arrival of his imperial consort, Queen Sho, and her retinue, there began a reign of great wickedness, such as had never before been witnessed in the little kingdom. The Coreans were shocked at the vicious practices of the Court, and the boldness of its beautiful Queen, who, save in military matters, assumed the government of the kingdom to a greater extent than her spouse. The best portions of the land were given to her favorites. Beautiful farms, the richest mines and the cotton and silk, the accumulations of many years of industry were absorbed by the invaders.

Amidst all these changes, there remained one man on the peninsula who refused to bow the knee to the usurper or to do homage to his wicked Queen. This was Oyama. One by one, his brave band, who had held the gate had been slaughtered; but Queen Sho had commanded her soldiers to take Oyama alive. So impressed had she been by his bravery that even this usurper discerned in the man a great spirit. Brought before Queen Sho, she interrogated him as to his lineage and training, and finding that he was descended from a noble branch of Tunguse stock, she was minded to do him honor.

"Give your alliance to our rule," said the beautiful Queen, "and you will be appointed Governor, not of the Gate, but of the entire province. Nay, it is our pleasure not to stay here much longer, but to place our new territory which we have conquered, under the hand of a Viceroy. If you will but but bow the knee, I, Queen Sho, will name you for that post and you shall remain in your beloved Corea."

The old Governor shook his head.

"It may not be, most noble Queen," he said. "I have sworn fealty to my king, while I live, and I may not renounce my oath."

The Queen started up excitedly and cried:

"What! will you, a slave, dare to refuse an honor when Queen Sho is the giver? I will add wealth—much wealth. Yes, the richest mines of gold and silver shall be for your private use, so that you may maintain the position of Viceroy with a splendor becoming it."

But again the Governor shook his head and turned away.

"Queen, tempt me no more," he said. "I would be less worthy than a dog if I forgot my allegiance to Corea's king."

"Seize him" cried the usurper in anger at the stubbornness of the old Corean. "Say you the *king*, while *I* am king of Corea? Know, slave, that we can punish traitors as well as bestow favors."

And he ordered four of his guards to seize Oyama and bind him. He was cast into a prison, in the darkest part of the fortress of Seoul, where lay for many days.

Meanwhile, the revelry at Seoul continued and day and night were alike given up to carnival and sin. The oppression of the people by the usurper had become intolerable. Finally, in revenge for some act of unusual cruelty done by the usurper's personal order, a soldier of Seoul shot a shaft at the monarch, which, true to its aim, sped to his heart. On the usurper's death, Queen Sho at once seized the reins of government with a strong hand. Her chiefs stood in terror of the masculine Queen, who, although beautiful, was a barbarian at heart.

The Coreans, taking advantage of the demoralized condition of affairs, decided that the time had come to make an effort to regain their lost freedom. Again the watchfires blazed on the hills. In an unexpected hour, the patriot army, led by the Kaoli-Wang in person, burst upon the astonished Queen at Seoul. Slaughter, brief but terrible, followed. The Queen, her courtiers and generals, surprised over their cups, fled to the inner part of the fortress, where the wicked Sho found herself hemmed in by the Corean troops. Even while they fled they had kept their wine-cups in their hands.

"Pour more wine," cried the Queen, and a slave obeyed. As the wine sparkled, she called on her nobles to drink a draught. As they drained it the Queen also drank.

"No Corean slave shall ever make captive of Queen Sho," she cried to her nobles, "for we shall all be dead before they reach us."

She spoke truly, for she had slipped poison into the draught, and when the Coreans came they found the floor strewn with dead.

When the morning sun again shone over the Corean hills, the city showed litttle evidence of the carnage of the previous night. A prisoner of the fortess guided his followers to the dungeon where Oyama lay. He was brought to the light and was warmly welcomed by the king.

"I have heard, O Oyama, even in my distant exile, how you were tempted and how you refused what other men would have grasped at, and were true to your allegiance to me. Them that honor me I will honor. I now proclaim you Governor of Corea, and next to ourselves, your word shall be obeyed throughout this kingdom while you live."

Thus it was that Oyama received his reward for his fidelity to his king.

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OURSELVES RESPONSIBLE.

OUR disposition is much of our own making. We admit there is great difference in natural constitutions. Some persons are born cross. See that man with a long face, that never shortens into a laugh. Tell me, did not his mother have trouble with him when he was small? Why, he never was pleased. Did he not make riots in the nursery among looking-glasses and glass pitchers? Was his nurse ever able on her knee to jolt down his petulance or shake up his good humor? Did he not often hold an indignation meeting flat on the floor, his hands, his head, and feet all participating in the exercise? Could not his father tell you a story of twelve o'clock at night, with hasty toilet, walking the floor with the dear little blessing in his arms? A story that would be a caution to old bachelors.

Then there are other persons who, from childhood, while they are not at all petulant, yet show a sad and melancholy turn of mind which seems ineradicable. Although their lot may be comfortable, they have, all their life long, the appearance of having met with afflictions. Others are from infancy light and happy. They romp, they fly. You can hear their swift feet in the hall. Their loud laughter rings through the house, or in the woods bursts into a score of echoes. At night you can hardly hush their glad hearts for slumber, and in the morning they wake you with their singing. Alas! if then they leave you, and you no more hear their swift feet in the hall, and their loud laughter ringing through the house, or in the woods bursting into a score of echoes; if they wake you no more in the morning with their sweet song; if the color go out of the rose, and its leaves fall; if angels for once grow jealous, and want what you cannot spare; if packed away in the trunk or drawer there be silent garments that once fluttered with youthful life, and by mistake you call some other child by the name of the one departed! Ah me! Ah me!

But while we may all from our childhood have a certain bent given to our disposition, much depends upon ourselves whether we will be happy or miserable.

You will see in the world chiefly what you look for. A farmer going through the country chiefly examines the farms, an architect the buildings, a merchant the condition of the markets, a minister the churches, and so a man going through the world will see the most of that for which he especially looks. He who is constantly watching for troubles will find them stretching off into the gloomy wilderness, while he who is watching for blessings will find them, hither and thither, extending into harvests of luxuriance.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth, in its revolutions, manages about right; it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China; but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. When you have trouble, keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will in almost every instance come to nothing. You will not go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal. There is a large class of persons in constant trouble about their health, although the same amount of strength in a cheerful man would be taken as healthinesss. Their digestion being constantly suspected of unfaithfulness, finally refuses to serve such a master, and says, "Hereafter make way with your own lobsters," and the suspicious lungs resign their office, saying, "Hereafter blow your own bellows."

MEDICINE OF SUNSHINE.

WE think that all our city folk ought somehow to get every week a few hours in the clear, unmixed sunshine as the Lord pours it out of the heavens. Last Sabbath was a day of unusual duties, and Monday morning, with loud-clamoring work all about us, we said, our call this morning is to the fields. We made a bold dash, and at a speed that no one dared halt, we were soon beyond the city limits. As we hastened past, a brother clergyman shouted, "Whither away?" We answered, "In quest of sunshine!" And was there ever a brighter luxury? The cup of the morning had been washed out by a shower; the hum of the city became fainter, and we found what we wanted floating on the lake, tangled in the bushes, rippling among the green grass, dripping from the sky—sunshine. Glorious sunshine! With it we filled our eyelids, our mouth, our hands. We opened our entire physical capacity to take it in. We took out our soul and saturated it in the lush light. We absorbed it in all our pores, and rolled it around our nerves; and after we could hold no more inside, lifted our face and held it so aslant that it ran down over us—the sunshine. What do the blind do without seeing it? How can the factory employees get on without feeling it? Let all the ministry on Monday morning be turned out into it. By the following Saturday night it will ripen all the acidity out of the sermons. The world wants more sunshine in its disposition, in its business, in its charities, in its theology. For ten thousand of the aches and pains and irritations of men and women we commend the sunshine. It soothes better than morphine. It stimulates more than champagne. It is the best plaster for a wound. The good Samaritan poured out into the fallen traveller's gash more of this than of wine and oil. Florence Nightingale used it on Crimean battle-fields. Take it into all the alleys, on board all the ships, by all the sick-beds. Not a phial full, nor a cup full, nor a decanter full, but a soul full. It is good for spleen, for liver complaint, for neuralgia, for rheumatism, for failing fortunes, for melancholy. We suspect that heaven itself is only more sunshine.

BRIEF NOTES.

Fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed to build a Congregational House in Boston.

Among the communicants who have recently joined the Tabernacle Church, in New York, of which Dr. W. M. Taylor is pastor, have been three Chinamen and one Armenian.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church closes its financial year with a debt of $18,000. It was feared a short time ago that the debt would have been larger.

The oldest missionary in India is said to be the American Presbyterian, the Rev. John Newton, who is still at his post in Lahore, at the age of seventy-eight. He began his missionary labors in Calcutta in 1835.

The sixty-fifth anniversary of the American Home Missionary Society will be held June 2d-4th, at Saratoga, N. Y. The receipts of the New York office were: From contributions, $302,240.07; from legacies, $158,759.48; in all, $460,999.55.

The Seaman's Friend Society expended last year $362.70 for the relief of shipwrecked and destitute seamen. It also sent out 438 loan libraries. Its missionaries have labored in many ports in Europe, Asia, and South America, besides those of our own land.

Rev. Dr. Samuel McBride has tendered his resignation of the pastorate of the Centennial Baptist Church, in Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, to take effect on June 1. He has undertaken to labor for some time with the American Association for the Evangelization of Ireland.

The Standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Northern New Jersey has made itself conspicuous by objecting to the consecration of Dr. Phillips Brooks as Bishop of Massachusetts. The standing committees of New York, Albany, and Rhode Island have signified their approval.

Bishop J. M. Thoburn, of Calcutta, says in a letter to the publisher of this journal, received last week: "I am glad to tell you that our work goes on with many signs of progress. We are greatly encouraged. We have more inquirers than we can properly attend to. I believe a better era has dawned upon our mission work."

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist closed his work at the Home Camp Meeting at Bedford St. M. E. Church, New York, on May 22. The Meetings have been a great blessing to the Church. On May 24, he commenced a series of meetings at the Johnson St. M. E. Church, Brooklyn, Rev. Thomas Littlewood, Pastor.

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., pastor of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, has established a chapter of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip. Its two rules are (A) to pray daily for the conversion of young men and (B) to make an earnest effort every week to bring at least one young man within the reach of the Gospel of Christ.

A pathetic request which it is a pleasure to comply with reached this office last week. Mr. John Francis Allen who is laboring in the Leper Settlement of the Hawaiian Islands, wrote that some kind friend has been sending him THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for a year past. He found it so helpful in his work and it was so much appreciated by the poor sufferers that he misses it sorely now that for some reason his unknown friend has ceased to send it. He asks us to send it to him regularly. We shall do so and hope that God will continue to use it in that abode of misery to his glory.

The Training School for Sunday School Workers and Pastors' Helpers at Springfield, Mass., has just issued its report. Its object is to train laymen to be efficient Sunday School Superintendents, missionaries and pastors' lay helpers. Its courses of study include Bible and Church History, Bible Study, Vocal music, etc., and the term is two years. Upward of seventy men who have graduated from the school are now usefully employed in Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches and the School has received calls for forty-five more. Further particulars may be obtained from the Superintendent, Rev. E. P. Armstrong, 60 Sherman Street, Springfield, Mass.

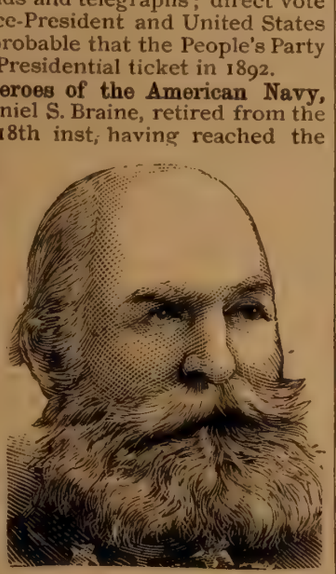
CURRENT EVENTS.

Western Cyclones—A New Political Party—Rear-Admiral Braine Retired—Queen Natalie Expelled—A Fatal Dynamite Explosion—The Ocean Post-Offices a Success.

WESTERN Missouri was visited by a tornado on May 21st, which wrecked stores, dwellings, barns and other buildings, and killed and injured many people. At the town of Mexico, in that State, the family of a farmer named Duffy was buried in the ruins of their dwelling; the house of William Stransburg was carried bodily away, and its inmates fatally hurt; a horse standing in the road was picked up by the wind, carried a mile away and dashed to death on the ground, and a heavy mowing machine was torn to shreds. Remarkable stories of narrow escapes are related. The tornado swept a clean path three hundred yards wide through several counties, passing eastward. About twelve people are known to have perished. Cyclones and violent hail storms occurred in Iowa and Illinois.

The Birth of a New Political Party at Cincinnati serves to make the week a memorable one. For three days, a gathering, comprising Farmers, Knights of Labor, Nationalists, organized railroad employees, Single Tax and Low Tariff men, Greenbackers and hard money men, was in session in the same hall on Vine Street in which Gen. Hancock was nominated for President by the Democrats in 1880. Senator Peffer was President of the Convention. After much discussion and many speeches by such notabilities as Gen. Rice, of Kansas, Hon. Jere Simpson, Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, Col. Livingston, President of the Farmers' Alliance and others, together with a very remarkable address by Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, opposing the proposed organization at this time, the new party was formed. The name chosen was that of "The People's Party." The platform favors the abolition of national banks as banks of issue, and the substitution of legal tender treasury notes for national bank notes; the unlimited coinage of silver; the prohibition of alien ownership of land; equal taxation, national, State and municipal; a graduated income tax; government control of railroads and telegraphs; direct vote for President, Vice-President and United States Senators. It is probable that the People's Party may nominate a Presidential ticket in 1892.

One of the Heroes of the American Navy, Rear-Admiral Daniel S. Braine, retired from the service on the 18th inst, having reached the statutory limit of age. Admiral Braine, who was a New Yorker by birth, (and whose portrait is given in this column,) entered the Navy as a "middy" in 1846, and worked his way up, by pluck, gallantry and intelligence, to the very top of his profession. He participated in almost all the important naval engagements along the Atlantic Coast, during the late war, at the close of which, he was commissioned Rear-Admiral, and assigned to the command of the South Atlantic Squadron. He was one of the most popular commanders in the Navy, a fine seaman and warm friend of the late Admiral Farragut.



Unless King Humbert of Italy or his Ministers speedily devise some effective means to stop the unprecedented exodus of his subjects, some of his fairest provinces will be depopulated. The American Consul at Gibraltar reports that, in four weeks, over 20,000 Italians have shipped to this country and thousands are preparing to follow. They come from the provinces and the Consul intimates that they are by no means the most desirable class of immigrants. In some sections all the men have left and there are now only women to plow the farms and trim the vineyards. The United States Immigration Commission is now considering ways and means to check this flood of new arrivals, which they are abundantly empowered to do under the new immigration law.

One Thousand Pounds of Blasting Powder done up in twenty-five packages, which was being conveyed on a flat car on the New York Central Railroad, near Tarrytown, N. Y., on May 19th, suddenly exploded, killing outright thirteen men, who were riding on the car, and injuring twenty-two others. Ten of the killed and nearly all of the injured were Italian laborers. The explosion was caused by the spark of a passing locomotive. The effect in the neighborhood was terrifying, houses being shaken and many people thrown to the ground. The car was shattered to kindling wood, the track was torn up for many yards, and fences, trees, and lumber piles leveled and scattered. People at a distance saw the great flash and a huge cloud of smoke, laden with beams of timber and human bodies, rising in the air and the earth shook for miles around.

"Plenty Horses," the Sioux Chief, who Assassinated Lieut. Casey, during the Indian rising in South Dakota last January, has been placed on trial the second time for the crime, at Sioux Falls in that State, the first trial having resulted in a disagreement. "Plenty Horses" is the son of "Strong Bear," a relative of "Two Strikes," the warlike Brule Chief, who, after the death of "Sitting Bull," became the leader of the hostiles. Lieut. Casey was reconnoitering the hostile camp in company with two Cheyenne scouts, "White Moon" and "Rock Road," and was shot by "Plenty Horses" as he was returning. The victim was one of the bravest men in the service and a very popular and rising young officer. "Plenty Horses," (whose portrait is given in this column,) was on scouting duty when he killed the Lieutenant, and in his defence claimed that he had simply done the duty of a soldier. The result of the Indian troubles and the facts connected with the death of Lieut. Casey were fully published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time.

Paris and London have Been Excited During the week by alarmist rumors from Portugal, intimating that a revolution had already begun. While these were unfounded, there is no doubt that a government crisis still prevails. On the 21st inst. a cabinet was organized, with General De Sousa as President, Senhors Januario and Pimental having successively attempted in vain to fulfill this duty for the king. Portugal has sent to London a large amount of gold, to guarantee a portion of her indebtedness and this, together with the fact that the gold excitement in Paris and London has practically subsided, may avert the threatened financial crisis. All the foreign banks have been strengthened by the American specie exports, $45,000,000 in gold having been sent abroad this year. The Russian demand for gold in London still continues, and much of that which has been withdrawn by Russia in the past month has been replaced by gold from this country. Fortunately this country is able to stand the drain. Much of the specie will be returned to pay for grain and cotton.

Queen Natalie of Servia, the Unhappy Wife of Ex-king Milan, was the central figure in a most exciting incident at Belgrade, the capital of Servia, last week. The Regents, who were under the influence of the ex-king, sent troops to Natalie's Palace with orders to escort her out of the country. This action was the outcome of the long and bitter quarrel between the Russophile party and the politicians who espoused the cause of Milan. Sometime ago, a proposition was made to the Queen that both she and Milan should live outside of Servia during the minority of the young King Alexander, and that the country should be left to the government of the Regents and the Skuptschina or Parliament. Natalie refused, and was sustained by the opposition in the Skuptschina. Premier Ristchics then decided to expel her by force. She was dragged from her rooms, placed in a carriage and surrounded by a military guard, and was being taken to the depot, when the Servian students rallied in great numbers, beat off the soldiers and drew the carriage back to the palace, after releasing the horses. For a whole night, a conflict raged between the military and the students, several men being killed and over fifty wounded, when the Queen, to avert further bloodshed, decided to leave. At daybreak on the 19th, she took a special train for the Hungarian frontier. Queen Natalie, whose portrait is given in this column, is the daughter of a Colonel in the Russian Imperial Guard and of Princess Sbroudga of Roumania. She is thirty years of age and was married to King Milan in 1875, separating judicially from him three years ago. She is a woman of rare beauty and fine accomplishments and is a great favorite with the people of Servia, who have stood by her during all her troubles.

After a Stern Chase of Many Hundreds of miles, the U. S. Cruiser *Charleston*, not even having caught sight of the Chilian contraband steamer, *Itata*, seems to have abandoned the chase. This, it is said, has been done on the promise by the insurgents that the *Itata* will be surrendered without resistance, pending a settlement of the question whether or not she has violated the neutrality laws. Preparations had been made to seize her at Iquique, if she could not be headed off earlier. Secretary Tracy holds that the *Charleston* would be justified in taking the *Itata* even in Chilian waters. The rebel cruiser *Esmeralda*, is believed to have met the *Itata* and supplied her with coal enough to proceed to her destination.

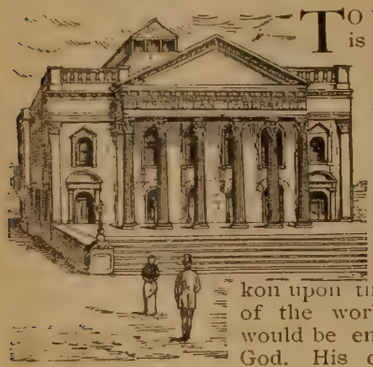
Postmaster-General Wanamaker is Delighted with the success of the experimental Ocean Post-Offices. There are now ten in successful operation and they shorten the delivery of the Atlantic mails from six hours to two days. These Post-Offices have already been described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Apropos, it is worthy of note that the English Postmaster-General, Mr. Raikes, has adopted an improvement on the present pillar letter-box (which is the equivalent of our lamp-post letter-box), whereby automatic machines are to be attached for the sale of postage stamps on the nickel-in-the-slot principle. The machine is about twenty inches high and the slot into which a penny is dropped is on top. On pulling a handle, a postage stamp drops into a tray at the back of the machine, the stamp being inclosed in a very small book which is filled with advertising. From this advertising the profit on the invention is derived.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WEAPON.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

The Believer's Life a Life of War—Only one Weapon of Offence Provided—I. The Sword of the Spirit—The Word the Only Sword the Spirit Uses—Two-Edged—He Made It—Instructs in the Use of it—II. The Believer's Sword—It is Needed—For Hand-to-Hand Fighting—The Regulation Weapon—Daily Exercise in its Use—To be Employed First at Home.

"Take the Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Ephesians 6 : 17.



TO be a Christian is to be a warrior. The good soldier of Jesus Christ must not expect to find ease in this world : it is a battle-field. Neither must he reckon upon the friendship of the world; for that would be enmity against God. His occupation is war. As he puts on piece by piece of the panoply provided for him, he may wisely say to himself, "This warns me of danger ; this prepares me for warfare ; this prophesies opposition."

It is clear from our text that our defence and our conquest must be obtained by sheer fighting. Many try compromise ; but if you are a true Christian, you can never do this business well. It is said that if we yield a little, perhaps the world will yield a little also, and that good may come of it. If we are not too strict and narrow, perhaps sin will kindly consent to be more decent. Our association with it will prevent its being so barefaced and atrocious. If we are not narrow-minded our broad doctrine will go down with the world, and those on the other side will not be so greedy of error as they now are. No such thing. Assuredly this is not the order which our Captain has issued.

No Neutrals.

Neither may we hope to gain by being neutral, or granting an occasional truce. We are not to cease from conflict, and try to be as agreeable as we can with our Lord's foes, frequenting their assemblies, and tasting their dainties. No such orders are written here. You are to grasp your weapon, and go forth to fight.

Neither may you so much as dream of winning the battle by accident. No man was ever holy by a happy chance. Infinite damage may be done by carelessness ; but no man ever won life's battle by it. To let things go on as they please, is to let them bear us down to hell. We have no orders to be quiet, and take matters easily. No ; we are to pray always, and watch constantly. The Captain's voice is clear as a trumpet—Take the sword !

It is noteworthy that there is only one weapon of offence provided, although there are several pieces of armor. The Roman soldier usually carried a spear as well as a sword. We have seen frequent representations of the legionary standing upon guard as sentry, and he almost always stands with a spear in his right hand, while his sword hangs at his side. But Paul, for excellent reasons, concentrates our offensive weapons in one, because it answers for all. We are to use the sword, and that only. Therefore, if you are going to this fight, see well to your only weapon.

I. First, the Word of God which is to be

Our One Weapon,

is of noble origin ; for it is "the sword of the Spirit." Here we note that the Holy Spirit has a sword. He is quiet as the dew, tender as the anointing oil, soft as the zephyr of eventide, and peaceful as a dove ; and yet, under another aspect, he wields a deadly weapon. He is the Spirit of judgment and the Spirit of burning, and he beareth not the sword in vain. The Word of God in the hand of the Spirit wounds very terribly, and makes the heart of man to bleed. Do you not remember, some of you, when you used to be gashed with this sword Sunday after Sunday ? Were you not cut to the heart by it, so as to be angry with it ? That wound was deadly, and none but he that killed could make you alive. Do you recollect how, after this, your sins were slain one after another? Their necks were laid on the block, and the spirit acted as an executioner with his sword. After that, blessed be God, your fears, and doubts, and despair, and unbelief, were also hacked to pieces by this same sword. The Word gave you life ; but it was at the first

A Great Killer.

The Holy Spirit wields no sword but the Word of God. This wonderful Book, which contains the utterances of God's mouth, is the one weapon which the Holy Ghost elects to use for his warlike purposes. It is a spiritual weapon, and so is suitable to the Holy Spirit. The weapons of his warfare are not carnal : he never uses either persecution or patronage, force or bribery, glitter of grandeur, or terror of power. He works upon men by the Word, which is suitable to his own spiritual nature, and to the spiritual work which is to be accomplished. While it is spiritual, this weapon is "mighty through God." The Word, in the Spirit's hand, gives no flesh-wound, but cuts into the man's heart, and so wounds him that there is no healing save by supernatural power.

This weapon is two-edged ; indeed, it is all edge ; and whichever way it strikes, it wounds and kills. He that uses the Word in

The Lord's Battles

may use it upon all his carnal hopes, and then strike back upon unbelieving fears ; he may smite with one edge the love of sin, and then with the other the pride of self-righteousness. It is a conquering weapon in all ways, this wondrous sword of the Spirit of God. The Word, we say, is the only sword which the Spirit uses. I know the Holy Ghost uses gracious sermons ; but it is only in proportion as they have the Word of God in them. I know the Holy Ghost uses religious books ; but only so far as they are the Word of God told out in other language. Conviction, conversion, and consolation still are wrought, and only by the Word of God. Learn, then, the wisdom of using the Word of God for holy purposes.

The Word is the sword of the Spirit because it is of his own making. He will not use a weapon of human workmanship, lest the sword boast itself against the hand that wields it. The Holy Ghost revealed the mind of God to the minds of holy men ; he spake the word into their hearts, and thus he made them think as he would have them think, and to write what he willed them to write : so that what they spoke and wrote was spoken and written as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Blessed be the Holy Spirit for deigning to use so many writers, and yet himself to remain

The Veritable Author

of this collection of holy books. We are grateful for Moses, for David, for Isaiah, for Paul, for Peter, for John, but most of all for that superintending Editor, that innermost Author of the whole sacred volume—even the Holy Ghost. It is "the sword of the Spirit" because he alone can instruct us in the use of it. You think, young man, that you can pick up your Bible, and go and preach from it at once, properly and successfully. You have made a presumptuous mistake. A sword is a weapon which may do hurt to the man who flourishes it in mere wanton pride.

Young soldier, you must go to the training ground of the Holy Spirit to be made a proficient swordsman. You will go in vain to the metaphysician or to the logician ; for neither of these knows how to handle a spiritual weapon. In other arts they may be masters ; but in the sacred use of divine theology they are mere fools. In the things of the Word we are dunces till we enter the school of the Holy Ghost. He must take of the things of Christ, and show them unto us. He must teach us how to grip this sword by faith, and how to hold it by watchfulness, so as to parry the adversary's thrust, and carry the war into the foeman's territory. Those of us who have been in this warfare thirty or forty years feel that we have not yet reached the full use of this sword ; nay, I know for one, that I need daily to be taught how to use this mysterious weapon, which is capable of more than I have yet supposed.

But, chiefly, it is the sword of the Spirit, because he is the great Master in the use of it. We know what the use of the sword by the Spirit of God means, for within our own being he has left marks of his prowess. He has killed our doubts and fears, and left no more mistrusts to worry us. When the Holy Spirit deals with the lusts of the flesh, and the lusts of the eye and the pride of life, these also lie at his feet, trophies to the power of his mighty weapon, even the Word of God ! The Holy Spirit is glorious in the use of this sword. He finds that this weapon suits his hand, and he seeks no other. Let us use it also, and be glad to do so. Though it is the sword of the Spirit, yet our feebler hand may grasp it ; yea, and find in the grasping that somewhat of the divine

Power Comes unto Our Arm.

Dear brethren, is it not a very high honor put upon you, as soldiers of the cross, that you should be allowed, nay, commanded to take the sword of the Spirit ? This we are to bear, and no other. Does the timid heart inquire, "Wherewithal, my Master, shall I meet my adversaries ?" "Here," saith the Holy Ghost, "take this ! This is my own sword ; I have done great marvels with it ; take it, and nothing shall stand against you." When you remember the potency of this sword, when the Spirit tests it upon yourself, you may take it with confidence, and use it in your holy war with full assurance. That Word of God which could convert you, can convert anybody ; if it could kill your despair, it can remove another man's despondency ; if it has conquered your pride and self-will, it can subdue the like in your children and your neighbors. Having done what it has certainly done for you, you may have a full persuasion that, before its power, no case is hopeless. Wherefore, see to it, that you use from this day forth no other weapon than the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

II. This fairly lands me in the second portion of my discourse. The Word of God is the sword of the Spirit ; but it is also to be our sword. Here I must begin again, and go over much the same ground.

We shall need a Sword.

Our warfare is not child's play : we mean business. We have to deal with fierce foes, who are only to be met with keen weapons. Buffets will not suffice in this contest ; we must come to sword-cuts. You may be of a very quiet spirit, but your adversaries are not so. If you attempt to play at Christian warfare, they will not. To meet the powers of darkness is no sham battle. They mean mischief. Depend upon it that in this struggle you will be forced to come to close quarters. The foe aims at your heart, and pushes home. A spear will not do, nor bow and arrow ; the enemy is too near for anything but hand-to-hand fighting. Brethren, our foes are not only of our house, but of our heart. I find an enemy within, which is always near, and I cannot get away from him. I find that my antagonist will get his hand on my throat if he can. No sling and stone will avail here, but we must take the sword. You have to slay your foe, or your foe will slay you. It is with us Christians as it was with the Highlanders in battle, when their leader called out to them, "Lads, there they are ! If you dinna kill them they will kill you." There is no room for peace: it is war to the knife, not only now, but to life's end.

The use of the sword is needful for attack. I have reminded you several times already that it will not suffice for the Christian to guard against sin, and ward off temptation from himself ; he has to assail the powers of evil. In our case, the best method of defence is an attack.

Do not merely say, "I will keep Satan out of my family by bringing up my children aright." but go to the Sunday School, and teach other children, and so carry the war over the border. God forbid that we should ever go to war as a nation! But if we were at war with some nation on the Continent, I should certainly say, "Let the Continentals have the battles on their own ground: we do not want a campaign over here." It is wise to keep the war in the enemy's own regions. *If we had fought the devil more in the world, he might never have been able to invade the church so terribly as he has done.* Attack with the sword, for it is your calling, and thus you will best defend yourself.

The Regulation Weapon.

Whatever others may say, it is sufficient for us that this is the regulation sword. A soldier is not left to choose his own equipment; he must carry such arms as his soverign appoints. This is the regulation sword in Christ's army. The sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, is what you are bidden to take; and if you in wilfulness resolve to exchange it for another, you commit an act of rebellion, and you make the change at your own risk and peril. One might have thought, from what we have seen of late, that orders had come from head-quarters that the soldiers were to lay down the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, and take to lighter weapons. Entertainments, amusements, farces, and sing-song are now used to do what the Gospel has failed to achieve! Is it not sadly so? Well, if any will try these silly toys, I can only say that they have no command from their Lord to warrant them in their proceedings. Take all these things, and see what they will do; but you make the trial at your own risk, and on your own heads the result of failure will fall.

How to Use It.

We are not to bury the Word under other matters; but we are to take it as a sword: which means, as I understand it, first, believe it. Believe every portion of it; believe it with a true and real faith, not with a mere credal faith, which says, "This is the orthodox thing." Oh, for a closer study of the Word of God! Are there not some of you who never even heard or read all that the Lord has said? Are there not passages of the Bible which have never been read by you? It is a melancholy fact that there should be even a line of the sacred Scriptures which has never once come under your eye. Do read the Bible right through, from beginning to end. Begin to-morrow: nay, begin to-day, and go steadily through the whole of the sacred books, with prayer and meditation. Never let it be suspected by you that God has recorded truths in his Word which you have never even once read. Take the sword with the grip of sincere faith; hold it fast by a fuller knowledge, and then exercise yourself daily in its use.

Where to Begin.

The sword is to be taken for earnest fight. You will not be long before occassion arises in such a world as this. You will have to parry with it, to pierce with it, to cut with it, and to kill with it. "Where shall I begin?" says one. Begin at home, and, for many a day, you will have your hands full. When you have slain all the rebels at home, and long before that, you may take a turn at those around you in the world, and in the professing church. Inside your own heart you will find a band of bandits which should be exterminated. There will always be need to keep the sword going within your own territory. End this civil war before you go into foreign parts. When the war within the city of Mansoul has been victoriously carried through, besiege the heart of your friend, your child, your neighbor.

I have done when I have asked you to remember that the text is in the present tense: Take unto you the sword of the Spirit even now. What varieties of people there are here this morning! Believers have come hither in all sorts of perils; let them each one take the sword of the Spirit, and they will overcome every foe. Here, too, are seekers who wish to be Christians; but they cannot compass it. What is the matter this morning? "Oh," says one, "I have been in the habit of sinning, and the habit is very strong upon me." Fight sinful habits with the Word of God, as the sword of the Spirit: so only will you conquer your evil self. "Alas! Satan tempts me horribly," cries one; "I have been lately assailed in many ways." Have you? You are not the first. Our divine Lord in the wilderness was tempted of the devil. He might have fought Satan with a thousand weapons; but he choose to defeat him with this one only. He said, "It is written; it is written; it is written." He pricked the foeman so sorely with this sharp point, that the arch-adversary thought to try the same sword; and he also began to say, "It is written." But he cut himself with this sword, for he did not quote the passages correctly, nor give the whole of them; and the Master soon found the way to wound him still more. Follow your Lord's example.

"Oh, but," says one, "I am so low in spirits." Very well; fight despondency and despair with the sword of the Spirit. I cannot tell what your particular difficulty may be at this moment; but I give you this direction tor all holy warfare—"Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." You must overcome every enemy; and this weapon is all you need. God grant you aid, for Christ's sake! Amen.

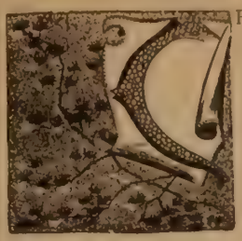
PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D. D.

PROBABLY no name is so frequently on the lips of ministers and members of the Presbyterian Church at the present time as that of Dr. Briggs. Readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, therefore, will be glad to have the portrait of the famous professor which is given in this column. Dr. Briggs has long been known as a writer on theological topics and his learning and ability are universally acknowledged even by his opponents. The cause of the unpleasant prominence now attaching to him arises from an address which he delivered at his recent inauguration as Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. He had previously occupied the chair of Hebrew and cognate languages in the same institution. When the address was published many ministers declared that the doctrines therein enunciated on the inspiration and infallibility of the Bible, and the middle state, were opposed to those of the Confession of Faith. Dr. Briggs, however, contends that the address contained nothing contrary to the Confession, as he understands it. The Presbytery of New York to which Dr. Briggs belongs appointed a committee to consider the question and, as published in this journal last week, has, on the recommendation of the committee, decided to place him on trial for heresy.

Charles Augustus Briggs is fifty years of age, having been born in 1841, in New York City. He studied in the University of Virginia from 1857 to 1860, in the Union Theological Seminary from 1861 to 1863, and in the University of Berlin from 1866 to 1869. On his return he became Pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Roselle, N. J., where he labored until 1874. He then became Professor of Hebrew in Union Theological Seminary from which he has now been transferred to the chair of Bible Theology. Among his best known works are *Biblical Study*, *Messianic Prophecy*, and *Whither*.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

One Hour from Suicide.*



CECIL stood leaning against one of the pillars of the Casino at Monte Carlo, with his back to the moonlight and with his eyes blinking painfully at the flaming lamps above the green tables inside. He knew they would be put out very soon; and as he had something to do then, he regarded them fixedly with painful earnestness, as a man who is condemned to die at sunrise watches through his barred windows for the first gray light of the morning. It occurred to him that before the fatal deed was done he ought to destroy the letters he had in his pocket, for then strangers could claim the right to read them. He took them out, and among reminders of debts unpaid, and threats of creditors there was a letter from his father which he had received several days ago, but had not read. He opened it now, though he thought he knew what it would contain. He expected remonstrance, upbraiding, perhaps renunciation, but it was not that. His father's letter was

A Letter to a Prodigal.

"I came to take this step through young Hargreaves, the new curate," his father wrote, "though he was but the instrument in the hands of Providence. He showed me the error of my conduct towards you, and proved to me that my duty and the inclination of my heart were towards the same end. He read this morning for the second lesson the story of the Prodigal Son, and I heard it without recognition and with no present application until he came to the verse which tells how the father came to his son when he was yet a great way off. He saw him, it says, 'when he was yet a great way off' and ran to meet him. He did not wait for the boy to knock at his gate and beg to be let in, but went out to meet him, and took him in his arms and led him back to his home. Now, my boy, my son, it seems to me as if you had never been so far off from me as you are at this present time, as if you had never been so greatly separated from me in every thought and interest; we are even worse than strangers, for you think that my hand is against you, that I have closed the door of your home to you and driven you away. But what I have done I beg of you to forgive; to forget what I may have said in the past, and only to think of what I say now. Your brothers are good boys and have been good sons to me, and God knows I am thankful for such sons, and thankful to them for bearing themselves as they have done. But my boy, my first-born, they can never be to me what you have been. I can never feel for them as I feel for you; they are the ninety and nine who have never wandered away upon the mountains, and who have never been tempted, and have never left their home for good or evil. But you, Cecil, though you have made my heart ache until I thought and even hoped it would stop beating, and though you have given me many, many nights that I could not sleep, are still dearer to me than anything else in the world. You are the flesh of my flesh and the bone of my bone and I cannot bear living on without you. I can have only a few more years here now; but my boy, while I am here, come to me and make me happy for the rest of my life."

The Prodigal's Decision.

"Ah!" he said, with a quick gasp of doubt, "if I could. O, God," he cried, but so gently that one at his elbow could not have heard him, "if I could, if I could!" He tossed up his hands and drew them down again and clenched them in front of him, and raised his tired, hot eyes to the calm purple sky with its millions of moving stars. "Help me!" he whispered, "help me," and as he raised his head the queer

* From *Gallegher and Other Stories*, by Richard Harding Davis. Pp. 236; Price in paper covers, 50 cents; Cloth, $1; Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

Japanese University Students in the Sunday Classes of Mr. J. McLain Brown, in Tokio. (*See page 324.*)

numb feeling seemed to go, and a calm came over his nerves and left him in peace. He did not know what it might be, nor did he dare to question the change which had come to him, but turned and mounted the hill, with the awe and fear still upon him of one who had passed beyond himself for one brief moment into another world. When he reached his room he found his servant stealthily bending with an anxious face over a letter which he tore up guiltily as his master entered. "You were writing to my father" he said gently, "were you not? Well you need not finish your letter; we are going home."

"I am going away from this place, Walters," he said as he pulled off his coat and threw himself heavily on the bed. "I will take the first train that leaves here, and I will sleep a little while you put up my things. The first train you understand—within an hour if it leaves that soon." His head sank back on the pillows heavily as though he had come in from a long, weary walk, and his eyes closed and his arms fell easily at his side. The servant stood frightened, and yet happy, with the tears running down his cheeks, for he loved his master dearly. "We are going home" muttered the young man drowsily, "For he came to me when I was yet a great way off—while I was yet a great way off, he ran to meet me—" His voice sank until it died away into silence, and a few hours later when Walters came to wake him, he found his master sleeping like a child.

WOMAN'S STATUS IN CHINA.

The deplorable condition of women, especially poor women in China is vividly described in a letter to *Spirit of Missions* by Mrs. Frederick R. Graves, who is laboring with her husband at Wuchang. She says: "In China a woman is commonly described as 'the mean inhabitant of the inner apartment.' She does not eat with her husband, except when he is too poor to admit of ceremony. If guests are invited, she does not appear. Only when she becomes the mother of sons does she receive some respect. For they are a greatly desired gift, since only sons can worship the spirits of parents when departed, and burn paper money and all sorts of useful articles, in paper, for their use in the spirit land. Infanticide, as you know, is still a thing of the present in China. "Until a woman reaches forty, and not then, if of higher class, it is not respectable for her to walk on the streets. As sedan chairs are expensive, a great mass of women, too poor to hire them, lead lives monotonous and secluded in the extreme."

A BEDOUIN FAMILY.

Some Characteristics of the Dwellers in the Arabian Deserts.

(*See illustration on first page.*)

ON the first page of this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is depicted a Bedouin family group, taken from a photograph obtained by Dr. Talmage during his recent tour in Palestine. This group was photographed at Bethany, doubtless as the members were journeying through that part of the Holy Land. Their faces show very pronounced types of the descendants of Ishmael, as they are found in the deserts at the present day.

As nomads, the Bedouins can hardly be said to have more than a family history or series of genealogies. Shepherds, robbers or beggars, they have always preserved their racial peculiarities. They are found scattered over an immense territory, from Western Persia to the great Arabian Desert, and from Kurdistan to the Soudan. This pastoral, yet warlike people, have become wanderers, from the nature of their country, whose extensive steppes afford scanty grazing ground for the cattle of a great many separate tribes, and necessitate constant change. Neither is the soil suited to cultivation, save in occasional places, and these are tilled by vassals, as the Bedouins hold the farmers and the dwellers of villages in contempt, preferring to live in tents as their fathers did. These tents are arranged in an irregular circle, the inner space serving as a cattle pen at night.

Physically they are among the finest of the races, with splendid figures, brown-skinned, spare and wiry, and capable of enduring great fatigue. Morally, it must be admitted that the Bedouins are far from being models of good conduct. They believe in and practice polygamy, varying the custom by an occasional interchange of wives. They rarely marry out of the tribe. Among the few virtues that mark the desert-dweller as the best product of the Arab race, are a generous hospitality, a noble respect for old age and a rigid adherence to truth.

The group in our illustration (a Bedouin husband with his two wives and two children), belong to the great class of Arab mendicants to be found almost everywhere in the Holy Land. The torn and ragged costumes contrast strongly with the contented expression on the faces. Barefooted, poorly fed, but strong, these wanderers are happy if, after the day closes, they have enough food to prepare the evening meal and a tent to shelter them from the heavy night dews. Much good work has been done among the Bedouins in late years by devoted Christian missionaries in different parts of the East.

A NEW FIND OF MUMMIES.

(*See Illustration.*)

ANOTHER remarkable discovery of ancient mummies has been made in Egypt. In previous articles in this journal, a description has been given of the finding of the bodies of the ancient Pharaohs, with photographs of the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and the Pharaoh of the Exodus. They were found near Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and excavations have been continued in that locality. They have been rewarded by discoveries almost as valuable as those of the royal mummies.

While digging in the vicinity of the ruins of an ancient temple near Dar-el-Bahari, a vertical shaft was uncovered. Descending the shaft a gallery was found from which two flights of stairs led to two spacious chambers which were over eighty feet below the surface of the ground. Against the walls of the chambers were piles of sarcophagi, or ancient coffins, numbering one hundred and sixty three, ranged in regular order and with the evident care which the Egyptians of old time displayed in the preservation of the bodies of the dead. The inscriptions on the outer cases were still legible and were easily deciphered by the savants in charge of the excavations. It appeared from these inscriptions that the bodies within the sarcophagi were the priests of Ammon, and had been embalmed during the sway of the twenty-first dynasty, which according to our chronology was

nearly 3,000 years ago. If this is correct, the men whose bodies were thus brought to light must have been contemporaries of King Solomon.

The most important discovery, however, was of a number of papyrus rolls which were found beside the mummies. It is probable that the rolls contain records of priceless historical interest. In the age of the world which is indicated by the inscriptions on the sarcophagi the priests were the recognized chroniclers of contemporary history. There is, therefore, good reason to hope that from these records, facts may be learned, which will supply information to fill the gaps now existing in Egyptian history and throw new light on the Bible. Mons. Grebaut is at the head of the expedition which has made the discovery. He has been patiently excavating in the district for upward of ten years and his labors have now been amply rewarded. The illustration represents the fellahs, or Egyptian laborers, dragging the mummies to the surface from the chambers where they have laid hidden for thirty centuries. They will be sent to the museum at Bulak near Cairo where the bodies of the Pharaohs now are.

The Recently Discovered Mummies of the Priests of Ammon, being brought up from the Subterranean Chamber.

THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 319.*)

THE Peace of Ryswick put an end to war between England and France. Nine times has happy Utrecht seen the peace of Europe concluded within her walls, albeit often for too brief a space. The Peace of Amiens held out for a year false hopes of calm to the great Powers. The first Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle settled the question of the possession of the Netherlands; the second Peace signed in that Rhenish city seated Maria Theresa on an imperial throne. The "Holy Alliance" of Emperors at Vienna dictated terms to astonished France, suddenly bereaved of her Bonapartes. By the Peace of Westphalia Sweden reached the dignity of a State of the Empire. Side by side with these famous treaties we chronicle that of Lal's Mountain, whereof Mistress Eliza Allen laid down the terms. Having formulated these conditions which were likely to secure her future domestic peace the good woman picked up her sewing and sat down by the window, mildly triumphant. The belligerents, Captain 'Zekiel and Pink, each laid hold of that disputed territory, Robbie, and left the kitchen. They went around the corner of the living-rooms, and below the mill, among the uninclosed underpinnings. Here, standing among the debris of many years, rusty tin, broken pottery, rotting chips, and mouldy shoes, they could look out on the great tireless wheel, slowly revolving, its moss-green buckets ever coming up dripping from the mountain stream, the slant western sunshine making rainbows of the falling drops.

Beyond the glistening wet wheel was the wooded further bank where birds built in the thick trees and pink crane's-bill and snowy bath-flowers leaned forth from the bracken and arum.

Captain Allen reached up along the dank, cobwebby rafters and took out a large clear-glass bottle. His strong arm described two or three great circles high above his head; then a crash mingled with the monotonous jar of the wheel and the rush of the waters, and certain large pieces of broken glass lay among the stones in the bed of the stream. The Captain said nothing, but his uplifted hand fell gently upon Robbie's curly head and lay there in the fashion of making a covenant. It was Pink's sweet, shrill voice than rose in speech—"Pink is a pitty gell! Pink don't have no tantums! No!"

But though all was thus satisfactorily concluded at the mill, the neighborhood took up the matter, and the neighborhood was a unit against Captain 'Zekiel and for Mistress 'Liza. "What did Captain Allen mean bringing home stray children in that style for his poor wife to worry over? Just like the whole Allen race, always too generous to be just. And they so poor!—loaded with mortgages of which they could scarcely pay the interest. And no house to live in, only two rooms under the mill. And poor Eliza so overworked, and at her wit's end to keep things decent. It was fair robbery of the children they had already, and———" The matrons held up their hands and raised their eyes in unspeakable reprobation of the Captain's reckless conduct.

The mentor and chief authority of the sparsely settled school district where stood Captain Allen's hereditary saw-mill was the schoolmaster. A grave, elderly, gentle, studious man, full of sympathy and empty of ambitions, he was content to live year after year among these simple folk, and now that more than two decades of his sway had gone by, he advised and instructed these mature married people in their difficulties, financial and domestic, just as he advised and instructed them concerning compound addition, geographic boundaries, or up-strokes and down-strokes in penmanship when they sat on the blue benches of the old school-house.

The schoolmaster boarded with Deacon Britt, the magnate of the district, and Captain Allen had no sharper censors than Deacon and Mrs. Britt. Therefore it was borne in on the mind of the schoolmaster that he should pay a visit to the mill. It might be some sort a pastoral visit. There was no church within seven or eight miles. The pastors of several denominations came up in turn, one Sabbath afternoon in a month, and held service in the school-house. When there was a fifth Sabbath in the month, the schoolmaster had a service. His was always a temperance meeting, and Captain Allen had been wont to feel and to say that the "schoolmaster was a good man, but going a leetle farther than was required of him."

The schoolmaster found Mrs. 'Liza busy. She had ripped up a pair of the Captain's out-worn trousers, and the four pieces were laid out before her on the long kitchen-table, while she stood regarding them like the Fate Atropos, with suspended shears. The schoolmaster was not a man of circumlocutions, and he presently introduced his theme.

"I hear the Captain has picked up another little boy. That must be very inconvenient for you, Mrs. Allen,—two besides your own."

"It appears to fit in very well just now," said 'Liza, with a dry laugh, regarding her work, as a general the plan of a battle-field.

"Any time, Mrs. Allen, when you find this too much for you, I'll speak to the guardians about the child," continued the schoolmaster.

"Well! I guess me and Captain Allen will be hard up," cried Mrs. 'Liza, valiantly, "when we can't do for a child we've seen fit to adopt. And we are not such heathens as to send a dear little innocent fellow to that hideous county almshouse. We will do better than that for him, if we are poor."

"I'm the last one to wish a child in the county-house," said the school-master. "I only spoke with a feeling for you. In such a matter more is to be regarded than money. The re-

sponsibility of a child is a great one, Mrs. Allen. The child is immortal, any work for the child runs far out, yes, through eternity. It is a work not only of feeding and clothing the body, but of nurturing the heart, the mind, the soul."

"I've precious little time to think in all those directions," said Mrs. 'Liza. "There isn't much I can do for the boy, but I can and will mother him."

Just then the child in question came in with Pink; he and she were leading between them the faltering steps of the eighteen-months-old Bop. The three went straight to Eliza, and leaned against her apron, as if she belonged equally to all of them. Tears came into the eyes of the master at this spectacle. He said, with a quiet tone:

"If you mother him, Mrs. Allen, you do the very best thing that can be done for him. Scripture, itself, cannot go beyond that, for it is written, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'"

Perhaps it was owing to the report of the schoolmaster that the neighborhood ceased its criticisms and accepted "Wobbie" as part and parcel of the Allen household. And the child made good his place there. The Captain loved him as we love that which has cost us much. None but Captain 'Zekiel knew what his glass of liquor had cost him. None knew how he craved his life-long indulgence, and fought fiercely with appetite for the child's sake. None but the Captain knew how strong that appetite had become. It was like cutting off a right hand, or plucking out a right eye to deny it.

Mrs. 'Liza loved the boy as the pledge of her greatest victory, and the assurance of her family peace. She had been sorely troubled lest Captain Allen should ruin himself and disgrace his children by falling into drunkenness. Now her horizon cleared, the great cloud of her married life passed away under Robbie's sunny smile.

And then, there was Pink. The child was of a timid, lonely disposition and delicate health. Unwilling to play out of doors or alone, she had clung to the house and her mother, forever in the way, cross and unhealthy from lack of out-of-door air and proper sport. But Robbie was the very king of sports. From morning until night he was ready to frolic, and he rejoiced in the "greenwood tree" like another Robin Hood. All that he had ever seen of life or play he rehearsed daily, but always in genial, innocent fashion. His "let's play" became a formula for Pink's ills. He embraced the baby in the games, and all the baby's vandalisms. If the baby carried off playthings, and broke up toys, the scream of Pink's rage was arrested by "Let's play," "Let's play he was a wobber," "Let's play he was a big dog," "Let's play he was the bobby takin' off ze sings for went." He taught Pink how to make houses of sticks and stones, and to furnish them with acorns, broken china and leaves and flowers. Bread, under the magic wand of his imagination become cake and pie; and water was milk, tea, coffee, soup. Out of doors, running, laughing, enjoying from morning to evening, getting healthful appetite and healthful fatigue, Pink grew plump, rosy, pleasant. Mrs. Eliza said she "never had known so much peace since she was married."

Above the Captain's living-rooms was a work-shop, where, when other work was slack, the Captain and "the Hands" made beehives, washing-benches, common doors, and did other such crude carpentry as was needed by the immediate neighbors. If the weather was bad, the shop became the playground of the children, where, under Robbie's leadership, they made boats, dolls, stores, out of chips and shavings.

On a rainy day in May they were thus in the shop, and at last the baby had fallen asleep on a pile of shavings, and Pink was building particularly high towers all by herself. Robbie climbed to the corner of the work-bench, and watched Jerry grooving a beehive for Deacon Britt.

"Jerry," said Robbie, "was you made with one leg and one eye?"

"Oh, no," said Jerry, "I had two legs and two eyes. But I lost 'em. I lost a leg, and I lost an eye."

"Do you think, Jerry, that I'll lose a leg and an eye?"

"Oh, I hope not," said Jerry, 'for you've got as handsome a pair of eyes, and as handsome a pair of legs as anyone could wish to see. And then, you're not so unfort'nate as I am. No one is ever so unfort'nate. I was *born* unfort'nate. In the first place, my father and mother died when I was a baby, and I had only my poor old granny to take care of me. When I was about your size I began selling papers, I kept on with that for two or three years, till one day, standing with my papers, as you may say, under my arm, looking at some men unloading a wagon of whiskey barrels, one of the men, having too much whiskey in him, let a barrel slip, and it rolled on my leg. They took me to the hospital, and my leg had to be cut off."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Robbie, deeply interested.

"When I was cured, and had a wooden leg, I went out with my papers again. Well, one night I went into a cobbler-shop, as I was in the cellar, we living in the attic; and the cobbler, he was took with what they call 'tremblings,' and began to sling things around rather permiskis, thinking there was rats on the floor. One of the things he slung was an awl, and it hit my eye—and that was gone—and they took me to the hospital again. They did something to the cobbler—give him six months or so—but that didn't put my eye back, did it, now?"

Robbie shook his curly head in grave negation.

"When I came out that time, the doctors give me two dollars, and I bought a kit and set up for a shoe-black. We lived in a alley off Water Street, Philadelphy. But after, along of the wet and cold of an awful bad winter, my granny died, and nobody was left to keep me a fire or a bit of hot victuals, why, I got the newmony on my lungs, and I was took to the hospital; that was the third time. A mighty nice place is the hospital; it's warm, it's quiet, it's clean. You gets well-treated, good bed, good grub, clean clothes. Oh, I liked the hospital first-class, and I couldn't bear to leave it. Along of my bein' so unfort'nate, they let me stop a good while. But I coudln't stop forever. Other folks wanted to come in, and I had to turn out. One of the doctors give me fifty cents, and the matron did me up an extry shirt and socks in a bundle, and—there I was, outside the gate. They told me to go to my friends. But you can't go to your friends when you haven't any friends you can go to, can you, now?"

Robbie shook his head to show that, in his opinion, decidedly you could not.

"Well, I hung round the hospital corner. It was in October. It began to get evenin', an' cold an' foggy, an' I bein' weak, an' only little past 'leven," added Jerry, apologetically, "I sat on the curbstone an' I cried my hardest. Just then, 'long came Cap'n Allen. He stopped to ask what was up, an' when he seen me so very unfort'nate—one eye, one leg, thin, and all that—he said, come along with him an' he'd see me all right. I'll allow," added Jerry, "from the way the Cap'n talked—for he had been havin' a glass or two—I made sure he owned half Pennsylvania; an' that I was goin' to be dressed in welwet, an' eat off silver dishes, an' be a Cresses all my days. But after all, what's the odds? I think I like it better as it is. It suits my one eye, and my wooden leg, and my raising. Besides, what more can a man want than enough to eat, a good bed, a good fire, clean clothes, and plenty to do? Ain't that enough for a man?"

Robbie was an admirable listener; he merely nodded to show that these were his views entirely.

"But when Cap'n 'Zekiel brought me home," cried Jerry, warming to his tale, "then there was a time. They hadn't no children then, and I'll allow that when a woman gets offered to her, for her first child, a

(*Continued on next Page.*)

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THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

(*Continued from preceding Page.*)

boy 'leven year old past, with a peaked face yaller with sickness, and only one eye, and a wooden leg, nat'rally that woman wouldn't be expected to take kindly to it. The ma'am, she was mad. She says to Cap'n 'Zekiel, 'That boy's goin' down to Philidelphy in the next barge as ever goes down the river, and that is Deacon Britt's,' says she, 'an' it goes this day week.' When you come here, you know, and a little breeze was raised similar, I knowed how to feel for you. And when I see how much gumption you showed, keeping well out of sight behind the stove, an' lettin' the ma'am handle you as she liked, an' keepin' Pink pleased, I 'lowed you was the right sort."

Robbie showed all his teeth in joy of this encomium.

"Well, you see, I didn't lay out to go back to the sidewalks of Philidelphy. I had a week to get on the good side of the ma'am. When I had been let stay in the hospital, after I was pretty well, I had gone round where I liked, and a good bit in the kitchen. So I knew how to do a thing or two. Next day I asked the ma'am to let me shine the knives, an' black the stove, seein' I'd learned how to handle shoe-brushes. She let me. Then I 'lowed I could wash the dishes. Next thing I 'lowed I could do was mop the floor and clean the windows. Then, one day, when I heard the ma'am tell the Cap'n she couldn't get into this shop, he kep' such a plaguey litter, I came up here an' cleaned it all up, an' shone the tools, an' went an' asked her come see how nice it looked. I knowed she couldn't abide the noise of my leg, so one day I says to her that there was some good in a wooden leg. Boys with two own legs can be mighty softly if they like, and sneak into the closet, an' listen behind doors, 'but wherever I am, you're bound to hear me,' says I; and the ma'am she 'lowed there was some sense in that.

"The day that barge of Deacon Britt's was to go down stream, I rose up early, an' told the ma'am that as there'd been a big frost, if she'd let me go up the mounting, I could bring her a lot of nuts, an' I 'lowed as she might like to have a pile of chestnuts and hickorys for winter. She told me to go, an' yov may make up your mind I didn't get back till dark night, when I made sure that blessed barge was well down past Lacy. Then I came in with a bag of nuts, an' 'lowed I could get twice as many more, if she'd let me go again. I've never heard any more talk about sendin' me down to Philidelphy. For the first two years and a half I did a grist of housework, and minding Pink when she come, but I'll 'low I never was a master-hand with children. For a year and a half now, I've been the only man the Cap'n's had, an' me an' the Cap'n gets along remarkable—yes, remarkable. Because, you see, I don't mind work, an' if you're goin' to work, you might just as well work hard. You've got to do something in this world, haven't you? Well, then, I say, why not as well work as anything?"

From the vigorous way in which Robbie nodded his head, those seemed to be his ideas exactly.

So this was the history of the Captain's other Bargain. Neither had that been a bad bargain, Mrs. 'Liza being witness. Jerry did a deal more work than most boys of fifteen who have the full compliment of legs and eyes. He had a certain knack of handling a saw, a hammer, a plane; and if a neighbor came to have a bit of work done, while Captain 'Zekiel was up on the mountain looking at such stray lots of standing timber as might be offered him, Jerry was capable of doing whatever was to be done. If "the ma'am" wanted a nail driven, or a stool made, or soft-soap boiled, Jerry was on hand prompt to execute the commission. He had been to school winters until he could read and write after a fashion, but Jerry said he "didn't take to learning; a man couldn't do everything in this world, could he?"

It was in May that Mistress Eliza made a proclamation to her household. She said she had had enough of nicknames. Pink, for her red, infantile countenance, had been called Pink, until no one knew her name was Elizabeth. Bop had been adopted as short for "baby," which was a euphemism for Ezekiel. This new Bargain of the Captain's should not have a nickname. No Robbie for him. He looked a princely child, with a right to have a full name—Robert; and nothing but Robert was henceforth to be the style of The Captain's Bargain.

(*To be Continued.*)

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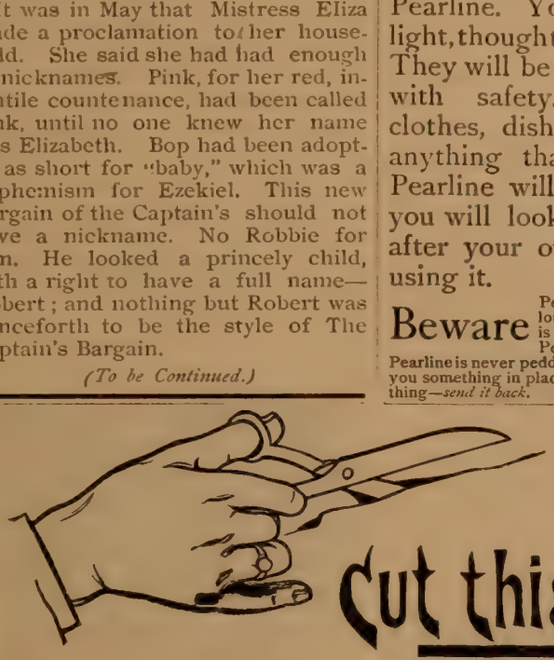

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But you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith,
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear:
He knows how few would reach heaven at all
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness,
And the furnace of seven-fold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet,—
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver—
God will love you better so.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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THE IRISH LAD AND THE SCEPTIC.

An infidel, entering a railway station, heard an Irish boy, who was sitting on the doorstep, singing,

"There'll be no more sorrow there,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

"Where?" inquired the sceptic, whose mind was impressed by the words. "Where is it there'll be no more sorrow?" The boy answered,

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

The infidel hastened to take his seat in the train; but the simple words of that hymn or chorus had found a lodgment in his mind. He could not drive them from his thoughts. They were fixed. A world where there is no sorrow! This was the great idea that filled his mind. He dwelt upon it—revolved it over in his thoughts. It was the message by the Spirit that led him to the Saviour, who delivers the lost and ruined from sin here, and raises them to that world of glory where sin and sorrow are unknown.

FAITH IN IDOLS SHAKEN.

Mr. Bailey, a missionary of Qua Iboe, West Africa, writes: "The great Juju idol house, which had been allowed to go to wreck, was being repaired, many of the people speaking out freely against the Gospel and its preacher. As soon as I saw the rebuilding commenced, I called upon the three chiefs who are entrusted with the keeping of the Juju and his house. Two of them denied any knowledge of the rebuilding. I had not to visit the third chief, for as soon as he heard I had come to town for the Juju house palaver, he came to see me, and acknowledged that it was he who had ordered the house to be rebuilt. At the same time he wished me to understand that he did not now believe in the Juju, neither did he offer sacrifice to him. 'Why then are you having the house built?' 'Because of the many palavers and difficulties the people of Impanek are making with me, and even some of the people of our own town. They tell me I am making the Juju very angry with all the people; and that if he makes plenty of people sick they will make palaver with me; and if he sends too much rain or too much sunshine, whatever he does to punish the people, they will make palaver with me. These are the reasons why I have ordered the house to be built.' After I had spoken to him of the foolishness of believing that the Juju possessed any such power, I asked him whether he was going to hear God's voice or the voice of the people of Impanek. I showed him that he would not be able to excuse himself when he stands before the great judgment seat of God by saying, 'It was because of the people of Impanek;' that God would say, 'Why did you build that house after you knew it was wrong to do it?' It did not matter what the people of Impanek said at all, but only what God said. I left him, evidently much impressed by what he heard; he promised to discontinue the building, and has faithfully kept his promise, and has also attended our Christian church every Sabbath since."

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1891.

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DR. TALMAGE'S DECORATION-DAY SERMON.

"I will say to the North, Give up, and to the South, Keep not back." Isaiah 43 : 6.

JUST what my text meant by the North and South, I cannot say, but in the United States the two words are so point blank in their meaning that no one can doubt. They mean more than East and West, for although between those two have been rivalries and disturbing ambitions and infelicities and Silver Bills and World's Fair controversies, there have been between them no batteries unlimbered, no entrenchments dug, no long lines of sepulchral mounds thrown up. It has never been Massachusetts Fourteenth regiment against Wisconsin Zouaves ; it has never been Virginia Artillery against Mississippi Rifles. East and West are distinct words and sometimes may mean diversity of interest, but there is no blood on them. They can be pronounced without any intonation of wailing and death-groan. But the North and the South are words that have been surcharged with tragedies. They are words which suggest that for forty years the clouds had been gathering for a four years' tempest which thirty years ago burst in a fury that shook this planet as it has never been shaken since it swung out at the first world-building. I thank God that the words have lost some of the intensity which they possessed three decades ago ; that a vast multitude of Northern people have moved South and a vast multitude of Southern people have moved North and there have been intermarriages by the ten thousand and Northern Colonels have married the daughters of Southern Captains, and Texas rangers have united for life with the daughters of New York abolitionists and their children are half Northern and half Southern and altogether patriotic. But North and South are words that need to be brought into still closer harmonization. I thought that now when we are half way between Presidential elections and sectional animosities are at the lowest ebb and now just after a Presidential journey when our Chief Magistrate, who was chiefly elected by the North, has been cordially received at the South, and now just after two Memorial days, one of them a month ago strewing flowers on Southern graves and the other yesterday strewing flowers on Northern graves, it might be appropriate and useful for me to preach a sermon which would twist two garlands, one for the Northern dead and the other for the Southern dead, and have the two interlocked in a chain of flowers that shall bind forever the two sections into one ; and who knows but that this may be the day when the prophecy of the text, made in regard to the ancients may be fulfilled in regard to this country and the North give up its prejudices and the South keep not back its confidence. "I will say to the North, Give up, and to the South, Keep not back."

But before I put these garlands on the graves, I mean to put them this morning a little while on the brows of the living men and women of the North and South who lost husbands, sons and brothers during the civil strife. Nothing is more soothing to a wound than a cool bandage, and these two garlands are cool from the night dew. What a morning that was on the banks of the Hudson and the Savannah when the son was to start for the war ! What fatherly and motherly counsel ! What tears ! What heart-breaks ! What charges to write home often ! What little keepsakes put away in the knapsack or the bundle that was to be exchanged for the knapsack ! The crowd around the depot or the steamboat landing shouted, but father and mother and sister cried. And how lonely the house seemed after they went home and what an awfully vacant chair there was at the Christmas and Thanksgiving tables ! And after the battle, what waiting for news ! What suspense till the long lists of the killed and wounded were made out ! All along the Penobscot and the Connecticut and the St. Lawrence and the Ohio and the Oregon and the James and the Albemarle and the Alabama and the Mississippi and the Sacramento there were lamentation and mourning and great woe, Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not. The world has forgotten it, but father and mother have not forgotten it. They may be now in the eighties or the nineties, but it is a fresh wound and will always remain a fresh wound. Coming down the steep of years the hands that would have steadied those tottering steps have been twenty-eight years folded into the last sleep. The childlessness, the widowhood, the orphanage, who has a measuring-line long enough to tell the height of it, the depth of it, the infinity of it ? What a mountain, what an Alps, what a Himalayah of piled-up agony of bereavement in the simple statement that three hundred thousand men of the North were slain and five hundred thousand men of the South were slain, and hundreds of thousands long afterwards through the exhaustions there suffered, going down to death !

I detain from the top of the tomb these two garlands that I am twisting for a little while that I may with them soothe the brow of the living. Over the fallen the people said : "Poor fellow ! What a pity that he should have been struck down !" We did not, however, often enough say : "Poor father ! Poor mother ! Poor wife ! Poor child !" and so I say it now. Have you realized that by that wholesale massacre hundreds of thousands of young people at the North and the South have never had any any chance ? We who are fathers stand between our children and the world. We fight their battles, we plan for their welfare, we achieve their livelihood, we give them the advice of our superior years. Among the richest blessings of my life I thank God that my father lived to fight my battles until I was old enough to fight for myself. Have you realized the fact that our civil war pitched out upon the farm-fields of the North and the plantations of the South a multitude that no man can number, children without fatherly help and protection ? Under all the advantages which we had of fatherly guidance, what a struggle life has been to the most of us ! But what of the children, two and five and ten years of age, who stood at their mother's lap with great, round, wondering eyes, hearing her read of those who perished in the battle of the Wilderness, their father gone down amid the dead host ? Come, young men and women who by such disaster have had to make your own way in life, and I will put the garland on your young and unwrinkled brow. Yes ; you have had your own Malvern Hill and your own South Mountain and your own Gettysburg all along these twenty years. Come ! And, if I cannot spare a whole garland for your brow, I will twist in your locks at least two flowers, one crimson and one white, the crimson for the struggle of your life which has almost amounted to carnage, and the white for the victory you have gained.

Before I put the two garlands I am twisting upon the Northern and Southern tombs, I detain the garlands a little while that I may put them upon the brow of the living soldiers and sailors of the North and South, who though in variance for a long while, are now at peace and in hearty loyalty to the United States government and ready if need be to march shoulder to shoulder against any foreign foe. The twenty-six winters that have passed since the war, I think, have sufficiently cooled the hatreds that once burned Northward and Southward to allow the remark that they who fought in that conflict were honest on both sides. The chaplains of both armies were honest in their prayers. The faces that went into battle, whether they marched toward the Gulf of Mexico or marched toward the North star, were honest faces. It is too much to ask either side to believe that those who came out from their homes, forsaking father and mother and wife and child, many of them never to return, were not in earnest when they put their life into awful exigency. Witness the last scene at family prayers up among the Green Mountains or down by the fields of cotton and sugar cane. Men do not sacrifice their all for fun. Men do not eat mouldy bread or go without bread at all for fun. Men do not sleep unsheltered in equinoctial storms for fun. There were some no doubt on both sides who enlisted for soldiers' pay or expecting opportunity for violence and pillage or burning with revenge, and thirst for human blood, but such cases were so rare many of you who were in the war four years never confronted such an instance of depravity.

As chaplain of a Pennsylvania regiment and as a representative of the United States Christian Commission, I was for a while at the front and in those hospitals at Hagerstown and Williamsburg and up and down the Potomac, where all the churches and farm-houses were filled with wounded and dying Federals and Confederates, I forgot amid the horrors to ask on which side they fought, when with what little aid I could take them for their suffering bodies and the mightier aid I could pray for their souls, I passed the days and months amid scenes that in my memory seem like a ghastly dream rather than possible reality. When a New Orleans boy, unable to answer my question as to where he was hurt, took out from the folds of the only garment that had not been torn off him in the battle a New Testament marked with his own life-blood and I saw the leaf turned down at the passage "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you," it read just as though it had been a Northern New Testament. And when I sat down and took from a South Carolinian dying

in a barn at Boonesville his last message to his wife and mother and child, it sounded just like a message that a Northern man dying far from home would send to his wife and mother and child. And when I picked up from the battlefield of Antietam the fragment of a letter which I have somewhere yet, for the name and the address were torn off, I saw it was the words of a wife to her husband telling him how the little child prayed for their father every night that he might not get hurt in the battle and might come home sound and come home well, but that if anything happened to them they might all meet again in the world where there are no partings, it read just as a Northern wife would write to a husband away from home and in peril conveying the messages of little children. Oh, yes; they were honest on both sides. And those who lived to get home and are living yet were just as honest, and ought they not for the suffering they endured have a coronal of some kind?

THE START FOR THE WAR.

Yea, there was courage on both sides. They who were at the front know that. When the war opened, the South called the Northern men "mudsills" and the North called the Southern men "braggarts" and "pompous nothings," but after a few battles nothing more was said about Northern "mudsills" and Southern "braggarts." It was an army of lions against an army of lions. It was a flock of eagles mid-sky with iron beak against another flock of eagles iron-beaked. It was thunderbolt against thunderbolt. It was archangel of wrath against archangel of wrath. It was Hancock against Longstreet. It was Kilpatrick against Wade Hampton. It was Slocum against Hill. It was O. O. Howard against Hood. It was Sherman against Stonewall Jackson. It was Grant against Lee. And the men who were under them were just as gallant, and some of them are here and I detain the two garlands that I have twisted for the departed and in recognition of honesty and prowess put the coronals upon these living Federals and Confederates. North and South, we will make a great fuss about them when they are dead. There will not be room on their tombstones to tell how we appreciate them. We will have long obituary in newspapers telling in what battles they fought, what sacrifices they endured, what flags they captured, in what prisons they suffered, but all that will come too late. One word in the living ear of praise for their honesty and courage will be worth to them more than a military funeral two miles long or a pile of flowers half a mile high and ten bands of music playing over the grave "Star Spangled Banner" or "Way Down South in Dixie." Now, while they are in their declining years and their right knee refuses to work because of the rheumatism they got sleeping on the wet ground on the banks of the Chickamauga, or their digestive organs are off on furlough because of the six months of prison life in which their rations were big slices of nothing, and their ears have never been alert since the cannonade in which they heard so much they have been able to hear but little since, in these cases I call upon the people of North and South to substitute a little ante-mortem praise for the good deal of post-mortem eulogium. These two garlands that I twisted for Northern and Southern graves shall not be put upon the grass of the tomb until they have first encircled the foreheads of the living. I will let the front of the wreath come down over the scar of a scalp wound made by the sword of a cavalryman at Atlanta and droop a little over the eye that lost its lustre in the mine explosion at Petersburg. Huzza for the living! Calla lilies and camelias and amaranths and palm branches for the living!

But we must not detain the two garlands any longer from the pillows of those who for a quarter of a century have been prostrate in dreamless slumber, never oppressed by summer heats or chilled by winter's cold. Both garlands are fragrant. Both have in them the sunshine and the shower of this springtime. The colors of both were mixed by him who mixed the blue of the sky and the gold of the sunset and the green of the grass and the whiteness of the snow crystal. And I do not care which you put over the Northern grave and which over the Southern grave. Does any one say: "What is the use? None of them will know it; your Decoration-days both sides Mason and Dixon's line are a great waste of flowers." Ah! I see you have carried too far my idea that praise for the living is better than praise for the departed. Who says that the dead do not know of the flowers? I think they do. The dead are not dead. The body sleeps but the soul lives and is unhindered. No two cities on earth are in such rapid and constant communication as earth and heaven, and the two great Decoration Days of North and South are better known in realms celestial than terrestrial. With what interest we visit the place of our birth and of our boyhood or girlhood days! And have the departed no interest in this world where they were born and ransomed and where they suffered and triumphed? My Bible does not positively say so, nor does my catechism teach it, but my common sense declares it. The departed do know, and the bannered procession that marched the earth yesterday to Northern graves and the bannered procession that marched a month ago to Southern graves, were accompanied by two grander though invisible processions that walked the air, processions of the ascended, processions of the martyred, processions of the sainted; and they heard the anthems of the churches and the salvo of the batteries and they stooped down to breathe the incense of the flowers. These august throngs gathered this morning in these pews and aisles and corridors and galleries, are insignificant compared with the mightier throngs of heaven who mingle in this service which we render to God and our country while we twist the two garlands. Hail spirits multitudinous! Hail spirits blest! Hail martyred ones come down from the King's palaces! How glad we are that you have come back again. Take this kiss of welcome and these garlands of reminiscence, ye who languished in hospitals or went down under the thunders and the lightnings of Fredericksburg and Cold Harbor and Murfreesboro and Corinth and Yorktown and above the clouds on Lookout Mountain.

THE DEAD SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Among the thousands of gatherings at the North and at the South for Decoration Days, I am conscious that this service is unique and that it is the only one in which there has been twisted two garlands, one for the grave of the Northern dead and the other for the grave of the Southern dead. O, Lord God of the American Union, is it not time that we bury forever our old grudges? My! My! Can we not be at peace on earth when this moment in heaven dwell, in perfect love, Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee, William T. Sherman and Stonewall Jackson, and tens of thousands of Northern and Southern men who, though they once looked askance at each other from the opposite banks of the Potomac and the Chickahominy and the James and the Tennessee, now are on the same side of the River, keeping jubilee with some of those old angels who near nineteen centuries ago came down one Christmas night to chant over Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men!"

I have been waiting for some years for some one else to twist the two garlands that I to-day twist, but, no one doing it, in the love of God and my country I put now my hand to the work and next spring if I am living and well, I will twist two more garlands for Northern and Southern graves, and every springtime until some man or woman whom I may have cheered a little in the struggle of this life, shall come out and put a pansy or two on my own grave. But if the time should ever come when this land shall be given over to sectional rancor and demagogism, and North and South, or East and West shall forget what the good God built this nation for, and it shall halt on its high career of righteousness and liberty and peace, and become the agent of tyranny and wrong and oppression, then let some young man whom I have baptized in infancy at these altars go out to Greenwood and scoop up my dust and scatter it to the four winds of heaven, for I do not want to sleep in a land accursed with sectionalism or oppression.

FLOWERS FOR THE HEROES.

And now I hand over the two garlands, both of which are wet with many tears, tears of widowhood and orphanage and childlessness, tears of suffering and tears of gratitude, and as the ceremony must be performed in symbol, there not being enough flowers to cover all the graves, take the one garland to the tomb of some Northern soldier who may yesterday have been omitted in the distribution of the sacrament of flowers, and the other garland to the tomb of some Southern soldier, who may, a month ago, have been omitted in the distribution of the sacrament of the flowers, and put both the wreaths gently down over the hearts that have ceased to beat. God bless the two garlands! God save the United States of America!

RECLAIMED THROUGH A HYMN.

A FEW nights ago a seafaring man rose in the Berachah Mission in West Thirty-second Street, New York, and asked permission to say a few words. No one, he said, had more reason than he to bless God, that he had put it into the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Naylor to build that place and support it. About two years ago he was in New York for a few days while his ship was preparing for sea. He had not a cent in his pocket, for he had got drunk on the first day ashore, had treated the crowd and then gone to sleep. When he awoke he was on the sidewalk where he had been carried by men, who, before they left him, went through his pockets and took everything. Miserable in mind and body, as he wandered about aimlessly, he passed the Berachah Mission. They were singing inside a tune that seemed familiar. He waited and listened. It was a hymn he had heard his pious mother sing when he was a child. He went inside and sat down and wept like a child. God saved his soul that night and since then he had been home and had been welcomed like the Prodigal Son. From that day God had kept him, had cleansed his mouth of oaths and had taken away his desire for drink.

THE CHURCH OF THE STRANGERS.

Rev. Charles F. Deems and his Pastorate—An Interesting History of Christian Work in New York.

(See illustration on first page.)

PROBABLY no church in the metropolis is better known throughout the length and breadth of the United States than the Church of the Strangers, in Mercer Street, New York, a picture of which is give on the first page of this issue, together with a portrait of the pastor, Rev. Charles F. Deems, LL.D. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1820, his father being a Methodist clergyman. Converted while still a mere boy, he chose the ministerial profession, and at fifteen years of age was sent to Dickinson College, Pa., where he graduated in 1836. Two years later, the young student, now twenty-one, was appointed Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of North Carolina, which position he occupied for five years, afterwards becoming Professor of Natural Science in Randolph Macon College, Va. In 1860 Dr. Deems visited Europe for six months, and on his return organized a school in Wilson County, N. C. During the five years previous to 1865, he was Presiding Elder of the Wilmington and Newbern District in that State.

Full of the desire to work for the Lord in a broader field, he came to New York, and with the assistance of friends, hired a small chapel temporarily, where he began to preach. His first sermon on July 22nd, 1866, was preached to an audience of fifteen persons; but so marked were his ability and earnestness, that he soon became widely known. His audiences were composed of many persons of different denominations, and from this fact, the name of "The Strangers' Home" was adopted. Declining many tempting offers from colleges and other quarters, he stuck to his work on the lines he had laid out, and soon found himself with a large flock, but still without a regular church organization.

In January, 1868, thirty-two persons enrolled themselves under his ministry, and then was organized the "Church of the Strangers." Every year augmented the membership of the new church, and almost every Protestant denomination was represented on its rolls. Still, there were many difficulties; but as the work expanded, the courageous and devoted pastor found encouragement in his efforts. In 1869, the old "Commodore," Cornelius Vanderbilt, (whose portrait appears on the first page) who had attended the services frequently, purchased the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church and generously presented it to Dr. Deems for the use of the congregation. This munificent gift came at a time when it was doubly valuable, and at once put the Church on a substantial footing. Dr. Deems' acquaintance with Commodore Vanderbilt had begun in 1866, when he was living and preaching in Mobile, Ala. A Southern lady, who afterward became the wife of the Commodore, attended these services, and it was largely through her influence that Mr. Vanderbilt, several years later, was moved to interest himself personally in the organization of the new church in New York.

In his book, entitled *A Romance of Providence*, Dr. Deems tells how the Commodore catechised him carefully about his preaching, past history and expectations for the future. Fifty thousand dollars were needed at that moment for the purchase of the Mercer Street property, and towards this appalling sum, the clergyman had just *eighty cents!* The old Commodore extracted this confession from him. The pastor had resolved never to appeal for the money, believing that if God wanted him to stay in New York and do the work to which his heart inclined, the money would come. Looking him straight in the eye, Mr. Vanderbilt said:

"I will give you the church."

"Commodore Vanderbilt, you don't know me," said the clergyman; "there is not any man in America rich enough to have me for a chaplain."

The railroad king, who was accustomed to be solicited for money, was astonished to find one man who could refuse $50,000.

"Me have a chaplain!" he cried, "the Lord knows I have got as little use for a chaplain as any one man you ever saw. I want to give you this church and give it to you only. Now, will you take it?"

"Commodore," replied Dr. Deems, extending his hand, "if you give me that church for the Lord Jesus Christ, I will most thankfully accept it," and on that basis the gift was received.

The great trust thus imposed has been faithfully kept. The opening services of the Church of the Strangers occupied several days and many eminent divines took part, including Rev. Drs. Moran, from North Carolina, Munsey of Baltimore, Bacon of New Haven, Marshall, DeWitt, Prentiss, Booth, Schaff, Armitage, Prime, Mingins and others. Since that time, the Church has become an Evangelical land-mark in New York. In all departments of Christian work it has thriven, and the ministry of Dr. Deems, under God's blessing, has been the means of bringing many souls to Christ. Its Sunday School has steadily grown and now has hundreds of scholars. A pleasing feature is the Chinese Sunday School, which was organized in 1883, and where many young Chinamen, resident in New York, have been taught the principles of Christianity. Missionaries in far-off China have borne testimony to the good effects of Dr. Deems' tuition of these scholars, several of whom, on returning to their native land, have become useful as missionary helpers.

In Church work, every opportunity is utilized. The "Mothers' Meetings" never lag; the Missionary Societies are active and vigorous, the Gospel Mission (organized in 1885 and which provides for both sexes), is located in Bleecker Street where, night after night, services are held at which the waifs and strays of the great city listen to the story of Christ. Dr. Deems was one of the first among city pastors to emphasize the glaring discrepancy between the amount, *per capita*, given annually by church members to missionary work and the sum expended by the city on liquor every year. For the latter purpose, New York wastes annually sixty millions of dollars, while for Domestic and Foreign Missions, the total given throughout the whole United States, is only about five millions. The Church of the Strangers, true to its principles, not only gave liberally to the general mission field, but voluntarily undertook work in special fields at home and abroad, which it has ever since carried forward successfully.

In addition to his regular pastoral duties, Dr. Deems has found time for considerable literary work. *The Home Altar, What Now? Weights and Wings*, and many other volumes of a religious character from his pen, have been helpful to thousands of readers in leading them to the new life.

Although now in his seventy-second year, Dr. Deems is still hale and vigorous; he relaxes no effort in his ministry, and it is his greatest ambition to die in harness and not permit himself to fossilize as age advances. He has endeavored, during his whole career, to follow the leading of Providence, and his history shows that his trust in the Divine Master has been abundantly justified.

Rich and poor meet on equal terms in the Church of the Strangers and many touching instances are told of the experiences resulting from such meetings. One young woman—an orphan in utter destitution—wandered in, one cold November Sunday evening, and listened to the preacher's wondrous story of the Divine One, friendless and homeless, who suffered from cold and hunger. When the congregation dispersed, she went out again into the cold, but with renewed courage and better resolves; for when she strayed into the edifice, she had been on the verge of self-destruction. She afterward met a Christian woman who helped her to employment and to her she confided a wish to make a thank-offering in the church where she had heard that wonderful sermon that had saved her from herself. Strange to say, however, she was unable to find it, and could tell neither the name of the preacher nor the location of the building. Her new friend asked her to come and see her own pastor and, as they entered the Church, something familiar in the appearance of a glass door struck the girl. Seeing the preacher, she recognized him at once and after listening a few moments to his preaching, turned to her companion and said, while tears rolled down her cheeks:

"It is he, it is he!"

She was in the Church of the Strangers and listening to Dr. Deems, whose simple eloquence on that cold winter night, had led her to find the Saviour and true happiness.

THE GOSPEL IN A PIRATES' VILLAGE.

PASTOR Rodriguez, who is evangelizing in Spain, sends an account of his recent visit to Cadaques, a Spanish village washed by the Mediterranean, and overhung by the Pyrenees, which was once the resort of daring pirates and smugglers. Thus isolated, the inhabitants have for centuries lived in the darkness of superstition. The pastor resolved if possible to hold three meetings, so that all who were willing should have an opportunity of hearing the "good news" of a free salvation. On arriving, the first thing was to obtain permission from the Mayor to hold the meetings in a cafe. This was granted, and the town-crier duly announced the time and place. To his surprise and joy, the cafe would not nearly hold the numbers who wished to attend, so the ball-room was hired for the other two meetings, and was well filled. At the close, a young man asked for a number of tracts and copies of Miss Marsh's well-known prayer, which runs thus, "O God, wash me from all my sins in the blood of Jesus, and I shall be whiter than snow. Fill me with thy Holy Spirit, for Christ's sake." Wondering what he would do with them, he followed the young man down the street, and presently saw that he was joined by a shoemaker, who carried in one hand a large pot of paste and a brush ready for action in the other. As they walked along, his companion put tracts under the doors of the houses of the people who had not attended the meetings, whilst his friend pasted the large type prayer on street corners. One was placed outside a butcher's shop, and the mistress on seeing it said, "Read it to me, for I do not know how." On hearing the words, she exclaimed, "Que palabras mas preciosas!" (What beautiful words!) "No, no," said a bystander, "they are bad words, written by the Protestants." "I find them very good and shall not take them down," was the reply. The bill remained in that conspicuous position and was read by the passers-by.

A BRIGHT WITNESS.

IN a letter from Puantun, in North China, Mr. Ament, a missionary of the American Board, relates the following incident of one of the converts, a girl six years old: "She was the eldest of three sisters who, with their mother, had been among the first to announce their purpose to follow the religion which the foreigner preached. No amount of ridicule could shake the resolve of these three girls. The eldest girl, Ling (Bright), took the lead in all good things, never allowing her younger sisters or other girls to interrupt Mrs. Jen in her explanations or interfere in any way with the studying that was going on. In this way she was most useful as well as very happy. Although she was bethrothed to a heathen, she and her mother resolved to go on with the studies. Her fellow-villages point this out as remarkable heroism; and when we consider what it means to take such risks here in China, where the life and destiny of the young brides are in the hands of the mother-in-law, we realize that they exhibited no small degree of moral courage."

DIED DURING THE DEBATE.

Ex-Judge Breckinridge Expires in the General Assembly at Detroit.

WHILE the General Assembly now in session at Detroit, Mich., was engaged in the discussion of the case of Prof. Briggs, on Thursday last, ex-Judge Samuel Miller Breckinridge who had only a few moments before concluded an effective address opposing Dr. Briggs' election to the Chair of Biblical Theology, fell dead on the platform. On the conclusion of Rev. Dr. Patton's address in the afternoon, Judge Breckinridge began to speak in support of the veto. His concluding sentences were: "Now, brethren, I feel that I have discharged my duty, and I wish to be excused from further speech. My voice——troubles——I have——I have done my duty."

Then he grasped the table with his right hand and, sinking down, fell suddenly backward, his head striking the platform with terrible force. Physicians were called and the business of the Assembly was suspended. Every effort at resuscitation proved futile; within a few moments after he had fallen, the immense throng was informed that Judge Breckinridge was dead. The Assembly then joined in prayer and soon after adjourned.

Judge Breckinridge was born at Baltimore, November 3rd, 1828, and was educated at Princeton College and Centre College, Ky. In 1840 he settled in St. Louis, and practiced law. He was a prominent figure in politics. In 1871 he became elder of the Second Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, and was a member of the Assemblies of 1874, 1878, 1881, 1882, 1883 successively and also that of the present year. He was recognized as one of the leaders in public opinion in his State, and was a man of distinguished piety. A brave soldier, in the war, he fought on the side of the North. Judge Breckinridge leaves a wife and a large family.

A FAMOUS BOSTON ANNIVERSARY.

LAST Monday, The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts celebrated its two hundred and fifty-third anniversary in Boston, at Faneuil Hall. The programme for the day consisted of the Company meeting at the Armory and marching to the State House, where the Governor and invited guests were received and escorted to the church, where the anniversary sermon was delivered. This sermon has not been omitted once in a century, and was established long before the war of Independence, being interrupted temporarily during the trouble with Great Britain. It has been the custom of The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to invite the most eminent divines in the country to deliver the sermon on these occasions, and the records of their anniversaries show many distinguished names. Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Bishop-elect of Massachusetts, was the preacher on a recent occasion. This year the invitation to deliver the anniversary sermon was extended to Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

After the sermon, the Company proceeded to Faneuil Hall, where the annual dinner was served, which was followed by the commissioning of the newly-elected officers by the Governor—a ceremony which has taken place on Boston Common from time immemorial. The clergyman who delivers the Anniversary sermon is appointed Chaplain of the Company for the year. As the Field Day of the oldest and most distinguished organization in America, it is one of peculiar interest and the good people of Boston never fail to turn ont, *en masse*, to honor the occasion.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER.

TERRIFIED Woman's screams startled the passengers on a Jersey City, N. J., ferry-boat on May 23. When she entered the cabin she attracted general attention by the large bunch of lilacs which she carried. Several other passengers had flowers, but none a bouquet so large or so fragrant as hers. The dust on her boots and dress indicated that she had gathered the flowers herself on a country excursion. She looked at them admiringly and smelled them at intervals. But after one of her inspections she gave a wild cry, and flung them from her. As they struck the floor a small green snake wriggled out of the bouquet. All the women jumped to their feet in terror, but a man stepped forward and killed the reptile, and the panic was allayed. He picked up the flowers and handed them to the owner, but she shrank from them in horror, and would not touch them. She is not the first person who has turned in disgust from what formerly gave her pleasure. When the sinner has been truly awakened by the Holy Spirit, there is no need to prohibit his going to the theatre or engaging in doubtful amusements. Having realized the danger lurking in them he turns from them with loathing. (Rom. 6 : 21.)

A Constable was Made a Prisoner by a Horse-thief in Texas recently. A press dispatch from Hillsboro, states that a warrant was issued by a court in Dallas for the arrest of a man on suspicion of horse stealing. After a long hunt the constable found him. There was no doubt of his identity, but the man was so plausible and professed his innocence so strongly, that the constable was favorably impressed by him. It was, however, his duty to take his man to court, so they set out together. He proved a pleasant companion and as the constable did not handcuff him they pursued their journey, more like friends than officer and prisoner. But suddenly, when they came to a lonely part of the road, the prisoner dealt the constable a heavy blow which stunned him. Before he recovered consciousness, the prisoner took a pair of handcuffs from the constable's pocket and handcuffed him to a barbed wire fence near by. He then robbed him of his pistol, money and watch and went on his way. It was some hours before a party passing by saw the constable's plight and liberated him. There are some men who have had a spiritual experience very much of the same character. The passions and appetites which should have been kept in subjection have been indulged, until, in an evil hour, they have gained the upper hand. Then the man has found himself bound by his love of liquor, or some other evil habit, a helpless prisoner. (I. Cor. 9 : 27.)

A Perilous Voyage to Meet a Lover was Undertaken by a girl in Arkansas recently. During her school days the girl, who is an orphan, became acquainted with a young man of good position and education. The friendship continued after the girl left school and went to live with her aunt at Des Arc. The lover proposed marriage, but the girl's aunt had another husband in view for her niece, a relative of her own and she forbade the marriage. Rightly or wrongly the girl believed that her aunt had a pecuniary interest in urging this marriage upon her and she steadfastly refused the suitor favored by her aunt. Neither did she wish to marry the man she loved without her aunt's consent. He went back to his home at Deval's Bluff, therefore, to wait for a more propitious time. He told the girl that he would be ready to marry her whenever she was willing. Her life after that was not a pleasant one and finally after a stormy scene with her aunt in which hard words were used, she left the house. She found a friend of her lover and begged him to take her to him. He at once hired a boat and though it was getting dark and threatening rain, set out on the long voyage. The boatman pulled hard, but the night being dark he frequently struck a snag and more than once it seemed that they would all be drowned. The peril, darkness, and the rain, which came down in torrents before half of the journey was done, failed to disturb the girl, though her companion advised turning back. It took six hours to reach their destination, but they arrived safely. The lover was found and though it was then after midnight he aroused a minister who united them in marriage. The bride in telling the story said she was all the happier for the worries and the dangers she had passed through. If we could receive messages from our Christian friends who have passed beyond the grave they would be of the same tenor. The trials of life and the dark river of death safely passed they are happy in the love of him whose they are. (Rev. 21 : 4.)

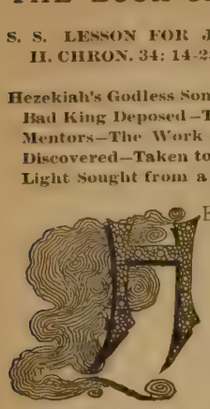
A Singular Superstition came to Light last week. It was noticed that on a Spanish vessel now lying in New York Harbor, the crew always went aloft at sundown. Inquiries as to the reason for their doing so elicited a quaint story. It was to the effect that many years ago a Spanish man-of-war in the Levant was overtaken by a sudden storm. Orders were given to shorten sail, but the ropes would not work. As a last resort the halyards were cut. It was afterward discovered that the sheaves, through which the ropes for shortening sails were rove, had been so tightly plugged up with sticks and other small obstructions that it was impossible for the ropes to slide through. It was urged that no human agency could have done it, and the deed was laid at the door of the evil one. Shortly after the occurrence a general order was promulgated directing that the crew of every Spanish war vessel be sent aloft to chase the fiends out of the sheave holes every evening at sundown. The practice, it appears, still continues. Every evening when the sunset gun is fired the crew go aloft and ascertain that all the tackle is in working order. As there is still a liability to sudden storms, the precaution is doubtless useful, though Satan was unjustly suspected of the old offence. It would be well if Christians, who really are exposed to his hostility, were similarly on their guard. If the love of money and pleasure and a worldly spirit find lodgment in the soul, it is better that detection should come in a time of calm self-examination, than under the stress of sudden temptation when eternal shipwreck may result. (II. Cor. 2 : 11.)

A Modern Robinson Crusoe had a Strange experience recently. A New Jersey journal says that a fisherman of Greenville, went out as usual a few days ago in his boat. Coming in at night his vessel ran on a bank of sand off Oyster Island and capsized and sank. He took refuge upon the island. The tide was high, and there was barely enough of land exposed to afford him shelter. He could see the lights of his home on the shore as dusk deepened into night, and when they were extinguished he threw himself upon the rock of his island prison and tried to sleep. When day broke he tried to signal passing vessels, but they evidently did not see his signs. Finally he drew off his red shirt, and tying it to a fragment of driftwood, renewed his efforts to hail rescuers. Hunger began to gnaw, and with a bit of cord and a pin hook he caught some fishes and satisfied his cravings by eating them alive. Passing mariners meanwhile slighted his signals. They probably suspected that they were prepared for their delusion by mischievous boys. He remained on the island unrescued from Tuesday to Friday evening when a man who was on the bay with his boat, noticed the signal and went to his relief. His position on the island within sight of home was a type of the condition of many men who, living in a Christian land with a Christian training, are near the kingdom of God, but not in it. Many of them might be saved if ministers and Christian workers realized that help was needed. (Mark 12 : 34.)

THE BOOK OF THE LAW FOUND.

S. S. LESSON FOR JUNE 14, BY MRS. M. BAXTER II. CHRON. 34: 14-28. GOLDEN TEXT, PS. 119 : 72.

Hezekiah's Godless Son—Punishment and Repentance—A Bad King Deposed—The Pious Boy-King—His Inspired Mentors—The Work of Reformation—The Lost Book Discovered—Taken to the King—His Desire to Obey—Light Sought from a Woman—Huldah's Message.



EZEKIAH was succeeded on the throne of Judah by his son Manasseh, who, coming to the throne at the age of twelve years, the son of Hezekiah's old age probably, fell under the influence of bad men, and became more blasphemous and openly daring in his sin and rebellion against God then even his grandfather Ahaz. Manasseh's wickedness is described as

"Worse than the Heathen,

whom the Lord had destroyed before the children of Israel." (II. Chron. 33: 9.) "That servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." (Luke 12 : 47.) Manasseh was born in a godly household, the venerable form of the then aged Isaiah, was probably one of the recollections of his early years. Doubtless he was familiar with the temple worship, and even educated by godly scribes; and when his unregenerate heart inclined him to the practices of idolatry which put no check upon "the desires of the flesh and of the mind" (Eph. 2 : 3), and which left his guilty conscience undisturbed, he knew he was doing wrong. For many years God bore with him, and spoke to him and to his people, "but they would not hearken." At last great distress came upon the land, and the king himself was loaded with chains, and carried to Babylon. There he humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers," who, in his tender love and compassion heard and forgave him: "Then Manasseh knew that the Lord he was God."

The Boy King.

But Amon, his son, again dragged the land into idolatry, until, at the end of two years' reign, his servant slew him, and made his son Josiah king. Only eight years old when he began to reign, Josiah became converted eight years later, when he was sixteen, and four years later he began a work of reformation. By the side of this boy king, God raised up a boy-prophet in the person of Jeremiah, and a faithful priest in the person of Hilkiah, both of whom must have been a great support to the young reformer. How many faithful ministers following in a church those who have been unspiritual and worldly are ready to have hands which hang down and feeble knees; how many such complain of their lot, and say, "If only I might begin the work, it would be so easy; but to revive a broken down church, to pull down so much in order to build up, demands such patience, and seems so to hinder the progress which an earnest worker desires to make, that I cannot face it." But, dear tired fellow-worker, how could thy education be carried on if thou hadst not these humbling annoyances perpetually? How couldst thou discover the depth of pride in thy heart, if thou hadst not so much to mortify thee? How couldst thou discover thy want of love, except thou hadst continually to do with those who are unworthy and unloveable, or how understand the depth of love in the heart of thy God except thou hadst also the "contradiction of sinners against" thyself to meet with? We need to remember continually that God schools his instruments while he uses them.

The usual work of reformation, which was characteristic of an awakening among the children of Judah went forward; idols were destroyed, the land was purged from their worship, and the temple of the Lord was repaired. But cleansing, needful as it is, the doing away of abuses, although indispensable, is not all which ought to result from a true, a deep, a divine work of grace.

A Great Discovery

was made during the process of cleansing the temple; Hilkiah the priest, found the book of the law in the house of the Lord! What then? Had God's Word become so disused that even its whereabouts was unknown? Where were the "teaching priests" (II. Chron. 15 : 3; 17 : 7, 9), which, in the days of Asa and Jehosaphat, "taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people"? It was terribly true that in measure as the Word of God fell into disuse the land fell into idolatry.

And what about so-called Christian countries in this age of boasted light and intelligence? It is the exception, rather than the rule to find those who are gathered together to worship God, with their Bibles in their hand. Then, at family prayer, it is a rare exception to find all the members of a family or institution really following the reader, or reading verse by verse, and taking a hearty and intelligent part in the real study of the Word. Then again, in private Bible study, many, even of converted people, are content to read a single text, or two or three verses in a hurried manner, morning and evening, without taking pains to let God speak to them, or to yield themselves to the Holy Ghost's light; as he opens up in the Word the certain mind and will of God. Is it any wonder that those who make so little use of the chart which God has given us, should miss their way? Is it any wonder that those who take so little pains to discover it should remain "unwise," not "understanding what the will of the Lord is?"

Hilkiah the priest and Shaphan the scribe were not afraid to bring the book of the law to the king Josiah. These three were

Men of One Mind.

How unspeakably precious is it when God gives us fellow-workers who have a single eye, and who, with us, seek only the glory of God! The most difficult things become easy to those who are united thus. The king took to heart the words of the law which he heard; he made no attempt to trim them, explain them away, or reason off the sharp edge of this sword of the Spirit; "he rent his clothes" because his heart within was moved. Then he sent a little band of faithful ones whom he could trust, saying, "Go, inquire of the Lord for me, and for them that are left in Israel and in Judah, concerning the words of the book that is found." To whom shall they go? Who had the clue to the mind of God? Who was there in all Judah that had the thread of prophetic testimony, and who might be trusted to ascertain at this crisis God's direct word for his people? This time it was not Jeremiah, but

A Godly Woman.

Hilkiah the priest and Shaphan the scribe were not ashamed to learn the mind of God through Huldah the prophetess. What a lesson for nineteenth century Christians! A king, a high priest, a divine, at the feet of a God-taught woman! Only intense reality would have so humbled the pride of man! But, on the other hand, only intense reality on the part of this woman would have made her simple enough, and therefore humble enough, to be God's messenger to such august personages. But this was no exceptional work to Huldah, she was not a prophetess just for this occasion; the habitual presence of God in which she lived made every man—king, high priest, or scribe, though he might be—infinitely small in comparison.

Huldah's first message was to the king *as a man*, "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Tell ye the *man* that sent you:" and it was but a confirmation of all his terrible declaration of judgment. Her second message was to the king *as king*, "As for the king of Judah, who sent you to inquire of the Lord, so shall ye say unto him, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel concerning the words which thou hast heard; Because thine heart was tender, and thou didst humble thyself before God, when thou heardest his words . . . I have even heard thee also, saith the Lord. Behold I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace, neither shall thine eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and upon the inhabitants of the same."

Then the king held a national assembly, consisting of all the elders of Judah and Jerusalem, the priests and Levites and all the people, and then as the true kingly priest of his people, he took upon himself the reading of the Word of God. It was a scene to be remembered—a king reigning for God and by God, a king instructing his people in the way of the Lord. And then as a testimony that all he read was real to him, he "stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of the covenant which are written in this book." And, having thus set the example, "he caused all that were present in Jerusalem and Benjamin to stand to it." God send us rulers like this in these degenerate days!

MR. MORLEY'S BUSINESS.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for June 14. "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver." Psalm 119 : 72.

BUSINESS was over for the day in a large wholesale dry-goods house; the clerks and salesmen had dispersed to their homes, and the step of the night-watchman was the only one heard in the building, which an hour before, echoed with the hurried tread of three hundred busy employees. But a light was still burning in the private office of the proprietor, Mr. John Morley, where he and his manager sat talking.

"You see, Bailey," said Mr. Morley, "I have fixed on you because I can trust you. The doctor tells me I may die any day. I may live for years and I may not live a week. So I must have this thing settled."

"Yes, sir," said Bailey, "I see that. I wish I could induce you to make that other preparation you know of. It is of infinitely more moment to you to——"

"Oh yes, I know what you are going to say. As soon as this business matter is settled I will attend to the spiritual affair; but I cannot give my mind to it while the business question is open."

"I should have reversed the order," said Mr. Bailey. "I could not thiuk of business while the peril of dying, unprepared to meet God, was hanging over me."

"Well, the other is *my* way, and now if you please we will talk business." It was the employer who spoke *now*; the note of friendship had dropped out of his voice. "Reginald, of course, is my heir," Mr. Morley continued. "Being my only son he will have everything. But he is only eighteen, and if he were of age, I do not feel sure that it would be wise to put the whole capital in his hands. The simplest way, of course, would be to sell the business after my death, and give him the proceeds. It would be a handsome fortune for a young fellow. It would fetch half a million I should say. But there is no way of investing it that would bring the income it does here. Now my idea is to have you carry on the business and pay him the net profits every year, after he comes of age. The business would be his, but he does not like business, and he would not interfere, and I should think he would have too much sense to sell it. Now, if you say so, I will make my will in that way. Will you promise to work faithfully for him as you have done for me?"

"I will, sir," said Bailey. "It would be a pity to let so good a business go."

"Then that is settled. I know I can depend on your promise. You will have no trouble with Reginald. He is a fine fellow, though disposed to be extravagant. But he will have a splendid income. It is something to be proud of, starting from nothing as I did, and be able to leave the boy such a fortune. I suppose, if you were to die, you could not leave that son of yours a hundred dollars?"

"I have not been a money-making man," said Bailey, "I have lived on the salary you have given me and paid my way, but I could not save. My boy will have to depend on himself. I have brought him up to trust God and fear him. I hope he will get along. I have impressed upon him that money-making is not the chief end of life, and that he must not sacrifice his principles even if he could gain a fortune by doing so."

"Yes, I can imagine your line of talking to him. I am not sure that it is the best way to train a boy who has his own way to make. A very tender conscience is apt to hold a man back from some good things."

"I would prefer to have him miss things that he cannot get without sin."

"Well, you have your own notions. I expect he will be as poor a man as you are."

"Very likely, but I shall be content if he is a *better* man. Righteousness pays, even in this world."

"Well and good, if you are satisfied. I fancy Reginald is in the better case, with a fortune in hand. That is the best proof of what pays best in this world." Mr. Morley rose with a well satisfied air and put on his hat. "I will have the will made at once," he said.

There was another momentous interview in that same office twenty years afterward. The two men who had talked there twenty years ago were dead and in the places they occupied were two others, conversing just as earnestly. The elder of the two was a well known capitalist and the younger the son of that Mr. Bailey who had accepted the trust for his employer.

"Then it is finally decided to sell, is it Bailey?" asked the capitalist.

"Yes, Mr. Thorne," Bailey replied. "Mr. Morley has no alternative. He has withdrawn all the capital that can be spared and his creditors are pressing him now. He *must* sell, and he will have very little of the proceeds; his debts will absorb the bulk of it."

"Is it possible! Such a sum in so short a time! How has it gone?"

"I am not sure. The largest part went in Europe. My father believed that he was gambling, and horse-racing, and leading a fast life."

"Ah, it is a very sad end to a brilliant beginning! How strange it seems that the good things of this life should so often fall to men who do not appreciate them. Now if it had so happened that you had been in young Morley's shoes, what a magnificent fortune you would have made out of this business. You would not be selling it to pay your debts. Why don't you try to get it now, Bailey?"

The young man looked up with a smile. "That is far out of my reach, Mr. Thorne. The utmost I hope for is that it may fall into the hands of some one who will retain me at a salary."

"Well, I authorize you to hope for something better. You and I will buy the business and run it as partners."

Mr. Bailey shook his head. "I have no capital at all, nor any hope of getting it."

"No, but you have something better, something that I have more need of in a partner, and that is *conscience*. I have capital enough. There are plenty of men who would be willing to join me in this thing and put in half the money, but that is not what I want. I should have to look after the business and watch my partner too. Now with you, I can leave the whole thing in your hands with perfect confidence. I know you to be a conscientious man, living in accordance with God's law. A man with a conscience and no capital is better for my purpose than a man with a capital and no conscience. I can trust you and I would rather have you for my partner than a millionaire."

MILLENNARIANISM.

The Ancient Faith of the Church Now Held by Eminent Scholars and Preachers.

BY REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.*

THE orthodoxy of one age has not infrequently become the heterodoxy of another age. Of nothing is this saying more strikingly true than of the doctrine of our Lord's second personal coming. Justin Martyr, writing in the second century, states the doctrine of the millennial reign of Christ on earth subsequent to the first resurrection, and declares this to be the view of himself and "as many Christians as are right-minded in all things;" in the same paragraph adding that those who deny this doctrine, though "Christians" by name, are in reality atheistical and impious heretics." Whether Justin in this statement reflected the orthodox view of his age we will not affirm, leaving patristic scholars to settle that point. It is enough to remember that so eminent a Church historian as Prof. Harnack of Berlin, in summing up the testimony of the early fathers upon this question, gives this as his candid conclusion: "The claims of Millennarianism are sufficiently met by the acknowledgment that in former times it was associated—to all appearances inseparably associated—with the Gospel itself." And yet such has been the change of opinion, from the second century to the nineteenth century, that in our own day disciples have sometimes been excluded from our churches for holding the very view which Justin Martyr made a test of orthodoxy. Happily we may believe that a more tolerant sentiment towards this doctrine prevails among us at present; but unhappily there is a widespread misapprehension as to the primitive and orthodox standing of the reviving belief.

With only this too brief reference to the primitive historical claims of this doctrine, we refer in a word to

The Verdict of Exegesis.

Prof. Kendrick mentions four names as defenders of Pre-Millennialism, but he could have added those of Bengel and Delitzch, and Lange and Stier, and Godet and Volck, and Bleek and Gebhardt, and Kleifoth and Van Oosterzee, and Martensen and Ewald, and Rothe and Luthardt, and Auberlen and Christlieb, and Koch and Gehler, and Weiss and Schultze, and Hofman and Christiani, and Ebrard and Pfleiderer, and Tregelles and Ellicott, and Faussett and Ryle, and so many others that we have not room to name them. The weight of learned opinion is now so preponderating in favor of this doctrine, that here we may almost apply the word concensus. And not only scholars. The significant and concurrent fact is, that what is the doctrine of scholars has likewise come to be the faith of the practical evangelists of our day—Moody and Varley and Whittle, the four Needhams, and Munhall and Chubbuck, and Pratt and Pentecost, who draw their teachings directly from the Bible, unbiased by the verdict of critical scholarship. These, with a great company of foreign missionaries, who are bold confessors of "the Blessed Hope," constitute the evangelistic wing of this great new reaction in eschatology.

John Bunyan's Millennarianism is well known and generally conceded, he maintaining the early patristic view that the seventh milenniad will be the Sabbath of the World to be ushered in by the Advent of Christ. One of Bunyan's contemporaries—*Benjamin Keach*, an illustrious predecessor of Spurgeon in the pastorate, has left a very full confession of his views on this point. He was brought to trial Oct. 8, 1664, on the two charges of Anabaptism and Millennarianism. As he stood before Lord Chief-Justice Hyde, the representative of State-Church it was charged that he held "that the saints shall reign with Christ a thousand years." The judge pronounced this "an old heresy which was cast out of the Church a thousand years ago, and was likewise condemned by the Council of Constance five hundred years after, and hath lain dead ever since, till now this rascal hath revived it." Nevertheless, the stalwart Baptist preacher firmly defended his view, bringing out clearly the doctrine of the first Resurrection, followed by the Millennium and the reign of the saints, with Christ, and as the result he was condemned and sent to the pillory.

The Martyr Faith.

Dr. John Gill, the commentator and theologian has drawn out the Pre-Millennial scheme more fully and set forth the Scriptural arguments for it more cogently, perhaps, than any Baptist writer who has treated the subject. For a full statement of his views, we must refer the reader to his Body of Divinity and his Commentary on Revelation. Couple his testimony with that of Charles H. Spurgeon, who said, in a recent sermon, that there can be no Millennium without the presence of the visible Christ, "any more than there can be summer without the sun."

Hear *Roger Williams'* unequivocal utterance on the personal and imminent Advent of our Lord: "It is the council of God," he says, "that Jesus Christ shall shortly appear, a most glorious Judge and Revenger against all his enemies, while the heavens and the earth shall flee before his most glorious presence." But what did Roger Williams believe as to the condition of things on earth at Christ's appearing? Did he hold to that "from time immemorial" Baptist doctrine, the conversion of the world previous to the second Advent? Listen to him again. "The Lord will come when an evil world is ripe in sin, and Anti-Christianism; will come suddenly, and then will he melt the earth with fire and make it new. Till then I wait and hope."

I think we must conclude from these quotations that Millennarianism was the martyr faith of our denomination, even though it may not be the modern faith. The fact is, that this primitive doctrine of the Church has always tended to reappear with a fresh planting of the Gospel, and in a revival of spiritual religion. It is just as true that when the Church has entered upon a career of wordly prosperity, the tendency has been to repudiate this apostolic faith as antiquated, pessimistic, and out of joint with the times.

It is not putting it too strongly to affirm, with a thoughtful theologian, that this hope is made

"The Key-Note of all the Warnings

and admonitions and exhortations of the Scripture." Is it made so in the preaching of our modern ministry? On the contrary, has not the doctrine fallen into such neglect that hundreds of Christians have to acknowledge that they have sat for years under an evangelical ministry without ever having heard a sermon on this theme? How many well-instructed, orthodox Christians have confessed their surprise in hearing us speak of the subject, saying that they never knew before that the Second Coming meant anything else but death!

I will ask you to listen for a moment on this point to the most eminent living Baptist preacher, like Daniel, "a man greatly beloved." In his last address to the alumni of his Pastor's College, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said: "Once more, dear friends, our relation and position to our Lord is that of waiting for his coming. I do not know how far most of you are warmly affected toward the blessed truth of the Second Advent; but I trust that many of you believe it and are enlivened by faith in it. This great hope is gaining ground among lovers of evangelical doctrine. Our Lord may come right soon; certain signs raise our hopes very high. Let us take courage, and be of good heart; for while we lift Christ on high, and glorify his name, he is on the way to take up the quarrel of his covenant, and rout his foes."

*From his address in *Primitive Paths*, a volume containing the papers read at the Brooklyn Baptist Pre-Millennial Conference, which have been revised for publication by the authors. 145 pages. May be had by remitting 75 cents to *Albert Needham*, Manchester, Mass.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

WE are all sorry to have him go. But if he must go, we are glad that he went without languishing. Sudden death was to him sudden glory. He was a stout preacher of righteousness. We shall not forget a sermon which we heard him preach in our boyhood, from the text, "Quit you like men! Be strong!" He was a mighty debater on the floor of ecclesiastical courts. He was a genial friend, and a resounding antagonist. It would be affectation in the writer of this editorial to ignore the fact that he was my strongest assailant for many years. All the world knows that we had a controversy. But it was settled one year ago. After a brotherly editorial in this paper in regard to him, he wrote me a letter full of kindness, and said he would welcome me at the gate of heaven when I came in. To that letter I replied, saying I was sure he would arrive in that better country, and that I would be the most disappointed man that ever lived if I did not get there, too, and saying, also, that I was glad to have the difference between us settled in our mortal state, for it would be extremely embarrassing for us to meet in heaven if there were an earthly controversy between us not settled. Now that he is gone, it is a consolation that we were friends again before his departure. He did much hard work for God and the Church, and has entered into rest. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. We say to all men and women, especially Christian men and women, get your controversies settled during this life. The most of the differences between Christian people are founded on misapprehensions, or come from the fact that we look at things from different standpoints. Explain, mediate, apologize, forgive. Let us have communion of saints in expectation of the life everlasting.

DROWNED IN LETTERS.

WE remember the day when we received our first letter by mail. The postage mark, the superscription, the entire appearance of the missive is fresh in our memory. Then came the time when we wrote letters for the pleasure of getting answers. But the time has come to some of us when the mail-box is a terror. We long since despaired of making response to all communications that came to us. They are piled up on the shelf, on the table, on the hat-rack, on the wash-stand, on the floor. Many of them have never yet been opened. We mean no disregard or unkindness to our friends or foes; but there are not enough hours in the day nor days in the year to answer our letters and do the work that God seems calling us to do. We enjoy letters of encouragement, and we file them away to read in days of disheartenment. They are like cool water to the thirsty lip on a hot day. But these thousands of begging letters that would swamp the millionaires if affirmatively answered; these questions about the best modes of investing money, about the proper way to conduct Churches, about courses of reading best to pursue, about what seminaries are best for young ladies, about the financial standing of some members of our Church, about the more approved plans of ventilation, about all things in heaven and on earth and lower down, at times throw us into a state of despair. Please to hold up!

VIRTUE IN GOOD TYPE.

EVERY few years there goes through China the ophthalmy, a disease of the eye which leaves thousands of people in partial or total blindness. Small print is doing the same work in this country. There are type-founders blasting the eyesight of the people. There are publishers who pride themselves on the number of words they can get within a square inch, and under the process we are suffering a great national ophthalmy. Better not read at all than kill your eyes with small print. God gives us only two organs of sight, and the penalty of trifling with them is life-long twilight or midnight of vision. There is consequently a great rush upon opticians for spectacles. Girls and boys of fifteen at school must have their eye-glass astride the nose. There is a fearful sarcasm in the action of the man who comes on the railway-train at Albany with spectacles for sale, as much as to say, "with those fine-print books and newspapers you have been slaying your eyes all the way from Buffalo; I come in as an optical undertaker, just to try on you this coffin of spectacles." Young men and maidens, nothing you can hang on the bridge of your nose in the way of eye-glasses can give you such dignity or grace as a clear eye, blue, or black, or hazel, unharmed by dissipation, unextinguished by the type-setters.

Authors and publishers are often chagrined at the blunders of the printing press. A Frenchman, having counted three hundred typographical errors in his favorite book, gave up the ghost, and got out of the world as soon as he could. We wonder that a similar departure was not witnessed when one of our popular magazines was, by mistake of the printer-boy, called "The Epileptic Review." But the worst of all typographical errors is that of small type.

Let publishers not forget the failing sight of the old. As age comes on, father and mother cannot go out as much as they used to, and are more dependent upon reading for entertainment. Put not before their diminished sight typography that blurs and confounds them. In plain print tell them the news of the world out of which they go, and the news of the world which they are about to enter. Let the hymn-book, and the Bible, and the religious newspaper be in distinct letter-press. The poorest compliment ever paid to the Lord's Prayer was the cutting it in small letters on a five-cent piece. It is a hard thing for an octogenarian to "read his title clear" in type smaller than nonpareil or agate. It is a grand thing to have a page so plain that old age can read it with or without spectacles. Mother had two pairs—her "near-sighted" spectacles and her "far-sighted" ones. She wore them both at once—one upon the forehead, and the other on the nose, the distance of the object deciding which pair she would use. But one day she took off the "far-sighted" spectacles with which she had often looked toward heaven, and put on the "near-sighted" ones: it was just as she went into the Gate.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Rev. Francis N. Zabriskie, D.D., the famous scholar and writer on Theology, died at Princeton, N. J., on May 13, at the age of forty-nine.

At the Communion Service of the English Congregational Union at its recent anniversary at the City Temple, London, non-intoxicating wine was used.

At the recent Convention of the Epworth League of the New York East District, it was stated that the League now numbers three thousand members in that district.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York, has made an appeal for a fund of $50,000 to endow the Home for Deaconesses in connection with the Church.

The Rev. Thomas F. Gaylor, Chancellor of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., has been elected Bishop of Georgia by the Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions reports an increase of income for the past month, of $44,000 over the corresponding month of last year. During the eight months of the present financial year the total gain is $68,559.94.

Mr. James Dobson, the Wesleyan Mission Worker who conducts the services at Templar Hall, Liverpool, England, and has successfully labored among the dens of vice in that town, has landed on our shores. He was in need of rest and change of scene after his exhausting labors in Liverpool. He hopes to stay here a few months and gain some knowledge of our methods of Evangelistic work, as well as renewed strength, before his return.

The case of Dr. Briggs was before the General Assembly at Detroit on May 27, when Dr. Patton presented the report of the Committee on Seminaries. The Committee recommended the Assembly to "disapprove of the appointment of Dr. Briggs," and, in view of the fact that there appeared to be a difference of opinion between the Committee and the Directors of the Seminary as to the jurisdiction of the Assembly in the case, that a special Committee be appointed to confer with the Directors and report next year.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD evangelist, has been remarkably blessed at the Johnson Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. He began a two-weeks' Home Camp Meeting, Sunday, May 24. A number of persons made profession of faith at nearly every meeting held. A large Band of Christian Workers from the churches and missions, rendered efficient service. Sunday, June 7th, Mr. Cannon will open a series of Revival Meetings at the Asbury M. E. Church, Washington Square, New York, of which Dr. Stone is pastor.

The appeal made in this journal on May 9th, for funds to place a Sunday School Missionary in the field, has been promptly responded to. Dr. Paxson, the Superintendent of the work of the American Sunday School Union in the South-west, whose portrait was given in that number, said that $700 was needed for the purpose. The publisher of this journal offered to contribute $200 of the sum, if the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would contribute the balance. This has now been done and Dr. Paxson has been notified that "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Missionary" may now be placed in the field.

Mr. Charles Cook, the modern John Howard, has been holding special services in the prisons of Denmark, Sweden, and Finland, with evident tokens of blessing. He has sent on Testaments to the Siberian prisoners; and is now in Russia, and expects to journey through Poland. Every facility has been afforded him by the authorities. All work is stopped in the prisons while he is there, and services are held in the prison chapels. The King of Sweden gave special directions to the directors to help him, and meetings were held in the Queen's Home for Discharged Prisoners. At one service at Abo, in Finland he addressed 300 men who are under life sentences.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Russia's Hebrew Exodus—Edison's Latest Electrical Wonder—Death of Congressman Houk—Florida's Long Senatorial Fight Ended—The War in Chili—General, Foreign and Domestic Notes.

FRANCE has taken a frightful revenge for the murder of two explorers by the natives of Grand Bassam, a settlement in Upper Guinea, on the African Gold Coast. An expedition was sent to the interior and fought a battle, killing 800 natives and laying waste and subduing the surrounding country. The explorers — Messrs. Papillon and Vaturet—were assassinated on the Upper Lahn River, where they were making researches for the development of trade. They are said to have adopted a mistaken policy in dealing with the natives, who were unused to meeting white men. Instead of being kind and persuasive, the explorers menaced the Bassamese, who thereupon shot them down.

Memorial Day was Observed Throughout the country on the 30th ulto., by veteran and other organizations, with the usual parades and floral tributes to the dead heroes of the Civil War. At all the great cemeteries there were gathered thousands upon thousands to do honor to the day sacred to the valiant dead. In New York, Boston, Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore the parades were unusually fine and were witnessed by large crowds of spectators.

Menzel, the Coachman of Emperor William, is just now being made much of in Berlin for his courageous act in saving the Kaiser's life. Menzel was driving his royal master in the *troika* presented to William by the Czar of Russia, last winter, when the horses took fright. The Czar had previously warned William that *troika* driving was a risky affair, and that the horses, if they bolted, should be allowed to run straight ahead until they were exhausted. This advice might have been very good in the Russian capital whose broad, straight streets gave ample room for a runaway; but in Potsdam, where the streets are narrow and tortuous, it was quite different. So Menzel did the best thing under the circumstances and drove his runaway team right into a tree. The unlucky *troika* was ruined, the horses were badly injured, and the Emperor was shaken up but nowise hurt.

A Glass of Arsenic Solution, Mistaken for Ice water caused the death of Congressman Leonidas C. Houk, of Tennessee, at Knoxville, on May 25th. Mr. Houk, feeling heated, entered a drug-store and asked the clerk for ice water. The latter laid down the glass with the innocent beverage beside one containing poison and the Congressman grasped the wrong glass, swallowed its contents and expired in a few hours. Henry Loeffenhoeffer, the clerk, though held blameless, is almost insane over his terrible error. Mr. Houk was born in Sevier County, Tenn., in 1836, of poor parents. He had but little schooling and learned the trade of cabinet-making, studying law at night. When twenty-three, he had mastered enough of the principles of jurisprudence to pass an examination for the bar. When the war broke out, he enlisted and was quickly promoted to be Lieutenant and afterward Colonel of the Third Tennessee. Illness compelled his abandonment of the military career and he resumed the practice of law. He was a member of the Convention which nominated Grant for President in 1868, was elected to the Forty-sixth Congress from the Second Tennessee District, and re-elected seven times in succession. In Congress he was recognized as the leader of the Southern Republican delegation. Mr. Houk (whose portrait is given above), was a felicitous speaker and ready debater, especially on war issues.

Russia is Now Beginning to Experience the recoil of her brutal policy towards the Hebrews. She aimed to drive away not the rich Jews, but the poor and middle-class traders, and their compatriots, including all the great Hebrew bankers of Moscow and St. Petersburg, have espoused their cause and are leaving Russian territory, after withdrawing all their moneys and calling in their investments and loans. This is exactly what the Czar's government did not anticipate, and it is now vainly trying to prevent an exodus such as probably has never been known in modern times. Indeed, when the great Jewish bankers abandon Russia, it will be impossible to avert the ruin of many thousands of native merchants. Gen. Ignatieff, Governor of Kieff, is credited with being the chief agent in the persecution, and thousands are quietly submitting to expulsion, rather than undergo imprisonment and deprivation of property. Berlin is full of the refugees, who are receiving all possible kindness from their fellow-Hebrews there; other thousands are flocking to London.

One of the Subjects under Discussion by the Presbyterian Assembly at Detroit, last week, was the report of the Committee on Sabbath Observance, which was presented by Colonel Elliott F. Shepard, of New York. The report declares against the tendency toward the violation of the Sabbath as evidenced in the opening of art galleries and reading-rooms. The Committee recommended the closing of the World's Fair gates on Sundays. Meanwhile the progress of the Fair buildings, at Chicago, is exceedingly rapid. In the illustration the front of the proposed Machinery Hall is shown, this structure being intended as one of the largest on the grounds. The design has been approved and the work is to be pushed. It will be a veritable palace of the mechanical arts.

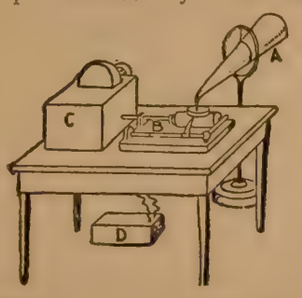
Paris has been Indulging in the Luxury of a strike in which the people sided with the strikers, although it was to their manifest inconvenience to do so. The stage-drivers, being dissatisfied with their wages and general treatment, quit work and when the omnibus companies, with the assistance of the police, attempted to run the stages, rioting followed. Finally, as the outlook became serious, the government felt justified in sending troops to take the places of the new drivers, and soldiers ran the stages for a time. About one hundred and thirty strikers were arrested. The drivers secured a reduction of hours and the reinstatement of employees who had been discharged.

An American Railroad King of Two Decades ago died in London last week. This was James McHenry, who was chief promoter of the Atlantic & Great Western, and other railroads, and the leading spirit in several large syndicates, which furnished the capital to develop American railroad facilities. At different times in his career, Mr. McHenry had financial struggles with Gould, Drew, Vanderbilt and others. His more recent ventures were undertaken with the backing of such powerful European capitalists as the Bischoffscheims and other famous bankers of London and Paris. He was an intimate friend of more than one European monarch, and was deeply involved in a movement to restore Queen Isabella to the throne of Spain and, later, in a similar effort to reinstate Napoleon III, both of these monarchs having been useful to him in his enterprises.

Florida's long Senatorial Fight Ended on May 26th by the re-election of Wilkinson Call, defeating Mr. Mays, the rival candidate, after a protracted deadlock during which ninety ballots were taken without result. After it had been demonstrated to Call's opponents that the struggle would be a protracted one, a number of them disappeared and thus prevented the caucus from taking action. They were then ferreted out by a sergeant-at-arms and brought to the bar of the Senate Chamber to answer for contempt. Even when compelled to take their places in the joint ballot they still refused to answer to their names; but a sufficient number of votes was finally secured to decide the election. Mr. Call, whose portrait is given in this column, was born in Logan County, Ky., and removed to Florida when quite a young man. He was elected to the Senate by the Republicans in 1879 and re-elected in 1885. Soon after the war he was elected Senator, but owing to some informality, was not allowed to take his seat.

Fighting Continues in Chili Without Cessation and the country is being drained of blood and treasure to supply material for the fratricidal warfare. Thousand of Chilians have fled to the Argentine Republic for safety, their homes being ruined and their personal liberty menaced by President Balmaceda's troops, who are unceasing in the persecution of all who favor the Congress party. The jails are full of young men, sons of the best families in Santiago and Valparaiso. Meanwhile the revolutionists have not been discouraged by recent reverses and seem determined to keep up the war, which is expected soon to culminate in a decisive action at Santiago. There have been no further developments in the matter of the insurgent steamer *Itata*, but it is believed she will be peaceably surrendered to our government, to permit the case to be tried under the rules of international law.

Thomas Edison, the Electrical Inventor, has once more justified his right to be called the "Wizard of Menlo Park," by a most remarkable invention which he calls the *Kinetograph*. By this instrument which combines the phonograph with an electrical photographing machine that takes continuous photographs at the rate of forty-six per second, he claims to be able to reproduce not only the words of an orator or the music of a singer, but movements of the body and every phase of expression on the features. The music and the action of an entire choir, vocal, or instrumental, can thus be reproduced. The photographs are taken on a long gelatine roll, which is unwound rapidly and passed before the magnifying glass or thrown on a screen on which the figures appear in all the natural attitudes, and with even the smallest movements of the facial muscles, reproduced in perfection. Several successful experiments have already been made with the new invention; the box used being like that shown in the illustration. A, represents the funnel; B, the phonograph; C, the kinetograph, and D, the electric battery.

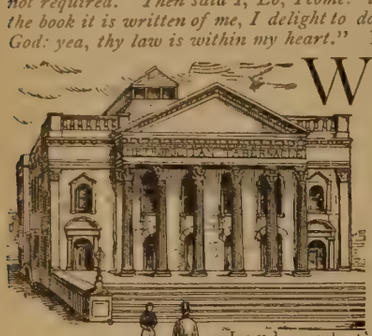


SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Divine Declaration—I. The Shadow Swept Away—The Meaning of the Offerings Forgotten—Removed Wholesale—Were Declared Unnecessary—Not to be Followed by Similar Types—II. The Revelation of the Substance—The Body Prepared—Occupied by a Pre-Existent Ego—III. The Declaration of Christ—In a Time of Failure—IV. Distinctly Foretold—V. A Delightful Mission.

"Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required. Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart." Ps. 40: 6-8.



WE have, in the use made of the passage by the inspired apostle, (Heb. 10: 5-7) authority for applying the quotation from the fortieth psalm to our divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We rejoice that the Lord Jesus himself here speaks of himself. Who but he can declare his own generation? Here he is both the subject of the words and the speaker also. The word is from himself and of himself, and so we have double reason for devout attention. He tells us what he said long ago. He declares, "Then I said, Lo, I come."

I. Without further preface, I call upon you to notice, first,

The Sweeping Away of the Shadow.

"Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire .... burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required." When the Son of God is born into the world, there is an end of all types by which he was formerly prefigured. The symbols end when the truth itself is made fully manifest. The sacrifices of the law had their times and place, their teaching and their influence. Spiritual men could have found in the rites and ceremonies of the old law a very library of Gospel literature; but, alas! the people were carnal, sensual, and unbelieving, and therefore they often forgot even to celebrate the appointed sacrifices: the Passover itself ceased for long periods, and when the festivals were maintained, there was no reality in them.

After they had been chastened for their neglect, and made to wander in exile because of the wandering of their hearts after their idols, they were restored from captivity, and were led to keep the ceremonial law; but they did it as a heartless, meaningless formality, and thus missed all spiritual benefit: with

The Unlighted Candle

in their hand they blindly groped about in the dark. They slew the sacrifices, and presented their peace-offerings; but the soul had gone out of the service, and at last their God grew weary of their formal worship, and said, "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me." When once the life is gone out of the best symbolism, the Lord abhors the carcase; and even a divinely ordained ritual becomes a species of idolatry. Toward the time of our Lord's coming, the outward worship of Judaism became more and more dead: it was time that it was buried. It had decayed and waxed old, and was ready to vanish away, and vanish away it did; for our Lord set aside the first, or old, that he might establish the second, or new. The stars were no longer seen with their twinklings, for the sun had arisen.

The removal of these things was wholesale. Nothing of the old ritual or ceremonial law was spared. A clean sweep has been made of all the ancient rites, from circumcision up to the garment with its fringe of blue. These were for the childhood of the Church, the pictures of her first school-books; but we are no longer minors, and we have grace given us to read with open eyes that everlasting classic of "the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Now is the brightness of the former dispensation eclipsed by the glory which excelleth.

And more, these sacrifices passed away with the mark upon them that they were not what God required. "Burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required."

What did God Require

of man? Obedience. He proclaimed by Samuel, "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." He saith in another place, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, But to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The requirement of the law was love to God and love to men. This has always been God's great requirement. Absolute conformity to the standard of moral and spiritual rectitude which he has set up is his demand, and he can be content with nothing less. These things are not found in sacrifice and offering, neither do they always go therewith, and therefore the outward sacrifice was not what God required.

They were so to be put away as never to be followed by the same kind of things. Shadows are not replaced by other shadows. The ceremonials of Aaron are not to be followed by another set of carnal ordinances. There are some who seem to think that they are so to be. Instead of rites which God has ordained we have rites of man's invention.

The Blessed Ordinances

of our Lord Jesus Christ, such as baptism and the Lord's Supper, have been prostituted from their instructive and memorial intent into a kind of witchcraft. These are instructive to you if you have a mind to be instructed, and if you know the truths which they set forth; but do not imagine that men have come under another kind of ceremonialism, another system of ritual and rubric, for it is not so. The rites appropriate to priests are abolished with the Aaronic priesthood, and can never be restored: "He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second." When he cometh into the world these carnal ordinances must go out of the world. Sacrifice and offering, burnt offering, sin offering, and all other patterns of heavenly things, are swept away when the heavenly things themselves appear.

II. Thus much upon the shadows being swept away; and now, secondly, let us view

The Revelation of the Substance.

We find the Son of God himself appearing. We read here, and we hear him say—"Mine ears hast thou opened." The Lord himself comes, even he who is all that these things foreshadowed. When he comes he has a prepared ear. The passage to the heart seems to be sealed in the case of fallen man. But when the Saviour came, his ear was not as ours, but was attentive to the divine voice. He knew what the will of the Lord was, and he could say, "I do always the thing that pleases him." As man, he had a divine instinct of holiness, which made him to know and love the Father's will, and caused him to translate that will into his own life.

But our Lord came also with a prepared body: hence the apostle Paul, when he quoted this passage, probably taking the words from the Septuagint translation, writes, "A body hast thou prepared me." You will wonder how, in one passage, it should speak of the ear, and the next should speak of the body; and yet there is small difference in the sense. The whole body of Christ was prepared for him and for his great work. It was a body made highly vital and sensitive, probably far beyond what ours are; for sin has a blunting and hardening effect even upon the flesh, and his flesh, though it was in the "likeness of sinful flesh," was not sinful flesh, but flesh which yielded prompt obedience to his spirit, even as his whole human nature was obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. His body was capable of great endurance, so as to know the griefs and agonies and unspeakable sorrows of a delicate, holy, and tender kind which it was necessary for him to bear. "A body hast thou prepared me."

He who assumed that body was existent before that body was prepared. He says, "A body hast thou prepared me. Lo, I come." He from old eternity dwelt with God: the Word was in the beginning with God, and the Word was God. Beloved, the human nature of Christ was taken on him in order that he might be able to do for us that which God desired and required. God desired to see an obedient man, a man who would keep his law to the full; and he sees him in Christ. God desired to see one who would vindicate the eternal justice, and show that sin is no trifle; and behold our Lord, the eternal Son of God, entering into that prepared body, was ready to do all this mighty work, by rendering to the law a full recompense for our dishonor of it! His body was prepared to this end. Incarnation is a means to atonement. Only a man could vindicate the law, and therefore the Son of God became a man. This is a wonderful being, this God in our nature. "Emmanuel" is a glorious word.

III. But now, thirdly, I call your attention to

The Declaration of the Christ,

made in the text: "Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire. Then said I, Lo, I come." Observe when he says this. It is in the time of failure. All the sacrifices had failed. The candle flickered, and was dying out, and then the great light arose, even the eternal light, and like a trumpet the words rang out, "Lo, I come." All this has been of no avail; now I come. It is in the time of failure that Christ always does appear. The last of man is the first of God; and when we have come to the end of all our power and hope, then the eternal power and Godhead appears with its "Lo, I come." When our Lord comes, it is with the view of filling up the vacuum which had now been sorrowfully seen. God does not desire these things; God does not require these things; but he does desire and he does require something better; and lo, the Christ has come to bring that something.

When he appears, it is as the personal Lord. Lay the stress upon the pronoun, "Lo, *I* come." The infinite Ego appears. "Lo, *I* come." "In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." He comes forth from the ivory palaces to inhabit the tents of manhood. He takes upon himself the body prepared for him of the Lord God, and he stands forth in his matchless personality ready to do the will of God. "It pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell." Everything is stored up in his blessed person, and we are complete in him. Observe the joyful avowal that he makes—"Lo, I come." This is no dirge: I think I hear a silver trumpet ring out—"Lo, I come." Here is a joyful alacrity and intense eagerness. The coming of the Saviour was to him a thing of exceeding willingness. "For the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross, despising the shame."

I think, too, I hear in this declaration of the coming One a note of finality. He takes away the sacrifice from Aaron's altar; but he says, "Lo, I come." There is an end of it. Read it, "Lo, I am come;" for it is in the present tense, and how sweet the sound! Christ is come, and joy with him. Read it as well in the future, if you will, "Lo I come," for

He Comes "the Second Time

without sin unto salvation;" here is our chief hope! "Lo, I come." He himself is the last word of God. "In the beginning was the Word;" and so he was God's first word. But he is the end as well as the beginning: God's last word to man; Christ is God's ultimatum. Look for no new revelation—"Lo, I am come," shines on for ever. Do not ask, "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" He has come; look for no other. Behold, he came to give what God desires, what God requires; what would you more? Let him be all your salvation and all you desire. Let him be "the desire of all nations." He is the fulfilment

f all the requirements of the human race, as ell as the full amount of what God requires.

IV. Next, I beg you to note the reference to

Preceding Writings.

le says, "Lo, I come: in the volume of the ook it is written of me." If I preached from he passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews, I ight fairly declare that in the whole volume f Holy Scripture much is written of our Lord nd prescribed for him as Messiah. Preaching s I am from the Psalms, I cannot take so long range. I must look back and find what was ritten in David's day, and within the Penta- euch certainly; and where do I find it written oncerning his coming? The Pentateuch drips ith prophecies of Christ as a honeycomb over- owing with its honey.

But I confess I do not feel shut out from an- ther interpretation. I conceive that our Lord ere refers to another book, the book of the ivine purposes, the volume of the eternal ovenant. That sealed book, upon whose ecrets no angel's eye has looked, a book writ- en by the finger of God long before he wrote he book of the law upon tables of stone, that ook of God may be spoken of in the Psalm, 'And in thy book all my members were written, vhich in continuance were fashioned, when as et there was none of them." Our Lord came o carry out all his suretyship engagements: his work is the exact fulfilment of his engage- nents recorded in the eternal covenant, "or- tered in all things and sure." He acts out every nysterious line and syllable, even to the full.

V. I must close with the delight of

Him that Cometh.

He said, "Lo, I come." As I have already told rou, there is wonderful delight in that exclama- ion—"Lo, I come;" but lest we should mistake our Lord, he adds, "I delight to do thy will, O ny God: yea, thy law is within my heart." There can be no denial of his joy in his service. He had a prospective delight as to his work. Be- fore he came, he delighted in the thought of his incarnation. As God, he was infinitely blessed; but he knew nothing by experience of the life of man, and into that sphere he de- sired to enter. To the Godhead there can be no enlargement, for it is infinite; but still there can be an addition; our Lord was to add the nature of man to that of God. He would live as man, suffer as man, and triumph as man, and yet remain God: and to this he looked forward with a strange delight, inexplicable except upon the knowledge of the great love he bore to us.

May I go a step further and say that he had an actual delight in his bodily coming among men? "I delight to do thy will, O my God"—not merely to think of doing it. When our Lord was here, he was the most blessed of men. Do you start? Do you remind me that he was "a man of sorrows?" I grant you that none was more afflicted; but I still stand to it, that within him dwelt

A Joy of the Highest Order.

To him it was joy to be in sorrow, and honor to be put to shame. Do you think that lightens our estimate of his self-denial and disinterested- ness? Nay, it adds weight to it. Some people fancy that there is no credit in doing a thing unless you are miserable in doing it. Nay, brethren, that is the very reverse. Obedience which is unwillingly offered and causes no joy in the soul, is not acceptable. We must serve God with our heart, or we do not serve him. Obedience rendered without delight in render- ing it is only half obedience. You shall say what you will about the greatness of my Lord's agonies. You shall never go too far in your estimate of his unfathomable griefs; but going with you to the full in it all, I shall take liberty still to say that he had within himself a foun- tain of joy, which enabled him to endure the cross, and even to despise the shame.

Hear this one other word. It is all done now. And shall I tell you, need I tell you, what must be the delight, the heavenly joy of our Lord, now that the work is finished? He is now the focus, the centre, the source of bliss. What must be his own delight! What a heaven of delight shines in those eyes of his! Jesus wept for these sinners, but now he re- joices over them. How resplendent are the nail-prints to-day, for the redeemed of the Lord's death are believing and repenting! That blessed countenance which is always as a sun, shineth in the fulness of its strength, now that he sees of the travail of his soul.

Use the Book.

Go, and take to the heathen this sacred Book. "In the volume of the book it is written of him." Do not begin to doubt the Book yourself. Why should you send missionaries to teach them about a book in which you do not your- self believe? Tell the nations that "In the volume of the book it is written of him." Be- lieve this Book, and spread it. Help Bible so- cieties, and all such efforts; and aid missionary societies, which carry the Book and proclaim the Saviour. The men of the Book of God are the men of God, such as the world needs. Bid such men go and open the Book of God, and teach the nations its blessed news. Go, dear friends, and assure the heathen that there is happiness in obedience to God. So the Saviour found it. He delighted in God's will, even to the death, and they will also know delight as in their measures they bow before the authority of the Word and the will of the one living and true God, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. Give glory unto God, whom our Lord Jesus has come to glorify. Amen.

REV. W. T. LAMBOURNE.

Arrival of the Famous Baptist Pastor and Philanthropic Laborer of the East of London.

A VALUED Christian laborer, whom the Churches will gladly welcome, has just arrived here from England. The visitor is the Rev. W. T. Lambourne, of the East of London, whose famous Tabernacle many of our country men have visited while staying in the British metropolis. Mr. Lambourne, whose portrait is here given, is the kind of man our readers will like to hear. He is a stalwart Baptist, highly esteemed by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. He is a strong Pre-Millennarian, who vigorously maintains the doctrine of the Lord's personal coming and believes that it is near at hand. And thirdly, he has a warm heart and a willing head and hand in philanthropic labor. During the recent terrible time of distress in London, Mr. Lambourne was one of the most prominent workers among the poor. His own money and thousands of dollars sent to him by philanthropists were used by him in feeding the starving and providing shelter for the homeless. During that period he often spent twenty hours out of the twenty-four in going from street to street in the most squalid districts looking after the sick and the poor, administering to their wants. One day a friend met him hurrying homeward to get his wife's watch that he might sell it to keep a family from being evicted. "Why don't you sell your own watch?" his friend asked. "Oh!" said Mr. Lambourne, "that was sold last week." At the end of the time of stress the pastor was completely worn out by his labors and by the poisonous atmosphere of the dwellings in which so many of his hours had been spent. We trust that his visit here may be beneficial to him and that he may find many opportunities during his stay of speaking for the Master, whom he loves and has served so well. Letters for him, if sent to this office, will be forwarded to him.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A Reform Movement.*

MONTVERD was a New England manufacturing city. The Rev. Mr. Barnes soon found much to occupy his mind and heart and time. The nightmare of poverty and the curse of intemperance were everywhere. An opportunity soon came to him to attack the greatest evil of modern days. He preached what he regarded as his strongest and most eloquent sermon. To his astonishment, the congregation received his fiery attack with indifference. Only one deacon referred to the sermon. Deacon Worthington,—a wise, far-seeing old gentleman.

"You gave us an excellent sermon this morning on temperance; but I would not say much on that subject if I were you. Our people are not used to temperance sermons. I am an older man than you, and my advice, from bitter experience, is for you to let this and all so-called popular questions alone. Thousands of ministers have wrecked their churches on popular questions."

"You astonish me, deacon," replied Mr. Barnes. "I have always felt it was my duty to discuss the live issues of the day, and supposed that my people would be only too glad to hear them."

"You must count the cost before you begin in any social warfare. If you will be a reformer, be sure that the fate of the reformer will follow you."

Rev. Charles Farrar was a neighboring minister of the same denomination.

"My dear brother (said he), I will join in anything that will help us to rid the earth of this fearful curse to modern civilization. Why, my boy, I was in such work before you were in short clothes. But you have no idea what an effect it will have on your future prospects. If you are willing to take the consequences, I will join you."

He met Mr. Jones at his gate, about to start on a round of parish calls. "Bless your soul! You can count on me all the way through. Yes, Barnes; I'm with you from the hallelujah to the Amen."

"Such matters (said the Rev. Dr. Pendleton) the church very wisely leaves to the courts. While I am a devoted friend of true temperance, I should seriously object to engage in any crusade against the liquor traffic."

The Raid.

"Sheriff," said lawyer Deems, "I have bad business for you. Those temperance people have sworn out a lot of complaints against the whiskey men and the hotels. They want all the bars and saloons in the city raided to-morrow—the first thing to-morrow morning."

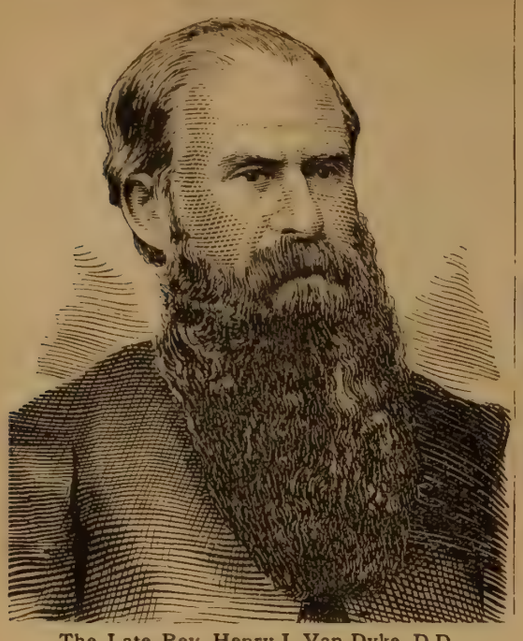
"Is this genuine business, Squire, or only tip 'em a wink?"

I am sorry to say it is genuine this time, Sheriff,' he replied, gloomily. "We must make a clean sweep of the dives, every one of them, too. Sent Spotum to the Raven. Order the constables to raid the groggeries on the Flat. Do it so as to take 'em all by surprise."

By halfpast seven, the raiding had begun. Sheriff Halt headed the posse that raided the Mansion House. Mr. Sherry received them courteously, and said: "Gentlemen, you are at liberty to search my premises. Begin where you please."

"Officers, follow me," said the sheriff. They entered the bar-room and found nothing but a row of empty bottles, decanters and glasses. They then went on into the cellar and examined the empty casks and barrels. "Well, gentlemen, let us try the barn," said the sheriff. "We want this thing done thoroughly." To the barn they proceeded and found nothing.

* From *One Man's Struggle*. A graphic and impressive story for Temperance Believers and Workers; by Rev. George W. Gallagher; 12 mo., 169 pp., price 1.00. *Funk & Wagnalls*, N. Y.



The Late Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D.

Dr. Van Dyke's Church in Remsen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Officers," said the sheriff, in a loud voice, "We shall have to report nothing found. Somebody has given Sherry the tip." He wrote on the warrant: "After diligent search, nothing found—Ezekiel Halt."

But twenty saloons were found containing sufficient quantities of liquor to cause the arrest of their proprietors. The offenders were summoned to the police court.

"What will you do, Mr. Duffy?" asked the judge. "Plead guilty?"

"Guilty, yer honor—what am I guilty of? Is it a crime in a free counthry to give a friend a glass of beer? What did that miserable hayseed gossoon of a constable say, who kem on me unbeknownst?"

"He found you selling liquor over the bar."

"What's me fine, yer Honor?"

"As this is your first offence, Pat, if you will plead guilty, or plead *nolo contendre*, I'll let you off without any fine." said the judge. "But Pat, if you're caught again, it will go hard with you."

"If I get caught agin, yer Honor, it will be whin I'm aslape. Bad luck to that counthry-min. If ever I see the pumpkin-headed chap out-o'doors, I'll——"

"There, Pat, be careful, or I'll have you committed for contempt of court."

The others were disposed of in the same manner.

"Nothing remains but to keep the fight up for all time," said Mr. Barnes thoughtfully. "How little we have done! We have preached, lectured, agitated and labored. We have arrested a few liquor-dealers and they have escaped the just penalty of their crime against the law."

FOX WORSHIP IN JAPAN.

One of the Singular Phases of Idolatry in "The Land of the Rising Sun."

(See Illustration on page 349.)

OUR illustration of a Japanese Fox shrine is taken from a picture recently secured by a traveller in that country and represents the interior of a temple. Before the shrine of *Inari* (the Japanese title of the God of Rice Crops,) kneels a priest to implore the deity who in vulpian form is believed to offer special protection to the growing rice.

The fox is a special servant of *Inari*, the Rice-God, and far from being hunted to death for the pleasure of sportsmen, as in Europe and America, he is everywhere treated with profound respect and even veneration. A native meeting a fox will immediately salute the animal and give him the right of way, whether he be in the field, on the highway or in the garden. Indeed, it is not an uncommon thing, especially in the rural districts, to see in the gardens of hotels or in the grounds that surround farm-houses of the better class, small and prettily designed fox shrines, similar to those in the illustration. These are tastily decorated and supplied with flowers, fruit and food, for reynard supposably, but which are really appropriated by the priests who visit these shrines with unfailing regularity. In the illustration the priest is shown upon his knees in the centre while the children look on interestedly watching him at his devotions.

Wonderful progress has been made during a quarter of a century in spreading the religion of Jesus Christ in Japan. In hundreds of districts throughout the country, the shrines of the old idols, though still standing, are no longer crowded by superstitious worshippers as of yore. In the great cities where progress has been made in the translation of the Bible and in missionary work, the temples of the ancient heathen gods have been shaken and slowly but surely the superstitions of many centuries are yielding like mists before the sunrise of Gospel truth. Those among our readers who have recently contributed to the support of Mr. J. McLain Brown who is laboring at Tokio will be glad to learn that he writes most hopefully of the future of Japan.

THE LATE DR. HENRY J. VAN DYKE.

(See Portrait and Illustration.)

THE sudden death of Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke, on May 25, has caused widespread regret, not only in Brooklyn, where he was best known, but in many other cities, and throughout the Presbyterian Church. He had but recently accepted the Professorship of Dogmatic and Systematic Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York, and was looking forward to a period of congenial and honorable service. To his church, which he had faithfully served for thirty-eight years, he had tendered his resignation and it had been reluctantly accepted. A few more weeks of pastoral labor remained to him; he wished to hold a farewell communion service, and to close up the affairs of some occupations connected with his long pastorate,and then he would pass from the pulpit to the professor's chair with that consciousness of duty completed which is so precious to the true worker. This, however, was not permitted him. But he had worked to the last and when the unexpected summons came, he said with the acquiescence of childlike simplicity, "I am ready to go."

Neither he nor those around him apprehended this sudden close of his useful life. He preached on Sunday, May 24, as usual. Near the close of his evening discourse he was troubled with pain in the region of the heart, but it soon passed and did not interrupt the service. Another attack occurred early the next morning, but was brief like the first. H consulted his physician who recognized hi danger and insisted on entire and immediat rest. Dr. Van Dyke, however, felt so well, th he decided on keeping an engagement to a tend the Ministers' meeting that morning i New York. On his return he spent the evenin cheerfully at home with some friends,apparen ly in his usual good health and spirits. Abo ten o'clock he was again seized with the pain i the heart. His physician was immediately sum moned, but the sufferer was beyond the powe of medical skill and before an hour had passe he breathed his last.

On May 21, of last year, a sketch of Dr. Va Dyke's life appeared in this journal; it is ther fore unnecessary to do more here than brief mention its leading events. He was born Abingdon, Penn. March 2, 1822. He studie at the Latin School of that town and afterwar at the University of Pennsylvania. Graduatin in 1842, he entered Princeton Theological Sem nary, where he took the two-year course, at th end of which he was ordained. His first charg was at Bridgeton, N. J., from which after seve years labor he removed to Germantown, Pen In June 1853, he accepted an invitation fro Brooklyn to what is now known as the Secon Presbyterian Church. He was there ever afte though many efforts were made to attract hi to other spheres of labor. One call came fro the Theological Seminary of Columbia, S. C which elected him Professor of Dogmat Theology. A second came from a church Nashville, Tenn. This he accepted, but Prov dential circumstances led him to re-consider h decision. A third call came from the Sem nary at Allegheny,Pa., and a fourth to the Sem nary at Oakland, Cal. These were evidences respect which must have been gratifying him, but which he felt it his duty to declin One other honor must also have pleased hi It was that of being elected Moderator of th General Assembly, which in 1876 met in Broo lyn. Dr.Van Dyke was married in 1849. Of h family,consisting of three sons and one daug ter, his wife and two sons survive him. O of them—Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke—is pastor the Brick Church, New York, and the other Paul D.Van Dyke is Professor of Church Histo at Princeton.

The recent election of Dr. Van Dyke to t Professorship at Union Theological Semina was to have been submitted to the General A sembly at Detroit last week for confirmatio That it would have been cheerfully accorde there can be no doubt. His personal cha acter, his literary attainments and his ort doxy were alike unquestioned. But the A sembly has no such pleasant duty to p

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Devotions Before a Fox-Shrine in Japan. (*See page 348.*)

Is it less his prayer now that he has
ched the plane above the turmoil and strife
this world? Better than all the honor to his
mory and tributes of personal esteem that
rendered in the assembly, would be a quick-
ng of the spirit of brotherly love among the
thren, and a cessation of the strife which he
deeply deplored.

A LETTER FROM BISHOP TAYLOR.

THE many friends of Bishop William Taylor among our readers will be pleased to have the latest news of him. It came in a let- to his son, Rev. Ross Taylor, who has kind- sent it to us for publication. Writing from nana in the Congo State, on April 14, the shop says: "Last night I slept aboard our amer, the *Anne Taylor*. No such cabins on y other river steamer on the Congo. Mrs. ter was very ill when she came aboard, two nths ago, but is now much better. She will quire a year at home to restore her fully. This amer, with her splendid cabin accommoda- n, will be the best and cheapest sanitorium r Congo workers they can find this side Europe or America. She is running d will get all the work she can do. e has made one trip to Boma and return. We to Angola in the Gaboon at noon to-day. I ll visit our Mission stations in that Province, d return to Congo, I hope in five or six weeks om this date, to open new fields in the north ngo region. We are now just starting on a ief excursion up Banana Creek." Two days er the Bishop having arrived at St. Paul de anda, Angola, adds this postscript: "We chored here yesterday at 4 P. M. No boats r hire here, so we remained aboard. About 30 P. M., Rev. E. A. Withey, our Presiding Elder r Angola District, came aboard, and remain- all night. He is looking well, and reports neral good health among our people, and rosperity in their work; including abundant lf-support in all our Angola Stations. T o of their dear children went to heaven last Novem- ber, Sammy Mead, and his baby brother. Bro. Withey says that Sammy was manifestly ripen- ing for heaven for a year before he went."

THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 335.*)

The Summer Sun Shines.

THE hereditary saw-mill of Captain Allen was one of the few survivors of the hundred brave mills which were once driven by the various waters of Schuylkill County. In early days the rugged surface of that county was covered with magnificent forests of chestnut, oak, beech, maple, birch, poplar, and pine. The Captain's mill stood where his grandfather had built it, but its glory had departed. All the better kinds of timber had perished. When new houses were built, brick and manufactured lumber from Maine and the Carolinas supplied the contractors. The acres which belonged to the mill were few and unproductive.

One misfortune after another had pursued the Allen generations. Their little property was mortgaged. The Captain, until he had reached middle-age, had been the sole support of an invalid sister. During the years of his tendance upon her, 'Liza, having been obliged to give up her early school-teaching, had been nurse and provider for a paralyzed father. At last, when her father was gone, and the years of their youth had gone also, the Captain and Eliza married. Within six months, the house, in which three generations of Allens had been sheltered, was burned to the ground, and the newly married pair saved little besides the stove, crockery, and cooking utensils of the outside kitchen. This might have overwhelmed a less energetic couple, but, gathering themselves together after the first amazement the Captain proceeded to fit up two rooms below the mill for a domicile, and make tables, bedsteads, and other furniture therefor, while Eliza sewed and nursed for her neighbors, until she had earned enough for another plenishing of household linen, blankets, and curtains. Her busy hands were never still; she was always contriving something for her little home.

Besides the mill, the Captain owned a barge, the *Fair-Weather*. It was a wide, clumsy craft, built for safety and capacity for lading. The Captain supplemented the small income of the mill by a yearly voyage to Philadelphia, down the Schuykill and its system of canals.

This voyage generally occupied six weeks. It was undertaken at the beginning of June. The barge had a great square sail, which could be used when the wind chanced to serve, but its progress was generally made along the river by a setting-pole. Through the canals horses were hired for towing, though Captain Allen remembered well when he and his brother, who had long since "gone West," used themselves to tow their father's boat through the canals by fastening the towing-line to the middle of a stick, the ends of which they braced across their breasts, as they stoutly dragged their boat. This voyage was the great event of the year to the Allens. It was a long picnic. At the city the Captain bought the one ready-made suit, and Eliza the one gown-piece, which they allowed themselves for each year. Eliza also bought a little bonnet-trimming, some shoes, factory cloth and calico. Nor was she restricted in the dear delight of shopping by the poverty of her own purse. Her neighbors sent by her for various articles, which she had the pleasure of purchasing at Philadelphia stores. But the real object of the trip, was not merely buying, but selling. The Captain sold on commission, or bought and resold, honey, butter, cheese, home-cured bacon, ham and pork, corn-husk mats, hand-knit socks and mittens, and many other articles, for which he had had for years regular purchasers in the city.

This voyage now began to be talked of. Robert understood that they were going somewhere in the boat, and he was to go too.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"Down to the city, where you came from," said Jerry.

"You won't tate me back?" cried Robert, turning wide eyes of terror on the Captain.

"No, indeed, my man, we'll keep you forever," said the Captain. It did cross his mind that if the boy were seen and claimed by his parents, he, the Captain, would be freed from his oath of abstinence. But, at the same time, the Captain felt sure that liquor drunk at the expense of losing Robert would be liquor that cost far too dear. He was prepared to do valiant battle with all creation for the ownership of the child. And, indeed, even the unmaternal tramp who deserted him would not have been at all likely to recognize in the jolly, rosy, plump, spotlessly-clean child with the shining curls, the thin, pale, frightened, dirty little one she had abandoned on the roadside.

That Robert had been brought to Schuylkill county from some great city they were sure from the child's notions and remarks. When first he had seen the impetuous waters of the Lal's Creek, he had said that they must come from "an awful big hyd'ant, and why did they let 'em run away?" When he saw Jerry milking the cow, he had thrown that one-eyed youth nearly into convulsions by saying that he "didn't know milk come from a live hyd'ant." At first he was afraid to walk on the grass, lest the cops, which is gamin vernacular for policemen, should "get him." As for flowers, the first day that he found Pink picking liberal dandelions and buttercups, he kept checking her, and taking the flowers from her, and hiding them. At last, as the little maid kept on, and Eliza was coming, he seized all the flowers and held them himself. At this Pink wept.

"Give Pink her flowers," said Eliza.

"They's mine, I picked 'em!" insisted Robert.

"Why do you say that?" said Eliza, finally, "it is very, very naughty. I saw Pink pick them. You did not pick one."

"I picked 'em," asseverated Robert, "if Pink picked 'em the cops will get her—and—and she's too little for the cops to get. I'm big."

Thus Eliza perceived that the infant Bayard was ready to sacrifice himself to the police in the stead of Pink. In fact, Pink had a true knight in Robert. "Half for Pink" became a byword in the family. Whatever Robert got, Pink had the half, and if he divided, the half for Pink was manifestly the larger half. Every apple or orange given him by customers at the mill, every cake dealt out by Mrs. Deacon Britt, was "half for Pink." Finally, a man who was having some corn ground, for the mill had a run of stones for grinding corn, gave Robert a bright new cent. He ran to Eliza, held it up, and looked at it with eagerness.

"Tan you break it?—half for Pink!"

"Oh, no, you can't break a penny," said Eliza (who, in her school-keeping days, had broken a sixpence with Captain 'Zekiel).

Robert gave half a sigh and half a second to thought, then, "All for Pink," he said, cheerfully, and handed over his first fortune with a smile.

No wonder that Captain 'Zekiel thought this little gentleman worth all the drinks in the world.

Once assured that nothing should part him from his new parents, Robert beheld with interest the process of cleaning, repairing, and lading the barge *Fair-Weather*.

"Am you going, Jerry?" he asked "the Hands" one evening. "Don't you want to go on the boat?"

"No, I ain't," said Jerry, "and I don't want to go. I don't hanker after no cities. I had enough of 'em when I was little. Cities is all smells and yells."

"You might go to the hospital again," said Robert.

"Not unless I lost one of my arms, and I hope I won't be so unfort'nate" said Jerry. "The hospital is the nicest part of the city, but this is nicer than the hospital, by a long shot. Besides, you see, Robert, somebody must stay home. There's the cow to look after, and the chickens to feed, and the pig to be tended and the garden to be weeded and hoed, or we won't have any potatoes, or beans, or corn for winter. Then somebody, like as not, will want some corn ground or some boards run out, and I've got to be here to 'tend to business."

"Won't you be lonesome, Jerry?" asked Robert.

"Not much. I'll have a tip-top time. There's all the wood-ashes from the winter leached, and the winter soap-grease ready, and I'm going to make the year's soap. The ma'am she 'lows there ain't a woman in this district can make as good soap, both hard and soft, as Jerry can. Then the cow is giving lots of milk, and there'll be none of you here to use milk or butter, and I'll churn every week twice, and Saturday's I'll borrow Deacon Britt's rowboat, and I'll go down to Lacy and sell my butter, and all the eggs the hens lay, and any garden-sass that's growed, and when the ma'am gets back I'll have a nice little bag of dollars for her. The ma'am she 'lows there was never such a feller to make money as Jerry. I don't want better vacation than going down to Lacy Saturdays to sell my things. The ma'am she 'lows that Jerry could make a livin' on a bare rock, and so I could."

"What would you do on the bare rock, Jerry?" asked Robert, with the earnestness of a disciple.

"I'd," said the master of economics, taken aback by the practicality of the question, "well, I' pound up the rock, and sell it 'stead of cuttle-bone for cage-birds!"

"What makes it so much nicer here, Jerry, than in the city? What makes the city all smells and yells?" asked the pupil.

"It's my 'pinion," said the one-legged preceptor, "that what ruins the city is the whiskey. The yells comes from the whiskey out and out, fighting, falling, squabbling. The smells, they come from the dirt, the dirt you find along with the smells where it is very poor, and the poorness comes from drinking the whiskey. What makes here so much better than the city, is—water. You see the water there? It turns our mill. It waters the trees and grass and flowers. It makes all cool and clean and pleasant; and if we didn't have water here we couldn't have birds or squirrels 'round us."

Robert, like Jerry, preferred the country to the city. He took readily to his rural surroundings, soon learned to drive the cow home from her feeding on the hillside, learned to spy out the birds'-nests in grass and bush, and watched them in such intense quiet as not to alarm the brooding birds. He would stand fascinated to watch the squirrels, red and gray, whirling round the tree-trunks; and then, what wordless joy he found in the downy broods of chickens! To take food and water to the speckled mothers of those fluffy, cheeping balls, was pure joy. So dear were the delights of the home at the mill, that Robert's mind was equally divided between the home and the prospective trip.

While Jerry had always called his protectors "The ma'am" and "The Cap'n," Robert called them "father and mother." Jerry, well-esteemed and well-cared for, was always "The Hands." Robert slipped at once into the place of a treasured son. Nor was it without envy, that the lately criticising neighbors saw the Captain and 'Liza "come to meeting" with the new boy in their household band. "Going to meeting" was, in the Lal's Mountain district, a family affair. On the blue benches of the school-house there was, between the father and mother, no vacuum abhorred of God, occasioned by the leaving of the children to play at home during church-time. The honest people came, and brought their children. The infants sat on their mothers' knees. Sometimes they slept, sometimes they ate cake, sometimes they "spoke in meeting" a few words of infantile babble, but no minister had ever been heard of there who asked a mother to "remove that child," or to "keep that child still." The indefeasible right of the children in the house of their God was recognized.

So, on those calm, fragrant, sunny, summer Sabbaths the Allen family walked the mile to the old red school-house, Captain 'Zekiel carrying Bop, and Robert leading Pink, and Jerry vigorously stumping in the rear of the line of march.

"That is a lovely boy," said Mrs.

(*Continued on next Page.*)

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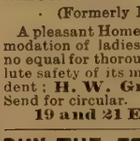

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THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

(*Continued from preceding Page.*)

con Britt, bestowing unlimited l-cake on the well-behaved infant. rish you'd give him to me, Mrs. n. You have your own, you could e him."

He is my own, now," said 'Liza. ouldn't spare him by any manner neans."

o. Thanks to Robert, she looked vard with unalloyed pleasure to trip down the Schuylkill. Here- re her stay at Philadelphia had n troubled by the numerous invi- ons the genial Captain received to k—and the great difficulty of ping him from wasting that hard- ned money which was to pay the 's interest on the mortgage. But as the Captain was a man of his d, Mrs. 'Liza could take her trip a cheerful heart.

nd so, on a June day, the *Fair- ather* started. There was a tiny n fitted up with three berths for family, a little charcoal stove for cooking, washing, and ironing. provisions were aboard. The ght was all piled up safely under deck, or covered with tarred tar- lin on the deck. There was no king of trunks, or buying of gar- nts, or making a travelling-gear this journey. Eliza put a few nges of raiment into a little blue , and the Captain carried it aboard his shoulder; the children went their ship bare-footed, in the ten- t chip-hats, whereof the careful a had lined the brims with green co. "The Hands" stood on the k and waved his arm, his crutch, his wooden leg in farewell. Mis- ss 'Liza wasted no breath on tell- the invaluable Jerry what to do— knew. Like Joseph, all that his ster had was under his hand.

hen Mrs. Eliza sat down on a kit- n chair beside the tiller, to lend a d in steering, if need be; the ut Captain planted his setting-pole he bed of the stream, and, bow- his huge frame against it, walked great strides along the deck; and s propelled, and aided by the cur- t, the *Fair-Weather* swept away m the mill, while Robert and Pink, their knees, leaned their heads r the low bulwarks, and laughed heir own reflections in the danc- waters. The year before, Pink d done little but scream and keep baby screaming, all the way to iladelphia and back—and the Cap- n also had visited the big bottle ener than usual. But now, blessed Robert's curly head! the terms of "Treaty of Lal's Mountain" had en, "No bottle—no tantrums!" dame Eliza was at peace.

'There are plenty to want Robert w," she had casually remarked one y, knowing well that she was pre- red in her heart to fight any one like ioness for the possession of him. Down the creek, which, making a nd about the foot of Lal's Moun- n, just after leaving the mill, wid- ed and deepened, and rolled more ggishly, until it joined the Schuyl- l, they floated into the often-sung ver. Above them shone flecked re and there with soft clouds, like e famous golden fleece, those blue ne skies of the Keystone State nich rival the skies of Italy. They ifted by those "flowery banks" nich were bright to the eyes of the poet Moore. The long grasses, the willows and the birch leaned to touch the clear waters; the banks swept in goodly curves, now high, now low; here, little shapely cedars, like Christmas-trees, stood erect above the gray lichen-decked stones; there, brambles white with bloom, and wild-roses flushed with fragrant flowers, wreathed the banks. Little islets rose upon their right and drifted slowly behind them, as the *Fair-Weather* went steadily on. Here a little sail-boat, or a clumsy barge passed them or met them; here a little punt rocked on the water, while a man or a boy fished. Robert and Pink fished too, with bent pins tied to threads. They caught nothing, unless the happy thought occured to the Captain to secretly pull up the lines and fasten to them a spool, or a bit of chip or other trash, it was all "fish" to the children. At evening the *Fair-Weather* was tied up at the bank. The Captain had friends all along the shores; he had gone up and down the Schuylkill once or twice a year for over thirty years. The friends came aboard to visit Captain 'Zekiel and 'Liza,—gray old men with tales of "when I was young"; brisk housewives, with narrations of new recipes, and new patterns of quilts; young men and maidens, out for an evening of courting; little children sometimes brought to play with the Captain's children.

Thanks to the Captain's former methods of good fellowship, there were big bottles brought too, sometimes as well as babies. Great was the wonder when, with a little constrained laugh, Captain 'Zekiel said:

"No, thankee, no; I'm sworn off that now."

Well! well! They looked at Mrs. 'Liza, but she said never a word. 'Liza was one of those women who can be blind and deaf whenever it suits them.

"Sworn off! Well, 'Zekiel, has the temperance wave swept you in, too? 'Pears to me it's going to sweep us all in sometime before long," said one patriarch.

"It won't sweep in all of you older men who have been taking your night-caps for fifty or sixty years," said a dame who was "visiting" with 'Liza; "you'll keep to your toddy. But that toddy generation will drop off one by one, and we'll have a generation that have suckled temperance ideas with their mothers' milk. We'll have a generation of children that hear and see, read and sing temperance, and then you'll see what the country'll rise to, when they go to the polls, straight and strong, clean skins, keen brains, clear ideas of what ought to be and what ought not to be."

"Hear her. She's one of the lights of the temperance cause, is my niece, Sary Ann," laughed the patriarch.

"And I'm glad, Captain 'Zekiel," said Sary Ann, "that you've took the right turn in the prime of your days."

"Well, you see," said Captain 'Zekiel, "me and 'Liza, we 'dopted a boy; a little chap that seemed to need adoptin'. But we're poor, and we can't afford to lay out in all lines. It costs money to fill a jug, and it costs money to buy another child shoes, and so, and so—why—there's the boy, you see, and me and 'Liza, we have made a Bargain."

(To be Continued.)

"THANK GOD, THERE IS ROOM."

Mr. James Thompson, a missionary, relates the following: "Some years ago there was a shipwreck in the Persian Gulf, and just as the ship was about to sink, some of the crew rushed to a small boat and crowded into it. It was a very small boat, but thirteen persons managed to crowd themselves in, bringing its gunwale down to within a few inches of the water. Other three men, who had been unable to reach the boat when the vessel went down, were fortunate enough to get hold of a floating spar. But the waves were high, and one of the men on the spar felt that he could not maintain his hold much longer, and gathering all his strength for one final effort, he left his support and swam towards the boat. He reached it, and asked to be taken in, but their reply was 'No, we cannot. Already there are too many here, and at any moment we may be swamped. The man in the water would not be denied, and swimming near caught hold of the boat and tried to pull himself on board. At once he was roughly pushed back with the curt words, 'No room, no room.' Then they advised him to swim back to his float, but he only made another effort to get on board, and caught the gunwale so firmly that it was only by main force they could drag him off and throw him back into the sea. Then the poor fellow's strength was exhausted; he could struggle no longer. The angry waves leaped over him, and he sank. There was no room for him in the boat; but, thank God, there is hope for every poor sinner who takes hold of Christ for salvation."

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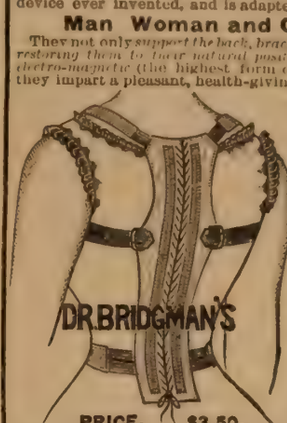

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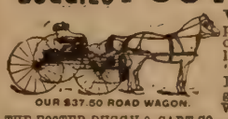

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"CUMBERED ABOUT MUCH SERVING."

LUKE 10: 40-42.

CHRIST never asks of us such heavy labor
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He ofttimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That He some sweetest secret may impart
'Tis always in the time of deepest stillness
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness,
Doing the little things, or resting quite,
May just as perfectly fulfill their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight,

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see:
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

And yet He does love service, where 'tis given
By grateful love that clothes itself in deed;
But work that's done beneath the scourge of duty,
Be sure, to such He gives but little heed.

Then seek to please Him, whatso'er He bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, or lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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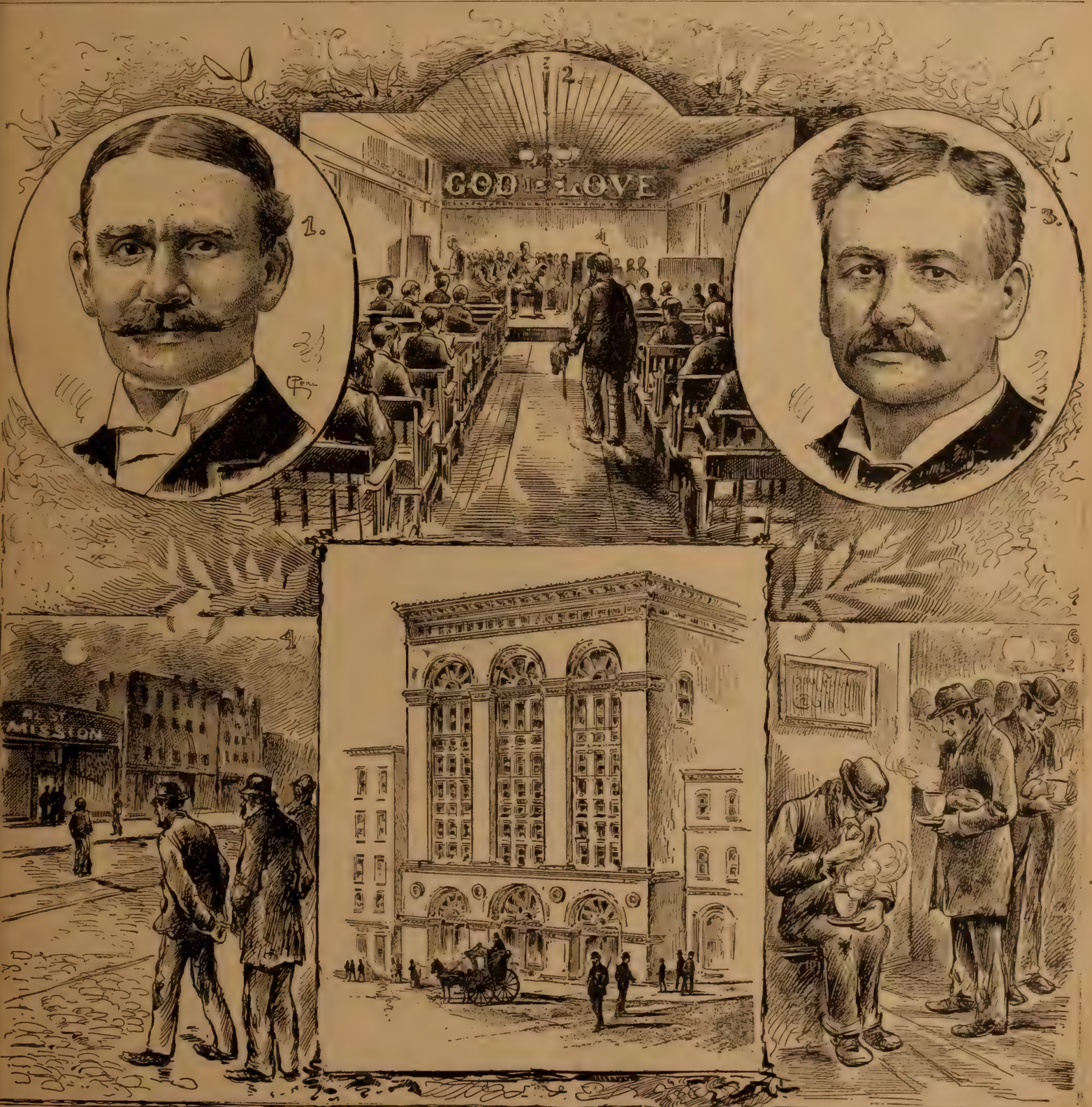


ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S RESCUE MISSION, NEW YORK CITY.

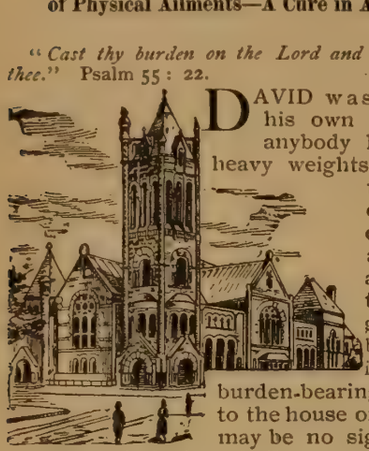
1. Rev. David Greer, Rector; 2. An Interior Scene; 3. Col. H. H. Hadley, Superintendent; 4. The Old Rescue Mission; 5. The New Building, the gift of Cornelius Vanderbilt and his Mother; 6. A Free Breakfast. (*See page 356.*)

THE BURDEN-BEARER.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 7, 1891.

A Subject Appropriate for Every Man—A Boyhood Reminiscence—Practical Religion the Need of All—An Evangelist's Prayer for Food—What to do with Burdens—I. Business Burdens—Unexpected Perplexities—Business Men Toiling for Others—A Drowning Man's Gift to his Mother—An Accountant's Prayer Answered—II. The Burden of Persecution and Abuse—A New Type of Universalist—III. The Burden of Physical Ailments—A Cure in Answer to Prayer—IV. The Burden of Bereavement.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee." Psalm 55 : 22.



DAVID was here taking his own medicine. If anybody had on him heavy weights, David had them, and yet out of his own experience he advises you and me as to the best way of getting rid of burdens. This is a world of burden-bearing. Coming into the house of prayer there may be no sign of sadness or sorrow, but where is the man who has not a conflict? Where is the soul that has not a struggle? And there is not a day of all the year when my text is not gloriously appropriate, and there is never an audience assembled on the planet where the text does not fit the occasion: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." In the far East wells of water are so infrequent that when a man owns a well he has a property of very great value, and sometimes battles have been fought for the possession of one well of water; but there is one well that every man owns, a deep well, a perennial well, a well of tears. If a man has not a burden on this shoulder, he has a burden on the other shoulder. The day I left home to look after myself and for myself, in the wagon my father sat driving, and he said that day something which has kept with me all my life: "De Witt, it is always safe to trust God. I have many a time come to a crisis of difficulty. You may know that, having been sick for fifteen years, it was no easy thing for me to support a family; but always God came to the rescue. I remember the time," he said, "when I didn't know what to do, and I saw a man on horseback riding up the farm lane, and he announced to me that I had been nominated for the most lucrative office in the gift of the people of the county; and to that office I was elected, and God in that way met all my wants, and I tell you it is always safe to trust him." Oh, my friends, what we want is a practical religion! The religion people have is so high up you cannot reach it. I had a friend who entered the life of an Evangelist. He gave up a lucrative business in Chicago, and he and his wife finally came to severe want. He told me that in the morning at prayers he said: "O Lord, thou knowest we have not a mouthful of food in the house! Help me, help us!" And he started out on the street, and a gentleman met him and said: "I have been thinking of you for a good while. You know I am a flour merchant; if you won't be offended, I should like to send you a barrel of flour." My friend cast his burden on the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. In the Straits of Magellan, I have been told, there is a place where whichever way a ship captain puts his ship he finds the wind against him, and there are men who all their lives have been running in the teeth of the wind, and which way to turn they do not know. Some of them may be here this morning, and I address them face to face, not perfunctorily, but as one brother talks to another brother: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

First: There are a great many men who have business burdens. When we see a man harried and perplexed and annoyed in business life, we are apt to say: "He ought not to have attempted to carry so much." Ah! that man may not be to blame at all. When a man plants a business he does not know what will be its outgrowths, what will be its roots, what will be its branches. There is many a man with keen foresight and large business faculty who has been flung into the dust by unforeseen circumstances springing upon him from ambush. When to buy, when to sell, when to trust, and to what amount of credit, what will be the effect of this new invention of machinery, what will be the effect of that loss of crop, and a thousand other questions perplex business men, until the hair is silvered and deep wrinkles are plowed in the cheek; and the stocks go up by the mountains and go down by the valleys, and they are at their wits' ends, and stagger like drunken men.

There never has been a time when there have been such rivalries in business as now. It is hardware against hardware, books against books, chandlery against chandlery, imported article against imported article. A thousand stores in combat with another thousand stores. Never such advantage of light, never such variety of assortment, never so much splendor of show window, never so much adroitness of salesmen, never so much acuteness of advertising, and amid all these severities of rivalry in business, how many men break down! Oh, the burden on the shoulder! Oh, the burden on the heart! You hear that it is avarice which drives these men of business through the street, and that is the commonly accepted idea. I do not believe a word of it. The vast multitude of these business men are toiling on for others. To educate their children, to put the wing of protection over their households, to have something left so when they pass out of this life their wives and children will not have to go to the poor-house—that is the way I translate this energy in the street and store—the vast majority of that energy. Grip, Gouge & Co., do not do all the business. Some of us remember when the *Central America* was coming home from California, it was wrecked. President Arthur's father-in-law was the heroic captain of that ship, and went down with most of the passengers. Some of them got off into life-boats, but there was a young man returning from California who had a bag of gold in his hand; and as the last boat shoved off from the ship that was to go down, that man shouted to a comrade in the boat, "Here, John, catch this gold; there are three thousand dollars; take it home to my old mother, it will make her comfortable in her last days." Grip, Gouge & Co. do not do all the business of the world. Ah! my friend, do you say that God does not care anything about your worldly business? I tell you God knows more about it than you do. He knows all your perplexities; he knows what mortgagee is about to foreclose; he knows what note you cannot pay; he knows what unsalable goods you have on your shelves; he knows all your trials, from the day you took hold of the first yard-stick, down to the sale of the last yard of ribbon, and the God who helped David to be king, and who helped Daniel to be prime-minister, and who helped Havelock to be a soldier will help you to discharge all your duties. He is going to see you through. When loss comes, and you find your property going, just take this Book and put it down by your ledger, and read of the eternal possessions that will come to you through our Lord Jesus Christ. And when your business partner betrays you, and your friends turn against you, just take the insulting letter, put it down on the table, put your Bible beside the insulting letter, and then read of the friendship of him who "sticketh closer than a brother."

"THE DAY I LEFT HOME."

A young accountant in New York City got his accounts entangled. He knew he was honest, and yet he could not make his accounts come out right, and he toiled at them day and night until he was nearly frenzied. It seemed by those books that something had been misappropriated, and he knew before God he was honest. The last day came. He knew if he could not that day make his accounts come out right, he would go into disgrace and go into banishment from the business establishment. He went over there very early, before there was anybody in the place, and he knelt down at the desk and said: "Oh, Lord, thou knowest I have tried to be honest, but I cannot make these things come out right! Help me to-day—help me this morning!" The young man arose, and hardly knowing why he did so, opened a book that lay on the desk, and there was a leaf containing a line of figures which explained everything. In other words, he cast his burden upon the Lord, and the Lord sustained him. Young man, do you hear that? Oh, yes, God has a sympathy with anybody that is in any kind of toil! He knows how heavy is the hod of bricks that the workman carries up the ladder of the wall; he hears the pickaxe of the miner down in the coal shaft; he knows how strong the tempest strikes the sailor at masthead; he sees the factory girl among the spindles, and knows how her arms ache; he sees the sewing woman in the fourth story, and knows how few pence she gets for making a garment; and louder than all the din and roar of the city comes the voice of a sympathetic God: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

Second: There are a great many who have a weight of persecution and abuse upon them. Sometimes society gets a grudge against a man. All his motives are misinterpreted and his good deeds are depreciated. With more virtue than some of the honored and applauded, he runs only against raillery and sharp criticism. When a man begins to go down, he has not only the force of natural gravitation, but a hundred hands to help him in the precipitation. Men are persecuted for their virtues and their successes. Germanicus said he had just as many bitter antagonists as he had adornments. The character sometimes is so lustrous that the weak eyes of envy and jealousy cannot bear to look at it. It was their integrity that put Joseph in the pit, and Daniel in the den, and Shadrach in the fire, and sent John the Evangelist to desolate Patmos, and Calvin to the castle of persecution, and John Huss to the stake, and Korah after Moses, and Saul after David, and Herod after Christ. Be sure if you have anything to do for church or state, and you attempt it with all your soul, the lightning will strike you.

The world always has had a cross between two thieves for the one who comes to save it. High and holy enterprise has always been followed by abuse. The most sublime tragedy of self-sacrifice has come to burlesque. The graceful gait of virtue is always followed by grimace and travesty. The sweetest strain of poetry ever written has come to ridiculous parody, and as long as there are virtue and righteousness in the world, there will be something for iniquity to grin at. All along the line of the ages, and in all lands, the cry has been:

"Not this man, but Barabbas. Now, Barabbas was a robber." And what makes the persecutions of life worse, is that they come from people whom you have helped, from those to whom you have loaned money or have started in business, or whom you rescued in some great crisis. I think it has been the history of all our lives—the most acrimonious assault has come from those whom we have benefited, whom we have helped, and that makes it all the harder to bear. A man is in danger of becoming cynical.

"CATCH THIS GOLD."

A clergyman of the Universalist Church went into a neighborhood for the establishment of a church of his denomination, and he was anxious to find some one of that denomination, and he was pointed to a certain house, and went there. He said to the man of the house: "I understand you are a Universalist; I want you to help me in the enterprise." "Well," said the man, "I am a Universalist, but I have a peculiar kind of Universalism." "What is that?" asked the minister. "Well," replied the other, "I have been out in the world, and I have been cheated and slandered and outraged and abused until I believe in universal damnation!" The great danger is that men will become cynical and given to believe, as David was tempted to say, that all men are liars. Oh, my friends, do not let that be the effect upon your souls! If you cannot endure a little persecution, how do you think our fathers endured great persecution? Motley, in his *Dutch Republic*, tells us of Egmont, the martyr, who, condemned to be beheaded, unfastened his collar on the way to the scaffold; and when they asked him why he did that, he said: "So they will not be detained in their work; I want to be ready." Oh, how little we have to endure compared with those who have gone before us!

Now, if you have come across ill-treatment, let me tell you you are in excellent company—Christ and Luther and Galileo and Columbus and John Jay and Josiah Quincy and thousands of men and women, the best spirits of earth and heaven. Budge not one inch, though all hell wreak upon you its vengeance, and you be made a target for devils to shoot at. Do you not think Christ knows all about persecution? Was he not hissed at? Was he not struck on the cheek? Was he not pursued all the days of his life? Did they not expectorate upon him? Or, to put it in Bible language, "They spit upon him." And cannot he understand what persecution is? "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee."

Third: There are others who carry great burdens of physical ailments. When sudden sickness has come, and fierce choleras and malignant fevers take the castles of life by storm, we appeal to God; but in these chronic ailments which wear out the strength day after day, and week after week, and year after year, how little resorting to God for solace! Then people depend upon their tonics and their plasters and their cordials rather than upon heavenly stimulants. Oh, how few people there are completely well! Some of you, by dint of perseverance and care, have kept living to this time; but how you have had to war against physical ailments! Antediluvians, without medical college and infirmary and apothecary shop, multiplied their years by hundreds; but he who has gone through the gauntlet of disease in our time, and has come to seventy years of age, is a hero worthy of a palm.

The world seems to be a great hospital, and you run against rheumatisms and consumptions and scrofulas and neuralgias and scores of old diseases baptized by new nomenclature. Oh, how heavy a burden sickness is! It takes the color out of the sky and the sparkle out of the wave and the sweetness out of the fruit and the lustre out of the night. When the limbs ache, when the respiration is painful, when the mouth is hot, when the ear roars with unhealthy obstructions, how hard it is to be patient and cheerful and assiduous! "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Does your head ache? His wore the thorn. Do your feet hurt? His were crushed of the spikes. Is your side painful? His was struck by the spear. Do you feel like giving way under the burden? His weakness gave way under a cross. While you are in every possible way to try to restore your physical vigor, you are to remember that more soothing than any anodyne, and more vitalizing than any stimulant, and more strengthening than any tonic is the prescription of the text: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." We hear a great deal of talk now about faith cure, and some people say it cannot be done and it is a failure. I do not know but that the chief advance of the church is to be in that direction. Marvellous things come to me day by day which make me think that if the age of miracles is past, it is because the faith of miracles is past.

A prominent merchant of New York said to a member of my family: "My mother wants her case mentioned to Mr. Talmage." This was the case. He said: "My mother had a dreadful abscess, from which she had suffered untold agonies, and all surgery had been exhausted upon her, and worse and worse she grew until we called in a few Christian friends and proceeded to pray about it. We commended her case to God and the abscess began immediately to be cured. She is entirely well now, and without knife and without any surgery." So that case has come to me, and there are a score of other cases coming to our ears from all parts of the earth. Oh, ye who are sick, go to Christ! Oh, ye who are worn out with agonies of body, "cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee!"

A fourth burden some have to carry is the burden of bereavement. Ah! these are the troubles that wear us out. If we lose our property, by additional industry, perhaps, we may bring back the estranged fortune; if we lose our good name, perhaps by reformation of morals we may achieve again reputation for integrity; but who will bring back the dear departed? Alas! me for these empty cradles and these trunks of childish toys that will never be used again. Alas! me for the empty chair and the silence in the halls that will never echo again to those familiar footsteps. Alas! for the cry of widowhood and orphanage. What bitter Marahsin the wilderness, what cities of the dead, what long black shadow from the wing of death, what eyes sunken with grief, what hands tremulous with bereavement, what instruments of music shut now because there are no fingers to play on them! Is there no relief for such souls? Ay, let the soul ride into the harbor of my text.

A MOTHER'S TREASURES.

> The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
> I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
> That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to shake,
> I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

Now, the grave is brighter than the ancient tomb where the lights were perpetually kept burning. The scarred feet of him who was "the resurrection and the life" are on the broken grave hillock, while the voices of angels ring down the sky at the coronation of another soul come home to glory.

Then there are many who carry the burden of sin. Ah, we all carry it until in the appointed way that burden is lifted. We need no Bible to prove that the whole race is ruined. What a spectacle it would be if we could tear off the mask of human defilement, or beat a drum that would bring up the whole army of the world's transgressions—the deception, the fraud and the rapine and the murder and the crime of all the centuries! Ay, if I could sound the trumpet of resurrection in the soul of the best men in this audience, and all the dead sins of the past should come up, we could not endure the sight. Sin, grim and dire, has put its clutch upon the immortal soul, and that clutch will never relax unless it be under the heel of him who came to destroy the works of the devil.

Oh, to have a mountain of sin on the soul! Is there no way to have the burden moved? O, yes. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." The sinless One came to take the consequences of our sin! And I know he is in earnest. How do I know it? By the streaming temples and the streaming hands as he says, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Why will prodigals live on swines' husks when the robe and the ring and the father's welcome are ready? Why go wandering over the great Sahara Desert of your sin when you are invited to the gardens of God, the trees of life, and the fountains of living water? Why be houseless and homeless forever when you may become the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty?

TWO BACKSLIDERS RESTORED.

ONE of those singular instances of unexpected blessing which are sometimes described as accidental or again as remarkable coincidences was witnessed at Johnson Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, on May 29. A few days before, a gentleman and his wife registered at a hotel on Fulton Street. They were apparently English people, but the address on the hotel register showed they were from Denver, Colo. They had but a short time to stay as they had engaged passage on a steamer sailing for Liverpool on May 30. The hotel-keeper took an interest in his guests and told them of the services in Johnson Street Church which Mr. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist was holding. He urged them to attend the service on Friday night which was the last night they were to spend in America. They took his advice and were among the throng in the church when Mr. Cannon rose to speak. Before the close of the meeting both were deeply affected. Mr. Cannon noticed them and at the conclusion of his address entered into conversation with them. They were evidently under deep conviction of sin. Before going to Denver they had attended the means of grace and had been members of a Christian Church; but in Denver they had given up their religious profession and had drifted into the world. They had even given up attending church, abandoned private prayer, and had become altogether worldly. Under the Holy Spirit's influence they saw themselves to be backsliders and in the words of the prophet said: "Come let us return unto the Lord." Mr. Cannon had the delightful task of assuring them that if they sincerely repented and turned earnestly to the Lord, he would welcome them as the Prodigal Son was welcomed. Both went up to the altar and there confessed their sin and pleaded for forgiveness. When they rose, it was with new joy in their hearts—the joy that comes from a consciousness of restoration to God's favor. The next day they sailed for England thanking God that in his Providence they had been led back to him.

A TEMPLE OF RESCUE.

NEW YORK TO HAVE THE LARGEST MISSION BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

Presented to St. Bartholomew's Church by Cornelius Vanderbilt and his Mother—Rector Greer's Good Work—Superintendent Hadley's Army of the Rescued—Wonderful Conversions—A Great Philanthropic Agency.

(See illustrations on first page.)

WITHIN the next four months, there will be completed and dedicated in New York City the finest mission building in the world. It is located on East Forty-second street, near Third avenue, and is to be denominated the Parish House of St. Bartholomew's Church. The land was purchased by Cornelius Vanderbilt, and, with the excavation, cost $75,000. The building (an illustration of which appears on the first page), is being erected by his mother, Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, at a cost of $225,000. Added to this will be a concert organ to cost about $9,900, also presented by Cornelius Vanderbilt.

The style of the building is Romanesque, and it is fire-proof throughout. It covers an area of size 75 x 100 feet, and it is six stories high. The basement will be used for a restaurant, and lavatories and a free laundry for the poor. The first or street floor from the main entrance is the Rescue Mission room, which will seat one thousand persons, and on the same floor will be a chapel seating about two hundred, the offices of the assistant ministers of St. Bartholomew, a Savings Bank for poor boys, and the Superintendent's office. The second floor will have a large Sunday School room, seating sixteen hundred, while the upper floors will be used for Mothers' Meetings, Cooking Schools for Women, and Free Sewing Schools, where material and instruction will be furnished. Gynasiums and club rooms, reading-rooms and other attractions will be added to win

The Swarm of the East Side

from the saloons. The whole will be managed under the auspices of St. Bartholomew's Church, the Rescue Mission being under the superintendency of Colonel Henry H. Hadley, who established and now conducts the St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission, at No. 158 East Forty-second street.

A grand work has already been accomplished by St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission. Among the wealthy people of New York there are many who take pleasure in doing God's work in secret, and the congregation of St. Bartholomew's Church embraces many rich members who have extended a helping hand to the Mission in the past. The initial expenses of this Mission—some $7,500—were borne by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt. Under Rev. David H. Greer's pastoral charge, the church has been singularly energetic in Mission work. It has a Fresh Air Fund, a Syrian Mission, a Swedish Mission, a Chinese Guild, and other Christian philanthropies; but most notable in the extent of its religious work and the wonderful effects it has produced on the vicious resorts of the neighborhood, is the Rescue Mission. Colonel Hadley, the Superintendent is a native of Ohio, fifty years of age, and a descendant of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards. He was a gallant soldier during the war, but became an abject slave to strong drink. He studied law and was admitted to practice in 1875. During many years, his life was a constant struggle to break away from the curse that held him in bondage. Several years ago, he helped to establish the "Business Mens' Society for the Encouragement of Moderation," believing that, if he could confine his libations to "moderate drinking," he might be safe. Soon he discovered he was trusting to a fallacy. A famous artist, who was his drinking companion, dropped dead suddenly after an unusually heavy debauch. This and the recollection of a mother's prayers and the example of a godly brother, brought Col. Hadley to the resolution of living without drink altogether. He was shortly afterwards converted at the McCauley Mission, and since that time has been released from the temptation. He felt that God had

Saved Him from the Drunkard's Fate

for a higher purpose, and his later life has been devoted to the organization of Rescue Missions in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and elsewhere. To none has so much blessing been given as to the St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission, where, with the aid of Rev. Robert C. Booth and Rev. Alford A. Butler, Assistant Ministers of St. Bartholomew's, he has been instrumental in rescuing hundreds from the slavery of sin and debased appetite, and starting them anew in the Christian life.

In the immediate neighborhood of the Mission is a dense population of about 200,000, many of whom never enter a church. Low as well as palatial groggeries and vicious resorts abound in the district, and it is a common sight to witness the desecration of the Sabbath by boisterous drunkards on the public street. To the reformation of this godless class the efforts of the Mission have been mainly directed. On Friday nights, the hall of the Mission is crowded to its utmost capacity, and conversions have been numerous. Old, hoary-headed drunkards, and men who have gone from idleness to sin until their reformation seemed hopeless, stand up, and, with bowed heads, cry out to God for mercy. In a city of

Ten Thousand Whiskey Shops,

it is not surprising that there should be many who know as little about God and salvation as the savages whom Stanley met on the Congo.

One extraordinary case is related by Supt. Hadley—that of a man named Otto Schraeder, who came into the Mission during a debauch, and while apparently suffering from delirium tremens during the services, he fell on his knees and joined in prayers. He arose a changed man, with resolution on his face, sober and strong. Schraeder's conversion took place two years ago and he has never backslidden.

The number of worshippers who can date their new start in life from these meetings is much larger than in ordinary congregations. In an average gathering of one hundred, as many as thirty will rise and come forward for prayer. In a single week, during which 948 have attended these meetings, 194 have professed a change of heart and made a start in the better life.

Naturally, the question will be asked what becomes of the thousands who, during the year, are so influenced by this mission work? Col. Hadley, Rev. Dr. Greer, Rev. Mr. Booth and others, have endeavored, as far as possible, to keep track of those who confess Christ at the Rescue Mission and are satisfied that, while many undoubtedly backslide, fully thirty out of every hundred who start sincerely remain true to their new allegiance. The first thing a new convert at St. Bartholomew's Mission does is to

Abandon his Wicked Companions

and drop all acquaintance with the saloons. If he has left home or wife he returns to them and seeks regular employment. Most important of all in this work of permanent reformation is the regular attendance at the meetings.

"I have never known a man to fall back who attended and testified frequently," says the Superintendent.

Both Col. Hadley and his brother Samuel Hopkins Hadley, now Superintendent of the old Jerry McCauley Water Street Mission, are striking examples of the power of God's grace in turning men from the old, sinful life and choosing them as instruments for the spread of the Gospel. Among the many hundreds of interesting cases constantly arising in St. Bartholomew's Rescue Mission, a few may be mentioned here to illustrate the character of the work. One Saturday evening, a man entered just as the meeting was closing. Stepping up to the Superintendent, he said:

"You've forgotten me, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Colonel Hadley, somewhat puzzled, as he looked at the well-dressed newcomer, who might have been a broker or merchant.

"Well, my name is ———. Just eight months ago, I came here in a terrible condition and asked for prayers. You not only prayed with me, but

Loaned me a Quarter

and gave me some clothing, for I was not fit to be seen. I have not been here since that night, but now I felt it a duty to come here and thank you. God has prospered me, and now, if you can use my cast-off clothing for some poor fellow who is in the same old boat that I was in, I will send them here."

This was gratitude! He did not stop at sending the cast-off clothing, but testified to his heart's fullness by doing much more.

Mr. B——, a circus man, profane and rough, like most men of his calling and utterly godless, entered the Mission one night a year ago. It was a strange experience for him, and he does not yet know why he came in, save that it must have been the Spirit that led him. On leaving, that night, he felt impelled to throw up his situation. He was just going to start out on the road, but he could not take up the old life, with all its rowdyism and blasphemies. He found work in the city and is now a Christian and a constant attendant at the meetings. He is assisting the good work at the West Forty-second street Mission.

One of the most remarkable examples of those released from the bondage of sin is that of William Potter, a drunkard and rowdy, who, hearing that Bishop Potter was to speak at the Mission, came with two wicked companions with the design of breaking up the meeting. His companions were ejected; but he, being lame, was allowed to stay. He was converted, and three days later professed a change of heart. Potter is now the janitor of the Mission building and has undergone a complete transformation since his conversion.

Mr. M——, a confirmed drunkard, found peace and joy and lost all appetite for liquor. Mr. B——, a sinner and Sabbath-breaker, had a disagreeable experience after professing Christ, his comrades laughing at him and mockingly calling him the "Christian Boy"; but he has never gone back. Mr. L—— was ruined by alcohol. He was the son of rich parents, was expelled from college for drunkenness, married, and had a good business; but his wife died broken-hearted, his business vanished and his two children now fill two little graves. Liquor was

His Solace and his Curse!

He had been confined in sixteen inebriate asylums and had travelled over forty thousand miles, endeavoring to rid himself of the vile appetite. Eight months ago, at St. Bartholomew's Mission, he gave his heart to God, and since that moment has not had the desire for drink.

A Swede had a bad reputation at home, and came here to redeem himself, but he sunk lower than ever. He travelled all over the Union and squandered a fortune in drunkenness and sin. He lost home and friends and was reduced to desperation, when the light broke in on him at the Mission services one evening, and he is now working faithfully and contributing liberally for Christ's cause. Baron Von W——, had squandered a fortune of ten million marks in gambling and sin. He was on the verge of suicide when, attracted by the singing at the Mission, he came in and found forgiveness.

The Mission is now in its third year. During the last year 44,080 persons have attended the services, of whom 5,666 have been inquirers, coming forward and asking for prayers. Almost all were drunkards and many had been living lives of crime. Thirty per cent. are now believed to be redeemed men and women.

About 200 have been supplied with permament work, through the direct efforts of the Mission, and others have been put at temporary employment.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Acid Instead of Anodyne—A Train Stopped by Bees—A Fatal Patient—A Man who Bought His Own Family.

AN Error of a Clerk in a drug-store ocasioned serious injury to an invalid in New York on June 1. About a year ago a lady who was suffering from acute rheumatism consulted a physician who prescribed a compound chloroform liniment for her. He told her to always keep a bottle of it in the house and use it whenever the pain returned. She did so and found relief from its use. As the bottle was emptied she sent it to be re-filled. She had occasion to do this on June 1. The child whom she sent on the errand took the bottle to the store as usual and brought it back full. The lady applied the liniment as she had been in the habit of doing, but instead of giving her the customary relief it burned her severely. She showed the remainder of the liniment to the physician, whom she sent for to dress the burn, and when he examined it he found that the bottle had been filled with carbolic acid instead of the chloroform liniment. It must have been a cruel disappointment to the sufferer to have sustained an increase of pain when she was expecting relief. There are some sufferers from spiritual maladies who are similarly disappointed. Although the Great Physician prescribes for all such the comforting words of love and tenderness, too often those who should administer them wound the sufferer by harsh reproof and censure. (Gal.6:1)

Bees were able to Stop a Train and Cause a suspension of traffic on the Pennsylvania Railroad on June 3. While a freight train was passing a farm a short distance above Huntingdon, Pa., on that day, an immense swarm of bees settled in the cab of the engine. The engineer and fireman continued at their posts for some time, hoping that the swarm would vacate the cab; but as it remained, they shut off the steam and leaped off the engine. Men were sent back to signal approaching trains, and in the course of an hour a long line of freight cars with their locomotives stood waiting. In the meantime the owner of the bees was sent for, and when he was found the bees were got out and traffic was resumed. That such puny and insignificant creatures could bring the business of a great railroad to a standstill is an illustration of the power of little things in the world. There are many deplorable instances of the same power in spiritual matters, but none so sad as that which is often witnessed of some church work, or beneficent philanthropic enterprise being halted by petty jealousies and personal quarrels. (Canticles, 2:15).

Tragic Coincidences in the Death of Three physicians were reported in the New York *Tribune* on June 2. It states that the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital has among its out-door patients a lady who is known as "*the fatal patient.*" Her first visit was nearly two years ago, when she presented herself for treatment for chronic catarrh. She was assigned to Cabinet D, in which diseases of the throat and nose are treated. The patient was attended to by Dr. Johnson who at that time had charge of the Cabinet. Two days after treating her Dr. Johnson died suddenly. Six months passed before the lady came again and she was then treated by Dr. Pond who had succeeded Dr. Johnson in Cabinet D. Two days afterward Dr. Pond died of heart-failure. This second death caused some comment in the hospital and when Cabinet D. was placed under the care of Dr. David Phillips he was humorously advised to beware of "the fatal patient." On May 27, she appeared again and Dr. Phillips treated her. Early the next morning he was found dead in bed. A *Tribune* reporter who called at the hospital on June 1, to verify the report said that he supposed the lady would not find any physician willing to attend to her case if she appeared again. The officials replied that the lady had been there that morning and had been promptly operated upon by a physician who knew all the facts about the deaths of his three predecessors in Cabinet D. It would not have been surprising if the reporter's expectation had proved correct. This fourth physician is evidently not superstitious, and if he suspected any subtle connection between her disease and the deaths of the three physicians, he braved it that he might do her good. Those who admire his courage and devotion should be reminded by it of the unspeakable love of the Great Physician who voluntarily laid down his life to save the world. (John 15 : 13.)

Music as a Therapeutical Agent is Recommended by the *Lancet*, the leading medical journal. It declares that certain states of insanity should find some part of their treatment in the hands of the musician. Music, it says, is a tonic, and any one can perceive its power by watching its effect on a healthy man who is tired or worried. It helps the jaded brain to recover its poise by energizing the languid nerve-control of the circulation and strengthening the heart-beat. What music does for the jaded brain, it will do for the brain in forced irritation, bringing rest and diversion to the

The Late Mr. Henry Naylor. (*See page 364.*)

fretting mind. This is not a new discovery. When King Saul was troubled by an evil spirit, David was set to play the harp before him, and "Saul was refreshed and was well." The same Book that tells us of that recovery tells us also of a means of prevention, which is always better than a remedy. The fretfulness and irritation and worry which induce insanity are avoided by the man who puts his trust in God; for God "will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on him, because he trusteth in him." (Isa., 26:3.)

A Man who Bought his own Family Died in Charleston, S. C., on May 25. He was born in slavery, and was married while still a slave. In some way he risked his life to render a valuable service to his owner, who was a very kind-hearted man, and rewarded his slave by giving him his freedom. He found work in a butcher's shop in the nearest town, worked hard, and saved money. After a time the butcher died, and the freedman succeeded him in the business. He lived just as frugally as before and continued to accumulate money. He took no pleasure, employed no help, but worked early and late. Why he was saving money was disclosed in 1862. His former owner was killed in the war and all his property was sold. The freedman went to the sale, for some of the lots were his wife and children. If he could buy them they would be free, but if anyone outbid him they would be slaves. The man's anxiety, as each one was put up was intense, and not less was the anxiety of the particular "lot." At the close of the sale he was the owner of them all, and he had given all his money, amounting to $5,400, for them. The sum had been the result of years of hard work and self-privation, but he was delighted to sacrifice it for his family. They lived to enjoy their freedom together until the husband and father died. If that wife had been unfaithful, or the children undutiful to the man who had toiled for years to redeem them, all who knew the circumstances would have despised them. Yet, when men whom Christ redeemed at the cost of his life are mindful of their obligations to him they are often stigmatized as narrow-minded and fanatical, and as the prophet said, "he that departeth from evil is accounted mad." (Isa., 59:15).

A Child's Concern for the Cleanliness of her doll has led to the loss of her life. Two weeks ago a house was burned in Brooklyn, N. Y. Not much of the family's property was saved, but among the salvage was a doll belonging to the little three-year old daughter. The smoke had blackened the doll's face and the child was very disconsolate about it. She tried washing it at a pump in the street, but it was a difficult thing for so small a child to do and the doll's face remained smutty. The child cried herself to sleep that night, and the next morning she renewed her efforts. She was missed later in the day and could not be found, though a general search was made in which the police assisted. The father had occasion to go down into his cellar that night and he noticed a high chair standing beside a large tub of water, which was always kept there. A vague terror seized him and he turned the tub over. The water ran out over the cellar floor and with it the dead body of his child. She had been leaning over the edge of the tub to wash her doll's face, and had over-balanced. The poor child had her doll still tightly clutched in her dead hands when she was found. It is a pity that the child should have been so anxious to do the cleansing herself. She should have asked her mother to do it for her. Parents who are distressed about the pollution of their children may take a hint from her case. Their hope for the reclamation and sanctification of their children lies in their Heavenly Father to whom they should commit the case. (Hosea 13 : 4.)

A Disconsolate Immigrant Committed Suicide in New York, last week. In his native town in Germany he became engaged to a beautiful girl whom he urged to marry him. She would not do so then, as she and her family were coming to America, but she intimated if he would come, too, and get employment so as to be able to maintain her, she would marry him. He threw up his lucrative position in Germany and followed her. On his arrival he was unable to obtain work, and finally, finding nothing better to do he became janitor of a public school. The girl refused to marry him, as she had other suitors in better positions. Then the man returned to Germany and resumed his former occupation. After a year he received a letter from the girl, who had quarrelled with her new lovers, telling him that if he would come back she would marry him. He promptly crossed the ocean but by that time the girl had made up her quarrel and declined to marry him unless he could find suitable employment. He did his utmost to get work, but failed. Then the girl told him finally that he must give her up, for she was to be married the next week to a bank-clerk. This broke him down completely and in his despair he killed himself. His infatuation must have blinded him to the true character of the girl or he would have been glad at his escape, instead of being driven to despair by her rejection of him. Many who would despise him are guilty of similar folly. In the race for wealth and fame and power they who succeed as well as they who fail discover when it is too late that neither has brought them the happiness they expected. (Eccles 2: 11.)

CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.

S. S. LESSON FOR JUNE 21, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. II. KINGS. 25: 1-12. GOLDEN TEXT, HOSEA. 6 : 1.

Sin Cherished Turns to Chastisement—God's Law of Retribution—The Tyranny of the Pampered Appetite—Eleven Years of Wrongdoing—The King's Oath Broken—A Desperate Irremediable Condition—Judah Pre-eminent in Abomination—The Innocent Involved in the Calamity.

THE sins which we tamper with become our jailers. Our own way, when we seek it, rather than God's way, becomes a prison-house to us ; we cannot escape from it when we would. Israel and Judah had played with idolatry, and coquetted with the heathen nations ; they had adopted heathen customs and heathen worship ; and now, by way of just retribution, they were delivered into the hands of the heathen, and forced to do what before they did by choice. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The same rule holds good with nations. In Israel, it might be unpopular to worship the true God, but the children of Israel and of Judah were not compelled to worship idols. The time was at hand when in Babylon to refuse to fall down before the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up meant an awful death in the fiery furnace ; a refusal to comply with the law of Darius, prohibiting any prayer to God or man for thirty days (Dan. 6: 6-9), meant the horrible torture of being torn limb from limb in the lion's den.

God's Law of Retribution

is one which men would do well to study. Who has not seen a man tampering with drink, believing in his own power of self-control, priding himself on the strength of his will, until, unconsciously to himself, the tables are turned, and the dangerous foe with which he has trifled has become his most tyrannical master? He would be free, but he cannot, God has delivered him into the hands of his enemy, and he is "holden with the cords of his sins." There are some who amuse themselves with some secret sin which cannot bear the light of day, or who indulge secretly in some narcotic which they proudly imagine to be a slave to their will. But by and by the thing of darkness places a firm, relentless hold upon their will ; and before they are aware, that will is paralyzed and they are slaves. The history of Israel's and Judah's captivity is but a type and sample of the history of many an immortal soul. Judah and Jerusalem had filled up the measure of their iniquity. The king Zedekiah, the priests, prophets and people had sinned against their God. For eleven years God had borne with this last of the house of David, but "Zedekiah did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God, and

Humbled not Himself

before Jeremiah the prophet, speaking from the mouth of the Lord." He also dragged the name of God peculiarly into reproach in breaking his covenant with Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon who "had made him swear by God." The king of Babylon expected that a covenant made in the name of the God of Israel would be inviolable. Had it come to pass that the successor to David's throne, the king of all the kings on the earth who was trusted to reign over the people of the Lord, should break a covenant entered into in his name ? "Shall he prosper ? Shall he escape that doeth such things ? Or shall he break the covenant and be delivered ?" (Ezek. 17 : 15.) King Zedekiah stiffened his neck, and hardened his heart from turning to the Lord God of Israel. The priests followed the king's example—with the people, and they "polluted the house of the Lord which he had hallowed in Jerusalem." And then God "sent to them by his messengers . . . because he had compassion on his people and on his dwelling-place. But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets, until the wrath of God arose against his people, till there was

No Remedy."

When God says there is no remedy, things have come to the last extremity with a man, a church, a nation. If God's resources are at an end, the case is hopeless. Thus it was with Judah at this time, there remained nothing "but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." A man has reached a fearful pass when the evil spirit has gone out of him, and, finding rest nowhere else, returns to find the house empty, instead of being occupied with God, and then brings "seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first." (Matt. 12 : 43-45.) A nation which has been called to give light to the world and to be "the glory of all lands" has reached a fearful pass when the light which is in her has become darkness. Judah's sin was such, at this time, that she justified the wicked cities of Sodom and Samaria by the excess of her own sin ! "Thine elder sister is Samaria . . . and thy younger sister . . . is Sodom . . . but thou hast multiplied thine abominations more than they, and hast

Justified thy Sisters

in all thine abominations which thou hast done." (Ezek. 16 : 46, 51.) For one year and a half, Jerusalem was besieged by the king of Babylon. During this time, Jeremiah brought message after message from his God, urging the stubborn people to accept the punishment of their iniquity, to capitulate and allow themselves to be carried away captive to Babylon. O how many on whom God has been obliged to let judgment fall, because he has not succeeded in subduing them unto himself any other way, have become the prisoners of the Lord as soon as they have submitted to him ! It was as sad for Daniel and his friends as for others of their countrymen when the famine in the city forced the inhabitants to surrender, when "the city was broken up," when their king was tried by a Babylonish court-martial, and his sons were slain before his eyes, and then his own eyes were put out. It cost these young men of God as much as it cost others when the walls of Jerusalem were broken down, and when the house of the Lord, the king's palace, and the houses of the nobles, were burnt with fire—and yet these young men were the

Prisoners of Jehovah.

With them in the land of their captivity was the presence of their God ; they were his witnesses there as much as in their own land. Practically, they were not captives under Nebuchadnezzar, but under God, They had charmed lives, for God's consent must be obtained before death could touch them. When, in his tyrannical fury, Nebuchadnezzar commanded the execution of all the wise men, and all the students of Babylon, the young men, who took their captivity from God's hand, escaped, and delivered all the wise men in Babylon with them, because they carried their cause to him. When the king decreed that three of them who refused to worship his image should be executed in the burning fiery furnace, God made them proof against earthly elements by the impenetrable shield of his own presence, visible even to the heathen.

As soon as God's children deal with him about their captivity, they are at once the prisoners of the Lord. Joseph of old could see something more than Potiphar's hand in placing him in imprisonment, he was at large in spirit "because the Lord was with him." O, there is mercy in all the severity of God : his chastening, when we fret against it, becomes intolerable ; but the same chastening, accepted from his hand, irrespective of the prisons or circumstances, the physical or financial condition through which it may come, changes at once the nature of the trial. The oppression of man is turned into the lessons of God, the weakness of body is turned into an opportunity for the power of Christ to rest upon us, the thwarting of our plans becomes a chance to surrender them all before the absolute wisdom of our unerring God, and so the whole ground is changed ; it is divine, not human ; heavenly, not earthly. In the course of our life's journey, all of us know what it is to be prisoners, held by this, chained by that, restrained by the other thing. We none of us do what we think we would under other circumstances. But are we the prisoners of sin or of the Lord ? Of circumstances or of the Lord ? Of man or of the Lord? whose hand do we see shutting us in ? Who has the key of our prison house ? With whom do we deal about the circumstances in which we are placed ? Are we looking at things from above, as Jeremiah did, who recognized his God in all, or are we struggling from beneath as Zedekiah did, until he forced God to augment his suffering and shame to the very utmost ?

Let us learn never to resist God, and never to ignore God, in the things which he permits. He ordained that his favored land should be desolate until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths ; for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath "to fulfil three score and ten years." (II. Chron. 36: 21.) There may be a need for Sabbath keeping, for lying fallow, in the life of some who read these pages.

A NATION'S MADNESS.

A Story of the S. S. Lesson for June 21. "The Captivity of Judah."

LOSING his Bible with a sigh, a boy of some fourteen years of age, looked up to find his father watching him. "Studying your Sunday-School lesson, my boy ?" the father asked.

"Yes, I have been trying to do so, father."

"Can't make much of it apparently ?"

"Well, no father. Bible history seems so different from all other history."

"In what way ?"

"Well, in the Bible, everything seems to turn on the people's religion. If the king and people 'did evil in the sight of the Lord' punishment was sure to come upon them. Jerusalem was besieged and the people carried away prisoners because the king and people were wicked, and a few Sundays ago, we were taught that Samaria was besieged and the same thing happened for the same cause. In the histories we read at the day-schools it does not seem to make any difference. If a nation went down it was not because it was wicked but because some other nation with a bigger army or a better general attacked it. One can understand that. It seems as if God did not interfere any more."

"Or that we do not trace his interference now as they did in old time. Perhaps that is the reason."

"But he don't seem to interfere. It's all natural in our histories. We know why Rome fell and why Greece sank and why Frederick the Great and Napoleon won their battles and why Germany beat France, It is all simple enough. It would look mighty strange in our history to read that the Lord saw that the people of France were wicked and he sent the King of Prussia and Bismarck and Moltke against them. God had nothing to do with that."

"I am not so sure of it. We have got into the habit of looking at natural causes in history and science and all else and ignoring God. Perhaps if our historians had been writing Bible history we should have heard about the power of the armies and their diseipline and nothing about the dealings of God. Even now we can read between the lines if we choose."

"I cannot see how, father."

"Well, there are some striking instances. You were reading the other day, I noticed, about the French Revolution in the Eigteenth century. Did it not occur to you that God's hand could be recognized there ?"

"No. The people were ground down and taxed while the king and his nobles lived in luxury and idleness. The people grew tired of

it and when they combined, they found the king was scared of them and they realized their power and swept the king and his nobles away."

"Yes, that was a natural law of cause and effect. But just imagine yourself one of that court. You are in your beautiful house with everything pleasant about you. You have never been hard on the poor. You know that they have been cruelly oppressed. But you have never done such things, and you have been sorry for the people when they suffered like that. Now would it not have seemed very unjust to you if, when the Revolution came, the people seized you and sent you off to prison and kept you there until your turn came to go for execution to the guillotine?"

"Yes that would have been very unjust."

"So the king and queen and many of the nobles thought. They were by no means the worst set that France had seen. Their predecessors were greater sinners than they. Take a peep into one of the prisons that September night which will never be forgotten. A group of men nearly tipsy sitting as judges in the prison. A prisoner brought up—sometimes a man, sometimes a delicate lady. Looking around, the prisoner sees not a single face that does not look mad with rage and horribly blood-thirsty. What chance has any one before such a tribunal. The prisoner is charged with being an aristocrat and an oppressor of the people. If he cannot convince the crowd that he is innocent he is condemned and is executed next day. If he defends himself successfully he is set at liberty, and as he steps out of the prison into the street, a hundred arms are raised against him and he is cut in pieces. One of those men, an old white-haired man and a brave soldier who was set at liberty was joined in the corridor of the prison by his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen. As they emerged from the gate the people made a rush at them, and the daughter, throwing her arms around her father's neck, besought them to spare her venerable parent. But there was no mercy there. Father and daughter fell under the cruel axes and knives. Day after day the guillotine chopped off the heads of young men and old, matrons and maidens and there was no one to protest or speak in the name of justice and mercy. It was strange was it not that in all the thousands of people in Paris there were not some that feared God sufficiently to stay the slaughter?"

"Yes it was strange."

"Not to those who remember. When the French king and his nobles were in prison and wondered if the voice of reason and justice would not make itself heard in time to save their lives, how they must have wished that there were among the people of Paris some who were pious and would plead for them. And there would have been such people, but for another massacre. A predecessor of that king had sent his soldiers through Paris one August night, long before, with orders to kill every man, woman and child who professed the Protestant religion. The order was obeyed and twenty thousand of the most God-fearing people were killed. The others fled from Paris to save their lives. The worst kind of people remained. The good were killed or driven away. So when the imprisoned king, many years afterward, was looking for mercy he had to thank his predecessor for the condition of society in which there was no one left who feared God. The very element that might have saved his life, which might have allayed the wild passions of the people had been eliminated by an act of cruelty like that which overwhelmed him and his friends. There does not seem anything supernatural about it—only cause and effect. But it was a crime bearing its own fruit. That is how God rules the world as he did in old times. He has not changed. Sin in the nation or in the individual bears its fruit, and the nation or the man who does wrong cannot escape penalty. We call it natural law, but that is only another way of describing the way in which God works."

NEARING CONSUMMATION.

From an Address at a Recent Second Advent Conference in London By Rev. J. Brunton.

MY object this morning, is to present the reasons which convince me that we are now living near the end of the Gentile dispensation, though not as it is generally called, the end of the world. Because during the succeeding new dispensation of 1,000 years, Christ and his resurrection saints will reign from heaven personally over "all peoples, nations and languages" then living on this earth. (Rev. xx; Dan. 7: 14.)

The first sign is the condition of the European Continent, or that part of the map known as the countries of Cæsar's Roman Empire, and the second sign, the condition of the Jewish nation. These signs have a great bearing on the fulfilment of prophecy, and according to standard prophetical writers, are now in the very condition that must be witnessed before the end of this age or dispensation.

The prophetic image seen in Nebuchadnezzar's vision and explained by Daniel in his second chapter, is an image illustrative of four great governmental powers succeeding each other, and as the centuries have rolled on, history has progressed and passed down from the golden head, which prefigured the Babylonian empire, and through the silver breast or Medo-Persian empire, and the brazen loins or Macedonian empire, down to the clay-iron feet and toes, which denote

The Closing Stage

of the Roman empire and end of Gentile administration. If any one had said during the time of the reign of the Roman Emperors over the whole Roman Empire, which was then one and indivisible, and was emblematised by the legs of iron, that the return of Christ was at hand, the prophetic emblem itself would have shown him to be wrong. The Second Advent could not happen while the unbroken despotic iron power of the Roman Emperors existed. The Second Advent of Christ symbolized as the stone that is to smite the Image on its ten clay-iron toes cannot take place until the clay of democracy becomes mingled with the iron of royalty. It could not occur until the undiluted despotic monarchical power of the Roman Emperors was succeeded by the democratic-monarchic governments of the present century, consequent upon the democratic influence of the French Revolutions of 1793 and 1848.

The iron means an irresponsible absolute monarchical power. We have no such thing among the powers of Europe now save in Russia and Turkey. You remember what

An Eventful Year

1848 was. What was the result of it? A Democratic government sprang up in France. The contagion spread over the European kingdoms, and thenceforth a wide extension of suffrage and delegation of elective power to an increased number of voters, caused the democratic clay to become more and more mingled with the monarchical iron, so that now in France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Greece, there is elective parliamentary government.

We see the people ruled by the people—the government by the people, as symbolized in the prophetic image by the clay-iron feet and toes. Many writers have given us beautiful pictures of the state of things that will come to pass when the will of the people is carried out, and they have described it as something super-excellent. But God does not represent this democratic mode of Government as gold, but as clay—of the earth earthy. God represents Nebuchadnezzar's autocratic power as gold, and the modern democratic rule as clay-iron.

The period of the clay-iron feet began about a hundred years ago, at the epoch of the French Revolution in 1792. We have been in that mixed state called iron and clay for one hundred years. We have been passing, as it were, through the period of the feet, and are now just on the marginal brink of the ten-toes, representing the ten kingdoms that shall ere long be formed by international and revolutionary struggles within the European-African-Asiatic countries of Cæsar's old Roman Empire. Looking at the position in which we stand, all must see that we are close to the end of this age, and probably the oldest of us here, those of fifty or sixty years should they live out their allotted term, will see the Personal Second Advent of our Lord, and those who are younger are sure to be witnesses of this glorious spectacle, the sublime grandeur of which we are not able to describe.

The Jewish Persecution.

As regards the When, in reference to all these coming events—first with regard to the Jews, we have lately seen them grievously persecuted in places where they have been established for centuries. In Russia there are two millions of Jews whose position has been recently rendered absolutely insupportable, and it has come to this, that the Governments of Europe have been addressed by various petitions asking that they will move for their protection and for the protection of the Jews in Palestine that they may be given the Holy Land, which by prescriptive right belongs to their race. All this begins to fulfil the prophecies of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Zechariah to the effect that at the time of the end, the Jews are to return in considerable numbers to their ancient fatherland, and that is why the Jews are persecuted and agitated everywhere. God is preparing the way; he is bringing them back to their own land from the north, south, east and west, to gather them together in the land of their fathers, which must take place before the Second Advent of Christ. Think of these things, and see in them the approaching time of the end.

What is Coming.

What are we looking for, when we see these Signs of the End? Some people have said or as good as said, that the world is going to be burnt up as a cinder at the End of this Age. We look for quite a contrary effect. It is the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, not to destroy the world, but to reign on the earth as a Millennial King for a thousand years. I cannot give in detail all the events that will take place prior to that event. But it will be preceded by a terrible time of darkness, a time when we shall need prophecy to tell us the meaning of all that happens around us; we shall need it as a light in a dark place. Among other things, that will happen, there will be the Advent of Christ "in the air," to raise from their graves the deceased saints and to translate living Christians, who are ready, to his presence in the heavens. Christ shall descend into the air at the resurrection of the dead saints as is written in 1st Thessalonians, "The Lord shall descend from heaven, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, and then, we which remain shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air, and be for ever with the Lord."

The Glorious Reign.

There, in the atmospheric heavens, will the saints remain until Christ comes on Mount of Olives. What for? To reign upon the earth, and when he thus comes there will be the completion of his first resurrection of deceased saints. The dark picture of coming judgments will then be succeeded by the bright picture of millennial bliss.

The Second Coming of Christ is the breaking through of the power which shears the old serpent of his strength, and locks and seals him up in the abyss, and tears away all the array of falsehoods which has been drawing the world on to destruction for many ages. I, for one, believe these things will come to pass, and look upon it as the only hope for our degenerate and misgoverned world, when Christ shall appear and reign with his saints upon the earth, judging the nations in equity, and ruling in righteousness for a thousand years.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

THE young man comes from the country with industrious habits. His father worked; his mother worked; his brothers worked. He knows no better, and continues industrious for a while. But he soon finds out that there are a great many around him who get along better than he without any work. They dress better. They drink the best wines. They have a good seat at the theatre. They have money to bet on the election, on horses, on the contest between the Atlantics and Athletics. The young man wonders where these idlers get their money. Four ways of getting money: by inheritance, by earning it, by begging it, by stealing it. Some of these shining ones get it not by inheritance, nor by earning it, nor by begging.

The young man, in a fit of indignation throws up his work, and consorts with these idlers, and has soon learned the same tricks, and dies and is not as much mourned over as the fast horse they foundered and killed by a too hasty watering. When a young man earns a thousand dollars and spends fifteen hundred, he goes overboard. If he earn fifteen hundred and spend two thousand, he goes overboard. The thing is inevitable.

A man resolves to be honest, but here are fifty Shylocks on the same street. They undersell him. They twist about so as to escape the penalty of the law, caring nothing for God, but a little anxious about the Sheriff. The young man says, "This a galling rivalry. Perhaps I had better give up my old-fogy notions about honesty. This transaction may be a little doubtful, but then they all do it." This temptation is augmented by the fact that professors of religion do not always stand up straight. It is an awful thing to be a member of a church, and yet by swindling operations prove you are a hypocrite. Such a man will not dare to knock at last at the gate of heaven, and in apology for his business misdemeanors say, "Oh! you ought to have heard me sing 'Rock of Ages' in the church on earth."

There seems to be an idea abroad that charity can consecrate ungodly gains, and that if you give half of an unrighteous transaction to God he will forgive you for pocketing the rest. The man virtually says, "Oh Lord! here are fifty dollars for the missionary cause if you won't say anything about the rest of it!" Ah! the church of God is not a shop for receiving stolen goods. If you have gotten unrighteous gain, better make return to those from whom you took it, or if from the nature of the case that is impossible, then you had better get your stove red-hot, and then, when the heat is fiercest, throw in the blasted spoil. God does not want it.

CHILDREN OF THE STREET.

THERE is only one thing I have against the Sabbath Schools of this country, and that is, they are too respectable. We gather into our schools the children of the refined, and the cultured, and the educated; but, alas! for the great multitude of the children of the abandoned and lost. A few of them are gathered into our Sabbath Schools; but what about the seventy thousand destitute children of New York, and the score of thousands of destitute children of Brooklyn, around whom are thrown no benign, and heavenly, and Christian influences? It is a tremendous question, what is to become of the destitute children of these cities? We must either act on them, or they will act on us. We will either Christianize them or they will heathenize us, It is a question not more for the Christian than for the philanthropist and the statesman. O! if we could have all these suffering little ones gathered together, what a scene of hunger, and wretchedness, and rags, and sin, and trouble, and darkness! If we could see those little feet on the broad road to death, which through Christian charity ought to be pressing the narrow path of life; if we could hear those voices in blasphemy, which ought to be singing the praises of God; if we could see those little hearts, which at that age ought not to be soiled with one unclean thought, becoming the sewers for every abomination; if we could see those suffering little ones sacrificed on the altar for every iniquitous passion, and baptized with fire from the lava of the pit—we would recoil, crying out: "Avaunt thou dream of hell!" They are not always going to be children. They are coming up to be men and women of this country. That spark of iniquity that might now be put out with one drop of the water of life, will become the conflagration of every green thing that God ever planted in the soul. That which ought to have been a temple of the Holy Ghost will become a scarred and blasted ruin—every light quenched and every altar in the dust. That petty thief, who slips into your store and takes a yard of cloth from your counter, will become the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight, picking the lock of your money-safe and blowing up your store to hide the villainy. A great army, with staggering step, and bloodshot eye, and drunken hoot, they are coming on—gathering recruits from every grog shop and den of infamy in the land, to take the ballot-box and hurrah at the elections. The hard-knuckled fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of intelligence and sobriety. Men, bloated, and with the signature of sin burned in from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses, which ought to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air, will rot in the face of the sun at noonday. Industry, in her plain frock, will be unappreciated, while thousands of men will wander around in idleness, with their hands on their hips, saying: "The world owes us a living." O! what a tremendous power there is in iniquity when uneducated, and unrestrained it gathers full force, drowning like surges, crushing like rocks. By the gospelization of the rising generation let us save this land for civilization and Christianity.

BRIEF NOTES.

At the recent election at the William Taylor University of Fort Wayne, Ind. Rev. William P. George, D.D., the Hon. William S. McPheeters, LL.D., and Mr Louis Klopsch were elected trustees of the University.

The Committee engaged in revising the modern Syriac version of the Bible at Oroomiah, Persia, report that the work, though surrounded with difficulties, will shortly be completed and sent to New York to be printed.

A series of tapestries illustrating the life of Christ has been presented to Bishop Potter to be used in the decoration of the projected Cathedral of St. John in New York. These tapestries which are twelve in number, and cost seventy-five thousand dollars, are the gift of Mrs. Wm. F. Coles of New York.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, began a series of revival services last Sunday in Asbury M. E. Church, New York, of which Dr. J. S. Stone is pastor. Mr. Cannon's labors at the Home Camp-Meeting in the Johnson Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, were wonderfully blessed of God in the conversion of souls.

Rev. W. T. Lambourne, the eminent London Baptist minister whose portrait appeared in this journal last week, preached last Sunday at the Baptist Church, Bayonne, N. J. Churches desiring to hear him during his stay may write to him at the office of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and their letters will be forwarded to him.

Mr. Louis Klopsch, the publisher of this journal has accepted a call to the Superintendency of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Sunday School for the summer season of this year. He will also have charge of the children's meeting held every afternoon during the camp-meeting, which services were formerly under the charge of the late Mrs. Inskip.

A Hindu gentleman has recently presented to the idol in a temple at Triplicane, India, a crown set with precious stones, which cost $16,000. The idol with the crown on its head was drawn through the streets and a dinner was provided for 400 Brahmans at the expense of the donor of the crown. It is much to be regretted that a man so rich and so generous was not better instructed.

Mr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, B. A., the gifted son of the Editor of this journal has taken charge of a church in Pennsylvania, during his summer vacation. He will preach twice each Sunday and attend to the pastoral duties of the charge. On the evening of Sunday, May 31st, he occupied his father's pulpit and preached with much acceptance to the large congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle.

Christian citizens contemplating a visit to Europe this summer may be interested in knowing that Holiday Bible Readings will be held at Chamounix during the last week in August and similar meetings at Aix-les-Bains during the first two weeks of September. Programmes with particulars as to hotel accommodations, etc., may be obtained by addressing Rev. N. L. Bluett, M. A. Annemasse, Haute, Savoie, France.

A substantial Protestant Episcopal Church has been built and dedicated at Guthrie, Oklahoma Territory. Two years hard work have been required to achieve this result and open the church free of debt. There is a regular attendance of about 200, and the Rev. Mr. Tyler, who is in charge, has now commenced a weekly service at Oklahoma City, thirty miles distant, which has in it the promise of a very successful work.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is laboring at New Rochelle, N. Y. The first meeting of the series was held on May 28. A very deep and widespread interest has been aroused which is affecting all the churches. The Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist denominations are uniting heartily in the work. So general is the interest taken in the meetings that on Wednesday, June 4th the leading business houses closed their establishments to allow of their employees attending the services, which commenced at eight o'clock in the morning and continued all day.

The next annual Convention of the International Christian Workers' Association will be held in Washington, D. C., in November. Former meetings of this Association, especially that held in Hartford, Conn., last year, were exceedingly helpful to Mission Workers, Sunday School teachers and Christians engaged in all departments of aggressive Gospel work. Early notice is given of the November meeting in order that persons desiring to attend may make arrangements. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The "Itata" Surrendered—Historian Lossing Dead—Brigandage in Turkey—Ex-President Hayes ill—Servia's Young King—Two Memorial Statues Unveiled—Secretary Blaine Better—General Notes.

RUSSIA'S Anti-Hebrew Crusade is still the talk of Europe, and the cause of universal indignation. Thousands of the exiles who have reached Berlin are sheltered in a tunnel near Charlottenburg, where they are cared for by co-religionists. All appeals to the Czar have been useless, and European statesmen are now forced to the conclusion that the brutalities perpetrated by the Grand Duke Sergius, the Czar's brother, and by Gen. Ignatieff, the Chief of Police, are fully sanctioned by the Emperor. He is said to have expressed a determination to continue the movement until he had solved the Jewish question, which he regarded as largely identical with that of Nihilism, since many of that race were engaged in Nihilistic plots. This is denied by the best authorities in Russia, and discredited in Austria, England, France and Germany.

England has Published a Blue Book, Dealing with the Behring Sea dispute, which gives the correspondence regarding the negotiations between the two countries. It shows that President Harrison insists that an exception to the prohibition of seal fishing be made to the extent of 7500 seals, which are necessary for the support of the natives. Beyond this, however, the prohibition is to be strict and indiscriminating. The Behring Sea Bill has been ordered to a second reading in the British Parliament, without opposition. England has practically conceded the American claims. The proposed prohibition is to be continued until 1892, and before it expires, it is expected that the arbitrators will make an award. Russia's consent is necessary to entire prohibition in Behring Sea, and although no intimation has yet been received from that government, it is believed to be favorable to closing it to sealers.

Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, who, on his retirement from active politics, returned, like Cincinnatus of old, to his farm, is very ill. Sometime ago he was attacked by a malady which robbed him of his voice and which was followed by great physical depression and indication of a general breaking-up of the system. Mr. Hayes was born in Connecticut in 1822 studied at Harvard, and practiced law in Cincinnati. In 1861, he went to the war as commander of a volunteer regiment from Ohio and was speedily promoted to the rank of Colonel, Brigadier-General and Major-General successively. In 1864 he was elected to Congress. Twice he was chosen Governor of Ohio and in 1876 was elected President, having been nominated by the Republican party. That election will be memorable in consequence of the indecisive result, which led to the appointment of the Electoral Commission. That body decided in favor of Hayes and against Tilden, the Democratic candidate, giving the former a majority of one in the Electoral College. Mr. Hayes has been prominently identified with the prison reform movement in Ohio of late years and is distinguished as a Christian philanthropist. He is one of the administrators of the Slater Educational Fund for the benefit of colored people. His portrait is given above.

The "Charleston's" Long Chase of the Chilian insurgent steamer, *Itata*, ended in the latter being surrendered on June 4th, in the port of Iquique, with the five thousand rifles that were shipped at San Diego, Cal. The surrender was made formally to Admirals McCann and Brown, of the U. S. Navy, on the arrival of the *Itata*, and before the *Charleston* had come to port. It is now claimed that the arms were shipped at a point many miles out at sea, and not at San Diego, and if this can be established it will materially modify the situation and may result in the release of the *Itata*.

Few European Princes have made their Debut under such disadvantageous circumstances as those that surround the young Servian monarch, Prince Alexander, whose portrait is given in this column. Both parents in exile—his father in disgrace and his royal mother, Queen Natalie, because her presence in the country would provoke dissensions between two powerful political factions—it is little wonder that the sympathetic interest of Europe should go out to this boy-king, hardly fourteen years old, yet whose life is rather that of a petted prisoner than a king. He is closely guarded by the regency, and is being subjected to a rather forced process of development, in their haste to have him fit to assume regal powers. His military tutor, Colonel Miskovic, brings him to every important drill, where he is in command of a company. In his colonel's uniform, he would meet his mother and salute her in formal military fashion, instead of greeting her with the kiss of childhood. Should he live, and should Servia be fortunate enough to escape revolution, he will ascend the throne of the Obrenovitches as Alexander I. in 1894, when he becomes of age.

A Band of Turkish Brigands Attacked the Eastern express near Tcheresskoi on June 1st, derailing the engine and several cars and intimidating the passengers, who surrendered after a sharp fusilade. This astonishing event occurred between Constantinople and Adrianople. A noted robber, named Anastasius led the attack. The bandits found among the passengers several German and English tourists, one being a wealthy banker. Like the mountain outlaws of Greece and Sicily, they decided to demand a ransom for these important captives, and let the other prisoners go, after ransacking their baggage for valuables. The men carried away Herr Israel, the Berlin banker, Herr Maquet, a Bavarian land-owner, Herr Kotysch, a wealthy Prussian, and Freundinger, the engineer of the express. $40,000 are demanded as ransom, which the German Ambassador at Constantinople will advance to the outlaws, although the loss will ultimately fall on the Turkish Government.

The Canadian Reciprocity Commissioners, who lately visited Washington, have made their report to the Dominion Parliament, through Sir Charles Tupper, the High Commissioner. He thinks that there is a fair prospect that arrangements may be made to secure to Canada the benefit of reciprocal trade relations with the Union, as well as with the South American Republics. The visit of the Commission and its negotiations with our Government were described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD at the time. The impression given by the report of the Commission was that President Harrison's western tour considerably interfered with the negotiations.

The Women of Mississippi, on June 2d, unveiled at Jackson a superb memorial to the Southern soldiers who fell in the Civil War. Twenty thousand persons were present, including an array of veterans, under Gov. Gordon, of Georgia, Commander of the United Confederate Veterans. In the procession was a float, drawn by ten white horses, carrying fifteen young ladies, representing the Southern Confederacy, and each carrying the banner of her State. Tattered Southern battle-flags were borne side by side with the Stars and Stripes, which floated at the head of each division. The military display was one of the finest in the South since the war. The memorial monument is 60 feet 4 inches high, being surmounted by the heroic statue of a soldier. There are three platform stone bases and two marble slabs with the inscription: "To the Confederate dead of Mississippi," besides a number of other smaller slabs bearing inscriptions in poetry and prose. In one of the niches of the monument a statue of the late Jefferson Davis will shortly be placed. On the same day 25,000 persons participated in the unveiling of a bronze statue to the late Gen. Grant, at Galena, Ill., Hon. Chauncey M. Depew delivering the oration.

A Familiar Name to Americans is that of Dr. Benson John Lossing, the well-known historian, who died of heart disease at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on June 1st. Dr. Lossing was born in the town of Beekman, N. Y., in 1813, was educated at a public school, and learned the watchmaker's trade. At twenty-two, he began his literary career, first, modestly as editor and publisher of an illustrated magazine. In 1841, his *History of the Fine Arts* appeared, followed by a number of historical works, including *The Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence* and *The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*. These books, at one time, were held as standards by American readers, and won Dr. Lossing wide fame as a historian.

After Thirty-three Years of Active Service in connection with Columbia College, Professor Theodore Woolsey Dwight, probably the most eminent of living American jurists, retires on July 1st. Professor Dwight, whose portrait is given in this column, has been the leading spirit in the Columbia Law School during many years, and there are thousands of lawyers, many of them eminent judges, ministers to foreign countries, members of Congress and of State Legislatures, who have benefited by his teaching. A number of prominent citizens, including professors, judges, and diplomats, have united in a testimonial, which is to be presented to the retiring jurist. Professor Dwight's connection with Columbia College began in 1858, and after 1873, the entire work of instruction in every topic of private law developed upon him. Altogether, fully ten thousand pupils have benefited by his instruction. He has had associated with him at different times some of the greatest lawyers in the United States, among his pupils being Senator Hawley of Connecticut, ex-Attorney General Baldwin of Indiana, Henry Holt, Franklin MacVeagh, President Foulke of Swathmore College, Congressman Perry Belmont, President Warfield, of Lafayette College and a host of others.

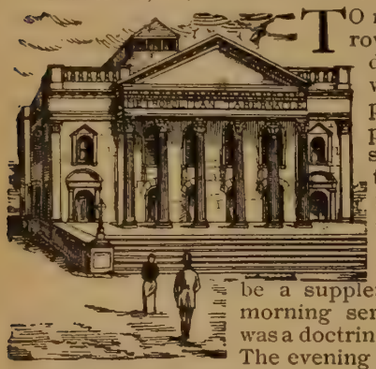
Half the Country was Swept by Storm Dur- ing the week and the Northwest especially suffered severely. A tornado did much damage in South Dakota, demolishing buildings of every description through a large section and along a track only one hundred feet wide. Horses, wagons and barns were tossed in the air. At Watertown, Waverley, and Hazel much damage was done and several persons were killed.

THE PROCLAMATION.

A NEW SERMON PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

A Sermon Postponed—I. The Comings of Christ—The Probation in Eden—The Failure in Meeting Temptation—When Religion had Failed—When Hope had Departed—When the World will be at its Worst—II. Is Coming to Sinners—To Set all Else Aside—To be a Substitute—III. His Own Herald—To be The Way—IV. Reasons for Coming—V. A Plea for Receiving Him.

"*Then said I, Lo, I come.*"—Psalm 40: 7.



TO my great sorrow, last Sunday night I was unable to preach. I had prepared a sermon upon this text, with much hope of its usefulness; for I intended it to be a supplement to the morning sermon, which was a doctrinal exposition. The evening sermon was intended to be practical, and to commend the whole subject to the attention of inquiring sinners. I came here feeling quite fit to preach, when an overpowering nervousness oppressed me, and I lost all self-control, and left the pulpit in anguish. I come hither this morning with the same subject. I have been turning it over, and wondering why it was so. Peradventure, this sermon was not to be preached on that occasion, because God would teach the preacher more of his own feebleness, and cast him more fully upon the divine strength. That has certainly been the effect upon my own heart. Perhaps, also, there are some here this morning who were not here last Lord's-day evening, whom God intends to bless by the sermon. You that are fresh to this place, should consider the strange circumstance, which never happened to me before in the forty years of my ministry; and you may be led to inquire whether my bow was then unstrung that the arrow might find its ordained target in your heart.

I. I will commence with this observation: the Lord Christ has times of

His First Comings to Men;

"Then said I, Lo, I come." What are these times? Mayhap some here present have reached this season, and this very day is the time of blessing when the text shall be fulfilled: "Then said I, Lo, I come." Go with me to the first record in the volume of the Book, when it was said that he should come. You will find it in the early chapters of Genesis. Jesus said, "Lo, I come" when man's probation was a failure. Man in the Garden of Eden had every advantage for obedience and life. He had a perfect nature, created without bias towards evil, and he was surrounded with every inducement to continue loyal to his Maker. In a very short time our mother Eve ate of the fruit, and father Adam followed her, and thus human probation ended in total failure. At that point we read in the volume of the Book that the Seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Then our Redeemer said, "Lo, I come."

Hearken to me, my friend: you also have had your probation, as you have thought it to be. You quitted your father's roof with every hope, your mother judged you to be of a most amiable character, and your friends expected to see in you one whose life would honor the family. You thought so yourself. Your probation has reversed that hope; you have turned out far other than you should have been; and looking back upon the whole of your life to this moment, you ought to be ashamed. It has been a terrible breaking down for you, and for all who know you; and you are sitting in this place feeling, "Yes, it is so; the tests have proved me to be as a broken reed. I am under condemnation by reason of my transgressions against God." How rejoiced I am to tell you that, at such a time when you are conscious that you are a failure, Jesus says, "Lo, I come!"

That also was a time when man's clever dealings with the devil had turned out a great failure. The serpent came and said, "God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." How craftily he put it! How cunningly he insinuated that God was jealous of what man might become, and was keeping him back from a nobler destiny! He even dared to say, "Ye shall not surely die," thus giving the Lord the lie direct. No man hath yet dealt with the devil without being a loser. The arch-deceiver promises very fairly; but he lies from beginning to end. I know he promised you pleasure unbounded, and liberty unrestrained. Now,

The Pleasure is Burnt Out,

and the ashes of that which once blazed and crackled, are terrible to look upon. As for liberty, where is it? You have become the bond-slave of sin. You were to enjoy life, and lo, you are plunged in death! *He needs a long spoon who eats out of the same dish as the devil*, and your spoon has not been long enough. Sin has overreached and betrayed you; and you stand trembling before God as the result of having listened to the falsehoods of hell, and having rejected the commands of heaven. Supposing such a person to be present—and I feel sure he is—I pray that he may hear my text as from the Lord Jesus himself.

When our Lord did actually arrive, fulfilling the text by being born of a woman, it was when man's religion has proved a failure. There was never a darker thirty years than when Herod slew the innocents, and the chief priest and scribes pursued the Son of God, and at last nailed him to the tree. It was then that Jesus came to us to redeem us by his death. Do I speak to any man here whose religion has broken down? You have observed a host of rites and ceremonies: you were christened in your infancy, you were duly confirmed, you have taken what you call "the blessed sacrament;" or it may be you have sat always in the most plain of meeting-houses, and listened to the most orthodox of preachers, and you have been amongst the most religious of religious people; but now, at length, the Spirit of God has shown you that all these performances and attendances are worthless cobwebs which

Avail you Nothing.

If you feel that you need something infinitely better than Churchianity, or Methodism—in fact, that you need Christ himself to be formed in you—then to you, even to you, Jesus says, "Lo, I come." When you part with self you meet with Christ. When no shred of hope remains, then Jesus says, "Lo, I come."

Once more. The Lord Jesus is to come a second time; and when will he come? He will come when man's hope is a failure. He will come when iniquity abounds, and the love of many hath waxed cold. He will come when dreams of a golden age shall be turned into the dread reality of abounding evil. Do not dream that the world will go on improving and improving, and that the improvement will naturally culminate in the millennium. No such thing. It may grow better for a while, better under certain aspects; but, afterwards the power of the better element will ebb out like the sea, even though each wave should look like an advance. That day shall not come except there be a falling away first. Even the wise virgins will sleep, and the men of the world will be, as in the days of Noah, eating and drinking, marrying and being given in marriage. On a sudden, the Lord will come

As a Thief in the Night.

The deluge of fire will find men unprepared as did the deluge of water. He will come taking vengeance on his adversaries. When things wax worse and worse we see the tokens of his speedy coming. He will shortly appear, for the sky is darkening. When every hope will seem blotted out, and nothing but grim ages of anarchy and ungodliness are to be expected, then our Deliverer will come. When the tale of bricks was doubled in Egypt, Moses came; and when the world attains to its utmost unbelief and iniquity, Jesus will come. So at this moment my hearer may be saying, "Lost! Lost! I am past hope!" This is the time for my text: "Then said I, Lo, I come." He who is able to save to the uttermost appears to the soul when every other hope disappears. In your deep distress I see a token for good. You are now reduced to spiritual death, and now I trust that eternal life will visit you.

Now all this I put before you in simple language, believing what I say, and trusting that if I describe your case, you will know that I mean it for you. I have heard of a preacher who was so fearful lest he should be thought personal, that he said to his congregation, "Lest any of you should think that what I have said was meant for you, I would observe that the sermon I am preaching was prepared for a congregation in Massachusetts." I can plead nothing of the sort. I refer to you, my hearer, in the most pointed manner. I will attend to Massachusetts, if ever the Lord sends me there; but just now I mean you.

II. Secondly, I would remark that

Christ Comes to Sinners

in the glory of his person: "Then said I, Lo, I come." Note that glorious I! Have you not seen people engaged in urgent work who did not understand their business? Apprentices, and other unskilful people, are muddling time away. They are making bad worse, and running great risk. Perhaps a great calamity will occur if the work is not done well and quickly. A first-rate worker is sent for. See, the man has come who understands the business. He cries, "Let me come! Stand out of my way! You are on the wrong tack: let me do it myself!" You have not blamed him for egotism, for the thing needed to be done, and he could do it, and the others could not. Everybody recognized the master workman, and gave place to him. The announcement of his coming was the end of the muddle, and the signal of hope. Even so Jesus comes to you sinners, and his presence is your salvation. He says, "Lo, I come." What does he mean?

He means, the setting of all else on one side. There is the priest—he has not helped you much; he may go, for Jesus says, "Lo, I come." There are your own efforts and doings; there are your feelings and thinkings; there are your ceremonies and austerities; there are your prayers and tears; there are your hearings and readings—all these must be laid aside as grounds of confidence, and Jesus alone must be your trust. He can do for you what none of these can. You are

Trying to Work Yourself Up

to repentance and faith, and you cannot succeed. Let him come, and he will bring every good thing with him. It is glorious to see our Lord throwing down all our bowing walls and tottering fences, and to hear him cry, "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation." Everything else vanishes before his perfect salvation.

Here is a glorious setting of himself at our side and in our place. Your debt of sin is discharged when you believe in Christ Jesus. He takes our sins upon himself, he bears their penalty, and we go free. Blessed word—"Lo, I come:" I come to take your weight of sin, your burden of punishment. I come to be made a curse for you, that you may be made the righteousness of God in me. Sinner, stand out of the way, and let Jesus appear for you, and fill your place! Our Lord sets himself to be permanently our all in all. When he came on earth, he did not leave his work till he had finished it. O my hearer, you are now in the place where the gospel is preached to you—yes, to you, for we are sent to preach the gospel to every creature; and though you should be the worst, and most benighted, and most guilty of all the creatures out of hell, yet you are a creature, and we preach Christ to you. O poor heart, may the Lord Jesus say to you "Lo, I come!" for he comes to stay,—to stay until he

has worked salvation in you as he has worked out salvation for you. He will not leave a believer till he has presented him spotless before the throne of God with exceeding joy.

III. Oh, that many may be comforted while I dwell on a third head! Christ in his coming is

His Own Introduction.

Here our Lord is his own herald, "Lo, I come." He does not wait for an eloquent preacher to act as master of the ceremonies to him: he introduces himself. Therefore even I, the simplest talker on earth, may prove quite sufficient for my Lord's purpose if he will graciously condescend to bless these plain words of mine. It is not I that say that Jesus comes, but in the text our Lord himself declares, "Then said I, Lo, I come." You need not do anything to draw Christ's attention to you; it is Christ who draws your attention to himself.

Our Lord Jesus is the way to himself. Did you ever notice that? He comes himself to us, and so he is the way by which we meet him. He is our rest, and the way to our rest; he says, "I am the way." You want to know how to get to Christ? You have not to get to Christ, for he has come to you. An inquirer once said to a minister, "The next step for me is to get a deeper conviction of sin." The minister said, "No such thing, my friend: the next step is to trust in Jesus, for he says, Come unto me." To come to Jesus, or rather to receive Jesus who has come to us, is the one essential step into eternal savation. Though our Lord does say, "Come unto me," he has preceded it with this other word, "Lo, I come." Poor cripple, if you cannot come to Jesus, ask him to come to you; and he will. Jesus can make you whole, and he is here.

IV. Our next point is this—Christ reveals

His Reasons for Coming.

Only a few words on this. He comes because his heart is set on you. He loves you, and so he hastens to your rescue. Your salvation is his delight. Though your soul is sunk in a sea of need, and you are in despair because of that need, Jesus loves you. One asked an old man of ninety, "Do you love Jesus?" and the old man answered with a smile, "I do, indeed; but I can tell you something better than that." His friend said, "Something better than loving Jesus! What is that?" The old disciple replied, "He loves me." O soul, I wish you could see this fact, which is indeed better than your love to Jesus, namely, his love to you!

The fact is, you have need, and he has love, and so he comes. There is no hope for you unless he does come, and that is why he comes. If you had a penny of your own, he would not give you his purse; if you had a rag of your own, he would not give you his robe; if you had a breath of your own he would not give you his life. But now you are naked, and poor, and miserable, and lost, and dead, Jesus reveals himself, and you read concerning him, "Then said I, Lo, I come." He gives you his reasons—reasons not in yourself, but all in his grace. There is no good in you; there is no reason in you why the Lord should save you; but because of his free, spontaneous, rich, sovereign, almighty grace, he leaps out of heaven, he descends to the earth, he plunges into the grave to pluck his beloved from destruction.

V. Here is my last word: Christ's coming is the best plea for

Our Receiving Him,

and receiving him now. O sirs, remember you have not to raise the question whether he will will come or not. He is come. You have not to say, How can I come to him? He comes to you. You do want a Mediator between your soul and God; but you do not want any mediator between yourself and Jesus; for he says, "Lo, I come." To you in all your filthiness, in all your condemnation, in all your hopelessness, he comes. Wait not for anybody to introduce you to him, or him to you; he has introduced himself, and here is his card—"Then said I, Lo, I come."

No search is needed to find the Lord, for he comes in manifested grace, and calls upon us to see him. "I have long been searching for Christ," murmurs one. What! seeking for the sun at noonday? Jesus is not lost. It is you that are lost, and he is searching for you. He says, "Lo, I come:" it is you that will not come. Still one declares that he has been seeking the Lord Jesus for many a day. This is sadly strange, for Jesus is near.

Moreover, no waiting is needed, and no preparation is to be made by you. Why do you wait? He does not wait, but cries, "Lo, I come!" "I will get ready for Christ," say you; but it is too late to talk so, when he cries, "Lo, I am come." Receive him! If you are in yourself sadly unready, yet he himself will make everything ready for himself. Only

Open Wide the Door.

and let him enter in. Shut not out your own mercy. A pastor in Edinburgh, in going round his district, knocked at the door of a poor woman, for whom he had brought some needed help; but he received no answer. When next he met her, he said to her, "I called on Tuesday at your house." She asked, "At what time?" "About eleven o'clock; I knocked, and you did not answer. I was disappointed, for I called to give you help." "Ah, sir!" said she, "I am very sorry. I thought it was the man coming for the rent, and I could not pay it, and therefore I did not dare to go to the door." Many a troubled soul thinks that Jesus is one who comes to ask of us what we cannot give; but indeed he comes to give us all things.

No assistance is wanted by Christ on your part. He does not come with half a salvation, and look to you to complete it. He does not come to bring you a robe half woven, which you are to finish. How could you finish it? Could the best saint in the world add anything to Christ's righteousness? No good man would even dream of adding his home-spun to that raiment which is of wrought gold. Receive him: receive him at once. Dear children of God, and sinners that have begun to feel after him, say with one accord, "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus." If he says, "Lo, I come," and the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and he that heareth says, Come, and he that is athirst comes, and whosoever will is bidden to come and take the water of life freely; then let us join the chorus of comes, and come to Christ ourselves. "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him!" Ye who most of all need him, be among the first and gladdest, as you hear him say, "Lo, I come."

A NIHILIST CONVERTED.

A Russian Jew whom his family designed for a Rabbi, and who had to that end been carefully trained by Jewiah teachers, imbibed at college an intense hatred of all religion. He became an Atheist and Nihilist, Having been placed under police supervision in consequence of the suspicion of the authorities,and being debarred from continuing his studies at a Russian university on account of his nationality, he removed to Geneva, and became a regular contributor to a Nihilist paper. In that capacity he resolved to attack Christianity, and therefore went out one day to purchase a New Testament, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the system which he was about to assail. As he passed through the public gardens he saw a book lying on a bench. He looked at it, and found to his surprise that it was a New Testament. His first thought was that this odd coincidence would supply a capital point for a humorous article, As the weather was fine he sat down and proceeded to turn over the pages. The first passage which caught his attention was our Lord's warning against anxiety in the Sermon on the Mount. This struck him as philosophical, and he resolved to make a thorough examination of the teaching of Jesus. Close study of the New Testament, and careful comparison of the Gospel of Matthew with the Hebrew Scriptures, led him after two years of diligent search, to accept Jesus as the Messiah of Israel, and the Saviour of the world.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Epistle of James.

THE character of the letter exactly harmonizes with the character of James, the first bishop of Jerusalem, and with the known circumstances of those to whom the letter is addressed, and this in a way that no literary forger of that age could have reached. And there is no sufficient motive for a forgery, for the letter is singularly wanting in doctrinal statements. The supposed opposition to St. Paul will not hold; a writer who wished to oppose St. Paul would have made his opposition much more clear. And a forger who wished to get the authority of James wherewith to counteract Paul's teaching would have made us aware that it was either an Apostle, the son of Zebedee, or the son of Alpheus, or else the brother of the Lord, who was addressing us, and would not have left it open for us to suppose that the epistle was from the pen of some unknown James, who had no authority at all equal to that of Paul. And let anyone compare this epistle with those of Clement, of Rome, and of Barnabas, and of Ignatius, and mark its enormous superiority. If it were the work of a forger, what a perplexing fact this superiority would be! If it be the work either of an Apostle, or of one who had Apostolic rank everything is explained.

The Identity of the Author.

In the New Testament we find several persons bearing the name of James among the followers of Jesus Christ. It would be possible to make as many as six; but these must certainly be reduced to four, and probably to three. These six are: (1.) James the Apostle, the son of Zebedee and brother of John the Apostle; (2.) James, the apostle, the son of Alpheus; (3.) James the Little, son of Mary, the wife of Clopas; (4.) James, the brother of the Lord (Galatins, 1:19), a relation which he shares with Joses, Simon and Judas; (5.) James, the overseer of the church at Jerusalem; and (6.) James the brother of the Jude who wrote the epistle. Of these six we may safely identify the last three as being one and the same person; and we may reasonably identify James, the son of Clopas, with James, the son of Alpheus. But this is by no means certain. We have thus reduced the six to four, or three. In our ignorance of the life and thought and language of the son of Zebedee and the son of Clopas, we cannot say that there is anything in the epistle itself which forbids us to attribute it to either of them; but there is nothing in it which leads us to do so. And there are considerations which combined, are against Apostolic authorship. Therefore, without further hesitation, we may assign the epistle to one of the most striking and impressive figures in the Apostolic age, James the Just, the brother of the Lord, and the first overseer of the mother church at Jerusalem. Whether James was the brother of the Lord, as being the son of Joseph by a former marriage, or as being the son of Joseph and Mary, born after the birth of Jesus, need not be argued. All that specially concerns us for a right understanding of the epistle is to remember that it was written by one who, although for some time not a believer in the Messiahship of Jesus, was, through his near relationship, constantly in his society, witnessing his acts and hearing his words.

St. Jude.

The author of this epistle was comparatively unknown, having written nothing else, and having probably travelled little. The charge: "Remember ye the words which have been spoken before by the Apostles of our Lord Jesus

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*From *The Expositor's Bible: The General Epistles of St. James and St. Jude*, by the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M. A., D.D. This now famous series of volumes is greatly enriched by Dr. Plummer's work, which deals with these epistles in a scholarly, but markedly reverent spirit. Pp. 467; Price $1.50. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

Parliament Houses, Ottawa, Ont.

Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of Canada.

Christ," although it does not necessarily imply that the writer himself is not one of these Apostles would be more suitable to one who did not possess Apostolic rank. And when we ask what James is meant, when he styles himself, "the brother of James," the answer cannot be doubtful; it is James the brother of the Lord. We know that he was married, not merely from general statement made by Paul respecting the brethren of the Lord (1. Cor. 9: 5), but from the interesting story told by Hegesippus that two grandsons of Jude were taken before Domitian as being of the royal family of David, and therefore dangerous to his rule. "For," says Hegesippus, "he was afraid of the appearance of Christ, as Herod was." In answer to his questions they said that they were indeed of the family of David, but were poor and humble persons, who supported themselves by their own labor; in proof of which they showed their horny hands. When further questioned respecting the Christ and his kingdom, they said it was not earthly, but heavenly, and would arise at the end of the world, when he came to judge the living and the dead. Whereupon Domitian contemptuously dismissed them as too simple to be dangerous, and ordered that the persecution of the descendants of David should cease.

THE LATE MR. HENRY NAYLOR.

(See Portrait on page 357.)

IT is with sincere sorrow, which will be shared by large numbers of our readers, that we report the death of Mr. Henry Naylor, which occurred on June 4. A man of earnest piety, of large and wise benefactions—a man devoted heart and soul to the cause of Christ and of the poor, whose life and labor and fortune were fully consecrated and freely used in Christian service among the needy and "them that are out of the way"—he was one whom the church and the world can ill spare. Not only at the Berachah Mission in New York, which was built and supported entirely at his own expense, and where many of the most hopeless cases have been decided for Christ, but at the docks, on board the ships, and in the abodes of poverty and vice, he and his devoted wife have gone, regardless of the shocks which persons of their rank and culture would sustain, caring nothing for hardships and rebuffs if only they could tell some sin-sick soul the way of salvation and win some miserable wanderer for Christ. Surely the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," awaited him from the lips of the Master, who has said: "I know thy works and thy labor and thy patience." May that thought comfort and support the sorrowing widow in her affliction!

CANADA'S DEAD PREMIER.

Sir John A. Macdonald and His Remarkable Career—The Foremost of Canadian Statesmen.

(See Illustration.)

FOR many days past, the people of Canada have watched with sad interest the battle for life that was waged by the greatest of Canadian statesmen, Sir John A. Macdonald. For three weeks, the Dominion Premier lay dying of congestion of the lungs, at Earnscliffe, the home of Lady Macdonald, his wife. Over a month ago, the first premonitions of failure began to make themselves visible. After thirty hours of unconsciousness, he expired at 10 P. M. on Saturday, June 6th, surrounded by his immediate family. The remains lay in state at the Parliament Buildings until Wednesday, when the funeral took place at St. Alban's Church. The interment was at Kingston, Ont., where the body also lay in state for some time at the City Hall. The obsequies were the most imposing ever witnessed in the Dominion, and the expressions of sorrow were deep and universal. Lady Macdonald, who watched faithfully by the couch of her dying husband till the last scene, is completely prostrated.

Canadians were greatly stirred up by the illness of the Premier. Messages of inquiry and condolence poured in from every quarter of the Dominion and two secretaries were kept busy answering them in an ante-room at Earnscliffe, adjoining the sick chamber. Telegrams from the Queen of England and from many high official dignitaries abroad were also received.

John Alexander Macdonald, like many other Dominion notabilites, was not a native of the soil of Canada. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1815, and when ten years of age was taken by his parents to Kingston, Ont., where he was educated at the Royal Grammar School. He never went to college; yet he managed, by hard study and by improving every opportunity, to acquire a pretty thorough education. He studied law, being a fellow student in the same office with Oliver Mowatt, who has been dubbed the "Little Premier" of Canada. Shortly after being called to the bar he entered politics and, three years after his election to Parliament, became a member of the Executive Council of the Dominion. After that time he was closely identified with every leading event in the political history of his adopted country.

Sir John was easily the foremost of Dominion statesmen. He has been called by his admirers, the "Grand Old Man of Canada," and, indeed, he possessed many of the characteristics of Mr. Gladstone. Clean-shaven, with a noble forehead, crowned by thin, spare locks, his style of delivery on the floor of Parliament when he shook his leonine head, was not unlike that of the Sage of Hawarden, in some of his eloquent moods. His seventy-six years seemed to leave little of the impress of age on his energies, and his superb administrative faculties were as keen as ever.

Magnetic, broad-minded, sagacious, he was naturally a leader of men, and his leadership has been everywhere respected, even by his political enemies. "The Chieftain," his familiar appellation, showed how dear he was to the Colonial heart. His conversation abounded in wit and repartee, and overflowed with anecdote. It has been claimed that, as a political tactician, he was without peer in Canada. Among his later administrative problems, have been the Canadian Pacific Railroad loan, the Jesuits' Estates' Act and the issues involved in the recent election, in all of which he contrived to pluck success out of what seemed to be often a very difficult situation. Whether at the Government House, at the Rideau Club, or at his beautiful home at Earnescliffe, he has always been an enormous worker, attending with his own hand to the bulk of his mail.

In 1864, Sir John Macdonald found a scheme worthy of his genius. It was the confederation of the Maritime Provinces, and this led to the still greater conception of the union of all British North America. He had the satisfaction of seeing his plans fulfilled and of forming the first government for the new Confederation, he himself becoming Prime Minister. In 1871 he was one of her Majesty's Commissioners for the settlement of the Alabama Claims. Since 1878 he steadily held the posts of Premier and President of the Privy Council. He was regarded as the father of the protective policy which Canadians have ratified at successive elections. His leadership of the Conservative party has been so successful that only once in twenty-four years have the opposition held any of the more important offices.

An uncompromising loyalist, Sir John, was one of the bitterest opponents of the suggested annexation of Canada by the United States and he sanctioned the prosecution of the

men who were most prominent in the annexation movement sometime ago. Indeed, the keynote of his whole creed has been the union of Canada as one Province under one Sovereign. The closing years of his life have been devoted to the effort to bring Newfoundland into the Confederation and to settle amicably all difficulties with the United States. His successor will probably be Sir Charles Tupper, a staunch and able Conservative and long time associate of the Premier.

On page 364 are given an excellent portrait of the Canadian Premier, from a recent photograph and a sketch of the Parliament Houses on Barrack Hill, Ottawa, the scene of his many brilliant political triumphs. The structure is a beautiful and conspicuous one. The different wings were added at various periods, yet the general style has been preserved, making the whole the most picturesque building in the Dominion.

A Street Scene in Kioto, Japan, near which the Czarewitch was Attacked.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

The City to which the Czarevitch was taken after the Attempt to Assassinate Him.

A REPORT of the attack of the Japanese policeman on the eldest son of the Czar of Russia, on May 11, appeared in this journal at the time of its occurrence; we now give a picture, taken from a photograph of a street in Kioto, near which city the attempted assassination took place and to which the wounded prince was conveyed after his providential escape for medical treatment.

As our readers are aware, the heir-apparent of the throne of Russia is making an extended tour through Asiatic countries. Travelling through India, where he was royally entertained by the English Government, he passed through China, and thence sailed for Japan. A part of the programme of his visit was, it appears, an excursion to Otsu, a beautiful village near Kioto. It lies on the shores of Lake Biwa, a noble sheet of water, forty-five miles long, surrounded by hills richly wooded, and is a noted resort of pleasure-seekers. The Czarevitch, accompanied by his cousin, Prince George of Greece, and his suite, crossed the lake in a Japanese boat and landed at Otsu. There they encountered an armed Japanese policeman, who made a murderous onslaught on the Czarevitch. He struck him a blow across the head with his sabre, inflicting an ugly wound on the left temple. Before he could strike another blow, Prince George rushed between them, knocked the policeman down with his stick, and kept him down until the guard came and secured him.

The gallantry of the young man has been highly lauded in the Russian newspapers, which say that Russia will never forget the timely service which saved a life so valuable to the nation. There is less exaggeration in this statement than appears at first sight. If the policeman had succeeded in giving another and fatal blow to the Prince, the succession to the Russian throne would probably have caused serious disputes. The Czar's second son is said to be dying of consumption, and his third son is a boy of twelve years of age, who, if he were soon called to succeed his father, would be under the control of a regency composed of men of reactionary tendencies. It was at first suspected that the attack was the work of a disguised Nihilist, who had foreseen and desired just this kind of dynastic embarrassment. It now appears, however, that the would-be assassin was simply a fanatic belonging to a class of Japanese patriots, who hate all foreigners and dread the effect of their influence on the country. He has been tried for the attempted assassination and has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Kioto has been called the Boston of Japan. It is the centre of culture. The city has 500,000 inhabitants. In the days of Buddhist supremacy there was no recognized source of learning outside of its monasteries. These monasteries and the temples are the pride and glory of Kioto. At one time in its history it had no less than four thousand of them. Since the advent of the foreigners, young men in other parts of Japan find that they can gain a better secular education in the public schools and universities where there are foreign teachers, and consequently there is a considerable decrease in the number of the students at Kioto. This fact has increased the antipathy of the Kioto people to foreigners. They have tried to arouse the religious prejudices of the people to the new system of education by representing it as a foreign scheme to convert Japan to Christianity. The government yielded to them so far as to stipulate, in engaging a foreign teacher, that his teaching should be purely secular, and that he should not teach Christianity in any shape whatsoever. But the good work could not be so stopped. The Japanese youth wanted to hear about Christianity, and as the teacher was not allowed to teach it in the schools they went to his house to learn. Mr. J. McLain Brown, to whose support many of our readers are generously contributing, is doing much good in this way. A naive testimony to the value of this Christian teaching was recently given by a Japanese banker, who being importuned by a Buddhist priest to join in the movement against Christian teaching, said: "No; I do not believe in Christianity, but I like my clerks to do so. Those whom the Buddhists teach are inefficient; those who get purely secular education in the foreign schools are dishonest; the only clerks who are both efficient and honest are those who are taught by the missionaries."

The illustration here given represents one of the principal streets of Kioto. The strange vehicles shown in the picture are *jinrikshas*, which are the ordinary travelling conveyances in Japan. A large number of men get their living by keeping them for hire, and trundling their patrons where they may want to go.

THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 351*)

Living With a Philosopher.

DOWN the river and its locks to Philadelphia, and up the stream again, after a week in the city, went the good barge *Fair-Weather*. To Robert that voyage was one splendid panorama of delight; its scenes shifting in time to a low murmurous music of waters, and singing birds, and leaves stirring in the summer breeze. In that blissful period he lost the memory of his miserable past; he no longer recollected that he had had his head knocked against the wall, or had hidden under the bed, or that he had fled shrieking from rum-maniacs, or that his toes had been frost-bitten, or his fingers blue with cold. All this that hung in the background of his infant mind, a haze of horror, vanished out of sight, the cruise of the *Fair-Weather* coming like a curtain of beautiful golden mist, to obscure all that was behind it. Robert's life had now a fair horizon: all about him was now green fields and blue sky, and on the verge where earth and heaven met walked his guardian angels, the kindly Captain, the energetic Mrs. 'Liza, and the saucy Pink. Oh, that was Indeed a beautiful six weeks.

The *Fair-Weather* returned to the mill, and Jerry delivered up his trust of the estate, and with pride handed over to Mrs. 'Liza the little bag of dollars he had won by his trading.

It was on an October Saturday, that the school-master, who had been out collecting autumn flowers, met Robert, Pink, and Bop, at the edge of the wood. Robert was carrying Bop, and as Bop was both fat and struggling, Robert's face was red from his exertions. Bop, screaming lustily, was clawing promiscuously at his little nurse's hair and eyes.

"Take the child home," said the schoolmaster; "he wants to go to his mother."

"Movver can't be bovvered with him," said Robert. "She's dot t'ins."

"Twins!"

Robert nodded. "I've got to tend Bop. He'll det used to it, won't he? He tan't ky forever, tan he?"

No. Evidently even Bop, fine as was his capacity for crying, could not, like the stream, run on forever.

The schoolmaster thought he could not spend the rest of the day better than in taking care of the children of the woman who had endowed the world with "a pair of t'ins." He put a peppermint-drop into each open mouth, took Bop on his shoulder, and entered the woods.

"Come see what I've got," cried the happy Robert, leading the way to a tree, where the decay of the short stump of a limb had made a natural vase or bowl, which was filled with water. "See! it was all dirt and leaves, and I cleaned it out, and now it's filled up with clean water and things, come and drink. The chipmunk holds on with his feet, and puts his nose over the rim. The birds stand on the edge, and dip in their bills; the big butterflies come here and drink, too, and Pink and I stand to watch 'em! I love to give sings drinks. I put a chair by the corner of the mill, and put a pail full of water on it, for horses that come, and I lead 'em along, an' they drink a whole pail full! They drinked free pails' full, in one day—once."

"But how did you get a pail filled, Robert?"

"Oh, I tooked it in dippers. Lots of dippers, till it was full. Movver said I'd run my legs off, carrying water—but I didn't; my legs is just as good as they was." And Robert, casting down his eyes, surveyed his vigorous little person with proper pride, and continued:

"I give the mans drinks, too. You know, a man came las' yesterday, and he said, 'Zekiel, haven't you a drop to keep a man alive? I'm 'most dead for a drink.' An' I said, 'Oh, Mister, I'll get you a drink.' And I ran, and I brought a whole dipper full—'cause he was most dead—and he looked at me real funny, and he drinked an awful lot, and he said, 'Zekiel, the boy's right; that goes to the right spot.' And they both laughed. I don't know why they laughed, and I don't know why he got 'most dead for a drink, when there was a whole river full—and I don't know why he said the 'right spot,' for there ain't but one spot, is there, and that's inside of you? I will ask Jerry all zem sings."

"You are a regular little man," said the schoolmaster. "When you come to school to me, I will show you books about birds and flowers."

"I'm coming when Pink is big enough to come, too," said Robert. "Next summer, maybe. Father says he will teach me to read at home, first. Then I can help Pink, when she don't know anysing. Jerry is going to make us some letter-blocks. Jerry tells me lots of sings. Jerry knows everysing, most. Jerry is going to make us a cart, big enough to hold Bop, and a keg, or a big bag. And when nuts is ripe we is going, me, and Pink, and Jerry, and Bop, up the mountain for lots of nuts. We has to take care of Bop, me and Jerry, for Bop don't like the t'ins being in his cradle, and he leans in and pulls ze t'ins' noses. The wagon Jerry is going to make, will be big enough for ze t'ins, and next summer I can drag 'em' round, outdoors."

The making of the letter-blocks and the wagon by Jerry, caused the workshop to be a very interesting place to all the children. Jerry sawed wheels out of pieces of plank, and while he was making the body of the cart, or sawing out square blocks, whereon to paste the fruitful twenty-six letters, which are the key of knowledge, Pink and Bop amused themselves for hours, rolling the wheels across the shop floor.

Doubtless the twins, sleeping in the room below, supposed themselves dwelling amid perpetual low thunders, but they soon became used to all manner of noises.

In the shop Robert much preferred conversation with Jerry to play. He regarded Jerry as a Fount of Wisdom. There was no question too abstruse to be laid before Jerry; there was none so abtruse that Jerry would not boldly venture an answer. As may have been gathered from the samples of Jerry's conversation he was a philosopher. There are a great many advantages in living with a philosopher; Robert reaped these advantages.

"Jerry," said Robert, "does it make you feel bad to have one eye? Don't you wish you could grow another eye?"

"I don't mind, I'm used to it," said Jerry, "we can get used to 'most anything in this world. I've heard of folks sleeping on beds made of spikes, or nails, till their skins got as tough as alligators' hides—alligators is a kind of reptile we don't have in this creek. And then there is some good in having a blind side. When I was at school, yonder, and the boys undertook to jibe and jeer me for having a wooden leg, going about noisy and pegging the way I do, somehow it always happened they did it on the blind side of me, and so, I wasn't obliged to take notice and fight 'em—but somehow all them little pranks was on my blind side."

"Well, I haven't any blind side, Jerry," said Robert indignantly, "and if any boys make faces at you, I'll see 'em, I can't help seeing 'em, and I'll hit 'em too. You see, I'll hit 'em with both fists just as hard as I can pound."

"All right, my chicken," said Jerry, "It is always proper to defend other folks, though you ain't obliged always to defend yourself. Now if anybody come 'round jibing at the ma'am anytime, someway it would be sure not to be on my blind side. Things in this world is — cur'ous. And there's another good in having a blind side. I'm often asked by men and lads as hang 'round the mill here, to take a hand at cards. But how can I when I can't tell 'em from each other? They soon found I was no good at cards, and I spoiled all the games along of my blind eye. Yes, Robert, a blind eye is some good. There's lots of times when it's uncommon convenient—a blind side."

"But the leg, Jerry, is it any good to have a wooden leg?"

"Lots of good, when you has one," said Jerry, cheerfully. "Why, Robert, you look here; you can get cold in both feet. I never can have but one cold foot, and that I can sit on, you see, if so be I am taking a long, cold ride or so. Then, too, when folks have two legs there's two chances of breaking 'em. But if I break my left leg it's easy mended. All I have to do is take the axe and the plane, and a piece of wood, and make me another. Then again, one pair of shoes is two pairs. The same with stockings. It don't take near so much to make me trousers as it does other folks. Also, when I come to a big wet or muddy place, what do I do? I just put my peg in the middle of it, reach out my crutch, and over it I go! I never get my feet wet. How can I when I have only one foot?"

"Well, then, Jerry, wouldn't it be nice if all peoples had only one leg?"

"Well, no," said Jerry, "there ought to be a good many two-legged people in the world, for there are things only two-legged people can do. I says all these things in favor of one leg, because I have only one leg and it's always a good plan to be in favor of what you have, if you can't change it. If I fretted no end, it wouldn't grow me a new eye or a new leg, so what's the use of fretting? I'd better spend my ideas in looking up the good of what I've got."

"Jerry, are you going to live here at the mill all your life?" asked Robert.

"I wish I might," said Jerry, heartily.

"But, Jerry, suppose, suppose the mill all burnt up, like father says his house did? Or, suppose it fell down, movver says she believes it will some

(*Continued on next Page.*)

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THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

(Continued from preceding Page.)

ay ; or, suppose, suppose everybody ied, Jerry, what would you do ?"

"Well, then, I'd do something else. here never is a time, when you an't do something else. If one ning's done, another comes on. It's ke the garden, Robert. In the pring, early, you plant lettuce, but ne time comes when the lettuce is itter and goes to seed ; but that's ust the time when you can haul up ne lettuce and plant your turnips or Thanksgivin' in the lettuce-beds. ow, I says to the ma'am the other ay, 'What's the good of thinkin' uppose we can't pay the interest on ne mortgage and the man fore- loses it ? Why, ain't it just as good,' says, 'to keep cheerful, thinking uppose we can pay the whole mort- age off, and have money enough ver to build a new mill ? It's as asy to suppose one as the other,' I ays, 'and its much more agreeable,' nd the ma'am she allowed I was bout right."

"Jerry, what's a mortgage?" asked obert, eagerly.

"A mortgage?" said the philoso- her, "a mortgage? Well, a mort- age—Robert, what is that thing un- er the bark of this piece of wood?"

Robert looked.

"It's a worm, Jerry, eating all the ood into holes."

"Well, Robert, a mortgage is a big orm eatin' all a piece of property nto holes."

"Dear me," said Robert, looking p at the mill roof. "So there are oles, Jerry; how did there come to e a mortgage on the mill?"

"I'm afraid," said Jerry, "it got nere because the Cap'n's father had hat are called drinking habits, obert, drinking habits."

"And, Jerry, what's drinking abits?"

"Drinking habits," said Jerry, sand- apering a letter-block, "are a big orm eating out a man's good sense, nd his good health, and his good elings, and his good fortune, and ll that's good about him."

"Oh, dear," said Robert. "I hope fa- ner don't have any drinking habits."

"No more he don't," said Jerry.

"There's father coming down the oad with the schoolmaster !" cried obert, clambering down from the ork-bench, and flying to meet Cap- ain 'Zekiel.

"You are very fond of this brave ttle man," said the schoolmaster, as aptain 'Zekiel welcomed the boy, ith a shout.

"So I am," said the Captain. "He's ost me something—a deal more than knew at the time. I'll say it to you, choolmaster, because I often have said of you, that you drew it too sharp on Temperance. When I brought him home, 'Liza she took a shrewd woman's advantage. 'The child or the bottle, 'Zekiel; take your choice.' That was the gist of what she laid down. 'Can I throw away such a child as that,' I says to myself, 'for the sake of an appetite ?' Well—I gave my word—and 'Zekiel Allen's word is a thing he don't take back. Then the tug came in. I never knew how I loved that bottle, nor what a hold it had on me, till I gave it up. Then I knew. I tell you, schoolmas- ter, it was a pull. I never was one of your boys. I left school before your time. I'm glad you are raising the boys now, so they won't get so slaved to the bottle as I was, without knowing it. Well, I think the fight is done. And it's made me more of a man. I said I never drank to hurt. But now I know that I've got clearer ideas, and a lighter feeling all through me, and look ahead more for my children, and enjoy myself more, and appreciate 'Liza Allen more, and set a better example to Jerry, and am a decenter person for these little shav- ers to hang 'round, since I gave up that bottle. Yes, the boy, though he doesn't know it, made a man of me."

"It was nobly done, liberally, gen- erously done, and it is written, 'The liberal soul shall be made fat,'" said the schoolmaster.

And no doubt this was true to the Captain. Certainly he was none the less happy, when he and Eliza sat by the stove in the evening, each one with a twin, to see three little white- arrayed figures kneeling in a row by the trundle-bed, to say, "Now I lay me."

(To be Continued.)

THE SPECTACLES ON THE BIBLE.

The hymn "Ring the bells of heaven" brings to mind a joyful Christian who had been plucked as a brand from the burning, and as often as he gave it out in the little mission meeting he was wont to attend, he would tell the story of how the angels came to have joy over his repentence. He had a Christian wife who had prayed many weary years for his con- version. One night she retired to rest leaving her spectacles in her Bible at the spot where she had been reading. He returned late from his usual sitting with his boon companions, something, doubtless the good Spirit of the Lord, prompted him to look at the book, when his eye caught the first verse of Isaiah 28, "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim." He read several verses, and his mind was so impressed with it that he could not shake it off till he sought and found sal- vation. He became and continued a rejoicing Christian, till the Lord took him to share in the angel's song.

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"WHEN I AWAKE."

"WHEN I awake," it will be morning,
The night forever past,
With all its glooms and fearing,
With all its fever-dreaming;
Light, joyous light at last,
"When I awake"—then no more sleeping.

"When I awake," it will be morning,
The pathway blindly trod
With footsteps weak and failing,
Illumed and clear, revealing
The purpose of my God,
"When I awake"—then no more doubting.

"When I awake," it will be morning,
And no more crushing pain,
With all its tears and sighing,
With all its grief and crying,
No more the falling rain;
"When I awake, then no more grieving.

"When I awake," it will be morning;
Then rest, yes, perfect rest,
And no more care-worn musing,
No mountain cliff sad climbing,
No looking to the West;
"When I awake"—no weary toiling.

"When I awake" it will be morning,
The loved ones gathered home,
With no more words of parting,
No trembling tear-drop starting,
In heaven's celestial dome;
"When I awake"—then blessed greeting.

"When I awake," it will be morning;
A Sabbath-keeping time;
A seraph harp then tuning?
An angel lyre then sweeping?
Ah, more than this be mine
"When I awake," the new song singing.

"When I awake," it will be morning;
"I shall be satisfied;"
No distant, far-off reaching
For something ever fleeting;
With Thee, the crucified,
I shall awake, and know no longing.

"When I awake," it will be morning;
It hath not been revealed,
No mortal eye is seeing,
No mortal ear is hearing
The bliss not e'en conceived:
"When I awake"—what glory beaming!

"When I awake," it will be morning;
Ah, then, why fear to sleep?
See, from the tomb uprising,
The Saviour interceding;
My soul He'll safely keep
Till I awake—Oh! glorious waking!

—*Selected.*

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It is highly recommended as the very best spring medicine.

CRUELTY TO AFRICAN WIVES.

The Rev. A. C. Good, a missionary in Africa, writes: "The lot of woman is hard indeed. Here, more than anywhere else in this country, she is bought and sold, married and unmarried, without any regard to her own preferences. Once married into a family, that is, once they have paid for her, she belongs to that family. If her husband dies, she must marry some other man in the family. If she declines the man who offers to marry her, then she has committed a heinous crime called here 'hating her husband,' the punishment for which is usually death. In one of the towns we visited, an old woman came to us and said she was to be killed, and declaring that she was innocent of any offence. We inquired into the matter, and were told that she was not to be killed, she was only to have her nose and ears cut off, and that she deserved it, for she had 'hated her husband.' On further inquiry we found that this was her offence. She had been married into a small family and all its male members had died, except one small boy, her husband being the last who died. As only the boy was left to marry her, she desired to return to her own people or to marry into some other family; but no; the decayed family were not to lose their money in that way. The boy-head of the family now that all the men were dead said, 'you shall marry me; I will be you husband,' i. e., 'you shall serve and obey me,' which is the prominent idea in marriage here. Naturally the widow declined, and so the charge was brought against her that she 'hated her husband.'"

ALMOST A MARTYR.

Rev. Edmund Rigg, of Jaffna, in speaking of the present position of Sivaism in Jaffna, asserted that it was still very vigorous, and gave an instance from his experience with regard to the proposed baptism of a high-caste youth, which had been prevented by the coercion of his neighbors. As another instance of the persecution which those who would follow Christ have to endure, he told a story of one of his native workers named Peter, who narrowly escaped being burned to death by some incendiaries on the eve of a great baptismal service. In spite of the manifest hatred of the Sivites, as shown by the burning of his house, the following night seven men and women were baptised for Christ. He held that such heroism as that could not be surpassed in English annals. He asked what they were to do with these splendid Singhalese Churches, many of which were self-supporting. Were they to go back? God forbid! They would still stick to their guns.

A POINTED ARGUMENT.

A good story is told of the late Mr. George Dodds in an English paper. He went on a deputation once with a Scotch minister to Eyemouth, to a temperance meeting, at which the latter advocated the use of alcohol as a food. They missed their way back, and the minster, tired out, lay down by the road-side to rest. Dodds saw a hedghog near, wrapped it in a hankerchief, and brought it to his friend for a pillow. The "points" soon made themselves felt. "What in the warl' is that?" asked the minister. "It's a good creature of God," solemnly declared Dodds, parodying the minister's argument for moderation.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

A mouse fell into a beer vat, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat:

"Help me out of my difficulty."

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat.

"Very well," replied the mouse, "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horrible mess of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat, and said: "I shall certainly eat you, and you must promise me on your word of honor that I may do so."

"Very well, I give you the promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out, and, trusting to the promise she dropped it for an instant. The mouse darted away and crept into a hole in the corner, where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said Puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse, "but didn't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor have been kept?

ORIGIN OF A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

"One day," says a writer in *The Triumph of Faith*, "Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird flitting about in the sunshine attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came down toward the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees in the green field, there was no hiding-place from the grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting beside it, the bird flew, in its extremity, toward it, and, with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death. Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling trouble as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn:

Jesus, lover of my soul
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung the last line of that hymn.

HOW NYANGANDI SWAM TO CHURCH.

Nyangandi lived in West Africa, near the Ogowe river. She was going away from the missionary's house one Saturday afternoon, where she had been to sell bunches of plantains to the missionary, when his wife said: "Now you must not forget that you have promised to come to-morrow to church."

"Yes," the girl replied. "I will surely come if I am alive."

But the next morning she found somebody had stolen her canoe, and no one would lend her one to go to church in. But she had promised to go, and she felt that she must. She swam all the way! The current was swift, the water deep and the river fully a third of a mile wide, but by swimming diagonally she succeeded in crossing the river.

Remember this little heathen girl in West Africa when you feel tempted to stay away from the house of God for some trivial reason.

MISSIONS IN ALASKA.

Six religious denominations are now at work in the territory. Their stations are generally some distance apart. The Presbyterians have established their post on the "thirty-mile strip," as the southern portion of this island is called. The Friends have a mission on Douglas Island, the Methodists have taken up Oonalaska and Unga; the Baptists, Kodiak and Afognak; the Episcopal Church has a station on the Yukon River at Anvik; the Swedish Missionary Society has two posts—one at Yakutat, and the other north of St. Michaels at Unalaklik; the Moravians have two posts—one on the Nushagak river and one on the Kuskokwim river; Mr. Duncan's New Metla-katla at Annetta Island, and a Church of England Mission at Nuklukaoyet, on the Yukon river. This makes a total of eighteen Protestant Missions established in Alaska. But eighteen stations are not sufficient for a territory two-thirds as large as all the states lying east of the Mississippi river. These people are in our own country—"the heathen at our own door."—and we owe them the Gospel.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Nature's Great Remedy for Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, The Gouty Diathesis, Nervous Dyspepsia, Etc., Etc.

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"I have for some time made use of the **Buffalo Lithia Water** in cases of **Affections of the Nervous System** complicated with **Bright's Disease of the Kidney** or with a **Gouty Diathesis.** *The results have been eminently satisfactory.* Lithia has for many years *been a Favorite Remedy with me in like cases, but the* **Buffalo Water Certainly Acts Better than any Extemporaneous Solution of The Lithia Salts,** *and is, moreover, better borne by the Stomach.* I also often prescribe it in those cases of **Cerebral Hyperæmia,** resulting from **Over Mental Work**—in which the condition called **Nervous Dyspepsia** exists—*and generally with* MARKED BENEFIT."

Dr. John W. Williamson, Boydton, Va.

"A member of my family suffered from **Chronic Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.** There was **Dropsical** effusion, the urine rich in **Albumen,** an abundant sediment containing **Casts** and decided manifestations of **Uræmic Poisoning,** especially serious impairment of **Vision—Uræmic Amaurosis.** After a signal failure of every remedy suggested by several eminent medical men, and when the condition of the patient was regarded as well-nigh hopeless, trial was made of **Buffalo Lithia Water** Spring No. 2. The result was relief from the threatening symptoms so prompt and decided as to be almost incredible to any but an eye-witness. The continued use of the water for several months resulted in a complete recovery. **Several Years have now Elapsed and There has Been no Return of the Disease.**

"From the action of this Water in this particular case, I have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that as a remedy in this malady, so difficult of successful treatment it is unsurpassed, *if, indeed it has any aqual, either among medicines or mineral waters. To all suffering from* **Bright's Disease,** *in whatever stage, my advice would be to give it trial. It can certainly do no harm, and in very many cases will do great good.*"

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Edited by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

VOLUME XIV., No. 24. Offices, BIBLE HOUSE, N. Y.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS. Annual Subscription, $1.50

A MISSIONARY EFFORT AT HOME.

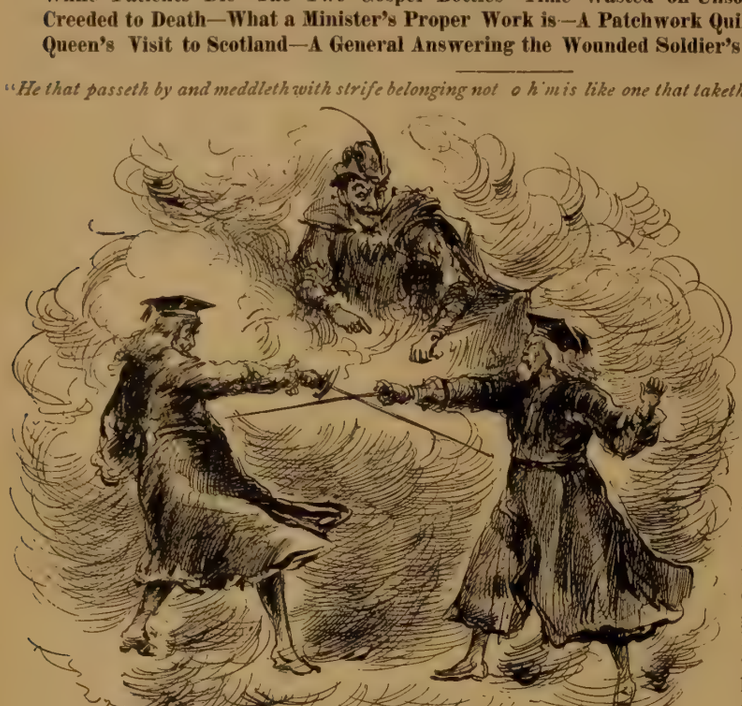
1. Rev. Dr. Stone, formerly a Missionary in India and his Practical Philanthropy in New York—2. The Poor Man's Wood-yard in Minetta Street—3. Exterior of Asbury M. E. Church—4. Open-Air Gospel Services at Washington Square. (*see page 372.*)

THE BATTLE OF CREEDS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 14, 1891.

A Time of Ecclesiastical Conflict—All the Churches Involved—The Issue to be Left to the Jurymen—The Source of the Trouble—Satan's Device to Divert Gospel Effort—Surgeons Quarrelling About Old Drugs While Patients Die—The Two Gospel Bottles—Time Wasted on Unsolvable Problems—The Church Creeded to Death—What a Minister's Proper Work is—A Patchwork Quilt in the Military Hospital—A Queen's Visit to Scotland—A General Answering the Wounded Soldier's Cry of Christos.

"He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not o h'm is like one that taketh a dog by the ears." Prov 26 : 17.



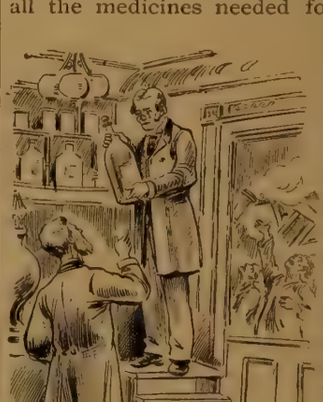
Solomon here deplores the habit of rushing in between contestants, of taking part in the antagonisms of others of joining in fights they ought to shun. They do no good to others and get damage for themselves. He compares it to the experiment of taking a dog by the ears. Nothing so irritates the canines as to be clutched by the lugs. Take them by the back of the neck and lift them and it does not seem to hurt or offend, but you take the dog by the ear, and he will take you with his teeth. In all the history of kennels no intelligent or spirited dog will stand that. "Now," says Solomon, "you go into quarrels or controversies that are not yours and you will get lacerated and torn, and bitten. He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

This is a time of resounding ecclesiastical quarrel. Never within your memory or mine has the air been so full of missiles. The Presbyterian Church has on hand a controversy so great that it finds it prudent to postpone its settlement for at least one more year, hoping that something will turn up. Somebody might die or a new General Assembly may have grace to handle the exciting questions. The Episcopal Church has cast out some recalcitrants, and its digestive organs are taxed to the utmost in trying to assimilate others. "Shall women preach?" "Or be sent as delegates to Conference?" are questions that have put many of our Methodist brethren on the "anxious seat." And the waters in some of the great baptistries are troubled waters. Because of the controversies throughout Christendom the air is now like an August afternoon about five o'clock, when it has been steaming hot all day, and clouds are gathering, and there are lions of thunder with grumbling voices and flashing eyes coming forth from their cloudy lairs, and people are waiting for the full burst of the tempest. I am not much of a weather prophet, but the clouds look to me mostly like wind clouds. It may be a big blow, but I hope it will soon be over. In regard to the Battle of the Creeds, I am every day asked what I think about it. I want to make it so plain this morning what I think that no one will ever ask again.

Let those who are jurymen in the case, I mean those who in the different ecclesiastical courts have the questions put directly before them, weigh and decide. Let the rest of us keep out. The most damaging thing on earth is religious controversy. No one ever comes out of it as good a man as he goes in. Some of the ministers, in all denominations, who, before the present acerbity were good and kind and useful, now seem almost swearing mad. These brethren I notice always open their violent meetings with prayer before devouring each other, thus saying grace before meat. They have a moral hydrophobia that makes us think they have taken a dog by the ears. They never read the imprecatory psalms of David with such zest as since the Briggs and Newton and MacQueary and Bridgman and Brooks questions got into full swing. May the rams of the sheepfold soon have their horns sawed off. Before the controversies are settled, a good many ministers will, through what they call liberalism, be landed into practical infidelity, and others through what they call conservatism, will shrink up into bigots tight and hard as the mummies of Egypt which got through their controversies three thousand years ago.

This trouble throughout Christendom, was directly inspired of Satan. He saw that too much good was being done. Recruits were being gathered by hundreds of thousands to the Gospel standard. The victories for God and the truth were too near together. Too many churches were being dedicated. Too many ministers were being ordained. Too many philanthropies were being fostered. Too many souls were being saved. It had been a dull time in the Nether World, and the arrivals were too few. So Satan one day rose upon his throne, and said, "Ye powers of darkness, hear!" And all up and down the caverns the cry was: "Hear! Hear!" Satan said: "There is that American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It must either be demolished or crippled, or the first thing you know they will have all nations brought to God. Apollyon the Younger! You go up to Andover and get the professors discussing whether the heathen can be saved without the Gospel. Divert them from the work of missions and get them in angry convention in a room at Young's Hotel, Boston, and by the time they adjourn, the cause of foreign missions will be gloriously and magnificently injured. Diabolus, the Younger! You go up and get Union Theological Seminary of New York and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Detroit at swords' points and diverted from the work of making earnest ministers of religion, and turn that old Presbyterian Church, which has been keeping us out of customers for hundreds of years into a splendid pandemonium on a small scale. Abaddon the Third! You go up and assault that old Episcopal Church, which has been storming the heavens for centuries with the sublimest prayers that were ever uttered—church of Bishop Leighton, Bishop White and Bishop McIlvaine, and get that denomination discussing men instead of discussing the eternities. Abaddon the Fourth! You go up to that old Methodist Church, which has, through her revivals, sent millions to heaven, which we would otherwise have added to our population, the church of Wesley and Matthew Simpson, against which we have an especial grudge, and get them so absorbed in discussing whether women shall take part in her conference, that they shall not have so much time to discuss how many sons and daughters she will take to glory."

What amazes me most is that all people do not see that the entire movement at this time all over Christendom is Satanic. Many of the infernal attacks are sly and hidden and strategic and so ingenious that they are not easily discovered. But here is a bold and uncovered attempt of the powers of darkness to split up the churches, to get ministers to take each other by the throat, to make religion a laughing-stock of earth and hell, to leave the Bible with no more respect or authenticity than an old almanac of 1822, which told what would be the change of weather six months ahead and in what quarter of the moon it is best to plant turnips. In a word, the effort is to stop the evangelization of the world. It seems to me very much like this: There has been a railroad accident and many are wounded and dying. There are several drug-stores near the scene of casualty. All the doctors and druggists are needed and needed right away. Bandages, stimulants, anæsthetics, medicines of all sorts. What are the doctors and druggists doing? Discussing the contents of some old bottles on the top shelf, bottles of medicine which some doctors and druggists mixed two or three hundred years ago. "Come doctors!" "Come druggists!" cry the people, "and help these wounded and dying that are being brought from beneath the timbers of the crushed rail train. In a little while it will be too late. Come for God's sake! Come right away!" "No," says a doctor, "not until we have settled whether the medicine on that top shelf was rightly mixed. I say there were too many drops of laudanum in it and this man says there were too many drops of camphire, and we must get this question settled before we can attend to the railroad accident." And one doctor takes another doctor by the collar and pushes him back against the counter, and one of the druggists says: "If you will not admit that I am right about that one bottle, I will smash every bottle in your apothecary store," and he proceeds to smash. Meanwhile, on the lower shelf, plainly marked and within easy reach, are all the medicines needed for the helping of the sufferers by the accident, and in that drawer, easily opened, are bandages and splints, for the lack of which fifty people are dying outside the drug-store. Before I apply this thought, every one sees its application. Here is this old world, and it is off track. Sin and sorrow have collided with it. The groan of agony is fourteen hundred million-voiced. God has opened for relief and cure a great Sanitarium, a great House of Mercy, and all its shelves are filled with balsams, with catholicons, with help, glorious help, tremendous help, help so easily administered that you need not get upon any step-ladder to reach it. You can reach it on your knees and then hand it to all the suffering



DISCUSSING OLD BOTTLES.

nd the sinning and the dying. Comfort for l the troubled! Pardon for all the guilty! eace for all the dying! But while the world is eeding the relief and perishing for lack of it, hat of the church? Why, it is full of fighting octors. On the top shelf are some old bottles hich several hundred years ago, Calvin or Arminius or the members of the Synod of Dort, r the formers of the Nicene creed filled with oly mixtures, and until we get a revision of ese old bottles and find out whether we must ke a teaspoonful or tablespoonful, and whether before or after meals, let the nations suffer nd groan, and die. Save the bottles by all eans, if you cannot save anything else!

Now, what part all you and I ke in this controversy which lls all Chrstendom with clanor? My advice : Take no part. time of riot all ayors of cities dvise good citiens to stay at ome or in their laces of business and in this me of religious iot I advise you o go about your egular work for od. Leave the ottles on the higher shelves for others to ght about and take the two bottles on the helf within easy reach, the two bottles which re all this dying world needs; the one filled ith a potion which is for the cleansing of all in, the other filled with a potion which is for he soothing of all suffering. Two Gospel bottles! Christ mixed them out of his own tears nd blood. In them is no human admixture.

HIS MOTHER'S QUILT.

Spend no time on the mysteries! You, a man nly five or six feet high, ought not try to wade n ocean a thousand feet deep. My own experience has been vivid. I devoted the most of ny time for years in trying to understand God's Eternal Decrees, and I was determined to find ut why the Lord let sin come into the world, nd I set out to explore the doctrine of the Trinity, and with a yardstick to measure the hrone of the Infinite. As with all my predecessors, the attempt was a dead failure. For he last thirty years I have not spent two minutes in studying the controverted points of heology, and if I live thirty years longer I will ot spend the thousandth part of a second in such exploration. I know two things, and these I will devote all the years of my life in proclaiming: God will through Jesus Christ pardon sin and he will comfort trouble.

Creeds have their uses, but just now the church is creeded to death. The young men entering the ministry, are going to be launched in the thickest fog that ever settled on the coasts. As I am told that in all our services students of Princeton and Union and Drew and other theological seminaries are present and as these words will come to thousands of young men who are soon to enter the ministry, let me say to such and through them to their associates, keep out of the bewildering, belittling, destroying and angry controversies abroad. The questions our doctors of divinity are trying to settle will not be settled until the day after the Day of Judgment. It is such a poor economy of time to spend years and years in trying to fathom the unfathomable, when in five minutes in heaven we will know all we want to know. Wait till we get our throne. Wait until the light of eternity flashes upon our newly ascended spirits. It is useless for ants on different sides of a mole-hill to try to discuss the comparative heights of Mount Blanc and Mount Washington. Let me say to all young men about to enter the ministry that soon the greatest novelty in the world will be the unadulterated religion of Jesus Christ. Preach that and you will have a crowd. The world is sick to regurgitation with the modern quacks in religion. The world has been swinging off from the old Gospel but it will swing back and by the time you young men go into the pulpits the cry will be coming up from all the millions of mankind "Give us the bread of life; no sweetened bread, no bread with sickly raisins stuck here and there into it, but old-fashioned bread as God our Mother mixed it and baked it!"

You see, God knew as much when he made the Bible as he knows now. He has not learned a single thing in six thousand years. He knew at the start that the human race would go wrong and what would be the best means of its restoration and redemption. And the law which was thundered on Mount Sinai, from whose top I had the two tables of stone in yonder wall transported, is the perfect law. And the gospel which Christ announced while dying on that Mount from which I brought that stone in yonder wall and which Paul preached on that hill from which I brought yonder granite, is the Gospel that is going to save the world. Young man, put on that Gospel armor! No other sword will triumph like that. No other shield will protect like that. No other helmet will glance off the battle-axes like that. Our Theological Seminaries are doing glorious work, but if ever such Theological Seminaries shall cease to prepare young men for this plain Gospel advocacy, and shall become mere philosophical schools for guessing about God, and guessing about the Bible, and guessing about the soul they will cease their usefulness, and young men, as in olden time, when they would study for the Gospel ministry, will put themselves under the care of some intelligent and warm-hearted pastor, and kneel with him in family prayer at the parsonage, and go with him into the room of the sick and the dying, and see what victories the grace of God can gain when the couch of the dying saint is the Marathon.

That is the way the mighty ministers of the Gospel were made in olden times. Oh, for a great wave of revival to roll over our theological seminaries and our pulpits and our churches and our ecclesiastical courts and over all Christendom! That would be the end of controversy. While such a deluge would float the ark of God higher and higher, it would put all the bears and tigers and reptiles of raging ecclesiasticism fifteen cubits under.

Now, what is the simple fact that you in the pew and Sabbath School class and reformatory association and we in the pulpits have to deal with? It is this: that God has somewhere, and it matters not where, but somewhere, provided a great heaven, great for quietness for those who want quiet, great for vast assemblage for those who like multitudes, great for architecture for those who like architecture, great for beautiful landscape for those who like beautiful landscape, great for music for those who like music, great for processions for those who like armies on white horses and great for anything that one especially desires in such a rapturous dominion: and through the doings of One who was born about five miles south of Jerusalem and died about ten minutes walk from its eastern gate, all may enter that great heaven for the earnest and heartfelt asking. Is that all? That is all. What then is your work and mine? Our work is to persuade people to face that way and start thitherward and finally go in. But has not religion something to do with this world as well as the next? Oh, yes; but do you not see that if the people start for heaven on their way there they will do all the good they can? They will at the very start of the journey get so much of the spirit of Christ which is a spirit of kindness and self-sacrifice and generosity and burden-bearing and helpfulness, that every step they take will resound with good deeds. Oh, get your religion off of stilts! Get it down out of the high towers! Get it on a level with the wants and woes of our poor human race! Get it out of the dusty theological books that few people read and put it in their hearts and lives. Good thing is it to profess religion when you join the church but every day somehow we ought to profess religion.

A peculiar patchwork quilt was, during the Civil War, made by a lady and sent to the hospitals at the front. She had a boy in the army, and was naturally interested in the welfare of soldiers. But what a patchwork quilt she sent! On every block of the quilt was a passage of Scripture or a verse of a hymn. The months and years of the war went by. On that quilt many a wounded man had lain and suffered and died. But one morning the hospital nurse saw a patient under that blanket kissing the figure of a leaf in the quilt and the nurse supposed he was only wandering in his mind. But no, he was the son of the mother who had made the quilt and he recognized that figure of a leaf as part of a gown his mother used to wear, and it reminded him of home. "Do you know where this quilt came from?" he asked. The nurse answered, "I can find out, for there was a card pinned fast to it, and I will find that." Sure enough, it confirmed what he thought. Then the nurse pointed to a passage of Scripture in the block of the quilt, the passage which says: "When he was yet a great way off his father saw him and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." "Yes," said the dying soldier, "I was a great way off, but God has met me and had compassion on me." "Shall I write to your mother and tell her that the lost one is found and the dead is alive again?" He answered, "I wish you would, if it would not be too much trouble." Do you suppose that woman who made that quilt and filled it with Scripture passages had any trouble about who Melchizedek was or how the doctrine of God's sovereignty can be harmonized with man's free agency, or who wrote the Pentateuch, or the inconsistencies of the Nicene creed? No, no; go to work for God and suffering humanity and all your doubts and fears and mysteries and unbeliefs put together will not be heavy enough to stir the chemist's scales, which is accustomed to weighing one-fiftieth part of a grain of chamomile flowers. Why stop a moment to understand the mysteries when there are so many certitudes? Why spend our time exploring the dark garrets and coal-holes of a great palace which has above ground one hundred rooms flooded with sunshine? It takes all my time to absorb what has been revealed, so that I have no time to upturn and root out and drag forth what has not been revealed. The most of the effort to solve mysteries and explore the inexplicable and harmonize things, is an attempt to help the Lord out of theological difficulties. Good enough intention, my brother, no doubt; but the Lord is not anxious to have you help him. He will keep this throne without your assistance. Don't be afraid that the Bible will fall apart from inconsistencies. It hung together many centuries before you were born, and your funeral sermon will be preached from a text taken from its undisturbed authenticity.

HE CRIED "CHRISTOS."

Do you know that I think that if all ministers in all denominations would stop this nonsense of ecclesiastical strife and take hold the word of God, the only question with each of us being how many souls we can bring to Christ and in how short a time, the Lord would soon appear for the salvation of all nations? When the young Queen of England visited Scotland many years ago, great preparations were made for her reception. The vessel in which she sailed was far out at sea, but every hill in Scotland was illumined with bonfires and torches. The

night was set on fire with artificial illumination. The Queen, standing on ship's deck, knew from that that Scotland was full of heartiest welcome, and the thunder of the great guns at Glasgow and Edinburgh castle woke up all the echoes. Do you know that I think that our King would land if we were only ready to receive him? Why not call to him from all our churches, from all our hospitals, from all our homes? Why cannot we who are now living see his descent? Must it all be postponed to later ages? Why cannot the final glory roll in now? Why cannot this dying century feel the incoming tides of the oceans of heavenly mercy? Must our eyes close in death and our ears take on the deafness of the tomb, and these hearts beat their last throb before the day comes in? O, Christ! Why tarriest thou? Wilt thou not, before we go the way of all the earth, let us see thy scarred feet under some noonday cloud coming this way? Before we die let us behold thy hands that were spiked, spread out in benediction for a lost race. And why not let us, with our mortal ears, hear that voice which spoke peace as thou didst go up, speak pardon and emancipation and love and joy to all nations as thou comest down?

But the skies do not part. I hear no rumbling of chariot wheels coming down over the sapphire. There is no swoop of wings. I see no flash of angelic appearances. All is still. I hear nothing but the tramp of my own heart as I pause between these utterances. The King does not land because the world is not ready, and the church is not ready. To clear the way for the Lord's coming let us devote all our energies of body, mind and soul. A Russian general riding over the battlefield, his horse treading amid the dying and dead, a wounded soldier asked him for water, but the officer did not understand his language and knew not what the poor fellow wanted. Then the soldier cried out: "Christos!" and that word meant sympathy and help, and the Russian officer dismounted and put to the lips of the sufferer a cooling draught. Be that the charmed word with which we go forth to do our whole duty. In many languages it has only a little difference of termination. Christos! It stands for sympathy. It stands for help. It stands for heaven. Christos! In that name we were baptised. In that name we took our first sacrament. That will be the battle-shout that will win the whole world for God. Christos! Put it on our banners when we march! Put it on our lips when we die! Put it in the funeral psalm at our obsequies! Put it on the plain slab over our grave! Christos! Blessed be his glorious name forever! Amen!

THE POPE'S LETTER ON LABOR.

POPE LEO XIII., has addressed an Encyclical Letter to the Roman Catholic world dealing with the Labor question. He refers to the changed relations of master and workmen, the great fortunes of private persons, and the poverty of the masses, the self-reliance and combination of the workers and the general moral deterioration as being among the causes of the universal distress. He warns the church against crafty agitators, but declares that some remedy must be quickly found for the misery and wretchedness of the poor. He condemns the concentration of trade in the form of monopolies, reviews the Socialist theory of relief and condemns it unsparingly as against nature and justice. The Socialistic tenets are exhaustively discussed only to be set aside as worthless. The Pope then proceeds to urge the inviolability of private property; the recognition of the church and its influence and the more generous treatment of workmen by the rich. The key-note of the letter is the sacredness of private property and the exaltation and recognition of honorable labor, the according of whose rights, under Christian auspices he believes alone can save society. This pronouncement by the head of the Roman Catholic Church, is an interesting addition to the prevalent discussion of the Labor problem.

OUR HEATHEN AT HOME.

THE REV. J. S. STONE'S MISSIONARY WORK IN THE HEART OF THE METROPOLIS.

From the Ganges to the Hudson—Open-Air Preaching—Feeding the Hungry—Splitting Wood for a Supper and a Bed—Bringing in the denizens of the Slums—Asbury M. E. Church's Noble Work.

(See illustrations on first page.)

ONE of the most serious problems that faces the minister of Christ in New York City is the ingathering of the non-church-going element, among them the vicious and depraved, who form no insignificant portion of the city's population. Despite the hundreds of churches, and many missions that are doing organized and effective work, there is still, in the purlieus of the East and West sides of town, a considerable class who may be justly regarded as being as far from Christianity as the heathen of Africa. They resent any invasion of their slums, hugging their wretchedness and vice, and yielding only to the influence of kindly contact and interest in their personal welfare.

The Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the noblest edifices in the metropolis, is situated on Washington Square, in the center of an old and very aristocratic quarter of New York. On every side are the mansions of the rich and influential, many of them historic, for the Square has been at different times the residence of the most distinguished families on Manhattan Island. Yet, not far distant from this sacred pile, is one of the most depraved sections of the city—a district that might well make righteous men and women shudder as they contemplate the depths to which humanity may be dragged by sin. In April, 1890, the Rev. J. S. Stone became pastor of the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church. This young clergyman, who had for seven years been engaged in missionary work in India, found himself in a field where his experience would be invaluable.

Missionary Spirit.

"I resolved to try to reach the heathen at home," he said, referring to the plan of his work. "I am as much a missionary here, on the banks of the Hudson, as when, in Calcutta, on the banks of the Ganges, I sought the conversion of those who thronged the Indian bazaars."

At that time, the congregations that attended service in the beautiful old cathedral building had become greatly depleted, so as to cause most Methodists to say, "Sell out and go up-town." With true missionary spirit, Dr. Stone began at once to work in the neighboring streets, among the tenement and boarding-house population that throng this vicinity. An interest was immediately awakened, and the empty pews began rapidly to fill with a class rarely found inside church walls. Simple preaching, enthusiastic congregational singing and practical adaptation of the Saviour's manner of employing both a gospel of words and deeds, were the methods inaugurated. For the bodily sick, a dispensary was established; for the idle, an employment bureau, and for the hungry and homeless, a woodyard. Thus were reached multitudes who would otherwise have been inaccessible and impervious to the Gospel teaching; their hearts were touched.

Open-Air Preaching.

Meanwhile, the largely increased attendance at the church made it evident that God was blessing the work. Never was the Gospel more earnestly set forth than to those throngs of the poor and depraved who assembled from the side streets and from their dingy lanes and forbidding hovels to listen to the kindly preacher who had already won their confidence. Street services were held while the weather permitted, and these were very largely attended. Among the crowds at these gatherings, which had no other canopy than the sky, with the grand old trees of the square for a foreground, were many Catholics and hundreds who never enter a church. The outdoor meetings last from April till the snows fall, and have been the means of bringing into the work many prominent citizens interested in reaching the lower stratum of the masses. Bishop Thoburn, of India, Rev. Dr. McGrew, and others of eminence in the pulpit, have preached on these occasions to the motley crowds that fill Washington Square. Many conversions have resulted from these open-air services.

Every Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock, a special service is held in the church for the unemployed—the "Army of Despair," as they have been denominated. As the audiences at these meetings constantly change, fully 10,000 persons have attended during the past year, many of them hearing for the first time the Gospel of Hope. The hundreds who gather there are of the poorest class, friendless, homeless and almost Godless.

Feeding the Hungry.

Bread and coffee are served to the hungry, after which follows a gospel meeting, with an appeal specially adapted to the spiritual needs of so unusual an audience. The good done is beyond measure. Many seekers arise and come forward to the altar and pledge themselves to begin a new life for Christ.

Dr. Stone's scheme of practical philanthropy has some unique features. At 15 Minetta Street in February last, he established a wood and coal yard which, open every day but Sunday, has helped many who had nothing between them and the street. Here men of all trades and nationalities come to earn bread and food by working two or three hours sawing and splitting wood (see illustration.) They continue to do this until remunerative work can be found. In three months four hundred men have taken advantage of this opportunity to work, thus saving themselves from wandering hungry in the streets. At times five a day have applied for work. Each man is required to saw and split into kindlings eight sticks of cord-wood, and this pile lies between him and a good, clean bed and nourishing food. The wood and coal are sold to cover the expense of running the wood-yard. Clerks, opticans, watchmakers, butchers, printers, laborers, and men of all trades, who through misfortune have become homeless, are thus saved from being around the streets, or haunting station houses at night.

In the Dispensary (see illustration) one meets the sick poor, who find here not only skilful medical assistance, but invariably kind and sympathetic treatment. Hundreds of the poor, sad, dejected victims of disease, vice and misfortune throng this truly Christian institution. Many visits are made to the homes of the sick by the doctors and the attending deaconess.

Their wretched patients are found in cold, cheerless, garrets; dark and filthy cellars, with little or no food. They are provided for in every way by the good samaritans from the Dispensary, and are always pointed, when most susceptible to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," the great Burden-Bearer.

The Employment Bureau.

The Employment Bureau of Asbury Church has passed the merely experimental stage, and is now a branch of considerable importance. It is open all the year round, and the applicants for work come by hundreds, every month; a very large percentage of them having been idle for weeks. An average of twenty per month are supplied with permanent employment, while a much larger number find temporary work. Many of the applicants have no trade; almost all are in dire necessity. Among them is a proportion of fallen women who are helped as far as possible, and encouraged to lead better lives. As in other branches of the work the spiritual results here have been very encouraging.

On Sunday afternoons at 3-30 o'clock, mass meetings are held for the purpose of attracting

on-church goers. Special questions are dis-ussed and addresses delivered by men promi-ent in Christian work. Col. Elliot F. Shepard, nthony Comstock, Elbridge F. Gerry, and thers have spoken. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, as promised to give an address at an early ate, and ex-President Cleveland is also expect-d to do the same when an opportunity offers. 'he object is to get prominent laymen to take n interest in work of this kind, and thus at-ract intelligent audiences who would other-ise go off and spend Sunday afternoons in the ark or museum.

"We keep up communication as far as possi-le with those for whom we find permanent mployment," said Dr. Stone, "and also those ho experience conversion. Many have been athered into the church. Very many encour-ging letters have been received from worthy ien and women who have found a round of the idder by which they may mount to a better ianhood and womanhood. We aim to reach hose who need the Gospel most. And I am ratified to state that the better classes are tak-ng a keen interest in the work."

Such is an outline of the noble work to which he Asbury M. E. Church, its pastor and peo-le are devoting themselves, and which, with he divine blessing, has already brought to Christ many souls from the "dark places" of he great metropolis.

REV. H. M. WARREN.

astor of the People's Baptist Church, on the West Side of New York.

MANY circumstances have combined to interest the public in the People's Baptist Church, in New York, and its young pastor, whose portrait is here given. Mr. Warren graduated a few weeks ago from Union Theological Semin-ry, and at once commenced his work in the hurch. The church needed just such a man —one full of energy, vigor and aptitude for ork. It is located on forty-eighth street near inth avenue, in the centre of a densely popu-ated distrtct. Within a few blocks are 200,000 persons, a large proportion of whom never go to church, and 3,000 children who never attend Sunday School. It has no church building, but worships in the basement of another church. Nevertheless its members are full of hope, nd as there are some vacant lots near at and, they are working earnestly to get enough noney to erect a church edifice. So much of piritual good has already been accomplished, nd the sphere is so large and so sorely in eed of just such work as they are doing, that very one who knows of the effort wishes hem God-speed. Mr. Warren, though a young nan, has had experience which specially quali-ies him for this particular work. He has lab-ored during his student life among the lowest lasses in lower New York; he has been very uccessful in the work among newsboys and ity waifs, and has acted as honorary chaplain of the women's home known as the Riverside Rest, where women who have been imprisoned are received when they come from the island nd helped to reform. We sincerely hope that n the new sphere on which he has entered, he will be blessed of God. Subscriptions toward he building fund may be sent to the Treas-rer, Mr. Daniel Feitner, 692 Ninth avenue., Further information may be obtained from Rev. H. M. Warren, 100 East Seventy-first street.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

Evidence from the Tomb—The Baccarat Exposure—A Misdirected Letter—Peril on a Bridge.

ALUABLE Documentary evidence has been found in a grave in Connecticut. The New Haven *Register* says that application was recently made to the authorities for permission to disinter the body of a woman buried seventeen years ago. The request was granted and resulted in the discovery of a note which will be used in a lawsuit now pending. It appears that a citizen of New Haven consented many years ago to act as trustee for two fatherless children. When they came of age a few years since, a dispute arose about $250. The trustee said it had been paid to their mother, but the orphans alleged it was owing by him. They said that their mother told them that she had consented to his borrowing the amount and had taken his note for it. The note could not be found after her death and the orphans were therefore unable to substantiate their claim. One of her friends, however, recently furnished a clue to its hiding-place. She said that she had seen their mother sew a paper in the body of her dress as if for safe keeping. They therefore examined the dress in which she was buried and there found the long-sought note. They have been embarrassed and inconvenienced by the very method she adopted to protect their interests. It is not the first time that well-meaning but injudicious parents have injured their children. It is, however, never done so disastrously as when they instil into their minds selfish principles to enable them "to get on in the world." (Psalms 78 : 5, 7.)

A Lover's Misdirected Letter has Caused him considerable mortification. A Maine journal recently received a letter addressed to the editor of the young-people's column. It did not seem appropriate for publication as it was an offer of marriage couched in very ardent and effusive language. The writer signed it with his first name only, and there was therefore but slight clue to his identity. The editor laid it aside, but by some error in the hurry of publishing-day it was handed to the compositors and published in the journal. The chagrin of the writer was great when he read his letter in print. He had written a letter which he did intend for publication, on the same evening as he wrote his proposal of marriage and had misdirected the envelopes. The mistake was soon rectified and beyond his own mortification no harm was done, as none of the readers of the journal would be likely to apply to themselves the offer contained in the letter, or appropriate the pledges which the writer gave of undying affection. The letter was doubtless read as many persons read the invitations and promises of God's Word, taking no personal interest in them though in the latter case the words are of vital concern to all who read them. (Acts 2 : 39.)

A Royal Gambler has had a Disagreeable experience in an English court of law. A judge and jury have been trying a case in which a Scotch baronet who was an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, claimed damages from certain persons for injuring his character by circulating a false report that he had been caught cheating at cards. The Prince was a witness at the trial and had to submit to cross-examination. The alleged cheating took place at the house of the defendants, where they were entertaining the Prince of Wales and a party of distinguished guests. It appeared from the evidence that the host objected to gambling, but yielded to oblige the Prince, who is so fond of the game of Baccarat that when he goes visiting he carries the paraphernalia of the game with him. During the progress of the game the hostess and some members of her family watched the baronet, and allege that they saw him cheating. The Prince was informed of the fact and he and two gentlemen, who acted as his advisers, repeated the charge to the accused man. It was agreed on all sides that the accusation should be kept secret, if he would sign a document pledging himself never to touch cards again. He protested his innocence of the charge, but agreed to sign in order to save the Prince from association with the scandal. The pledge of secrecy was broken by some one concerned and, as the facts became public, the suit for slander was brought. It was, however, dismissed, the judge and jury evidently believing that the plaintiff did actually cheat as alleged. Several religious bodies have passed resolutions deploring the Prince's association with gambling and the English newspapers have published articles expressing their regret at the scandal and the fear that the Prince's example will give encouragement to the gambling habits which are already dangerously prevalent among all classes of society. There is only too much ground for this apprehension in a country so prone to follow the example of royalty as England is. It would be a good thing for himself and the English people, if the Prince would make a copy of the document prepared for his friend and sign it himself, for this scandal has brought royalty into disrepute. In these days when there is a tendency in all countries toward republican institutions he would do well to heed the dictum of the wise king that "It is an abomination to kings to commit wickedness: for the throne is established by righteousness." (Prov. 16 : 12.)

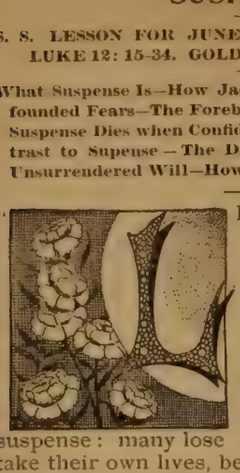
A Narrow Escape from Death is Reported by the Cinncinnati *Enquirer*. It says that a lady set out the other day to walk from Avondale to Lebanon on the tracks of the Northern Narrow-Guage Railroad. She had to cross a narrow trestle-bridge which spans a creek, running twenty feet below. She was half way over when she heard the rumble of an approaching train, and in less than a minute she saw it at the end of the bridge, coming toward her at a rate of thirty miles an hour. Not a moment could be lost. She stepped to the side of the track, and prostrating herself, swung over the side of the trestle, clasping one of the ties firmly in both arms. She clung there while the train dashed by her. She could not draw herself up after the train had passed, but her perilous situation, as she hung over the rocky sides of the creek, was seen by a man working in the fields, who went to her assistance and lifted her up again on to the track. Her presence of mind in taking the only way of escape possible to her and clinging firmly to that, alone saved her life. There are many persons who wander into spiritual danger who are not so wise. Though, by quitting their path and trusting themselves wholly to Christ they might be saved, they neglect to do so and go to eternal death (Heb. 2:3.)

A Girl's Terror in a Fire Prevented Her Rescue by the firemen, in New York, last week. The fire was in a tenement house and originated in the second floor. The flames passed through a small elevator shaft used for a dumb-waiter, to the fourth floor, which was occupied by five persons. When the alarm was given two of them ran down stairs and escaped. Two others, who were elderly people, were carried down by the firemen. The girl, however, who was a niece of the old couple, could not be found. She had been the first to see the flames coming out of the elevator-shaft and had been much terrified. It was supposed that she had made her escape by the stairs, but instead of doing so she had gone into a closet aud shut herself in. After the fire was extinguished her dead body was found in the closet. She had evidently been suffocated by the smoke. She might have been saved if she had taken the way of escape open to her, or if she had trusted to the firemen who came to save her; but by hiding herself from them she made her death inevitable. There is reason to fear that at the last it will be found that many have lost their souls in a similar way. They avoid Christian workers who are seeking them to lead them to Christ, and will not go to him themselves for salvation. (Heb. 10 : 25.)

SUSPENSE.

S. S. LESSON FOR JUNE 28, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. LUKE 12: 15-34. GOLDEN TEXT, MATT. 6 : 34.*

What Suspense Is—How Jacob was Encouraged—His Unfounded Fears—The Forebodings of Joseph's Brethren—Suspense Dies when Confidence in God Lives—The Contrast to Supense—The Disciples Waiting Upon God—Unsurrendered Will—How to be Saved from Suspense.



"GIVE not in careful suspense." (Luke 12 : 29, margin.) This is his word whose power to obey goes forth with every command he gives. Yet the Church, as well as the world, is perpetually harrowed, strained, tortured, by suspense: many lose their reason, and some take their own lives, because they cannot bear suspense. In a time of crisis, one of two things may happen, and every nerve is on the strain to discover which it is. Why? Is it not in order to make provision against a possible contingency, which might produce the gravest consequences? But where is our Father in the matter? Has he suspended his custom of making all things work together for good to them that love him?

What is Suspense?

Is it not anticipating evil, which perhaps may never happen after all? When Jacob left Mesopotamia, at the call of his God, to return to the land of Canaan, God opened his eyes to the invisible world and let him see the angels of God which met him, and he said, "This is God's host." Yet he so little understood his God that, in the very face of these heavenly guardians, Jacob makes his own plans to guard against the anticipated enmity of his brother Esau.

Poor Jacob might have saved himself the trouble of dividing his people, and flocks, and herds into two bands, that so if Esau should smite the one, the other should at least be spared, if only he could have trusted his God. But he kept himself upon the strain, and after all his arrangements were made, with an imaginary sword hanging over his head all the time, he prays to his God to deliver him out of the hand of his brother! But his prayer does not deliver him from suspense, he has not yet let go the matter into God's hands, he still busies himself in arranging a present for Esau which is meant to propitiate him. He still does not practically reckon God's care equal to the occasion, and consequently the anticipation of coming evil still rests upon him. It is only when the mysterious Wrestler succeeds in laming him, and so depriving him of his own strength, that Jacob prevails, and then what a reproof to him for all his needless suspense and anxiety, when the brother he has feared meets him, and falls upon his neck, and kisses him!

Suspense, strain, hurry, worry, all come from unbelief, which argues, "Such and such things have happened to others, may they not happen to me also?" Thus argued

Joseph's Brethren,

after the death of their father Jacob. Judging Joseph by themselves, they worked themselves up into a state of suspense, in anticipation that Joseph's vengeance upon them, which had been held in abeyance during their father's lifetime, would surely be taken now that he was dead. So they not only suspect their brother of treachery towards them which had never so much as entered his mind, but they take an untruthful and unworthy way of meeting the imaginary evil. They invent a message, which they give as coming from their father to Joseph, commanding him to forgive them for their past sin against him. Joseph's first answer is to weep. Had they for seventy years been doubting his forgiveness? Have we never pained the heart of our elder Brother by our unworthy suspicions of him, and senseless anticipation of evil? Joseph led his brethren to higher ground. *They* looked at the matter as between Joseph and themselves; *he* saw it as between him and God, far above suspense, imagination and all the workings of the flesh. Their suspense was self-created.

Suspense dies out of life in proportion as real confidence in God comes in. If men do rise up against us, and cast us into a burning fiery furnace, then it is better to be in the furnace with the Son of Man, than outside with the idolaters; the presence of Christ is our guarantee that with the temptation, whatever it may be, there shall be a way of escape that we may be able to bear it. (1. Cor. 10 : 13.) "O, if I could know how such and such a thing would turn out," says one. But, my brother, if God saw it best, you would know, and if you do not know, it is because his infinite wisdom hides it from you. But, meanwhile, all the threads are in his unerring hands, nothing is left to chance, neither man nor circumstance is almighty.

The Exact Contrast to Suspense

is waiting upon God. When the hundred and twenty disciples waited for the promise of the Father during the ten days which intervened between the ascension of Christ and the pouring out of the Holy Ghost, there was no shadow of suspense in their spirit, because there was no uncertainty. The disciples "were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. There is no evidence that they found the time long; they were waiting, but not weary; none had dropped out of their ranks through fatigue, "they were all, with one accord in one place." Why was this? Because they were so sure of their Lord: he had never disappointed them, never failed them. Into such hearts and lives the Holy Spirit could come in his fulness.

Again, when the apostles Peter and John were before the ecclesiastical council of Jerusalem, after the healing of the impotent man, and were commanded by them not to teach nor preach in the name of Jesus (Acts 4 : 18), these two God-filled men were in no state of agitation or suspense as to whether their ministry was going to be stopped or not. They bore their testimony before the council; "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye, for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." And then, on their return to their own company, they uttered no syllable of apprehension, but only prayed for boldness to preach on, and for the testimony of God to the ministry by stretching forth his hand to heal.

Peter professed, in his ignorance of his own heart, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee both into prison, and to death," but when things turned out so contrary to his expectation, he denied a suffering Messiah, and yet, at that very time, was filled with most agonizing suspense about the fate of his Master. Stephen did what Peter professed he could, but did not; Stephen followed Jesus to death. Yet in his last moments, crushed, bruised, bleeding, dying, there was no shadow of uncertainty, no suspense, his opened eyes saw inside heaven, and rested on his Lord in glory, his opened heart prayed in his Lord's spirit for his persecutors, he accepted his martyr-death from his Lord and willed nothing else. Where suspense is there is some measure of

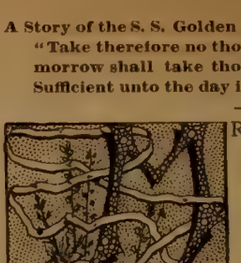
Unsurrendered Will,

the heart is not still, the flesh still works, there is not an entire or unmissed satisfaction in God. Perhaps with some the difficulty may be that God's will may not be clearly revealed in certain circumstances. But can we rejoice in his will whatever it may turn out to be, and then quietly wait for him to develop it? This saves us from suspense. Suspense never proceeds from the Spirit of God. It comes from the workings of the flesh, the unquiet, restless human nature which God seeks to still. In its self-importance it is ever ready to provide, to anticipate, to defend itself, to conjure up images of what may arise; and it needs the weapons of our warfare which are not carnal to cast down these imaginations. (II. Cor. 10 : 5.)

*This article is sent by Mrs. Baxter as a suggestion to teachers in schools where the subject is optional with them. The International S.S. Lesson is: "Review of the Quarter's Lessons," "Temperance" (Isa. 28: 1-18,) or "Foreign Missions" (Isa. 60: 1-12.)

A MINISTER ON TRIAL.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for June 28. Matt. 6 : 34 "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."



MR. AND MRS. CRAIG were preparing for their annual vacation which they proposed to spend this year among the mountains. Mr. Craig was the minister of a small country church and hitherto had been obliged by lack of funds to make his vacation very short. But things were changed now. He had married the only daughter of a rich squire who had left her all his wealth.

Presently Mr. Craig was called away from his packing to see a a brother clergyman whose charge was in the next village seven miles away. He came back in a few minutes. "Annie," he said, "Can we let Mr. Dilworth have fifty dollars? He is in trouble. His butcher and grocer, and coal dealer are pressing him and his wife and all those little children are at home with nothing to eat. Shall we help them?"

"Why of course we will. I will get it right away. Mr. Cross paid his rent yesterday so I know there is enough. Go down and talk to Mr. Dilworth and I will bring it to you. A few minutes later Mrs. Craig tripped lightly down stairs and beckoning her husband out of the room, put an envelope into his hand.

Mr. Dilworth did not find those seven miles near so long as he did in coming; for with that money in his pocket he could turn his thoughts from the heavy burden of debt which worried him and think out his sermon for next Sunday. He went straight to the kitchen, where his wife was, and giving her the money he said "The Lord has had compassion on us, Mary. There is enough to satisfy the men whose debtors we are."

Mrs. Dilworth uttered a cry of joy on seeing how large a sum the envelope contained and asked her husband how he got it. But he did not like to tell her that he had borrowed it from a brother minister; so he answered in his usual absent-minded way: "Thank the Lord for it, Mary. To those who trust in him he is good and supplies their need in strange ways."

The grocer told his wife that night that the Dilworths must be in luck, for Mrs. Dilworth had been at the store and paid him that long standing bill of five and thirty dollars. "She paid Jones the butcher thirty dollars, too," he said, "and a bill of fifteen dollars for coal."

"How did they get it?" the wife asked.

"I don't know, nor care," he answered.

Other people soon began to care, however. The poverty of the Dilworths was well known in the parish. Two weeks previous to their having this money, a pocket-book had been lost by a half-tipsy farmer, under suspicious circumstances, and when the Dilworths paid their bill in this sudden and unaccountable way, people began to ask each other in whispers whether it was possible that Mr. Dilworth had found the pocket-book and, being so pressed for money as he was, had appropriated the contents.

No one would ever have suspected Mr. Dilworth of dishonesty. He was an earnest preacher, an assiduous worker and one of the best and kindest of friends. Still, a suspicion, once started, quickly spreads, even about the best men. And the circumstances did look suspicious to people who did not know the facts. Suspicion became certainty the next day. Jones the butcher, to whom Mrs. Dilworth had paid thirty dollars, took his money to the bank. Among it was a cheque for twenty dollars. The teller at once seized the cheque and asked Jones where he got it. It was part of the money in that lost pocket-book. Jones at once said that he had received it from Mrs. Dilworth, who gave him the cheque and a ten dollar bill in payment of their account of thirty dollars. The

teller and the butcher looked at each other in surprise. Both knew the clergyman and were shocked at this fatal evidence.

"Well," said the teller, "I could not have believed it of him. You are sure, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; it astonished me so to have the debt paid at all that I am not likely to forget how it was paid."

The law had to take its course. When Mr. Dilworth was questioned about it, he made matters worse. With the sensitiveness of a man ashamed of borrowing, he refused to say where he got the money. When, however, he learned of what he was suspected, he said, in a confused way, that he had borrowed fifty dollars of Mr. Craig. His statement was doubted, and then it was pointed out to him that his wife had paid eighty dollars that day. Where did he get the other thirty? Well, the treasurer of the church advanced ten and as to the other twenty he knew nothing about that. Things looked black.

Many people who knew the minister well utterly refused to believe in his guilt and one of them became bail for him. He tried to straighten matters out, but could obtain no more information from Mr. Dilworth. He could not explain how he came to be in possession of the cheque unless it was among the money Mr. Craig lent him, and if it was, he could not tell how eighty dollars were paid with sixty. The good man wrote to Mr. Craig, but he was away in the mountains and the letter missed him.

Meanwhile Mr. Dilworth resumed his duties. The people wondered how he could preach and conduct his Bible class and attend to his other work with such a charge hanging over him. To one who asked him about it he said that his duty was plain, while it was impossible to do anything about the trouble. It was one of those things that must be left wholly to God's intervention. He could not explain it.

The trial was to take place on Monday, and on Sunday Mr. Dilworth appeared in his pulpit as usual. He was not discomposed, but evidently the peculiar circumstances were in his mind, when his sermon was prepared. His text was, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The congregation listened wonderingly as the minister preached. He was urging them to composure in trial and trouble and assuring them of God's care for those who trust in him.

"Well," said Jones, "as he came out of church, "the dominie may say what he likes, but it'll take a miracle to deliver him to-morrow."

Others were of the same opinion, for conviction of the minister's guilt had grown since the charge was made public. Some one repeated Jones's remark to the minister, and he answered: "Miracles are not beyond God's power, but if it is his will that I should suffer innocently, he will give me strength to bear it."

No miracle was necessary, however. About half an hour before the case was called, Mr. Craig drove up to the court and had an interview with the chief of police and the judge. "All this trouble would have been avoided," he said, "had I not missed my letters. I have lost no time in returning since I heard of it. It was my wife's doing. Dilworth asked me for a loan of fifty dollars, as he told you, but my wife was moved by the story of his necessities, and she thought she would add a little more to the sum. So she put in the envelope with the other money, that cheque for twenty dollars which she had received the day before from her tenant, Cross, as part of his rent. Now, if you want to trace that cheque, Cross is the man to examine."

Mr. Craig repeated his story in court, and the minister was released amid the cheers of his people. "Was I not right in trusting in God and being calm?" Mr. Dilworth asked Jones as the latter came up to shake hands with him.

"You were, sir, but there ain't many with your faith. I'd ha' gone crazy in yonr place."

EARTH'S RE-GENESIS.

Indications in the Past and Present of the Future Purification of the World.

BY REV. GEORGE C. NEEDHAM.

IN order more fully to appreciate what has already appeared in these pages on the subject of the regeneration of the earth it is necessary to inquire what reasons there can be for so radical a purification as a complete and universal renewal. An exhaustive examination of these reasons is impossible here, but a few incontrovertible facts may be cited.

There was a time when man was pure and innocent. Sin had not not interrupted his communion with God. But after the Fall the creation became subject to vanity. The fruitful earth became perturbed by the strange intrusion of sin; thorns and briers sprang from the soil; and labor and pain, toil and tears became the common heritage of mankind. And death followed. Even after God by a deluge of water had washed the earth clean, in the only righteous family that escaped, sin appeared in direful manifestations. They were displayed from age to age in the Sodomites, the Egyptians, the Canaanites and in the very seed of Abraham.

But What of the Present Age?

I do not here inquire into the state of the Church, but what is the moral condition of the world, apart from and independent of the professed people of God; of those who are without spiritual relation to Christ, who antagonize his laws, and are hostile to his claims.

Is the evil of to-day less intense than formerly? Is there less crime? Is life more sacred, and is there greater antipathy to blood-shed? What are the characteristic sins of our day? Have we not avarice with its greedy grasp; with its iron heel grinding the face of the poor; with its conscienceless monopolies and heartless corporations? Have we not lust with its corrupted passions, its foul revelings, its indescribable uncleannesses, its devilish inventiveness, and indulgence? Have we not lawlessness with its murderous horde of assassins pouring out the blood of the innocent? Is not our commerce debased and degraded? Are not parents lax in discipline, and children disobedient to parents? Is not Sabbath desecration on the increase? Is there not a multiplication of Sunday newspapers, and Sunday excursions, and Sunday pleasures, and Sunday trade? Are there less suicides and villainies of every sort? We have become inured to diabolonian deeds and regard them as vulgar and marks of low breeding. But what of the refined rascals, the educated swindlers, the polite gamblers, the licentiously bad and indecently bold rakes and rascals of aristocratic parentage? And what of the drink curse, with its attendant evils of immorality, idiocy, pauperism and disease? Where shall the trembling heart turn for relief from its depression?

As we look abroad the picture does not brighten. Our modern civilization finds a highway for its rum along the banks of the Congo, thus preparing the Dark Continent for darker deeds than paganism has ever invented. England has forced opium upon China thereby imbruting these children of the Orient beyond their own inherent tendencies. Even the Islands of the sea have not escaped the embrace of this iron virgin of modern civilization which unpityingly crushes out their moral life.

Two-thirds of the human race are still enshrouded in heathen darkness. Mohammed's followers number one hundred millions. Slavery deepens Africa's darkness. Surely the world morally is in bad case. At home, the wrongs of governments, the impotency of legislation, and the trickery of politicians are mills which grind the race to powder, and abroad we hear of crying oppressions, multiplied miseries, dumb anguish and hopeless despair.

But what of earth's physical condition. We know that sin has corrupted the race, do we also know that it has infected the planet? Do we not see that, like an old house, this crumbling earth is falling into ruins. The marks of decay are upon it; the dry-rot is eating into its soundest parts. Its foundations are trembling; its walls are tottering, its great timbers loosening and its giant frame is collapsing with repeated and protracted upheavals. It waxeth old and is nigh unto perishing.

Earth became subject to vanity through the sin of man: she is still held in the bondage of corruption. An exact thinker and accurate theologian has said: "The curse on account of man's sin has struck through the whole framework and vitals of nature, entailing the untold sufferings and groans of the whole animal creation, its mutual ferocity and slaughter, the stinted and thwarted development of the vegetable kingdom, calling on every side for human help and culture: the pestilence of the air, the convulsions of the sea and land . . . What signals of distress has not the planet displayed? Through all its veins the effect of human transgression has gone, by no fault of its own, but by a divine ordination, binding the guilty, tenant and his mansion to the same doom."

Madame de Gasparin says: "The note that echoes over our earth at this present hour, in the village, town, or quiet country, is a wailing note akin to tears—an immense sigh. Our times are not times of refreshing but times of exhaustion."

Vast regions of our globe are unfit for human habitation. The torrid zone covers many secrets hidden from the eye of man, while the frozen North forbids an entrance toher innermost shrine. North and South, East and West furnish abundant proof of nature's deep-seated disease. The beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea have not escaped the terrible consequences of man's sin.

The Animal Creation.

It is well that even now we seek to protect our birds and animals from the rapacious cruelty of our fellow man. "The glazed eye of the dumb brute as he falls exhausted on your street is a speechless prayer for pity. The dead dog, faithful and true is a silent appeal for compassion." The Henry Bergh Society is doing a noble work in throwing its protecting shield over our domestic animals. So also is the merciful Audubon Society in its watch-care over our innocent birds. At times I fear we are all hypocrites. A lady shrieks out her protest as she watches a two-legged brute of a man beat a four-legged brute of a horse, yet thoughtlessly wears a hat or bonnet, the plumage of birds slain to gratify the whims of fashion. Does not nature groan for deliverance from man's selfish cruelties? Shall there be ultimately release from moral and physical debasement?

Yea, verily, blessed be our God. The vision is made plain by prophetic interpretation. Nebuchadnezzar's image symbolizes the course of events to their culmination. From the head of gold to the toe of iron-clay it is a "down grade." Morally and physically man and the ages deteriorate. All governments are proved futile, impotent, insufficient. Imperial monarchy breeds rebellion and anarchy. Universal suffrage, with its blasphemous *vox populi, vox dei*, and its deification of man, produces confusion and communism. The prophets foresaw the clashing of human governments and their utter annihilation. They also foresaw the physical collapse of our planet. *Did it make them pessimistic?* No, thank God. And wherefore "The God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." Daniel 2: 44. The prophetic eye sees beyond present evils and coming woes to that promised hour when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and forever. Rev. 11: 15. "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father." Matt. 13: 43.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

SCOWLING.

DON'T scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and O, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged, in death, often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.

UNSATISFYING.

IT is a foolish thing to adhere too much to this world, from the fact that it is so unsatisfactory. Ransack the whole earth, and show me one man who has been made happy by temporal success. You cannot find one—out of the millions and hundreds of millions, not one. First, a man wants to make a living. Having made a living, he wants to make a competency. Having made a living and a competency, he wants to make a superfluity; and having made a living and a competency and a superfluity, he wants—more. The husks of this wilderness can never satisfy the hunger of the soul. A lion is carnivorous, and wants meat; an ox is graminivorous, and wants grass; but man is omnivorous, and wants everything. The buckets of this world's pleasure are not large enough to bring up water to slake the thirst of the soul.

THE LAST TRAIN.

NEVER take the last train when you can help it. Much of the trouble in life is caused by the fact that people, in their engagements, wait till the last minute. The seven-o'clock train will take them to the right place if everything goes straight, but in this world things are very apt to go crooked. So you had better take the train that starts an hour earlier. In everything we undertake, let us leave a little margin. We tried, jokingly, to persuade Captain Berry, when off Cape Hatteras, to go down and get his breakfast, while we took his place and watched the course of the steamer. He intimated to us that we were running too near the bar to allow a greenhorn to manage matters just there. There is always danger in sailing near a coast, whether in ship or in plans and morals. Do not calculate too closely on possibilities. Better have room and time to spare. Do not take the last train. Not heeding this counsel makes bad work for this world and the next. There are many lines of communication between earth and heaven. Men say they can start any time. After a while, in great excitement, they rush into the depot of mercy, and find that the final opportunity has left, and, behold! it is the last train!

HOT WEATHER RELIGION.

IT takes more grace to be an earnest and useful Christian in summer than in any other season. The very destitute, through lack of fuel and thick clothing, may find the winter the trying season; but those comfortably circumstanced find summer the Thermopylæ that tests their Christian courage and endurance. The spring is suggestive of God and heaven, and a resurrection day. That eye must be blind that does not see God's footstep in the new grass, and hear his voice in the call of the swallow at the eaves. In the white blossoms of the orchards we find suggestion of those whose robes have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. A June morning is a door opening into heaven. So autumn mothers a great many moral and religious suggestions. The season of corn husking, the gorgeous woods that are becoming the catafalque of the dead year remind the dullest of his own fading and departure. But summer fatigues and weakens, and no man keeps his soul in as desirable a frame unless by positive resolution and especial implorations. Pulpit and pew often get stupid together, and ardent devotion is adjourned until September. But who can afford to lose two months out of each year when the years are so short and so few. He who stops religious growth in July and August, will require the next six months to get over it. Nay, he never recovers. At the season, when the fields are most full of leafage and life, let us not be lethargic and stupid.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Church Missionary Society sent out last year seventy-nine missionaries. Its income for the year was over a million and a quarter dollars.

The Synod of the Reformed Episcopal Church of Canada, has elected as Bishop over all the Dominion of Canada, the Rev. T. W. Campbell of Toronto.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been holding very successful services at Williamsbridge, N. Y. Four services were held each day and an open-air service on Sunday.

The endowment fund of the Long Island Cathedral has received an addition of half a million dollars, the gift of Judge Hilton. This brings its total to two and a half millions.

It is announced that a Washington lady has devoted property worth half a million dollars to the Protestant Episcopal Church to be used in building a Cathedral in the national capital. A gift of land suitable for a site for the edifice has also been presented.

Rev. W. T. Lambourne preached on Sunday, June 7th, at Bergen Point, N. J. In the afternoon he addressed the King's Own Mission at Bayonne. Last Sunday he preached at the latter place morning and evening. A deeply interesting work has been begun there and many souls have been saved, among whom are several Roman Catholics. The work is in charge of Rev. S. J. Betts.

The Lone Wolf Mission, established by Rev. W. F. ReQua in Indian Territory, to which many of our readers have contributed, is now under the control of the New York Baptist Mission Board, The Boston Women's Mission have sent out an excellent lady teacher to assist in the work. Mr. ReQua, who is now laboring at Batavia, Ill., has received several cordial letters from the Indians among whom he lived and taught, expressing the hope that he will yet return and make his home with them.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is now laboring at Portland, Me. His meetings, just closed at Pueblo, Colo., were wonderfully blessed. A correspondent in that city writes: "For over four weeks union meetings were held which thoroughly stirred the whole city. Active wide-awake business men, and men prominent all over the city were among the converts; large numbers were won in the Sunday Schools. All Pueblo was astir and people on the streets talked of little else than Mr. Yatman and his meetings. Before he left us he succeeded in raising over ten thousand dollars to erect a new Y. M. C. A. Building."

The special Evangelistic services now being conducted by Mr. James H Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD evangelist, in Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, of which Rev. Dr. J. S. Stone is pastor are being much blessed. During the past week more than fifty persons have been led to seek Christ. One of these was a mechanic who said that it was twenty-five years since he had been inside a church. Several pastors have been assisting Mr. Cannon in the Services; among them Bishop Turner of the African M. E. Church, Rev. Dr. J. M. King, Dr. Strowbridge and Dr. Ezra Tinker. The services are being continued this week with open air preaching every night.

Dr. Talmage's Decoration-Day sermon published in this journal on June 3rd, was read at the meeting of the George E. Picket Camp, C. V., Richmond, Va., on June 4. "After hearing it," writes Charles T. Loehr, "it was unanimously resolved: That the thanks of the Camp (composed of survivors of the men in the active field service of the South) be extended to Dr. Talmage for his courageous and impartial sentiments, expressed for the men of the North and the South who tried to do their duty as they understood it, the dead and the living, whose blood has cemented this country—our united country for time to come."

An Inter-denominational Bible Conference will be held at Ocean Grove, N. J., August 8–12, conducted by Dr. L. W. Munhall. This will be the fourth of these deeply interesting and profitable gatherings, and the prospectus which has been issued indicates that it will be fully equal to its predecessors. Among the distinguished pastors and teachers who have promised to attend and take part are: Dr. Nathaniel West of St. Paul, Dr. James H. Brookes of St. Louis, Dr. Daniel Steel of Boston, Dr. William J. Erdman of Asheville, N. C., Dr. William C. Webb of Philadelphia, and Rev. George C. Needham. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing the association Office, Ocean Grove, N. J.

The Managers of the American Bible Society, at their regular meeting on June 4, appropriated funds amounting in the aggregate to $55,575.52, including a grant to the Board of the Reformed Church, for its Arcot Mission; to the American Board, for Bible work in Spain; to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for Bible work in Germany and Switzerland; to the Russian Bible Society for colporteur work in Siberia; to the Evangelical Society of Geneva; to the Committee of Evangelization of the Waldensian Church; and to the Society's La Plata, Venezuela, Persia, China, and Russian Agencies. The issues from the Bible House during the month of May were 72, 348 volumes; issues since April 1st, 167,540 volumes.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Hayti's Revolution—Chinese Outrages on Missions—An Italian Earthquake—Sir John Macdonald's Successor—The New Superintendent of Immigration—Another Arctic Expedition—President Kruger's Visit to Natal.

REVOLUTION has Broken out in Hayti, as was foreshadowed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. During the last month, hundreds of arrests were made of men suspected of sympathy with the Legitime Government, the news of a plot to assassinate President Hyppolite, having become known. The plotters selected a festival day, when all the Haytians would be in church, to attack the jail at Port-au-Prince, and liberate the prisoners. This plot was duly carried out and the captives and their rescuers next attacked the arsenal. President Hyppolite, who was in church, when informed of the state of affairs, at once put himself at the head of a body of troops and marched to the arsenal, where a sharp fight took place, the rebels being between the fire of the troops inside the arsenal and the President's guard outside. The President's men dispersed the rebels, leaving twenty of them dead and many wounded. Then followed a short reign of terror. President Hyppolite issued a proclamation of martial law, which was followed by an order to his officers to "arrest and shoot every suspicious person" found in the streets. His troops then commenced a butchery, shooting people at random, and not even excepting foreigners. No one was safe and many murders were committed for the satisfaction of personal revenges. M. Rigaud, a wealthy merchant and a subject of France, who was suspected of being in the plot and of corresponding with Legitime, was visited by Hyppolite and a guard, and shot on his own door-step. His nephew, a member of his firm, called on the President to demand an explanation and was also brutally shot dead. Meanwhile business was at a standstill, the Custom House was closed and the streets, except for the presence of the bloodthirsty troops, were deserted. At the latest advices, matters had quieted down, but there was intense indignation against Hyppolite and more trouble is expected.

Canadians are already Discussing the Probable successor of the late Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald. There are several candidates, among them Hon. Mr. Abbott and Sir Jno. Thompson, (see portrait) the latter being the almost universal selection of the Conservative Members in the Dominion Parliament. The Cabinet is to be re-organized and will probably include Sir John Thompson, representing Nova Scotia, Foster, from New Brunswick, Langevin from Quebec, and Dalton, McCarthy or Meredith from Ontario. Sir John Thompson was long associated with the late Premier and is fully identified with the latter's policy in government affairs. He, more than any other man in the Dominion, except possibly Sir Charles Tupper, may be said to represent the Macdonald idea.

Trouble is Brewing Between China and the French and American Governments, in consequence of recent outrages on the Missions at Wusuch. New converts were frightfully maltreated, women and children escaping only by fleeing naked from their homes. The Mandarins, instead of trying to suppress the disorder, encouraged the anti-foreign feeling. The French and American Consuls called on the Imperial Cabinet and requested them to give protection to the foreign residents and intimated that failure would be followed by hostile action on the part of their Governments. The French commander in charge of the squadron in Chinese waters threatened to bombard Nankin, unless China indemnified the sufferers by the riots, which were not confined to Wusuch, but seem to have been experienced at other mission points. The Chinese Government diplomatically answered that they would send gunboats to the scene of disturbance, but no action has yet been taken towards punishing the perpetrators of the mission outrages.

It was the Dream of Sir Bartle Frere the Uncompromising enemy of slavery, that the different provinces of South Africa should be united. That the friendliest feelings exist between these provinces has just been fully shown by the recent official visit of President Kruger of the Dutch South African Republic — formerly the Transvaal—to Natal, where the one-time foe of the English was received with almost royal honors. With President Kruger there came a number of leading officials of the Dutch state, including Piet Joubert, the famous General who defeated the English at Majuba Hill in 1881. The portrait of President Kruger given in this column is from a recent photograph. He is a man past the prime of life but still hale and vigorous, of great firmness and fine administrative qualities which make him deservedly popular among his people.

The Sudden Advent of Torrid Weather has been accompanied by severe electrical storms and floods, in Texas, New Mexico and the Indian Territory. The Red River has reached the highest point in twenty years, and has inundated thousands of acres of corn, cotton and small grain, destroying crops and sweeping away houses, cattle and bridges. A number of persons have perished. Forest fires have raged in Maine, New Hampshire, and some parts of Massachusetts. In Northern Maine, several lumber camps have been demolished and a number of villages threatened with destruction in Aroostook county. In one section alone one hundred miles of country were devastated. Equally destructive forest fires swept Lake St. John county and the Saguenay district in Canada, wiping out a number of settlements, saw-mills, many miles of railway, and vast quantities of cord-wood.

Another Sensation has been given to the steady-going Germans by Emperor William, who, in a recent address to a body of spring recruits for the army, took occasion to warn them against the Social Democrats. "Always remember," he said, "the oath you have taken binds you to me. I say to you, having taken the oath of a soldier, follow me implicitly; shoot even father or brother without hesitation when ordered." Such language astonished even the loyal recruits and soon was the talk of every regular troop in the army. It was not intended for the public ear, but all official efforts to keep it a secret failed; and the fact that the young Kaiser is resolved to outdo even Bismarck himself as a "blood-and-iron" autocrat is widely commented upon.

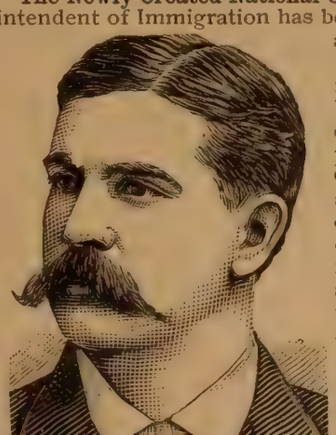
A Street-Car Strike at Grand Rapids, Mich., a few days ago, led to a serious riot. The Common Laborers' Union, whose members are now on strike, held a meeting, at which violent speeches were made. The suggestion that the meeting proceed to the Cable Car station and demolish it was about to be acted upon, when a body of police intercepted the strikers. The latter had a quantity of dynamite with which they intended to blow up the station. A fight took place with the police, the strikers using stones and clubs and the police their pistols. Three of the strikers were fatally shot and several wounded. Twenty arrests were made, and Mayor Uhl, apprehending further trouble, swore in a large force of special police. A second attempt at disturbance was suppressed, fortunately without fatalities.

Northern Italy was Shaken by an Earthquake on June 7, which did serious damage in the towns of Badia Calavena and Trognanzo. At first a subterranean rumbling was felt, followed by short shocks and culminating in a terrifying wave, during which the earth undulated like a sea. The frightened inhabitants fled to the fields; many houses fell, and others were so badly injured that they had to be pulled down. A great stream of lava issued from a new crater in Mt. Vesuvius, immediately after the seismic shocks. In the towns named, at least three-quarters of the houses standing are unfit for occupation, and troops are now busy pulling them down and clearing the streets of debris. Three persons were killed at Marcerigo and in Badia Calavena 17 were injured by falling houses.

Following on the Heels of the Peary Arctic Expedition, another under command of Lieutenant Ryder, set sail during the week for the Greenland coast. It is the purpose of the last-named expedition to explore the south-eastern coast between 66 and 70 degrees north latitude. Ryder's party is small, being only half a dozen men. Should Ryder be successful, the world will shortly know all there is to know about the coast of Greenland, including the unexplored eastern and western extremities. While these expeditions are on the way, Lieutenant Schwatka with three white and nine red men, is making for the head-waters of the great Yukon river, north of Alaska, which is thought to be navigable to Behring Sea. It will probably be many months before any one of the three expeditions returns to civilization.

The Readjustment of the Salaries of First-class postmasters under the new law, taking effect July 1, 1891, has now been completed by the Chief of the Salary and Allowance Bureau, Albert H. Scott. There are, in all, 128 first-class post-offices, the aggregate salaries being $450,600, an increase of $41,500 over last year. The average salary is $3,200. The gross receipts at first-class offices show an increase of $2,846,247 during the past twelve months.

The Newly-Created National Office of Superintendent of Immigration has been filled by the appointment by President Harrison, of Rev. Wm. D. Owen, of Indiana, (see portrait). Mr. Owen has been a close student of the subject of immigration for many years, and was mainly instrumental in securing the passage of the immigration law, enacted at the last session of Congress. The selection was strongly urged by a majority of the labor organizations throughout the country, with whom Mr. Owen is very popular. The new Superintendent is a minister of the Christian Church, and was born at Bloomington, Indiana, in 1846. He was a member of the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, being elected as a Republican. Under his thorough and conscientious administration, the new office will doubtless become one of the most important and efficient in national affairs. In a few weeks he will take up his quarters adjoining the Treasury Department, in Washington.

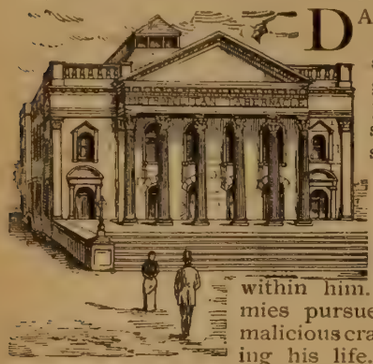


THE PILOT OF LIFE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

David's Simple Resource—A Wonderful Doctrine—I. The Nearness of God—Life Guided Neither by Chance nor Fate—II. An Answer to Temptation—III. A Support Against the Fear of Men—IV. A Cure for Worry—V. A Quietus to Dread—VI. A Reason for Service—VII. An Argument for Future Blessedness.

My times are in thy hand."—Psalm 31: 15.



DAVID was sad: his life was spent with grief, and his years with sighing. His sorrow had wasted his strength, and even his bones were consumed within him. Cruel enemies pursued him with malicious craft, even seeking his life. At such a time he used the best resource of grief; for he says in verse 14, "But I trusted in thee, O Lord." He had no other refuge but that which he found in faith in the Lord his God.

Having thus taken to the best resource by trusting in Jehovah, and having made the grandest claim possible by saying, "Thou art my God," the Psalmist now stays himself upon a grand old doctrine, one of the most wonderful that was ever revealed to men. He sings, "My times are in thy hand." This to him was a most cheering fact: he had no fear as to his circumstances, since all things were in the divine hand.

I. A clear conviction that our times are in the hand of God will create within us a sense of

The Nearness of God.

If the hand of God is laid upon all our surroundings, God himself is near us. Our Puritanic fathers walked with God the more readily because they believed in God as arranging everything in their daily business and domestic life; and they saw him in the history of the nation and in all the events which transpired. The tendency of this age is to get further and further from God. Men will scarcely tolerate a Creator now, but everything must be evolved. To get God one stage further back is the ambition of modern philosophy; whereas, if we were wise, we should labour to clear out all obstacles, and leave a clear channel for drawing near to God, and for God to draw near to us. When we see that in his hand are all our ways, we feel that God is real and near.

"My times are in thy hand." Then there is nothing left to chance. Events happen not to men by a fortune which has no order or purpose in it. "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." Chance is

A Heathenish Idea

which the teaching of the Word has cast down, even as the ark threw down Dagon, and brake him in pieces. Blessed is that man who has done with chance, who never speaks of luck, but believes that, from the least even to the greatest, all things are ordained of the Lord. Believe ye this; for, if the least be omitted from the supreme government, so may the next be, and the next, till nothing is left in the divine hand. There is no place for chance, since God filleth all things.

"My times are in thy hand" is an assurance which also puts an end to the grim idea of an iron fate compelling all things. Have you the notion that fate grinds on like an enormous wheel, ruthlessly crushing everything that lies in its way, not pausing for pity, nor turning aside for mercy? Remember that, if you liken Providence to a wheel, it must be a wheel which is full of eyes. Its every revolution is in wisdom and goodness. God's eye leaves nothing in Providence blind; but fills all things with sight. God works all things according to his purpose; but then *He* himself works them. There is all the difference between the lone machinery of fixed fate and the presence of a gracious, loving Spirit ruling all things. Things do happen as he plans them; but he himself is there to make them happen, and to moderate, guide, and secure results.

What a bliss this is! Our times, in all their needs and aspects, are in God's hand, and, therefore, God is always caring for us. How near it brings God to us, and us to God! Child of God, go not thou to-morrow into the field, lamenting that God is not there! He will bless thy going out. Come not home to thy chamber, crying, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" He will bless thy coming in. Go not to thy bed, dreaming that thou art left an orphan; neither wake up in the morning with a sense of loneliness upon thee; thou art not alone, for the Father is with thee.

II. This truth is a complete

Answer to Many a Temptation.

You know how craftily Satan will urge a temptation. He says: "Now you have a large family, and your chief duty is to provide for them. Your position brings with it many wants, Here is a plan of making money; others follow it. It may not be quite straight, but you must not be particular in such a world as this, for nobody else is. You are already in difficulties, and you cannot extricate yourself if you are too precise. A poor man cannot afford to keep a conscience; it is an expensive luxury in these days. Give your conscience a holiday, and you can soon get out of your trouble." Let your reply be, "O, prince of darkness, it is no business of mine to extricate myself! My times are in God's hand." We are not called upon to eke out God's wisdom with a bit of our own wickedness. God forbid! Do the right, even if the heavens should fall. The Lord who has taken your business into his hand will bear you through.

Brethren, is it not a delightful thing for us to know that, though we are on a stormy voyage, the Lord himself is at the helm? The course we do not know; nor even our present latitude and longitude; but the Pilot knows all about us, and about the sea also. It will be our wisdom not to interfere with our Captain's orders. They put up a notice on the steamboats, "Do not speak to

The Man at the Wheel."

We are very apt, in our unbelief, to dispute with him to whom the steering of our vessel is entrusted. We shall not confuse him, thank God; but we often confound and confuse ourselves by our idle complainings against the living Lord. No, when you are tempted to presume, or to act in a despairing haste, or to hide your principles, or to do something which is not defensible, in order that you may arrange your times more comfortably, answer with a decided "No," and say, "My times are in God's hand, and there I will leave them."

When the devil comes with his subtle questions and insinuations, refer him to your Lord, in whose hand your times are placed. When you have a lawsuit, the opposite side will like to come and talk with you, to see if they can get something out of you. It will be your wisdom to reply, "If you have anything to say, say it to my solicitor." If the devil comes to you, and you get into an argument with him, he will beat you; for he is a very ancient lawyer, and he has been in the business for so many ages that you cannot match him. Send him to your Advocate. Refer him to the Wonderful, the Counsellor. Ever shelter beneath this fact, "My times are in his hand. I have left the whole business to another, and I cannot dishonor him by intermeddling."

III. This conviction is a sufficient support

Against the Fear of Men.

We may say to ourselves, when our enemies bear very hard upon us, "I am not in their hands. My times are in thy hand." Here are gentlemen judging and condemning us with great rapidity. They say, "He has made a great mistake: he is an old bigot; he has snuffed himself out." This is easier said than done. The candle shines still. They say of you, "He is foolish and headstrong, and on religious matters he is as obstinate as a mule; and he will come to grief." You have not come to grief yet in the way they predict, and they had better not prophesy till they know. Fear not the judgments of men. Appeal to a higher court. Take the case to the King's Bench. Go to God himself with the matter, and he will bring forth your judgment as the light, and your righteousness as the noonday.

A Mistake.

Alas, many professors place their times in the hands of the world! If they prosper and grow rich, they see an opportunity of social advantage, and they quit their humbler friends to join a more respectable sect. How many are lost to fidelity because their prosperous times are not in God's hand, but in their own! Some, on the other hand, when they are in adversity, get away from the Lord. The excuse is, "I cannot go to the house of God any more; for my clothes are not so respectable as they used to be." Is your poverty to take you out of your Lord's hands? Never let it be so; but say, "My times are in thy hand." Cleave to the Lord in losses as well as in gains, and so let all your times be with him.

This feeling, that our interests are safe in the highest keeping, breeds an independent spirit. It prevents cringing before the great, and flattering the strong. At the same time, it removes all tendency to envy; so that you do not wish for the prosperity of the wicked, nor fret yourself because of evil-doers. When one knows that his times are in God's hand, he would not change places with a king; nay, nor an angel.

IV. A belief in the statement of our text is

A Cure for Worry.

O Lord, if my times are in thy hand, I have cast my care on thee, and I trust and am not afraid! Why is it, my sister—for this habit of worrying abounds among the sisterhood—why do you vex yourself about a matter which is in the hand of God? If he has undertaken for you, what cause have you for anxiety? And you, my brother—for there are plenty of men who are nervous and fretful—why do you want to interfere with the Lord's business? If the case is in his hand, what need can there be for you to be prying and crying? You were worrying this morning, and fretting last night, and you are distressed now, and will be worse to-morrow morning. It is a very unprofitable business. Do you answer, "What, then, are we to do in troublous times?" Why, go to him unto whom you have committed yourself and your times.

If we believe that all our times are in God's hand, we shall be expecting great things from our heavenly Father. When we get into a difficulty we shall say, "I am now going to see the wonders of God, and to learn again how surely he delivers them that trust in him." It has been to me so unspeakable a delight to see how the Lord has supplied my needs for the Orphanage, the College, and other works, that I have half wished to be in straits, that I might see how the Lord would appear for me. He did so, not very long ago. Funds ran very low, and then I cried to him, and he heard me out of his holy hill. How glad was I to hear the footfall of the ever-present Lord, answering to his child's prayer, and letting him know that his times were still in his Father's hand! Is not that a cure for worry, a cure for anxiety?

V. Fifthly, a firm conviction of this truth is

A Quietus to Dread.

"My times are in thy hand." Do you wish to know what is going to happen to you in a short time? Would you look between the folded leaves of the future? Many people would pay largely to have the future made known to them. If they were wise, they would rather desire to have it concealed. Do not want to know; such knowledge would answer no useful purpose. The future is intended to be a sealed book. The present is all we need have before us. Do thy day's work in its day, and leave to-morrow with thy God. If there were ways of reading

the future, it would be wise to decline to use them. The knowledge would create responsibility, arouse fear, and diminish present enjoyment; why seek after it?

The very word "times" supposes change for you; but as there are no changes with God, all is well. Things will happen which you cannot foresee; but your Lord has foreseen all, and provided for all. Nothing can occur without his divine allowance, and he will not permit that which would be for your real or permanent injury. "I should like to know," says one, "whether I shall die soon." Have no desire in that direction; your time will come when it should. The best way to live above all fear of death is to die every morning before you leave your bedroom. The apostle Paul said, "I die daily." When you have got into the holy habit of daily dying, it will come easy to you to die for the last time. Do not tremble about what may never happen. Even we may never die; for it is written, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump." Some of us may be alive and remain at the coming of the Lord. Who knows? Behold, he comes quickly. At any rate, do not let us worry about death, for it is in his hands.

VI. Again, a full conviction that our times are in his hand will be

A Reason for Service.

If God has undertaken my business for me, then I may most fitly undertake such business for him as he may appoint. Queen Elizabeth wished one of the leading merchants of London to go to Holland to watch her interests there. The honest man told her Majesty that he would obey her commands; but he begged her to remember that it would involve the ruin of his own trade for him to be absent. To this the Queen replied, "If you will see to my business, I will see to your business." With such a royal promise he might willingly let his own business go; for a queen should have it in her power to do more for a subject than he can do for himself. The Lord, in effect, says to the believer, "I will take your affairs in hand, and see them through for you." Will you not at once feel that now it is your joy, your delight, to live to glorify your gracious Lord?

I am sure, dear friends, if we get this truth fully saturating our souls, that our times are in God's hand, it will make life a grander thing than it has ever seemed to be. Do you believe that God's hand is working with you and for you? Then art thou lifted above the dumb-driven cattle that surround thee; for the God of heaven thinketh upon thee, and puts his hand to thine affairs. This connection with the divine puts heart into a man, and raises him to high endeavor, and great belief. We feel we are immortal till our work is done; we feel that God is with us, and we are bound to be victorious through the blood of Jesus.

VII. Lastly, if our times are in God's hand, here is a grand argument for

Future Blessedness.

He that takes care of our times, will take care of our eternity. He that has brought us so far, and wrought so graciously for us, will see us safely over the rest of the road. I marvel at some of you older folks, when you begin to doubt. You will say, "Look at yourself." Well, so I do; and I am heartily ashamed that ever a grain of mistrust should get into the eye of my faith. I would weep it out and keep it out for the future. Still, some of you are older than I am, for you are seventy or eighty years of age. How much longer do you expect to travel in this wilderness? Have you another ten years, think you? God has been gracious to you for seventy years, and will you fret about the last ten, which, indeed, may never come? That will never do. God has delivered some of you out of such great trials, that your present ones are mere flea-bites. Sir Francis Drake, after he had sailed around the world, came up the Thames, and when he had passed Gravesend there came a storm which threatened the ship. The brave commander said, "What! Go round the world safely, and then get drowned in a ditch? Never!" So we ought to say. God has upheld us in great tribulations, and we are not going to be cast down about trials which are common to men. My Lord, if my times were in my own hand, they would prove a failure; but since they are in thy hand, thou wilt not fail, nor shall I.

A Golden Sentence.

"My times are in thy hand." Take the golden sentence home with you. Keep this truth in your mind. Yes, dear old lady, you that have come out of the almshouse this morning to hear this sermon, say to yourself, "My times are in thy hand." Yes, you, dear friend, who cannot find a situation, and have been walking the shoes off your feet in the vain endeavor to seek one: you also may say, "My times are in thy hand." Yes, my dear sister, pining away with consumption, this may be your song: "My times are in thy hand." Yes, young man, you that have just started in business, and have met with a crushing loss, it will be for your benefit after all; therefore say, "My times are in thy hand." This little sentence, to my mind, swells into a hymn: it buds and blossoms into a psalm. Few are the words, but mighty is the sense, and full of rest.

Now, remember, it is not everybody that can find honey in this hive. O sinners, you are in the hands of an angry God; and this is terrible! The God against whom you continually sin, and whom you provoke by refusing his grace, has absolute power over you. It is certain that you are in his hands, and that you cannot escape from him. That hand which the believer devoutly kisses, is the hand which you may well dread. Oh, that you would flee to Jesus Christ, and find shelter from wrath beneath the crimson canopy of his precious blood! Amen.

A STRUGGLE FOR A CHILD.

AN exciting scene in a court occured in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. A suit was on trial for the possession of a child. The child is a pretty twelve year old girl and the claimant was her own mother. The claim was resisted by the child's foster mother, the widow of a wealthy merchant. She produced evidence to prove that more than ten years ago, the child, then an infant, was abandoned. She and her husband saw her, took compassion on the little waif, adopted her and educated her. Subsequently, the mother hearing that her child had been adopted by a wealthy family, demanded possession of her. She agreed, however, to accept $1,500 and relinquish her claim. A formal deed was duly executed and signed. The merchant, who is now dead, bequeathed the child $270,000. When this fact came to the mother's ears, she realized that the family was more wealthy than she had supposed, and that she might have obtained more than $1,500 for giving her up. She accordingly brought suit to recover her. The Judge of the Supreme Court dismissed the suit, on the ground that the mother had forfeited her right by abandonment and by subsequently signing the deed. On hearing the decision, she and a man she had with her attempted to seize the child and draw her away by force, but were prevented doing so by an officer of the Court. The child was much distressed, and in evident fear of being carried off, but her foster mother assured her that she would protect her from violence, if she, on her own part, would be on her guard against the machinations of her mother. The same assurance of protection is given to every Christian by his Lord. While he remains faithful no power can snatch him out of Christ's hand. (John, 10: 28).

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

Beginning Bible Study.*

AID a young man to a musician, "Tell me how to play the sonatas of Beethoven in their true spirit."

Said the musician: "You ask too much of me; yet I will do what I can. What do you play now?"

"Nothing."

"My friend, how shall I tell you how to play Beethoven when it is not your habit to play anything at all? To know how to play Beethoven, you must first know how to play."

So with the Bible. To know how to study it we must first of all know how to study. Now wrong notions of how to study are without number, and probably every one has been brought to the study of the Bible; but one of the very worst, not consciously dishonest, is the assumption that the Bible is not to be studied as we study other books and other things, but by a separate method all its own. From the correct rendering of Beethoven or Handel, we do not look for the same musical results or mental effects as from Wagner or Rubinstein; yet we do not hesitate to bring to the musical rendering of all these masters the same system of notation, the same rules of harmony, the same methods of execution. But for the Bible, thousands of teachers and scholars claim an immunity from fundamental methods of correct study, without which we cannot get a firmly founded genuine conviction of the meaning and merits of anything. "Bring not your desecrating lines and plummets, rules of building, or tenets of architectural criticism here," they cry; "this is the King's palace." But, in fact, all the more because it is the King's palace, ought it to be tried and proved by all these things; and in truth it is only when we have so done that we can raise the confession from our inmost soul. "This is the house of God; this is the gate of heaven."

"Doctor," once said a convalescent, "I'm no judge of books—don't often read one; but I'm reading one now that seems to be a very fine book. I haven't noticed who wrote it, and I don't know how your pronounce its title; but it's something like I-van-hoe."

"My friend," said the physician, "I'd give large gold to be in your place long enough to be reading that book for the first time and not knowing who wrote it!"

Oh, for the rare gift to come to the study of the Word of God as if strangers to men's claims for it, until its truth, sinking into mind and heart, establish its authority and convince us of its inspiration! The true way to begin the study of all books is the true way for the Bible. Not in a spirit of carping unbelief, or of contempt or suspicion of our teachers; yet in faithfulness to God, truth and humanity.

An Illustration in Point.

I bid a new pupil open the Scriptures and read: "In the beginning God created" he stops. "What is the trouble?"

"I do not believe there is a God."

What ought I to reply? That he must begin with that belief or we cannot begin at all? His blood would be on my head. No, I should say:

"Never mind that now; a great many men fancy that they entirely and incessantly believe there is no God; and a great many who entirely and incessantly believe God is, have not even found out that such a belief is a thing of degrees. Those who entirely and incessantly believe or disbelieve in God are rare. The men whose minds are never shaken with doubts did not write Psalms. Thoroughly and incessantly to believe that God is and is the rewarder of

* From *The Busy Man's Bible:* How to it Study and How to Teach it. By George W. Cable. In these days of discussion, on the subject of inspiration, Mr. Cable's little work, written for busy men, showing them what the Bible can do for them in daily life, is especially valuable. Pp. 81; Price, 75 cents; published by *Flood & Vincent*, Meadville, Pa.

The Senaputty of Manipur.

Boating on the White Mountain Lakes.

them that diligently seek him' is a great achievement, and this book offers to show that to do so is a possible and blessed thing. Let us open it reverently—"

He interrupts: "Why should I reverence a book whose very first word I am not ready to accept?"

What shall I answer? Shall I try to show him how unreasonable he is? No, I will say, "Never mind reverence for the book just yet. You have abundant reverence for truth have you not?"

"Abundant," he replies.

I doubt it; but I only say, "Well, we will read on a little way and see if, right here on this first leaf, involved in a narrative of some sort—no matter what sort right now—we do not find one of the richest treasures of moral truth ever written or printed on one book leaf by the hand of man. We will see whether the kind of God here described or implied is one whose existence and nature it is worth while to consider any further." And so we we begin again.

Conviction first, creed afterward. From his own experience a friend tells me this; He met on the highway, traveling on horseback as he was, and in the same direction, a stranger, but one known to him as an irascible and violent sceptic. Said he by and by: "Well, as the Bible says ——"

It was a red rag to the other. "I don't believe the Bible! No, not some things in it, either. Not a line! Not a word! Name anything in that book that I believe. I defy you!"

"Why, my friend, you believe, 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, hereafter read the Bible for what *you already believe in it.*"

THE SENAPUTTY OF MANIPUR.

(See Portrait.)

CABLE dispatch from India announces the capture of the Senaputty of Manipur, who was the leader in the recent massacre, which was described, with illustrations, in this journal on April 29th and May 6th. The Senaputty, whose portrait, taken from a photograph, is here given, fled on the arrival of the British forces, and was practically safe in the wild country which surrounds Manipur on all sides. Some fatal attraction, however, led him to return to his own village, where he was discovered and arrested. He is to be placed on trial for his complicity in the massacre. It will be a mere formality, as there is abundant evidence of his guilt. In addition to the fact, proved by survivors, that he was the leader of the conference when the British officer was seized, there is the evidence of the native executioner to the effect that the Senaputty ordered him to behead the prisoners. There is therefore little doubt that his trial will end in his execution.

The Senaputty is the half brother of the deposed monarch, and conspired against him in the hope of eventually succeeding to the throne. After the revolution he was regent of the country and next heir to the crown. When the English Commissioner went to Manipur to restore the rightful king, it was with the Senaputty that the negotiation took place. He was present at the Conference and ordered the seizure of the officers. The executioner says that they were carried to the palace and placed in line, with their hands tied behind their backs, and with chains around their ankles. Their heads was then struck off one by one with a Burmese knife. Several other prisoners have fallen into the British hands, among them an active leader in the outbreak, who was recognized as a Sepoy deserter. He has been shot by order of a court-martial. The dispatch announcing the capture states that peace and order have been restored throughout Manipur.

DR. PENTECOST IN INDIA.

RECENT advices from India report a genuine revival at Mussorie, as the result of the blessing of God on the labors of Dr. George F. Pentecost. Mussorie is a beautiful hill station in the Himalayas, a favorite resort of people from the plains in the north-west during the hot weather. An English lady, a member of the Protestant Episcopal communion, had arranged for a meeting in anticipation of Dr. Pentecost's visit. He had informed the people that he would stay only a few days, but the meetings were so well attended and the interest so marked from the first that the services were continued, and when the mail left were already nearing the end of the second week with the promise of still better things to come. "Some of the conversions," says the writer of the letter, "have been very marked indeed, and the work of grace is recognized by all as being genuine and deep. Dr. Pentecost's method of calling on those who have received the Saviour to come forward out of the congregation and make an open confession of their faith and consecration of themselves to God, was thought too radical for the habits of the people of India, who have been very conservatively trained in religious matters. It was therefore all the more surprising at his first call to see more than twenty persons, some of them among the most prominent people in Mussorie boldly taking their stand for Christ. Besides those coming to confess Christ for the first time not a few Christians, who have been more or less half-hearted and formal in their allegiance to the Master have publicly renewed their faith and consecration to God. About a hundred persons have thus far taken and signed the solemn covenant-card which Dr. Pentecost uses in his services.

"The services at Calcutta were continued day and night for five months. At the close Dr. Pentecost went to Darjeeling for two weeks rest, but the door was opened there, the Amusement Hall was hired and meetings held every night with much blessing. Thence he went to Benares where he held five services. From Benares he went to Lucknow, staying one day at Cawnpore. He has also held meetings in Agra and Delhi. English speaking people crowd to hear him wherever he goes, and he frequently addresses native congregations through an interpreter.

BOATING IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

(See Illustration.)

THE scene in the illustration is a familiar one to the White Mountain tourist at this season, and a pleasant one, too. Whether viewed from the reedy shores of Squam Lake, or from those of Winnepiseogee, Ossipee, or Silver Lake, the scenery is grand and awe-inspiring. Height upon height, wooded range upon range greet the eye, while woods abounding with game and waters with fish tempt the sportsman and, if ladies form part of the company, the boating is the finest in America. The surface of the clear, blue lakes is dotted in summer with sail-boats and canoes, filled with tourists, health seekers and fishermen, and on those placid waters is realized in perfection the ideal holiday.

Indian guides are rarer now than in former years, although the typical Indian canoe remains. At one time Lakes Winnepiseogee, Ossipee and Pigwacket were the highways over which Indian war-parties went on their predatory incursions to Canada. Many a sharp fight

has taken place between the English soldiers and red men, when the former marched from the settlements on the verge of the White mountain range to subdue their dusky foes. Hardly a prominent rock or mountain spur but has a name that recalls the early dwellers of those hills, and legends of the Great Spirit are told under the deep shadows of Chocurua, Paugus, Passaconnaway and Wonnalancet — mountains named after the great sagamores of tribes that have long since passed away. One legend is to the effect that Lake Chocurua is sacred to the Great Spirit, and that if a human voice is heard on its waters, the offender's canoe would instantly sink to the bottom.

The guides are strong, nimble and sure-footed, equally serviceable on land or water, and it would be dangerous to venture far without their safe companionship. In their light, birch canoes they can wield their spoon-shaped paddles all day long without fatigue. They are fine swimmers and fearless divers, and know every inlet of the lakes, and the quaint traditions associated with the great mountains of the range.

Entrance to The Tombs of the Kings, near Jerusalem. *(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage.)*

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

(See Illustration.)

OUTSIDE the city of Jerusalem, about half a mile on the road from the Damascus Gate to Nablous is the famous cave or vault known as "The Tombs of the Kings." A picture of the entrance to it, taken from a photograph, which was brought from the Holy Land by Dr. Talmage appears on this page. Turning eastward from the ordinary highway a sloping path conducts the visitor to a cavity in the solid rock above and around which are carvings of figures, wreaths and foliage extending some thirty feet. Provided with lights the visitor enters a descending tunnel which terminates in a flight of broad, high steps. These give access to an ante-chamber from which, by a passage between walls four and a half feet thick there is a way to a great hall. On the west side of the hall is the portico of the tombs. It is elaborately carved and was formerly adorned with four graceful pillars, only two of which now remain and they are prostrate. Beyond this are four mortuary chambers each having recesses for the reception of dead bodies. They are cut out of the rock and extend seventy-five feet in one direction and fifty in the other. A remarkable and deeply interesting feature of the place is that the entrance to the tombs was originally closed by a great circular stone like a sold wheel which, when rolled forward in grooves exactly covered the aperture. The Christian visitor looking at this large stone, and perceiving the purpose for which it was intended, understands the feeling of the women who, going very early to the sepulchre, asked each other, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" (Mark 16 : 3.)

Biblical students and archæologists are divided in opinion about the date of this wonderful mausoleum. Some believe that we have here those "sepulchres of the kihgs," mentioned in the Bible (II. Chron. 21 : 20.) Others believe that Herod the Great constructed it as a last resting-place for himself and his family. The opinion, however, most generally entertained is that it was constructed by the order of Queen Helena whom Josephus mentions as monarch of Adiabene, formerly a province of Assyria. Having embraced Judaism, she made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in A. D. 48, and when she died, after her return to her own land, her body was taken to Jerusalem for interment. The extent of the mausoleum is accounted for by the fact that she desired that her descendants be also buried there. Only two coffins were found in the mausoleum one of which is now in the Museum of the Louvre in Paris.

THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(Continued from page 367.)

The Superintendent.

WELL-KNOWN figure in the township of Lal's Mountain was "Superintendent Murray." He had come from New York to take charge of the interest of several stock companies, and was vaguely called "the Superintendent." The Superintendent was looked up to as a rich man. There were wonderful tales of the rapidity with which he made money, the good fortnne which attended all his investments, the amount of money which he laid up every week, which was more than most of the people thereabouts laid up in a year. Indeed, lucky was he in this neighborhood who did not fall behind in his finances each year. While looked up to for his supposed riches, "the Superintendent" was feared and whispered about, as a man who lived in a settled gloom, held himself apart from people, scarcely spoke, except in the briefest terms on necessary business, and took no interest in anything, not even in his own fortunes.

The Superintendent was not yet a middle-aged man; but he looked old; his hair was white, his shoulders were bent, his face was wrinkled and thin. He bore the marks of a man who had been shipwrecked in some of the sharpest storms of life. He was supposed to be a very learned man; he had books and long shelves of minerals, and country people said that magic witch-hazel wands were as nothing compared to the magic of learning, whereby "the Superintendent" could read the surface of the soil and assay the rocks, and could tell what metals or minerals might lie beneath the mosses and the grasses, the hepaticas and the anemones. The schoolmaster was the only person who had anything approaching to an intimacy with "the Superintendent." The ground of their acquaintance was that the schoolmaster had studied the county for twenty years, and knew every growth, and every soil, and every rock that could be found in it. He was passing wise as to coal fields, measures, veins, deposits and basins; as to ridges, troughs, dips, faults, beds, strata, splits, flaws, axes, synclinals, monoclinals, verticals, flexures and anticlinals—in fact, ordinary people would need to have a Webster's unabridged in hand, and a few Worcesters and Johnsons for reference, if they wished to fully understand what "the Superintendent" and the schoolmaster said, as they sat on a fallen tree, or a couple of commodious boulders.

Both of these men loved nature; the schoolmaster loved nature for the pleasing satisfaction of a curiosity, for filling up the gaps that occurred in his life, and for lifting him up above the region of daily small cares and vexatious. The Superintendent loved nature as his last left resource, and that which saved him from insanity. He could not endure the face of his fellow-men, and the soothing of nature kept him from madness or suicide. In the winter, the Superintendent went to Lacy, or to the solitude of one of the great cities, where next to a desert a man can be most alone. In the summer he made his headquarters in a little four-room chalet he had built in the highest and woodiest part of the mountain. There he was served by a deaf mute, of about twenty, who seemed useful, contented, and fond of his master. "Would you like to be deaf and dumb?" Robert had asked, when he had seen this youth, and been made to understand his condition.

"Well, I'll allow," said Jerry, "I'm uncommon fond of wagging my tongue, but maybe if I'd been born dumb, and so wasn't used to talking, I could do very well without. You see, Robert, there's lots of advantages in being deaf and dumb. There's two of the commandments you can't break—the swearing commandment and the lying one. And that's a help, seeing humans find it such a powerful strain on 'em to keep the commandments. Moreover, you can't get yourself into trouble by speaking ill of folks; you can't make folks mad by sassing them; you can't listen to people's secrets and tell 'em. Yes, Robert, I'll allow there's a deal of good in being deaf and dumb; only when you are not born that way, you're bound to be thanful according."

The occasion of these remarks was a July afternoon, the second summer of Robert's living at the mill. The place, oddly enough, was the sitting-room of Mr. Murray's chalet, where Jerry, Robert, and Pink were in full possession, the tall deaf-mute standing in the doorway, and regarding them with interest. How this happened was in this wise. Berries were abundant on the mountain, and Mrs. 'Liza had arranged that Jerry and the two children should go for three days in succession to pick the berries. Each night they came down with three well-filled pails, and Mrs. 'Liza dried some of the fruit for pies, and made the rest into jam for winter. But on the afternoon of the third day the astute Jerry beheld a fierce storm sweeping along the gorges of the hills—thunder roared, and lightning played in the distance, and the storm drew nearer. It was necessary to get the children and the nearly filled pails into shelter. They hurried along, and as the storm broke in fury, they reached the oval clearing where stood Mr. Murray's eyrie, and in hurried Jerry, dragging his breathless charges.

The Superintendent was not at home. The mute made them welcome by signs, and his silence had at once to be explained by Jerry to the anxious Robert. Just at this moment, the powerful beat of a horse's hoofs mingled with the roar of wind and thunder, and the swirl of rain, and the Superintendent came tearing up the mountain road, on his big roan. He flung himself upon the little veranda, and the well-trained brute raced 'round to the open door of his stable. Mr. Murray, to his surprise, found three big tin pails full of berries standing under his long table of geological specimens, a one-legged, one-eyed boy sitting on the window-seat, and in the middle of the floor, Robert and Pink, standing hand in hand. For the first time since it was built, the cottage had guests! The mute explained the situation to his master by signs. Robert watched the performance eagerly. But with his native refinement he felt that permission to remain should be asked by the intruders themselves. He walked up to Mr. Murray, looked him straight in the eyes, and said: "I hope you like us to be here. We would pretty near drown out in the rain, you know."

"Whose children are these?" asked Mr. Murray.

"Cap'n Allen's," said Jerry. "I'm the Cap'n's Hands."

"Yes; I've seen you before, at the mill. Well, that is a fine boy!"

Mr. Murray sat down and beckoned the children to him. He took a hand of each. Robert's hands were reddened with berry juice, and thoroughly scratched. Pink's were red, so was her mouth—but her scratches were few. "I think," said Mr. Murray, "that you have picked most of your sister's berries for her."

"Oh, well, Pink's little. And then Pink did put some in the pail," said Robert.

"And more in her mouth. But nearly all yours went into the pail."

"We want to take such a lot down to mother. We eat so much jam. Next winter we shall eat loads of jam, for the t'ins is getting big enough to have it."

Robert was losing some of his crooked speech, but to him "the t'ins" long remained "the t'ins."

"How many are there of you?" asked Mr. Murray.

Robert counted on his fingers, "Father, mother, Jerry, Pink, me, Bop, one t'in, 'nother t'in, six."

Mr. Murray sighed.

"Haven't you any little boys and gells?" asked Robert gently.

Mr. Murray shook his head, and looked gloomily at the storm.

"When we went down in the barge this summer," said Robert, "I saw lots of pretty little boys and gells in the street—and they had rags, and nobody tooked any care of them, and they was so poor—why don't you go and buy some of them?"

Mr. Murray shook his head.

"Haven't you any money?" asked Robert, timidly. "When father don't get things, it is because he has'nt any money. I'm going to sell some berries next week, to Mrs. Britt, and all the eggs of my little hen, and I'm going to pay father's mortgage with it. A mortgage, is—a—a big worm that eats holes in the wood of our house—and—and it has to be paid to stop—only—Jerry has seen a woodpecker—" he hesitated, reading unqualified amazement in his host's sad gray eyes. He looked anxiously toward Jerry.

"It is all right, I understood," said Mr. Murray passing his hand slowly over Robert's brown curls, which were 'Liza's pride. The good woman would have sat up nights to make time to dress Robert's beautiful hair, rather than shear her little Samson.

"This is a beautiful house," said Robert; "our house has only two rooms in it. Jerry has a little room off the shop. We are pretty snug, father says, but when he gets rich he will build a house. Bop and me we has a trundle-bed in the kitchen, and Pink and the t'ins has a trundle-bed in the other room; and father made the trundle-beds, and he says he don't mind, he'd as lief make six. I don't know where he'd stand six, do you, Jerry?" But Jerry had quietly rolled out of the window, and gone to the extremity of the veranda—Robert's appeals were too personal.

"This house has pretty things," said Robert; "may we look at your things? Then I can tell mother."

"Certainly," said Mr. Murry, and leaning back in his chair, he spread his kerchief over his face, as if asleep. Robert passed slowly about the room, and then through the open door into the next room. He held Pink by the hand, and looked with smiling interest at the various little conveniences, and ornaments, and instruments which were new to him. He not only did not touch anything, but he did not even stand very near any object.

All at once Mr. Murray sprang up, and made a dash into the room where they were. "The gun is loaded! I was afraid you might handle it!" he exclaimed, in answer to Robert's look of question.

"It's your gun. We wouldn't touch your things, you know," said Robert.

"You are a well-brought-up child," said Mr. Murray, and going into another room, he came back with a tray of bread and butter, cold tongue, jelly, milk, the various products of his mute's housekeeping, and sat down with the children for a luncheon. Robert ate his rather uneasily, and his big brown eyes rolled toward Jerry's corner of the veranda. Mr. Murray filled a plate and took it to Jerry, and then Robert's content seemed complete.

When the storm was over, Mr. Murray had his horse brought round and mounted it, taking Robert on one knee and Pink on the other, to carry them down the mountain. When they were nearly down, they met Captain Allen coming up.

"I was away," he said, "and as soon as I got back I hurried after them; the missis is in a great state." He held up his arms and Mr. Murray gave him Pink; then, much more reluctantly, he handed over Robert. "I envy you that little man," he said. "How old is he?"

"About six. Aren't you, Robert?"

Robert nodded. He was any age they chose to make him.

A week or so later, Mr. Murray and the schoolmaster were sitting on a log not far from the mill. The Superintendent was waiting for Captain Allen; he had come to order a few boards, and had fallen in with the schoolmaster.

"If you do not wish to wait," said the master, "speak to Mrs. Allen. She is the real head of the business; she does all the measuring and calculating, and tells 'Zekiel what bargains to make. The Captain is the poorest possible hand at figures."

"I don't mind waiting," said the Superintendent. "It is worth while to see that boy play. With what a will he goes at it, and takes the other children all into his games, even to those two babies sitting in the little cart. He is a splendid child. I envy Captain Allen."

"And, no doubt, in some respects, he envies you. He is burdened with debts, and one misfortune after another prevents his making any headway. No doubt he thinks you a very fortunate man. All do about here."

(*Continued on next Page.*)

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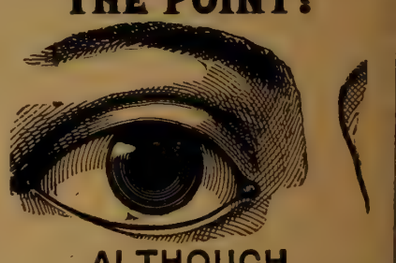

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THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

(Continued from preceding Page.)

"I should think they would know etter if they look at me," said the uperintendent, touching his white air and lined face. "Are these the otprints of joy?"

"People struggling with poverty re apt to measure happiness by ealth," said the master. "I don't hink Allen does."

"He need not. He has a wife and hildren, and a home."

"And you have none?" ventured he schoolmaster.

Mr. Murray shook his head.

"You are young yet," said the mas- er; "all these possibilities are open o you. I do not know but the man who can maintain a family, owes it o the good of his age and of his ountry to raise such a family."

"I had," said Mr. Murray, "a wife nd child. I lost them. I cannot re- onstruct a home on the grave of the ast. When I stood by my wife's offin, I knew that all for me had nded. Since then I do not live,—I xist."

The schoolmaster was not of those who offer idle words to sorrow. He new how to be silent.

"That child—that boy—recalls to ne what my child might have been. And so, I have spoken. It is not my way to speak. He was at my house he other day, and since then I have thought, day and night, how full my life might have been of energy and hope and joy, if I had such a son. Since I lost mine, fate, as if in irony, has given me money instead of wife and child. I gather carelessly, with- out interest in it. I invest heedlessly, as one who does not care to prosper, and while the eager and the needy lose, I gain. I gain money which I neither need, nor use, nor desire, nor rejoice in. There is a verse in the Scripture: 'There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother; yet there is no end of all his labor; neither is his eye satisfied with riches; neither saith he, for whom do I labor, and bereave my soul of good? This also is vanity, yea, it is also a sore travail."

"You might, at least, have the satis- faction of doing good with it," said the schoolmaster.

"I might, but I suppose I am of a selfish nature. I only care to lavish on what is my own, on what I love."

"You can, perhaps, cultivate a wider love," said the master. "Such has grown in me. I am willing now to spend my thought and care for these people. They and all their in- terests are dear to me. My pupils are my children."

Mr. Murray shook his head.

"You speak that never had a child. Still, you labor to more profit than I do. You deal with hearts and brains; I deal with stones. Schoolmaster! Whatever you do, teach your pupils temperance! Day by day teach it, preach it, commend it, weave it with every lesson, build it into the very fabric of their brains. If you leave that untaught, you spend your labor for that which satisfieth not!"

Mr. Murray rose and stood before the surprised schoolmaster.

"I have heard that Allen drank once. When that child comes into your school, teach him temperance day by day. Render it impossible that the demon of intemperance may ever curse and blight a child of so much promise! Here am I—I had good birth, good breeding, edu- cation, fortune, friends, family, home, hope, happiness—I stand here be- fore you, scorched and blasted, ruined, hopeless, miserable. All be- cause when they taught me so many other things they failed to teach me temperance. I have learned it too late, when all is lost. What good is it now to hate and loathe and repro- bate the devil that drove me to de- struction? Save your boys, school- master; and, above all, save this boy of Allen's!"

He turned, and began to hurry away.

"Come back; you have not seen Captain Allen!" cried the school- master.

But the Superintendent paid no heed to him. He plunged into the woods, and as he went he thrust into his breast-pocket a handful of wild asters that Robert had picked for him.

(To be Continued.)

THE SWEDISH MILLER'S SON.

A BIBLE colporteur in Sweden relates this incident: "In a village where there are sev- eral water-mills, I heard some facts related by per- sons who had themselves experienced the grace of God. A miller's man had, three years before, when I travelled that road, bought a Bible of me. Shortly before, he had been miraculously saved from falling into the stream and being crushed by the wheel of the mill. This acci- dent had awakened him to anxiety concerning his soul. He com- menced reading his new Bible, with earnest prayer to the Saviour for the guidance and consolation of His Spirit. This was vouchsafed to him; and after some time the miller's man, whom we call John, was a cheerful confessor of the name of Jesus, both by word and deed.

"But persecution came; his master and mistress, and his former com- rades, together with those who fre- quented the mill, appeared moved by an evil spirit, and united, as they said, to put a stop to John's Bible- reading. The miller's son, Anders, a young man of twenty years, wild and impious, was John's assistant, or, more properly, his superior in the mill. They had formerly been the best friends in the world; but An- ders tried now, with all his power, by threats, violence, calumny, arti- fices and enticements, to carry his former companion back again to his previous sinful habits, but in vain.

"One day, when John was at the forge, and Anders found himself alone in the mill, he took John's Bible with the purpose of casting it into the stream; but, as if by mere accident, he opened the book, and now he read the words of the Saviour, Matt. xxiv, 41, '*Two shall be grinding at the mill, the one shall be taken and the other left.*' These words touched his heart, and were like a thunder-clap to his conscience. Trembling, he laid the Bible in its place in the mill-chamber, and was from that very hour an altered man.

"Some time afterwards, Anders was heard to confess that Jesus Christ had pardoned even his sins. With glad cheerfulness and amica- ble confidence, these two men have thenceforth, in one mind, walked to- gether; and in spite of the persecu- tion raised by the enemies of the Gospel, many persons in that vil- lage, and still more from the dis- tricts, have united with these two believers, and by them have been encouraged to follow the Saviour."

A FATHER'S KISS.

A father was seeing his son off on the cars for some distant point, says the Hartford *Post*. There was a mo- ment of quiet conversation between the two—perhaps a few words of such advice as a father could give a son, and then the train came thun- dering into the station.

As the latter, a tall fellow, well along in his teens, stepped on the platform, he extended his hands and his lips to his father. There was a gentle kiss of farewell, and the two separated. There was no gush, no nonsense, no affectation; just the expression of fatherly tenderness that had followed that son since he lay in the cradle.

Is there any danger of that boy straying from the path affectionately pointed out by his father? Or is there any danger of that father ever having to excuse that son because he is "sowing wild oats?" We think not. The gentle power of a mother's kiss has been sung by poets, but is there not also a wealth of ten- derness and a lasting memory for good in the kiss of a father?

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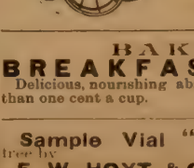

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IS THIS MY FATHER'S WAY FOR ME?

So dark and all unknown to me,
Except the step I'm taking now;
But light enough when Thou art near,
To Thy sweet will I gladly bow.
Unknown to me
As depths of sea—
Is this my Father's way for me?

So full of failings; but these lead
To Thy forgiveness full and sweet,
How little of Thyself I'd know,
Did not Thy grace my failings meet.
Thy grace my plea
For sins I see—
Is this my Father's way for me?

So filled with everlasting love,
So fraught with mercies every hour,
Pardon, healing, crowning, filling,
Revealing Jesus' wondrous power.
Let these make me
Much more like Thee—
Is this my Father's way for me?

So full of sorrow pain and grief,
But thus I know Him better still,
I know His joy, His love, His peace,
I love to learn His precious will.
From these to be
By no means free.
Is this my Father's way for me?

Sydney, Australia. —*Rev. G. B. Greig.*

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

Acting through the blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla not only cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc., but gives health and vigor to every organ of the body, cures sick headache, dyspepsia, "bilious turns."

CUPS OF COLD WATER.

There is a pleasant story told of a man living on the borders of an African desert who carried daily a pitcher of cold water to the dusty thoroughfare, and left it for any thirsty traveller who might pass that way. And our Saviour said: "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." But cups of cold water are not given in African deserts alone. A spiritual Sahara spreads over the whole earth and to its fainting travellers many a hand holds forth the grateful "cup." A lady whose home looks out upon a beautiful common, called to ask if I could tell her of some poor and sick persons to whom she could be of service in furnishing good books. The names of two were given; and the Testament, in large type, which shortly found its way to the old man's abode, also the green tea, and white sugar and the dollar bill, given her at parting—were they not "cups of cold water?" A poor Scotch comb-maker's wife, whose generous heart is larger than her purse, gave me fifteen combs, asking, in a half-doubting way, if I thought some poor children, who had none, would not like them. And so fifteen young hearts were made glad! Several young misses met in our pastor's parlor in the early part of the season, to sew for poor children. From time to time they have come together, plying busy fingers with happy hearts. And we have sixty-two garments as a result. Sixty-two "cups of water."

DR. TALMAGE says: "A great deal of sorrow is caused to young hearts and old by the thought that Christmas comes but once a year," but he continues, "why not extend the glorious season of joy, gladness and good-will throughout the year?" This beautiful thought has been brought rather forcibly to our attention of late by the hundreds of letters we daily receive, asking for "Christmas Boxes." What! Christmas Boxes in March, the idea! who ever heard of hanging up stockings in the Spring-time? But then the people have to use soap the year round and nearly twice as much is used in summer as in winter—you wouldn't think that—would you? But it is a fact, and if folks want "Sweet Home" Soap and wish to make the whole household merry with lots of useful, pretty, valuable and ornamental things, why not do it now as well as in December? and so we extend "Our Mammoth Christmas Box" offer for a limited time. Another thing! There was such an awful rush of orders last Christmas that some of our friends did not get the goods as soon as they expected. It aint so now, you can have the Mammoth Christmas Box when you want it. **Better order at once.**

Very Soapfully Yours, **J. D. LARKIN & CO.,**
Factories: Seneca, Heacock and Carroll Sts., BUFFALO, N. Y.

-Our Mammoth Christmas Box!-

OUR object in getting up this Mammoth "Christmas" Box is to introduce to the American people our "Sweet Home" Family Soap and fine Toilet Articles. They are the purest, best, and most satisfactory whether made in this country or England; every one who uses them once becomes our permanent customer. We propose a new departure in the soap trade and will sell direct from our factory to the consumer, spending the money usually allowed for expenses of traveling men, wholesale and retail dealers' profits, in handsome and valuable presents to those who order at once.

Our goods are made for the select family trade, and will not be sold to dealers, and to induce people to give them a trial, we accompany each case with all of the useful and valuable presents named.

The "Christmas Box" will make 100,000 boys, girls, men and women, old and young, happy; because it contains the greatest lot of Christmas Presents ever seen for the money. Beautiful things! Something for every one in the family, father—mother—all of the boys and girls—the baby—and hired girl. Such fun opening the box you never heard of. It is a great surprise to all who get it, It contains so many of the very things every one wishes to receive. Nowhere can such liberality be found.

We do not ask you to remit in advance, nor run any risks, nor take any chances. We merely ask permission to ship to you a box of these goods, and if after 30 day's trial you are fully convinced that the soap is all we claim, and the extras all we advertise, you can then pay the bill. But if you are not satisfied in every way, no charge will be made for what you have used. How can we do more?

To Get the Box simply write your name and address on a postal card and mail to us and we will ship you the goods on 30 day's trial, and you are under no obligations to keep the box if it does not in every way meet your expectations. We know the great value of our articles, and are willing to put them to the severest kind of a test, hence will send you the box on 30 day's trial and if not satisfactory will remove it.

Some people prefer to send cash with order—we do not ask it, but if readers of this paper remit in advance we will place in the box in addition to all the other extras a valuable present for the lady of the house. Articles that are near and dear to the heart of every woman, and that she will be proud of for years to come.

Where boxes are paid for in advance, we ship same day order is received. All other orders are filled in their regular turn.

Persons remitting in advance can have their money refunded without argument or comment if the box does not prove all they expect. Price of box complete, $6.00.

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8. Robert E. Lee,	20. Goethe,
9. Gen. Sherman,	21. Schiller,
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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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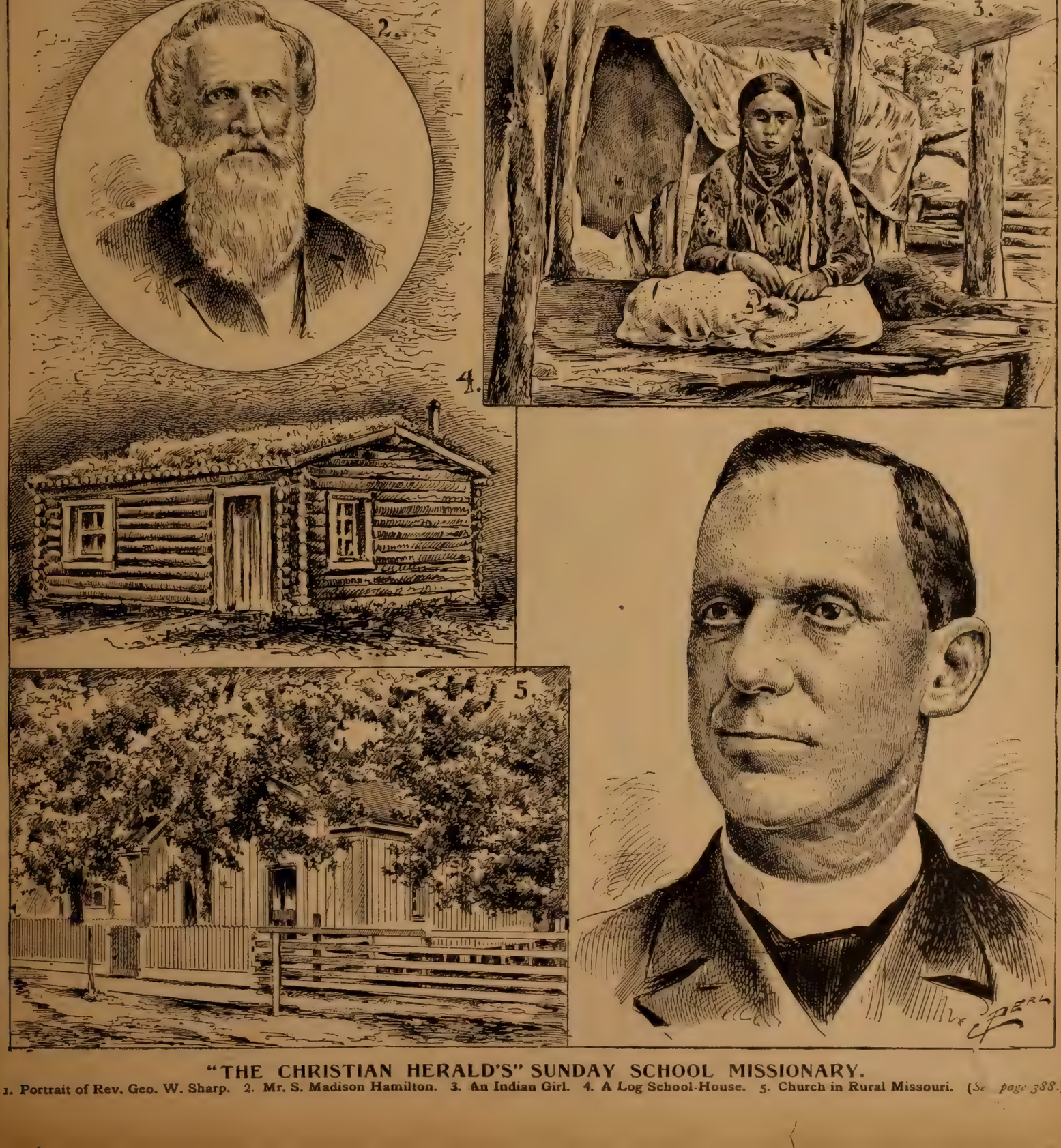


"THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S" SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY.

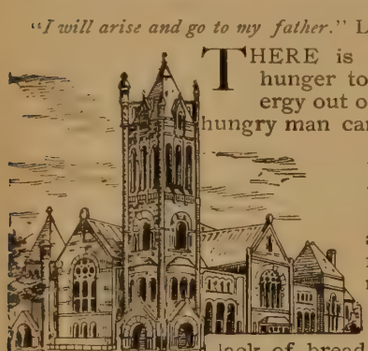
1. Portrait of Rev. Geo. W. Sharp. 2. Mr. S. Madison Hamilton. 3. An Indian Girl. 4. A Log School-House. 5. Church in Rural Missouri. (See page 388.)

THE HOME-SICK SOUL.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON PREACHED IN THE NEW BROOKLYN TABERNACLE LAST SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1891.

The Most Awful Cry on Earth—The Cry for Bread—Brought the Wanderer to his Senses—His Resolution Formed in Disgust at his Circumstances—A Potent Argument—The Assurance of Welcome—The Resolution Founded in Sorrow—In Home-Sickness—A Prayer on Shipboard in a Storm—A Bather Carried Out to Sea—The Resolution was Promptly Executed—Twelve Sailors Drowned near Shore—A Prodigal who Never Got Home—The Contrast in the Destinations of Three Passengers.

"*I will arise and go to my father.*" Luke 15 : 18.



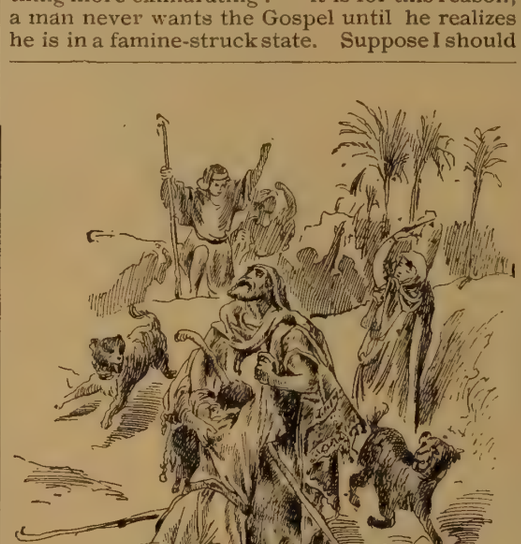
THERE is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foot. There has been many an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveller tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquise. He says, "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home, I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home, it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him. Satan promises large wages if we will serve him; but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the blood-hounds of perdition. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." O! the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution: "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Mary, the persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said: "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said: "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said: "There is no heretic here." "Ah," she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day, would that instead of seeing the prodigal son of the text, we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition, so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say: "I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market, or overseeing other laborers, he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? why he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings, why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? why don't you speak about the progress of the nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason; a man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should



THE PRODIGAL'S BETURN.

come to you in your home and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you would get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor." But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skilful enough to meet your case. You say: "bring on that medicine, bring on that physician. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body and all right in mind, and all right in soul, you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness, O! then you say: "bring me that balm of the Gospel, bring me that divine medicament, bring me Jesus Christ."

But says some one in the audience, "how do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statements of men, or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "let us have the statement of God." Well, he says in one place: "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place: "what is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place: "there is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place: "as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason. "There is one name given under Heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say: "well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said: "I will arise and go to my father."

"O!" says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? how do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "O!" says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed." What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

> Nor angels can their joy contain,
> But kindle with new fire;
> The sinner lost, is found, they sing,
> And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there; if you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think of it; you can't get your ammunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups and waving his hand toward the mountains, he said: "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving his hand toward the mountains; I hear him say: "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thy iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child, to have that child be ungrateful.

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is,
> To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So loving, so kind. If he had been a stranger, if he had forsaken us, if he had flagellated us, if he had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of him; but he is a father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I don't know how long this young man,

how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house; but there is something in the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said: "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house, he said: "Now, perhaps, father may not be living."

AT THE OLD HOME.

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on everyday life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man, after having been off a long while, has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself: "Perhaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had better stay at home; don't go away; we don't want you to go; you will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went away again to sea, he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage; but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness, he said: "O, Lord! what a wretch I have been; what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying: "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth, and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken at the loss of their child. They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door, and the father was overjoyed, and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. O! my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back, will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark concerning this resolution, it was immediately put into execution. The context says "he arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service to-night to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress! if this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago: "If I could live to the year 1891, by that time I will have my business matters arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian." The year 1891 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June—almost half of the year gone. Where is your broken vow? "O!" says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up; when I can get over my evil habits; I am now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse, until Christ takes you in hnd. "Not the righteous; sinners, Jesus came to call."

O! but you say: "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came just as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it? I was at East Hampton and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved. The people from Amagansett saw the vessel, and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, their bodies afterward washed up on the beach. O! what a solemn day it was—I have been told of it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service. They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore, yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is not to be saved at all.

HUSKS.

I will tell you of two prodigals, the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In Virginia, there is a very prosperous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him often, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down and opened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and the children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house. Away with these children. I will dash their brains out. Out into the storm!" The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning, the brother, the young man who had stayed at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was, and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you act in this way?" The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said: "John, there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. O! my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home.

THE PARDONED SAILOR.

In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth and they are going to take ship, and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion because he was very homesick already. The other young man said, "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal: "No, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him that there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Griffin went down to the dock and went shipboard. The young man said to him:

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don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he would'nt go?" "O! yes," said Mr. Griffin, "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die; but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me." Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get the young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until in some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "O!" said the father, "don't mention it; it don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your sin has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment that you take that pardon your heavenly father throws his arms around about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in my favor now as if you had never sinned." O! there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the father's embrace?

There was a gentleman in a rail-car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants; his mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum, to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted, the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity, and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage-bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss! Heaven! Heaven!

JEWISH REAL ESTATE IN PALESTINE.

A Christian gentleman now travelling in Palestine writes: "The Jews are buying land rapidly. The prohibition to their purchase of land is practically removed, and the Sultan has even sold them some of his own private property. A banker of Jerusalem told me that, in his opinion, in ten to twenty years the whole land will be in the possession of the Jews. Things move so rapidly in our days that it may be in the shorter period, or even less."

OUR MISSIONARY IN MISSOURI.

A LIBERAL RESPONSE TO "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD'S GENEROUS OFFER.

The Funds for Supporting a Missionary of The American Sunday School Union in North Missouri Supplied by "The Christian Herald's" Subscribers.

EVERY subscriber of this journal has a personal interest in the character and work of the excellent missionary whose portrait appears this week on the first page. Rev. G. W. Sharp is the missionary to whom reference was made in these columns on May 6, when the spiritual needs of the South-west were described in connection with the work that Dr. Paxson is doing there under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union. Dr. Paxson's story of the urgency of the work, of the fitness of this laborer to carry it on, and of the difficulty of securing the seven hundred dollars necessary to place him in the field, so impressed the publisher of this journal that he offered to give two hundred dollars of the amount required, if the subscribers would give the other five hundred dollars. Within a month the whole sum was furnished and Dr. Paxson was notified that he might retain

"The Christian Herald" Missionary.

This fact will, we are sure, be gratifying to our readers. Being entirely undenominational, the work is clearly in harmony with the principles of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and, being purely evangelical, every reader can sympathize with it and conscientiously pray for the divine blessing upon it. They will perceive with sincere pleasure that the continuously increasing prosperity enjoyed by this journal during the past year is bringing forth fruit after its kind. During that period it has done several good works. It gave substantial aid in the erection of the New Brooklyn Tabernacle; it provided the citizens of New York with the opportunity of hearing Dr. Talmage's Gospel sermons in their own city every Sunday night for seven months, at an expense of six thousand dollars; it has engaged and is supporting an earnest evangelist who conducts revival work free of cost in Churches which need the services of an evangelist; and it has now placed in a neglected field a missionary whose duty and delight it is to preach the Gospel to the poor and gather the children into Sunday Schools where they may hear of Jesus. It is a record of an eminently gratifying character and the publisher is devoutly thankful to God that his efforts have been so blessed of him, as to give the means for its achievement.

The Law or the Gospel.

Having provided the fund for the support of a missionary, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD left the selection of a suitable man for the work to the Rev. W. P. Paxson, D.D., who is in charge of the work of the American Sunday School Union in the South-west, and who thoroughly understands the nature of the field and the qualities needed in a successful laborer. He has selected the Rev. George W. Sharp, who is well known to him, and who has already done valuable work under his superintendence. Mr. Sharp was born in Clay County, Missouri, Jan. 20th, 1838. His father was a prominent lawyer of that State who, while quite a young man was elected a County Justice, and at the time of his death was Probate Judge of Macon Co. The son was left fatherless at the age of fifteen, but his mother, an eminently wise and godly lady watched carefully over his education and trained him in the fear of the Lord. The young man, after passing through the High School and McGee College, chose his father's profession, and was sent to the Law School of Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., where he graduated in June, 1858. He at once commenced practice and met with marked success.

In the year 1863 when he was recognized as one of the rising lawyers of his State—a man who in five years practice had proved his ability and learning in many weighty cases—he attended a revival meeting at which, by the blessing of God, the whole course of his future was changed. He passed from death unto life and from that time longed to give himself wholly to Christ's service. Two years later the way opened and Mr. Sharp quitted the bar to study for the ministry. The Judge of the Circuit Court before whom he had chiefly practised, on hearing that the young man had given up the law to become a minister, exclaimed: "That may pay George in the next world, but it has a poor show in this." Doubtless it did seem to the legal mind at that time a step lacking in worldly prudence, but the judge himself became in later years a Christian and saw it in a new light. Other legal friends deplored Mr. Sharp's course and urged him not to abandon the brilliant prospects before him. Some of them gave practical proof of the sincerity of their appeals by offering him partnership. Mr. Sharp had to decide between wealth and distinction, on the one hand and poverty and hardships on the other. He did not hesitate, but counting, as Moses did, "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" of the world he remained true to the service of his Lord.

His ministry was blessed from the beginning. He labored in several churches in his native State, and did much evangelizing work. After some ten years' work he passed through a season of spiritual conflict in which he suffered severely. The difference between justification effected through faith in the finished work of Christ, and sanctification effected by the continuous work of the Holy Spirit was not clear to his mind, and for a time he was sorely troubled and distressed. He studied many works of eminent divines, especially those of Bunyan, Wesley, Chalmers and Newton, but the darkness did not lift until providentially he was directed to a work entitled *Instant Salvation*, be the Rev. James Gall of Edinburgh, which made the whole matter clear to him. Joy and peace filled his heart, and from that time he has never been disturbed by doubts. The experience has been eminently useful to him in his subsequent work; the lessons he learned in that time of darkness he has proclaimed to many in similar perplexity and they, too, have been delivered.

Sunday School Work.

In February, 1879, Mr. Sharp became interested in the magnificent work being done by the American Sunday School Union through the great South-west. None knew better than he the need of such work. He had always deplored the hostility of the sects and the folly of Christian men contending and competing with each other while great sections of the country were waiting for the preaching of the simple Gospel, which might be given them by united effort. Then the Union's work was primarily for the children and Mr. Sharp realized that no work had a brighter prospect or gave better promise for the community than that of winning the children for Jesus. He threw himself heart and soul into the work. Since that time he has travelled over 51,000 miles, chiefly on foot and in private conveyances, organizing Sunday Schools in neglected districts, visiting and nurturing them and superintending their work. Four hundred and ninety-five of these schools have been established and it is estimated that over 24,000 children have been taught in them, and 3,000 teachers regularly employed. Beside this Mr. Sharp has done much valuable work among adults on his journeys both by preaching, visiting and distributing Bibles. Nearly 3,000 copies of the Word of God have thus been introduced into the homes of the people.

While rejoicing in the success of this work, and its promise of further usefulness, the Sunday School Union suddenly discovered that it could not be continued. A variety of causes had combined to deplete the treasury of the Union, and it became imperatively necessary to reduce the number of missionaries employed. Some of the fields occupied must be temporarily abandoned, and among them, that in which Mr. Sharp was laboring. The manag-

ers made the announcement with deep regret, but as the funds for the support of the missionaries were exhausted, they had no alternative. They are relieved of the painful necessity in Mr. Sharp's case by the liberality of the subscribers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In acknowledging the receipt of the money the District Secretary of the Union, Rev. L. Milton Marsh, says: "May the dear Lord prosper THE CHRISTIAN HERALD abundantly in its work of love."

The Field

which Mr. Sharp now occupies is North Missouri, a district equal in size to one-third of all New England, with a population of 889,000 souls. Some idea of the character of his work may be gleaned from the illustrations accompanying his portrait on the first page. No. 3 is a picture taken from a photograph of an Indian girl. There are many Indian families settled in this district, and much valuable work has been done among them by the Sunday School Union's emissaries. No. 4 is the typical log-house which is generally the first home of the Sunday School, where it has not a still earlier stage under a tree. Gradually the school grows, the parents of the children are reached, and a regular preaching service is inaugurated. Then a better building is needed, and a frame church such as that shown in illustration No. 5, is erected. So the work usually develops and becomes self-supporting.

The illustration No. 2, on the first page, is the portrait of Mr. S. Madison Hamilton of Baltimore. It gives us great pleasure to present this portrait. Mr. Hamilton read the article in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of May 6th, and at once determined that the offer of the publisher should be accepted. He wrote to us to ascertain what response had come and on receiving a reply, sent a cheque for the balance. His was the largest contribution to the fund, exceeding even that of the publisher. "Let there be no delay," he wrote, "have the missionary in the field at once," and his wish was obeyed. To his promptitude and liberality is largely due the success of this effort. Contributions have also been received from:

E. P. Beall, E. De La Perrelli, Albert E. Le Grand, Elias W. Le Grand, John L. C. Le Grand, Edward I. Wade, R. S. Stoddard, John O. McFarland, G. N.; E. F.; Thos. McCalma, M. T. Gunderson, Geo. S. McKie, A Type Setter, Alice Neil, A Friend, Mrs. M. E. Beasley, A Stranger, Sallie Ramsey, Wilson N. Hopkin, W. A. Spahr, Mrs. Florence M. Collins, M. Logan Guthrie, Mrs. E. L. Thomas, Mrs. Chester Wheeler, B. F. Severence; L. & M. K.; A Reader, R. E. Lauren, A. M. Davenport; W. W. S.; Reader, Mrs. E. A. Mathews, Mrs. Brownlie, A Friend, M. K. Herschey, Miss K. G. Clark, J. F. Dodd, Miss Adeline Cornwall, Celia Devine Rantone, Lena Graw, M. A. Peare, Mrs. E. J. Cook, John F. Boyle, Maggie Smiley, E. W. Simpson, P. H. Fair.

Mr. Sharp promises to send us reports of his labor which will be published as they are received. We earnestly hope that all our subscribers will pray for God's blessing to rest upon him in his work for Christ.

A FATAL SPRING.

A POOL of death is described in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. A correspondent of that journal states that at the foot of the Mendocina Mountains in California, and not far from the road between Hopeland and Ukiah is a singular pool of water. It is caused by a spring flowing from gravelly soil. There is some fatal property in the water or in the exhalations from it. Around its sides or floating on its surface are dead birds and small animals who have evidently gone to it to drink and have lost their lives. The water is clear and sparkling, with nothing in its appearance to indicate danger. The correspondent avers that he has seen birds lower their flight as if to skim its surface and fall over helpless and die. Rumors are current that a lost child was found near it dead, with a beautiful bird in her hand, having probably bent over the deadly water to pick up the bird and been overcome by the fumes. "People who live within miles of it are aware of its fatal influence and give it a wide berth." Unhappily it is not so with the places which are fatal to spiritual life. Those places are much frequented though "many strong men have been slain there," while *the water of life* is offered freely to all and few care to take of it. (Rev. 22: 17.)

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER

A Mother's Heroic Self-Sacrifice — A Prisoner's Heavy Sentence. A Child Demented by Terror Exposed by the Search Light—Poisoned by Wall-Paper.

HEROIC Endurance on the Part of a mother saved her daughter's life recently in Baltimore, Md. The mother was attending to some cooking operations in her kitchen while her daughter was in the cellar below, getting coal. Suddenly a part of the hearthstone fell through and immediately a cry of pain came from below. Looking through the hole in the floor the mother saw her daughter pinned to the ground by the heavy masonry. She was starting to her assistance when, to her horror, another piece of the flooring gave way and the stove pitched forward and was about to follow. Realizing that her daughter must be killed if the stove dropped, the mother seized it with her hands, almost red hot as it was, and pushing it back, held it up until help arrived. Her hands and arms were so terribly burned that there is little hope of her recovering the use of them. But she is not likely to be in want even if she cannot work again. The daughter, whose life she saved by her heroic self-sacrifice, is sure to work for her. Would that men whose right to eternal life Christ purchased with his blood could be so relied on to live for him! (Rom. 12: 1.)

A Young Man Sentenced to Twenty-six Years' imprisonment is hoping to receive a pardon from the Governor of New York. About three years ago, a number of farmers in the vicinity of Buffalo were systematically robbed by a clever burglar. The thefts were craftily planned and successfully executed. In spite of their frequency, the thief could not be discovered. At last, two men, one of whom was only twenty years old, were caught in the act. On being arraigned, both men pleaded "guilty." A light sentence was expected, as the goods stolen were worth less than two dollars. The judge, however, believing the men to be guilty of the previous burglaries, sentenced them to imprisonment for twenty-six years. It now appears that the younger prisoner was unjustly sentenced. The crime of which he was convicted was his first offence, and he was not quite sober when he consented to join the veteran burglar in the expedition. These facts have been submitted to Governor Hill in the hope that the young man having served two and a half years of his sentence may be pardoned. If he had been guilty of the former burglaries, there would have been little hope of obtaining a pardon for him. It is recognized that long and persistent wrong-doing demands cumulative punishment. This principle is overlooked by men who, having rejected salvation through Christ, vaguely trust that God will be merciful to them when, after a whole life of wickedness, they stand at his bar. (Rom. 2:4, 5.)

A Child Lost in the Wilderness Caused much anxiety to his family at Mongaup, N. Y., last week. A press dispatch from Monticello says that for two days the whole township has been searching for the twelve year old son of a farmer. He had been taught to drive the cows home at milking time and started out to do so at the usual hour. As he did not return, the farmer went for the cows himself but found no trace of his son. He suspected at once that the child had wandered into "the wilderness," a great stretch of swampy forest land lying between the farm and the Black and White Lakes. As there are known to be wild cats in that region there was general alarm and a search party was organized. No trace of him was found though the search was continued with lanterns all night. All the next day and night he was sought but without success. On the second day a woman who had separated from the rest of the party caught sight of him at a distance. He looked utterly dazed and as he saw the woman approach him he ran away from her in terror. She shouted until the searchers heard her and came to her help. Following the track of the child's feet, which she pointed out, they found him hiding in the undergrowth. He was then seven miles from home. He was completely worn out and the terrors of the two nights in the forest had unstrung his nerves so that it was with difficulty he could be induced to return to his home. Christian workers, who seek wanderers from God, sometimes have a similar difficulty in persuading them to return to him. With a perversity as hard to overcome as the child's dementia they resist "the things that make for their peace." (John 12: 40.)

An Unexpected Exposure Annoyed the Residents of an aristocratic district of New York on June 6. A little after midnight a fire broke out in a house on Madison Avenue. There was some delay in getting the engines to the place and the flames made considerable headway. Apparently there were not many persons on the streets at that hour, but in a short time the fire attracted a large crowd. The burning house became a brilliant spectacle which the assembled people watched intently. Then the engines arrived with their usual clatter and loud snorting noise, making everyone in the neighborhood aware of the fire. Just as they began playing on the burning house the man in charge of the search light on the tower of the Madison Garden turned the light up the avenue, making the thoroughfare as light as day. Instantly the people on the street saw that the windows of the surrounding houses were all occupied by watchers, who, aroused from their sleep by the unwonted noise and commotion, had not waited to make their toilets before looking out of the window. The search-light revealed them in all stages of dishabille. But only for a moment. They hurriedly moved out of sight, vexed beyond measure at having been seen so attired. Their vexation was natural but it would soon be forgotten. Far otherwise will it be in that day of sudden revelation when all things are exposed in the light of God's countenance. Then they who have been living in spiritual darkness of their own choice and have not been clothed with the robe of Christ's righteousness will call to the mountains and the rocks to fall upon them and hide them. (Rev. 6: 16.)

A Lady's Mysterious Illness was Explained recently by an eminent New York physician. For some months past she has been suffering from insomnia, lassitude and loss of appetite. Having consulted physicians in Chicago, where she lived, and taken large quantities of the medicine they prescribed, without getting relief, she decided to submit her case to a New York specialist. After hearing her story of her symptoms and making a careful examination, he told her she was suffering from anœmia caused by arsenical poisoning. She declared that it was impossible, but the physician persisted in his diagnosis and questioned her closely about her home and surroundings. Among other questions, he asked her what kind of paper was on the walls of her bedroom. She told him it was excellent quality, of a pale green tint, and she had the same paper on other rooms which she occupied. There was, she said, no other color that the eye rested upon with so much pleasure. "That is the cause of your trouble," said the doctor. "If you will get some of that paper analyzed, you will find that it contains arsenic in large quantities. The lady did as she was advised, and the analyst confirmed the doctor's opinion. She immediately ordered the paper to be stripped off the walls and another kind of paper put on. The substitute does not gratify her taste, but her health has been restored since the change was made. An analogous sacrifice of taste in the surroundings of Christians afflicted with spiritual ailments might be similarly beneficial. There are some pleasant homes and public resorts in which the social atmosphere is detrimental to spiritual health. (II.Cor. 16:17.)

Volume XIII., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1885, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, 1888 and 1890 are also for sale. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE WORD MADE FLESH.

S. S. LESSON FOR JULY 5, BY MRS. M. BAXTER. JOHN 1: 1-18. GOLDEN TEXT, JOHN. 1 : 14.

What Jesus was to the Apostle John—Filling the Universe and Eternity—The Origin of Life—The Life which Lights the World—John the Baptist's Mission—Sanctified and Consecrated—The Light Unrecognized—The Gift of Sonship—The Incarnation in its Effects on Humanity—The Test of Spiritual Life.

JESUS filled the horizon of the apostle John. In time and in eternity, Jesus was to him "the First and the Last," the source and the goal of all things. The kingly and priestly genealogy which circumscribed Matthew's view of Jesus in the past, the Adamic genealogy which bounded Luke's, could not restrain the prisoner at Patmos. John had feasted his eyes on his Lord, until his intense gaze saw far back beyond time into a past eternity, where he could discern nothing else but Jesus, and in concentrated utterance he says, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." With John all theology was Jesus himself, the doctrine was the Person. He tells us more about what he *was* than what he *did*. All John's knowledge centred in Jesus.

The Word!

John lived in the light of eternity, and breathed in eternal life from its very Source; he was filled, satisfied with Jesus. Inquisitive speculations about the past, arising from geological discoveries, found no place with him, Jesus was the solution of all. Howsoever, whosoever, or for whatsoever purpose they were made, "all things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made." He traced natural law, not to its own development, but to its Creator, its Lawgiver and Upholder. He made all things, he upholds them all "with the Word of his power." All power over animate and inanimate creation is given to him; this satisfied John. He saw that he had not to do with things or persons or laws which were intrinsically mighty, but back of them all was the Creator, "with whom we have to do."

There is a wonderful rest in the knowledge that "without him was not anything made that was made;" everything has its being by his permission, and he is in charge of all. "By him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist." Here is the apostle, in his weakness and nothingness, looking out on a vast universe, in which he is but an atom, with all the consciousness of an intimate oneness with him who governs all! In relation to him, the universe is stupendous, but it is all subject to him in whose bosom he has learned to lie; why then should he fear? There is no chance in a life which is steadied and balanced by a real true acquaintance with God. To the eye which endures "as seeing him who is invisible" God is seen in everything. "He spake and it was done, he commanded and it stood fast." He who has learned to trace everything up to God is ready for any emergency.

"In him was life." "I am the resurrection and the life." (John 11 : 25.) "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth." He breathed into Adam's nostrils "the breath of life, and man became a living soul" (or a breathing life. Gen. 2 : 7.) Because God breathed man lived, because God spoke, the earth brought forth. Life may be transmitted, but can never be originated, by man; all life comes from him who is life. If this is so in the natural world, how much more so in the spiritual world! There is a sad, piteous attempt in these days to substitute something else for spiritual life. But we can never get beyond the declaration of John, "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." "You hath he quickened

Who Were Dead

in trespasses and sins, wherein in times past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience: among whom we all had our conversation in times past, in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." (Eph. 2 : 1-3.) "Dead in trespasses and sins," or "passed from death unto life" (John 5 : 24): one of these two states describes every child of Adam, baptized or unbaptized, communicant or not, intellectual or simple, every one is still dead in sin, or has "passed from death unto life." And none can pass from death unto life but by Jesus Christ. "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." (John 14 : 6.) The religion of the day arrogates our independence of God: the Word teaches us the most absolute and indispensable dependence upon him. All religion, which keeps God at a distance, has the elements of heathenism in it. It consists of prayers which are not expected to be answered services which shall minister to the musical, artistic, or intellectual tastes of the people, but in which there is no attempt to draw near to God, or to give God a chance to act or speak. There may be certain acts of devotion which please the natural man, and gratify his desire to be something remarkable, but the life,—where is it? The worshippers are still dead.

But "the life was the light of men," though they may have been too blind to see it, "and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended [or apprehended R. V.] it not." Amidst all the confusion between the real and the natural, "that true light . . lighteth every man that cometh into the world." We know not how, we know not when, but God cannot deny himself. By some means or other, he communicates with every soul of man; every man has, at some period of his life, a time of visitation, a consciousness of being called into a near and more personal relation to God. He may stifle the conviction until it disappears out of his life, but on the great day of account, he will not dare to deny that God has spoken to him. The darkness, as a whole, comprehended him not, man as a race, still casts out Jesus, ignores him in politics, puts him outside of family life, casts his word out of the schools, makes everything a recreation and a pleasure but his service, and he is still the "despised and rejected of men;" yet the true light is shining, and all who will can find their way to the Father through him.

Side by side with him, the eternal Son and Word of God, he sent a human being to bear testimony, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." This is all we read of him here. Elsewhere we find he was "filled with the Holy Ghost from his birth." (Luke 1 : 15.) "The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts until the day of his shewing unto Israel." Filled with God, educated directly by God in his desert life, John was peculiarly the sent of God. "The same came for a witness, to bear witness of that light, that all men through him might believe." The vocation of John was to awaken and arouse a generation as full of externalism of agnosticism, and of senseless, pride of intellect as the present, to the great fact that God incarnate was in their very midst.

What need was there for a witness, if the true light was in the world? Was not his presence its own witness? "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and

The World Knew Him Not.

He came ur to his own, and they that were his own (the Jews) received him not," (R. V.) Man is by his fallen nature so self-centered that it interferes with him, and puts him out of his way, to have another Light than his own reason, another Master than his own will; he would rather be left to himself; man is so far fallen that he does not perceive, until he is aroused to see it, his own need of God. Man is become flesh, and the spirit-nature, "dead in tresspasses and sins," needs to be quickened, that there may be any desire after God. But the true Light does light "every man that cometh into the world." And "to as many as have given heed to the Light, and received him, to them gave he power (or the right) to become the sons of God." Just that which the serpent held out to Eve as an inducement to sin, "Ye shall be as gods," Jesus holds out as a gift to those who receive him as their own personal Saviour, the right to become the sons of God, "even to them that believe on his name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of men, but of God." A heavenly generation of man, born of the Spirit of God in whom the spirit "the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible," shall again have its place of honor in the being of man, and make a home for his God within him. But, that this may be possible, the Word, the Life and Source of all things, must himself come down. And he came,

"The Word was made Flesh,"

that man might again be made spirit, and he "dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,"—not the glory which man prizes, of gold and silver, horses and carriages, servants and soldiers, houses and lands, he was "full of grace and truth;" this was his glory. "And of his fullness have all we (believers) received, and grace for grace; for the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth [the glory of our Lord] came by Jesus Christ." If grace and truth are lacking in a child of God, the proof of his sonship is wanting. "Of his fulness have *all* we received." Let none deceive himself, this is God's test of real spiritual life; and where either grace or truth are lacking, God will not pass a man as one of his.

THE STONE KINGDOM.

The Stone which Smites the Symbolical Image on its Feet and then fills the Whole Earth.

BY W. GREENE, C. E.*

OUR Blessed Lord could, by reason of his divine nature, foresee clearly the awful work that Satan would carry out on this earth, as god or ruler of the same, and clearly foretold in the prophetic Scriptures with the greatest precision and detail, the varied forms of evil, secular and ecclesiastical, that would arise in the lapse of the ages in our world. One of his most remarkable discourses is that which contains that notable prayer, called the Lord's Prayer, in which occur the words, "Thy kingdom come."

In this short sentence is contained in embryo the everlasting blessing that is to come to this world when the wicked one is put out, and the glorious prophecy is fulfilled, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever."

We know from Isa. 9, that his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even for ever. Luke, the Evangelist, says he shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David, he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. Isaiah in his 2d chapter, says, "The law shall

*From an article in the June Number of the *Prophetic News*, edited by Rev. M. Baxter. May be had, price six cents, from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York. A fresh consignment of Rev. M. Baxter's popular work on Prophecy, *Forty Coming Wonders*, has been received and Mr. Sparks is now prepared to promptly execute all orders. Fifty illustrations, 548 pages. Price, by mail, 75 cents.

go forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem, and he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people. And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation neither shall they learn war any more."

Such are some of the events that accompany the setting up of the throne of Christ at the commencement of the Millennium. Now this throne is prepared in heaven, as is also the king. "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens and his kingdom ruleth over all" (Ps. 103: 19). Now, seeing that this glorious kingdom has to be established, and soon, as we believe. Peter exhorts us to be looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. (II. Pet. 3 : 12.)

But for the setting up of the Kingdom of Christ we have a definite time and manner when that is to take place in Daniel 2: 44. where it is written, In the days of these kings shall the God of Heaven set up a kingdom, so until we see the Roman earth divided into Ten Kingdoms, as indicated by the Ten Toes of the Image of Daniel 2, and the Ten Horns of the Beast, we cannot expect to see that kingdom established, for the Word of God is clear and precise and worthy of our attention in this matter as to the time of the establishment of Christ's Kingdom.

Be it also remembered that the predicted Sovereignty of Judah passed far beyond the limits of mere supremacy among the tribes of Israel. It was an imperial sceptre, which was entrusted to the Son, "I will make him my first-born higher than the kings of the earth." (Ps. 89 : 27.) "All the kings shall fall down before him, all nations shall do him service" (Ps. 72 : 11.) Now, our Lord sprang from Judah, and of Judah, he says, "Judah is my law-giver." In the great final conflict against his enemies mentioned in the 10th chapter of Zechariah it says, "The Lord of hosts hath visited his flock, the house of Judah, and hath made them as his goodly horse in battle." In Genesis 49 : 10, it is written, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah nor a law-giver from between his feet until Shiloh come"; but as events prove this cannot mean that royal power was to be exercised by the house of Judah only until the Advent of Christ.

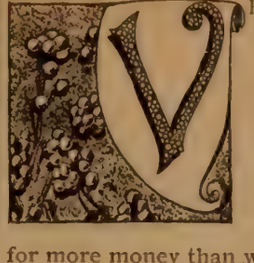
Hengstenberg has rightly interpreted in his Christology, "Judah shall not cease to exist as a tribe, nor lose its superiority, until it shall be exalted to higher honor and glory through the great Redeemer who shall spring from it, and whom not only the Jews but all nations of the earth shall obey." The meaning of the prophecy therefore was not that Judah was to exercise royal power until Christ, and then lose it, which is the lame and unsatisfactory gloss usually adopted ; but that the pre-eminence of Judah is to be irrevocably established in Christ, not spiritually, but in fact in the kingdom of which Daniel prophesies. "Thy kingdom come" refers to the establishment of the Sceptre and throne of Judah which shall destroy all earthly thrones and kingdoms and fill the whole earth. Thus God makes Judah his new centre, and says, "Yet I have set my king upon my holy hill of Zion, thou Judah art he whom thy brethren shall praise."

But Satan has his own exaltation in view. Of him it is written, "He opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called god, or that is worshipped." By him the Roman Empire is reconstructed, and divided into ten distinct kingdoms and from the Greek or eastern portion of that kingdom shall arise that terrible enemy of God and his people, whose destruction is to be one of the principal events of the coming of our blessed Lord.

In the face of these solemn facts do we not do well to close this paper with the words which he taught us to use, "Thy kingdom come."

THE SOJOURNER AT VERNON.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for July 5. "The word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." John 1: 14.



VERNON folks were not accustomed to visitors thirty years ago. The little village perched on the cliffs overlooking the sea is quite a fashionable resort now. Since a famous artist spent a summer there painting the sea and the crags, and sold his two pictures for more money than would have bought every house in the village, the summer boarder has been a familiar figure to the fishing folk. They were surprised to hear how the New York people admired the pictures of their rugged cliffs, and still more surprised when one lady visitor, who prided herself on being "intense," declared that she hoped there would be a dreadful storm while she was there, that she might see those crags in their true grandeur. They wanted no storms. Those cruel rocks were the dread of every wife and mother in the village and not a few of them had reason to hate them for causing the death of some one dear to them.

But thirty years ago the advent of a quiet studious looking stranger caused a sensation in the village. He had come for rest and change, Widow Goodlow said. He was boarding at the widow's cottage, recommended there by the widow's only son, who lived in the city and, "fairly worshipped Mr. Landon." A sort of a clergyman he was, the widow said. "Leastways she gathered as much from Tom's letter ; but not just a regular clergyman somehow. Tom spoke about his visiting sick folks and giving them medicine and his house was full of glass cases and little drawers with curious stones, and moths and butterflies in them and he had young men there and talked about these things. He preached on Sundays too."

The people used to look at him wonderingly as they saw him walking across the big boulders at low tide, stooping now and again to pick up a shell or stone and again climbing the cliffs to gather the moss which grew in the crevices. Why he should care for such things they had no idea, and most of them looked on the clergyman as a kind of harmless lunatic. Widow Goodlow described his enthusiasm over his treasures and those who heard her were astonished that a real sensible man should spend his time that way. The men especially had a poor opinion of city folks if this man was a specimen of them.

Yet Mr. Landon won the respect of some of the villagers. There was a case of small-pox in one of the houses and every one avoided that house. Even the doctor, who usually rode over from the next village to see anyone who was sick in Vernon, neglected the case after his first visit when he diagnosed the disease. The wife of the patient declared her man would surely have died if Mr. Landon had not gone to see him every day and told her what to give him. No one else came near, she said. And he worked a double cure ; for the man was notorious for his drinking habits and when he got well Mr. Landon "talked to him like a father and got him to swear off, so as you would not know him now for the same man."

One night, nearly a month after Mr. Landon's arrival, a sudden storm visited the coast. Some of the fishing-boats came back early, the men having recognized the signs of the approaching tempest and taken warning. Others came in later and only the most skilful seamanship availed to save them from destruction on those cruel rocks. Mr, Landon was out, clad in a long oilskin coat, watching the storm. It was a grand sight as flash after flash of lightning illumined the giant waves which near shore were crested with white foam. There was some dark object indistinctly visible far out at sea. The watcher on the cliff was not sure what it was. The shouts below him in the village told him, however, that the people there knew. They were getting out their life-boat to be ready for use if it became possible to launch it. Above the roar of the wind and the waves he could hear the men calling to each other and the women crying. There was one shriek that pierced his ear which seemed to express a concentration of human anguish never to be forgotten. It was that of a newly married woman whose young husband was in the doomed ship then making a gallant but futile struggle to keep off the rocks.

Mr. Landon went down to the little group of villagers. Brave men used to the dangers of the sea stood around the life-boat, but none dared face those wild seething waters. The first grey streaks of dawn showed in the east and revealed the ship. She had struck on a sunken rock and the waves swayed her to and fro threathening every moment to engulf her. Now if ever was the time to act ; but none stirred. Mr. Landon stripped off his coat and took off his shoes. No one was noticing him until with a rope tied around his waist he was making his way to a ledge of rocks, which he knew well, overhanging the sea.

"What are you going to do sir ?" asked a rough fisherman.

"I am going to that ledge," said Mr. Landon. "I shall be clear of the undertow from there."

"Don't you do it," said the fisherman ; "it is certain death. No one could live in such a sea."

"I am going," said Mr. Landon calmly. "You see that the rope is paid out properly."

The man would have held him back by force but he shook himself free and made his way to the ledge. In another minute he had plunged into the angry waters and was striking out for the ship. A cry of mingled pity and admiration went up from the group on the beach. Again and again they thought he was drowned, as he disappeared beneath the waves, but they saw him rise again and at last within a short distance of the wreck. He was seen now from the deck and they were throwing a rope to him. Then they saw him pulled on board and they made the rope fast. One by one the crew worked their way along that rope safely to shore, Last of all came Mr. Landon and the Captain. They came almost together ; for the ship was breaking up and there was no time to lose.

"Let us pray," said the clergyman as all stood together on the beach. Kneeling there he thanked God for the lives saved and prayed that they might be spent in Christian service.

A deed so heroic had hever before been witnessed on those shores. All the village had seen it and they talked it over in every home. When Mr. Landon went out later in the day, after recruiting his strength by a long sleep, men gathered around him and shook him by the hand. Women clung to him and thanked him with moist eyes for beloved lives saved and seemed ready to worship him. Why had he risked his life like that for men who were almost strangers to him ?

Mr. Landon told them why, next Sunday when by invitation of the local clergyman he occupied the pulpit of the village church. "The love of Christ constraineth us" was his text, and he told them of what a power that love was in the heart of man. How it caused men to forget themselves, to give themselves for others, to live a new life of helpfulness and consecration, seeking day by day to tread in the footsteps of him "who went about doing good;" so that the life of the true Christian became like an incarnation of the love of God. When men so live, he told them, others see not them but the love which is embodied in them, like him of whom it was said, "the word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

Whether any of his hearers could attain to such an ideal they doubted, but there was not one there who doubted that in the stranger who had come among them they had seen just such a life.

CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

WHEN our older people were children, there was no juvenile literature. If the book appetite arose, they were fed on a slice of Wilberforce's *Practical View of Christianity*, or littte tidbits from *Edwards on the affections*, or were given a few nuts to crack from Chalmers's *Astronomical Discourses*. Their fathers and mothers sighed lest these little ones should turn out badly, because they liked ginger-snaps better than Westminster Assemblies, and would spend their money for marbles when it ought to have gone toward furnishing red flannel shirts for the poor heathen children in Kamtchatka. You lost all faith in John Bunyan's veracity, and whistled incredulously when you came to that story about Apollyon. Pictures were scarce, and a book was considered profusely adorned that had at the beginning a sketch of the author in gown and bands, and long hair of powdered whiteness, and at the close in ornate letters the word *Finis*, which you were told meant *The End*, although, after wearily reading it through, you did not know whether it was the end of the book or the end of you. You might as well feed your baby on lobster-salad as at that early age to have been expected to digest the books that were set before you.

But now the children's library is filled with books of large type, and tasteful vignettes, and lids ridged, and flowered, and scrolled, and columned, and starred with all the fascinations of the book-bindery. There is now danger that what is called the "milk for babes" shall become nothing but chalk and water. Many of the Sabbath-schools are doing much to foster a taste for trashy literature. In some of these libraries you find sentimental love-yarns; biographies of generals who were very brave, and good examples in some respects—when they were sober; fairy stories, in which fairies had very loose morals; accounts of boys and girls who never lived—books in which there is no more religion than in *Don Quixote* or *Gulliver's Travels*. We have been wondering why some religious society did not publish a nice little edition of *Baron Munchausen*, with a moral at the end, showing our dear little people the danger of tying your horse to the top of a church-steeple. On Sunday night your child does not want to go to bed. He cries when compelled to go, and looks under the bed for some of the religious hobgoblins that come out of the Sunday-school library. Religious spooks are just as bad as any other spooks. A child is just as afraid of Floras, Pomonas, sylphs, oreads, and fairies, as of ghosts. The poor little darling in the blue sack goes home with a book, thinking she has heaven under her arm, and, before she gets through reading the story of love and adventure, feels so strange that she thinks she must be getting lots of religion.

In the choice of our children's books, let us not mistake slops for simplicity, nor insult our children's tastes by disquisitions about "footsy-tootsies," or keep informing them of the historical fact, which they learned a great while ago, that "Mary had a little lamb," or assemble the youngsters in coroner's jury to clear up the mystery as to "who killed cock-robin." If a child has no common sense at seven years of age, it never will have.

A DROUGHT NEEDED.

ONE of the present wants of the Church is a few less religious speakers. We have not half enough of men and women who have something useful to say. But speaking bores have become an affliction in some of our eastern Churches. They are devouring every green thing. They are a grasshopper devastation. Many of them prefer Sabbath Schools for regular beverage, and the way they hop about whenever there is a chance to annoy the little ones is amazing. They are dying for a chance to make a speech. Others of these rhetorical nuisances prefer a diet of prayer-meetings. While you are trying to hold the meetings tightly in your grasp, they crawl in with something that they think must be said. All the time they are speaking we are studying the most Christian way of choking them off. They go to and fro, like him who sends them on their mission, seeking whom they may devour. Some time ago the cry was for more religious talkers. Now, at the East, we are praying for a drought of them. A few weeks of abstinence would improve our appetite. For a little while, instead of insisting so much on the example of Demosthenes and Cicero, let us bethink ourselves of Washington Irving, whom we never saw but once, and that while he was breaking down in the only speech he ever made.

WIT HARNESSED.

I TAKE down from my library the biographies of ministers and writers of past ages, inspired and uninspired, who have done the most to bring souls to Jesus Christ, and I find that without a single exception they consecrated their wit and their humor to Christ. Elijah used it when he advised the Baalites, as they could not make their god respond; telling them to call louder as their god might be sound asleep or gone a-hunting. Job used it when he said to his self-conceited comforters, "wisdom will die with you." Christ used it when he ironically complimented the hypocritical Pharisees, saying: "The whole need not a physician," and when by one word he described the cunning of Herod, saying: "Go ye, and tell that fox." Matthew Henry's Commentaries, from the first page to the last, coruscated with humor as summer clouds with heat lightning. John Bunyan's writings are as full of humor as they are of saving truth, and there is not an aged man who has ever read *Pilgrim's Progress* who does not remember that while reading it he smiled as often as he wept. Chrysostom, George Herbert, Robert South, John Wesley, GeorgeWhitefield, Jeremy Taylor, Rowland Hill, Nettleton, Charles G. Finney, and all the men of the past who greatly advanced the kingdom of God consecrated their wit and their humor to the cause of Christ.

BRIEF NOTES.

The railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem is making progress. The first section, which reaches from Jaffa to Ramleh,—about ten miles—is finished.

The Canada Presbyterian Assembly assembled at Kingston, elected as Moderator the Rev. D. Wardrope, of Guelph, the Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee.

The Rev. W. Haslam, the eminent preacher, has returned from India. He there visited fourteen of the Church Missionary stations and held many missionary services.

Dr. Herman Adler has been formally elected Chief Rabbi of the Jews of Great Britain. He is the son of the late Chief Rabbi who was elected in 1845, and died last year.

Extensive preparations are being made for the Decennial International Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies to be held in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., July 9-12.

Postmaster-General John Wanamaker has denied on the witness-stand that he was guilty of collusion with the officers of the Keystone Bank in the frauds of that institution.

Dr. W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church of New York, announces that the doors of the church will be open all day and every day. Persons desiring a few minutes of retirement for meditation or prayer, may enter.

The census just taken in Great Britain shows a decrease of half a million in the population of Ireland since 1881. There are now about 3,500,000 Roman Catholics, and 1,100,000 Protestants in the country. Since 1881 the population of London has grown from 3,815,704 to 4,211,056.

Rev. E. Payson Hammond has been conducting services in the Congregational Church, Hanover, Conn. The Pastor, Rev. H. Higgins, writes that "the hearts of Christian people were deeply moved and that many sinners were brought to conviction of sin, and a good number professed conversion."

The American Institute of Christian Philosophy of which Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., is President, will hold its fifteenth Summer School at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., August 4–13. Among the speakers will be Dr. Francis L. Patton, President of Princeton University; Prof. Edward J. Hamilton, D.D., of Hamilton College, N. Y., and Dr. W. W. McLane of New Haven, Conn.

Mr. D. L. Moody's College Students' Summer School at Northfield, Mass., will commence June 27, and continue until July 9. Among the eminent professors who have promised to assist, are: W. Moore of Union Theological Seminary, Virginia; W. G. Moorehead of Xenia, O.; Dr. W. R. Harper of Yale and R. E. Speer of Princeton. The athletic exercises will be in charge of Mr. A. A. Stagg of Springfield, Mass.

The Ninth General Conference for Bible Study and Equipment for Christian work at Northfield, Mass., will be held July 30th—August 9. Among the speakers will be Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., of Boston; Rev. F. B. Meyer of London; Rev. Arthur T. Pierson and Russell Crowell of Philadelphia; Dr. L. W. Munhall, Major D. W. Whittle, and R. A. Torrey. The musical Exercises will be conducted by Mr. Ira D. Sankey and Mr. George C. Stebbins.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD evangelist, closed his two-weeks' special services at Asbury M. E. Church, New York, on June 19. During the time seventy-five persons have been led to seek Christ. Some idea of the cosmopolitan character of the population surrounding Dr. Stone's church may be gained from the fact that the seekers one night included four Italians, three Irishmen, one Frenchman and one German, beside Americans. Mr. Cannon is assisting this week in the missions in New York.

A proposal is made to have an exhibit at the approaching World's Fair in Chicago, of methods of evangelistic, philanthropic and reformatory work. It is proposed to do this by means of charts, photographs, etc. It is suggested that a large building should be erected for the purpose, which should also contain a room suitable for great religious conventions, which might be made very profitable at a time when there will be a large influx of visitors from foreign lands. A meeting to consider this proposal will be held to-morrow, June 25, at three o'clock in the Manager's room of the Bible House. The call for it is signed by Dr. Josiah Strong, General Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance in the United States, and other eminent men representing the various religious societies.

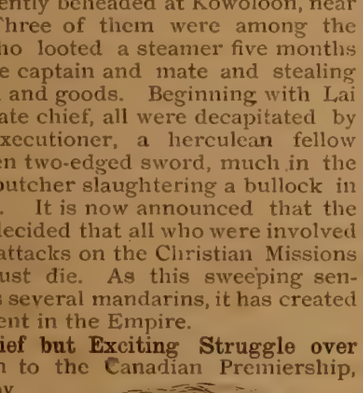
CURRENT EVENTS.

A Swiss Railroad Horror—Is Hayti's President Insane?—Canada's New Premier—America and the Russian Hebrews—An Indian Prince and an Authoress Wed—A Brave Female Explorer—General Notes.

A RAILROAD Horror, Involving the death of nearly two hundred persons, is reported from Basel, Switzerland. A heavily loaded excursion train on the Moenchenstein Railroad, fell through a bridge, and plunged into the river below. Two engines and the first car were completely submerged and all the passengers in the car perished, together with the engineers and trainmen. The excursionists, who, only a few hours before, had been in the full enjoyment of a musical fete, were mixed up in inextricable confusion among the debris in the stream, while two more cars filled with passengers hung suspended from the broken bridge, threatening every moment to share the same fate. The passengers in these escaped with difficulty. Six bodies were recovered from the wreck, being less than one half the number of those who perished. Troops assisted in the work of rescue. It is impossible to adequately describe the harrowing scenes that took place, while the search for the dead and dying was conducted by the light of blazing fir trees. Nearly all the lost belonged to the town of Basel.

In China, Justice is Rarely Tempered with mercy. The law is inexorable. Fifteen criminals, were recently beheaded at Kowoloon, near Hongkong. Three of them were among the freebooters who looted a steamer five months ago, killing the captain and mate and stealing $30,000 in coin and goods. Beginning with Lai Atsat, the pirate chief, all were decapitated by the crown executioner, a herculean fellow wielding a keen two-edged sword, much in the fashion of a butcher slaughtering a bullock in the shambles. It is now announced that the Emperor has decided that all who were involved in the recent attacks on the Christian Missions at Wusuch, must die. As this sweeping sentence involves several mandarins, it has created great excitement in the Empire.

After a Brief but Exciting Struggle over the succession to the Canadian Premiership, made vacant by the recent death of Sir John Macdonald, Senator J. C. Abbott, formerly Mayor of Montreal, and the Conservative leader in the Upper House of the Dominion Parliament has been chosen. The French Canadian element supported Sir Hector Langevin, and would have compromised on Sir John Thompson (whose portrait appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week), while the Protestant element rallied around Sir Charles Tupper. Senator Abbott, was finally taken up as a compromise. He is a native of Montreal, in the prime of life and of moderate political views. He has already held several important offices. It is quite possible that his ministry may only be a temporary one. A portrait of Premier Abbott is given above.



A Wave of Tropical Heat Passed Over the Eastern States on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, insts., being especially severe in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Vermont, the mercury at many points in the two last mentioned states verging on one hundred degrees. In New York City there were many cases of sunstroke, a few being fatal, and scattering cases are reported elsewhere. In some rural districts vegetation was almost destroyed. The hottest place on the continent was Providence, R. I., where the thermometer stood at 107 in the shade. Such a record in June is unprecedented in the history of the Signal Service. The wave was followed by heavy electrical storms.

When it was Announced Several Months ago that Mrs. French Sheldon, a beautiful and accomplished American lady, was about to set out on a journey through Central Africa in a palanquin, intending to adopt a friendly and conciliatory policy toward the natives and to establish the fact that a Christian woman had nothing to fear even among savages, there was an expression of surprise at her daring. And now another American woman, no less courageous, has come to the front in the person of Mrs. Josephine Diebitsch Peary, wife of the Lieutenant, who sailed two weeks ago to explore North Greenland. Mrs. Peary accompanies her husband on a journey which cannot fail to be full of perils and discomforts; but she is strong and a capital traveller and considers Arctic journeying far less dangerous and exhausting than travel in the tropics. Her summer outfit consists of a heavy woolen double-breasted combination dress, with a duplicate over it in red blanketing, and over all a loose coat made of heavy blanketing and reaching to the knee. It has no opening except at the neck. The hood is sewed closely leaving only the face visible. Four pairs of socks of the heaviest wool and a pair of moccasins and one of snowshoes complete the suit. That for winter is made exclusively of furs. Mrs. Peary's portrait is given above.

The Nero of Hayti, President Hyppolite, was reported to have been assassinated by one of his subjects, who had sworn to avenge the wholesale slaughter, of which the Dictator was guilty, while suppressing the recent rising at Port-au-Prince and Jacmel. The rumor of his assassination was current at all the leading parts of the island, but was afterward officially denied, although Hyppolite's tyrannical rule had aroused the public feeling to such a pitch that this event was not unexpected. Some of his brutal butcheries, under the guise of necessary military measures, have already been described in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in whose columns a portrait of the Dictator was recently published. On June 5th, he capped the climax of his bloody rule by putting a number of political prisoners mercilessly to death, some of them being taken into the public square at Jacmel and shot in the presence of their own families. Over two hundred men perished in this way within two weeks. Hyppolite tried to bully the foreign Consuls, into surrendering as prisoners certain fugitives who sought refuge with them, but he was compelled to apologize. He is said to be a maniac, alternately raving and weeping in his palace at Port-au-Prince.

Tariff-Maker William J. McKinley Has Been chosen by the Ohio Republicans as their standard-bearer in the approaching fight for the governorship. At the State Convention held in Columbus last week, he was unopposed for the nomination and his name was presented by ex-Governor Foraker, supported by Senator Sherman in a stirring speech. The platform is strongly protective and recognizes the McKinley Bill as the ablest expression of that principle.

A Notable Event of the Week was the Marriage of Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, a full-blooded Chief of the Sioux Nation, to Miss Elaine Goodale, the well-known authoress, who has been for some time past doing missionary work among the Indians at the Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota. Dr. Eastman, whose tribal name is "Ohyiesa" (the winner), is a splendid example of the possibilities of the Indian. His forefathers roamed the plains in war-paint and with blankets for a covering; while he is a man of refinement and education, an honor graduate of Dartmouth College, and the equal of the white, physically and intellectually. He has studied medicine and was recently appointed Government Medical Director at Pine Ridge Agency. There the pair will make their home and continue their mission work. Dr. Eastman's success furnishes a hint of what might reasonably be expected in the direction of Indian civilization and culture, if our government were to deal with its wards in a spirit of Christian helpfulness and to labor for their true elevation instead of permitting them to become the prey of selfish agents and speculators.

After Many Months of International Negotiation, an agreement has at last been reached between England and this country on the Behring Sea dispute. This consummation has been delayed somewhat by the illness of Secretary Blaine, and the final negotiations were in charge of Secretary of the Navy, Tracy. By the understanding reached, the killing of seals in excess of 7,500 during the season is prohibited, and these are to be taken on the islands, solely for the subsistence of the natives. Naval officers are empowered to seize poachers and hand them over to the authorities of their respective nations. Toward the close of the negotiations, Lord Salisbury sought to impose conditions which this government decided to be inadmissable, and therefore rejected. Four war vessels will be ordered by Secretary Tracy to proceed to the seal islands to enforce the agreement, and Britain will be similarly represented.

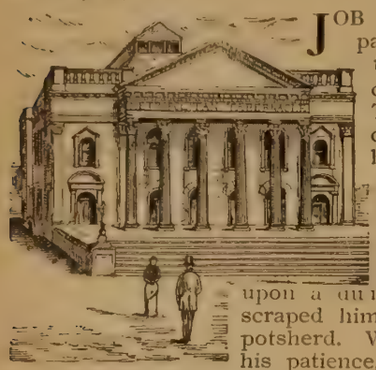
At the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Jewish Ministers' Association, which was held in New York City on the 15th inst., a leading subject of discussion was the barbarous treatment of the Hebrews by Russia. Rabbi Gustav Gottheil of the Temple Emanuel, who was chairman of the Convention, laid before the members a letter from an English woman in Russia, in which the writer described the hardships which the Jews were suffering. Whole families were ordered out of Moscow on a few hours' notice. Some of the examples of cruelty were startling, and recalled the days of mediæval persecution. The reading was followed by earnest speeches, and a committee was appointed to address President Harrison and implore him, in the name of humanity, to protest against the Czar's treatment of his helpless subjects. This is the first united action taken by the Hebrew clergy in the matter. Rabbi Gottheil is the senior and the ablest of the Hebrew ministers in this country; a man of great erudition and wide influence. He is about sixty-six years of age and a native of Posen. Educated under the most eminent leaders of Reformed Judaism abroad, he occupied a pulpit at Manchester, England, before coming to this country. On the retirement of Rabbi Adler he was chosen as pastor of the Temple Emanuel, the leading synagogue.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

A NEW SERMON, PREACHED TO SAILORS BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

Job's Complaint—Weary of Being Watched and Corrected I. Some Men Specially Tracked—Admonished by Their Conscience—Checked by Misfortunes—An Angry Man on a Steamboat—II. Apt to Dislike the Watching—Want Liberty to Sin—Would Like to Hear that God was Dead—III. Little Things Need Most Watching—IV. The Watching an Evidence of Love.

"Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?"—Job 7 : 12.



JOB was in great pain when he thus bitterly complained. These moans came from him when his skin was broken and had become loathsome, and he sat upon a dunghill and scraped himself with a potsherd. We wonder at his patience, but we do not wonder at his impatience. He had fits of complaining, and failed in that very patience for which he was noted. Where God's saints are most glorious, there you will find their spots. The weaknesses of the saints lie near their strength. Job is the most patient of men, and cries, "I will not refrain my mouth; I will speak in the anguish of my spirit; I will complain in the bitterness of my soul." As part of his bitter complaint, he said, "Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?"

He seemed to be watched and whipped, and then watched again. It seemed to him that God concentrated all his strength upon him in afflicting him. He was spared no suffering, and he cries at last, "I am watched, and checked, as if I were a great sea needing always to be held in bounds, or a terrible sea-monster wanting always a hook in its jaws. Lord, why dost thou harass me thus? I am such a poor, insignificant thing, that it seems out of thy usual way to be so rough upon one so feeble. The raging ocean, or the mighty leviathan, may need such watching, but why dost thou spend it on me?" I shall not moor myself to Job's sense of the words; but I shall spread sail for a voyage further out to sea. This sort of talk may have been used by many a man who is now within hail of my voice—may have been used by sailors now before me.

I. I say that some men seem to be specially

Tracked and Watched

by God. We hear of persons being "shadowed" by the police, and certain people feel as if they were shadowed by God; they are mysteriously tracked by the great Spirit, and they know and feel it. Wherever they go, an eye is upon them, and they cannot hide from it. They are like prisoners under arrest—they can never go out of reach of the law. They cannot get away from God, do what they may. There are men who have been in this condition for years; and they know what I mean.

All men are really surrounded by God. He is not far from every one of us. Yet there are certain people to whom this is more clear than it is to others. Some are singularly aware of the presence of God. Certain of us never were without a sense of God. It has made us happy to see God in his works. "The fool hath said in his heart, No God;" but this folly we never cared for. We knew that God was good, even when we felt we had offended him. With others God's watch is seen in a different way. They feel that they are watched by God, because their conscience never ceases to rebuke them. The voice of conscience is not pitched to the same key in all men; neither is it equally loud in all people. Conscience can be made like a muzzled dog, and then it cannot bite the thief of sin. Conscience can grow like a man with a cold, who has lost his voice. But it is not so with all men, even after years of sin. Some have a naturally tender conscience, and while in sin they are not easy. "You were wrong," says conscience; and his voice is very solemn.

Restrained by Providence.

Certain men are not only plagued by conscience and dogged by fear, but the providence of God seems to have gone out against them. Just when the man had resolved to have a bout of drinking, he fell sick of a fever, and had to go to the hospital. He was going to a dance; but he became so weak that he had not a leg to stand upon. He was forced to toss to and fro on the bed, to quite another tune from that which pleases the ball-room. He had yellow fever, and was long in pulling round. God watched him, and put the skid on him just as he meant to have a break-neck run downhill. The man gets better, and he says to himself, "I will have a good time now." But then he is out of berth, and perhaps he cannot get a ship for months, and he is brought down to poverty. "Dear me!" he says, "everything goes against me. I am a marked man;" and so he is. Other people seem to get on, though they are worse than he is. Time was when he used to be lucky too; but now he has parted company with success, and carries the black flag of distress. He is driven to and fro by contrary winds; he makes no headway; he is a miserable man, and would wish that the whole thing would go to the bottom, only he dreads a place which has no bottom, from which there is no escape, if—once you sink into it. The providence of God runs hard against him, and thus he sees himself to be a watched man.

A Ring of Prayers.

Yes, and God also watches over many in the way of admonition. Wherever they go, holy warnings follow them. They cannot escape from those who would be friends to their souls. They seem to be surrounded with a ring of prayers and sermons and holy talks. The boy said, "If I could get away from my mother I should be free! I have been tied long enough to her apron strings. I am old enough to do as I like. If I could get away from my father's chidings and prayings, I shall have a fine time of it." So the boy ran away, and went to sea; and when he got on board, a good old sailor tackled him, and talked to him about his soul; and then another pleaded with him. The boy said to himself, "Why, I have got out of the frying-pan into the fire. I came here to be out of the way of religion, and here it is!" I have known a sailor to go from port to port, and wherever he had landed there has been some gracious man or woman waiting to lead him to Christ. May it be often so! May it be as it was with our dear friends Fullerton and Smith on board the steamboat! Mr. Fullerton spoke to a rough man, and asked him if he was saved; and the man was angry, cross, vexed, and went to the other side of the vessel. There he complained to Mr. Smith, "That man over there asked me if I was saved; he is a fool!" "Very likely," said Smith; "but then, you see, he is a fool for Christ. I think it is better to be a fool for Jesus than to be wise for the devil." He began to plead with him, when the man cried out, "There is a regular gang of them; I cannot go anywhere but they are on to me." Some here present have had to dodge a great deal to keep out of the way of gospel shots. Their track has been followed by mercy, and they have been pursued by swift cruisers of grace. They have been like fish taken in a net—surrounded on all sides, and neither able to pass through the meshes, nor to break the net, nor to leap out of it. Oh, that the net of Christ's love may so entangle you all, that you may be his for ever!

II. Secondly, we notice that they are very

Apt to Dislike this Watching.

Job is not pleased with it. He asks, "Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?" These people, to whom God pays such attention, are foolish enough to murmur that they are so hedged in, and they are vexed to be made to feel that God has his eye upon them. Do you know what they would like? They want liberty to sin. They would like to be let loose, and to be allowed to do just as their wild wills would suggest to them. They would cast off every restraint and have their fling of what the world calls "pleasure." They would like to empty all the cups of the devil's sideboard, and be as merry as the worst of men when they are taking it free and easy. That is why they would send their conscience to sleep, drown their fears, and escape from chastening providences and warning admonitions. They would like to live where no Christian person would ever worry them again with wearisome exhortation. They demand liberty: liberty to put their hand into the fire! liberty to ruin themselves!

Men do not like this being surrounded by God—this wearing

The Bit and Kicking-strap—

because they would drop God from their thoughts. If to-morrow we could hear, by telegram from heaven, that God was dead, what crowds would buy the newspaper! It would be the greatest relief in the world to many a godless wretch if he could feel sure that there was no God. To some of us this news would be death: we should have lost our Father, our Comforter, our Saviour, our all. Alas! many wish there were no God; and if they cannot persuade themselves that there is none—and it is very hard for a sailor to do that — yet they try to forget him. If God is out of mind, he is as good as out of the world to the careless sinner. When God comes with inward fears, and awakens conscience, and sends cross providences, so that the man feels pulled up and made to pause; then he knows that there is a God, for he feels a power which works against his sin, from which he cannot get away. He longs to be clear of this secret force; but it wraps him about on every side.

Once more, there are some who do not like to be shadowed in this way, because they want to have their will with others. Shall I speak a sharp word, like a two-edged sword? There are men—and seamen to be found among them—who are not satisfied with being ruined themselves, but

They Thirst to Ruin Others.

They lay traps for souls, and they are vexed that their victims should escape them. They are angry because certain poor women are not altogether in their power. Woe unto the men who lead women astray! I have heard of sailors who, in every port they enter, try to ruin others. I charge you to remember that you will have to face these ruined ones at the day of judgment. You sailed away, and they never knew where you went; but the Lord knew. I say there are men who would like to have full license to commit wantonness, and they are grieved that they are hindered in their carnival of sin. May God grant that the channel of evil may be blocked for you, and may you be piloted into the waters of repentance and faith!

This is why some kick against God. I fear these people will be much vexed with me for speaking so plainly; but you must not think that it will alarm me should you be angry. I am rather glad when fellows get angry with my preaching. These

Angry Hearers

will come again. You with whom the sermon goes in at one ear and out at the other, you get no good whatever; but a man who fires with wrath, and says, "How dare that fellow speak thus to me?" is sure to listen again; and it is very likely that God will bless him. But whether it offends you or pleases you—I repeat my warning—I charge you, do not drag others down to hell with you. If you must go there yourselves, seek not to destroy those around you. Do not teach boys to drink, and to swear; neither tempt frail women to commit uncleanness with you. God help you to shake off all vice; for I know that vile habits are often the reason why men kick against the restraint of God's loving hand.

III. And now I have got to the very heart of my text. The third part is this—that this argument against the Lord's dealings is a very bad one. Job says, "Am I a sea, or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?" Listen. To argue from our insignificance is poor pleading; for the little things are just those against which there is most need to watch. In life, men fall by very little things. One does not need to watch against his dog one-half so much as against a horse-fly, or a mosquito, for those will sting you when you least expect it. The

Little Things Want most Watching,

therefore it is poor reasoning when we complain that God watches us as if we were a sea, or a whale. After all, there is not a man here who is not very like a sea, or a sea-monster in this respect, that he needs a watch to be set over him. A man's heart is as changeable and as deceitful as the sea. When you are down in the forecastle with a little band of praying men, how very good you feel! Let us see you when you are on shore, and there is plenty of grog about. It is easy to have a calm sea when there is no wind, but how different is the ocean when a gale is blowing! We are all very well when far away from temptation, but how are we when the devil's servants are around us?

I shall now go further, and show that, by reason of our evil nature, we have become like the sea. This is true in several ways; for, first, the sea is restless, and so is our nature. "The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." When they are thoughtful no good comes of their thoughts. Their waters cast up—what? Pearls and corals? No; "mire and dirt." I do not need to explain those words. If any of you have to keep company with these restless beings, you know how foul-mouthed they can be. They cast up worse things than mire and dirt when they are stirred up.

Furious as the Sea.

Let us say, next, that the sea can be furious and terrible, and so can ungodly men. When a man is in a fury, what a wild beast he can be! A landsman looks on the sea when it has put on its best behavior, and he says, "I should not mind going a voyage. I feel I shall make a splendid sailor." Let him look at that same ocean by-and-by. Where is the sea of glass now? Where are the gentle waves, which seemed afraid to ripple too far upon the sand? The sea roars and rages and raves. The Atlantic in a storm is terrible; but have you ever seen a tempest in a man's nature? It is an awful sight, and one which causes gracious eyes to weep. What a miserable object is a man with the drink in him! He was as decent a fellow as one could talk with; but now that the drink has mastered him the devil has come on board, and you will do well to give him a wide berth. When you feel the Lord's restraint, you need not ask, "Am I a sea, or a whale?" for your own heart may answer, "You can be more furious than the sea itself."

Human nature is like the sea for mischief. How destructive is the ocean, and how unfeeling! It makes widows and orphans by the thousand, and then smiles as if it had done nothing! Terrible

Havoc it can Work

when its power is let loose! Do not talk of the destructiveness of the sea; let the reckless sinner think of the destructiveness of his own life. You that are living in sin, and in vice, what wrecks you have caused! How many who set out on the voyage of life, have gone upon the rocks through you! A foul word, a loose song, a filthy act, and a gay craft has become a wreck. Conscience can fill in the details. Ah me! one cannot say to God, "Am I a sea, or a sea-monster?" or he might well reply, "No shark has devoured so many as the drunkard in his cups, the swearer in his presumption, and the unclean in his lust!" Ah me! I could weep to think how much of mischief any one of you who are unconverted may yet do! The Lord deliver you from being left derelict, to cause wreck to others!

IV. Last of all, I would remark that *all they complained of was sent in love.* They said, "Am I a sea or a whale, that thou settest a watch over me?" but if they had known the truth they would have blessed God with all their hearts for having watched over them as he has done. For God's restraint has

Kept us From Self-ruin.

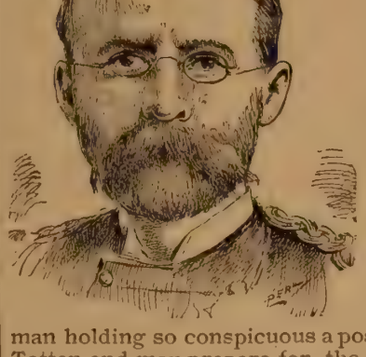
If the Lord had not held us in we might have been in prison; we might have been in the grave! Who knows what would have become of us? An old Scotchman said to Mr. Rowland Hill, what I am quite sure would have been as true of me. He looked into Mr. Hill's face so keenly and so often, that at last good Rowland asked him, "Why are you looking at my face so much?" "I was thinking," said the Scotchman, "that if you had not been converted by the grace of God, you would have been a terrible sinner." And, surely, this would have been my case. Nothing half-and-half would have contented me. I should have gone to the end of my tether. Is not the same true of some of you?

God will not always deal roughly with you. Perhaps to-night he will say his last sharp word. Jesus is here at this hour. He that died on Calvary looks down on us: believe on him. He lifts his pierced hands, and cries, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." Accept the Saviour; and though you be as a sea, or as a whale, you shall no longer complain of the Lord's watching you but you shall rejoice in perfect liberty. He is free who loves to serve his God. He makes it his delight that he is watched of the Lord. Lord bless sailors! May we all meet in the Fair Havens! Amen.

LIEUT. C. A. L. TOTTEN

Professor of Military Tactics in Yale University and Author of Works on Prophecy.

STUDENTS of prophecy will not be disposed to join in the ridicule with which the press has assailed Lieut. C. A. L. Totten, of Yale University, since he boldly declared that we are now living in the last decade of this dispensation. They will rather remark the significance of the fact that Lieut. Totten should have arrived at a conclusion nearly identical with their own from a different set of data by a different line of reasoning. They will also pray that the world, which has turned a deaf ear to their warnings may listen to a man holding so conspicuous a position as Lieut. Totten and may prepare for the day which is surely approaching. The majority of Christian men may be disposed to think lightly of Lieut. Totten's complicated mathematical calculations and will prefer to rely on the explicit declarations contained in the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation, but even they will be interested in noticing that those calculations lead him to the belief that the end of this dispensation and the beginning of the Millennium cannot be later than the end of March, 1899.



We hope in an early number to publish a brief epitome of Lieut. Totten's theory, and in the meantime our readers will be glad to have his portrait which we give in this column. Lieut. Totten is just turned forty years of age. He is now Professor of Military Tactics in Yale University. He has written several books on the technical details of his profession which are accepted text-books. He has also patented several inventions connected with gunnery.

GEMS FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Housewife's Cares.*

RESTLESSLY Elise turned from the window and seated herself at her writing desk, upon which lay an unfinished letter and an open Bible. She had been reading and writing. She sighed profoundly as she read. Her mind was evidently too disturbed to enable her to concentrate her thoughts upon the words of Holy Writ. Her conscience reproached her that she had neglected her early morning devotions, before the cares and distractions of the day laid claim to her attention. Faithfully had the girl Elise promised her mother that she would never permit any ordinary hindrance to interfere with this duty. Her neglect accordingly made her heart heavy. Vainly she strove to excuse herself. A mother's and a housewife's cares are so many and so varied, she argued; they also are duties that cannot be neglected; in many cases, they are of paramount importance and their observance is as truly God's service as the reading of his word. But her excuses did not quiet the reproaches of her awakened conscience. Her day had begun without the blessing which puts all the confusion of the day in order. She had forgotten that "when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day, the weight is more than one can bear."

A Dream in the Night.

Charlotte raised herself and excitedly said: "Otto, I had a dream in the night. I know it was only a dream, but yet it torments me. I stood upon a high rock and round and about and beneath me was a dark and unfathomable sea of gray fog. I heard a voice saying: 'Leap down; this is Eternity.' I awoke with a start; a great horror fell upon me. During that short dream, I experienced the sensations of a lifetime. It is impossible to describe the terror that overwhelmed me. My years seemed to have been passed in a purposeless dream. My future was without comfort and beyond hope of change. 'Leap down' said the voice. I *saw* Eternity before me. 'Your doom is irrevocably fixed; what was visionary is now a reality; the step from life to death is before you.'"

"You should be glad it was only a dream," said her husband, soothingly.

"But, Otto," she cried, vehemently, "that moment will, *must* come, and I will be as frightened and wretched as I am now."

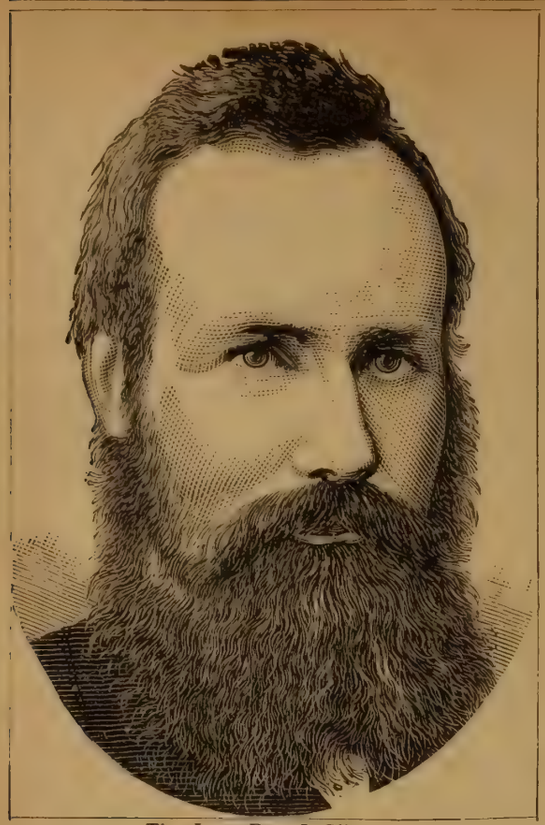
He had thrown his arm protectingly around her, but sat with downcast eyes. He knew not what to say. What comfort would it be to speak to his young wife of a good conscience, of uprightness, of morality! No, that heaven of his had been long shattered. In the presence of the fearful mystery of death, the last prop had given way. As the truth became apparent to him, the false supports upon which he had hitherto leaned slipped from beneath him. Was he not guilty of her mental agony? Had he not led her into this miserable condition? These thoughts weighed heavily upon his heart and disturbed his faith in his former opinions.

"Otto,' she cried, breaking the silence and gazing appealingly into his face, "can you not comfort me?"

"*I* comfort you?" he repeated. "*I* cannot comfort you. You must turn, "he added in a low voice," to the Source from which you formerly obtained help and comfort. Your love cannot comfort me, nor can my love help you; we cannot lean upon the earthly."

After her husband left the room she hastened to her chamber and poured out her penitence with bitter self-reproach. The world and its pleasures had estranged her from her God; she had gradually neglected prayer, and she found that society was but a poor comforter when the body was sick and the soul out of tune, and now that she had turned away

* From *Elizabeth*; Translated from the German of Marie Nathusius, by Mrs. M. A. Shryock; *Porter & Coates*, Philadelphia, Publishers, 1891.



The Late Rev. J. Gilmour.

Mecca, the Goal of Mohammedan Pilgrimages.

from the world with a feeling akin to disgust, she found that the Lord was as far off from her as ever.

The Golden-Bride.

In the cool sweet air of the early morning, amid the peace and beauty of this lovely May-day, Herr von Budmar and his good wife were seen crossing the mead and strolling beneath the shadowy elms by the clear brookside, as they had done fifty long years ago, their goal the same as then, the old trysting-place the green fir height.

"My dear Fritz," said the golden-bride, "surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life. From this height we look down upon our beloved home with its many guests; even so will our freed spirits soon look down from the bright world above upon our children and our children's children."

The Frau Oberforsterin was the tiring-woman for the golden-bride. The bride-groom stood musingly by the window, absorbed in pleasing recollections, when the door softly opened and the object of his thoughts entered. She was arrayed in her bridal dress of fifty years ago, with the single exception of a rich white silk kerchief, adorned with beautiful old point, which was crossed upon her bosom. Upon her head rested a small white coiffe, encircled by the golden wreath. Herr Budmar gazed at his dear bride, the good-wife, the faithful mother—upon the same smooth brow, the same large, child-like eyes, the same bright countenance as of old. Tears rushed to his eyes as he took her in his arms and clasped her to his heart.

"I thank thee, my wife, for the goodness, the faithfulness and love which thou has bestowed upon me all these gathered years," he said in a voice tremulous with emotion. "I cannot repay thee, but the Lord will reward thee for it."

She could not speak. She only looked lovingly into his face through a mist of tears.

As they stood by the window, they saw Elizabeth and her husband coming through the garden who, seeing the grandparents, quickened their steps and hastened to greet the pair.

The May evening was spent in strolling through the pleasant garden, so full of peace and fragrance and when the twilight deepened, the guests all gathered in the old living-room sacred with memories of the past. The golden-bridegroom and his gracious bride again took the places of honor upon the old carved sofa, and children and children's children gathered lovingly about them.

MECCA AND ITS PILGRIMS.

(See Illustration.)

ATTENTION has been directed anew to Mecca and its pilgrimages by the startling statement made by officials in India and now to be investigated, that one-third of all the pilgrims who leave Bombay and Calcutta for the shrine of the Prophet never return. They either die of the discomforts and vile accommodations on the voyage, are carried off by cholera or kindred diseases at Jeddah, or fall victims to violence, which seems to be almost unrestrained among Mohammedans returning from the shrine.

When it is considered that no less than 200,000 persons annually arrive at Jeddah, the port of the Moslem "Sacred City," on the Red Sea, this statement possesses an appalling significance. The voyage is made in old-fashioned filthy sailing craft of all kinds, though some of the pilgrims who can afford it take steamer. On entering the Red Sea, the thermometer usually stands at 100 or over, in the shade. Many succumb to the frightful temperature.

No Christian is allowed to enter Mecca, and those who have done so have accomplished it at great personal risk. It is a well-built city, 70 miles from Jeddah, with a population of about 50,000. The "Caaba," or shrine of Mahomet stands in the centre of the great square and around it the pilgrims walk seven times nightly, praying as they go. The pilgrims is usually closed with the ascent of Mount Arafat, to the east of Mecca. The road from Jeddah to the "Sacred City" is always dotted with pilgrims, who usually spend about two weeks on the journey to and fro.

A NOBLE LIFE ENDED.

The Rev. J. Gilmour, the Famous Missionary in Mongolia, is Dead.

(See Portrait.)

NEWS has just been received by cable of the death of the Rev. J. Gilmour, who for more than twenty years has labored for Christ among the Mongols. The bare announcement of the sad event is all that the cable brings, so that nothing is as yet known here of the cause or circumstances of his death. His friends, however, learned from his latest letters that he had been suffering from bronchitis and it is conjectured that a relapse took place which terminated fatally.

Mr. Gilmour was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1843. He was educated at Glasgow High School, from which he proceeded to the University of that city. After graduating there with the degree of Master of Arts he went to Edinburgh University, but he did not complete his course there as he felt himself called to foreign mission work. Classical learning, he realized, would be of little service to him in that sphere of labor and he was eager to get to his work. He devoted some time to the study of medicine and surgery and in 1870 he sailed for China. His final destination was Mongolia, a large and densely populated country, lying between Siberia on the north and China on the south. Little was known of the existing condition of its people, though they were the ancient stock from which sprang the Chinese, the Japanese, the Tartars and other races.

His journey from China was overland and was performed in true Oriental fashion. Setting out from Kalgan in China, he travelled 84 miles in a caravan of camels through Mongolia to Kiachta, on the Russian frontier. Returning thence he lived with a lama or a priest in a Mongol tent, until he had acquired the language. The accommodation and the fare were horrible but he accepted both until he was able to preach in the Mongolian tongue. Then he set out on his missionary journeys, attired in native costume and living the life of a Mongol wanderer. Since that time, with a brief interval of rest at home in 1883, he has labored in the uninviting field. The Lord has blessed his work and has now called him from labor to reward.

A JAPANESE PRINCE'S FUNERAL.

(See illustration on page 397.)

ON the next page we give an illustration of the scene at the "Burning Temple," Tokio, Japan, on the recent occasion of the funeral of Prince Sanjo, whose obsequies were attended by Japanese officials of the highest rank. The rites were those of the Shinto sect, of whose faith Prince Sanjo was a devout adherent. Shinto or Sinto-worship is the oldest form of religion in Japan and is recognized by the State. Prince Sanjo's remains were robed in the richest costumes pertaining to his office and almost covered with enormous bouquets of artificial flowers. The funeral procession from his residence was escorted by

guard composed of the principal police officials, a troop of horsemen, the marine band, two battalions of infantry of the Imperial Guard, all headed by a corps of trumpeters playing the funeral march. A company of Shinto priests, with the emblems of their faith, formed a part of this imposing procession and carried a banner on which was inscribed the name by which the dead prince was officially known in the highest classes of the State, Zo-sho-ichi-i, a title that had been conferred by the emperor. The decorations of the prince were also borne in the procession, and included medals and crosses of Orders of the highest rank in Japan, Belgium, Italy and Russia. The emperor by a special message, conveyed his wishes for an orison for the deceased, and wrote in the highest terms of admiration, declaring himself inconsolable by reason of the prince's death. He added that during his life the prince had done much to increase the prosperity of the empire and to transform the old political methods into new and better channels. Modest, faithful, great as a statesman, he had furnished a rare example for the nation. He was one of the later generation of Japanese statesmen, who succeeded in greatly moderating the persecution directed against the Christians. Although himself a devotee of the national religion of the "Empire of the Rising Sun," he was a foe to intolerance and the policy of foreign exclusion. Sintuism is the ancient creed of the country—Buddhism being modern by comparison. The Sinto worshipper has a host of deities to whom he offers prayers and sacrifices, the great central deity being "Ten-sio Daisin," The Sun Goddess.

Prince Sanjo, besides possessing high qualities as a public official, was distinguished as a poet and artist, and many of his paintings have become famous in Japan. The illustration shows the interior of the "Burning Temple" with the officiating priests in the foreground, performing the rites and reading the orisons, peculiar to the Japanese funeral service.

The Funeral of a Japanese Prince.

THE CAPTAIN'S BARGAIN.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 383.*)

The Schoolmaster.

THE Superintendent never resumed the confidence he had begun to the schoolmaster, as they sat near the mill. As it was the first, so it was the last unveiling of his inner life. It had been one of those sudden expansions of which even the most reticent of natures now and again feel the need—and of which they always repent. The Superintendent shut himself up in greater reserve than ever.

Bnt the shoolmaster did not forget. He had been very greatly surprised, and he often recurred to what the Superintendent had spoken, Mr. Murray bore none of the physical or mental marks of a man that ever indulged in intoxicants. In what way had the fiery breath of the demon swept over him, and blasted all his life?

But while making no more revelations of himself, Mr. Murray did not relax his interest in Robert. The child fascinated him. Instead of going to his lonely cottage by a bridle-path which few ever traversed, he now went and came by the road which passed the mill. He always stopped and spoke to Robert, and often took the boy up before him, and let him have a ride, even going several times up and down the same quarter of a mile, that the child's ride might be longer. This was fine. But Robert's joy was modified by the fact that while he rode away in state, like a Prince in a fairy tale, Pink and Bop and the twins were left on common ground, and often roaring lustily. That was more than he could stand.

"I likes the ride," he said, finally, looking Mr. Murray squarely in the face, as was his wont in speaking. "But, I guess, I'd better stay on the ground with them."

"Why cannot you have your ride in peace, if they are crying?" said the Superintendent.

Robert lifted his steadfast gaze to the speaker's face. "Because, I loves 'em," he said simply.

Such love as this Mr. Murray thought would be well worth the winning. The possession of a child like Robert would add a joy to life, and make it a pleasant thing to live. To gain Robert's love he redoubled his attentions.

The men who were driving a wagon for the Superintendent, left one day at the mill a splendid rocking-horse, with red and gilt caparisons and flowing tail. Christmas brought a blue cap with a gilt cord, a pair of mittens with fur tops, and a fur collar. The congregation at the school-house said it was "clean extravagance the way 'Zekiel Allen dressed out that boy." But, in fact, Captain Ezekiel would have been better pleased if the gifts had not come. In his secret heart he hoped that by spring Mr. Murray would have lost his interest in the long-unseen Robert.

But spring brought back Mr. Murray—and with him a soldier's outfit—a drum, sash, sword, trumpet, and toy gun for Robert. There was not an item for any of the others, but that did not matter, for Pink pounded the drum, and Bop blew the trumpet, and Robert made flags for each of the twins to carry, and the joyful procession marched up and down before the mill, deploying, wheeling, right flank! left flank! forward, march! charge! in grand style. They were very happy with the new toys, but Captain 'Zekiel felt a jealous suspicion of them. It was not that his own children got none—oh, no; but that the presents were evidently meant to bribe the love of Robert.

"The Superintendent is rich," he said one evening when Robert rushed in, triumphant, waving a "Jack the Giant-Killer" with glaring pictures. "He can give you more than I can."

"But he isn't you, father!" said Robert, discerning with prescient love the secret pain, and slipping in between the Captain's knees and leaning back on his breast, "he's only another man."

"Aye, but he wants to make you love him more than you do us," said the jealous Captain. "If he had you up to his house he could give you a pocket full of trinkets every day."

"But he couldn't give me Pink," said Robert, "and he didn't make my trundle-bed; you did."

"I see," said Mrs. 'Liza, sewing with tenfold energy. "The Superintendent wants to take Robert from us."

"But he couldn't!" cried Robert. "You wouldn't let him, mother! You won't let him have me or Pink or Bop, or any of us!"

For the time had not only passed when Robert feared that he would be sent away, but he had now no realizing sense that he belonged to the household any less than Pink and the others. And it had faded out of his mind that Captain 'Zekiel had found him, a forlorn, weeping stray, abandoned by a tramp, on the roadside. He realized, however, that the Captain and Eliza were jealous of the attentions and caresses of Mr. Murray, and that made him more shy with the Superintendent. He did not now always run out with a shout of welcome when he heard the hoofs of the tall roan. He could not be less than gracious and attractive, for that was his nature, but Mr. Murray saw that he made no progress with the child.

The Superintendent had a disposition that demanded all or nothing. If Robert had learned to love him more than anyone else, had been willing to go away and live with him and never return to his home at the mill, that would have pleased Mr. Murray. He would not have considered that such an abandonment of his family argued a less steadfast and faithful nature than it would be good to see. He wondered at his own craving fondness for Robert. He said to himself, and once or twice at the mill to Captain Allen, "That boy ought to be mine;" "If I had that boy I'd do well by him;" "If I had a son he would be like that." When, the next summer, he used to meet Robert and Pink trudging to the red school house, Robert carrying the little lunch-basket and the books of both, never thinking of asking Pink to carry anything, Mr. Murray would indulge in a dream about—if the boy were his what he would do for him, what an education he would give him, what heights he might gain. He could not resist the temptation of stopping now and then at the school-house to hear Robert read, which he did with notably less sing-song than the other children, or to see him "spell down" his class in words of four or five letters; or even to hear him "speak a piece" on Wednesday afternoons. The Superintendent seemed to take so much interest in the boy and to be as proud of him as if he were his son.

"That is a very bright child," he said to the schoolmaster; "quite worth teaching. He is worth all the rest of the lot put together."

And Mr. Murray glanced with indifference at the other pupils. He was not one of those who regard with respect and interest the young heir of immortality wherever found. The schoolmaster rather resented this undervaluing of his other neophytes.

"They are all nice children," he said, "honest, kindly, industrious. Some of those who seem most slow have very good minds, and are of those that will be heard of. Out of just such red school-houses, off just such blue benches as mine, have come some of our noblest, wisest, most useful, most famous men,"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Mr. Murray, "but this boy is a jewel. I wonder how he comes to be so different from the rest of Allen's children. Allen is a huge, roughly-built, sandy-haired man; his wife a small, dark, black-eyed, wiry woman. Little Pink is a pretty child, quite the best you could expect from her parents. Bop and the twins are downright homely little youngsters. But look at Robert. See how well he is made; see how he carries his head, and see those curls. I respect Mrs. Allen for not being such a vandal as to cut them off. See what lovely eyes: I have seen such eyes—long ago. What refined features! Schoolmaster, you study such things. What blood has cropped out here? Why is the boy so different from his family?"

"The explanation just here is plain and easy," said the schoolmaster. "The boy is not like the family, because he does not belong to the family. A poor woman—a drunken woman, I believe—died down here in Lacy, and left the child to her family, who were too poor to take care of him, and so Captain Allen, who found him crying as they were taking him to the poorhouse, took pity on him, and adopted him, and he is bound to him until he is twenty-one."

The schoolmaster was a man of veracity, and supposed he was telling the exact truth. But it was now three years since the incidents occured which he endeavored to narrate, and they had nearly passed from his mind, and were also mingled with the various gossipping versions of the neighborhood. It was thus he garbled Robert's simple story.

"An adoption!" cried Mr. Murray. "Such a child as that in want of a home, going a-begging for a family! Why wasn't I the one to pass by as he was going to the poorhouse? I might have had him! I could have done more for him than Allen. Why was it not my luck to get him? That is just my fortune; money, only money—not the child—and I might have had him, if I had been the one to pass by."

The schoolmaster felt pretty sure that if Mr. Murray had been the one to hear Robert's infant wails, he would very likely have not been the one to heed. He might not have noticed at all, or he might have said, why did not some of the women do for him? or he would have thought it was the county's duty to see to him. Now that the child was grown strong and handsome, and well-ordered, he wanted him.

"But your question of heredity is not solved," said the schoolmaster. "It is much less strange, that a frank, generous, kindly little man like that, should be the son of Captain Allen and Eliza, than that he should be the child of some degraded, drunken beggar. The truth about Robert's heredity is even more puzzling than you supposed it to be."

"It passes comprehension," said the Superintendent; "and, if he is the child of a drunken mother, it is only more instantly necessary that you remember my words to you, schoolmaster, and teach him temperance." What a cruel shame, if owing to some inherited thirst, that beautiful boy should fall under the curse of the age. Are you teaching him temperance?

"Yes; I am teaching them all temperance," said the schoolmaster. And so he was, in his own fashion.

Mr. Murray happened to look in at the school-house window, one afternoon, just as one of these lessons was being given, and he remained, an auditor, until it was finished.

The schoolmaster, with the savings of two laborious years, had treated himself to a fine large microscope. This instrument, in its mahogany case, occupied a place of honor on a side table. It was a world of wonder, a more than Aladdin's lamp to the children, who looked with joy to the occasions when the schoolmaster revealed to their wondering gaze its enchantments. Whenever the schoolmaster took a little key from his vest-pocket, and approached the sacred altar, where reposed the marvel, the children stowed their books under the blue desks, and fairly held their breath with expectation. Any one of them might have the honor of being summoned as officiating acolyte of the occasion.

On this afternoon the schoolmaster had a bowl of water and some green weeds from the nearest pond. He put some of the green plant in a large, clear glass. As it floated, the children coming near to look, one by one, saw that the plant seemed supplied with minute green sacs filled with air.

"Now take your seats," said the master. "This is called a bladder-plant, from these wee green bladders whereby it floats. Listen, and Nathan will tell you what he sees. Nathan, come forward."

Nathan came gladly.

"Now, tell us what you see in the water, Nathan."

"I see little live things; some have little shells on them like muscles, only they look about as big as tiny pin-heads. Some have little whirling wheels on their heads. A good many are like very, very wee caterpillars.

"Those last are the water-bears," said the schoolmaster. "Now look at the bladder-plant."

"The bladders," said Nathan, "are little bags. Their mouths are open. They are set round with hairs. Some of the bags look full of something, and dark. Some of them seem to have some live thing kicking in them. Some are empty, and as you look in at the door it is like a little clear green room. O! I see a water-bear swimming up to one! He looks in. He seems to think it is pretty. I guess he wants to know what is inside. Now he swims to one of the bags where there is something kicking. He looks in there. Now he goes to an empty one. Now he swims by. No; he changes his mind. He thinks he will go in. He pokes in his head. The little hairs at the door bend inward, they let him go in easy. He is in! Oh, now he is trying to come out!"

Great excitement in the listening school, eyes wide open, heads bent forward.

"Can he get out?" cried some one.

"No! no! he can't," exclaimed Nathan, all eager. "The hairs bend in and let him in, but he cannot get by them to go out! They won't bend out. Oh, he can't get out."

The schoolmaster now took one of the dark full sacs, cut it open with a very fine sharp instrument, and put it under the glass.

"Now what, Nathan?"

"Oh, that bag is full of dead things, of what you might call the bones of these bits of creatures, the shells off one of those tiny things like muscles. They are things that have gone in, and have got all melted up."

"Here is another," said the schoolmaster, putting a lighter green sac in place, also cut open. "What now?"

"That is the very sac the water-bear looked into to see some kicking. The kicking thing was another water-bear. Now it is dead. The one that went in just now is kicking too."

The schoolmaster took that sac, also, opened it, and released the struggling water-bear.

"What now, Nathan?"

"He is out, but he doesn't feel good. He doesn't swim round as he did before he went in. I think he is going to die, schoolmaster. Oh, here is another bear just going into a sac. Let him out quick, won't you?"

The schoolmaster opened the sac, and the freed little animal swam off.

"He got out, right off, and nothing but him," said Nathan. "Schoolmaster, isn't it queer that when they look in and see the dead ones, and the bones and skins, or see other ones caught and kicking, and can't get out, that they don't learn better than to go in themselves? I should think they'd have sense to keep out!"

"People do not have sense to keep out, when the circumstances are just about the same. Now, all of

(*Continued on next Page.*)

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...PTAIN'S BARGAIN.

(*Continued from preceding Page.*)

children, listen. You know what ian has told you of these little, palace-rooms where the doors in, and not out, and the things h swim by seem curious to know is inside. Some of these gay es hold struggling captives; rs are full of the relics of the . Now, that is a little parable to Let the little green sacs stand places where strong drink is sold. se who enter such places form irinking habit, and then they can- get free of it. Persons, yet free, into these dens for drinking. y see in them people all ragged, , poor, unhappy, bloated, crazy, wrecked and ruined victims of abit. They see yet others, who rn that they are enslaved, who a sense of shame and danger, struggle to get rid of the appetite makes prisoners of them, and destroy them. In this little plant, n the little animals get into the , the plant melts up their bodies, seems to suck up their juice and on it, until nothing is left but fine bony parts. So the unhappy son who goes into a grog-shop s that the dealer feeds on him until health and happiness and money respectability are all gone, and haps nothing is left of him but poor body that is ready for the er's field. Is it not strange that n we see how many persons are rly ruined by drink, any of us will ture into places where drink is , and will even ourselves begin to e the fatal liquor ?"

was not only in the school-room the master gave his moral les- s. He was much with his pupils of doors. Many a ramble they e with him, and many an hour he spend, sitting on a fence and tting to them, as they worked in gardens. He could find on every d some theme for pertinent and fitable remark.

Mrs. Britt's two grandsons were ding hervegetable-beds one Satur- , and Pink and Robert stood look- on. The schoolmaster was sitting the gate-post. "Robert," he said, ing me that branch which hangs near your shoulder."

obert carefully broke off the little nch in question.

Do you see these curled-up es ?" said the schoolmaster, point- to some leaves rolled together il they hung like little long purses. he boys looked at these little leaf- s.

Do you see," said the master, ere is a tiny caterpillar in each . He has made this nest for him- f, by spinning lines of silk across leaf, from edge to edge. By rtening the lines he has bent the f, until the edges come together. Thus he has a neat little silk-lined house. Look at the way in which he has made a cover or roof ; would you think so humble a creature had such ingenuity? He has bitten a line nearly across, below the tip of the leaf, and so it has bent downward, and he is shielded from dew, sun, and rain. But, now look at this." The master held out two or three purses, where the carefully made green roof had been eaten up, and only the dry mid-vein left. "These caterpillars, after so much care in constructing a home with a roof, are given, oddly enough, to eating their roofs. They lie in their nests and gnaw off the roof. Then they are exposed to heat and wet. Their home is spoiled. Now, Robert, look at this other branch."

"Oh ! that is queerer still !" cried Robert. "Here are purse houses that have been all gnawed away, and the poor little caterpillars have only a few dry threads to cover them. They lie on the stems, as if they felt very badly. Their homes are more worn out than our mill," added Robert, with a sigh.

"Now, this is another kind of caterpillar, and it not only eats its roof, but it eats all its house. It constructs it carefully, of a silk-lined leaf—and then destroys it. It is now turned out to the weather, and by this time it is getting perhaps old and weary in its caterpillar life, and almost ready to go into its next, or pupa state, and it is too late to build another snug home."

"What a fool it is !" said Tom Britt. "The idea of taking pains to build a nice house, and then turning yourself out of it—by eating it up !"

"Did you never see men act just so ?" said the master. "Many an one have I known, who has built up a pleasant home and has then drunk the roof from over his head—or drunk up his whole home. Many a homeless drunkard is homeless because he has drunk up furniture, house, and fields. I have known men to swallow big houses and little gardens and farms—indeed the entire product of years of industry. Now, boys, whenever you see caterpillars, remember what I have told you, and that he who begins to drink is very likely to go on, until he commits the folly of drinking up all that he has. The Scripture says, 'The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.'"

On another day he showed them the gay little sundews, which with red rays and sweet honey-drops, attract small insects, and so entangle them in a sticky fluid, and pierce their bodies, and hold them fast, and suck up all their juices to feed the plant.

Such were some of the lessons of the schoolmaster.

(To be Continued.)

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Some all-wool French Challies, in neat design on Blue, Maroon, Sage, Rose, and other grounds, recently sold at 50 cents and 60 cents, are now marked 35 cents a yard.

The balance of the season's wool-novelties in dress length patters will be offered at tempting prices to close out. Many of these will be suitable for early Fall wear.

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That the **WARREN HOSE SUPPORTER** Fastener has rounded holding edges, and cannot cut the stocking. All others are so constructed that they must cut it. Beware of imitations resembling the Warren in general appearance. Demand the genuine which is stamped **WARREN** as shown on cut. **Sold Everywhere.**

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Tells how to read the Bible so as to **ENJOY** it. Helps the young to acquire a taste for the Book. Bright, breezy, sparkling. 8 beautiful pages a month. On trial one year only 25 cts. silver. Address,

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ROLLING...

THE BLOOD THAT SPEAKETH.

HEBREWS XII: 24.

THE sprinkled blood is speaking
Before the Father's throne,
The Spirit's power is seeking
To make its virtues known.
The sprinkled blood is telling
Jehovah's love to man,
While heavenly harps are swelling
Sweet notes to mercy's plan.

The sprinkled blood is speaking
Forgiveness full and free,
Its wondrous power is breaking
Each bond of guilt for me.
The sprinkled blood's revealing
A Father's smiling face,
While Jesus' love is sealing
Each monument of grace.

The sprinkled blood is pleading
Its virtue as my own,
And there my soul is reading
Her title to Thy throne.
The sprinkled blood is owning
The weak one's feeblest plea;
'Mid sighs, and tears, and groaning,
It pleads, O Lord, with Thee.

The sprinkled blood is shedding
Its fragrance all around,
It gilds the path we're treading,
It makes our joys abound.
The sprinkled blood is forming
Those mansions bright and fair,
Where saints in heaven adoring,
Shall serve our Jesus there.

Oh wondrous power that seeketh
From sin to set me free!
Ah, precious blood that speaketh!
Should I not value thee?
O bleeding One, I love thee,
I love Thy atoning stream;
Lord, mak its power constrain me,—
Let Christ be all thy theme!

J. E. JEWETT, Bookseller, 77 Bible House, New York, will furnish the above poem in leaflet form at twenty cents per hundred. *A Sample Packet* of 50 leaflets assorted (no two alike), will be sent post-paid, for ten cents or 100 for twenty cents. Postage stamps taken.

The hot weather of summer is rapidly coming. Humors in the blood, if not expelled, may cause serious and possibly fatal disease. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to purify you blood.

Home, Sweet Home.

John Howard Payne, the writer of that beautiful, pathetic ballad, could scarcely have even dreamed what a monument he was erecting to his memory when composing those few simple verses, so full of pathos that the most hardened can neither read nor hear them without confessing, to self at least, that a tender chord is touched. "There is no place like e, be it ever so humble." Doubly true is this if possesses the essential virtue of Cleanliness (akin to Godliness) which renders the plainest abode attractive, and without which the palace loses its chief charm.

No mother or wife can, alone and unaided, make the home clean and cheerful. Sweet Home Soap will do more than any other thing to assist our mothers and wives in giving home a clean and cheerful appearance. It removes dirt easily and quickly, because it it made of the best materials put together in the right proportions. No expense is spared in its manufacture; every detail is closely watched by the members of the firm, who fully understand their business. If these were not the facts, J. D. Larkin & Co., could not continue to come before the public, year after year, nor could they make such offers as they do. The very fact that their trade is increasing rapidly every year is sufficient evidence of the great merit of Sweet Home Soap and the many other useful articles given with very box ordered.

to send their Mammoth Christmas Box his or her name and address on a not satisfactory after to not have

AN EASTERN FABLE.

One day the master of Lukman, said to him, "Go into such a field and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. At the time of harvest his master went to the place, and seeing the green oats springing up, asked him, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why then, have you sown oats?" He answered, "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up." His master said, "What foolish idea is this? Have you ever heard of the like?" Lukman instantly replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the resurrection day the fruits of virtue! Therefore, I thought also, I might get barley by sowing oats." The master was abashed at the reply, and set Lukman free.

THROWN TO THE LIONS.

The Rev. Thomas Cook relates: "One of the Emperors of Rome wanted to repair the Colosseum. He asked for plans, and plans were sent in and accepted, and the day came for the opening. Two thrones were erected, one for the Emperor, and one for the architect, whom the Emperor 'delighted to honor.' At a signal from the Emperor the Christians were brought into the arena; at another signal the wild beasts were let loose upon them, and soon they did their fearful work. The architect, it seems, had been brought up under Christian influence when young. As he gazed upon the scene he said, 'What if I am against these men of God, and am on the other side?' and the architect pointed to these individuals, and said, rising from his seat, 'I stand up to tell you I am on their side; I am a Christian too.' The Emperor was thunderstruck, and he said savagely, 'Throw him to the lions.' They threw him in, but the reward he got was a martyr's crown. It will cost you something, perhaps, to take a stand for God and as a supporter of Christianity, but it is worth it in time, and it is worth it in eternity. Let every man here now say, in view of the possibilities of life, and the great harvest day, which is not far off, 'Whatever it will cost and involve, I will be a Christian too.'"

HOW HINDOO CHRISTIANS GIVE.

"Our Christians give until they feel it," says a writer in the *Record of Christian Work*. "The senior catechist at Madanapalle, who has been supported for twenty-three years by the Sabbath School of the church in Kinderhook, who receives only $100 salary, always gives in benevolence one-tenth, and often one-eighth of his income, as I well knew. He has a family of eight children. One of the higher paid native pastors in our mission, who receives nearly $150 per year salary, makes one-tenth his minimum, and often gives one-eighth or one-seventh of his income to the Lord. Scores of our native Christians loyally make one-tenth of their minimum in giving, and those who have no money give in substance. In many of our Christian families in the villages who have no money to give, the mother, with the consent of all the family, takes out a handful of the allotted grain as she prepares the daily meal, and when Sunday comes makes the family offering to kind."

PRAYER IN THE BATTLEFIELD.

During the Civil War a strong young soldier was ordered on ambulance duty. He had to carry the wounded from the field of battle. At Chancellorsville, the ground was strewn with all sorts of things which the men flung away so as to not cumber them in the fight. While the soldier was helping to carry away the wounded, he picked up a little book from the trampled road. He put it in his pocket, as he had no time to see what it was. Soon after he came to a wounded man, and was about to carry him off the field to the hospital, but the surgeon said it was useless, as the man was dying. Presently the dying soldier turned his eyes on the healthy man, and as he did so he gasped, "Pray for me; I am dying—pray for me!" The soldier in attendance was a brave young fellow, and very anxious to help his dying comrade; but he could only with shame stammer out, "I cannot—I don't pray for myself!" "But," pleaded the other in a low moan, "you must pray for me; I am dying." The young soldier was in deep distress. For the first time he wanted to pray. What could he do? In his trouble he thought of the book he had picked up. What was it? He drew it from his pocket. It was a copy of 'The Soldier's Prayer Book,' printed in Philadelphia. In his despair the young man opened it, and found, to his joy, on the first torn and muddy page a prayer for a dying soldier. The strong, healthy fellow uncovered his head, and with solemn feelings reverently read the prayer for his dying comrade, who soon after peacefully breathed his last.

The young soldier was speedily called to attend on other wounded comrades, but he never forgot that death-scene—he felt so ashamed that, though his duty was to tend the sick and wounded, he could be of no use to a dying soldier. He learnt the great value of prayer, and became convinced that a man who cannot pray is powerless in the battle of life. He was afterwards then taken captive, and carried to a prison in Richmond. Away from the excitement of the battlefield the Spirit of God visited him. He saw that his past life had been full of sin; he had lived without prayer. He was filled with distress, and in the solitude of the prison he raised his heart and voice to God. He found the value and the power of prayer. He became a changed man, and could pray with his fellow-soldiers, and lead them to Jesus. The news was speedily sent home to his praying wife, and great was her joy to find that her husband had become a praying Christian. But though rejoicing in the light of the Gospel, he never forgot the day when he was obliged to say with shame to a dying comrade, "I cannot pray!"

THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

What is usually called "The University of Paris," but what is really only an aggregation of several different faculties, is without doubt the largest educational institution in the world. Last year it had a scholastic population of 10,173, which is however, a decrease of about 200 compared with the preceding year. Of this number, 1,086 were foreigners, representing thirty-five differe countries. Russia sent the large contingent, namely, 292. Next order comes North America wi 167; but as Mexico is separately p ported this must refer chiefly to t United States. There were 14 Roumanians, 93 Turks, and 63 E lishmen. The other lands rep sented fall below sixty, six having h a single representative. The gr majority of foreigners—759—was the school of medicine. The ent number of female students was n Of this number 123 were in the me cal department; 92 were Russia 17 French, 7 English and but o American. In the department science there were 19 ladies, nine them Russians and six French. O of the latter received the doctor's d gree with the highest possible ho ors. The faculty of Protestant the logy reports 29 regular students.

VISITING MANDARINS.

Miss F. M. Williams, a missiona in China, writes on a visit to Ts'ar hi (near Pao-ning): "Directly we a rived here some men from the y men (magistrate's) came to ask f our passports, and find out how lo we intended staying. We went in the city at the West Gate, and so met the two men who had taken o passports; they said they would sho us the way to the mandarin's ya-me We said we did not wish to go the but they pressed us. When we a rived at the place they asked us in, so we said if the mandarin's wi would see us we would go in. Aft a few minutes we were invited in the lady's guest-room; she was ve gracious to us, quite friendly a nice. The mandarin was in an inn room, and from there kept asking questions, either through his wife through Ts'aita-fo, our woman. T mandarin wanted, of course, to kn why we had come? Were we goi to do trade? Had we brought an thing to sell? Who had sent u Were we going to rent a hous How long were we going to sta Had our Queen sent us to Chi The wife was quite young, abo thirty, and pretty. On November a boy came to ask us to go to t military ya-men. The mandari wife wished to hear from our boo —it was not at the same place were in the other day; that was t civil mandarin. The mandari wife and daughter were so nice a friendly; the wife had seen me Pao-ning, so treated me quite like old friend. They listened quietly the Gospel, and seemed intellige we stayed a long while."

THREE PLACES OF BLESSING.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says: "A prayer-meeting a brother exclaim 'O Lord, I bless thee that I have joyed thy presence *on* the water, *in* the water, and *under* the water. friend thought this a singular rema and so he followed the good m and sought an explanation. 'W said the brother, 'I was once a sai and I found the Lord with me *on* water in many a voyage; I was wre ed, and he was my Friend *in* water; and after that I became *a di* and, blessed be his name, the L Jesus has been precious to me w fathoms down.' Where can a belie be cast and find it impossible to a in fellowship with his Lord?"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY

The Beneficent Work of the Flower Mission Among the New York Poor.

ONE of the most gracious of all the charities of the great metropolis is the Flower and Fruit Mission, which brings every summer to the poor and sick, the offerings of kind friends in city and country. A few years ago, a number of Christian ladies who visited the sick in the tenement districts on the east and west sides of town, decided to extend their calls to the hospitals. They began to take flowers to the patients, and observed with pleasure the keen satisfaction and delight with which they were received. Other ladies soon united with them and the field of operations was widened to include the hospitals, homes and insane asylums in the city and suburbs, as well as the institutions on the East River islands. To flowers were added fruits, jellies, condensed milk and other delicacies suited to the sick.

These ladies, many of them wealthy leaders of society, found

A Higher Pleasure

in their good work than they had anticipated. Soon kind friends in the neighboring country towns were anxious to be included in the beneficent movement; they gathered and packed the flowers for shipment to the city and found to their gratification that the express companies would charge nothing for transportation. The headquarters for the Mission were at first established at 239 Fourth Avenue, but were afterwards moved to 104 East 20th Street, where, during the hot days of summer, these good ladies and their friends deny themselves the pleasures of the country and voluntarily stay in town to attend to their sick charges. The headquarters are given by All Souls' Church free and the Mission managers so arrange matters that the running expenses are very small indeed. It is a beautiful scene to witness them busily

Sorting the Flowers

and with deft fingers tying them in bunches and preparing them for distribution in the crowded hospital wards. Great crates of fruit, baskets of flowers—roses, lilies, hyacinths, dahlias, pinks and pansies—rosy apples and tempting cherries; luscious grapes, dark and light in color, and boxes of canned fruits, sauces and dainties are all piled up in the rooms of the Society, whence they are delivered to the visitors. Each visitor has her own district and is accompanied by a servant or porter bearing the articles she is to distribute.

In this voluntary service, the Society enlists as aids, missionary nurses, Bible readers, city missionaries and a number of responsible district visitors, who know the needs of the section to which they are assigned. Each bunch of flowers or basket of cherries goes where it is most welcome and nothing is wasted.

The special value of the work of this Society is in its care for

The Sick Poor

who cannot avail themselves of the fresh-air country holiday, but must remain in town during our tropical midsummer, when tenement life becomes unbearable. It is during this period, when every one who can get away, flees the city, that most of our city charities suspend operations absolutely or partially; but sickness and death are then most rife, especially among the children. The fresh eggs, butter, fruit and condensed milk that are sent out with the flowers are then more prized than ever. How much the flowers themselves are appreciated wherever they go, the reports of the Flower Mission show.

Societies, churches, Sunday Schools, Kings' Daughters, Temperance Unions, Christian Endeavor societies, all contribute to the store of good things that are distributed through the Mission, which has its "open days" on Monday and Thursday. On the latter day, the most flowers are received, on the former, the most substantial articles. Work for the present summer has begun in good earnest and the tenement children are the happy recipients of an abundance of flowers and fruit. The beneficiaries range from

Tiny Babies

up to wrinkled old men and women, some of them verging on a hundred years.

The interest with which the Flower Mission is regarded by generous dwellers in the country is shown in the cordial letters of encouragement received by the Secretary of the Mission, Miss Russell. One lady writes:

"I have just finished arranging some flowers to go to you in the morning and I do not consider the pleasant work done until I shall have told you how much good *your work* is doing *us*. In a place like this (a country town) it is extremely hard to awaken in children a missionary spirit. Your Mission has given my Sunday School class just the energy and impetus that I had failed to inspire hitherto. My own boy, every morning brings me his hands full of morning glories 'for the poor little children in the hospital.'"

If the generous donors could hear the expressions of real gratitude with which their gifts are received, they would be well compensated.

Along the East and West sides, where the tenements are like ovens at this season of the year, the children will follow the "flower ladies" for blocks,

Begging for a Blossom;

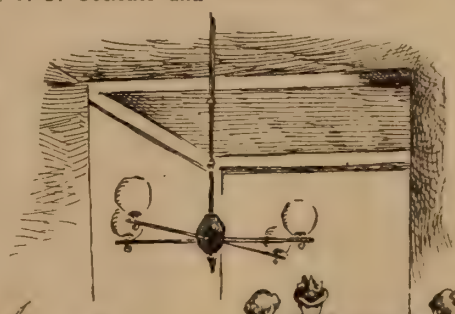
the boys will dash frantically after them, offering to carry the basket for a spray of greens; the old womens' wrinkled faces will ripple over with smiles, as their fingers close over blooms that recall long-forgotten perfumes. There are thousands of these city children to whom trees, grass and flowers are almost total strangers. The flowers and the delicacies bring a little brightness into their clouded lives.

But it is to the hospitals that the flowers bring their sweetest sunshine. The pale faces of the patients brighten, when the "flower lady" arrives, and it is admitted by the physicians that these buds and blossoms have not only done much to alleviate pain, but have actually prolonged the lives of many of the sick, who were despondent and friendless.

Many of the scenes witnessed by these visitors on their daily rounds are such as would

Melt a Heart of Stone.

Children starving and mothers almost insane through want and suffering; households where a daily supply of even the poorest food is a stranger; helpless cripples, the blind, the paralytic; people living like animals and sleeping on straw; orphans huddling together like lambs without a shepherd, kept alive by kindly neighbors, who have enough of their own to care for. In all such ministrations the Mission is heartily seconded by the King's Daughters and the Lend-a-Hand Clubs, as well as by the W. C. T. U. Societies and others which have formed themselves into branch Flower Missions. Even the young ladies of Vassar College have taken a lively interest in this philanthropy, and find time now every year, in the midst of their busy student life, to dress two hundred pretty dolls and send them to



gladden the hearts of the little waifs at Christmas time.

Over two hundred towns and villages now send their quota of gifts to the Flower and Fruit Mission. These donors are scattered over half a dozen states and their number is inceasing every year. They have learned the blessedness of giving and find a pure enjoyment in doing what they can to alleviate the distress of the poor of the great city. Our illustration shows the scene at

The Rooms of the Mission

on the morning of the arrival of the flowers and fruits from the country. For hours East Twentieth Street, in front of the Mission, is crowded with drays and express wagons, loaded with crates and boxes. The flowers on being unpacked are immediately given over to a number of ladies and are sorted into bouquets of various sizes, while the fruit is also assorted and, with the other [illegible], is prepared for distribution. The borrowed baskets of fresh flowers are opened and the beauties of garden and field are disclosed just as they have lain since being packed by the senders. They are usually sprinkled over with damp grass or surrounded by layers of moss, each layer covered by wet cloth or sheets of dampened newspapers. As a rule, they arrive in very good condition. Some of the bouquets made up by the Mission ladies are equal in beauty and fragrance to any that can be gathered from the costly conservatories of the rich.

Christmas is a season of great activity at the Flower and Fruit Mission. Although the blossoms are gone, there are many good things sent to the Mission that bring joy to the homes of the poor; there are toys, clothes and food for the sick, and delicacies which the convalescent alone can appreciate. Where there are many little ones in an institution, the Mission takes the place of dear old Santa Claus, and dispenses such gifts as add to the pleasures of the season and delight childish hearts. Dolls, games, marbles, pictures, balls and scrapbooks are sent to the tenement houses also, so that the poor children may not be forgotten. But, of course the Christmas cheer dispensed by the Mission, as a whole, is of a much more substantial character. Fully 40,000 of the sick, the poor and

THE FLOWER MISSION AT WORK.

the insane are made at least temporarily happy by these nosegays every season. The sweetest of all the posies are sent to the blind asylums, where their fragrance is a source of the keenest enjoyment to those afflicted ones who, though they may never hope to see the treasures of the garden and admire their varied and delicate hues, are yet quick to recognize in the grateful aroma of the flowers the goodness of God who cares for all his creatures, and who has stamped in every bud and leaf [illegible] even on hand his love."

The Tabernacle Pulpit

LOST SHEEP.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's text for last Sunday was: "*All we like sheep have gone astray: . . . and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.*"—Isa. 53:6.

WITHIN ninety years at the longest all who hear or read this sermon will be in eternity. During the next fifty years you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The year 1891 will to some be the finality. Such considerations make this occasion absorbing and momentous. The first half of my text is an indictment: "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can you not drop the first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and he says: "There is a blasphemer, and I understand how he has gone astray. And there, in another part of the house, is a defrauder, and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person, and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room, and comes back to the point where it started, when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray."

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country, and I know some of the habits of sheep, and how they get astray, and what my text means when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture, or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ a short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams, or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul, and we wandered on, and we wandered on, and we were lost. We wanted bread and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the worldly groups when you lost your child? Did they come around and console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

> There is a happy land, far, far away,
> Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on a man who has nothing but business left him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage. A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him, and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and successes. Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. O! this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his hay; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say: "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard in business life. What is a man? The battle-ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on, he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say,

"MY CHILDREN COME OUT."

"It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

> Substantial comfort will not grow
> On nature's barren soil;
> All we can boast till Christ we know
> Is vanity and toil.

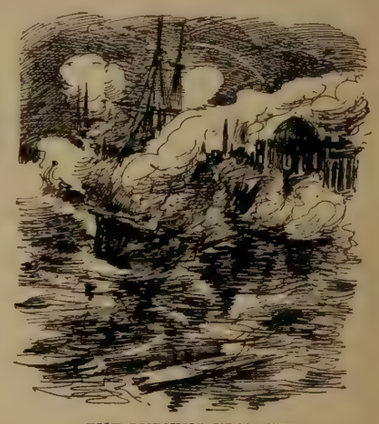
Some of you get astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges, and they are plashed of the ditch, and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857, during the financial panic or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said: "If there is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster, and some of you went into misanthropy, and some of you took to strong drink, and others of you fled out of Christian association, and you got astray. O! man, that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to comfort you, and a God to deliver you, and a God to help you, and a God to save you? You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way, and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God thir morning, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry: "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul, and at times you have heard it thunder: "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you are standing in the night of your soul's trouble. The cannonade and the conflagration, the multiplication of your sorrows and troubles I think must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

"O!" says some man, "that is not generous, that is not fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it, and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street both hale, hearty, and well, I ask you to carry me, you say and say rightly: "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms, and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no. You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I mean to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabres of sin, we are helpless, we are undone. Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God! He comes down to bind up the wounds, and to scatter the darkness, and to save the lost. Clear the way for the Son of God! Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers. He does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Why then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other—how much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says, "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens and to pardon your sins and to pay ydur debts. Put them on my shoulder; put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made



THE BURNING FRIGATES.

you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamer and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds and thousands of men who never found any hope.

If this meeting should be thrown open, and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give, and I observed all the moralities of life, and I was self-righteous, and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said: 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray, and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself; I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested

against the maltreatment. I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God, until one day I got a letter, saying:

"'My dear husband: I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken-hearted; I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you, and my hope for brighter days, have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite, and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that he has said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." From your loving wife,

'MARY.'

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting-house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door, and they were singing:

All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim: 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul: my feet were blistered on the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and he said, 'Poor thing, go home! your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing!' and, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out, I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of him of whom it is said: 'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.'"

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theatre I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position, and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said: 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night, I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.' I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed myself up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church, and the young man met me, and we went in: and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father, I sobbed right out and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just there gave my heart to God, and I know this morning that what you say is true; I believe it in my own experience. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands, and they were nailed. You see his feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say, "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence comest thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the winepress alone!" I say, "Why comest thou here?" "O!" he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and sorrows of the people." And he kneels and he says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And conscious of my own sins, first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst thou bear any

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

more?" He says, "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst thou bear more?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God and I say, "Canst thou bear them?" "Yea," he says, "more!"

But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God! Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take away your sins to-day?

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever! In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated among us during a service was a man who came in and said: "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said, "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another sitting under the gallery on Friday night said: "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out of the front door of the Tabernacle, saying: "I am a lost man." "Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

SIGNS OF HARVEST.

BY REV. H. M. WILDER.

GOD'S scheme is a vast and comprehensive one, involving: 1. The preservation of all the chosen people, by means of whom the design was to be carried out. 2. The preparation of the chosen people, in all essential ways, for their part in the fulfilment of the design. 3. The preparation of the world at large—politically, intellectually, and materially, for the use and possession of the chosen people, when they, and those joined to them, shall be ready for the Kingdom.

Now, inasmuch as the Hebrews showed themselves in every way unfit for their high national position and destiny 2500 years ago, the Lord God has since then been putting them through

An Experience of Discipline

and training that shall make them fit and qualified, when the Kingdom and Holy Nation shall be finally and permanently established. This discipline and training are of a compound character; but chiefly and essentially spiritual, according to the principle and power of faith. It has also been political, social, commercial and intellectual. For most of the time, and to most of the people, it has been bitterly painful in every one of these departments—"through many tribulations we must enter the Kingdom"—and to the experience of both Jew and Christian, both nationally and individually, the tribulations have indeed been many. Both Christians and Jews have had full measures of political subjugation, social discomfort and disgrace, trading and commercial disaster and loss, and educational disadvantage and detriment. And now, many of them are enjoying the exact reverse of all this, and to such marked degree that Jews and Christians stand at the head of all mankind in all spheres of human life. This surely is a sign of the times!

The Result of Training.

Equally significant do we regard what we believe to be the fact, that after all the vicissitudes of religious experience during the same 2500 years, individual spiritual character in both Jews and Christians has attained a higher standard and quality than ever before. It is a natural result of the long discipline of these centuries that faith has reached, in some of God's people, a higher development, and shaped into a more nearly perfect type, than formerly; so that in this respect it is true of many who are last in being called, that they shall be among the first in the Kingdom.

In comparison with the mass of mankind, these will doubtless be very few in number. The present are days of spreading unbelief, infidelity, and libertinism, and answer to the condition implied in the King's words: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" He evidently did not anticipate finding much; but the harvest of faith which he will reap with his own living ones will surely answer to all the pains he has bestowed upon its cultivation, and yield him fruit, in some thirty, in some sixty, in some even a hundred-fold.

Current Works of Faith.

There are works of faith being done, and answers to prayers of faith being received now which equal and surpass anything of the kind ever before recorded. Many of Christ's people have proved his words true which he said to some who marvelled at his miracles: "Greater works than these shall ye do, because ye believe in me." Christian ministers, preachers, philanthropists, nurses, and others, can testify to miracles of conversion, of healing, of help, of deliverance, the record of which, were it all compiled together, would astound even those who believe. The Holy Spirit of God is working mightily in these last days, and fulfilling the Divine promises in such measure as to set many of his people looking for the outpouring, while it demonstrates to them the presence of the hand of God, and the truth of his Word. On the whole, therefore, we are constrained to think that the present times are showing such signs as are indicative of ripening unto harvest.

Social and Religious Signs.

Every phase of doctrine, every form of ecclesiasticism, every effort of philanthropy, and every theory of reform, has been exhausted in the effort to amend the world in its social and moral conditions, and they have all miserably failed. The total sum of human misery is no less, certainly, if it is not greater, than it ever was before. Civilization, highly vaunted as it is by many, is seen by others to be a sham, except in so far as it has borrowed from the morals of Christianity some saving truths and maxims.

For five thousand years the cleverest, ay, and many of the best of mankind, have been trying their utmost, in these and various other ways, to remodel the state of human affairs and perfect the conditions of human life. But the world is unsaved by them yet—the efforts and schemes are all failures; and although the world is wealthier and more civilized than ever before, there is also in it more wretchedness and iniquity, inveterate, widespread, subtle, and insidious. There is, in fact,

A Double Harvest Ripening—

one a crop of good seed, the other a crop tares. Not only has the mystery of the Kingdom of heaven been gradually developing and ripening, but the "mystery of iniquity," or lawlessness, has been working also, and a great harvest for the fire it will afford. God's nation, Israel of the ten tribes, has been sifted through the world, preserved in most marvellous manner, yet disciplined and taught by historical, political, commercial, ecclesiastical, and spiritual experiences, for their high destiny. Out of them, by means of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, he has been taking for himself, generation by generation, a people of "Israelites indeed," each one personally saved and purified through faith and the Holy Spirit. To these he has joined like believing ones, taken in like manner out of every other nation, and kindred, and tribe, and tongue; for to all these the Gospel has been preached.

Preservation of the Jews.

He has also preserved, in no less marvellous, yet more open and distinctive manner, the Jews, who are the House, or nation of Judah and his fellows. These have exhibited the effects of their severe discipline and training, in having continued, for a long period, true to the worship of their fathers; and they have been punished and blessed according to the Covenant, in proportion to their faithfulness and righteous obedience. In this connection it is significant that the chief Rabbi of the Jews of St. Petersburg, lately charged upon the Russian Jews that their recent dreadful sufferings were, in his opinion, a divine punishment for their general sinfulness, and disobedience of the laws of their God, whom they profess to serve. On the other hand, the more favored Jews in Western Europe, having among them some of the most God-fearing men now living, are being blessed under the Covenant, and are the financiers of the world.

The Land of Palestine.

God has also kept the land of Palestine from being a profitable or happy possession to any of the nations who have subdued it. Yet in recent years he has restored the long-withheld "latter rain" and is causing the land to revive and show signs of renewed fertility; thus bringing it into readiness for the use and occupation of the people to whom he gave it for an everlasting possession, and to whom it has belonged all the time, although they have been absent from it.

He has given the nations of the world time and opportunity to try every form of government and every mode of philanthropy possible to man, and by their failure has demonstrated the utter inability of man to save himself or rule aright. He has also let them have full experience of all kinds of evil, and permitted Satan to test and try them with all his subtle and sensual powers, insomuch that those who were not indisposed to let Satan lead them captive at his will have even become "children of the evil one." On the other hand, these evil powers and influences have also tried and tested the faith and virtue of the children of light, showing them the wickedness of sin, promoting in them an abhorrence of all evil, and a love of all that is good. So the mystery of the kingdom and the mystery of iniquity have been working side by side; the one to the perfecting of righteousness and holiness by faith, and eternal life; the other to all deceivableness of unrighteousness and eternal death.

The Solemnity of the Times.

Because the time of the end of this age is near; because iniquity abounds; because the acceptable year of the Lord is closing; because the day of vengeance of our God is at hand; and because the kingdom of heaven is nigh, even at the doors; we are constrained to say to each of our readers: "Flee from the wrath that is coming." "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "There is salvation in none other."

Volume XIII., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1890, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885, 1887, 1888 and 1890 are also on hand. None are on hand prior to 1884.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES.

S. S. Lesson for July 12, By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 1 : 29-42. Golden Text, John 1 : 29.

THE first disciples of Jesus had previously been followers of John the Baptist, the "man sent from God," who stood in the twilight, between the dispensation of the law and the Gospel. He was an unusual man, so absorbed with his vocation to prepare for the coming of his Lord, that none of those things which absorb an ordinary man, neither domestic comforts, nor food, nor clothing, might interfere with it.

As yet Jesus had lived the life of an ordinary artizan, but things had been ripening for his ministry, and the time ordained of the Father was at hand. "The next day, John seeth Jesus coming, ran unto him and saith :

Behold the Lamb of God

which taketh away the sin of the world. This is he." More than thirty years of intense expectation culminated in that moment ; the years of solitude and fasting, and of communion with God in the desert had been a preparation for this moment. Now he no longer cried, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand;" Jesus, the Son of God, and the Son of Man, stood before him, and his educated soul, taught by the Holy Ghost, who had filled him from his very birth, recognized Jesus as the sacrifice, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" When the consummation of this dispensation shall arrive, and Christ shall claim his bride, it will be the marriage, not of the King of kings, but "the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready," (Rev. 19 : 7.) The beginning and ending of our knowledge of Jesus is of him as the Lamb, we can never get beyond that—we worship the Lamb, we follow the Lamb.

John testified of the Lamb of God : "I knew him not," and then told the wondrous story of the baptism of the Lord Jesus, and of the testimony from heaven which then came down by the Holy Ghost, "and I saw and bare record that this is the Son of God." "The next day after," John repeated his testimony, "Behold the Lamb of God," and two disciples which had formerly followed him, left him to follow Jesus. These were the first disciples of Jesus, they had been in training to John the Baptist, had learned the lessons of repentance and confession of sin which he taught ; had seen his unworldly Christ-concentrated spirit, and now John could lead them no further, they had found "the Lamb of God," they must follow him. This is the mission of an evangelist, to lead souls as far as to the Lamb of God ; he will then himself take charge ; and any teaching given to disciples is in vain if it does not go to cement the union between Christ and them.

But are there not many who seem to pass through a kind of conversion, and yet very little apprehend the Cross of Christ, very little enter into the spirit of Jesus as the Lamb? Are there not many who "follow their own spirit," and have never laid down or lost their own lives for Jesus ? These

Do not Understand

the way of the Cross ; they will not cross themselves out of their hopes, and pride and expectations ; they are "enemies of the Cross of Christ." They want to be saved by the Lamb without following the Lamb ; to accept of God's forgiveness, but to live their own selfish and self-sufficient life. These have not been educated in a John the Baptist school, in which one of the first and principal lessons is, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

When the two disciples of John left him and followed Jesus, he put to them a testing question, "What seek ye ?" and their first word of answer was in itself a surrender : "Rabbi, (my Master), where dwellest thou ?" His answer was an invitation : "Come and see." It is a blessed thing when a young disciple seeks in Jesus a Master from the very first, and a dwelling-place where he dwells :

Such Disciples do not Make Backsliders.

Their first day of faith was spent with Jesus, not with the multitude ; it was a good beginning. One of the two, Andrew, was too full of his new-found treasure to keep it to himself; "he first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ ; and he brought him to Jesus." From the very first, that which most filled John's deeply prepared heart, "the Lamb," was less in the eyes of Andrew than the vision of the Messiah, which answered to the expectations of the day. Already thoughts of the earthly glory of the reign of the Messiah were wakening up in the new disciple ; he had not learned his own heart, not yet the deep sin of a lost world, as God had taught it to John in the desert ; and thus he had not the same appreciation of Jesus as the Lamb of God.

But Andrew, earthly as was his own conception of his Master, must share with Peter his acquaintance with him. He brought Peter to Jesus, who, when he beheld him, gave him a new name ; "Thou art Simon, the Son of Jona, thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation a stone." Real contact with Jesus prepares for a new name and a new character. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away ; behold, all things have become new." The son of thunder could become the disciple of love in the epistle of John, the Saul of Tarsus who once breathed out threatenings and slaughter, became the disciple who taught us to bear one anothers burdens and "so fulfil the law of Christ." It is a law of true spiritual life that it must propagate itself : it cannot do otherwise. The soulish life, the carnal mind, which consists of feelings, emotions, thoughts, opinions, and which has its centre in itself, has no such power ; it revolves around itself. But a spiritual man, one filled with the Spirit of God,

Becomes Reproductive,

"Out of him shall flow rivers of living water;" "everything shall live whither the river cometh." (Ezek. 47: 9.) John led Andrew to Christ, and Andrew Peter. And there is little doubt that when, on the following day, "Jesus findeth Philip," who "was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter," these two brethren had some hand in the meeting between Jesus and their old fellow-townsman. Philip, on his part, no sooner comes in contact with Jesus than he seeks another soul. "Philip findeth Nathaniel and saith unto him, "We have found him of whom Moses in the law, and prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." "We have found the Messiah" was testimony sufficient for Peter; but the learned Nathaniel, deeply read in Scripture, must be convinced from the Word that Jesus had a just claim to the Messiahship; that this was he "of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write," and his first question was based upon the knowledge of the then prophetic Scriptures; "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth ?" Philip's answer was a practical one: "Come and see." True disciples of Christ are not afraid to have all things brought to the test; they want nothing to be taken for granted; they bear their testimony of the Lamb of God, and then say to the inquirer, "Come and see for yourselves, what a Saviour Jesus is."

Hidden beneath the exterior of that meek and lowly Man who stood before Nathaniel were the eyes which are "as a flame of fire" (Rev. 1: 14), and he read Nathaniel through and through, and said of him; "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." Jesus knows each one of his disciples; what they are, and what he is able and willing to make them. He loves his own, not for what they can bring him, but from the fount of his own love.

DOING OUR SHARE.

Four Points on the S. S. Lesson Pertinently Illustrated.

1. "*Behold the Lamb of God.*" Here is the *first* recorded testimony. John points out Jesus and declares him to be the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Countless millions have since, by blessed experience, confirmed the eternal truth of these precious words. Sin-burdened multitudes cast down, despondent, cheerless, comfortless, full of despair and spiritually dead, have looked and lived, and to-day Jesus is their Saviour and Burden-Bearer. Others are groping in the dark, longing for deliverance, knowing not which way to turn. You and I have a work to do. Long since, John has been gathered to his reward and now *we* must take up the work and point sinners to Christ. The weakest testimony is better than none, and sometimes the feeblest instrumentalities, by the blessing of God, become the mightiest agencies for good. Often the smallest child, however weak, can use this weapon for the Master, and God will surely add his blessing.

Here is a little story for our encouragement. Years ago, in one of our well-to-do country churches, the preacher, a very learned man, strove hard to win over to Christ a wealthy lady, who regularly attended the services and very liberally contributed, not only to the church, but to every worthy charity brought to her notice. In fact she "went about doing good," yet she lacked that faith in Christ so necessary and essential to salvation. The pastor earnestly prayed with her, and for her, in public, and in private, and one Sunday evening he preached a sermon especially designed to fit her case, and with great warmth and eloquence delivered the message.

It was a Methodist church, and it frequently happened that at the close of the preaching service, the meeting was "thrown open for testimony." When the preacher had finished and resumed his seat, a little boy, crippled for life by an accident, arose, and in broken words testified to his great joy in believing, and expressed a desire for the prayers of the congregation that he might ever be kept faithful. It was but a very feeble effort of a very feeble child, and the preacher seemed greatly annoyed that the boy had broken in on the good impression he thought his sermon had made, and which through this diversion had apparently in a large measure, been dispelled.

The next morning the wealthy lady called on the pastor and in a most agitated manner asked him to pray with her. She felt so troubled since last night that she could not sleep, and being inwardly convicted of sin, was earnestly desirous of making her peace with God. Together they knelt in prayer, and earnestly besought him, who said "Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden," for deliverance and rest. Finding peace, according to promise, the pastor engaged her in conversation and inquired which part of his sermon had most impressed her. "Ah! Doctor," replied she, "nothing that you said unusually affected me. I know you to be an eloquent man and I expected a good sermon. But when that little crippled boy arose and told how grateful he was for what Jesus had done for him, then the scales fell from my eyes and I saw how ungrateful a wretch I had been. God has blessed me with health, wealth and friends, and all these years I have not acknowledged him. But by his help I will endeavor to atone for the past and lead a life of earnest devotion and close consecration."

2. Hearing John's testimony, two follow Jesus, and thus we have the *first disciples*, the beginning of the Christian Church. They heard, saw and believed. No time wasted in useless argument.

How needful it is to be prompt to accept Jesus. On every hand dangers beset us, and before we are aware, it may by too late. In a mining district of Scotland some earnest missionaries were holding Gospel meetings, and urging men, women and children to accept Christ. One evening after the exhortation many miners crowded the inquiry room, and quite a number were soundly converted. The next day an accident happened and one of the miners was badly hurt. While in a half unconscious state, he was heard to whisper, "I am glad I settled it last night! I am glad I settled it last night!" On inquiry it was found that he was one of the number who the night before had given their hearts to God. Though, through a merciful Providence his life was spared, he never regretted having settled it that night.

3. "What seek ye ?". The first words of the Master as recorded by John, and with these words Jesus meets all who seek him. When the blind Bartimeus cried "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Jesus asked, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" and so when trembling sinners come to him, Jesus inquires, "What seek ye ?" He wants an itemized statement, he wants particulars. You must formulate your wants. You must know your wants to have them supplied. Too many people cry, "Help, Lord, help!" without knowing what they really want.

If you, pleading the promises, present a bill at the bank of faith, you must accompany it with an itemized statement, if you expect it to be promptly honored. If you want deliverance from any particular sin, say so. If you want strength to bear some unusual strain, say so. If you want God to save your wayward boy, say so. Don't generalize. Particularize, and you will often find that while you tell God all about it, he reveals to your eyes and to your hearts, the very means of deliverance that theretofore had been hidden. Try it and the flood of peace and light that will flow in upon your soul, will satisfy you for the effort it may require to go into the very details of that for which you seek help from God.

4. Andrew gets his brother. The first missionary effort. Andrew evidently could not have known much about the details of the faith to which he so cheerfully and suddenly subscribed, yet immediately there sprang up in his heart the desire to win others to participate with him in the joys that were in store for him. Some would wait until they had advanced a little further in the knowledge of these things, others would regret that their opportunities for working for the Master were so limited as to render them almost unworthy of serious consideration, but Andrew did that which was nearest at hand, without waiting for more light or greater opportunity, and if we all would profit by the example that he thus sets us, and all Christians would do their duty as Andrew did his, the world would be converted before the end of this century.

But here is a little story, which shows how, by doing our share, we may be instrumental in winning over others to do theirs, and thus be the means of accomplishing the mightiest results for God.

There is a story about the First Brick Church in a western city, which is both interesting and instructive. It is said that when the church which preceded the one that now stands, became too small to accommodate the throngs that sought to worship God at that place, it was suggested that a larger church be built in order that none might be deprived the privilege. The official brethren held conferences and meetings, and talked and discussed and argued and planned and disputed. For a time everybody believed the church was to be built, but after a great deal of discussson and very little giving, it was finally decided to drop the project for the present. With a saddened heart the preacher announced the result to the congregation. But there was a little boy in that Sunday School, who believed that the people meant what they said, when they declared their intention of building a new church. He was not present the evening on which the announcement that the project had fallen through was made.

The next morning there was a ring at the bell of the parsonage and the door being opened, a little boy inquired diligently after the pastor. He refused to make his business known to the servant that opened the door and insisted so urgently on seeing the pastor himself, that finally he had his desire gratified. His first words were : "I hear you are going to build a new church," to which the pastor somewhat hesitatingly assented and the boy continued: "And I have brought a load of bricks and I wish you would tell me where I shall put them." The pastor looked out upon the street and there was a small toy wheelbarrow with two bricks in it. He took in the situation at once and patting the boy on the head, he said to him "Wait, my little fellow, I will show you where to put the bricks to good advantage." Putting on his hat he walked by the side of the boy with the wheelbarrow until he came to Brother Brown's wagon factory. Brother Brown had done a tall amount of talking, but somehow or other had successfully dodged the real point at issue. The pastor found him in his office and greeted him with: "Good morning, Brother Brown, after all, we are going to have our new church and more than that, the first load of bricks is already at hand." Brother Brown looked up somewhat incredulous and astonished. The pastor asked him to step outside and see for himself. He led him out and showed him the wheelbarrow and told him the story and asked him, whether he did not consider that as an object lesson from Providence and an intimation to do his duty. Brother Brown did not hesitate very long, but

shaking the pastor and the boy by the hand, simply said, "You can put me down for $2,000." The pastor, thanking him, went on and made the round among all the trustees and other official brethren and before the day was over enough money was pledged to build the First Brick Church, which stands to-day as a monument to the little boy who, in faith, went forth and did that which was nearest at hand.

Suppose there were 3,000,000 Christians in the world to-day, all earnest and consecrated with a desire for souls and that each one did as much in one year as Andrew did in that one day! Where there are 3,000,000 now there would be 6,000,000 Christians the next year, and the year after that 12,000,000, and the year after that 24,000,000, and the year after that 48,000,000, and the next 96,000,000, and the next 192,000,000, and the next 384,000,000, and the next 768,000,000, and the last year of this century 1536,000,000—more souls than the earth contains, and then indeed would every knee bow at the name of Christ and own him Lord of all.

A SISTER'S DEVOTION.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for July 12: "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29.

THE proprietor of a large millinery establishment in a great city sat at her desk with her cheque-book before her. She had just written a cheque for a large sum and she sat looking at it thoughtfully.

"I wonder what Miss Marsh does with her money?" she said to her husband, who was waiting to drive his wife out of town to her suburban home.

"Oh, I suppose she gets through it like the others" he replied.

"No, she does not. She spends scarcely anything on dress, she wears no jewelry, she lives in the very cheapest boarding-house and never takes any pleasure. Yet I pay her a very large salary; I believe there is no employee in any house in the country who gets so large a sum. She is well worth it, I admit, for there never was such a girl to work and she has far more skill than I have. Still, I wish I knew what she did with it."

"Saves it, perhaps," the husband suggested.

"No, she has scarcely anything left within a week of my paying her for the quarter. I have found that out. No, she spends it in some mysterious way."

"Give it up," said the man rising. "Are you ready?"

Miss Marsh was called, the precious slip of paper handed to her, and the employer drove away. The girl, a bright, plainly, dressed, alert business woman, went back to her work and remained to a late hour. The next day she visited the bank and went thence to a merchant's office where she paid in the bulk of what she had received, reserving but little more than was necessary to pay her modest board bill.

"You still keep up your little payments, I see, Miss Marsh," said the merchant. "I admire your devotion, but I fear it is wasted. Your brother will never repay you. He is not worth all the money you are paying for him."

"Oh, yes, sir, he is worth it to me. He is all I have in the world," the girl replied, the tears rising to her eyes. "Father and mother are both dead and I promised mother to be true to him. He is living an honest life now and when this is paid I will get him to come back and we can be together again."

"Let me see, how long have you been paying at this rate?"

"It is three years now, and it will take me two years longer."

"Well, well, you are a good girl; I wish your brother was more deserving of you."

"I never saw such a case of sisterly devotion as that," the merchant said after she was gone, to a friend who had heard the conversation. "That brother of her's is as idle and dissolute a young scamp as ever lived. He was in our employ and managed to get his hands on the money in a very smart way. We liked him and trusted him, but we heard afterward that he was a regular gambler. He made a pretty large defalcation before we discovered what he was doing. He got away before we could have him arrested. Then this girl came and pleaded for him. Made quite a scene. Finally undertook to pay the whole amount in quarterly payments with interest. She is doing it, too. She has only one more year to pay, though she does not know it, for we shall forego the interest. Strange, isn't it that the innocent should suffer for the guilty in that way."

"Yes, it seems a natural law and it is not always voluntary as in this case. The drunkard's wife and children suffer more privation by his misconduct than he does. Every evildoer drags some one down with him. The worst of it is that their suffering does not rehabilitate him. This girl seems to have that hope to cheer her. She evidently hopes that her sacrifice will restore him to society and redeem him. I suppose if he came back now you would not proceed against him?"

"No, we could not after accepting the girl's money. But she does not seem to understand that. She means to pay it all before she gets him back, and start him clear with nothing against him. But his character is gone just the same. He will never be anything else but a defaulter. Her paying back what he stole does not clear him. It discharges our claim, but it does not set him right."

"Not in the sight of God, of course. But there again we come back on the same law. The only way of rehabilitation we know of comes to us through the suffering of the innocent. It does not seem just, but somehow it gives relief to the conscience. I have seen men overwhelmed by the thought of the sins they have committed, despairing of mercy, take new hope and confidence when they were told that Christ had suffered in their place and made atonement for them. The theologians call it 'saving truth' and they are right; for it does save. The men who believe it reform; it changes their life."

"Yes, I have seen that, too; but I cannot understand it."

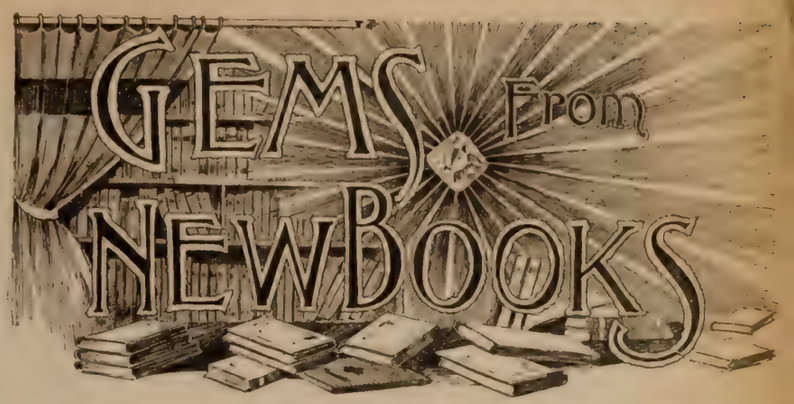
"Well, there is power in it, even in the modified case of this girl. If that brother of her's has any good at all left in him, there is nothing so likely to develop it as what she has done and suffered for him. We can understand that, and it seems to be God's way. Men are redeemed by love and nothing else."

A SUNDAY SCHOOL BOY IN A MINE.

A SUNDAY School superintendent recently returned from Europe says: "While I was travelling through Wales there was an accident in one of the mines. A number of men and boys were shut up in a part of the cuttings, and men were laboring night and day to cut through the dense mass of timber and rubbish which barred the escape of the prisoners. It was feared that the deadly gas of the mine had killed them, but it was possible they might be alive so the men worked on. Some of them had sons or brothers on the other side of that wall of debris, so it was no wonder they worked hard. But their labor was lost. When they made a passage through every one was dead. I visited some of those bereaved families. In one a boy of fifteen was dead. I asked about him. 'Well sir,' said the father, 'it's hard to lose him, but if one of us had to go, it's best it should be him. He was the only one fit to go. I've never run much on religion, nor have any of us but him. He was a regular Sunday School boy. We used to laugh at him, but he held on. When we found him he had his Testament in his poor dead hand!' They showed me the little soiled book. Several of its leaves were turned down and on one of those I read the words: 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh!'"

A MISTAKEN TEACHER.

AT the recent anniversary of the English Sunday School Union, a clergyman said: "I have always taken a deep interest in the Sunday Schools connected with the two churches of which I have been pastor. Now, in my first charge when I was a young man we had one teacher named Ward. He was rather a dull man but very painstaking. He knew his failing and exaggerated it. He would say, "I am not fit for this work, I cannot interest the boys. I cannot keep their attention. You need a brighter man.' Then he would resign and we had to talk him over. We held him to his post by making him confess that he ought to stay until a better man could be found to take his place. We never found a better man, for he was really good, and in earnest. At last we lost him. He left the town to live in Edinburgh. He went away believing that his Sunday School work had been a failure. Now mark this: Only six weeks ago a missionary from Central Africa attended at my church to speak at a missionary meeting we were having. It turned out in conversation that when he was a boy he had been in my first Sunday School and was in the class of Mr. Ward, that discouraged teacher. He said to me, "I want to find that man out if he is still alive. I want to thank him for what he did for me twenty years ago." I say to every teacher here, never be discouraged. "Though the vision tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come." (Heb 2: 3.)



THE OAK TREE.*

PERHAPS you will be surprised to hear that there are about three hundred kinds of oak in in the world, and some of these are very different looking from ours; but they all bear acorns. This is the royal fruit. Only two kinds of oak are natives of Britain, and these are very nearly alike. The leaves of the common oak have no stalks. The acorns of the other kind, which is known as the *durmast oak*, are on very short stalks; and the leaves have long stalks, and lie flat on each side of the stem, so that it is sometimes called the *flat leaved* oak, and also the *sessile-fruited* oak—that is, the oak which has its fruit *sitting* on the twigs. . . . When the oak has ripened his acorns, he feels that his work is done for another year, and that it is time to get ready for his winter rest; so he begins by letting his leaves turn yellow and brown. He was nearly the last of the trees to don his summer dress, and he is one of the last to put it off—indeed, he often keeps some of the brown leaves on his branches all through the winter. The leaves fall, but the little buds stay on the branches. If it were not for these we might think the oak was dead, he sleeps so soundly; but they are God's promise to us that the winter will pass and summer will come again, when the trees and plants have had their rest.

The Ash.

The ash is often called the husbandman's tree, because its wood is so much used in making his tools, wheels, shafts, and other such articles that require to be light and springy. It has also been used for weapons of war from the earliest times. Those of you who have read the old Greek stories will remember the "mighty ashen spear" of the great warrior Achilles. The ash and the oak seem to be as different as two trees can be. The ash does not grow as old as the oak, and it does its work best when it grows fast, perhaps because it has a different kind of wood to make. Some have one thing to do, some another; some can work fast, and some only slowly; and God gives each one the power that is best for the work he gives him to do. Our mistake is when we think our own work the best, and our own way the only right one, and do not see that our Father needs all.

The Christmas Tree--The Fir.

We often see fir trees in a very strange place, bearing wonderful fruit of gold and silver, shining lights, and glittering toys.

The fir tree stood
In a beautiful room;
A hundred tapers
Dispelled the gloom.
All decked with gold and silver was he,
And lilies and roses so fair to see.
Hurrah for the fir tree, the Christmas tree;
A prince in all the forests is he!

The little children
With merry shout
Came crowding, clustering
Round about.
Brighter and rounder grew their eyes,
And they gazed at the fir tree in glad surprise.
Hurrah for the fir tree, the Christmas tree;
A prince in all the forests is he!

In olden times all trees were sacred things—temples of nature, holy houses where people worshipped their gods. You have been told the story of the great world-tree, which the people of the north said was ash; and also in what great reverence the ancients held the oak. The pine was the sacred tree of the Germans. The Christmas-tree was a picture of the old world-tree, with the eagle on the top, and the lights were the stars shining among the branches. When the Germans became Christians, they could not give up loving their old pine tree, and so they turned it into a Christmas-tree, and set an angel or a dove on the top instead of an eagle, and let its lamps tell a new story of the night when the light came into the world. A young spruce was the tree generally chosen for the Christmas festivities.

The Aspen.

These leaves have forgotten to make a long point, and are nearly round. They are so thin and light that they quiver in the tiniest puff of a breeze; and when we wish to say that any person has trembled a great deal, we say he trembled like an aspen leaf. If the aspen leaves are still, you may be quite sure that a great storm is coming on, and you must run home as quickly as possible; for the whole earth has stopped breathing, in awful expectation of the coming tumult. Why does this little leaf tremble so much? The Scottish Highlanders give a strange answer. They say that the Cross of our Saviour was made of aspen wood, and that the tree has never since ceased to tremble with horror at having been put to such a terrible use.

For fear, the aspen, pallid and weak,
Which sighs by the moorland side,
And gave the wood for that hallowed Cross
On which the Saviour died;
Which stood erect, while its fellow-trees stooped,
Till its merited punishment came,
And since the doom of that terrible day
Has quivered and bent with shame.

We know that the aspen trembled before that time, and that God himself gave the leaves those long, slender stalks, and we will not think of them as quaking with fear. No; they are dancing with delight and joy in the beautiful world, and smiling in the glorious sunshine!

The Lapland Birch.

You may imagine how precious the birch must be in Lapland, where it is the only tree. The Lapp children must know all its ways. It grows on bravely, and does its best there, in spite of the cold; but with all its striving it can only manage to become a very small tree, often only a bush, and sometimes only a little plant. A gentlemen once brought away six full-grown trees in his pocket. It is used there for many purposes. Baskets, mats, cords, waterproof boots and shoes, are all made of the bark. The houses are roofed with it instead of tiles; strips of it are twisted into torches, which burn well because of the stores of oil they contain; and in times of scarcity the inner layers of the bark are ground into flour for bread. Sometimes the natives get a large piece of bark, cut a hole in the middle for the head to pass through, and then use it as a waterproof cloak—a very funny one. Whenever you visit the birch tree, listen to its gentle whisperings of its high mission, and may yours be the same noble aim.

A Famous Cedar Grove.

Far away on the hills of Lebanon, there stands now a little grove of trees, shut in between snowy mountain peaks—all that is left of the celebrated forest to which Hiram, king of Tyre, and Solomon, king of Israel, sent their little armies of woodmen with their axes. Two or three of these trees are so old that perhaps they were alive and young when their fathers were carried away to build the temple, in Jerusalem, and the palaces of the king. The wandering Arabs call these old trees the *saints* and look on them with great reverence, and say that they are wiser than men—that when a storm is coming on they lift up their boughs to the sky, as if preparing to bear the weight of snow; and when the snow is ready to melt they bend down to the ground to let it fall. The whole place is scented with their fragrant resin. This cedar resin is so bitter that no insects trouble the tree, and it is left to grow and spread out its branches to a great

* From *The Stories of the Trees* by Mrs. Dyson author of *Children's Flowers, Apples and Oranges etc., etc.*: published by Messrs Thomas Nelson & Sons, London, Edinburgh and New York. $1.80. A charming volume of woodcraft viewed from a Christian standpoint and beautifully illustrated

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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This week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD goes out to our readers in a new dress of type and in an enlarged form. We trust that they will agree with us in regarding the change as in the line of improvement. While new and interesting departments have been added, it will be observed that none of the standard features which have made the paper so popular in the past have been omitted.

STRUGGLING YOUNG MEN.

TAKE care of yourself. Nobody else will take of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who, thirty years from now, are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and State—are now on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straitened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of his playing he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the field of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman of a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the library and get some books, and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting-room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him.

THE GYMNASIUM.

FROM long experience of the advantages of this institution we commend it. We are glad to know it is gaining in favor every year, and I know of nothing more free from dissipation, or more calculated to recuperate the physical and mental energies. While there are a good many people who have employed this institution, there is a vast number who are ignorant of its excellences. There are men with cramped chests and weak sides and despondent spirits who, through the gymnasium, might be roused up to exuberance and exhilaration of life. There are many Christian people despondent from year to year, who might, through such an institution, be benefited in their spiritual relations. There are Christian people who seem to think that it is a good sign to be poorly; and because Richard Baxter and Robert Hall were invalids, they think that by the same sickliness they may come to the same grandeur of character. I want to tell Christian people that God will hold you responsible for your invalidism if it is your fault and when, through right exercises and prudence, you might be athletic and well. The effect of the body upon the soul you acknowledge. Put a man of mild disposition upon the animal diet of which the Indian partakes, and in a little while the blood will change its chemical proportions. It will become like unto the blood of the lion, or the tiger, or the bear, while his disposition will change, and become fierce, cruel, and unrelenting. The body has a powerful effect upon the soul.

There are good people whose ideas of heaven are all shut out with clouds of tobacco smoke. There are people who dare to shatter the physical vase in which God has put the jewel of eternity. There are men with great hearts and intellects in bodies worn out by their own neglects—magnificent machinery capable of propelling a *Majestic* across the Atlantic, yet fastened in a rickety North River propeller. Martin Luther was so mighty for God—first, because he had a noble soul, and secondly, because he had a muscular development which would have enabled him to thrash any five of his persecutors, if it had been Christian so to do. Physical development which merely shows itself in fabulous lifting, or in perilous rope-walking, or in pugilistic encounter, excites only our contempt; but we confess to great admiration for the man who has a great soul in an athletic body, every nerve, muscle, and bone of which is concentrated to right uses. Oh, it seems to me outrageous that men, through neglect, should allow their physical health to go down beyond repair. A ship which ought, with all sail set and every man at his post, to be carrying a rich cargo for eternity, employing all its men in stopping up leakages! When you may, through the gymnasium, work off your spleen and your querulousness, and one-half of your physical and mental ailments, do not turn your back upon such a grand medicament.

HEALTHY CHILDREN.

OUR goody-goody kind of children make namby-pamby men. I should not be surprised to find that a colt which does not frisk becomes a horse that will not draw. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snow-balling, but the "dumps." The boy who has no fire in his nature may after he has grown up, have animation enough to grease a wagon-wheel, but he will not own the wagon nor have money enough to buy the grease. The best boy I ever knew, before he went to heaven, could strike a ball till it soared out of sight, and, in the race, as far as you could see, you would find his red tippet coming out ahead. Look out for the boy who never has the fingers of a good laugh tickle him under the diaphragm. The most solemn-looking mule on our place has kicked to pieces five dash-boards.

There are parents who notice that their daughter is growing pale and sick, and therefore think she must be destined to marry a missionary, and to go to Borneo, although the only recommendation she has for that position is that she will never be any temptation to the cannibals, who, while very fond of cold missionary, are averse to diseased meat; or, finding their son looking cadaverous, think he is either going to die or become a minister, considering that there is great power of consecration in liver complaint, and thinking him doubly set apart, who, while presbytery are laying their hands on his head, has dyspepsia laying its hand on his stomach.

Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats it! Be not afraid to say, in your account of his decease, that the day before you lost him he caught two rabbits in his trap down on the meadow, or soundly thrashed a street-ruffian who was trying to upset a little girl's basket of cold victuals. I do not think that heaven is so near to an ill-ventilated nursery as to a good gymnasium. If the church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, *we* would be the gainers, but the fellow with whom we traded would be cheated mercilessly and forever.

START RIGHT.

THE theory is abroad among young men, that they must first sow their wild oats, and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at eighty erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between eighteen years and thirty? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after life and after years of dissipation you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent and decayed and prematurely old, for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were thirty. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and a third mortgage to the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

THERE are now in the United States many agricultural colleges. They are doing much for the science of farming. May all prosperity attend them! We think, however, that men seldom get to be practical farmers through such institutions. The students there have so delicate a time that they will not feel much like going out into the teeth of the northeast wind to sow winter grain, or drag logs through the snow with the thermometer five degrees below zero. We think that the most successful farmers are those who in boyhood rise at early daybreak, milk the cows, and drive them out to pasture, eat a chunk of salt pork, and get off to the fields before city people have come to their last morning dream. Many of the best farmers in the best farming region of the world never heard of an agricultural college. The practical part of the science of agriculture must be dug up by two brawny hands out of the middle of a cornfield. Those make the successful farmers who come in the regular line of succession. Their father tilled the soil, and their grandfather, and their great-grandfather, who went from the plough to Lexington, and back again from Lexington to the plough. Many a man puts down his gilt-edged book on phosphates and subsoiling, puts on his gloves, takes a jack-knife, and goes out to trim his grape-vines, trimming them in the wrong place, and is under the delusion that he is a farmer. That does very well if you have inherited or first made your fortune, and have an income of twelve thousand dollars a year, and you can afford to lose six thousand of it annually in experimenting with cows and chickens and unheard-of rotation of crops. But if we wanted our boy to come out an agricultural success, we would put him when very young in the furrow, and tell him to go ahead till he comes to the hay-stack, then turn round the hay-stack, and go back to the furrow.

BRIEF NOTES.

The special services conducted by Dr. Pentecost in Mussoorie, India, have been marked by much success. More than one hundred conversions were reported.

Mr. Spurgeon's works have been translated into the Norse language. At Christiania, Sweden, colporteurs have circulated upwards of 87,000 copies of his sermons alone.

Bishop William Taylor celebrated his seventieth birthday at Iondo, on the Coanza River, Angola, Africa, on May 2. The Bishop is hoping for another twenty years of work before he is called hence.

The New York Presbytery reports statistics for the year ending April 1, 1891, as follows: Elders, 514; deacons, 206; added on examination, 1,401; on certificate, 1,019; total of communicants, 24,077.

The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., the friend and benefactor of deaf mutes, expects to sail for Europe, July 4, to aid in church work among deaf-mutes in Great Britain and Ireland, and to attend a congress of deaf-mutes in Glasgow on August 3.

The Rev. Isaac Nicholson, Rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, has been elected bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Milwaukee. He is a native of Baltimore, a graduate of Dartmouth, and studied theology in Alexandria, Va.

Rev. W. E. Needham of Germantown, Pa., is attracting very large congregations to his church on Sunday evening by a series of illustrated sermons. Mr. Needham was an artist before he became a minister and he is, therefore, able to make his own illustrations. On June 21, he preached on the life of Joseph, and in the course of his sermon drew five rapid sketches on paper illustrating the sermon.

The city of Janesville, Wis., has been moved, religiously, as never before, during the revival meetings conducted by Rev. B. Fay Mills. The gatherings were held in the Congregational church, that being the largest audience room in the place, and it was usually crowded. Business men cordially agreed to close their shops and offices at an early hour in the evening and also for certain hours on a given week day, a thing unheard of before in that town.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, began a series of revival meetings last Sunday at the Allen Street Memorial Church, New York, of which Rev. Wm. Hamilton, D. D., is pastor. This church seats a thousand persons and cost over $100,000. It is in the midst of a teeming population whose lives are sorely in need of all the help and consolation religion can give. Mr. Cannon asks for the prayers of the readers that the services may be abundantly blessed of God.

Rev. J. W. Turner of Chincoteague, Va., when in New York last week, gave a cheering account of the progress of the Baptist cause in the island. Only six hundred dollars remain to be paid on the new church, which cost three thousand dollars. Though the people are all poor, subsisting for the most part on the oyster fisheries, they have given liberally. One member who has nothing but what he gains from fishing gave $500. Mr. Turner is anxious to raise the remaining $600, and would be glad if some one would give a pulpit Bible. Any friend desiring to aid may remit to Rev. J. W. Turner, Chincoteague, Va.

The Rev. Goyn Talmage, D. D., an elder brother of the editor of this journal, died suddenly on Wednesday morning last. He was seen in his study until a late hour on Tuesday night and, when sometime later, his wife went to speak to him she found him unconscious. He was carried to his room and a physician was summoned. The seizure was pronounced apoplectic, and there was clearly no hope of recovery. He passed away within an hour. He was in his seventieth year and had been in the ministry forty-five years. Of late his health had been impaired and he had retired from active labor, residing in his native town of Somerville, N. J. We hope to publish a more extended notice next week.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

A Beecher Statue—Western Floods—A Christian Traveler—Sen. McDonald Dead, &c.

BROOKLYN last week unveiled a magnificent bronze statue to the late Henry Ward Beecher. It is placed in front of the City Hall Park, right in the business centre of the city, on a little triangular piece of sward, fronting the "Heights," where Mr. Beecher lived for so many years, and only a few minutes walk from Plymouth Church, the scene of his later activities. John Q. A. Ward, the famous sculptor, has shown the great preacher in a familiar attitude, and robed in a cape-coat or cloak, such as he used to wear in life. The figure, which is of colossal size, stands upon a pedestal of granite, the pedestal being flanked by bronze figures. On the right of the statue is the figure of a negro girl, reaching up to place a handful of palm leaves at its feet, while on the left are a boy and girl, the former supporting the latter, who is laying a wreath or garland of laurel on the top of the pedestal. The whole cost $35,000, every dollar of which was raised by popular subscription.

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. . . PRINCE GEORGE, of Greece, who rescued the Russian Crown Prince from the assault of the Japanese fanatic in the suburbs of Kioto a few weeks ago, arrived in San Francisco last week. He intends to make a short stay in this country before returning home. The Czarowitch and the Prince are blood-relatives, the mother of the latter being Queen Olga-Constantinovna, Grand Duchess of Russia. George is a handsome young fellow, six feet two inches in height and well educated. He is quite modest concerning the adventure in which he figured so conspicuously by saving that life of the heir to the throne of Russia. He is 22 years of age. During his stay in the United States, he will visit Washington, the leading navy yards, and several other places of interest, but he will not go into society. He is of a serious turn of mind, and is not, like many princes, devoted to the fashionable frivolities that beset a young man of rank, while on his travels.

* * *

. . ONE of the most energetic Christian ladies of the present age is unquestionably Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt of Boston, who returned to this country a few days ago, after an eight years' tour around the world. Mrs. Leavitt is a member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and at the National Convention, in 1883, when it was decided to send out a "World Missionary," she was chosen for the task. Rejecting the Union's offer to pay all expenses of the trip and returning the $1,000 already subscribed, she started on her travels, declaring that "she was going on God's mission and he would carry her through." Since then she has visited the Hawaiian Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Japan, China, Siam, Straits settlements (Singapore and Malay Peninsula), Burmah, Hindostan, Ceylon, Mauritius, Madagascar, Natal, Orange Free State, Cape Colony, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Congo Free State, Old Calabar, Sierra Leone, Madeira, Spain, France, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Syria, and Turkey. She has organized eighty-six Womens' Branches of the C. T. U., twenty-four Mens' Temperance Societies, mostly in Japan, India and Madagascar, and twenty-three branches of the White Cross. She has held over 1600 meetings, travelled almost 100,000 miles and employed 229 interpreters, speaking in the aggregate forty-seven different tongues. That her faith was well founded is demonstrated by the fact that her entire expenses have been paid with money voluntarily given her at the different places visited. Mrs. Leavitt, whose portrait is given in this page, intends to shortly publish a book, describing her experiences abroad and the general scope and progress of Christian Temperance work all over the world.

MRS. M. C. LEAVITT.

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. . . A VERDICT of acquittal has been rendered in the jury trial of that distinguished orator, social autocrat and statesman, Chauncey M. Depew and his associate directors in the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, who were sometime ago indicted for responsibility for the deaths of several persons in an accident on the road. After a collision, the cars caught fire from the stoves. It was claimed that the use of stoves was illegal. The jury found that the accused had been indicted for committing a crime vicariously and that such a charge could not hold in law. In obedience to explicit instruction from the judge, they gave a verdict for the defendants.

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. . . FURTHER reports of cruelties perpetrated on the Hebrews in Russia are received from St. Petersburg. The persecution is extending to all foreigners in the Czar's dominion, especially Germans, Poles and Tartars, who are accused by the press of that country—which is under the immediate inspiration of the throne—of being secret enemies of Russia and the orthodox church. Prince Kropatkin, one of the Czar's most active agents in this persecution, recently signed secret orders expelling all the Polish engineers and employees engaged in building the Central Asian Railway. Frenchmen are now the only foreigners really tolerated in Russia. In Moscow, the large storekeepers have been compelled by ukase to dismiss foreigners in their employ. Meanwhile, Baron Hirsch's agents are pushing forward the arrangements for the early migration of the Hebrews from Russia in large numbers.

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. . . CANADA is just now actively discussing a number of letters on the reciprocity question which have been submitted to the Dominion Senate at Ottawa, by the Premier. They were embodied in a message on the general subject of the extension of trade between the United States and the Dominion, and they review the proposals submitted by Great Britain throughout the entire controversy. It is shown by these letters that Mr. Blaine, in January last, put on record the opinion that an attempt to secure the appointment of a formal commission to draw up a reciprocity treaty would be useless, but that the United States would discuss the matter privately with Sir Julian Pauncefote and one or more delegates from Canada. He afterwards submitted the draft of a proposed treaty to Sir Julian. Mr. Blaine, in a subsequent letter, complains of the fact that correspondence which was intended to be purely confidential should have been permitted to become public to such an extent that Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper were enabled to refer accurately to the letters in stump speeches during the late campaign. The closing letter of the series states that October 12th, next, has been agreed upon as the date for a conference at Washington on the whole question, at which both countries will be ably represented.

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. . . DISQUIETING news comes from China to the effect that serious peril threatens the foreign missionaries now in that country. As mentioned in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the persecution which began in the Wusuch district has spread to other sections, until now there is a likelihood of it becoming quite general. The lives of native converts are being made intolerable., their homes are looted and even destroyed by their heathenish fellow-countrymen and their lives are in danger. The French, English, and American Consuls at Shanghai have taken united action looking to the protection of foreign residents, but the mandarins, unhindered by the government, are urging on the work of persecution. Our fleet in Chinese waters is soon to be reinforced by the addition of two naval vessels to co-operate with the squadron under Admiral Belknap. We have only three vessels there at present and should American interests be threatened, this force would hardly be sufficient for the protection of our interests. The fanatics who are urging on the Chinese mobs to riot, incite them to fury by lying about the actions of the missionaries. Catholic as well as Protestant missionaries have suffered. The home of the Catholic priests at Wohu was looted. The English Consulate was fired, and the Consul and his wife escaped by disguising themselves in native costumes and hiding in the Custom House. The Chinese gunboats and two companies of Imperial troops protected the foreign residents. The American Methodist missionaries at Wohu were compelled to seek refuge on a gunboat where, with the priests and the refugees from different points, they remained till conveyed to Shanghai. All the maritime nations are strenghening their fleets in Chinese waters, and are even threatening bombardment unless foreigners are afforded protection.

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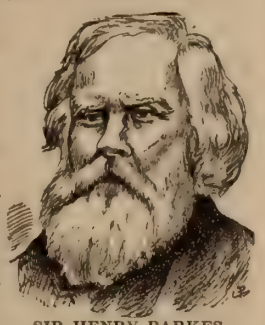
. . . AUSTRALIA has paid a high tribute to the United States in framing the Constitution of the new Australian Federation after our own as the model. The idea of federal union by the Australian Colonies was suggested as long ago as 1849, but did not then commend itself to the home government. Sir Henry Parkes, the premier of New South Wales, has done very largely for Australia, what the late Sir John Macdonald did for Canada, and has been a most active and prominent advocate of federation during the last decade. Two years ago he visited Queensland and conferred on the subject of a union for defense. Several years previous, an intercolonial conference at Sidney had discussed the question of federation and the outcome was the establishment of a federal council in 1883, which did not, however, include New South Wales. Sir Henry Parkes' energetic efforts resulted in a conference assembling at Melbourne last year, atwhich all the Australasian colonies were represented, when a constitution was drafted and a Federation Convention called for March, 1891. That convention, lately held, and of which Sir Henry Parkes was President, adopted the plan already outlined. The Federal Government consists of a Governor-General, a responsible Cabinet and two Houses of Parliament. Each colony has an equal voice in the Senate or Upper House, and in the Lower House, representation is in proportion to population. The autonomy of each colony is provided for, a uniform external tariff is adopted, and thus, with many of the distinguishing American features, the commonwealth of Australia is launched among the governments of the world. A portrait of Sir Henry Parkes is given above.


SIR HENRY PARKES.

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. . . THE week has been one of storm and flood in the Southwest. Kansas, especially, has been a sufferer. At Fort Scott, large dams gave way, flooding the bottom lands, wrecking many houses, and, it is feared, drowning many people. Whole families were driven to the roofs and even to the trees for shelter. A passenger train near Osceola was ditched by the flood; Emporia was submerged, in the lower parts of the town. A tornado wrecked a number of dwelling houses near Arkansas City, injuring several people. In Crittenden County, Arkansas, dwellings, barns and fences were leveled by the storm and several lives were lost. Similar reports of disaster by rain and tempest are received from Kentucky and Ohio. In Iowa the floods were appalling. The waters covered the farms in the Northwest counties like a sea. Over 1200 persons were driven from their homes in Cherokee County alone. Trains were blocked on account of many bridges being damaged or carried away. The loss of property reaches up in the millions.

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. . . AN interesting announcement is made from the Department of Agriculture. Secretary Rusk has been testing the relative value of grasses, with a view to finding one that would flourish in localities where there is little or no rainfall. He has discovered a grass which it is believed will be the means of reclaiming a very large part of the desert section of the southwest. It is known as the "Brome Grass," and for thirty years it has been successfully cultivated in Austria and Hungary, and the hot, arid sections of Southern Europe, with unvarying success. The Secretary now hopes that the same results will be reached when it is introduced west of the Mississippi. It grows luxuriantly and surpasses our native grasses, being particularly desirable for pasturage. The benefit of a forage crop of this character would be incalculable to the West, especially when it is remembered that two-thirds of the great territory between the Mississippi and the Rockies is desert. Farmers and ranchmen will watch with interest the new experiment.

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. . . LABOR strikes in Europe have been followed by rioting in several places. In Paris 6,000 striking bakers were stopped by the police while parading and, refusing to disperse, a collision took place in which a number of persons were injured. The strike leaders were arrested. The city, in consequence of the strike, is threatened with a famine, as the butchers, bakers and grocers are all involved. In Bordeaux, the striking horse-car men, after several hot brushes, won their fight for shorter hours. In Batonya, Hungary, a mob of laborers, headed by Socialists, attacked the town hall. The gendarmes fired on the crowd, killing four and wounding seven others.

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. . . THE IRISH Parliamentary Party seems to have been unfortunate in its choice of a leader to succeed Mr. Parnell. It is now stated that Justin McCarthy's leadership has been a grievous disappointment and that he will shortly retire, in favor, probably, of John Dillon. There has been some trouble lately over the Campaign Fund, and it was openly alleged that there was a considerable deficit in the moneys contributed; but this is denied by the trustees of the Fund. Mr. Parnell is no longer talked of in connection with Irish Parliamentary matters.

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. . . Two distinguished Chilians have arrived in this country, representing the interests of the insurgent or Congress Party of Chili. They are Mr. Pedro Montt, the head of the Congress Party, and Mr. Ricardo Trumbull, also an influential politician. It is understood that their object is to secure official sympathy and, if possible, recognition of the Congress Party by our government. They have visited Washington and had an interview with President Harrison on these matters. Hostilities in Chili are at a standstill just now, for the reason that the Congress Party, which controls almost the entire fleet, is short of ammunition and the Balmacedists have no ships. The two new cruisers, just completed in France, will not be delivered, owing to the dead-lock. It is the purpose of the insurgents to make an effort to secure the return of the 12,000 stands of rifles captured by the *Charleston*, when the *Itata* was surrendered some time ago.

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. . . Ex U. S. SENATOR Joseph Ewing McDonald, died at Indianapolis on the night of the 21st inst., after a brief illness. In the presence of his family and in the last moments of his life, he gave testimony to his faith in God's saving grace and partook of the sacrament. Senator McDonald, although for many years identified with Indiana in national politics, was born in Butler County, Ohio, his father being a farmer. His mother was a lady of culture and a clever writer. Joseph was educated in Wabash College and Asbury University. He taught school at Williamsport, Ind., and afterwards tended store in his brother's employ, meanwhile studying law, evenings. He entered politics in 1843, being elected Prosecuting Attorney of his county. His career afterward was steadily upward, and he was elected Attorney-General and U. S. Senator, the latter in 1874. While in Congress he was an active member, participating in almost all the great debates for a number of years and taking a prominent part in Democratic politics meanwhile. At the Democratic National Convention in 1880, he was mentioned as a candidate for President, and again in 1884. Few men were more popular with their party or possessed stronger judgment or more earnest convictions. Since 1881, he has resided in Indianapolis and devoted himself to the legal profession. Senator McDonald's portrait is given above.

HON. J. E. McDONALD.

A FOUL STREAM.

"Our fathers understood not thy wonders in Egypt; they remembered not the multitude of thy mercies; but provoked him at the sea, even at the Red Sea."—Psalm 106: 7.

OUR fathers! From them we derive our nature. We inherit our fathers' propensities; for that which is born of the flesh is flesh. As is the nature, such is the conduct. Hence the Psalmist writes in verse 6: "We have sinned with our fathers, we have committed iniquity, we have done wickedly." If we must mention our fathers' faults, it is not to screen ourselves; for we have to confess that our life's story is no brighter than theirs. It is not because the fathers have eaten sour grapes that the children's teeth are set on edge; for we ourselves have greedily devoured those evil clusters: "We have sinned with our fathers."

It may help us to escape out of the meshes of our natural depravity, if we look back and see the causes of our fathers' sins. To confess our personal sin will tend to keep us humble; and in view of the Lord's mercy, which has spared and pardoned us, a sense of our guilt will make us grateful. The less we think of ourselves the more we shall think of him whose "mercy endureth forever"; and if we see where our fathers' sins began, and how they grew, and what they came to, we may hope that the Spirit of God will help us to turn from the beginnings of evil.

I. Let us begin at the beginning Want of understanding is

The Source of Sin.

The wonders that God wrought in Egypt were exceedingly great and instructive. The ten plagues were memorable master-strokes of God's judgment upon the proud, and notable displays of his favor to the oppressed. How Egypt staggered beneath the blows of Jehovah! Those tremendous judgments came one after another with righteous deliberation, and yet with terrible rapidity. Albeit, God had come out of his secret places, and had made bare his arm for them, yet "our fathers understood not thy wonders in Egypt."

We see this to be the case when we read the story; for at the first, when God began to work for them, they were so taken up with the present that they complained of Moses, for the cruel retort of Pharaoh. He had gone in unto the proud monarch, and had urged the demand of Jehovah; and the tyrant had replied, "Ye hinder the people from their works; get you unto your burdens." He increased their toil, by refusing to give the people straw to make bricks; and so their bondage was made bitter to the last degree, and they groaned as they saw "that they were in evil case." They are not blamed for groaning; but it was mean to blame their friends for the cruel fault of their enemy. How wretchedly have we also complained when God, in his gracious dealings with us, has caused us

An Inward Grief!

Further on we find Israel broken down by utter hopelessness. Moses spoke to them again, but we read, "They hearkened not unto Moses for anguish of spirit, and for cruel bondage." They had been so brutally crushed by the Egyptians, that they had lost all heart. They understood not that God could, by any possible means, deliver them from the gigantic power which held them down. Alas! this also has been the case with us; and perhaps is the case with some here at this moment. You are so sad and so depressed that you cannot believe in salvation.

Should not Israel have learned the royal sovereignty of the Lord God? What armies obeyed the call of that great King! At his word the river brought forth frogs abundantly. He spake, and there came divers sorts of flies, and lice in all their borders. "He spake, and the locusts came, and caterpillars, and that without number, and did eat up all the herbs in their land, and devoured the fruit of their ground." Jehovah's camp is very great. The waters were turned into blood, and the dust into creeping things; the heavens were set on fire, and the habitations of men were darkened. Would you not have thought that his people would have felt the force of his divine *dominion*, and would have bowed before his supreme will throughout

The Rest of Their Lives?

Beyond all question, they ought to have recognized Jehovah's love to them. By so much as the plagues were terrible to Egypt they were gracious to his people. Though the Israelites were a race of down-trodden slaves the Lord loved them. Alas! they understood not what the Lord was doing for them. To you, beloved, it may be that the same fault can be laid. God has done great wonders for believers; but, it may be, we have not yet learned his power so as to trust his might; nor his sovereignty, so as to submit to his will; nor his love, so as to rejoice in his faithfulness. Alas! we have but little understanding.

The tribes of Israel did not see in all this the claim which the Lord had upon them. As a people, they belonged to him. Because of

What He had Done for Them,

the Lord took up a peculiar position to them, which he would have them acknowledge. Yet the favored people did not understand it; the truth was conspicuous enough; but they did not perceive it as they ought to have done; neither did they practically show that they were the Lord's people, and that he only was their God. The like slowness to take up our true position, we may see and mourn in ourselves. After all the Lord's wonders of grace toward us, we do not exalt him as our God.

The people did not see that their God by all his wonders was pledging himself to them. After having done so much for them, he would not leave them. Could he have brought them out of Egypt to kill them at the Red Sea? They even dared to say that this was their suspicion. Oh, the slanders of unbelief! But if they had understood his wonders they would have seen that he who had done such great things for them had bound himself to perfect his purpose, and to bring them into the land which he had promised to their fathers. "Ah!" you say, "they were very stupid." I do not defend them; but what about yourselves? Have we not been mistrustful? Have we not said in our hearts, "He will yet fail us, and our faith will be disappointed"? O, believer, learn this lesson well; and trust in your unchanging God: thus shall you understand his wonders in Egypt.

The fact is, dear friends, these people had no deeply spiritual work upon their hearts. "They understood not his wonders in Egypt," because their hearts were hardened by their association with a proud, worldly, idolatrous and yet cultured nation, and they had turned aside from the spiritual faith of their fathers. Wonders were wrought, and they saw them and were amazed; but they did not see beneath the surface, nor perceive the Lord's meaning in them. Beloved, I pray to God for you who are newly called out from the world, that the first working of grace in your souls may be deep, true, clear and lasting. I would have you not only know, but *understand*. Let us pray God that both in ourselves, and in those whom we bring to Christ, the work of grace may be deep and thorough; and may our faith in Jesus be sustained by a clear understanding of the gospel, and of our Lord's dealings with us!

II. Failure of memory follows upon want of understanding. Children

Forget What They Learn

unless they understand it. They may pass the School Board standards, and yet in a few years they may know very little. The capacity for forgetting in some children is amazing. Many even among grown-up people have splendid memories for forgetting. Alas! it is the case with certain of the Lord's people. That which we do not understand we readily forget. Mercies should be remembered. It is a great wrong to God when we bury his mercies in the grave of unthankfulness.

"They remembered not the multitude of thy mercies." That is to say, they did not remember these blessings permanently. They remembered the Lord's wonders a little, and then they sang; but when the song was over, their memories failed.

Hutton, Bishop of Durham,

was riding over the hills. He stopped, and, giving his horse to his servant, he went aside from the road to kneel down on a certain spot. He always did so when he reached that place: for in the day of his wealth and honor he had not forgotten that when he was a poor boy he had crossed those wild hills, without shoes and stockings, and had turned a cow out of her place that he might warm his feet with what little heat remained in the place where the creature had lain. He had become bishop of a rich see, and a man of renown; but he never passed that spot without kneeling down and praising God. May we have faithful memories for the goodness of our God!

They did not remember practically. Their lives were not affected thereby. True gratitude shows itself in acts and deeds. A gentleman had been the means of making a position for a tradesman; and by a misfortune he came to be himself in want of immediate help to tide over a season of great pressure. He called at the house of the person he had so successfully helped, and found the wife at home. He told her the case, and she answered at once, "My husband will be ready to lend you his name to the full amount required. He will hasten to you the moment you need him."

A Prudent Neighbor

afterward said, "But you may have to pay away all you have in the world." "Yes," said the grateful wife, "we do not mind that: he was the making of us; and if we have to lose everything for his sake, we shall do it very cheerfully, for we shall only be back to where we were when he first helped us." That is a form of gratitude which is rare enough in this world, though I have seen it here and there. Beloved, if the Lord were to take all away that we have, we should only be back where we were at the beginning.

In fact, the Lord's mercies ought to be remembered progressively. We should think more and more of his exceeding kindness. A Christian man's life should be like another Bible, and other Book of Chronicles. On our parts, sin and weakness and ficklenes; have been conspicuous in our career but on the Lord's part, grace and truth, and faithfulness and love, shine forth as the sun. Beloved, we must not let go the memory of the Lord's matchless kindness; but we must remember it more and more. The older we are, the more must we trust in him, who has not suffered one of his promises to fail.

III. I want a little time for the third head, which is, provocation followed their forgetfulness of God. Want of understanding begat forgetfulness, and forgetfulness brought forth rebellion. This imputation of cruelty to their faithful God provoked his sacred heart. The Lord is very pitiful, and his name is love, and therefore he is not easily provoked; but he declares that he was provoked by this

Display of Their Mistrust.

O brothers and sisters, after so much love as God has shown us, we must not fall to provoking him; let us far rather spend our lives in extolling him! To provoke him at any time is a wanton wickedness—unjust, ungenerous, diabolical. It is no common sin which thus provokes the long-suffering Lord. Let us shun this fault in the future.

But why did their transgression at the sea so greatly anger the Lord? Was it because it came at the outset of their existence as a nation? They had not gone many days' journey out of Egypt before they rebelled. How could they rebel so soon? They had scarcely reached the Red Sea before they began provoking the Lord with their dishonorable suspicions. O young Christian, if you provoke the Lord as soon as you are converted, your conduct will be black indeed.

To doubt the power of the blood of Christ when you have newly been saved to doubt the power of the Holy Ghost to keep you to the end when you have just been renewed—why, this is aggravated guilt! It is sadly common, but it is none the less grievous to the heart of God. He marks it down, and there stands the record — "They provoked him at the sea, even at the Red sea." This is a poor beginning of

A March to Canaan.

I must give one or two touches to complete the picture. This provocation of God was all the worse because they had only just done singing. What a song it was! Handel with all the majesty of his half-inspired music, can hardly set forth that wondrous song of Israel at the sea. "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." That was a noble anthem; but murmuring was a miserable sequel to it. "The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation," died away into mutterings of unbelief. Do you wonder that God was provoked? Have you ever acted so? Have you felt so jubilant that you could have snatched Gabriel's silver trumpet from his mouth that you might blow it with all your might, and have you before long been looking for a mousehole in which to hide your miserable head by reason of your unbelief? What fools we are!

Two Lessons.

Two things more, and I have done. Admire the patient faithfulness of our God. Jehovah, though provoked, still loves his people. Admire his love to ourselves; and especially that he should entertain such constancy of affection toward such wayward, fickle, unreliable souls as we are!

Next, believe God so as to cease to grieve him. Do not start aside at the next little puddle you see in the road: it is not an ocean. Doubt God when he gives you cause to do so; but not till then. O thou blessed Holy Spirit, strengthen the faith of thy people this day, and may that faith create in us perfect obedience to the will of the Lord, so that henceforth we may magnify his holy name, and walk with him until we see his face unveiled above! Amen.

THY WAY.

THY way, not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me,
I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God!
So I shall walk aright.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

UNCLE JOHN is Papa's brother. He has been a great traveller in his time and has seen many countries and strange peoples. To listen to his wonderful stories in the evenings is the delight of the children.

"Uncle John," said Ted, who had heard his father read something the day previous, "what is a locust?"

"A locust is a sort of grasshopper," answered his uncle, taking the little fellow upon his knee. "Men who study what is called entomology, that is the science of insect life, say that the locust is an orthopterous insect."

"A what?" exclaimed the children in chorus.

"An insect or small animal which has feathery wings and flies straight. Its wings are very pretty, seen under a microscope, and are of the same texture all over. When a locust hasn't any use for them he shuts them up."

"How does he do it?" interrupted fair-haired Milly, in open-eyed wonder.

"Why, he folds them just as mamma folds your dress, only he doesn't take them off. He can't, you see. They are made like a fan and so when he shuts them up, they don't take up much room on his back. They are very delicate, too, and he always carries a cover for them."

"Does he shut the cover up, too?" asked Ted.

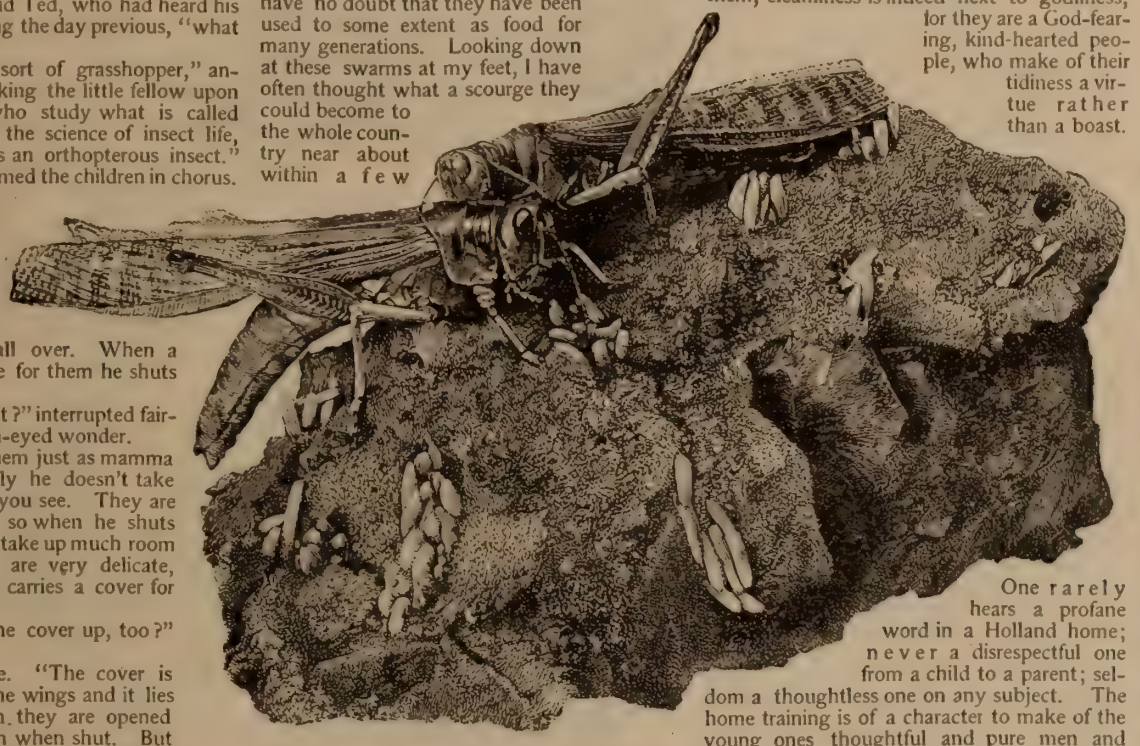
"No," said Uncle. "The cover is much smaller than the wings and it lies between them when they are opened and slides over them when shut. But his mouth is the most wonderful part of the locust. It enables him to eat every green thing in his path and the countries through which the locusts pass are sometimes swept of every bit of green, not a leaf or spear of grass being left."

"Where do they come from and why are they so hungry?" asked the inquisitive Ted.

"The locust is known in almost every tropical country," replied Uncle John, "although I have seen them in the greatest numbers in Arabia. They never work in the night time, as they are then chilled by the dews; but the moment the sun rises, the locusts are busy and begin to destroy. Occasionally the sky will be darkened with the swarms of these insects, and the crops will be all eaten up, so that the natives must starve, unless they find relief. I read that the oases, or green places where trees and grass grow, in the Arabian desert, south of Tunis and Algeria, have been picked bare by the locusts and that those fierce fellows, the Touaregs, who are the worst robbers and marauders in North Africa, are packing up to come north, to escape starvation. Their crops are all gone and there is no longer any grazing for their horses and dromedaries. The locusts are leaving the oases as bare as the desert itself. A little while ago, a French traveller and botanist who happen to be overtaken by fatigue while in the suburbs of an Algerian town, fell asleep. While he slept, a swarm of locusts passed, lighting on him and awaking him. He rose, tried to drive them off, but they were so thick he was almost suffocated. Finally, he fell, overcome by his exertions. When found he was dying, and the locusts had eaten off nearly all his clothing and even his hair and beard."

"Are the dromedaries afraid of them, Uncle John?" said one of the children.

"Yes; the moment they hear the whirr of the wings they are terror-stricken. The Arabian locust is about as long as my finger and of a reddish-brown color. I have seen them eaten after being fried, although, I confess, I never felt a craving for such a dish. But the Arabs seemed to like them, and besides, you know, the Bible tells us that John the Baptist, Christ's forerunner, lived in the wilderness on locusts and wild honey. Now, right on the borders of Palestine, I have been struck with the immense numbers of young locusts that lay thickly heaped on these desert footpaths, to be crushed by the broad feet of our camels. Sometimes they are so thick that the ground is unseen where they lie. The Arabs catch them in sheets and bags, and I have no doubt that they have been used to some extent as food for many generations. Looking down at these swarms at my feet, I have often thought what a scourge they could become to the whole country near about within a few days. What they do not eat they infect with their breath. They die by millions and poison the air, causing a pestilence. So you see how great an evil may come out of a little thing."



THE ARABIAN LOCUST AND ITS LARVÆ. (EGGS.)

Locusts are frequently mentioned in the Bible (see Exodus 1: 4; Deut. 28: 42; Psalm 78: 46; Chron. 7: 13), and generally as an agent of destruction. In the illustration, types of the locust now ravaging the crops of Algeria are shown; also the larvæ or eggs of the insect which are deposited on the earth in large numbers, thousands sometimes occupying less than the space of a square inch.

* * *

Girl Home-Makers.

WHILE the love of home is strong in all children, it is far more prominently developed in girls than boys. From the day she emerges from babyhood, the girl may be regarded as a home-maker. It is an instinct. With her dolls and doll-houses, she essays the first steps at house-keeping, and as she grows bigger it is the wildest dream of her ambition to be allowed by mamma to make up the beds or cook something that is really to be eaten. The evolution from mud pies to real veritable pastry is gradual but sure, and long before she enters her teens, if she is a bright girl, she can cook a simple dish. Her childish kindergarden lessons at housekeeping have not been learned in vain.

By and by she throws more intelligence into her household work and has her reward in the smiling approval of father or mother. But however much of a housekeeper she may prove to be, or however excellent a cook, that dear, delightful conviction of childhood can never be dispelled; she can *never*, NEVER, cook like mother! There is no voice so sweet in song, or so soft in chiding; no prayer so tender at night, no kiss so comforting as mother's. And when the little woman grows into a household and cares of her own, it is the memory of that gentle mother, and how *she* would have done certain things, and borne patiently under domestic trials, that lightens the young wife's burdens. Happy child, with a mother whose training has made of her a home-maker in the best sense of the word—one who is herself able to guide the little feet heavenward and to train the tender hearts below for home-keeping in the blessed mansions above!

* * *

Home Customs in Holland.

"IN the household, as well as elsewhere" writes a traveler, "things seem to go by opposites in Holland. The main entrance is by the back door; the sleds, such as our young folks use in winter, are used only in summer and instead of being pulled over the ice they are sent bumping by the little Dutch boys and girls over the street causeway. The big clocks, instead of striking the hour, chime it, playing part of some popular air. Mirrors hang outside of the houses and pincushions are hung by the door leading to the street.

But, in spite of all these and many other oddities, Holland is the cleanest country on the earth. There the housewives scrub even the bricks that form the sidewalks till they shine again. The linen is spotless, the interior of every cottage is as bright as silver. With them, cleanliness is indeed next to godliness, for they are a God-fearing, kind-hearted people, who make of their tidiness a virtue rather than a boast. One rarely hears a profane word in a Holland home; never a disrespectful one from a child to a parent; seldom a thoughtless one on any subject. The home training is of a character to make of the young ones thoughtful and pure men and women, who can enjoy the wholesome, innocent pleasures of life without partaking of its sinful frivolities."

* * *

About Trifles.

TRIFLES may be either all-important or unimportant, according to circumstances. Life and death may hang upon what would commonly be regarded as a mere trifle. It is of the seemingly unimportant trifles we would say a word at present; those dust-motes that rise in the social atmosphere of the Home and sometimes occasion serious quarrels.

Everybody knows the fable of the married pair who separated because they could not agree on the momentous question whether a certain mouse, that ran across the kitchen floor, came out of a hole by the ingle or a crevice beside the pantry. Both insisted and both denied. Weeks later, when they realized their folly and agreed to live amicably again, an unlucky reference to the same silly difference brought on another jar and this time they quarreled more bitterly than before.

The hasty word, spoken thoughtlessly, may seem a trifle, but it rankles in the heart and wrecks the home. Christian grace and a little common-sense would avoid these shoals and quicksands. The "grown-ups" should see to it that the little folks are early taught the importance of trifles and the evil of trivial disagreements. A sweet temper and mutual forbearance will go far toward keeping the family sky serene.

Michael Angelo, had finished a statue. He touched and retouched it, softening this feature and polishing that, and bringing out the expression. "These are trifles," said a thoughtless friend. "Ah, it may be so," replied Angelo, "but trifles will make the statue perfect."

TEACH THE CHILDREN TO SING.

"DO you sing at home?" asked a gentleman of his neighbor.

"Sing?" replied the latter, "well—I can't say we do. You see, when I come home evenings, I am tired and then my wife has been busy all day long and she's tired, too; so really there's little chance for singing with us."

"But the children—don't they sing for you occasionally?"

"Bless you, no. I'm glad to see them off to bed so the house may be quiet."

"You miss a great pleasure," said his friend. "I don't know anything that affords us more real enjoyment at our house than to hear the children sing of an evening. We have come to regard our little concert as indispensable to the family happiness. I know, too, that mother takes a keen delight in leading them in the old tunes she used to sing when a girl. Occasionally a neighbor comes in and joins us. And frequently we have an evening of sacred song, which seems to sweeten the whole of the next day to us all. Take my word for it, a child will neither fret nor quarrel nor be sleepy when there is singing. Music, more than anything else in the world, lifts the childish heart to its Maker."

Whittier, one of the sweetest of poets, is a lover of child song. He writes, of the singing of his own little nephews and neices:

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe I listen
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of Heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

* * *

Warm-hearted People.

IT is a pleasure to meet and to know a warm-hearted man or woman. There are some cold-blooded, narrow souls who take little interest in anything that does not immediately affect their own welfare; they seem to have been born beyond the Arctic zone, so tardily do they thaw out. Some indeed, are always frigid, like those icy streams we read of as running under the earth, and whose silent waters never catch a glimpse of the sun nor mirror the blue of the sky. But there are others who bring with them the sunshine and the smile of a kindly affectionate heart wherever they go. These are the unselfish ones, who find their own lives sweetened and their labor lightened by helping others. In the family, a helpful loving brother or sister is a jewel and a source of delight. No cold barrier prevents the expression of that love which overflows in the heart and springs to the lips and eyes. Such an one make the atmosphere sunny even on the dullest day.

* * *

Farmers' Wives' Trials.

MRS. H. W. H., of Gales Ferry, Conn., writes to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD as follows: "When I read of the hardships of our working women, I smile and wonder if among all the 60,000, there is one who would be willing to change her lot in the city for a good home in the country, on a farm. I almost doubt it. I have been trying for over three months to find some one to help me. A gentleman, who undertook to get us a servant girl from Castle Garden, said 'the very poorest one among them would not look at you for less than $12 per month, and they don't want to go into the country.' Now, poor farmers cannot afford to pay such wages and they must go without help. We live on a farm very near a Methodist Church and school house, with neighbors close by."

From several other quarters, we also hear of a dearth of female servants, particularly in rural districts. The fact seems to be that young girls, who could find good places in homes, prefer to stay in the city and work in the shops or even in factories—resolutely keeping what they call their "independence," rather than submit to the dictation of domestic service. Doubtless, many of them find out their mistake later. Meanwhile a healthy influx of vigorous young women into the rural districts would be a boon to the overworked farmers' wives.

A lady in Oxford, Mass., writes in glowing terms of her success in rural life and of the pleasure she enjoys by contrast with her former life in the city. "I own two cows and seventy fowls and have just taken a house, which I hope soon, God willing, to pay for. It is a nice little cottage. We are far better off than if I had attempted to live the life of a sewing-girl in the crowded houses of New York or Brooklyn. I have given up many advantages but have in their places plenty of pure air and wholesome food."

The Bible And the Newspaper

A POSTHUMOUS NOTE of hand has given rise to a lawsuit on which a New York Court passed judgment last week. More than twenty years ago the daughter of a wealthy farmer was married. As part of her dowry he gave her husband a promissory note which read as follows: "Thirty days after death I promise to pay ——— fifteen hundred dollars with interest." About two years ago the farmer died, and his son-in-law presented his claim to the executors. They refused to pay, on the ground, amongst others, that the form of the note was defective, and that the farmer had undertaken the payment of the note himself, not making it an order on his executors. Judgment was given for the plaintiff by the court into which he carried it, and the decision has now been confirmed by the Court of Appeals. The decision is clearly right, the farmer having intended his executors to pay, though he did not say so. He knew he could not pay the note himself, though there are debts which men incur during life that they will have to pay themselves after death. The fact is often forgotten when the debt is incurred. (1 Peter 4: 4, 5.)

* * *

THE THIRD postponement of a wedding caused some surprise in Louisville, Ky., recently. A lady, well known in the city and a popular belle, has been engaged for some time to a young man whom she chose from among a number of admirers. It was given out that they were to be married on a certain evening in the Presbyterian Church. A large crowd assembled at the time appointed and the minister attended, but there was neither bride nor bridegroom. After waiting two hours the minister went home and the people dispersed. The minister then told a reporter of the *Courier-Journal* that he had been twice before engaged to perform the ceremony. On the first occasion it was fixed to take place at his house but the couple did not come. The next day after that, the young man called upon him and apologized and appointed another evening for the wedding. Neither did they keep that appointment, but again the young man called and said they had decided to be married in the church on the following evening. The notice was short, but the church was decorated with flowers and all was ready, but a third time the couple failed to appear. No reason had been assigned for the failure in either instance and the minister was unable to account for it. Whatever may have been the cause, both parties seem to have been cognisant of it, if they were not equally responsible. In that union of which marriage is a type the failure is always on one side only. Christ stands waiting to receive those who come to him, but many who make repeated promises postpone union with him and never fulfil them. (Hosea 11: 1-4.)

* * *

A DIMINISHED party of prospectors has arrived at Chilcott, in Alaska. The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that several weeks ago a large party set out to explore the valley of the Yukon for prospecting purposes; They met with no success, but, being reluctant to return with a confession of failure, they continued their quest until their provisions were nearly exhausted. When they did set out on their homeward journey every man was put on short rations and even then the supply of food soon failed. They became too weak to drag their boat, so they abandoned it and proceeded on foot. Cold and hungry they plodded on until they reached a region in which they were molested with noxious flies, like huge mosquitoes which stung their faces. Several of the party were so badly stung and their faces so swollen that they could not see. One after another sank down exhausted and died. The others, growing less in number every day, dragged along, no longer seeking precious metals but food. All would have died if they had not providentially found a quantity of dried salmon which they ate like famished wolves. Before that, no man had touched food for a week. This nourishment revived their spirits and pushing on they reached Chilcott, but in a most deplorable condition. One of the survivors suffered so much in the horrors of that dreadful journey that his hair, which was brown when he started, is now as white as snow. They must have bitterly regretted protracting their prospecting search so long, and overlooking the fact that food was more essential to them than gold. It sometimes happens in the press of business life that men make an analagous blunder. Riches seem to be the supreme good, but there comes to all a time when everything is worthless but food for the soul. (1 Timothy 6: 10.)

* * *

A WOODSMAN'S narrow escape from a violent death is reported in a press dispatch from Williamsport, Penn. A man living in the Black Forest near to the region which was ravaged by fire in the spring, started out to his work accompanied by his young daughter. Although the locality is now infested with wild animals which fled from the fire, the man neglected to take any arms with him. They had not proceeded more than half a mile when they encountered a bear with three cubs. She instantly attacked the man with such vigor and promptitude that he lost his presence of mind and dropped his axe in his effort to escape. His daughter knew there was a bark-peeler's hut at a distance of a quarter of a mile farther up the mountain. She ran thither at her fastest speed to get assistance. Happily some of the men were in the hut and they hurried with her to the scene of conflict. They were not a moment too soon, for the bear had caught the woodsman and was tearing the clothes off him with her claws. They attacked the bear with their axes and killed her. The man was much bruised and lacerated but will recover from his wounds. Such a lesson as that the woodsman is not likely to forget. Knowing his danger by painful experience he will not leave his weapons at home when he ventures into the forest. It would be well if Christians would be similarly cautious when they go into the world where they may be assailed by the enemy of souls. They have weapons at their command, but just now, some appear to be inclined to dispense with the very effective one which is provided for them—"the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." (Eph. 6: 17).

* * *

THE GOLDEN GOPHER is thus described by a naturalist who recently visited Wyoming and found many specimens of the species in a chasm quaintly named by the early settlers "The devil's bite." The animal, he says, is very much like an ordinary rat in shape and its body is of the same color, but on its back is a stripe of brilliant yellow and its tail is of the same color. This tail is fifteen inches in length—more than three times as long as the gopher and is continually in action; which has no apparent purpose except that of display. That the little animal is vainglorious of its tail there is but little room for doubt, for he has been seen to wrap it many times around his tiny body, transposing himself into a ball like burnished bullion, and then roll over and over, seemingly in perfect joy and delight." As the naturalist appears to have killed the animals whenever he could, while not troubling himself to kill the ordinary rat, it is evident that the brilliant tail of which the gopher is so proud, was frequently the cause of its losing its life. A still worse fate often befalls men who glory in their golden possessions. They preserve their lives but having made gold their god they lose their souls. (Mark 10: 24.)

* * *

THE CURIOUS influence of hymns on cattle was described by a ranchman of New Mexico to a traveller who visited the Territory recently and witnessed the singular phenomenon. He said that the heaviest losses a ranchman has, come from stampedes of the cattle. When a lot of cattle are gathered up there is always danger of a night stampede. The signs of an approaching stampede are familiar to every man who has been much on the trail. First a few cattle will begin to low, or rather to utter a sort of roar. All through the herd single animals will get up and begin to move around. The others become restless, and if something is not done to check them the whole herd will within a short time be rushing headlong over the plain. The most soothing influence that can be exerted is the human voice, and when these ominous mutterings are heard, everyone on night watch begins to sing. As soon as songs are heard the nervous animals become quiet, one by one they lie down, and soon all are at rest. A peculiar feature of the singing is that every cowboy, no matter how rough and lawless, knows a varety of hymns, and it is with church music that the stampede is prevented. It is much to be wished that men who are disposed to rush headlong into sin could be similarly restrained. But unhappily, as Elihu said, they are apt to forget to inquire, "Where is God my maker who giveth songs in the night, who teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth?" (Job. 35: 10-11.)

HOW LITTLE NAN CAME BACK TO THE GOOD PEOPLE AT ROCK HILL.

NO hotter spring was ever known in Western Missouri. Old Eben Bowditch, whom the good people of the little village of Rock Hill had always regarded as the best weather prophet in that section of the state, said it felt "jist like real tornado weather, with th' wind like as not ter git its back up all of a suddint and do somethin' wild." For Rock Hill, taking counsel from past experience, had learned to guard against the dreaded visitor. Since the great gale of 187—, however, when Deacon Thomas' brindle cow was lifted up and carried "clean out of sight—nobody knowed whar," there had been no extraordinary visitation.

At the close of a sultry day in June, Mollie Kendall, the eldest daughter of Tom Kendall, a well-to-do farmer, sat in the little porch tending baby Nan, and watching the glowing colors of a vivid sunset. It was a pretty porch, too, overrun with flowers trained by Mollie's skilful hand, for she was reputed to be one of the smartest girls in all Rock Hill, either at tending house or about the garden. Nan was frolicking about to her heart's content on the grass plat in front of the house, screaming with delight as she viewed the antics of a pet rabbit which she tried vainly to catch, as it leaped around and sat off a little, sloping back its long, white ears and gazing at the child contemplatively from its big eyes.

Suddenly Mollie looked up and her face flushed. Her quick ear had caught the sound of hoof-beats coming down the steep hill road and she surmised who the rider might be. A moment or two later, a spirited bay, ridden by a young man, came across the bridge. Drawing rein as he cantered up to the gate, the rider gallantly saluted the girl by lifting his hat, displaying a face browned with the sun but prepossessingly frank and intelligent in expression.

"Evenin', Miss Mollie," he said gayly. "How's the mother an' the folks?"

"Well, thank'ee Martin," replied the girl, shyly. "Been gone far to-day?"

"No; only as far as Rushville. Been tryin' to get back before the weather clouds up, for it looks kinder squally an' I want to git the stock in."

"Any news over to Rushville, Martin?" asked the girl, with a woman's curiosity.

"Yes, some. They're goin' to have a fair there at the church, an' I thought, Mollie, it wouldn't come amiss if you was to go over with me—that is, if ye would feel like it, say on Thursday evenin'."

Pretty Mollie said nothing for a moment.

"I know as Father Kendall don't like his daughter to be runnin' much after other church fairs, but seein' that my brother is to have the thing in charge, I thought you might like to have me bring around the carryall and take you and mother Kendall over for an hour."

"I'll tell her about it, to-night, Martin."

"All right, Mollie; she'll say yes, never fear, and if need be I'll see Tom Kendall about it myself. Hi! hi! little one," he cried out to Nan, who had caught the rabbit and was executing a war dance, holding on to one of its hind legs, while the little pet tried to escape, "better let bunny go, or he'll think your worse nor a cyclone. By-by, Mollie," and with a wave of his hand and a parting smile, he dashed off down the road.

Mollie resumed her sewing which had been interruptedby the conversation. A few minutes later there was a call from within.

"Mollie! come here."

She entered obediently. Mrs. Kendall was laying a snowy cloth on the hard-wood table and making preparations for the evening meal.

"Wasn't that Mart Blake, who stopped on the road a moment since?"

Mollie admitted that it was, and she told her mother about the proposition to drive over to Rushville the following Thursday.

"Well, I'm not so sure about it," said the cautious dame. "Seems to me Martin is poking around here a good deal, when he might be busy on his own place. Not that he isn't a likely young man, but you know your father don't take to him very kindly. But we'll see about it. I do wish Tom would come home," she added, going to the window and looking out anxiously. "He's later than usual to-night."

At this moment, the stifling calm of the atmosphere was rudely broken and a gust of wind shook the farmhouse. A second and third followed in rapid succession, and then there burst upon the dwelling a roar so sudden and terrifying, that the women stood still in dismay. The windows rattled, the air grew black and the building rocked and swayed as though it had been grasped in the hands of some gigantic force that threatened momentarily to demolish it.

"Nan! Oh, Nan!" shrieked Mrs. Kendall, making a dash for the door, followed by her trembling daughter.

As they lifted the latch, the wind tore the door from their hands and slammed it wide open with such violence as to throw them backward. Outside all was blackness. The little patch of lawn was invisible; the porch creaked and seemed ready to fall about their ears.

"Nan! Nan!" they called to the darkness. But there was no response. Now the wind had risen, in these few minutes to the violence of a full gale, and above all was heard—nay, felt, in the trembling and quivering of the solid ground beneath their feet—the dreaded warning of the approach of that most terrible of all visitors, the tornado!

Both women clung to the frail door-posts and looked at each others white faces, which they could barely distinguish by the flickering light from the kitchen.

"God have mercy! Spare my child!" cried Mrs. Kendall in agonizing tones.

A prayer rose to Mollie's lips which was but half uttered when the crash came. The tornado, blacker than all the surrounding darkness, closed in upon the little home. Timbers creaked as though they had been made of paper and held with pins; the air was full of debris, whirling and shrieking and crashing, as it rained on the roof and sides of the farmhouse. A hissing sound, like a mighty steam-escape, came from the vortex of the great cone of clouds which, like an inverted funnel whirling around on its centre with inconceivable rapidity, sucked up all that lay in its path.

At last there came a burst of fury stronger than any that had preceded it, and the mother and daughter were flung to the ground, where they lay bruised and unconscious.

An hour late Tom Kendall bending over them and bathing their white faces with water from the well. His own face was tear-stained, for he had already surmised the worst about Nan. Yet he dared not ask his poor wife about the child, lest he should precipitate an even worse disaster.

"My baby! My little Nan!" faintly cried Mrs. Kendall, as soon as she regained consciousness.

Amid broken interjections by Mollie, who was now sitting up beside her, she told her husband how the storm had caught them and how little Nan was outside when it broke on them in all its violence. Tom Kendall groaned aloud. He had had enough experience with Western tornadoes to know how hopeless it was, for even a strong man, to do battle with them, much less a child. A great, heart-rending sob shook him as he thought of the fate of his little darling, caught up in the arms of the monster.

There was a knock at the door and a neighbor—Mr. Mallett, who lived down the road half a mile or so—came in, stepping softly. He, too, had heard the roar and the rush of the giant winds as they tore past his dwelling; but, fortunately for his household, the building was just outside the track of the tornado. Scarce two hundred yards distant, however, he could trace its devastating path. It led straight for the Kendall's and, with a neighborly solicitude, he had come to see whether they needed assistance.

Tom turned a despairing face to his visitor.

"Baby's gone!" he exclaimed, in a husky whisper.

"What! Little Nan?" cried Mallett, horror-stricken, as he started up. "Friend Kendall, I'll rouse the Hill and we'll s'arch till daylight for little Nan. God save her, poor dear!"

"Heaven bless ye, Mallett," was all Kendall could answer, as he turned again to his prostrate ones.

True to his promise, in less than half an hour, Will Mallett had organised a search party and, with lanterns, they scattered and began a thorough hunt in the neighboring woods and fields for the missing one. They were joined by Kendall himself, who seemed almost insane with grief at the affliction that had befallen his home. For miles along the track of the storm they searched, but unavailingly.

One by one, the searchers abandoned hope. Doubtless the child was dead, they urged; even if found, it was impossible that she could have lived through it. And with averted faces they spoke to each other in whispers, lest Kendall should hear them. They could not bear to see the father's set lips and white despairing face, as he urged the search forward.

"ANY NEWS OVER TO RUSHVILLE, MARTIN?" ASKED THE GIRL.

Daylight had tinged the trees and the stars were beginning to fade above Rock Hill, when the weary searchers heard a commotion far behind them. There were women with arms waving, their forms outlined against the dim sky, and their voices faintly heard on the wind. It was clear that something had happened and the search party turned back.

"They've found her!" cried the foremost of the group of women as they came up.

Kendall's heart stood still. Hope for a moment revived in his breast; but no—it was all over!

But he was hurried along by the strong arms of Mallett and other neighbors, and soon they reached the door of his own home. What strange sight was this? There, in front of the demolished porch, sat his wife, white and weak, but happy with a smiling face and beside her stood Mollie. And by Mollie's side was tall Mart Blake with Nan in his arms.

It was all made clear in a twinkling. Mart had come over an hour ago, and was about to start off to join the search party, having first called at the farm-house, when his attention was attracted by hearing the faint cry of a child among a clump of bushes that overhung the dry bed of a stream at the foot of the lawn, scarce twenty yards from the Kendall's door. He went over and, after a few minutes search, found Nan snugly tucked away in a nook no one would ever have dreamed of exploring, for it was off the line of search.

And there lay Nan, all scratched and blistered by being tossed unceremoniously into such strange quarters, so different from the snowy cot into which she had been tucked every night of her life. No gentle hand had thrown her there, either. Still grasping Bunny, her playmate, she had been caught up by one of those swirling gusts that preceded the awful blasts of the tornado, and had by it been tossed aside. There she had lain for hours. And now, when Mart Blake found her, she was trying in vain to sit up and coax Bunny to wiggle his ears. Alas! They would wiggle for his little mistress no more.

When Mart finished, Tom Kendall kissed little Nan and then knelt down feebly by his wife's knee.

"Neighbors," he said, with strong emotion, "let's thank the good God for his providence. Nan's come back by a miracle—no less! 'Pears to me I can't thank you all enough fur your kindness to us, and as fur you, Mart Blake," he added, rising, "next to God we owe you little Nan's life.

"No more o' that, Tom," said Mart, putting his big brown hand on the kneeling man's shoulder. "'T'was the 'Almighty took care 'o Nan. His hand put her out of the way o' the storm where we found her.'"

At the next Sunday forenoon service at the white church in Rock Hill, there was a special thanksgiving, for everybody in the village knew and loved little Nan. The Kendall's were all there, smiling and happy, and alongside of Mollie sat Mart Blake, probably the happiest man in all Rock Hill.

At the foot of Kendall's lawn in Rock Hill, there is a little white wooden slab, placed there by Nan's playmates, the children of the village, who love to come and sport about there in the summer afternoons. Beneath the wooden slab lies Bunny, and every year, in the season of blossoms, it is strewn with flowers.

"COME AND SEE."

THE Christian Endeavor Topic for the week beginning July 12, is fraught with a double suggestion. The woman of Samaria urging her people to "come and see" Jesus, (John: 4 28-38.) suggests the kind of message and the character of the testimony every Christian ought to proclaim. The fact that the priests, perplexed by the conduct of Peter and John and at a loss to account for the boldness and fidelity of "unlearned and ignorant men," found a clue to the mystery in their association with Jesus (Acts 4: 13) suggests the kind of life every Christian ought to live.

The woman's cry is the one effective appeal to an indifferent and captious world. "Come, and see:" they who see Jesus in all his beauty of life, and character believe on him, love him, obey him. Come and see him! in him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; a man of infinite tenderness, kind to the unthankful and the evil; a man meek under affront and contumely, patient in suffering, strong under temptation, victorius in conflict; triumphant over death. Come and see him! Why do we hold his the dearest name on earth? Why is he more to us than father or mother? Why have men laid down their lives rather than deny him? Why do men quit home and native land to live lives of hardship and privation with no other reward than his approval? Why do the learned and the ignorant, the rich and the poor enroll themselves under his banner? To all questions about him we have but one answer—"Come and see." To the sinful he gives pardon; to the despairing, hope; to the weary, rest; to the weak, strength; to the dying, the assurance of endless life. Theologians dispute over abstruse doctrines, churches quarrel over creeds, conflicts are endless over ordinances and ceremonies, and the perplexity grows. Then come and see Jesus. The living Lord is what the world needs to-day. Personal love of him, personal consecration in his service, personal fealty to his rule would heal the wounds, relieve the burdens of humanity.

Then, "Come and see" what he has done in the lives of his people. We have less confidence in giving that invitation. We are poor material to work with. That he has done so much with such unpromising subjects is a marvellous evidence of his power. It is a poor spectacle, but still, "come and see." Here is a drunkard relieved of the bondage of appetite and he ascribes his rescue to the keeping power of Jesus. Here is an impure man cleansed of his pollution, a criminal leading an honest life, a passionate man with his temper subdued, a quarrelsome pugnacious man manifesting forbearance and magnanimity. All imperfect still, but ever striving after higher attainments and all praising him for past victories and relying on his help for the future. There has been a revolution in the man. If he yields to his besetting sin now it is after a struggle, or when taken unawares, and he mourns over his fall. Before, he was a willing victim and had no remorse. He has ceased to grow worse, and however slowly, he is growing better. Seeing him after an interval we recognize progress. He is not what we might wish him to be, but he is not the more degraded being that at one time he appeared likely to be. The trend is upward, as before it was downward. There is a new influence at work—"the power that makes for righteousness." We take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

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A CHRIST-LIKE WORK.

IN Louisville, Ky., the King's Daughters have for some time past been doing a work of the most Christ-like kind, which now promises to grow into an important institution. Miss Jennie Cassedy, who has been for twenty-seven years a helpless invalid, has the honor of suggesting it. She persuaded the order in her city to hire a trained nurse for the sick, who should visit any home she knew of where there was some poor person sick and in need of help. She was supplied with clean linen, surgical instruments, bandages, etc. A small supply of money was given to her to be used in buying suitable food for persons needing food more than medicine, and she began her work. The lady—Miss Eva Buxton, has her time fully occupied. She is welcomed in many homes where invalids are necessarily left alone all day, owing to those who love them and would gladly stay home and nurse them, being compelled by hard fortune to labor away from home all day, toiling for themselves and the invalid at home. She is able to give advice to poor people who have to act as nurses to members of their families, and are without experience. The adjustment of a bandage, the arrangement of a mechanical support is beyond their power, and Miss Buxton shows them how to give the relief, or does it with her own hands. So great is the good accomplished, and so successful are the King's Daughters in collecting stores for the use of the nurse that it is now proposed to open an infirmary and extend the movement in all directions. May God speed the effort. These King's Daughters have the spirit of their King, and a day will come when they will hear him say, "I was sick and ye ministered unto me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

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THE USE OF THE BADGE.

SOME timely words to King's Daughters, on the significance of the badge, are uttered by Mrs. Bottome in *The Silver Cross*. "This is an age," she says, "when too much reverence is not our failing, and through all our ranks the cross we wear—the Holy Name by which we are called—should mean more and more to us as the solemn significance of our relationship sinks more and more into our souls." It appears that Mrs. Bottome has noticed some members of the order wearing the little silver cross with the letters "I. H. N" upon it, on their bangles. This was some time ago and Mrs. Bottome by a look and a word showed them their mistake. She now reminds all the members that the Cross or the purple ribbon is to be worn distinctly as a badge. "If you tie your collar with purple ribbon," she adds, "or put on purple ribbon as a convenience, it will hardly be considered by those who see it, as a token of membership in any society whatever." There is good reason for such words. The Order is so popular, and its members are so highly esteemed in Christian circles that no one need be ashamed of having it known that they belong to it. Let them show their colors and not attempt to compromise by wearing something that in some company will be considered a token of membership and in other company an ornament of no religious significance.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN ITALY.

BISHOP WALDEN gives a cheering report to the *Epworth Herald* of the introduction of the Epworth League into Italy. He attended one of the first meetings during his recent visit, at the house of Rev. Dr. Burt, the Superintendent of the Italian Mission in Rome. He says: "The programe consisted of literary and musical exercises. It being in Italy I was not surprised that music had the prominent part. I was surprised at the talent that the young people had enlisted, and at the creditable part they took themselves in the varied exercises. About fifty persons were seated and a number more were present. During an intermission after half the programme had been rendered, some refreshments were served, which gave the whole ceremony a very pleasant social occasion. A number present were not members of the Methodist Church, but were thus brought into pleasant relations with the young members, a bright and happy company; and these young members became all the more interested in the spiritual well-being of their guests. This public meeting of the league may differ from those in America, but the purpose is the same, and I am satisfied the results will honor the Saviour. This busy and enthusiastic band of young workers presents one of the most hopeful features of the mission work in Rome. Its success will no donbt lead to similar organizations at other points as fast as they can be made."

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

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(*Continued from page 399*)

"Mr. Murray Makes an Offer."

WHEN Mr. Murray was informed by the schoolmaster that Robert was only the adopted child of Captain Ezekiel Allen, the desire of the Superintendent to possess him was stimulated. The day might come when the Allens could be persuaded to give him up. Or, some day the boy might be brought to realize the advantages he could receive as the adopted son of the rich man, and so elect to forsake his foster-parents. Mr. Murray was a man of long ideas : he could plan far off toward an end. He continued his kindness to Robert, saw him whenever he could,and carefully acquainted himself with Captain Allen's affairs.

The six weeks each summer when the Allens were away on the barge *Fair-Weather* were long and tedious weeks to Mr. Murray ; he pined for a sight of Robert's handsome face.

His presents continued. Robert had the best knife of any boy in the school. He had a nice little pocket-book, though in truth it was seldom that he had more than a cent in it—for Mr. Murray never gave him money. Money was to be the culminating bribe to the growing lad, who had been taught by want to know its worth. Robert had a box of pens and pencils; he had a book-strap ; he might have had a handsome suit of clothes.

"If you will come with me to Lacy, my lad," said the Superintendent, "I'll buy you a new suit, all blue cloth and gilt buttons."

But Robert shook his head resolutely.

"What's the matter? Don't you want new clothes?"

"No, sir. I don't want to be dressed better than the rest of them. I don't want blue clothes and brass buttons, when my father and mother and Pink don't have new things."

Mr. Murray could not but admire the feeling, but wanted to see Robert dressed according to his ideal. "I'll give Pink a new suit too," he said slowly.

"I must ask mother before I say," said Robert. "But you know father wouldn't take clothes, only what he earned and paid for; and I don't think I ought to be dressed better than my father."

He told his mother about the proffered clothes for himself and Pink.

"You shall do as you please, Robert," said Mrs. 'Liza, who was washing, and she rubbed the suds from her arms, and leaned on her wash-board, as she spoke; "only you must think of this : Mr. Murray may give you and Pink nicer clothes than you ever had before, or could get again. They would make your other clothes seem very poor and shabby to you, and when the new ones were gone, you might never feel contented in such poorer things as we can give you. The new clothes might just make you both vain, and spoil your notions. But do as you like, child."

"I like not to have any clothes but what you get me; don't you, Pink?" said Robert, promptly.

The little maid, who was now eight, and who saw a very pretty face reflected when she gazed into the square foot of looking-glass, or into a pool or tub of water, assented, much more reluctantly than Robert, to Eliza's reasonings.

"Ye-es—only—I would like a blue dress, with trimming on it, so much," she said.

"Never mind, Pink, dear," said Robert, patting her cheek. "We don't care ! Our things are good enough, and then mother made 'em! That makes them good enough, don't it, Pink? And when I'm big, Pink, I'm going to earn a whole load of money, as much as all Mr. Murray has, and I'll buy you ten new dresses, of all colors, and I shall buy mother a dress and a hat just like Mrs. Britt's best one, only with a much bigger feather; and I'll pay the mortgages and build a new mill, and a white house, with a porch in front, and carpets all over the floors, and a buggy for mother to ride in. Yes, I will!"

"Bless the child," said Eliza, tears coming into her eyes; "whatever put all that into your head?"

"Oh, I think of it often, when I'm playing, or go to bed at night, or sometimes when I'm learning my lessons, and I go to the foot, and the Master says, 'Robert, you've been dreaming away your time.'"

"You musn't do that," said Eliza, "you'll never get a deal of money, and be rich, unless you are wise and learn all your lessons. What are you going to buy for yourself, when you are rich?"

"Something," said Robert, carelessly; "I hadn't thought about that yet."

Robert was ten. His long curls had at last fallen under Eliza's reluctant shears; but now his hair was lying in great soft rings all about his well-made head, and his erect figure was strong and well-developed . not a child of his years in the district was so large and well-built as Robert. He was well on in his lessons too, full of life and interprise, a leader among his playmates, a ruler, but not a tyrant. He could fight, and fought when he saw occasion. There was one day when as he and Pink reached school they fell into trouble.

Pink had a blue calico dress. It had seen a summer's wear, and had faded. Then, unhappily, a hole had come in it, and Eliza had patched it; and, alas! the new was bright against the old. Poor little Pink, that patch grieved her all the way to school. In vain Robert, putting his arm around her, strove to comfort her : "The patch did not look ugly." "The dress was clean." "Pink was pretty, anyhow." "No one would notice it." "Everyone had patches sometimes."

But Pink was still downcast, as by Robert's side she trudged to school; Bop prancing along, now behind, now before them, and the twins pursuing an erratic course in the rear. But when the door of the school-house was reached, Jim Long bawled out: "Halloo! Pink Allen, you've got a window in your frock!"

Pink simply dropped into a forlorn heap on the grass, and hiding her crimson face on her arms began to cry heart-brokenly. Beside her dropped the strap of books and the dinner-basket. Jim Long was twelve and sturdy, but Robert was upon him like a young tiger : he whirled him from the school-house steps out upon the grass; he dealt him a furious blow on his cheek, grappled him, flung him over, and kneeling upon him, began to strike him here and there, with little regard to consequences. The twins shrieked in chorus. Bop shouted for the master; some of the girls burst into tears; some of the boys roared: "Serves him right." Others sang out, "Let him up, Rob!" "Quit, Rob." "The master's coming!" The master came. He pulled one boy off, and the other boy up; he took them each by the collar to the water-pail and washed both their hot, furious faces. Then he led them to the platform, rang the bell for school and order, and inquir ed into the rights of the case. Tom Britt stood up to testify, as a disinterested witness.

"Jim, I'm ashamed of you," said the schoolmaster," "but no doubt you spoke without thinking, and are sorry for it now. No boy with the least spark of a gentleman in him would insult a girl ! Robert, is it not written, 'Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath'?"

"Yes, Schoolmaster," said Robert, "but I was not avenging myself, but Pink. He may say what he likes to me, but no one shall make Pink cry."

"It is dangerous to be so uncommonly handy with your fists, Robert," said the master; "hereafter will you let Jim alone?"

"Yes, master—if he behaves himself," said Robert calmly fixing his steadfast, brown eyes on his preceptor.

The schoolmaster repressed a bounteous smile. "I want no fighting in my school. Refer ill-behavior to me."

"And be a sneak and a tell-tale, master? I'd rather settle him myself, please, sir."

"But I don't please," said the master. "I cannot have ffghting. If I found you boys fighting, and was obliged to take a hand and thrash you, it would be unfortunate."

"Yes, master, so it would," said Robert; "but—I should have thrashed Jim first."

"Take your seats," said the master. "It is time to open school."

Mr. Murray gloried in this encounter. He met Robert one evening on the bridle-path to the chalet. The boy had been looking after the Allen cow, which was given to straying, "Robert," said Mr. Murray, taking his hand, "you are now about ten years old, and I hear you are at the head of your class."

"Yes, sir ; but it's easy, you know ; it is not a hard class."

"And you can thrash any boy of your size, and more than your size, too, I understand."

"So I can," said Robert, with modest gratification ; "but I don't do it often. I don't love to fight."

"You will soon be a large boy, and then a young man. What are you going to do in life?"

"I shall go to work at something as soon as I can, and make money. I want to make a lot of money."

"Yes. What do you wish to do with money?"

"I want to give it to father. The mill needs a lot of money to repair it. We need a house. Father wants the mortgage paid. Oh, we need so much money."

"And you'd be willing to do—anything for all this money, would you?"

"Anything I could, sir ; anything right. Father says there's a lot of very dirty money in the world, made in bad ways. I wouldn't want that money."

"Perhaps I can put you in a good way to have a deal of money, as much as I have—and I am a rich man, Robert. Would you like that?

"Oh, sir ! Oh, yes, sir !" cried Robert, his face aglow.

The dusk was falling an evening or two after, and Captain 'Zekiel Allen, in a moody frame of mind, was standing on the bank, where he could dimly see his mill-wheel. The children were all in the house peeling and cutting apples to dry for winter. Captain Ezekiel was unhappy. The mortgage was long overdue, and he was at the mercy of his creditor, who could at any time refuse the hard-earned interest and foreclose. The old mill was so out of repair that it would scarcely hold together. The voyages to Philadelphia were yearly less remunerative, the barge was very old, and, like the mill, needed refitting. There was little demand for sawing or grinding. The outlook was very dark for 'Zekiel and 'Liza and the five children.

Some one came behind him.

"Captain Allen, are you there? I wish to talk with you. Can we sit down somewhere alone?"

It was Mr. Murray. Captain Allen silently led the way under the mill, to that very place of cobwebs and rubbish where he had sacrificed his bottle, long ago, to Robert, and laid his hand in unuttered covenant on that curly head. There were two empty nail-kegs there, and the men sat down. Captain Allen's heart misgave him. He had long feared mischief from Mr. Murray.

"Allen," said Mr. Murray, "I want to talk with you, and I am going first to tell you what I have never told hereabouts to any one, my story. I was left an orphan with some money. When I was a lad I had typhoid fever, and in the long prostration that came after, I was freely given brandy and whiskey. It created a taste for liquor. Mine was not a constant thirst, a tippling, a daily sipping. But at times a strong craving came upon me, and I drank. I married. My wife was an orphan like myself, and lovelier than words can tell, a gentle creature, all heart. We had a child—a son—we were very happy. The child was about a year old, when, one evening, in New York, I wanted to take him out with me on my arm, to carry him around after the shops were lit. My wife had a sprained ankle and could not go out. She objected to my taking the child. I had been having some liquor ; she knew I might at any moment yield to my madness, and take more, and lose all knowledge. But I was proud of my handsome boy, and I would go out with him, to show him to those whom I knew. I went out. At one in the morning I came in without the child."

"Where was he?" cried the Captain.

"I do not know. I was too stupefied to miss him or to answer questions. My frantic wife sent for the neighbors and for the police. It was noon next day before I came to my senses. Then I could tell nothing, for I could recall nothing. Search has never developed anything. My watch and a wallet with a hundred dollars were gone. I had a vague fancy that the child cried, and I had given him these articles to play with. We bent every energy to the search, but never found any trace of him. My poor wife was prostrated. She lay on her bed, wasting to a shadow. She had but one word, 'My baby, get me my baby." Hour after hour she moaned that plaintive plea. When too weak to utter the words, her big, sunken, sorrowful eyes turned in an agony of entreaty to every one who entered. I spared no pains. Even now the case is in the hands of the New York police, as it has been for ten years. At the end of a year my poor heart-broken wife died. I was an old man. My hair was white, my face was wrinkled, my shoulders bent, as you see. I gave up hope. To fly the face of all whom I had known, I came up here. By some strange fatality, when all my home had fallen into ruins, my fortunes throve. I make more and more money, but by no outlay of it can I find my child. Now, I have a large fortune, and I am prematurely old and broken, and where shall I leave my money when I die? I have seen only one heir whom I want—your Robert."

"Robert! You want to leave your money to Robert!"

"Yes; but I want you to give Robert to me. I can do for him more than you can. I can make him a gentleman, a rich man, a scholar—everything. It is not fair for you, is it, to stand in the way of his prosperity? He is not really yours; you have four; compassionate my loneliness, give the boy to me!—Give him to me!"

"Give up our Robert! Not mine! Yes; but I love him as well as any of the rest. Give you my boy, Mr. Murray?"

"I will do so well for him," pleaded the Superintendent.

"I'm bringing him up to be an honest man, and that's enough," said Captain 'Zekiel.

"When the boy is older—when he finds himself at a disadvantage, when he is wanting what he cannot have, and is hard pressed by poverty, he may wish you had done better for him by not rejecting my offer, Allen."

"It would break 'Liza's heart. She's as set on Robert as I am. And there's Pink; yes, and the rest of 'em, Jerry and all, they'd never cease mourning if I let him go. To say nothing of what I'd feel."

"Yes, yes, I know. But here you are, times are hard, the mill is mortgaged for all it's worth, or more. Old Mr. Wick, who holds the mortgage, is past seventy; when he dies the heirs will wind up the property, and where will you be, Allen?"

"In the street, no doubt," groaned the Captain. He had been thinking those very thoughts by his wheel as the evening gathered before the Superintendent came.

"And you will have in Robert only one more to share your troubles. You can set him well out of them by giving him to me. I'll send him to college. I'll leave him all my property unless I find my own boy Paul: If I find him—though I fear, yes, I am sure I never shall—I'll give Robert ten thousand dollars, and take care of him, until he is twenty-one."

"I don't believe the boy would be willing—no, not for all that money," said Captain Allen.

"You should be willing for him, seeing it is for his good."

"To give up our Robert!" cried the poor foster-father.

"Come, Allen. See, now, I'll pay off the mortgage, and give you a thousand dollars, to repair the mill and build a house."

"You are trading on my poverty, and trying to buy my boy!" cried Allen angrily.

"No, I am not. You have cared for him five years and over. I offer you compensation for his education and maintenance. If I had picked him up when you did, no doubt by this time I should have spent a deal of money on him."

"He is not for sale," said the Captain crossly.

"Don't look at it in that way, man, pleaded the Superintendent. "You are rich in four children of your own blood—I am childless. Think what a terrible history I have told you. Think of my daily agony. Think how wretchedly I lost my poor wife. Your wife is with you. It is a charity I beg of you. Give me the boy."

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. R. C., Corinth, N. Y.—*How should a man vote, who wants to honor God and his cause? Since conversion, I have had many doubts.*

You must make your vote a matter of conscience and prayer; beyond this, we are unable to advise.

Student, Norwich, Conn.—*Can you tell me accurately how many chapters, verses, words and letters there are in the Old and New Testaments?*

In the Old Testament there are 929 chapters and 23,214 verses; in the New, 260 chapters and 7,959 verses.

Friend, Adams, Mo.—*Is card playing consistent with a Christian life?*

It is condemned by all sections of the Christian Church, not because of any intrinsic evil in the cards themselves, or in the games played, but because it tends to the display of temper and excites passion; wastes valuable time and leads to evil associations and habits. These reasons are sufficient to put card-playing beyond the pale of proper amusements.

F. F. D., Cincinnati, O.—(1). *Which of the Israelitish tribes was it that owned no land?* (2). *When, according to prophecy, are the Jews to return to Jerusalem?*

(1). The tribe of Levi (See Deut 17: 8-13.) (2). According to the latest prophetic calculations the restoration of Israel will take place about the year 1894. They will probably be restored in unbelief. There has lately been a large emigration of Jews from Russia to Palestine and many are finding their way thither from other countries. Every indication points to the early and literal fulfilment of prophecy.

B. A., Waterbury, Conn.—*Who first discovered the telescope?*

In 1608 while Hans Lippersheim, a poor optican of the Netherlands, was at work in his shop, his little daughter who was playing about, took up two glasses and looking through them called out to her father that the "steeple was coming." Hans saw the child holding one lens to her eye and the other at arms' length. He followed her example and profiting by the discovery, made three telescopes that year. He gave them the name of "instruments for seeing at a distance." A child's play thus led to a great discovery.

Mrs. P. B., Scranton, Pa.—*Is there any evidence that the art of printing was known in Biblical times?*

Printing is first mentioned in the Bible in the book of Job, chapter 19: 23, where he says, "O! That my words were now written! O! That they were printed in a book!" Although this has been taken by some as indicating the existence of the printer's art in the earliest times, the general belief is that Job intended to refer to manuscript or writing on papyrus rolls. Engraving on stone and wood and metal was done in very ancient times, but the honor of discovering the "art preservative" as we now interpret it, seems to belong to China, where printing long ante-dated Guttenburg's discovery.

C. F. R., Wichita, Kan.—(1) *Of what is Incense composed?* (2) *I wish to know something more about Cassia.*

(1). Incense used in Christian churches is either the resinous gum of the Olive Tree from Arabia, or the East Indies, or an imitation of it manufactured by chemists—the latter being very common. It is only used in the Roman Catholic and Oriental Churches. The incense used in the Hebrew service is stated in Exodus 30: 34-35, to be composed of sweet spices "stacte, onyche, galbanum, and frankincense; of each there shall be a like weight and thou shalt make of it a perfume." All incense not made of these ingredients was called "strange incense." (2). Cassia is an aromatic bark obtained from a tree or shrub growing in India, Austria, Italy, Arabia and a few other parts of the world. The Cassia of the ancients is difficult to describe; that of the moderns is simply a variety of cinnamon. The Arabian cassia, a species of aromatic shrub, closely resembles cinnamon.

Reader, Middletown, N. Y.—*My little daughter would like to know when dolls were first mentioned in history.*

The oldest dolls known are those found in the tombs of ancient Egypt. The Romans, Moors and Chinese had dolls long before Europe emerged from barbarism. Among Greek antiquities, dolls are found made of wax and clay, and dolls' houses with lead furniture. In Siberia and other arctic regions, remains of ivory dolls, dressed in rich furs have been found and also beautifully carved dolls in the oldest graves in Peru, supposed to date back to the days of the Incas, the famous rulers who governed before the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro.

Mrs. T. N., Leavenworth, Kan.—*Who founded the Order of King's Daughters?*

Mrs. Margaret Bottome, in conjunction with Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson, founded the Order. Mrs. Bottome for many years has given Bible readings, or Bible talks in parlors in New York, Brooklyn and other cities, which were largely attended by women of all ages, and out of these gatherings came the idea of organizing the Order.

Inquirer, Nashville, Tenn.—*What evidence is there, outside of the Bible, of the existence of Jesus Christ?*

A number of the most eminent historians, both Jewish and Roman, mention Jesus in their writings. Tacitus, who lived in the first century, wrote "this sect (of Christians) came from Judea and was founded by Jesus Christ, who was put to the death of the Cross." Suetonius, a Roman historian, who wrote the lives of the Cesars, mentions the sect "under one Christus." This writer, although an enemy to Christianity, still recognized it. Lucan, who lived near the close of the first century mentions the Christians and describes their belief. He tells us "of all the great men Judea has brought forth, their crucified Master exceeds in his philosophy and teaching all before him." A magnificent tribute from a heathen! Josephus, the greatest of Jewish historians, writing about the middle of the first century, says: "Now, there was about this time Jesus, a wise man—if it be lawful to call him a man—for he was a doer of many wonderful works, a teacher of such men as received the truth." He further relates his preaching, trial, condemnation, crucifixion and resurrection, and refers to the prophecies concerning him as having been fulfilled in all these matters. Thus is established, outside of Sacred Writ, the existence of Jesus on earth.

Subscriber, Morristown, N. J.—*What currency is used for purposes of trade among the natives of Africa?*

Although gold is plentiful in many parts of Africa, it does not seem to have been used for the purpose of coinage, but rather for ornament, except in the communities where the whites preponderate. The most universal currency among the Africans is the cowry shell—the price of almost every article of trade being regularly quoted in these shells, which are imported from the coasts and the Persian Gulf. Narrow strips of cotton-cloth were largely used as currency in the interior, and are still met with. Pieces of iron, shaped like small horseshoes and pieces of rock salt are also used for money. In the civilized communities, the money of Europe is gradually making its way and also the rupee of the East. The Congo State has now a silver and copper currency.

Victor B., Atlanta, Ga.—*What City contains the largest number of churches in the world?*

Moscow, probably. The ancient Russian City founded over a thousand years ago, has from time to time added to its church buildings until now there are over five hundred places of worship within sight of the dome of the Church of the Saviour, which was erected to commemorate the overthrow of Napoleon. Almost all the churches or chapels have domes, which give the City a peculiarly Asiatic aspect. Every language is spoken and almost every sect is represented.

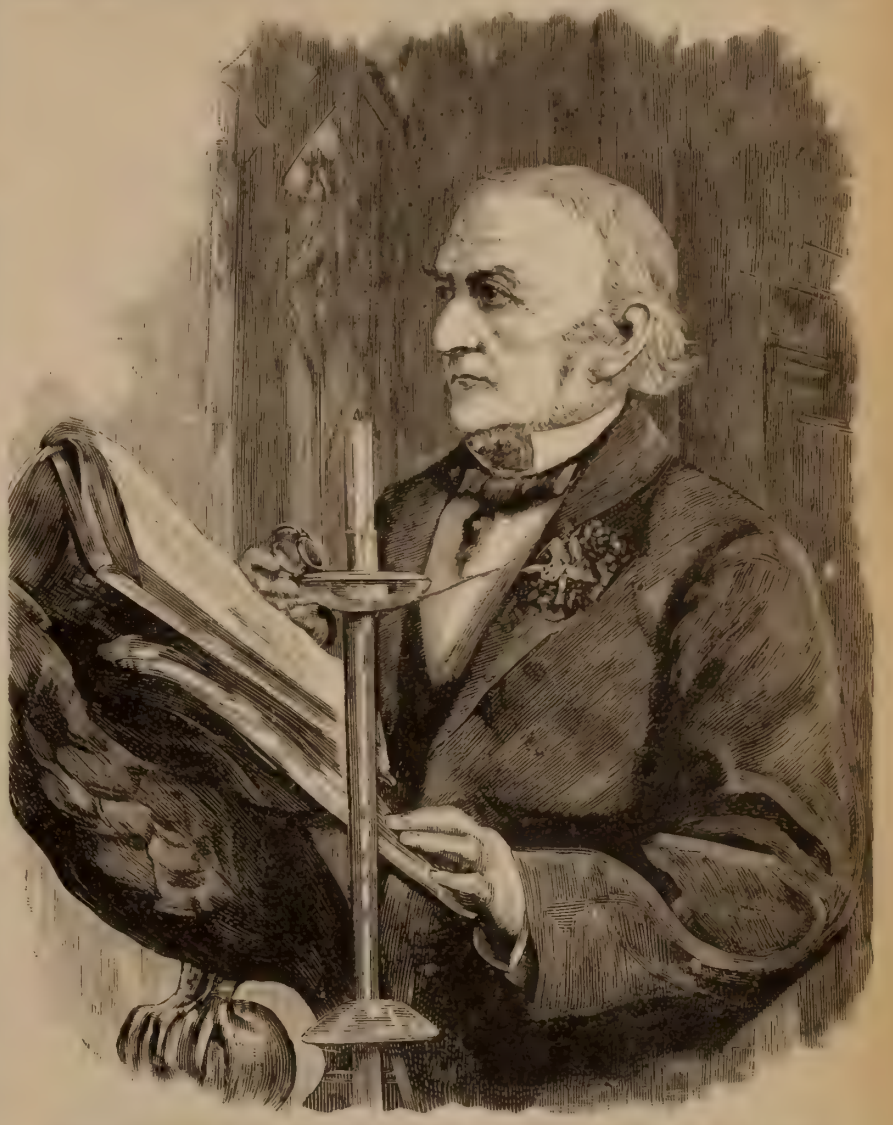
"Young Lady," Campbell, Arizona.—*Can you advise me how best to spend my evenings?*

Some course of study might be suggested. The Chautauqua and other Circles furnish lists of books to be read, and give diplomas for successful examinations. You might form a reading circle in your village, to which members could contribute their own books for circulation and perusal. These, and other social and intellectual recreations are desirable, when not otherwise engaged. Above all, do not fail in your church duties; the meetings should be regularly attended.

AN EX-PREMIER IN THE PULPIT.

FAMILIAR as we are with the pictured features of the famous English statesman, there is something new to us in Mr. Gladstone's face as it appears in the accompanying illustration. The portraits taken of him listening to a debate, or speaking in the House of Commons, show a keen, eager, alert man; that picture taken of him in his library represents the busy, studious man of letters, and the picture of him, axe in hand, felling a tree on his country estate, depicts a vigorous determined man. Here we have a look of calm reverence, befitting the Christian engaged in public worship. It is the face of a man profoundly impressed with the sanctity of his occupation, and deeply conscious of the majesty of the Being in whose service he is engaged. This aspect of the man is the one most familiar to the people of the village of Hawarden. When Parliament is not in session, and Mr. Gladstone is taking what *he* calls *rest*, at Hawarden Castle, the people who attend the village church, of which his son, Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone, is rector, frequently see him engaged as depicted in the illustration. It is his habit to attend the daily morning service which is held at eight o'clock. Then, and often on Sundays, he assists his son in the service by reading certain portions of the liturgy, thus availing himself of the privilege which the Church of England concedes to lay-readers. Visitors who have been at these services say that these readings are perfect. The clear intonation, and the impressive manner of the reader indicate a man who loves and reverences the Bible, and who wishes that its words should have their full effect on those who hear it. His recent book, in defence of the Word of God against the assaults of the critics, proves that Mr. Gladstone is precisely that kind of man. Though he is now in his eighty-second year, and is at the head of a great political party, with a multitude of calls on his time and attention, there is no day so overcrowded with work that he does not make time for reading the Bible and private devotion. The fact that a man, whose commanding ability and profound learning are acknowledged even by his most inveterate political antagonists, should so reverence the Bible, is a fact full of significance.

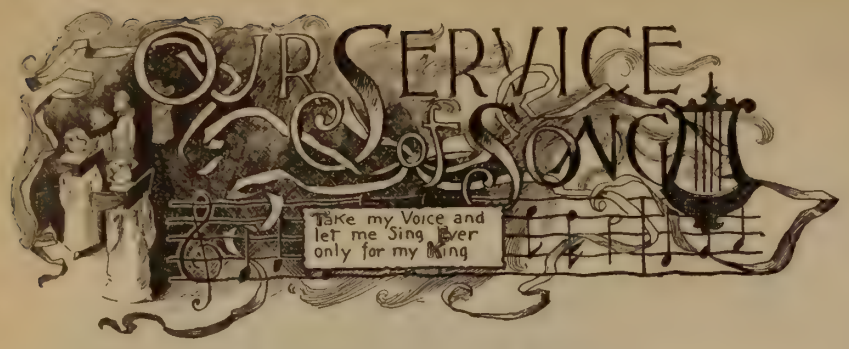
The days of privacy at Hawarden are probably to Mr. Gladstone the happiest of the year, and doubtless help to explain the vigor of his octogenarian manhood. The estate is in Wales, and is one of the most beautiful in the three kingdoms. It belonged to his wife's father, Sir Stephen Glynne, and Mr. Gladstone made his home there during his father-in-law's life. The arrangement was a very happy one, for Sir Stephen was proud of his famous son-in-law, and Mr. Gladstone, even when Premier of Great Britain, always yielded the place of head of the household to his wife's father. Since Sir Stephen's death, Mr. Gladstone has continued to make it his home during the Parliamentary recess. His manner of life is very simple. He rises about seven, attends morning service in the church, spends the morning in the library dealing with his enormous correspondence, working on some new book or magazine article which he generally has on hand, or studying some question of national moment. After a light luncheon, he takes a brisk walk in the park, dines at eight oclock, and retires to rest soon after ten.



MR. GLADSTONE READING THE SERVICE IN THE CHURCH AT HAWARDEN.

A SAILOR'S NEW TACK.

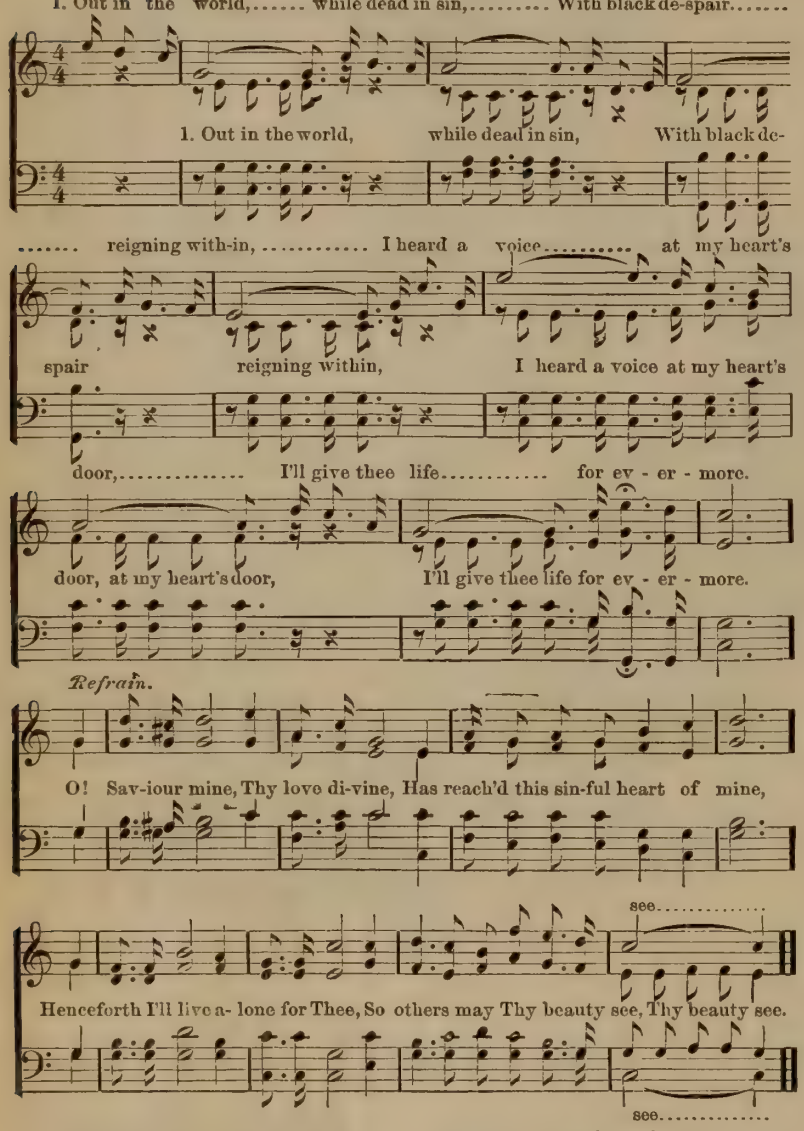
AT a recent service in the Berachah Mission in New York a sailor rose and told in quaint language the story of his life. He said he was born of Christian parents, and in his early years had been a veritable child of promise. He was attentive to his household duties and punctual in his attendance at Church and at Sunday school. At the age of sixteen he shipped on board a frigate, and found the life there very different indeed from what he had been accustomed to. Cursing, and swearing and blaspheming seemed to be universal. Ere long he could do his own share in the work of blasphemy and as one sin leads to another he soon found unlimited pleasure in drinking bouts and infamous carousals every time he had a chance to put his foot on shore. He was frequently punished for his disorderly conduct; and at last, after fourteen years' service, he was ignominiously discharged from the navy, as a hopeless case, a man of no character. When he landed in New York he lost no time in squandering the little money he had; and one morning found himself penniless and friendless. In the evening of that day he wandered into one of the Missions, and heard some of the old hymns with which he had been familiar in his boyhood. His heart was touched, his face was bathed in tears, and then and there he returned as the prodigal of old to the arms of his Father.



LOVE FOUND A WAY.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.—Rev. 3:20.

TABOR. G. TABOR THOMPSON.



2 A friendly voice it seemed to be,
I raised the latch, that I might see,
His face was mild, the door swung wide,
The Stranger entered at my side.

3 Love found a way into my heart,
And bade its sin and grief depart;
Jesus is Love, and it is he
Who now abides each day with me.

4 So now I work the live-long day,
Since Jesus washed my sins away,
To rescue other lives from sin,
That they may have this Friend within.

For this new Hymn in sheet form, Address: G. TABOR THOMPSON, 318 West 44th St., New York.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC'S TESTIMONY.

HERE is a notable witness to the goodness of God. He spoke some time ago in Jane Street Church, and this was his testimony. "I was living in a new settlement in North Western Dakota, with a great deal of leisure time on my hands. I had been born and brought up in the Roman Catholic Church. Many a time the Presbyterian minister had spoken to me about indifferent subjects; but one evening in June, 1888, we drifted into the subject of religion. I tried to defend the invocation of saints and of angels, and for sole reply the good minister repeated the inspired words, 'We have no other mediator between God and man, but the man Christ Jesus.' For three days these words kept ringing in my ears, and at the end of the third day my mind was made up. I must yield to the call of God, cost what it may. I resigned the position I held in the Catholic Church, made my way straight to New York, and after mature deliberation became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and am at this moment a member of Jane Street Church.

A REPROBATE JEWESS RECLAIMED.

AT the Florence Mission, New York, not many nights ago, a young woman rose to give her testimony. There was in her face a look of perfect peace, and her words evidently came from a heart filled with love and gratitude to God. The substance of her testimony was as follows: Some three years ago she was passing the Mission Hall on a stormy winter's night. She had already, although very young, entered upon a career of sin and shame. On this particular night she was benumbed with cold, and more for the sake of obtaining shelter than for any other purpose, she entered the room. She listened to the witnessing of the reclaimed sinners, and she began to feel a very unusual sensation, a feeling of being troubled within her heart. The hymn "Jesus, lover of my soul," was started, and before its conclusion, the poor young woman was bathed in tears, and cried aloud for mercy and pardon. From that night forward she has been leading a life of holiness. Her conversion is all the more remarkable, that previous to her entering the room of the Florence Mission, she knew absolutely nothing about the Christian religion, having been born and brought up in the Jewish faith.

HOUSEHOLD ANGELS.

OH, the blessed household angels, we hear
their gentle tones,
We look into their tender, loving
eyes,
And like a benediction their gracious
presence seems,
God's holy ones, his angels in disguise.

They bear earth's weary burdens and lighten
every care,
They tread with smiles the thorny path of
life,
A fount of joy is springing forever in their
souls,
Dear angels! 'mid earth's conflict and its
strife.

We hear their gentle footsteps where pain and
sorrow dwell,
And their hands are white with serving
Christ our King,
The low rustle of their robes as they journey
to and fro,
Is like the stirring of an angel's wing.

Is there anyone a-weary? Are there tears on
any cheek?
They come with words of holy, loving
cheer.
Is there any awful sorrow where 'tis mockery
to speak?
They will pray and drop the sympathizing
tear.

O precious household angels! O saintly ones
and blest!
O souls grown beautiful with glory from
above,
The little ones and aged ones they comfort
and they bless,
And lift our poor earth nearer to God's
throne of love. C. E. FISHER.

THE GOOD MOTHER.

A LADY at North Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, writes us presenting a beautiful picture of Christian life in the home. "I have been a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for the last ten years. When rocking my babes in that little town away among the hills of Pennsylvania, where I lived—sometimes discouraged with my inconsistency—God sent messages by you to me. At times something about your own dear, good mother, and the old homestead. O! I was touched and looked up to God and then down to my little babe in the cradle, it made me long to be a good mother too, a small, still voice comforted me that the good mother's God would be my God. Now, I can say from my heart, it is so. Sometimes the message was 'train the children in the love of Jesus.' I thank God for impressing on my mind the safety of their little souls, to teach them to shun evil and do good. When telling my oldest boy, that he should seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness and all things would be added unto him, I shall never forget when I first implored him to do it; and a few months afterward how he said to his mother 'I will do it.' Praise God he did it, and to-day he is singing in the home, where sin and sorrow cannot enter."

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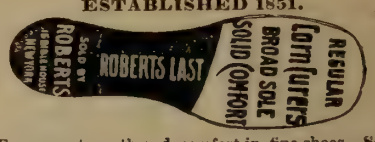

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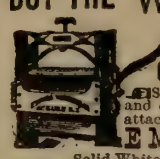
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A SELF-SUPPORTING MISSION.

IN Angola, Africa, Bishop Taylor established in 1885, five stations on the self-supporting principle. The following account of one of them—that at Nhangue-a-Pepe—is given by Mr. Chatelain went out with Bishop Taylor's first party and as United States Consul at Loanda :

Nhangue-a-Pepe, the third station, derives its name from a bird that always follows the cattle, and all its importance and value from the rich pastures extending far to the right and left of the trade-path to and from the interior. The native population, living under native chieftains, is rather scattered, and two neighboring traders make up the white population. Little support is to be expected from them by schooling. In spite of appearances, the thing was tried, by requiring boys to work on the farm for their instruction, and so up to the present a farm-school has been maintained under many vicissitudes. It may be expected to be transformed into a free-school. A farm on modifications, but as yet, without satisfactory results. The cattle herd, on the contrary, is thriving. Two new houses have recently been built, one for the farm-school, the other for a tannery and shop. The independent tribes on the opposite side of the river are in the habit of selling all their produce at incredibly low prices as they gather it in, and when the season of want comes, other natives will buy it at a relatively high price. At their own suggestion, the mission intends to open a little shop to trade with them, and store their provisions, of course, not without profit. This may become a valuable help to support the missionaries and to establish regular relations with those tribes. A Sunday school has been started, but the attendance is not large. Medicine is regularly dispensed to the sick. At this altitude the climate is less weakening than at Loanda and Dondo, but not fever-free.

A CAPTAIN BECOMES A PRINTER.

BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, whose portrait, with a sketch of his work in India, appeared in this journal on July 30, 1890, mentions incidentally in a letter to the *Indian Witness* of Calcutta, the self-sacrificing life of one of his workers. He says: "Entering the building occupied by our new missionary press, I found a number of men at work and signs of activity, which showed that the little press even in this its day of small things has ample work to do. Two rooms are occupied below and two above. In one of the latter I found a man with his sleeves rolled up, hard at work with a Chinese assistant in manipulating a printing press. He proved to be none other than the Captain W. G. Shellabear, of the Royal Engineers, who was occupying a coveted position in the English military service in this city, when I first made his acquaintance two years ago. The readers of the *Indian Witness* have heard before of the noble manner in which this good brother, when convinced that God called him to missionary work among the Malay people, promptly turned his back upon prospects which almost any young man would regard as peculiarly brilliant, resigned his commission, and threw himself heart and soul into what he accepted as the work of his life. Mr. Shellabear is laying the foundations of a very important literary work, and while for the immediate present his printing press will not seem to be accomplishing great things, I am persuaded that it has a future before it which will make every little incident connected with the present day of small things historical in the next generation."

A PERSIAN CHILD HOUSEKEEPER.

ONE of the most difficult and unpromising spheres of mission work is that for the evangelizing of the women of Oriental lands. It is gratifying, therefore, to receive cheering news of the progress and bright prospects of one effort of the kind. It comes in a letter read at a recent meeting of the Presbyterian Woman's Mission Board in Chicago from Mrs. Van Hook. She has charge of a girls' school at Tabriz, Persia, and writes: "The domestic department of the school has never been so little of a burden. We have been absent in the mountains six weeks, and during our absence one of the girls—who came to us from the plain of Sooldorz five years ago utterly ignorant and uncouth—took entire charge of the family left at home, provided for them with as good economy as I could have used myself, and when I returned presented carefully kept accounts of each day's expenditure, and the whole perfectly balanced. In looking over them I thought I detected a mistake of one kran (fifteen cents), over which she cried most bitterly. I tried to comfort her because the amount was so small, but she said, 'It isn't the amount. I wanted it to be without a mistake.' To her great joy, it turned out to be a clerical error, made in copying. She now has charge of the domestic work and manages it most satisfactorily. Another new feature is a class, composed of twelve of the most advanced pupils, and the two young ladies who assist Mrs. Wilson, Miss Holliday and myself, who are having weekly lessons in nursing with Dr. Bradford, and have no other lesson over which they display so much enthusiasm. The spirit of the school is good. Happiness and contentment reign."

OPIUM RELINQUISHED.

OPIUM in a large number of cases marks "the parting of the ways" in China. If a convert addicted to the use of the drug is enabled to abandon it there is not much doubt of the sincerity of his conversion. One such case is reported by Mr. Hager of Hong Kong, in *The Missionary Herald*, as follows : "One of my colporteurs reported to me that a teacher in the high school was interested in Christianity, so I invited him to visit me. He had been a teacher for some twenty years, going now and then to the public examinations in order to secure the coveted degree. Though a devout Confucianist, he had contracted the habit of opium-smoking.

"Some months ago my colporteur gave him a number of books on Christianity, and he immediately became interested in the truth. But as he read he found that he must give up opium and other sins. At first it seemed difficult for him to accept such revolutionary doctrines, but one by one he gave up opium-smoking, the belief in necromancy and geomancy, the worship of idols and ancestors, and then, like a little child, he seemingly accepted the truth as it is in Jesus. He not only went to church himself, but tried to induce others to go. In his own way and without any particular teaching he learned to pray. When asked if he were ready to give up opium forever, he replied, 'I have not smoked for a month, and shall never smoke again.'

"In his own village he is already known as one who has entered the 'Jesus Church,' but he seems to bear the ridicule with meekness and in a cheerful spirit. His position in the literary world gives him an influence over the people which I trust may be salutary in leading many souls to Christ. I was very severe in my examination, but every answer revealed the fact that he was ready to suffer all things for Christ."

A JAPANESE LADY'S REQUEST.

How the Bible alone, unexplained, operated on the soul of a Japanese lady moving her to seek the enlightenment of the Spirit was related by Rev. J. F. Gulick in the course of one of his missionary talks. He said: "A medical missionary at Osaka, Japan, had among his patients a lady of some intelligence and culture. He gave her a Testament, which she received politely, as a Japanese lady would surely do; but after looking at it carelessly, she laid it aside. Some weeks later she took the book and began reading the first page of Matthew. The more she read, the more deeply interested she became, and could scarcely leave the book until it was finished. Then she said, 'I must read it again, for I cannot take it all in at one reading;' so she read it right through a second time. Then she said, 'I must go to the man who gave me this book. Perhaps he can tell me about these great words of life.' So she started off to find the physician. When she reached his house he was not at home, but his wife was there. The first thing she said to the wife was, 'May I not receive the gift of the Holy Ghost?' Falling on her knees she said, 'Give me the gift of the Holy Ghost, that I may understand these things.' The good woman explained to her that this gift must be received from the Lord. So they read and prayed together until the physician himself returned; then the three talked and prayed together.

"Meanwhile the husband missed his wife, and as she had said something about going to the physician, he sought and found her there, and they all remained into the morning hours before they returned home. That woman is now an earnest Christian.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, the world missionary of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has returned from her world tour. She has been absent from the country for eight years, during which time she has visited forty-four lands in the interest of temperance work.

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"This volume by J. W. Kimball, seems to be precisely such a one as a Christian would desire to put into the hands of any young man or woman troubled with doubts concerning the religious life. It has reference to the experience of the soul rather than the mind, and is in fact, a tender, confidential exhortation having its motive in love to cultivate faith in God."—*Boston Advertiser.*

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AS GOD LEADS.

JUST as God leads me I would go;
I would not ask to choose my way,
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not let me stray.
So as he leads, my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content;
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent,
That which his will for me commands,
I would that he should all fulfill;
That I should do his gracious will,
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads, I all resign;
I trust me to my father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill;
That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

A JAPANESE CLERGYMAN.

IN a recent letter to the *Independent*, the Rev. Julius Soper, a missionary in Tokio, Japan, gives the following interesting details of a native clergyman. Mr. Soper heard him speak at a conference, and being astonished at his intelligence and eloquence made inquiries about him and learned the facts here given:

Mr. Honda was one of the first baptized Christians in Japan. He was baptized in Yokohama about twenty years ago, while a student, by the Rev. J. H. Ballagh (I think) of the Dutch Reformed Mission. Afterward, when the Rev. John Ing, of the Methodist Mission, organized a Methodist Episcopal Church in Hirosaki, Mr. Honda, joined that church. In 1878, Mr. Honda was ordained to the ministry, in Hakodate. For several years he worked as a regular preacher; he then located and gave himself to politics. For a while he was a member of the Ken-kwai (the Prefectural Assembly of his district), and became a prominent man in that section of the country; he also gained considerable national notoriety. He still continued to work as a local preacher in his own province, and helped to build up the Christian cause. When it was decided to establish the Imperial Diet, Mr. Honda was spoken of as the candidate for election from his province. He went to the United States in 1887, actually sent by his admirers, to study the political system of the country, with a view of being selected as their representative. There is no doubt that he would have been elected, had he not changed his mind after reaching the United States. He there decided to give up politics and devote himself to religion and education. His adherents, by his advice, then elected a Mr. Kikuchi, a warm personal friend of Mr. Honda, to the Imperial Diet.

After Mr. Honda reached the United States he had a wonderful escape from impending death. He was visiting Scranton, Penn., in company with two Japanese friends. One day they were out sight-seeing in the neighborhood. While out he got a little separated from his two friends; and, when halfway across a railroad bridge, he saw approaching an express train, just turning a bend in the road and about to cross the bridge. Death stared him in the face. Going in either direction was instant death! With great presence of mind, he lay down on the boards that rested on the cross-ties that supported the rails, and the train passed over him—he unharmed! His coat was torn a little. He had already been seriously thinking of giving up politics, and devoting himself to the moral and religious welfare of his people. This wonderful preservation determined the question; he felt God had spared him for some great purpose. He spent two years at Drew Theological Seminary, and returned to Japan last summer. He is now the President of the Anglo-Japanese College in Tokio, doing noble and faithful work for the Master.

AMONG COREAN WOMEN.

IN Corea as in China and other Oriental lands the women are secluded and treated as inferiors. In Corea, however, they are better off than in China, inasmuch as their feet are not crippled and distorted by the cruel bandages. But her world centres in a dirty kitchen which she has not ambition to clean, and as she is very seldom taught to read she becomes a dull, weary drudge. Mrs. M. F. Scranton, the wife of a missionary in Corea, has been making an effort to reach these poor creatures, and has met with much success. Other ladies have joined in the work and they have now regularly organized classes, well-attended. The Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, in writing to a contemporary from Seoul, Corea, gives the following report of the movement:

Mrs. Scranton says that the chief difficulty consists in the fact that the women think so little and their ideas are very narrow. But the work of educating them was begun, then medical work, and finally direct evangelical work. This is the order in which they were introduced, and the labors are continued along these lines. Results are not to be looked for before the seed has had time to take root. Yet there are a few things that cheer us even while breaking the fallow ground. Corea has two girls' schools with an attendance of about forty; one hospital, where nearly 2,400 patients were treated the last year, and religious services are held regularly on the Sabbath with an attendance of upward of two hundred.

One of the ladies of the Presbyterian Mission has a weekly sewing-class at her own house where women of all ranks and conditions come, and while engaged in needle-work the Gospel story is read to them and explained. Another lady of the same mission has a class in the city away from her home. The hospital, in charge of a Methodist lady, is the centre of a very interesting and efficient Christian work. Sometimes women come, not because they are sick, but because they want to hear about "the new doctrine." A week or so ago a whole party asked admission at the gate, saying they had come to be taught. They entered the compound and made straight for the teacher, listened most attentively to the story told them, and when leaving said they would come again, and they did.

Last Sunday afternoon two ladies were walking on the city wall. They were followed by a number of children who sang in their own tongue, not only one stanza but the whole of "There is a happy land." Who these children were and where they learned it, these ladies did not know. The children may not be converted, but they carried a Christian song into more than one dark home. I heard parts of the same tune sung, and on looking around me found two little girls singing such parts as they had picked up when visiting their two older sisters, who are in a Christian school.

Several of the Christian girls in one of the schools mentioned above declined to go home on the native New Year. They felt they would be under obligation to take part in offering the annual sacrifice to the dead, and they therefore preferred to stay away.

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SACRED MOUNT OLIVET.

The Hill of all Hills that Lies Closest to the Christian's Heart—Its Wondrous History.

On the eastern or sunniest side of Jerusalem, and separated from the city by the beautiful Valley of Jehoshaphat, lies a hilly ridge, dotted with trees. Some of the gravest scenes in the world's history, scenes of dramatic import to the whole human race, have been enacted upon its sloping heights. Over its crest David fled from his enemies; down its flowered pathways a greater than David came in triumphal progress to the Holy City. In its groves Solomon worshipped his idols. The garden at its foot, now resplendent in sunshine, now shadowed by passing clouds, witnessed Christ's agony and betrayal.

Comparatively little mention is made of the Mount of Olives in the Old Testament. David is described as going "up by the ascent of Olives," presumably on the western side of the hill, when he escaped during Absalom's rebellion and dwelt in the wilderness for a time. The heathen temples erected by Solomon, when he built a "high place for Chemosh on the hill that is before Jerusalem," are supposed to have given to the eninence the name of "*The Mount of Corruption*" by which it was known for a time after the wise but weak monarch had passed away, and the idolatrous evil had been effaced. Luke gives it the name of "*Mount Elaion*," which was probably the common appellation, but the other Evangelists simply describe it as *Olivet*, or the *Mount of Olives*, referring to the oil-producing trees that have grown there from time immemorial. The rabbins denominated it "*The Mount of Anointing*" probably from the same cause. The Mohammedan residents of Jerusalem at the present day call it "*Jebel-el-Zeitun*."

By whatever name the sacred mount is known matters little to the Christian, who associates it more closely with the life and times of the Saviour than any other hill in Palestine. Zion, Moriah, Scopus, Gibeah, Ramah, Mizpeh, Lebanon, and Carmel are nearly all greater in height and some of them are giants by comparison witn Olivet, but none is so

Dear to the Christian Heart.

Around Olivet's gentle slopes hang the memories of the happiest and the saddest days in the human life of the Man of Sorrows. Viewed from St. Stephen's Gate, at the City Wall, it rises gradually in grey terraced slopes, interspersed with white limestone rocks, to a height of about six hundred feet. At its foot runs the Brook Kidron, winding in and out in picturesque fashion, and marking the dividing line between Olivet and Mount Moriah. Many roads cross it. At its central height is the Church of the Ascension. At its base and between it and Jerusalem, lies the Garden of Gethsemane. Its eastern declivity shades gradually off into the wilderness of Judea. From its wooded height can be seen Bethany, the Mount of Defence, and an eminence called by the monks the *Viri Galilæi*.

Save for the soft grey tint of the olive leaves the general aspect of the Mount is bleak and uninviting. Fig trees, too, abound and their dark green foliage somewhat relieves the picture, but as in the days of our Saviour, olive trees are the most abundant, dotting it everywhere in small clumps and in places set so thickly together as to form cool and inviting groves. Many of these trees are old and gnarled, and some of the more ancient date far back into forgotten generations. It may even be that a few of those trees that now look down on the Holy City were there is the days when

Christ Walked on Earth

and that he stood at times under the shadow of their spreading branches, as he wandered on the slopes of the Mount, teaching his disciples.

When the Rev. Dr. Talmage, the editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, with the publisher of this paper, visited the Holy Land last year, he was struck with the beauty of these olive trees which are regarded by all travellers as the most famous in the world. It was observed that in some places, where the trees grow so thickly together as to retard development, they were trimmed by lopping off large branches, and arrangements were subsequently made to secure a number of the limbs. These were taken to Jerusalem and placed in the hands of skilful workers in wood, who cut them into slabs and polished each section to a degree that brought out in the rarest perfection the beauties of the grain, with its rich, dark veinings and fine peculiar traceries, totally unlike the heart of any other tree. These slabs of olive wood thus prepared with consummate skill, were then ready for shipment to this country for purposes with which many readers of this journal will in due time be made acquainted. It may readily be imagined that it was no small task to arrange such an undertaking, and for several months almost every native worker in wood within the limits of the Sacred City was busily engaged on these slabs and it was even found necessary to hire workmen from Bethlehem.

In Prophecy

the Mount of Olives holds a prominent place. It is mentioned by Ezekiel in his wondrous vision of the Lord's departure from Jerusalem. The glory of the Lord first left the sanctuary and stood on the threshold; then it removed to a position over the East Gate of the Lord's house; then it went up and "stood upon the mountain which is upon the east side of the city" (Olivet). For three and a half years the Shekinah remained on Mount Olivet, calling to the Jews: "Return to me and I will return to you." In Nehemiah's time the Mount was studded with olive trees for he says: "Go forth unto the Mount and fetch olive branches and pine branches . . . to make booths." Most important of all is Zechariah's prophecy of our Lord's second coming, wherein he says: "His feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." (14: 4.)

During Christ's ministry on earth, this sacred Mount was practically his home, for he passed his days and nights amid its groves. There is an ancient caravan-road across it, from almost any point of which the buildings of Zion may be seen. On this road and presumably on the eastern slope of the Mount, the Saviour and his disciples walked when he said to them: "Go ye into the village which is opposite you and immediately ye shall find an ass tied and a colt with her. Having found them, bring them to me." And when they had brought them and the Saviour, mounting, had turned his face toward Jerusalem, the people of the village saw the procession advancing along the eastern ridge and the people from the city also. During the whole of

That Ride of Triumph,

the city and the temple were in full view. It was from the slope of Olivet that Jesus predicted the destruction of the temple. And it was to the foot of the Mount, to the beautiful Garden of Gethsemane, that he went with his disciples after the Last Supper, "and when they had sung a hymn."

Concerning the most wondrous of all the events that took place on the Mount of Olives—the Ascension—there has been among eminent writers some difference of opinion as to the exact locality. Eusebius, Dr. Porter, Ellicott, Williams, and other authorities, however, all agree that it took place there. Guides also indicate to visitors many other places of interest, including the tomb of Mary the mother of Christ, the spot where Jesus first said the Lord's Prayer, the tombs of the Prophets, the place where the Apostles composed the Creed (a sort of cavern,) and the knoll from which the disciples viewed the Ascension. On the eastern side of the hill are still pointed out the site of the blasted fig-tree, the tomb of Lazarus and the stone upon which the Saviour sat, when Mary and Martha came to him.

The Church of the Ascension.

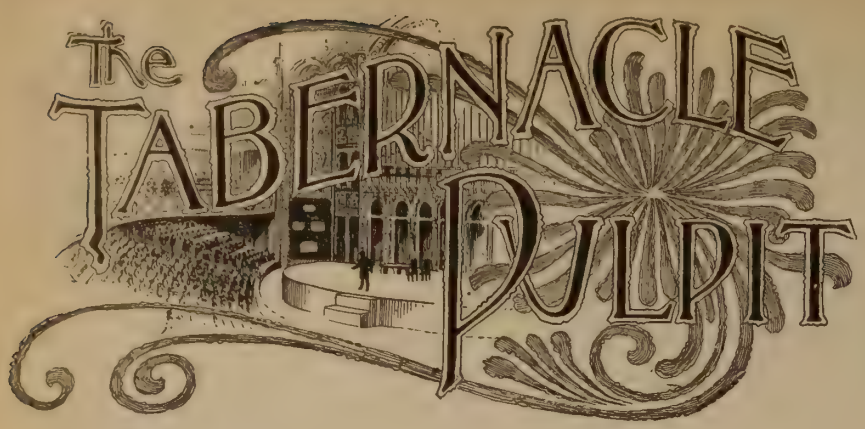
The Church of the Ascension (shown in the illustration), commemorates an event which forms one of the group of fundamental facts in the Christian religion. It is built on the central point of the Mount, on a ridge that runs due north for about a mile and then sweeps westward, encircling a curve of the brook Kedron. From the Garden of Gethsemane up the slope of Olivet to the Church of the Ascension, there runs a slight depression which serves to make the Church stand out all the more prominent. The structure was originally erected by the Empress Helena, about three hundred and thirty-three years after Christ. Some three hundred and seventy years later, this modest edifice gave way to a more imposing one which was built about the year 700 A.D. That building, too disappeared in the course of centuries, and a mosque took its place. In the centre of an open court beside it, is a little domed building on a rock, and on the latter according to tradition, is the supposed impress of the foot of the Saviour, where he last touched the earth. The minaret and domes of the Church of the Ascension are the most conspicuous marks on the summit of Olivet. The Church is surrounded by a number of very poor buildings—mere hovels, in fact—called by the Arabs the *Kefr-et-Tur*.

Doubtless, the Roman soldiers did much toward denuding Olivet of trees, for the sappers and miners of Titus' army stripped the country-side of wood to use in the siege and for fuel. But there was a time when the trees on the hill-side grew thick as a forest. The illustration on this page shows the summit of Olivet as it is at the present day, and is reproduced from a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage during his recent visit. Whatever changes take place elsewhere in the world, Olivet will continue to the end of time to be a central spot of interest and attraction to Christian pilgrims from all lands.

O, Garden of Olives, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy glory shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

The "Mountain of Light" as the Arabs call Olivet, is not quite a mile from the village of Bethany. A favorite route for pilgrims is the road leading from Bethany across the Mount, supposed to be identical with that chosen by Christ. The descent to Gethsemane is steep and somewhat rocky. In the Garden, three trees are still shown, which are said to have been there in the Saviour's time—the Tree of Agony, beneath which he prayed so bitterly; the Tree where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss and the Tree beneath which the disciples slept. Orientals declare that the Olive tree lives a thousand years, and that even after the branches fade, the roots still live and give forth new shoots. It is, therefore, not improbable that these trees are, at the roots, identical with those that flourished there during Jesus' life on earth.

ON MOUNT OLIVET'S SUMMIT.
(*The Church of the Ascension is seen in the back-ground.*)



THE GOSPEL OF THE WEATHER.

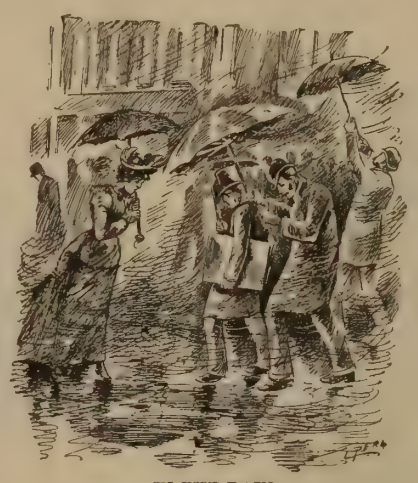
Dr. Talmage takes for his text: *"Hath the rain a Father."* Job 38 : 28.

This Book of Job has been the subject of unbounded theological wrangle. Men have made it the ring in which to display their ecclesiastical pugilism. Some say that the Book of Job is a true history; others, that it is an allegory; others, that it is an epic poem; others, that it is a drama. Some say that Job lived eighteen hundred years before Christ, others say that he never lived at all. Some say that the author of this book was Job; others, David; others, Solomon. The discussion has landed some in blank infidelity. Now, I have no trouble with the Books of Job or Revelation—the two most mysterious books in the Bible—because of a rule I adopted some years ago. I wade down into a Scripture passage as long as I can touch bottom, and when I cannot, then I wade out. I used to wade in until it was over my head, and then I got drowned. I study a passage of Scripture so long as it is a comfort and help to my soul; but when it becomes a perplexity and a spiritual upturning, I quit. In other words, we ought to wade in up to our heart, but never wade in until it is over our head. No man should ever expect to swim across this great ocean of divine truth. I go down into that ocean as I go down into the Atlantic Ocean at East Hampton, Long Island, just far enough to bathe; then I come out. I never had any idea that with my weak hand and foot I could strike my way clear over to Liverpool.

I suppose you understand your family genealogy. You know something about your parents, your grandparents, your great-grandparents. Perhaps you know where they were born, or where they died. Have you ever studied the parentage of the shower: "Hath the rain a father?" This question is not asked by a poetaster or a scientist, but by the head of the universe. To humble and to save Job, God asks him fourteen questions; about the world's architecture, about the refraction of the sun's rays, about the tides, about the snow crystal, about the lightnings, and then he arraigns him with the interrogation of the text: "Hath the rain a father?" With the scientific wonders of the rain I have nothing to do. A minister gets through with that kind of sermons within the first three years, and if he has piety enough he gets through with it in the first three months. A sermon has come to me to mean one word of four letters: "help!" You all know that the rain is not an orphan. You know it is not cast out of the gates of heaven a foundling. You would answer the question of my text in the affirmative. Safely housed during the storm, you hear the rain beating against the window pane, and you find it searching all the crevices of the window sill. It first comes down in solitary drops, pattering the dust, and then it deluges the fields and angers the mountain torrents, and makes the traveller implore shelter. You know that the rain is not an accident of the world's economy. You know it was born of the cloud. You know it was rocked in the cradle of the wind You know it was sung to sleep by the storm. You know that it is a flying evangel from heaven to earth. You know it is the Gospel of the weather. You know that God is its father.

If this be true, then, how wicked is our murmuring about climatic changes. The first eleven Sabbaths after I entered the ministry it stormed. Through the week it was clear weather, but on the Sabbaths the old country meeting-house looked like Noah's Ark before it landed. A few drenched people sat before a drenched pastor; but most of the farmers stayed at home and thanked God that what was bad for the church was good for the crops. I committed a good deal of sin in those days in denouncing the weather. Ministers of the Gospel sometimes fret about stormy Sabbaths, or hot Sabbaths, or inclement Sabbaths. They forget the fact that the same God who ordained the Sabbath and sent forth his ministers to announce salvation, also ordained the weather. "Hath the rain a father?"

Merchants, also, with their stores filled with new goods, and their clerks hanging idly around the counters, commit the same transgression. There have been seasons when the whole spring and fall trade has been ruined by protracted wet weather. The merchants then examined the "weather probabilities" with more interest than they read their Bibles. They watched for a patch of blue sky. They went complaining to the store, and came complaining home again. In all that



IN THE RAIN.

season of wet feet, and dripping garments, and impassable streets, they never once asked the question: "Hath the rain a father?"

So agriculturists commit this sin. There is nothing more annoying than to have planted corn rot in the ground because of too much moisture, or hay all ready for the mow dashed of a shower, or wheat almost ready for the sickle spoiled with the rust. How hard it is to bear the agricultural disappointments. God has infinite resources, but I do not think he has capacity to make weather to please all the farmers. Sometimes it is too hot, or it is too cold; it is too wet, or it is too dry; it is too early, or it is too late. They forget that the God who promised seed time and harvest, summer and winter, cold and heat, also ordained all the climatic changes. There is one question that ought to be written on every barn, on every fence, on every haystack, on every farmhouse. "Hath the rain a father?"

If we only knew what a vast enterprise it is to provide appropriate weather for this world, we would not be so critical of the Lord. Isaac Watts, at ten years of age, complained that he did not like the hymns that were sung in the English Chapel. "Well," said his father, "Isaac, instead of your complaining about the hymns, go and make hymns that are better." And he did go and make hymns that were better. Now, I say to you, if you do not like the weather, get up a weather company, and have a president, and a secretary, and a treasurer, and a board of directors, and ten million dollars of stock, and then provide weather that will suit all of us. There is a man who has a weak head, and he cannot stand the glare of the sun. You must have a cloud always hovering over him. I like the sunshine; I cannot live without plenty of sunlight, so you must always have enough light for me. Two ships meet in mid-Atlantic. The one is going to Southampton, and the other is coming to New York. Provide weather that, while it is abaft for one ship, it is not a head wind for the other. There is a farm that is dried up for the lack of rain, and here is a pleasure-party going out for a field-excursion. Provide weather that will suit the dry farm and the pleasure-excursion. No, sirs, I will not take one dollar of stock in your weather company. There is only one Being in the universe who knows enough to provide the right kind of weather for this world. "Hath the rain a father?"

My text also suggests God's minute supervisal. You see the Divine Sonship in every drop of rain. The jewels of the shower are not flung away by a spendthrift who knows not how many he throws or where they fall. They are all shining princes of heaven. They all have an eternal lineage. They are all the children of a King. "Hath the rain a father?" Well, then, I say if God takes notice of every minute raindrop, he will take notice of the most insignificant affair of my life. It is the astronomical view of things that bothers me. We look up into the night-heavens, and we say: "Worlds! worlds!" and how insignificant we feel! We stand at the foot of Mount Washington or Mont Blanc, and we feel that we are only insects, and then we say to ourselves: "Though the world is so large, the sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger." "O!" we say, "it is no use, if God wheels that great machinery through immensity, he will not take the trouble to look down at me." Infidel conclusion. Saturn, Mercury, and Jupiter are no more rounded, and weighed, and swung by the hand of God than are the globules on a lilac-bush the morning after a shower. God is no more in magnitudes than he is in minutiæ. If he has scales to weigh the mountains, he has balances delicate enough to weigh the infinitesimal. You can no more see Him through the telescope than you can see him through the microscope; no more when you look up than when you look down. Are not the hairs of your head all numbered? and if Himalaya has a God, "hath not the rain a father?" I take this doctrine of a particular Providence, and I thrust it into the very midst of your every day life. If God fathers a rain-drop, is there anything so insignificant in your affairs that God will not father that? When Druyse, the gunsmith, invented the needle-gun, which decided the battle of Sadowa, was it a mere accident? When a farmer's boy showed Blucher a short cut by which he could bring his army up soon enough to decide Waterloo for England, was it a mere accident? When Lord Byron took a piece of money and tossed it up to decide whether or not he should be affianced to Miss Millbank, was it a mere accident which side of the money was up and which was down? When the Christian army were besieged at Beziers, and a drunken drummer came in at midnight and rang the alarm bell, not knowing what he was doing, but waking up the host in time to fight their enemies that moment arriving, was it an accident? When, in one of the Irish wars, a starving mother, flying with her starving child, sank down and fainted on the rocks in the night and her hand fell on a warm bottle of milk, did that just happen so? God is either in the affairs of men, or our religion is worth nothing at all, and you had better take it away from us, and instead of this Bible, which teaches the doctrine, give us a secular book, and let us, as the famous Mr. Fox, the member of Parliament, in his last hour, cry out: "Read me the eighth book of Virgil." O! my friends, let us rouse up to an appreciation of the fact that all the affairs of our life are under a King's command, and under a Father's watch. Alexander's war horse, Bucephalus, would allow anybody to mount him when he was unharnessed; but as soon as they put on that

BLUCHER'S GUIDE.

war horse, Bucephalus, the saddle, and the trappings of the conqueror, he would allow no one but Alexander to touch him. And if a soulless horse could have so much pride in his owner, shall not we immortals exult in the fact that we are owned by a King? "Hath the rain a father?"

Again, my subject teaches me that God's dealings with us are inexplicable. That was the original force of my text. The rain was a great mystery to the ancients. They could not understand how the water should get into the cloud, and getting there, how it should be suspended, or falling, why it should come down in drops. Modern science comes along and says there are two portions of air of different temperature, and they are charged with moisture, and the one portion of air decreases in temperature so the water may no longer be held in vapor, and it falls. And they tell us that some of the clouds that look to be only as large as a man's hand, and to be almost quiet in the heavens, are great mountains of mist four thousand feet from base to top, and that they rush miles a minute. But after all the brilliant experiments of Dr. James Hutton, and Saussure, and other scientists, there is an infinite mystery about the rain. There is an ocean of the unfathomable in every rain-drop, and God says to-day as he said in the time of Job: "If you cannot understand one drop of rain, do not be surprised if my dealings with you are inexplicable." Why does that aged man, decrepit, beggared, vicious, sick of the world, and the world sick of him, live on, while here is a man in mid-life, consecrated to God, hard-working, useful in every respect, who dies? Why does that old gossip, gadding along the street about everybody's business but her own, have such good health, while the Christian

mother, with a flock of little ones about her whom she is preparing for usefulness and for heaven—the mother who you think could not be spared an hour from that household—why does she lie down and die with a cancer? Why does that man, selfish to the core, go on adding fortune to fortune, consuming everything on himself, continue to prosper, while that man, who has been giving ten per cent. of all his income to God and the Church, goes into bankruptcy? Before we make stark fools of ourselves, let us stop pressing this everlasting "why." Let us worship where we cannot understand. Let a man take that one question "Why?" and follow it far enough, and push it, and he will land in wretchedness and perdition. We want in our theology fewer interrogation marks and more exclamation points. Heaven is the place for explanation. Earth is the place for trust. If you cannot understand so minute a thing as a rain-drop, how can you expect to understand God's dealings? "Hath the rain a father?"

"O," you say, a tear is nothing but a drop of limpid fluid secreted by the lachrymal gland—is is only a sign of weak eyes." Great mistake. It is one of the Lord's richest benedictions to the world. There are people in Blackwell's Island insane asylum, and at Utica, and at all the asylums of this land, who were demented by the fact that they could not cry at the right time. There are a great many in the grave who could not stand any longer under the glacier of trouble. If that glacier had only melted into weeping, they could have endured it. There have been times in your life when you would have given the world, if you had possessed it, for one tear. You could shriek, you could blaspheme, but you could not cry. Have you never seen a man holding the hand of a dead wife, who had been all the world to him? The temples livid with excitement, the eye dry and frantic, no moisture on the upper or lower lid. You saw there were bolts of anger in the cloud, but no rain. To your Christian comfort, he said: "Don't talk to me about God, there is no God; or if there is I hate him; don't talk to me about God; would he have left me and these motherless children?" But a few hours or days after, coming across some lead pencil that she owned in life, or some letters which she wrote when he was away from home, with an outcry that appalls, there bursts the fountain of tears, and as the sunlight of God's consolation strikes that fountain of tears, you find out that it is a tender-hearted merciful, pitiful, and all-compassionate God who was the father of that rain.

"O," you say, "it is absurd to think that God watches over tears." No, my friends. There are three or four kinds of them that God counts, bottles, and eternizes. First, there are all parental tears, and there are more of these than of any other kind, because the most of the race die in infancy, and that keeps parents mourning all around the world. They never get over it. They may live to shout and sing afterwards, but there is always a corridor in the soul that is silent, though it once resounded.

Then there are the filial tears. Little children soon get over the loss of parents. They are easily diverted with a new toy. But where is the man that has come to thirty, or forty, or fifty years of age, who can think of the old people without having all the fountains of his soul stirred up? You may have had to take care of her a good many years, but you never can forget how she used to take care of you. There have been many sea-captains converted in our church, and the peculiarity of them was that they were nearly all prayed ashore by their mothers, though the mothers went into the dust soon after they went to sea. Have you never heard an old man in delirium of some sickness, call for his mother? The fact is we get so used to calling for her the first ten years of our life we never get over it, and when she goes away from us it makes deep sorrow. Yes, and God also is Father of the rain of repentance. Did you ever see a rain of repentance? Do you know what it is that makes a man repent? I see people going around trying to repent. They cannot repent. Do you know, no man can repent until God helps him to repent? How do I know? By this passage: "Him hath God exalted to be a prince and a Saviour to give repentance." O! it is a tremendous hour when one wakes up and says: "I am a bad man, I have not sinned against the laws of the land, but I have wasted my life; God asked me for my services, and I haven't given those services. O! my sins, oh Lord, God forgive me." In a religious assemblage, a man arose and said: "I have been a very wicked man; I broke my mother's heart; I became an infidel; but I have seen my evil way, and I have surrendered my heart to God; but it is a grief I never can get over that my parents should never have heard of my salvation; I don't know whether they are living or dead. "While yet he was standing in the audience, a voice from the gallery said: "Oh! my son, my son!" He looked up, and he recognized her. It was his old mother. She had been praying for him for a great many years, and when, at the foot of the cross, the prodigal son and the praying mother embraced each other, there was a rain, a tremendous rain, of tears, and God was the Father of those tears. O! that God would break us down with a sense of our sin, and then lift us with an appreciation of his mercy.

The king of Carthage was dethroned. His people rebelled against him. He was driven into banishment. His wife and children were outrageously abused. Years went by, and the king of Carthage

MOTHER AND SON.

made many friends. He gathered up a great army. He marched again toward Carthage. Reaching the gates of Carthage, the best men of the place came out bare-footed and bare-headed, and with ropes around their necks, crying for mercy. They said: "We abused you and we abused your family, but we cry for mercy." The king of Carthage looked down upon the people from his chariot and said: "I came to bless, I didn't come to destroy. You drove me out, but this day I pronounce pardon for all the people. Open the gate and let the army come in. "The king marched in and took the throne, and the people all shouted: "Long live the king!" My friends, you have driven the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of the Church, away from your heart; you have been maltreating him all these years; but he comes back today. He stands in front of the gates of your soul. If you will only pray for his pardon, he will meet you with his gracious spirit and he will say: "Thy sins and thine iniquities I will remember no more. Open wide the gate; I will take the throne. My peace I give unto you." And then, all through this audience, from the young and from the old, there will be a rain of tears, and God will be the Father of that rain!

AN ACT OF CRUELTY was perpetrated at Jacksonville, Fla., by a number of mischievous boys recently. The *Metropolis* of that city says that as a fisherman was returning to his home on a moonlight night he saw a large turtle leisurely moving seaward. It was larger than he could carry, so he turned it over on its back beyond high-water mark and went home for a cart to secure it. During his absence some boys saw the turtle and the fisherman's dog watching it. They tied the dog securely to the turtle and turned the latter over, to see which would prove the stronger. Once on its feet the turtle made for the water and in spite of the dog's struggles dragged it after it. The boys ran after the pair meaning to separate them, but it was too late. The turtle was in the sea and the dog's howls were soon silenced. It was a fatal bond rhat held the two together, for the dog could not live in the element which was natural to the turtle. The fate of the dog has a lesson in it for young Christians who propose entering into the marriage bond with a worldling. Many a child of God has been dragged down inro the mire by such an alliance, with a result fatal to spiritual life. (Deuter. 7 : 3, 4.)

* * *

THE LAST CRUISE of a famous old ship commenced a few days ago. The frigate *Constellation*, now almost a hundred years old, has been once more repaired and taken to the Naval Academy preparatory to her summer cruise with three classes of naval cadets. This is to be her last cruise, for a new practice-ship is being built which is expected to be ready next year. The *Constellation* will then be struck off the naval list. She was built in 1795. Three years after being launched, she fought and captured the French ship *L' Insurgente;* the next year she was engaged with another French ship—*La Vengeance*, and again the victory was with the *Constellation;* and her commander, Commodore Truxton received a gold medal from Congress. Her next and greatest fight was in 1803, when she was surrounded off the coast of Tripoli by a fleet of gunboats. It seemed a hopeless case, but she fought her way clear with flying colors. She is still a stanch vessel, but is now unfit for modern warfare, and would be no match for an ironclad carrying heavy guns. She has therefore been condemned as too antiquated for service, in spite of her illustrious record. An effort is being made in our day to have the Bible and the Church condemned on the same ground; but there is no justification for the effort, as both are impregnable, and have never ceased to win victories for God over his enemies. (Numbers 35:29.)

* * *

A MARRIAGE DELAYED twenty years by a misdirected letter was celebrated last week, at Rochester, Minn. Twenty-three years ago, says a Chicago dispatch, a young man commenced business in Rochester, and worked hard to make a home and income for a bride. The bride's father had objected to him as a husband for his daughter on the ground of his youth and his poverty. He had promised, however, to consent to the union if at the end of three years, he was prosperous in business, if in the meantime, there was no communication between the young people. At the end of the three years, the condition was fulfilled, and the young man wrote to renew his offer. The young lady did not receive the letter and after waiting four years, concluded he had forgotten her or had changed his mind and she married another suitor. The lover wondered that no answer came to his letter and considered the silence a sign that his offer was rejected. It was more than a year before the matter was explained. The girl's family had removed from Chicago to Milwaukee, Wis. He knew their new address, but as most of his letters were to correspondents in Chicago he thoughtlessly wrote the name of that city on the envelope instead of Milwaukee, though he wrote the street and number of the new address correctly. After many delays, while the post-office people were vainly trying to deliver the letter, it was returned to him through the dead letter office. It was then too late. A few months ago, however, hearing that the girl he loved had become a widow, he renewed his offer and on June 30th, they were married. It has often happened that union with Christ, has been delayed by an error, but never by an error of that kind. The seeker cannot believe the invitations and promises of the Gospel are for him, although they are for "whosoever will." (Rev. 22:17.)

* * *

A TIMELY WARNING saved many lives in the recent Cherokee inundation. A press dispatch from Fort Dodge, Iowa, says that a member of the Fire Department, who was on duty on the night of the storm, became alarmed at the continuous downpour and about three o'clock in the morning ventured out into the valley to see what mischief was likely to ensue. He found the entire bottom flooded, and, hurrying back to the station, sounded the fire bell continuously. The citizens were awakened and realized their danger only just in time to dress and fly to the hills. Many of them had to wade through a foot of water before they could reach the bridge, which was their only way of escape. Every house was flooded and most of them were swept away and dashed to pieces against the bridge. Some people who were not awakened or did not realize their danger were dragged out of their homes by their wiser friends. The mules and live stock were swept down the stream and drowned. Ministers of the Gospel are engaged in a work like that which the fireman did, although the people, whom they warn of their danger do not realize it, and sometimes the preachers themselves do not preach with the earnestness the occasion demands. (Ezek. 33:3-6.)

* * *

A VIGOROUS AND importunate prayer was made in New York on Sunday, June 21. A number of Chinamen visited the Joss' house and prayed. Then they went away and brought in a small roast pig which they laid on the altar. More prayers were offered by one of their number, and the company fervently joined in them. Again they quitted the temple and spent some time in collecting tin horns and other musical instruments with which to produce the melodies they love. All the neighborhood echoed with the thrilling sounds when they again surrounded the Joss, and every Chinaman within hearing distance was aware that some of his countrymen were supplicating for some favor on which their hearts were very earnestly set. The favor they were seeking was that their Joss would soften the heart of the Chinaman who, about a month ago, was appointed by the Mayor of New York a mandarin or policeman of the Chinese colony in the Sixth Precinct. Immediately on his entering on the duties of his office he had closed all the fantan or gambling houses, and resolutely kept them closed. Large bribes were offered him by the gambling-house-keepers; he had been coaxed and threatened, but all in vain. They then resorted to the Joss, and they pledged themselves that if the mandarin's heart was softened, they would bring the first hundred dollars that they could cheat their countrymen out of and present it to the Joss as an offering of thanksgiving. Their reason seems to have been dulled by the process which blunted their conscience, or they would have perceived that a being who would accept such a bargain was not worthy of worship. The same mistake is often made by men who call themselves Christians. They ask God's blessing and give liberally to his cause while living on ill-gotten gain, and while conducting their business on selfish principles which are his abhorrence. To all such God says: "Thou thoughtest I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee." (Ps. 50: 21, 23.)

CHRIST'S FIRST MIRACLE

S. S. Lesson for July 19, By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 2 : 1-11. Golden Text, John 2: 11.

THREE days had passed by since the wonderful revelation of Jesus to John the Baptist as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." This revelation was a new era in John's life; it was more, he saw it as the central point of all history, it was the beginning of days to him, for John saw, as those in heaven see, all else centering in "the Lamb as it had been slain." (Rev. 5: 6.) John did not see all that the Spirit of God through the Word has given us to see: he never saw that slain Lamb "in the midst of the throne." He who was as a Lamb dumb before her shearers, which openeth not her mouth," is now in the very place of power! John did not fully understand what life would flow out of his death, what power out of his weakness, what dominion out of his submission, what glory out of his humiliation. Paul learned and taught that, because he emptied himself, and "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,"

Therefore,

"God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." It was like a little rehearsal in miniature, first, the revelation of the Lamb of God; then, the next day and the day after, the call to discipleship; and then, on the third day, the marriage. Are our lives so lived that our dates and reckonings, our reasons and our motives all have their sources from above? Is Jesus to us the beginning and the ending of all things? This is the privilege of the child of God, "born from above," seated with Christ in "heavenly places," "called with a heavenly calling," having his citizenship in heaven. Christ's vocation upon earth was not simply to save us from eternal death, but to bring heaven's light and heaven's life down to earth. He was God "manifest in the flesh." He took on him the likeness of sinful flesh, to make it, in his own person, a practically transparent thing, which God could shine through. All of earth, all of man had become defiled, but he took the defiled thing through death, that it might have a new life through his indwelling, and so make all things new; and his presence brings heaven into all the relations of life where he is fully recognized.

"The third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee. It was doubtless in Joseph's family, for "the mother of Jesus was there; and both Jesus was called, and his disciples to the marriage."

Marriage is no Light Thing;

it was instituted before man fell, and is spoken of as the type of the very closest relationship of Christ with his church. (Eph. 5: 23-33.) Perhaps the most complete and perfect opportunity to live out the true Christ life, the living not unto ourselves, but in the name, in the interests, in the very life of another is given in married life. There must be the yielding of the will, the considering another before ourselves, the daily taking up of crosses which others may never dream of,—all have ample scope in the married life of almost all who are true followers of the Lamb. Praise God for such a precious school, when the Holy Spirit makes conscience of every detail of life as an exercise of unselfish love, and self-renouncing unity. It is a blessed thing when Jesus is called, not only to the marriage feast, but to preside over the whole of the married life.

The presence of Jesus at the humble marriage feast was perhaps the very means of a discovering need. Wine failed, it was the common drink of the country, and there was not sufficient for the supply of the company. To the mother of Jesus this was an important matter, and she turned naturally to Jesus and said, "They have no wine." Of how many a marriage, of how many a family it may be said, "There is a great lack, they have no wine, none of the new wine of the kingdom, none of the grace which is in Christ Jesus." Mary knew from whence help would come, and yet it was not for her to dictate. Jesus answered next: "Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come." Master of all the universe as he is, Jesus would not work a miracle, nor do anything,

Until His Hour was Come.

He trusted his Father's wisdom for times and seasons in the smallest details of life. It is such a trust which alone can take the hurry out of a busy life. We are "God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God hath prepared beforehand that we should walk in them." It is dangerous to go forward into any duty without the distinct preparation of the Master. He alone knows how much time such and such a duty may take, and if he permits an interruption or a delay, he is responsible for it; and it is an exercise of faith whether we will take it from his hand or not. Mary now found another service; she said unto the servants, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." This was the essential thing, that every spirit and every person should be subject to him. He can only turn water into wine when and where all is yielded to him: his hour is not come until this is done. How much there is in the family life of many which he could change and regulate, and bring the light of heaven into, but his hour is not come, because some member or members of the family are not yet decided to do whatsoever he says! All is ripe where all bows before Jesus, then he can work. "Fill the water pots with water." Why fill them now in the end of the feast?

"Whatsoever

he saith unto you, do it." True obedience can go forward without waiting for explanation. "They filled them up to the brim." "Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it." Not a touch, not a word, and yet the thing was done; the presence of Jesus was power. When all is subject to him in a heart, in a home, in a church, or anywhere else, he can give command without words, he can work miracles without touch, his very presence has transforming power.

"When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine, and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew,) the governor of the feast called the bridegroom, and saith unto him, Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse, but thou hast left the good wine until now." Man's best is always first, man seeks to show all he has, all his little resources, and O, how little they are, and how soon exhausted. But God works upon the ruin of the flesh. "All flesh is grass," (Isa. 40: 6,) and just where the flesh fails, there God can create. Just as soon as we come to know we have nothing we can count upon, he can take our little all, and make something out of nothing, wine out of water, food for five thousand men out of five loaves and two small fishes, men who turn the world upside down out of unlearned men.

"This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and

Manifested Forth His Glory."

These words are spoken of no other miracle that he wrought. Many might think it was hardly worth while to work a miracle in order to provide wine for a humble marriage feast. But God's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. Many a wondrous miracle of God is wrought by the fireside in a humble home, many a drunkard's wife, many an unconverted parent's child, many and unconverted child's father or mother, has experienced the wonder-working power of God in exigencies of which no man has ever known. But Jesus has counted it worth his while, and those who have seen his glory in the victories of a humble life may one day reign with him in his glory.

HERNDON'S COMPACT.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for July 19: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory."—John 2 : 11.

SOME thirty or forty boys were gathered in the quadrangle of a large school ready to set out on a paper-chase through a richly wooded country. They had got through their lessons early, and would have nearly four hours of daylight for their fun. And there would be good fun, too; every one knew that. These paper-chases were the best times of the term.

"Where is Herndon?" asked one of the leaders. "Don't start without him. Go and find him, Brown."

"Come along, Herndon," Brown said, meeting the missing boy at the door of his room. "We are all waiting for you."

"I am not going to-day," said the boy. "I have promised to stay with Hardale. He is terribly sick, you know."

"Oh, don't be silly. He has the nurse with him, and if she wants any help she can call Thomas. We shall have no end of fun."

"I know, but Hardale is expecting me, and he has enough pain to bear without having to suffer more through disappointment. You can get along without me better than he can."

"It's too bad; I think you're silly," said Brown, and he went off to join the party while Herndon went to the sick ward.

If he felt any regret at missing the fun, as he probably did, being a healthy, energetic lad, naturally fond of outdoor games, it vanished as he saw the glad smiles of welcome on Hardale's wan face at his entrance. "I was afraid you would not come," the sick boy said. "Thomas said there was to be a paper-chase, and I expected you would want to go. It is awfully good of you to stay with me. I have been counting the hours till you could come. Are you very sorry not to go?"

"I am glad to be here, as you wanted me. We'll have plenty more paper-chases yet. I can spare one. Now, what can I do for you?"

"Well, most of all, I want a letter written to my folks at home. Nurse and Thomas are very good to me, but neither of them can manage that like you can. I have to dictate it and tell them how to spell the words. It is almost as much of a bore as writing. I am so terribly weak now."

Herndon found the writing materials, and, sitting down by the bed, wrote the letter on the basis of the disjointed hints the sick boy gave him. It was read over when it was finished, and pronounced very good.

"Now tell me about the boys and how the classes are, and what has been going on in school while I have been lying here."

All the news was given and talked over.

"Now, would you mind reading to me a little?" was the next request.

"Just what I expected," Herndon said. "I thought you would want that, so I brought a book with me that my sister sent me. It is one of Kingsley's stories. I never read it, and I don't think you have."

"That's good," said the sick boy, his eyes brightening. "Go ahead. It will be the greatest treat you can give me. I can't read myself; it hurts my eyes since I have been so weak and nurse cannot spare the time, and if she could, it would not be like your reading."

"Ah! that has been enjoyable," said Hardale, when an hour later the nurse appeared and insisted on the book being closed and her patient settling down for a good night's sleep. "I have almost forgotten," the sick boy continued, "how full of pain I was. The hours don't go so fast as this at other times. I declare I *am* better. You're better than medicine, Herndon. What makes you so different from the other boys? I don't believe there is one beside you who would have given up the fun to spend the evening with a sick chum."

"Oh, don't make so much of it, Hardale. I've enjoyed it, too. Now hurry up and get well. Good night."

The boy was honest. He had enjoyed the evening for, somehow, the pleasure the invalid showed in his company more than balanced his regret for the pleasure he had missed. And then, too, there was a secret joy in having carried out a compact he and that sister of his at home had made together. She was three years older than he, but they had been close companions and had talked much together about the way to make the best of their lives. "I believe," his sister had said one day, "we cannot find any better way than in trying to make other people happy. It is Christ-like. You remember that when Jesus worked his first miracle to relieve the embarrassment of some friends it was said that in doing so he manifested forth his glory. We cannot work miracles, but we can often do something to help others and that will manifest glory, the glory of the Saviour's spirit within us."

Herndon thought his sister was right and they had promised each other that they would try to live that kind of life. It seemed to him as he went home from his friend's room to his own, that night, from what Hardale had said, that the glory must have been manifested. Not his own glory but that of the Spirit of his Lord which prompted him to do as he had.

LESSON POINTS

Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

And both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage. It is said that many years ago a young man, who had conceived a bright business project, being anxious to secure the funds necessary to put it into active operation, called on one of the Rothschilds, the most famous bankers of the age, with a view to securing the pecuniary assistance required. Baron Rothschild after due investigation, being convinced that the scheme was a meritorious one and likely to prove profitable, without responding to the young man's solicitation, directly invited him to join him in a visit to the Exchange.

After walking arm in arm for a little while, he turned to the young man and said: "my friend you will now have no difficulty in securing all the assistance you require the only difficulty will be to choose among those, who will be willing to stand by you" after which, he shook his hand and bade him good-by. And so, indeed, it was Wherever the young man went to submit his proposition and invite co-operation, he found the most prompt and cordial response. He was recognized as a gentleman who had walked arm in arm with the great banker, and who therefore must be considered worthy of credit and confidence.

Much depends on the company we keep. In all probability, these disciples would not have been invited had they not been disciples of Jesus. And so at the end of life's journey only those who delight here below to walk with him and rejoice to be numbered among his disciples will be invited to the Marriage Feast of the Lamb and find the fine linen of the righteousness of the Saints and a royal welcome awaiting them on their entrance to the New Jerusalem.

Mine hour is not yet come. God in his own time will do what is best for us. We must not be impatient if our prayers are not immediately answered, or answered according to our ideas. When we come down to the end of life and look back upon the kindly leadings of Providence we will recognize the fact that Divine wisdom is superior to human wisdom and that having been led in God's way and by God's hand, all is well with our souls, whereas had our own desires been gratified in our way, temptations beyond our ability to bear might have wrecked our eternal happiness. Sometimes the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene cannot understand why poverty should be their lot here below, while others less faithful and less consistent are blessed with an abundance of wealth, yet God knows what is best and happy are we if early in life we submit to him and learn to say from the depths of our heart:

> Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
> Nor ever murmur or repine.
> Content whatever lot I see,
> Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

Some eighteen months ago, the beautiful daughter of wealthy parents failed to put in an appearance one morning at breakfast. Rapping at the door, eliciting no response, the parents became alarmed and forcing the latch, they found their only daughter apparently dead, holding in her hands a bottle labeled "Poison." Almost frantic with grief, the father snatched the bottle and hastened to the druggist, whose name appeared on the label and excitedly demanded information as to what the bottle had contained. The druggist asked him if his daughter was a tall brunette with dark eyes, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, stated that there was no cause for alarm. The young lady had called last night and in great agitation asked for some poison to kill rats, but noticing that she was not in a condition to be safely entrusted with poison he had substituted some innocent mixture, fearing lest if he refused some other druggist, less careful might gratify her desire to her own hurt. A few hours rest, he continued, would bring her around all right. Greatly relieved, the father returned and to his unutterable joy found that his daughter, as the druggist, had stated had awakened from sleep. When she realized what she had escaped she thanked God that her desire was not gratified and that the druggist in his wisdom had not given her what she had asked for.

PROPHETIC PERIODS.

An Epitome of Professor Totten's Views on Prophetic Chronology.

PROPHETIC students throughout the country have been deeply interested in the letters and articles which have been published by the secular press recently, in reference to the mathematical and chronological calculations of Lieut. C. A. L. Totten, who is professor of military tactics in Yale University. Their interest, however, is rather in the conclusion which Professor Totten has reached, than in the process by which he has reached it. That process is extremely difficult to follow, owing to the abstruse and complicated system which he adopts. Beside this difficulty, there is another, which arises from the fact that in the various books and journalistic articles which the Professor has written, he gives us only prominent facts and dates, the relevancy of which is not apparent to the ordinary reader. They evidently have served him as stepping-stones in his course over the river of time, past and future, but in what way they have done so, he has nowhere explained. An instance in point is the stress he lays on the precise date of Joshua's long day, (Joshua 10: 12, 15), which he appears to make a pivotal date in his calculations. In what way the identification of this date affects the chronology of prophetic periods is not obvious.

The Startling Conclusion

of the Professor's calculations, however, is not left doubtful. In a letter which he sent to the writer a short time ago, he says: "The Antichrist is about to be manifested, probably at the end of this year. The Advent (Parousia) is at hand. Three and a half years thereafter will see 666 in the temple. Three and a half years of Jacob's trouble will follow, ending with the three and a half *days* of the dead 'witnesses,' and then, thank God! the end. That will be 2520 years from Nabopolassar and six thousand years of the world's luni-solar existence." In his published works this date—that of the end of the dispensation and the beginning of the millennial reign of Christ—is fixed at a time not later than Passover Day, March, 1899. "This year," he says, "dating from April 9, 1891 to March 29, 1892, is the final year of grace."

The Seventieth Heptad.

This statement is easy to follow. If, as the Professor believes, the final end of the dispensation should be on or about Passover day 1899, then the years from 1892 to that date will be the seven years comprehended in Daniel's seventieth week. (Daniel 9: 27.) Those seven years, whenever they commence will be marked by the events enumerated by Prof. Totten. There is no difference of opinion among students of prophecy on that point. The manifestation of Anti-Christ and his negotiation of a covenant with the Jews to restore their nationality will be a signal recognized by every watcher of the times. When that takes place, we shall know that we have entered upon the last seven years of the dispensation and shall know in outline the events that will characterize them. There will come the rapture of the waiting believers, the declaration of the blasphemous pretensions of the federal head of the decem-regal confederacy, the persecution of all who will not concede those claims, the violation "in the midst of the week" of the Covenant with the Jews and the final conflict at Armageddon when Christ will descend to take vengeance and take to himself his power and reign. All the events of those seven years are clearly mapped out. It is of the intervening years, the long period stretching from the day when "Messiah was cut off, but not for himself." (Daniel 9: 26), to the present time, that prophecy is silent. Seventy weeks were determined or set apart—Daniel was told—for certain definite purposes (Daniel 9: 24), and they were to be in three portions: seven weeks, three score and two weeks and one week. The sixty-nine weeks ended at Calvary and the parenthetic period, of which Daniel knew nothing, began. The final week of the seventy, the last seven years of this dispensation still remain to be fulfilled.

The Question to be Determined

and to which Prof. Totten believes he has found the answer, is the length of this parenthetical dispensation under which we live and which has already lasted 1858 years. Several periods are mentioned in prophecy as guides by which to calculate. The most important are the 2,300 years (Daniel 8: 13-14), the 1335 years and the 1290 years. (Daniel 12: 11-12.)

There is besides these periods, another of six thousand years, which is a matter of inference not of specific statement. It has long been thought that in the counsels of him, with whom "one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years is as one day," there may have been a typical connection between the week of creation and the whole course of this world's history, and that as in that week six days of labor were followed by a seventh of rest, so the human race will have six thousand years of toil and trial, followed by a thousand years of millennial blessedness. Two questions have to be determined in reference to these periods. The first is the dates from which they start, and the second the length of the prophetic year. Is it a solar-year as in our chronology, or a lunar year as Jews and Mohammedans use the term, or a calendar year which is an approximation of lunar and solar time? It is evident that in the solution of these problems, Professor Totten has undertaken a task in which his profound mathematical knowledge and rigorous scientific training are of great service.

To Verify Bible Chronology

is Professor Totten's first effort. He believes it possible to identify certain dates by the movements of the heavenly bodies. Using for this purpose the metonic system of a nineteen years' cycle, he calculated backward from a recent period to the time assigned for the creation. Reversing the process, and calculating forward, he declares that he dicovered a discrepancy of one day. Chronology recorded one day more than astronomy. He regards this fact as an evidence of the literal veracity of the story of Joshua's miracle. (Joshua 10: 12, 15.) Astronomy would, he contends, show no trace of a day on which the motion of the earth and moon and probably the whole stellar universe was suspended, though the day would be accounted for in human records. It was not a whole day, however, he insists, that was lost or gained, but twenty-three hours and twenty minutes. Another forty minutes, completing the day of twenty-four hours was added to the account by another miracle—that of the reversal of the motion of the shadow on the sun-dial of Ahaz on the prayer of Hezekiah. (II. Kings 20: 8, 11.) The former day is further identified by the conjunction of the sun and moon, which evidently occurred when the motion of these bodies was resumed, because when their motion was stayed the sun was over Gibeon and the moon over Ajalon (two places eight miles apart), and both bodies being thus visible showed that they were going into conjunction. Professor Totten, using his metonic cycle, declares that the miracle must have occurred on the 24th day of the tenth month of the year 2555 from the creation.

Proceeding with this verification by the dates on which eclipses must have occurred, Professor Totten justifies the system by the records of the British Chronological Association. These show, he says, that

The Precision of the Periods

of "the eclipses, and the continued accuracy of the length of the day are such that a particular solar eclipse of any team is always visible from the same part of the earth. The ancient records of eclipses in Nineveh show that the track of totality is precisely what it was three thousand years ago." Referring to the before mentioned period of "seven times" which Professor Totten, in common with students of prophecy, regards as representing 2520 years, he remarks that "it contains 132 Lunar or Metonic Cycles in which the epact amounts to seventy-seven lunar years, and over and above these cycles there is a remainder of twelve years, which raises the epact to seventy-five solar years. In the last chapter of Daniel the angel intimates to the prophet that while the scattering of the power of the holy people would terminate at the end of the second half of the 2520 years, yet there would be additions of thirty and forty-five years before the era of full blessedness should arrive. In other words, to the long period of 2520 years Scripture adds a brief period of seventy-five years and, as we have seen, astronomy does the same."

Another remarkable combination of figures is one found in the Book of Esdras in the Apocrypha. It is there stated that the world is divided into twelve parts, of which ten and the half of a tenth are gone. That is to say fifty-three sixtieths of time were past. Professor Totten claims to have discovered a scribe's date on this book, and by adding to it the remaining seven-sixtieths the date 1899 A. D. is obtained.

Professor Totten has expended an enormous amount of labor on these chronological computations, and he is still laboring on others which he believes promise even more remarkable results. Those already attained, however, convince him that it is his solemn duty to utter the warning cry, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." (Luke 12: 35, 40.)

ANTI-SLAVERY QUAKERS.

The First Protest.*

THE first protest ever issued by any Christian church against slavery, came from the Friends of Germantown; and a copy of this protest may be seen today hanging in the Friend's Free Library in that place. To the same profound conviction of the equal rights of men so boldly put forth by the Society of Friends may be traced the beginning of the abolition movement. William Lloyd Garrison became interested in this cause through his friendship with Benj. Lunday, a pupil in the school of John Woolman, the Quaker. Stephen Grellet and William Allen influenced Alexander I, of Russia, to take measures for the abolition of serfs, an act which was accomplished peaceably in the reign of Alexander II. Frenchmen who were in America at the time of the revolution, were much interested in the views of the Society of Friend and carried their sentiments home with them. Especially was this the case with Jean Pierre Brissot, the statesman of the Girondists. To his efforts may be traced the Proclamation of Emancipation in Hayti by the Commissioners of the French Convention. Thomas Clarkson also gave good evidence in his labors in behalf of suffering humanity, of the influence the Quakers had over him.

A Prediction.

"We shall see something out of the established course of thing if you come out scot-free in the next battle. It will fix the fate of a lot of us. I wish you all success and safety in your faith, Mr. Haydock," said the slim officer to whose experience miracles were contrary, "it seems all foolishness to me."

"I know—'to the Greek, foolishness; to the Jews a stumbling block'—but unto them which are called, Christ the power of God. 'I know whom I have believed,' 'and as we are embassadors for Christ as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead be ye reconciled to God.'" In his earnestness, James Haydock had risen and was standing with bared head under the wide-spreading oak branches, whose leaves were slightly moved by the night wind; the numberless tents of the regiment lay quietly, dimly outlined by the uncertain light of the camp fires whose smoke curled up and disappeared in the cloudy darkness overhead; no stars were now visible; most of the soldiers had turned in for the night, and the group around the speaker remained silent as he continued with uplifted face,

"'Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?' 'Neither death nor life, nor angels, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come.' 'Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.'"

He stopped, and as with one accord the listening group rose and stood a monument before him without speaking, the chaplain almost involuntarily raised both hands and pronounced a benediction over the uncovered heads, then turned and sought his tent, followed by the other men; the Colonel silently shook hands with James Haydock, and left him standing under the tree, where he lingered a moment listening to the strains of a negro hymn that floated to him from a far off corner of the camp.

My Lord, what a morning,
My Lord, what a morning,
My Lord, what a morning,
When the stars begin to fall.

Under Fire.

So absorbed was James Haydock's mind in thoughts of this kind that he was only awakened to a full sense of his surroundings when a shower of rifle balls fell about him, and through a sudden cloud of smoke he saw that the blue-coats were coming up the hill, the answering volley from the Confederates failing to check the onward rush. The man on his right hand loaded his revolver after this first fire, and his eyes gleamed fiercely at the foe, the one on his left hand had fallen and entered the next world with a curse on his lips. As Colonel Preston rode rapidly along the ranks, cheering his men on, his eye fell on James Haydock standing quietly with his hands loosely clasped behind him, looking out into the confusion.

"Haydock, for God's sake, go to the rear. I can't see a man standing that way; it is downright murder."

"In faith, it is all murder," muttered a smooth-faced lad as a shot struck him and he fell at the colonel's feet. "I wonder how mother will get along without me," was the faint whisper that James Haydock caught as he bent a moment over the young face so suddenly grown gray and rigid.

"He's gone. Go to the rear, I tell you; I command you."

Silently James Haydock turned to obey orders when a fresh and still closer hail of shots staggered him for an instant; almost blinded by the smoke, he could yet see that the colonel had fallen from his horse, and lay motionless, while the animal fled wildly over the field. Without a minute's hesitation, James Haydock lifted the rather slight form, and carrying it in his arms, walked quietly along the line and back to the tents in the rear.

"I thought you said that man was a coward," said a soldier to his comrade; "that don't look much like it."

"Coward or hero, sinner or saint, I don't know; but I wish I felt as calm as he looked. Look out, here they come, now for a close fight and may the Lord have mercy on our souls."

In the Field Hospital.

The hush that prevailed under the long white canvas canopy was very solemn, and contrasted strangely with the moans to which James Haydock had been listening when helping the wounded. Here all pain was over; peacefully lay the still forms on the bare boards that did not look uncomfortable as the entire repose of the faces was noted. No emaciation from illness, no sign even of suffering is found as a rule on the faces of those who make sudden exit from this world. A few attendants were gently going among the bodies, trying to find the address of distant relations to whom would soon come the heavy tidings, "Killed at Petersburg." Sometimes a photograph in a letter would be found, sometimes a pocket testament with the name of the giver in it, and from the breast pocket of one young man, James Haydock took a letter containing a dark brown lock of hair tied with a tiny silken curl of gold. The simple inscription, "Baby's hair," brought the tears to James Haydock's eyes as he replaced the envelope over the heart that could no longer beat for wife or child.

* * *

*From *The Haydock's Testimony* by L. C. W. Published by request of the Christian Arbitration and Peace Society.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The World Lighted, a study of the Apochrypha, by Chas. Edward Smith. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Mrs. Whilling's Faith Cure, by Mr. Geo. C. Needham. Bradley & Woodruff Publishers, Boston.

Lyrics, by Joseph Hudson Young Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

The Red Cord, from Creation to Christ, The Bible story made plain to young readers, by S. F. Rossiter, D. D. Randolph & Co., New York.

Cyclopedia of Temperance and Prohibition. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Teetotaler Dick, His Adventures, Temptations and Triumphs, by Thos. W. Knox. Ward & Drummond, New York.

Nature's Serial Story, by E. P. Roe. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The Sunny Side of Bereavement, by Rev. Chas. E. Cooledge. J. G. Appleton Co., Boston.

How to Cook Vegetables, by Mrs. S. E. Rorer, Principal of the Philadelphia Cooking School. Altee, Burpee & Co., Philadelphia.

Jerry Downer, by the Author of "The Gilletts." Leonard Publishing Co., New York and Albany.

The Amazons, A Lyric, by Verna Woods. Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.

Fables, Anecdotes and Stories. Boston School Supply Co.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

WE have received a number of letters referring to the changes in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. While all, without exception, speak very highly of these improvements, there are some of our readers who seem to think that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is now "too nice-looking for a religious paper." To these friends we would say: Can anything that is dedicated to God and his service be too good? Is he not entitled to the best? Why should secular papers be more attractive than those of a purely religious character, like THE CHRISTIAN HERALD? We extend a cordial invitation to our readers to write to us, expressing their opinions on this matter.

HAD TO LEAVE IT.

I HAVE it as an authentic incident that an attorney was called to sit beside a dying man and to write his last will and testament. The attorney having taken pen, ink, and paper, and begun in the usual form of a last will and testament, said to the dying man: "Well, now, sir, what disposition do you propose to make of your property? In the first place, how much money have you?" "Well," the man replied, "I have thirty thousand dollars." "Thirty thousand dollars; and what will you do with it?" "Well," said he, "there is John; he has been a good boy. I'll give him five thousand dollars. Put down five thousand dollars. Ah! it is sad to give this money up. I worked very hard for it—very hard for it." "Well," inquired the attorney, "what disposition will you make of the rest of the property?" The dying man replied: "There is Sarah; she has been a good girl. I'll give her five thousand dollars." "Well, now, what disposition will you make of the rest?" inquired the attorney. "Ah!" said the dying man, "it is hard—it is hard, after working as I have to get this property, to have to give it up. But there is so-and-so; he has been a very good friend to me. He was a friend to me when I started in life, and has been a friend all through. I must do something for him. I'll give him five thousand dollars." "Well, now," said the attorney, "what else? what else?" "Well," replied the dying man, "I think I shall keep the rest myself!" In his stupidity only crying out what ten thousand have felt on their death-bed, while with a dying clutch they seized that which had been their ruin. Though we may have the deeds for the land and the certificates for the stock, who ever heard of a man being able to carry a private box of valuable papers with him into the grave? How much more of New York real estate to-day does John Jacob Astor own than the man who used to blacken his shoes? When Herod was dead, was his banquet any better than that of the worms that fed on his carcase? How many dollars is Cræsus worth now? How much revenue tax does Stephen Girard pay? Was the dust of the valley any sweeter to the lips of Queen Elizabeth than to the needle-woman who on the imperial robes sewed her life away? When Maximilian went back dead from this continent to Europe, and the monarchies uncovered their heads as his dead body passed, and great honors were shown his remains, did the dead usurper see any more of the demonstration than his victims which strewed the Mexican plateau? No. However we may escape all other creditors, Death at last will execute upon us a writ which will take from us our last picture, our last building-lot, our last shelf of goods, our last bond, our last mortgage, our last book, our last coat, our last shoe, our last glove, our last penny; and empty-handed, you and I will go into the eternal world, not owning so much as the five or six feet of ground in which we may be buried. I ask you, is not that man a fool who builds on such a world, which he must, throughout and throughout, surrender even if he gets it?

CARE OF TRUST FUNDS.

EVERY man during the course of his life, on a larger or smaller scale, has the property of other committed to his keeping. He is so far a safety deposit, he is an administrator, and holds in his hand the interest of the family of a deceased friend. Or he is an attorney, and through his custody goes the payment from debtor to creditor, or he is the collector for a business house which compensates him for the responsibility; or he is a treasurer for a charitable institution and he holds alms contributed for the suffering; or he is an official of the city or the State or the nation, and taxes, and subsidies, and supplies, are in his keeping. It is as solemn a trust as God can make it. It is concentrated and multiplied confidences. On that man depends the support of a bereft household, or the morals of dependents, or the right movement of a thousand wheels of social mechanicism. A man may do what he will with his own, but he who abuses trust funds, in that one act commits theft, falsehood, perjury, and becomes, in all the intensity of the word, a miscreant. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, red with their own heart's blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency? What is the matter? The administrators or the executors have sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their own private affairs. How often it is that a man will earn a livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and then die, and within a few months all the estate goes into the stock-gambling rapids of Wall Street. How often is it that you have known the man to whom trust funds were committed taking them out of the savings bank and from trust companies, and administrators turning old homesteads into hard cash, and then putting the entire estate into the vortex of speculation. Embezzlement is an easy word to pronounce, but it has ten thousand ramifications of horror.

OLD NEW YORK.

MANAHACHTANIENKS was the name by which the Indians called this city. The translation of it is, "the place where they all get drunk." Most uncomplimentary title; we are glad that it has been changed; for though New York has several thousand unlicensed grog-shops, we consider the name inappropriate, although, if intemperance continues to increase as rapidly for the next hundred years, as during the last twenty years, the time will come when New York may appropriately take its old Indian nomenclature. Old-time New York is being rapidly forgotten, and it may be well to revive some historical facts. At an expense of three thousand dollars a year, men with guide-book in hand go through the Catacombs of Egypt and the picture galleries of Rome and the ruins of Pompeii, when they have never seen the strange and historic scenes at home. We advise the people who live in Brooklyn, Jersey city and up-town New York, to take this paper and go on an exploration. Go to No. 1 Broadway and remember that George Washington and Lord Cornwallis once lived there. Go to the United States Treasury, on Wall Street, and remember that in front of it used to stand a pillory and a whipping-post. In a building that stood where the United States Treasury stands, General Washington was installed as President. In the open balcony he stood with silver buckles and powdered hair, in dress of dark silk velvet. (People in those days dressed more than we moderns. Think of Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison inaugurated with hair and shoes fixed like that). Go to the corner of Pearl and Broad Streets, and remember that was the scene of Washington's farewell to the officers with whom he had been so long associated. Go to Canal street, and remember it was so called because it once was literally a canal.

HEARTY INVITATION.

THERE are a great multitude of people just outside the church railing who would like to come in. They are not quite certain whether we ecclesiastics want them inside. Let us drop our exquisite essays, and come down and give them a warm-hearted exhortation, and they will step in at the first call. The people have no idea that a sermon is intended to save them. It is a work of fine art that they come to look at on Sundays, as they look at Church's "Cotopaxi." They sit admiring the colors and the perspective. They want to know whether the sermon is according to the best rules; whether the introduction leads naturally into the main subject; whether the heads of discourse are rightly proportioned; whether the illustrations are classical; whether the sermon is over thirty-five minutes long. When will ministers and laymen find out that a sermon is good in proportion to the number of souls it saves? Let us next Sunday go to our people with a red-hot talk, and urge them to come in to the Gospel banquet. They are waiting for an invitation.

SELECT YOUR KNOWLEDGE.

LIFE is so short you cannot know everything. There are but few things we need to know, but let us know them well. People who know everything, do nothing. You cannot read all that comes out. Every book read without digestion is so much dyspepsia. Sixteen apple-dumplings at one meal are not healthy. In our age, when hundreds of books are launched every day from the press, do not be ashamed to confess ignorance of the majority of the volumes printed. If you have no artistic appreciation, spend neither your dollars nor your time on John Ruskin. Do not say that you are fond of Shakespeare if you are not interested in him, and after a year's study would not know Romeo from Sir. John Falstaff. There is an amazing amount of lying about Shakespeare.

CORN FIELDS.

THERE is nothing more suggestive to me than a corn-field, whether it be in the deep grass of July, or when the husbandman puts his peg into the husk and rips out the golden ear. In the twelfth chapter of St. Matthew, we find our Lord Jesus Christ walking in the corn-field. It was on the Sabbath day. The disciples who went with him were hungered, and at his will they took the ears of corn and ate. The Lord Jesus not only then but always walks in the corn-field, in the wheat-field, and wherever men are trying to make a living; and he is interested in everything they gain, and interested in everything they lose.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has just closed a series of evangelistic meetings at Pine St. Methodist Church, in Portland, Me. Rev. John F. Clymer, pastor of the church says: "The Church has been greatly quickened and about one hundred have professed faith in Christ."

Mr. D. L. Moody is being urged to revisit Scotland. A requisition begging him to do so has been signed by the principals of Edinburgh University and the Free Church and United Presbyterian College, and by the Countess of Aberdeen and leading men of all the churches, and has been sent to him in care of Rev. John Smith of Edinburgh.

Three young men from Washburn College, under the leadership of Mr. Joel Harper, a licentiate of Oklohoma Association, are carrying the gospel into destitute localities in Oklahoma Territory by means of a gospel wagon, fittted up with all the accessories for housekeeping as well as the necessary outfit for conducting religious meetings.

Rev. W. T. Lambourne, of London, has been preaching on the last two Sundays at the King's Own Mission, Bayonne, N. J. The crowds were so large that the services were adjourned to the open air as the Mission would not hold the half of those who came. Last Sunday, there were over a thousand persons at each service and much good was done.

The New National Prohibition Park and Camp Ground on Staten Island, N. Y., was opened on July 4th with appropriate ceremonies. Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., who is President of the Association, presided, and Prof. Samuel Dickie, Chairman of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party and other eminent men took part in the proceedings. Meetings will be held on the grounds throughout this month.

Mr. H. C. Tronk, who is laboring in a mission at West Troy, N. Y, would be glad to receive back numbers of this journal from any of our readers who may have them to spare. The mission is an endeavor on the part of some Christian young men of the town to benefit canal men, very many of whom are discharged there and wait in the town until they can obtain work on another boat. They have found the distribution of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD very helpful in the work.

The Revival services in the Allen Street Memorial Church, New York, are a signal success. The pastor, Rev. William Hamilton informs us that the prospects are truly wonderful. People have come in night after night, and have been blessed with converting power. Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, who is conducting the meetings, is being helped enthusiastically by the pastor, and Christian workers from that, and other churches. The meetings are still going on, and the interest increasing.

A house and lot worth over $50,000 has been given to Rev. A. B. Simpson, pastor of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, for use as an Orphanage. The donor is Mr. Joseph Battin, ex-President of the New Jersey Water Company, who gave the magnificent High School Building recently to the city of Elizabeth, N. J. Mr. Simpson has for some time supported a number of orphans, but has been inconvenienced by the lack of a suitable building. The number of children under his care at present is thirty-six, but with the increased facilities that Mr. Battin's munificence will supply, many more children can be received.

Major George A. Hilton has, we regret to learn, been temporarily laid aside from active evangelistic labor by a serious accident. While on his way to conduct a revival service at Mount Vernon, Wash., the buggy in which he was riding was overturned, and he suffered several aggravated dislocations and was severely bruised. For three weeks he has been completely helpless and unable to continue the work which God was so wonderfully blessing. Happily he is now recovering and has undertaken to commence labor next week in the First Methodist Protestant Church of Seattle, though at present he has to use crutches to go around. Many of our readers who know Major Hilton and the valuable work he has been doing for many years past, will thank God for his merciful preservation, and will pray for his complete restoration to health.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Prince George's Visit—Haytian Troubles—The New Copyright Law—A Lake in the Desert—Earthquake Shocks, &c.

ALMOST interesting contribution to autobiographical American literature will be made in the near future. Gen. Benj. F. Butler has now finished and is about to issue his long-anticipated book in which, so he asserts, he will tell the exact truth concerning the dead and living alike. Gen. Butler's sturdy, relf-reliant and aggressive character is sure to give the book a positive interest for American readers. It will review his political experiences from Free-soil days, through all the varying phases of American politics up to the close of the war. Not the least interesting will be the *resume* of his career during the war, his relations to Jeff. Davis and his explanations of the reason why he voted for Davis at the Charlestown Convention in 1860. He claims that Davis was not originally a Disunionist. but that he was compelled to follow his State. Gen. Butler's opinions very frankly expressed of American lawyers, statesmen and military leaders, couched in the trenchant phraseology of which he is a master, will doubtless evoke comment in many quarters.

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. . . UNHAPPY HAYTI, not yet freed from the rule of the tyrannical Hyppolite, seems again destined to be the scene of war. It is reported that Legitime, the exiled President, and his followers are preparing for a descent upon Hayti, with the view of wresting the government from Hyppolite. A strong movement has set in against Hyppolite since the recent assassinations by his order, and it is now believed that the prospects of Legitime's return to power are promising. Hyppolite has continued the massacre of his supposed enemies for many weeks. Lately one hundred persons were ordered to leave Port-au-Prince and not return under penalty of death. The tyrant, on horseback and surrounded by a body-guard has attended so-called executions almost daily. On various occasions, he sat, unmoved by the frantic appeals of heart-broken women, whose husbands were about to be shot, and after their implorations, gave the brutal order of fire, apparently taking a delight in butchery. One case is related, where the mother of a young man so executed was dragged from the son's dead body, a raving lunatic!

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. . . THE news comes from Ottawa that Lady Macdonald, the widow of Sir John Macdonald (whose portrait appears in this column), has been made a peeress by Queen Victoria, in honor of her illustrious husband. Lady Macdonald is herself a woman of rare accomplishments and many admirable qualities, and one who, in Canadian eyes at least, well deserves the honor Had Sir John Macdonald lived, it is not improbable that his statesmanship would have been recognized by the conferring of a peerage, but his nature — which was rather democratic than otherwise — would probably have led him to decline it, although like D'Israeli, he might have been induced to accept it for his wife's sake.

LADY MACDONALD.

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. . . EMPEROR WILLIAM is a man of surprises. He let out a secret a few days ago, concerning which all Europe had been conjecturing for weeks past, viz., that the Dreibund or Triple Alliance of Germany, Italy and Austria, had been renewed for six years and the treaty signed. This will probably dispose of the war talk for some time to come, unless indeed, political and other changes should occasion a rupture of the alliance such as almost happened after the collapse of the Crispi ministry in Italy sometime ago. Now, that this important matter is settled, the young Kaiser feels at liberty to go on his long-projected travels. He is accompanied by the Empress and a very large and brilliant staff. Great preparation are being made in London for their reception, and one of the royal palaces will be practically surrendered to the visitors during their stay.

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. . . PRINCE GEORGE of Greece, who is now visiting this country, arrived in New York last week. He speaks very modestly about the part he played in saving the Czarewitch of Russia from a Japanese assassin in the gardens near Otsu, some time ago, the facts concerning which were published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD shortly after the occurrence. "We were on one side of the path," he said, "with a line of police on the other side. On our side the Grand Duke walked behind two of the Japanese officials, who were showing us the sights. I followed behind the Grand Duke and back of me was the Japanese Minister. Suddenly a man ran past the police, raised a sword with both hands above his head and before his intention could be divined, brought it down with all his strength on the Czarewitch's head. Luckily the Czarewitch had time to step aside and so avoided the direct blow, although the point of the weapon cut his scalp from the crown of his head to a point above the right eye. The murderous blade swung again and the blow was repeated almost on the same spot. The Czarewitch started to run, with the assassin following. The latter had raised the sword for a crushing blow, when I struck him on the head with my stick and he fell to the ground. There is the entire incident." Prince George was feted and honored by the Greek colony in the metropolis, and has visited the navy yard and many other places of interest during his brief stay. He sailed for Europe on Saturday last.

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. . . OUR new Copyright Law went into effect on July 1st. On several occasions lately, President Harrison and Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, held consultations with the view, it was understood, of the issuance of a proclamation, as prescribed by the International Copyright Law. The official proclamation was issued last week. In anticipation of the new law, the British, French, Belgian and Swiss governments have announced to our government, their willingness to avail themselves of the facilities afforded to their citizens for securing copyright here and to grant American authors equal privileges. Librarian Spofford believes that the new law will not be followed by a large immediate increase in the applications for copyright, since time will be required for new publishing arrangements and contracts to be entered into by foreign authors. He does not think the importation of foreign printed books now extant will be largely affected. The importation of all books written and published after July 1st, except such as claim no copyright here, is summarily cut off. The number of Americans, who have heretofore secured copyright abroad is extremely small. Some American authors, by temporarily residing in Canada or England, have secured copyright without trouble in these countries.

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. . . A REMARKABLE phenomenon has occurred in the great desert known as the Colorado Sink, the lowest part of which is now a lake, twelve miles wide and thirty miles long, with an average depth of from twenty to forty inches. A few days ago, water began to percolate in large quantities through the arid sands, to the surprise of the salt-gatherers at Pilot Knob, San Pedro, and Salton. It was found that the water was twenty-five per cent. salt, and it was believed to have come a long distance before reaching the surface. It is still pouring into the sink at a rate that threatens to make a large part of the Colorado Desert an inland sea, without apparent feeder or outlet. Scientific men regard this flooding of the desert with the greatest interest, and as the most peculiar phenomenon that has occurred on the coast since white men settled that part of the country. One theory is that the inundation is caused by the overflow of the Colorado River, the water coming through an underground passage beneath a low range of hills to the South of the Sink. The ground all through the entire section has peculiarities that have attracted the attention of prospectors and investigators. It has always been so shaky that it could not bear the weight of a locomotive, so light dummies have had to be used. A heavy piece of iron dropped, shard-pointed, on the ground, would sometimes cut through and disappear—an indication of the existence of some underground stream or lake or, at least, of a subterranean marsh, showing that a body of water had at one time been where the desert now stretches for many miles.

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. . . MR. GLADSTONE'S illness, at one time considered serious, has left him very weak but convalescent. A striking illustration of the brief tenure a public man enjoys is found in the fact that during his few weeks' illness, the British politicians took to discussing the question of his successor in the Liberal leadership. The consensus of political opinion seems to be that Sir Wm. Harcourt rather than John Morley, would be the coming leader in the event of Gladstone's permanent incapacitation or death.

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. . . AS THE Behring Sea fishery question is still a matter of vital interest, we give to-day a portrait of De. G. N. Dawson, who has been appointed one of the British Commissioners in the arbitration. Dr. Dawson is one of the best known geologists in this country. He is the son of Sir William Dawson, Principal of the McGill University, Montreal, and is now forty-three years of age. He was the geologist of the Boundary Commission to settle the line between Canada and the United States, and explored the region from the Lake of the Woods to the Rockies. In 1877 he commanded the Yukon River Expedition in Alaska, making a journey of 1300 miles in boats. He is a native of Nova Scotia.

DR. DAWSON.

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. . . PIKE'S PEAK, in Colorado, is no longer an unapproachable pinnacle in the clouds. The railroad, which has been building for two years past, is now finished, and the first passenger train reached the summit of the mountain on the afternoon of July 1st, carrying sixty-five people. The lower terminus of the line is 6,400 feet above sea level and the upper 14,147, the entire distance being nine miles and the steepest grade twenty-five per cent. Going up, a snow squall was encountered and the passengers were glad to wear overcoats. The engine is propelled on cog wheels, the rear of the locomotive being elevated to give the forward portion a true level. The passenger cars are of the ordinary sort, except that they also are raised at one end, to enable the occupants to sit comfortably. The Pike's Peak Railroad is the highest in the world.

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. . . MONTE CARLO, the most notorious gambling resort in Europe, where thousands of men and women have been ruined and many have ended their lives by suicide; where princes and plebeians, ladies of the highest rank and adventuresses, meet side by side at the gaming-tables; the saddest, wildest, wickedest place in all Europe—is to have its counterpart in Lower California. The scheme for the establishment of an American Monte Carlo is, strange to say, supported by several men who have been prominent in public affairs both here and in Mexico, including, it is said, President Diaz, Gen. Butler, Gen. Eli Murray, the President of a leading National Bank and a least one railroad millionaire. If it be the purpose of these men to deliberately encourage the gambling propensity on a scale of magnitude heretofore unknown here, all Christian people will pray that the scheme may fail. $50,000,000 are said to be ready to put into the scheme and all the necessary grants of land, etc., have been already arranged with Mexico.

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. . . RAIN-MAKING machines are the latest invented wonders, but that they will actually produce rain has yet to be demonstrated. One western genius has constructed what he terms a "rain-maker," whose workings are as mysterious as the Keely motor. Others are in the field with rain-compelling devices. Gen. Greely, chief of the Signal Service (who has lately resigned and has been succeeded by Prof. Mark W. Harrington) is the most prominent of these inventors. He claims to be able to produce a regular down-pour, but it will cost $7,500 per shower. This expenditure would be justified only if it became an object to save crops over a large area. Until the whole *modus operandi* of these rain-makers is fully explained, most people will continue to prefer the old style of rain to any supply that can be artificially coaxed from the clouds. Perhaps the very best plan to insure the copious and general distribution of moisture is to plant an abundant supply of trees.

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. . . CALIFORNIA on June 29th felt the severest shocks of earthquake experienced since 1868. Rumblings and sharp concussions were followed by a vibration from North-west to South-east. The earthquake lasted for fully a minute, being divided into two distinct series of shocks, the last having an oscillating motion. At San Jose, high towers swayed ten feet out of the perpendicular; there was a panic in the big hotels and half-clad guests rushed into the streets, while the entire city rocked like a sea. Several buildings collapsed while the undulations lasted. The shocks were felt throughout a large part of the State. The repetition, which usually comes after a short interval, was watched for but did not occur.

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. . . IT WILL BE good news to humanitarians the world over to learn from official sources that the African Slave Trade has almost reached its last stage of existence. British officials, who have been engaged in fighting the traffic in East Africa for many years, have just submitted their reports of last year's operations, which show that the traffic has been minimized to a very large degree. It is believed that the action of the Brussels Conference will give it the finishing blow, as, under that arrangement, all the European Powers, together with the United States, will now act in concert for its suppression, and the last strongholds of slavery will shortly be invaded.

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. . . SECRETARY BLAINE'S health need no longer be a subject of anxiety for, since going to Bar Harbor, he has improved wonderfully. He goes out driving daily in a little rig, consisting of a low phaeton drawn by a single horse, a very modest affair by the side of the splendid turnouts at Bar Harbor. Mrs. Damrosch his daughter, usually accompanies him, holding the reins. Miss Hattie Blaine, now in Europe, is expected to join the family at Stanwood Cottage by the middle of the month. Mr. Blaine's doctors now say that if he avoids over-exertion during the summer months, there need be no fear of a relapse.

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POETESS Elaine Goodale (now Mrs. Dr. C. E. Eastman) and her husband, the young Chief of the Sioux Nation, have settled down to their labors at the Pine Ridge Agency, Dakota, where Mrs. Eastman will devote herself to mission work and the education of the young charges at the agency. Mrs. Eastman (whose portrait is given in this column), has already won the hearts of American readers by her beautiful poems. She developed a talent for versifying at a very early age. Her child-life was largely spent out-of-doors, among the rugged Berkshire Hills. Elaine never went to school, but studied with her mother, Mrs. Dora H. R. Goodale, who was a woman of many gifts and who taught the little poet Latin, French and Greek. The family led a very secluded life in the mountains, their home being beside dense woods in a house overrun with woodbine and clematis. Elaine was always a warm admirer of the best traits of the Indian character, and her love of the woods shines out through her poems. One characteristic verse runs as follows:

MRS. DR. EASTMAN.

No lagging step outruns the happy days,
Our tread is soft as rain;
With careless joy we tread the woodland ways
And reach her broad domain.

THE REAR-GUARD.

"And David came to the two hundred men, which were so faint that they could not follow David, whom they had made to abide at the brook Besor. . . . as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike. And it was so from that day forward, that he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day." 1. Samuel 30 :21-25.

THOSE who associate themselves with a leader must share his fortunes. Six hundred men had quitted their abode in Judæa; unable to endure the tyranny of Saul they had linked themselves with David, and made him to be a captain over them. They were, some of them, the best of men, and some of them were the worst: in this, resembling our congregations. Some of them were choice spirits, whom David would have sought, but others were undesirable persons, from whom he might gladly have been free. However, be they who they may, they must rise or fall with their leader and commander. If he had the city Ziklag given to him, they had a house and a home in it; and if Ziklag was burned with fire, their houses did not escape. When David stood amid the smoking ruins, a penniless and a wifeless man, they stood in the same condition. This rule holds good with all of us who have joined ourselves to Christ and his cause; we must be partakers with him.

I hope we are prepared to stand to this rule to-day. If there be ridicule and reproach for the gospel of Christ, let us be

Willing to be ridiculed

and reproached for his sake. Let us gladly share with him in his humiliation, and never dream of shrinking. This involves a great privilege, since they that are with him in his humiliation shall be with him in his glory. If we share his rebuke in the midst of an evil generation we shall also sit upon his throne, and share his glory in the day of his appearing. Brethren, I hope the most of us can say we are in for it, to sink or swim with Jesus.

It frequently happens that when a great disaster occurs to a band of men, a mutiny follows thereupon. However little it may be the leader's fault, the defeated cast the blame of the defeat upon him. If the fight is won, "it was a soldiers' battle"; every man-at-arms claims his share of praise. But if the battle is lost, cashier the commander! It was entirely his fault; if he had been a better general he might have won the day. This is how people talk: fairness is out of the question. So in the great disaster of Ziklag, when the town was burned with fire, and wives and children were carried away captive; then we read that they spoke of stoning David. Why David? Why David more than anybody else, it is hard to see, for he was not there, nor any one of them. They felt so vexed, that it would be

A Relief to Stone Somebody,

and why not David? Brethren, it sometimes happens, even to the servants of Christ, that when they fall into persecution and loss for Christ's sake, the tempter whispers to them to throw up their profession. Vile suggestion! Mutiny against the Lord Jesus? Dare you do so? Some of us cannot do so, for when he asks us, "Will ye also go away?" we can only answer, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." No other leader is worth following. We must follow the Son of David.

If we thus follow our leader and bear his reproach, the end and issue will be glorious victory. It was

A Piteous Sight

to see David leaving two hundred men behind him, and marching with his much diminished forces after an enemy who had gone, he scarce knew where, who might be ten times stronger than his little band, and might slay those who pursued them. It was a melancholy spectacle for those left behind to see their leader a broken man, worn and weary like themselves, hastening after the cruel Amalekite. How very different was the scene when he came back to the brook Besor more than a conqueror!

Yes, we have no doubt about the result of our warfare. He that is faithful to Christ shall be glorified with him. That he will divide the spoils with the strong is never a matter of question. "The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand." This morning I want to utter God-given words of comfort to those who are faint and weary in the Lord's army.

I. I shall begin by saying, first, that there are

Faint Ones in the Army

of our King. Among the very elect of David's army—heroes who were men of war from their youth up—there were hands that hung down, and feeble knees that needed to be confirmed. There are such in Christ's army at most seasons. We have among us soldiers whose faith is real, and whose love is burning; and yet, for all that, just now their strength is weakened in the way, and they are so depressed in spirit, that they are obliged to stop behind with the baggage.

Possibly some of these weary ones had grown faint because they had been a good deal perplexed. David had so wrongfully entangled himself with the Philistine king, that he felt bound to go to fight against Israel. They were perplexed with his movements. I do not know whether you agree with me, but I find that half-an-hour's perplexity takes more out of a man than a month's labor. When you cannot see your bearings, and know not what to do, it is most trying. When to be true to God it seems that you must break faith with man, and when to fulfil your unhappy covenant with evil would make you false to your Christian professions, things are perplexing. If you do not walk carefully you can easily get yourselves into a snarl.

Worst of all, their grief came in just then. Their wives were gone. Although, as it turned out, they were neither killed nor otherwise harmed; yet they could not tell this, and

They Feared the Worse.

Is it at all wonderful that some of them were faint after performing that doleful *miserere*? Where would you be if you went home this morning, and found your home burned, and your family gone, you knew not where? I know many Christians who get very faint under extraordinary troubles. They should not, but they do.

Perhaps, also, the force of the torrent was too much for them. As I have told you, in all probability the brook Besor was only a hollow place, which in ordinary times was almost dry; but in a season of great rain it filled suddenly with a rushing muddy stream, against which only strong men could stand. Many there are of our Lord's servants who stop short of certain onerous service: they are not called to do what their stronger comrades undertake with joy. Many are too faint for needful controversy. I have found a great many of that sort about lately: the truth is very important, but

They Love Peace.

It appears quite necessary that certain of us should stand up for the faith once delivered to the saints; but they are not up to the mark for it. They cannot bear to differ from their fellows; and they hold their tongues rather than contend for the truth. There are true hearts that, nevertheless, cannot defend the gospel. They wish well to the champions; but they seek the rear rank for themselves.

Yet these fainting ones were, after all, in David's army. Their names were in their Captain's register as much as the names of the strong. And they did not desert the colors. They had the same captain as the stoutest-hearted men in the whole regiment; they could call David "Master" and "Lord" as truly as the most lion-like man amongst them. It is hard to brave men to be confined to hospital, and have no drive at the foe. The weary one wishes he could be in the front, where his Captain's eye would be upon him. He pants to smite down the enemies, and win back the spoil for his comrades.

II. Faint ones have

Their Leader for Their Advocate.

Listen to those foul-mouthed men of Belial, these wicked men: how they rail against those whom God has afflicted! They came up to David and began blustering—"These weaklings who were not in the fight, they shall not share the spoil. Let them take their wives and children and begone." These fellows spoke with loud, harsh voices, and greatly grieved the feebler ones. Who was to speak up for them? Their leader became their advocate.

First, do you notice, he pleads their unity? The followers of the son of Jesse are one and inseparable. I may be the foot, all dusty and travel-stained; and you may be the hand, holding forth some precious gem; but we are still one body. Yonder friend is the brow of holy thought and another is the lip of persuasion, and a third is the eye of watchfulness; but still we are one body in Christ. We cannot do, any one of us, without his fellow; each one ministers to the benefit of all. The eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee." We are all one in Christ Jesus. Surely this ought to comfort those of you who, by reason of feebleness, are made to feel as if you were very inferior members of the body.

Useful Service.

Then he pleaded their needfulness. He said, "These men abided by the stuff." No army fights well when its camp is unguarded. It is a great thing for a church to know that its stores are well guarded by a praying band. While some of us are teaching in the school or preaching in the street, we have great comfort in knowing that a certain number of our friends are praying for us. To me it is a boundless solace that I live in the prayers of thousands. I will not say which does the better service—the man that preaches, or the man that prays; but I know this, that we can do better without the voice that preaches than without the heart that prays. Therefore, as for those who cannot come into the front places of warfare, deny them not seats of honor, since, after all, they may be doing the greater good. Remember the statute, "They shall part alike."

Notice that David adds to his pleading a statute. I like to think of our great Commander, the Lord Jesus, making statutes. He makes a statute for those who are forced to stay at home because they are faint. Blessed be the name of our Lord Jesus, he is always looking to the interests of those who have nobody else to care for them! If you can look after your own cause, you may do so; but if you are so happy as to be weak in yourself, you shall be strong in Christ. Those who have Christ to take care for them are better off than if they took care of themselves. He that can leave his concerns with Christ has left them in good hands. Vain is the help of self, but all-sufficient is the aid of Jesus. To sum up what I mean: I believe the Lord will give to the sick and the suffering an equal reward with the active and energetic, if they are equally concerned for his glory. If lawfully detained from the field of active labor this statute stands fast for ever, for you as well as others: "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike."

III. Now, these faint ones find Jesus to be

Their Good Lord in Every Way.

Was he not a Good Lord when he first took us into his army of salvation? What a curious crew they were that enlisted under David! "Everyone that was in debt, and everyone that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became a captain over them." He was a captain of ragamuffins; but our Lord had not a better following. I was a poor wretch when I came to Christ; and I should not wonder if that word is near enough to the truth to describe you. I was a good-for-nothing, over head and ears in debt, and without a penny to pay. I came to Jesus so utterly down at the heel, that no one else would have owned me. He might well have said,—"No, I have not come to this—to march at the head of such vagrant beggars as these." Yet he received us graciously, according to his promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Since then, how graciously has he borne with us! We are not among those self-praising ones who have wrought such wonders of holiness; but we mourn our shortcomings and transgressions; and yet he still owns us, and he declares, "They shall be mine in that day when I make up

My Jewels.

Brethren, let us exalt the name of our Captain. There is none like him We have been in distress since then and he has been in distress with us. In all our afflictions he was afflicted. Have you not found it so? When we have come to a great difficulty like the brook Besor, he has gently eased his commands, and has not required of us what we were unable to yield.

What I have to say lastly is this: how greatly I desire that you who are not yet enlisted in my Lord's band would come to him because you see what a kind and gracious Lord he is! Young men, if you could see our Captain, you would down on your knees and beg him to let you enter the ranks of those who follow him. It is heaven to serve Jesus. I am a recruiting sergeant, and I would fain find a few recruits at this moment. Every man must serve somebody: we have no choice as to that fact. Those who have no master are

Slaves to Themselves.

Depend upon it, you will either serve Satan or Christ, either self or the Saviour. You will find sin, self, Satan, and the world to be hard masters; but if you wear the livery of Christ, you will find him so meek and lowly of heart that you will find rest unto your souls. He is the most magnanimous of captains. These forty years and more have I served him, blessed be his name! and I have had nothing but love from him. I would be glad to continue yet another forty years in the same service here below if so it pleased him. His service is life, peace, joy. Oh, that you would enter on it at once! God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus even this day! Amen.

THE SECRET PRAYER.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my hands in secret prayer
Within the close-shut closet door.

Their is a viewless cloistered room
As high as heaven, as fair as day;
Where, tho' my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

And never through these crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way;
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the secret words I say.

One harkening even can not know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er;
For he alone who hears my prayer,
Has heard the shutting of the door.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Describes a Visit to the Largest School in the World, and What He Saw There.

VACATION, that period of unalloyed delight for childhood, had come around once more, and the "hopes of the household" were duly elated. Uncle John was the recipient of many confidences. Plans for excursions to the country, for botanizing expeditions, and similar pleasures were eagerly discussed.

"Two months is a long time in which to enjoy yourselves," said Uncle to Ted, who was most urgent in pushing the preparations. "Do you know," he added, looking gravely at the group, "that the young folks in this country get the longest vacations of any children in the world? Didn't know it, did you? It's a fact, though."

"Don't *all* school-children have one?" asked Tom.

"Not all," replied Uncle John. "There are children who never knew what vacation meant, until Christianity taught their parents and teachers to treat them more kindly. But did I ever tell you about the largest school in the world?"

"The very largest?" echoed Milly.

"Yes," said Uncle. "It is in Cairo, Egypt, and is called the El-Azhar. It is a religious school, attached to a famous Mosque or Temple. Nine years ago I was at Cairo, and went to see the great school, which is over eight hundred years old, and has more than ten thousand students and between three and four hundred teachers. The students are from all parts of the earth where the religion of Mohammed prevails, but of course most of them are from Egypt. It is a free school, and the scholar stays there from three to six years, according to the course of study he is to undertake. Many of the pupils are the sons of rich parents, and these give the professors presents, for the teachers are allowed no salary, and, indeed, it is thought to be a great honor to teach there for nothing.

"On the day our party visited the school they were having examinations in geometry, arithmetic and other branches, and also in poetry and law. All Mohammedan law is based on the Koran or Mohammedan Bible."

"Is it like our own Bible?" interrogated Ted.

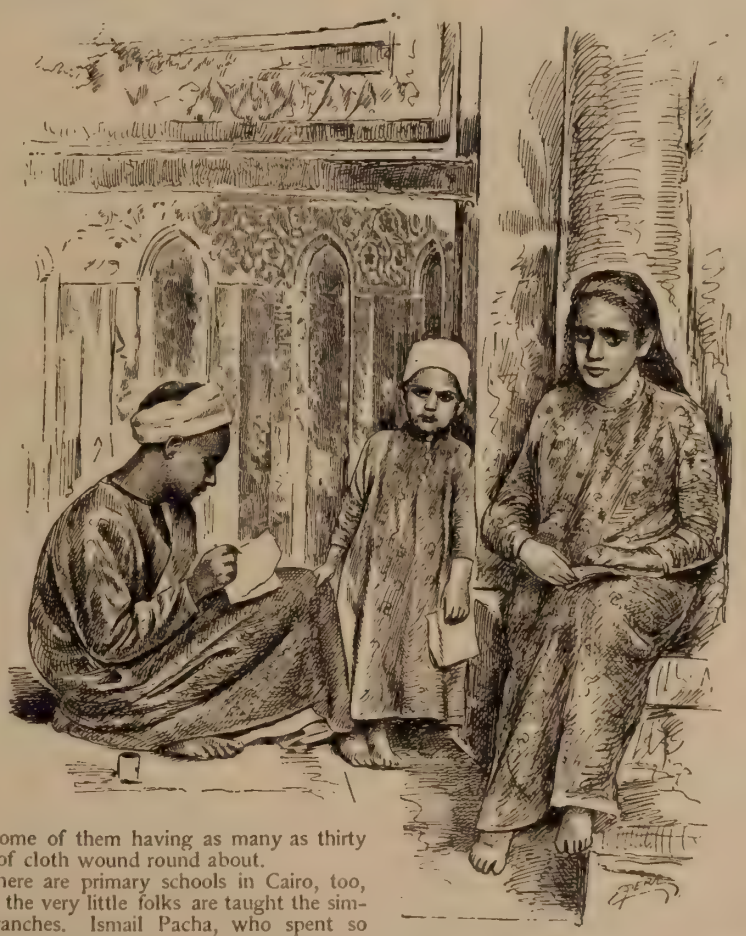
"No; very different. Our sacred book is the best in the world. It would take too long now, Ted, to point out the differences. The Koran is held in the highest veneration by the Mohammedans. Nobody is allowed to print or translate it, this being expressly forbidden by the church. Some think that this is in order that the priests and scribes may have a monopoly of writing out copies of the Koran, for it is always written, generally on vellum or parchment, with finely-colored initial letters. Some of these copies are rare works of art. I have seen one valued at $3,000."

"Are there many poor scholars in the big school?" was asked.

"Plenty of them," said Uncle. "They support themselves by working at whatever they can, while they are being educated. I have seen some very young folks there, who, so they told me, had to sleep in the Mosque, because they had no money to pay for lodging. There is a room set apart for scholars from each country outside of Egypt, and there is a fine library where they can consult books on every topic, all being printed in the Arabic."

"Don't they close the big school in summer?"

"What!" exclaimed Uncle John; "give ten thousand scholars a vacation all together? Where would they go? Most of them are too poor to go anywhere. Besides, they are better off where they are. They take their books and wander off among the groves outside the city, or along the Nile banks, conning their lessons as they walk. Such a thing as a vacation is unheard of, beyond a day's outing now and then. They return home when their course of study is over and begin to teach others in turn. Some stay right on at the El-Azhar and become professors there. These professors are very dignified-looking fellows, with long cloaks coming down to their heels and great, wide sleeves, like a bishop's. On their heads they wear the largest turbans I ever saw, some of them having as many as thirty yards of cloth wound round about.



YOUNG SCHOLARS OF THE ORIENT.

"There are primary schools in Cairo, too, where the very little folks are taught the simple branches. Ismail Pacha, who spent so much money that he has been called 'Ismail the Magnificent,' did one good thing when he was persuaded by his wife to give Egypt a good public school system, not unlike our own in America. Besides, our missionaries have established schools in different parts of the country, and have done a great deal of good. Miss Whately, the daughter of Archbishop Whately, had a school at Cairo for several years, where she taught poor girls, and it was the example she set in conducting her free school on Christian principles that set the Khedive's wife to thinking, and led to the establishment of public schools in all the principal cities of Egypt. So you see, children, what may come of the efforts of an humble individual working for the good cause. It is due to one noble, self-sacrificing woman missionary that thousands of children in Egypt are to-day being taught not only the rudiments of education but Christian principles."

"What do they teach the girls there, Uncle?" inquired Milly.

"Household duties, embroidery and plain sewing, and sometimes reading and writing. If they show a disposition for music they may be taught music. It is the oddest thing in the world for an American to enter a room and see a group of these little men and women, all turbaned, of course, puzzled before some hard problem set by the teacher. They have no forms or desks, but all squat on the floor on mats. Each pupil has a tablet in her hand with Arabic letters on it, and these they commit to memory, keeping up a terrible din all the time. It is the custom in nearly all Oriental schools for the teacher to sit on a high chair while the scholars sit either on low benches or on the floor. You know St. Paul speaks of himself as having sat at the feet of Gamaliel (Acts 22 : 3), and the good Mary, sister of Martha, sat at Jesus' feet, when he taught her the great lesson of eternal life. So may you all sit at his feet and learn of him, as Mary did."

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A Slave of the Kitchen.

"I'M a slave; that's what I am!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorr to her friend Mrs. Whitehouse, who had called to pay her a visit. "I'm always just as you see me in the thick of the work, never through."

"Doesn't Janet help you?"

"Her? Oh, yes; she does a bit; but what can a fourteen-year-old girl do in a house like this? We're six the family and everything to do. Nobody ever said a truer word than that

> Man's work's from sun to sun,
> But a woman's work is never done."

And she rubbed her hands on her apron, brushing off imaginary cobwebs.

Mrs. Whitehouse looked sympathetic.

"I read somewhere, the other day," said she, "that a woman's work is not finished, her duty not entirely performed for her family, when she has made and mended their clothes, cooked their food and mopped the kitchen floor. If she looks well to the ways of her household, she will see to it that her husband has her companionship, that her children have food for the mind as well as body; that her own face wears a smile of love instead of a frown. There is such a thing as overdoing housewifely duties. A woman can become a slave of the kitchen and a servant where she should be queen."

"Well, what is one to do? Mustn't the work be done?" inquired Mrs. Dorr. "Yet I don't know but you're right, after all, for I often find myself multiplying my tasks and actively hunting around for something to wear myself out on. It's a mania, I suppose, and I do believe one would be happier if one worked less. I know I would." And she sighed wearily.

"Yes," said Mrs. Whitehouse, kindly taking her hand. "One should never forget the injunction of the Master to Martha who was 'cumbered about much serving,' and careful about many things to the neglect of the one thing needful. When that is kept steadily in view, the cares of the household will be lighter and slavery will be at an end."

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The Timid Ones.

A LADY writes us from North Carolina: "I am a member of the Church and my husband is an earnest worker in our church and our missions, of which there are two. I love everything connected with Christ's cause and it is my greatest desire to be a worker and do something for Christ. I have prayed that I might, through God's grace, overcome the only thing that seems to hold me back, and that is—timidity. I am too timid to be of any use whatever. It grieves me more than I can tell you. I long to go out and work in God's vineyard but I shrink from publicity. I can never tell anyone how many tears I shed for this weakness."

God equips his children differently for the work before them. Each is placed in the sphere where they can be most effective. If your timiditv is an absolute barrier to public effort, you may still be a valued servant of the Master and the means of doing much good in your immediate circle. Work outward. Beginning at home, the influence of a godly example on your children will inevitably make itself felt on all with whom they come into contact. Thus your Christian influence will extend far beyond the precincts of your own household. It will be a light that cannot be hid. and perseverance in well doing may, by and by, make of the timid servant the glorious apostle. Courage, and work at whatever comes to your hand. The timid ones are not without recognition and reward.

The voice that cannot charm in public may be made musical in home-speech; the lips that cannot charm the world by their eloquence may lead the few in bonds of love. There is no service so small as to be unappreciated.

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A Word to the Country Boy.

As a rule, we think boys are over-lectured. City boys and those from the country, too, have to face a dreadful amount of advice in the course of a year. Sometimes, however, a thing is said so sensibly that it would be well for the boys to lay it to heart.

To this class belongs the bit of advice offered by Theodore Temple in the *Chautauquan*, to country boys who come to town. We think the writer must himself have been a country boy, for he knows just what is needed to set and to keep the fresh-faced and innocent-hearted lads right, once they leave their rural scenes.

The first thing for a boy coming to a great city to do, he says, is to take a start with right associations. In every such town there are innumerable circles of society. The community is too large for everybody to know each other, and therefore it divides up into many circles of common acquaintances, and into each of these the members are as well-known to one another as are the inhabitants of a village. They are good or bad, evil in their influences and injurious in their tone and spirit, or salutary and helpful.

"Where, then, shall the country boy go for society? The best place is to a church. In these days a city church is the center of many social no less than religious activities. It is a life of industry in which men and women engage, so that something is going on ceaselessly, something to interest and to give scope for the ability of a young lad, and to satisfy his social instincts and demands. It is a community in itself, and nobody can belong to it for any considerable length of time, and exhibit sympathy with its ambitions and projects, without fitting into some place where he can display his capacities, and win due consideration because of them. He will make friends, and useful friends. He will have the social life and the social surroundings necessary for him. He should go to the church from the first, and regularly; make himself known to the pastor, and then without putting himself forward take a hand in all the undertakings of the parish. If he is patient the reward will come."

The country boys are to a very great extent the material of which our future statesmen, philanthropists and missionaries are made. All honor to the country boy.

> All that the men to-day can do
> To-morrow the boys will be doing, too.
> For the time is ever coming when
> The boys must stand in the place of men.

A RARE SPIRIT GONE.

The Late Rev. Goyn Talmage, and His Life-Work—Dying in the Harness.

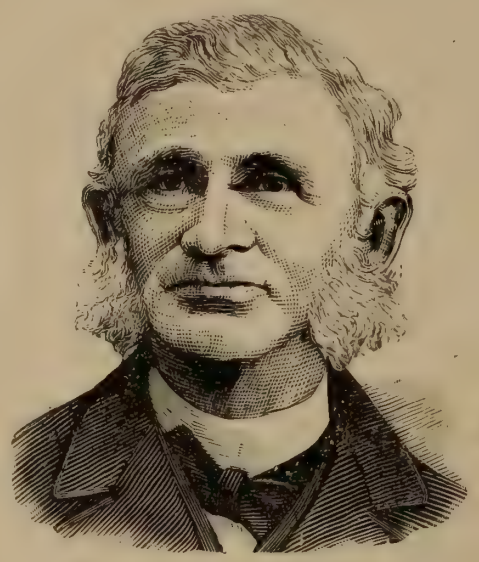
ONE of the rarest spirits that ever blessed the world or the Church has just departed. A great leader in all things good was Goyn Talmage. When in 1874 the Reformed Church of America elected him to its highest honor, that of President of its Synod, it recognized the talents and the piety which characterized him. His sterling qualities endeared him alike to the churches to which he ministered and to the clergymen with whom he came in contact. "I loved to hear him talk or preach," says a minister who knew him well. "He seemed to me to have such sanctified good sense always expressed with such deep earnestness and enlivened with so much love and good-humor. He had such charming humility also, that in personal intercourse his words went deeper into your heart than would have been the case had he displayed any self-recognition or asserted a pretentious right of counsel." He seemed to love all men and it would appear from the number of expressions of sorrow which have been elicited by his death, as if that love was reciprocated by all who knew him. Not even those nearest to him were aware until now, how many people loved him and honored him, and how many feel personally bereaved by his departure.

His death was extremely sudden. He worked to the last, as he hoped that he would do. On the Sunday preceding the Wednesday morning on which he died, he preached twice and with all his old power and unction. It was his habit to work late in his study and on Tuesday night, June 23, he was sitting there writing when the other members of his family retired. Some time afterward his wife sought him and found him unconscious. Medical aid was summoned but he died in about an hour without recovering consciousness.

He was residing at the time of his death in his native village of Somerville, N. J. The family has been honorably represented in the State for nearly two hundred years. Its first representative there was Daniel Talmage who in the early part of the eighteenth century removed from Long Island and settled in Elizabeth. His two sons, Daniel and Thomas, were among the militia which defended the frontier against the Indians in the latter part of the Revolutionary War. The former was one of the victims in the sanguinary massacre by the Indians at Minisink near Lackawaxen, July 22, 1779. His nephew, a son of Thomas, was David T. Talmage who settled on the Van Neste farm two miles north of Somerville. He also was distinguished in his State, serving it as a member of the Legislature, as sheriff of his county and in other important and honorable positions. He was the father of ten children, of whom four have become ministers of the Gospel. These were Rev. James R. Talmage, D. D., a man of marked ability who died at the opening of a career of great promise; Goyn, the subject of this sketch, John V. N. Talmage, D. D., for many years a missionary of the Reformed Church at Amoy, China, and now living in delicate health at Bound Brook, N. J., and T. DeWitt, the youngest of all, who is Editor of this journal.

Goyn Talmage, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, was born December 7, 1821. He was educated at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., graduating in the class of 1842. He subsequently took a three years' course in New Brunswick Theological Seminary and was licensed to preach in 1845. His first charge was at White House, N. J., where he remained for six years. A call came to him from Niskayuna, N. Y., which he felt it his duty to accept and he labored there until 1855. From that year until 1862, he had a successful pastorate at Greenpoint, L. I., which he resigned to serve the churches as Secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions to which office his brethren in the ministry had elected him. After five years service in that capacity he resumed pastoral labor at Rhinebeck, N. Y. Thence after four years he removed to Paramus, N.J. During his pastorate in that town, he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from his Alma Mater, Rutgers College and was further honored by being chosen President of the Synod. In 1879, he received a unanimous invitation from the Reformed Church of Port Jervis, N. J., where he remained, doing excellent work, and enjoying the love and reverence of a united people until three years ago when failing health compelled him to relinquish active pulpit labor. His retirement was deeply regretted and he frequently yielded to the solicitation of the church to occupy his old pulpit for a Sunday. The last time was on May 17, of this year. Since his retirement he did considerable literary work and having a dislike to being, as he expressed it, "laid on the shelf," he preached occasionally for his brother ministers. So acceptable were these services that the applications for them were far more numerous than he could accept. He leaves a widow, (his second wife) and four children, one of whom is a prominent lawyer in this city and another the wife of Prof. Neimeyer of Yale College.

That his work was appreciated in the Reformed Church to which he belonged is evident from the following remarks of the *Christian Intelligencer*, the recognized organ of the denomination: "Dr. Goyn Talmage's pastorates were uniformly successful in all respects. He left each church he served stronger than when



THE LATE REV. GOYN TALMAGE, D.D.

he took it. In nearly every one a new or improved church building or parsonage stands the monument of his wise and vigorous leadership, the testimony of the business ability and executive skill which he possessed to an unusual degree. He equally built up the spiritual interests of the flock. Drawing hearers to the services, and holding them by the power of the truth, and winning them to the Gospel, his charges witnessed a steady ingathering of soundly converted members. After he retired from the pastorate, few ministers more continuously wrought for the Master and the Church than he. He was much sought after by vacant churches, and urged to accept calls, and everywhere was the favorite supply. There was a vivacity, sparkle and force about his sermons that commanded attention and held the interest. He was not only a power in the pulpit, but also with his pen, and the only regret is that he did not write and publish more. Few men were permitted to fill out a better rounded, more honorable, or more useful life. He died, as he wished, in the harness, permitted to preach the truth, he held so firmly and loved so much, to the very last."

AN IRISH MOTHER'S PRAYER.

RECOVERY from the brink of the grave was the subject of a testimony given by a woman, recently, in New York. She came from Ireland. She had been an invalid for years. The amount of medicines she had taken would go a great way towards furnishing a drug store, and yet she remained hopelessly sick. At last the physicians told her plainly that their skill was baffled and they could do nothing more for her. She was perfectly resigned to God's will in her regard, but was naturally a little anxious about her children, who were very young and stood much in need of a mother's care. Turning with unbounded confidence and implicit faith towards the heavenly physician, she prayed thus: "Father, if it be thy holy will, spare me to my children. Thou knowest whoat is best for them and for me. I leave the matter entirely in thy hands." Instantaneously, she declares, she felt relieved, and in a very short time was restored to perfect health. Twenty years have elapsed since the utterance of the simple prayer, and the good woman states she has never tasted or needed medicine of any kind. She is a devoted member of a Christian Church, and loves to tell and re-tell the story of God's power and goodness.

MARGARET'S ORDEAL.

GOOD-BYE, Margaret, God bless you and keep you unspotted from the world." The words were spoken in a voice thick with tears by a man about fifty years of age, whose hair was thickly sprinkled with the snow of years, and whose brow was furrowed with the lines of care. He stooped, and tenderly kissed, as he spoke, a girl of about nineteen, who looked up at him cheerfully, but whose eyes were red with weeping. "Dear father," she said, "I know he will. The God of the country is the God of the city, too. You have trusted him all your life, trust him now with your daughter. He is faithful."

"I know, my dear, I know. He never failed me; I commit you into his hands, but it is hard to part. I never thought it would come to this. I bore the loss of property and the loss of friendship, and could see God's hand in it; but now I am losing my daughter. I am in the dark."

"Not quite, father. Your sight is dim, that is all. God's hand is in this as in all the rest. It was necessary for one of us to go. There is not enough for us all, and when this employment was offered me, we all thought it providential. Robert will be through college in another year, and Mary will be getting married; then I shall come back to you. In the mean time I shall earn a little money, and you will have more to spare for you and mother. It's the best thing that could have happened. You must think that, father."

"I try, my dear, but it is very hard. If I had only taken my money out of the bank before it failed, you would never have had to go away. Oh, what a fool I was!"

"Too late to think of that, father. You acted for the best, and the loss was no fault of yours. Perhaps some day the bank will pay you some of it back again."

"Little hope of that, I fear, my dear; but I pray God may send me my daughter back." Another fond farewell embrace, and the train carried the girl off to her employment in the city, while her father stood by the track at the little depot wistfully looking after it until it was out of sight. Then he turned and walked sadly homeward.

It was a sad home to which the man returned. The rascality of others lay upon it as a heavy load. Only one more week would the unhappy man and his beloved wife and daughter be able to call it home. Henry Scott must leave the house in which he was born, and must see the familiar furniture and the dearly-prized associations of his youth scattered among strangers, sold to the highest bidder. He must go into an humble frame cottage, with the roughest and rudest surroundings, and live, as best he could, on the wreck of his fortune. Worse than all, there would be a gap in the family circle; the place of his dearly loved Margaret would be empty, while she toiled amid the dirt, and discomfort, and temptations of the city for her bread. As she testified, he was a faithful Christian, but in this matter he was trusting feebly, dimly.

"Here is a letter from Margaret, mother," Mr. Scott said, as he entered his wife's room one morning some six months after these changes had occurred. "It will do you as much good as a whole bottle of medicine. The dear girl no sooner heard you were sick than she wanted to come right away to help to nurse you. I expected she would but I told her she must not think of it. So she sends loving messages, like the good girl she is."

The suffering mother took the letter and read it, weeping tears of joyful affection all the time. The daughter's anxious affection cheered her, as her husband expected, and more than medicine helped to bring back health and strength. Mrs. Scott improved wonderfully and even surprised the doctors, and when Margaret paid a flying visit, she too, was delighted to find her mother quite recovered and in good spirits.

During the next year she wrote more frequently than ever to her father, knowing well that now the companion of his life had been restored he would, more than before, value a daughter's affection also. In one of her letters she alluded to a trial through which she herself was passing, and begging her father's prayers for her that strength might be given her to do right in painful circumstances. He was troubled about this, and looked forward with yearning to the time, now fast approaching, when Mary's marriage would necessitate Margaret's coming back to the old home.

It was a glad day for the fond father when a letter came announcing Margaret's return. It was the eve of the marriage. Everything was ready. The last stitch had been set, and all the arrangements were completed. The little family gathered in the parlor. Robert was there, and Mary, and the young farmer to whom she was to be married tomorrow. A knock was heard at the open door, and a man entered the room. He was young, and tall, and dark, and on his face were the marks of recent illness. He threw open his cloak as Mr. and Mrs. Scott rose to receive him.

"Does Miss Scott live here—Miss Margaret Scott?" he said, not seeing Margaret, whose back was turned toward him.

Margaret rose when her name was mentioned, and confronted the stranger. That she knew him was evident, but her face was cold and stern. "Why have you come here, Mr. Vane?" she asked. "You have no right to inflict this intrusion on my family."

"Miss Scott," said the man addressed, "I do not claim any right. I offer most humble apology to you and to your family for coming, but I have been very ill, and I have no hope in life but what you can give me. It is a matter of life or death to me, and so I thought you would pardon my intrusion."

All eyes were turned on Margaret's face as the stranger spoke, and her mother, observing her reluctance, interposed. "You are a stranger to me, sir," she said, "but this is my daughter, and all that concerns her concerns me. While I trust I would never be rude or inhospitable, I cannot permit any one to inflict needless pain upon her. I must therefore ask you to state here what you have to say, and to do so briefly."

"I acknowledge the justice of what you say," the young man replied. "The fact is that I love your daughter, and a year ago I had reason to believe that she returned my regard. Unhappily I gave her cause to lose confidence in me, and, in justice, she rejected my suit. Since then I have had a serious illness, and have been near the grave. I have risen from my bed a changed man. God has pardoned my sins for Jesus' sake, and I longed to tell Margaret of my changed chararacter, and ask her if she, too, could forgive me."

As he spoke the sternness melted from Margaret's eyes, and she sat down and covered her face in her hands.

"Sit down, sir," said Mrs. Scott, "my daughter is agitated; she must answer for herself."

"Not now, mother; let Mr. Vane go away to-night. He may come again to-morrow after the wedding, and then he can tell us all."

"You will hear my story, Margaret! God bless you for your sweet compassion," said the young man, and bowing a farewell to the little family he took his departure.

It was the old story of wrong-doing, of suffering, of repentance, and conversion that Mr. Vane told the following day. Parents and daughter listened as the young man extolled the mercy of God in saving one so sinful as himself, and he spoke so earnestly and so humbly that Mr. Scott's heart was drawn toward him. He was satisfied that there was no hypocrisy in the statement, and when Margaret extended her hand to the repentant prodigal her parents also offered their hands and gave him welcome as a brother Christian.

A year later there was another wedding. Margaret had insisted on that interval, and Mr. Vane acknowledged that his past life justified that time of probation being demanded. As it was with Jacob, the year seemed to him but a few days because of his love. He begged that good parents of his bride would make his home with them, rightly thinking that the presence of these experienced Christians would bring a blessing to his home. Mr. and Mrs. Scott could not resist the pleadings of both the young people, and consented. In the comfort of the quiet happy family, ministered to by their beloved daughter, reverenced by her Christian husband, and loved by their children, they passed the declining years of life, shedding upon them all the blessings that come from those who, during half a century, have walked humbly with their God.

THE FLYING YEARS.

ONE after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love:
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah! let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,
But never an angry word! —Selected.

WHATSOEVER HE SAITH.

The Christian Endeavor Topic For the Week Commencing July 19.

IN the Christian Endeavor Societies the topic for the week commencing July 19, furnishes the key to the Christian's life. He is "a man under authority," a willing servant of the Prince of Peace; a disciple of him who spake with authority. The two sons, of whom only one did the will of his father (Matt. 21: 28-31); the disciples obeying the command to feed the multitude, (Matt. 14: 16-21) when reason admonished them that obedience was impossible; and the Apostolic injunction (Eph. 6: 6) to sincerity and diligence, are the passages of Scripture which define the nature and extent of the obedience demanded.

"*Whatsoever* he saith unto you, do it." The command may appear unreasonable, imprudent, unwise, but he that walks by faith not by sight is sure that it is right. His "not to reason why," his "but to do and die." "Not my will but thine be done." "Whatsoever *he* saith," no man has the right to interpose. Not the systems of doctrine men have built around him; not the creeds and articles and the ecclesiastical legislation of the councils are our law. The supreme command is whatsoever *he* saith. "Whatsoever he *saith*." Our Lord still speaks to the ear that is open to the still small voice. The Spirit still brings all things to remembrance. His will is revealed even now to those who desire to do it. "Whatsoever he saith *unto you*." Every man has his place and his duty in the church. Is another man negligent or inconsistent? Heed it not. What does he say *to you*. What are your gifts, your opportunities? What can you do for him in the home, in business, in society? Look around that field which is white to harvest and in which there are so few laborers and ask what he is saying *to you*. "Whatsoever he saith unto you, *do it*." Not think about it, or talk about it, or postpone it, but *do it*. It is he who "*doeth* the will of the father," who is one with Christ. We think too much of creed and too little of conduct. Words are but leaves, deeds are the fruit. The Lord expects to find fruit on the tree and if he finds none, the tree withers under his reproachful gaze. Christianity is a practical religion. The magnificent ecclesiastical edifices, the gorgeous ritual, the thrilling music, the eloquent sermon count for little with the Head of the Church. Looking down on the hollow pretence he says "I know thy *works*."

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A GREAT GATHERING.

The Largest Religious Convention Ever Known in America.

RED-LETTER days are the next four in the Societies of Christian Endeavor in this and other lands. The thoughts of about a million persons are turned toward Minneapolis, Minn., where the United Society will hold its decennial convention, beginning to-morrow, July 9. Delegates are to be there from the Young Peoples Societies in all lands to celebrate the anniversary, to confer with each other and to strengthen and encourage each other in this marvelous and beneficent movement. Provision is made for the accommodation of fifteen thousand delegates and there is good reason for believing that fully that number will attend. Even that large assemblage will be but a meagre representation of the actual strength of the societies. It is believed that when Secretary Baer reads his report it will be found that there are now nearly 160,000 societies with an aggregate of about a million members. The significance of such a showing will be perceived when it is remembered that at the first anniversary in 1882, the total number of members, who were all in Portland, Me., was only 481. Their line has now gone out through all the earth; there is scarcely any speech or language where their voice is not heard. And this progress must have been due to the intrinsic merits of the plan for there has been no ecclesiastical influence, no central force to urge it on. Pastors and churches have perceived its utility and its capacity for service and have adopted it and recommended it to others. Greater things even than these may yet be evolved from it. It may serve as a basis for the union of evangelical churches in Christian work. There is no true Christian who could not take the Christian Endeavor pledge, whatever his denominational affiliations may be, and there is no true Christian who cannot hail as a brother the man who has taken that pledge and is living up to it. Among the possibilities of the movement there is none more hopeful than that contained in this bond of brotherhood. It has in it the promise of that economy of resources and concentration of effort which is to-day the great need of the Church. Many are the prayers that will go up this week all over the world for God's blessing on the Convention. Though in no sense a legislative body, its decisions will have a wide advisory influence and will be respected by the Societies from which the delegates come. That the proceedings will be conducted wisely and harmoniously may be predicted from the character of the men whose names are on the programme of speakers. Among them are: Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D.; President E. B. Andrews, LL. D., of Brown University; Professor William R. Harper, Ph.D., of Yale University; Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D.; Rev. J. A. Worden, D.D., and of course, the originator and founder of the whole movement, the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., the man to whose wise leadership and discreet guidance so much of this triumphant success is due.

THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

The accompanying illustration shows the building in Minneapolis in which the Convention will be held. It is the Industrial Exhibition Building, the interior of which has been re-modeled for the purposes of the Convention. It has sitting accommodations for eleven thousand persons and a reserved space for a choir of a thousand voices. The Convention will confer on the city the distinction dear to the Western heart, of having had within its borders the largest representative assemblage ever gathered together for religious purposes.

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A WORTHY PROJECT.

POOR mothers in New York City will rejoice if the project outlined by L. S. H. in the *Silver Cross* is realized. Briefly stated, the project is to buy a house, or hire one, in the lower part of the city for use as a day nursery, for the children of mothers who have to be out at work all day. It is thought that the funds needed for the purpose could be raised by the King's Daughters of the city and neighborhood. It would be an appropriate work for them to engage in, no class of people being more in need of some one to "lend a hand." It is proposed, if sufficient funds can be raised, to hire a large house with a garden or some vacant land near it, which could be used as a kitchen garden, and which the elder children, who now run about the streets in the absence of their mothers, could be taught to cultivate. One floor of the house is to be used for a day nursery for infants, another for a kindergarten for children a little older, and the top floor for a childrens' hospital. The idea was suggested by the experience of the Tenement-House Committee, who found in their visits among the poor that the needy women, many of whom were widows, were sorely embarrassed in their arduous endeavors to support themselves and their families, by their fear of the physical and moral dangers to which their children are exposed during their absence from home. Such an institution under the management of the King's Daughters would be a boon to them that would be most heartily appreciated. There ought to be no difficulty in raising the funds necessary for this noble undertaking. Let the King's Daughters make the effort with faith and prayer, and success is certain.

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KING'S DAUGHTERS IN ENGLAND.

QUITE an array of aristocratic titles figure in the list of the ladies who form the Executive Council of the King's Daughters across the Atlantic. Among them are: The Duchess of Bedford; The Countess of Aberdeen; The Viscountess Lymington; Lady Mount-Temple; Lady Edith Ashley and Lady Hobart-Hampden. These ladies are already well-known in England for their kindliness and their interest in every movement which has for its object the alleviation of the burdens of their poor sisters. They are doubly welcome in any philanthropic organization because they not only help with their money and personal labor, but their membership attracts other ladies, who like to be associated with titled dames in any enterprise. While it will not be well for the Order to become a mere fashionable whim in England or anywhere else, we are glad to see these ladies of high station identifying themselves with it. They will learn what "the reproach of the Cross" means when they wear the emblem of the Order in some of the places they frequent. That they will have the courage to bear it we have no doubt and it may be that in some of those aristocratic circles some burdened heart, seeing the emblem, may be led to go to the wearer for counsel and help. There are more such hearts in need of both in those circles than is generally supposed.

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EPWORTH LEAGUERS ON VACATION.

WORDS of timely counsel are given to members of the Epworth League who are starting on their annual vacation, by a writer in the *Christian Advocate*, and as they may be useful to members of other orders and members of churches generally, we are glad to give them a wider publicity. They are as follows:

The genuine Epworth Leaguer is the same on vacation that he is at home. Especially because Christ is always present. He does the things that please and avoids the things that grieve the divine Master. He carries his Bible with him. Never omits to pray because of haste or the presence of a new companion. Keeps the Sabbath holy. Attends church. Puts something in the collection box. Goes to Sunday-school. Knows something about the lesson. Hunts up the young people's meeting. Says a word for the Master before it closes. Keeps away from every place that he would not frequent at home. Does not attend the high theatre, nor the low circus, and accepts no invitations to dance. Modestly but firmly flings the Epworth banner to the breeze when these temptations approach. Rejoices in the opportunity to stand up for Jesus where it may count for something. He remembers the home Chapter, and prays for the members there. Once or twice writes it a letter and sends his testimony to the League prayer-meeting. Remembers some sick or very poor person in the home church with a cheery note, or a few flowers sent by mail. No matter if the flowers wilt *en route*, their fragrance will reach the heart. In short, your Epworth Leaguer has a good time in more senses than one, and returns after vacation with face aglow with physical and spiritual health.

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A THRIVING ASSOCIATION.

INCREASED prosperity is reported from Amsterdam, N. Y., in the *Young Men's Era*. The Young Men's Christian Association in that town, has just celebrated its thirty-third anniversary by moving into its new and commodious building. It was formerly a church and then an Opera House. The report says: A large room, 40 by 40 on the ground floor, will be the gymnasium; also on the ground floor will be the bath and the dressing-rooms. The reading-room and parlor are each 10 by 24. and the secretary's office on the ground floor, overlooks bath and gymnasium entrance. The entrance being conspicuous is an advantage, as the leading attractive saloons are near by and it is on one of the two great thoroughfares of the city. The lot is 53 by 163 and is considered a most desirable site. The city is growing rapidly, having more than doubled its population during the past ten years and still advancing in improvements and growth. The association looks forward to an enlarged usefulness along all lines.

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PROGRESS IN THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

OUR Methodist friends are evidently putting their characteristic energy into the Epworth League. They now announce the passage of the six thousand line. Six thousand chapters in so short a time is a record of which even Methodists, accustomed to rapidity of progress, may be proud. And the rate appears to be increasing. One thousand of the six were enrolled during the past three months. If this rate of progressive increase is maintained, the League will become one of the most effective agents for good in the denomination.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN JAPAN.

NEWS comes from Japan of the flourishing condition of the newly organized Young Men's Christian Association in Tokyo. A new building is in course of erection and a library of eight hundred volumes has been collected. Among the officers of the Association who have recently been elected are some influential Japanese gentlemen. The President is the Hon. Taizo Miyoshi, the Attorney-General of Japan and a member of the House of Lords. The Vice-President is the Hon. Saburo Shimada, a member of Parliament and leader of one of the largest political parties. The Recording Secretary is Raizo Tatsui, a member of the Imperial Privy Council. The directors are all men of influence and high social position and several of them are professors in the Universities. All these gentlemen pledged themselves to zealous personal work in the affairs of the Association and an adjournment of the meeting for two weeks was taken to give them time to study the Constitution and the character of the duties they would be expected to perform before finally accepting office. At the adjourned meeting they renewed their pledge of fidelity and were formally installed. The rank and file of the membership of the Association also includes many distinguished men, statesmen, bankers, lawyers, etc.

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THE NEW Y. W. C. A. BUILDING.

BROOKLYN'S Young Women's Christian Association will have a magnificent home when the building commenced on Monday last is finished. It is to cost $125,000 and will be one of the mast beautiful edifices in the city. Its site is on Schermerhorn Street near Flatbush Avenue. The building will be ninety-five feet square and six stories high. The front will be of light sand-colored bricks with ornamental terra cotta trimmings. A flight of stone steps will conduct to the main entrance where there is to be a fine octagonal reception hall. Thence a marble stair-way will lead to the upper floors on which there will be a chapel with seats for 700 persons, a library, reading and writing rooms, lecture room and parlor. Above these will be the kitchen, pantries and laundry. Electric lights will be used throughout and electricity will be the motive power for elevators and ventilating fans. The magnificent gifts and bequests which have enabled the Association to erect such a building have certainly been put to a use which will benefit a large number of Christian women.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 315*)

SUMMARY OF THE STORY.

[Captain Ezekiel Allen, the owner of a mill on Lal's Mountain, after selling some timber at Lacy takes a glass or two of grog and under its influence undertakes the care of a deserted child whom he sees on his way home. His wife 'Liza refuses to ratify his bargain and insists on the child, named Robert, being sent to the poor-house. Robert, however, makes himself useful to her in amusing her two children and is so pretty and good that she relents on the condition of her husband giving up liquor. The boy as he grows up attracts the attention of Superintendent Murray, a wealthy neighbor whose wife is dead and whose only child is lost. He offers to adopt Robert and, when that offer is declined, proposes to pay the mortgage on Allen's mill and give him a thousand dollars if he will give up the child. From this point the story proceeds.]

'Liza's Illness.

THE Superintendent's appeal touched Captain Allen. He laid aside his wrath. "I'm sorry for you, with all my heart," he said. "I wish I could say a good word for you. But I'm not the only one to speak about Robert. 'Liza has worked for him, made, mended, washed, cooked, done without things for him, as she has for her own. I could not do anything unless 'Liza agreed, and I'm certain she'd say 'No.' Pink would pine to death over it."

"You think it over, and talk it over with Mrs. Allen," said the Superintendent. He rose from the nail-keg and stumbled his way out from under the mill, into the starry night. Captain Allen followed him, and stood listening to his horse's hoofs going up the road. It seemed as if they were already carrying Robert away. Then he entered the living-rooms. The little family, even the twins, were busy about the tubs full of apples.

"What's the matter, 'Zekiel?" said his wife, seeing his distressed face.

"I know," said Jerry, who had been unusually silent. "He's heard the news about old Mr. Wick."

"What news? asked Captain Allen sharply.

"He's had a stroke, and they reckon he's dying."

Meanwhile, Mr. Murray, riding to his lonely chalet, did not fail to see that he might buy the mortgage of Mr. Wick, and then press the Captain by foreclosing it. But though a selfish man, and rendered morose by his sorrows, the Superintendent was not a malicious man. He would not be guilty of so cruel an action. He said to himself that he could still wait; some chance might yet throw the coveted boy into his hands.

After the children had all gone to bed—for Robert and Bop now shared a little room which the Captain had made off from the work-shop, and a shabby little place it was, do the best for it that Eliza could—Captain 'Zekiel and his wife sat by the dying fire and discussed their ever-falling fortunes, and Captain 'Zekiel told 'Liza of the offer made by Mr. Murray.

"The mortgage gone, and a thousand in hand, 'Liza, we should be set on our feet."

"But we would not enjoy it," said 'Liza. "It seems as if the new home wouldn't be half a home without our Robert. Oh, 'Zekiel, I can't give him up!"

"And, 'Liza, you said he shouldn't stay, and did not like my bringing him. He was a bad bargain!"

"No, no, 'Zekiel. He has been a good bargain and a blessing. 'Zekiel, do you think we should give him up? What would the children do?"

"Let us all sink or swim together, 'Liza," said Captain Allen, laying his hand on his wife's.

"So we will, 'Zekiel. We won't give up our boy."

No one of old Mr. Wick's relatives, not even his prospective heir, watched so anxiously the progress of his illness as did Captain 'Zekiel; no other one was so rejoiced when the old gentleman began to recover. On the first of January Captain 'Zekiel went to pay his half yearly interest—a small amount, but how hardly earned!

"Well, 'Zekiel," said Mr. Wick, giving a receipt for the money, "I didn't think I'd be here to take any more interest from you. I made sure my nephy Jones would have sold you out by this time. But I may take your money for a number of years yet, 'Zekiel."

"I hope to goodness you may," said Captain Allen. The payment of the mortgage was a good fortune beyond even hoping for. The being allowed to pay the half-yearly inserest and not have his ancestral mill sold away from him, reached even beyond the limit of Captain 'Zekiel's expectations. The Captain was not an enterprising, nor active, nor fortunate business man. If he had been offered something to do in the city at twice the amount of a modest living at the mill, he would have stood by Lal's Mountain. His wildest day-dreams never passed beyond a new white house with seven rooms, a veranda, and a little flower-garden, besides a renovated mill. His children might go forth in the world and make their way in wider spheres; the Captain wanted the old place for himself and 'Liza, where the children could come home to visit and bring their children to set their toy boats sailing on the waters where the Captain's grandfather had first set a mill-wheel turning.

As it was, the Allen family, in spite of their poverty, managed to be very happy together in their tumble-down home. So one day went on very like another, and the children grew, aud the Captain gathered together his interest money, and Mr. Murray waited, and Robert was thirteen. That spring the *Fair-Weather* was to go down the river in May. She had some lumber to take as well as the usual odds and ends of her trading expedition. The preparations were well under way when suddenly Mrs. 'Liza, the head and front of the honsehold, fell ill. There had been a deal of sickness in the district that spring, and Mistress Allen had overtaxed herself helping her neighbors. All at once, she who arranged all the family affairs, the woman-with-a-head-on-her-shoulders, to whom they all turned for direction, lay prostrate. She was unable to think, to project, to direct; her thin hands were tremulous, her mind wandered, fever scorched her veins.

The neighbors had always said: "Well, the Allens are so unlucky, the last and worst that can come to them, is to have something happen to 'Liza." And now something happened: Eliza was lying helpless in her bed. The loading of the barge stopped; Jerry was no longer able to offer proposals for new enterprises; the children stood about, awed and quiet or crying; the poor Captain, 'Zekiel, was as a man distracted.

There were so many ill, or aged, or just recovering from sickness in that sparsely settled neighborhood, that there was no one to come to help the Allens. The burly, unaccustomed Captain was left to be sick-nurse, while distress and alarm had rendered him more impracticable than ever. The doctor came. Mrs. Eliza was "all run down;" "she was overworked." "She needed careful nourishing." Among other things she was to have beef-tea. Beef-tea! It was a new dish at the mill. But Jerry got the beef from Lacy when he went after medicines. The doctor had told them how to make beef tea—but the Captain was hazy as to the instructions. Besides, he theorized if 'Liza needed to be strengthened, the tea should be rich; to his mind the fat was the best part of the meat—the Captain put plenty of fat in his beef-tea.

At last the potent dish was done. Mrs. 'Liza, in her room next the kitchen, had smelled the steam of the decoction, and was sure she did not want to taste it. But oh, she must. What! not take her beef-tea, when the doctor ordered it, and her Captain and the children were in such agony at seeing her ill! She must be heroic. The Captain poured his beef-tea, boiling hot, plenty of it, into a yellow bowl, and hurriedly advanced with it to the bedside while the children looked on.

It is a singular fact that, for some occult reason, the horniest of man-hands can never endure a hot plate or cup, with one-tenth the fortitude of softest woman-hands. Besides, the Captain, in anguish at 'Liza's situation, had quite lost his head. He distinguished himself by dropping the hot bowl, just as he got to the patient. The greasy fluid was distributed over the clean white counterpane, and scalded one of the patient's worn, thin hands. The children shrieked; poor, helpless 'Liza turned her face to the wall and incontinently burst into tears. The Captain tore his hair.

Then Robert rushed to the rescue. He saw that the Captain, the natural nurse of the occasion, was incompetent, so he sprang in before him, tore off the counterpane from the bed before the soup had time to soak through to ruin the clean blanket; seized a dish and deftly mixed 'Liza's remedy for burns—flour, salt, water, in a thick paste—poured it into a towel, and bound up the burned hand. Then he ran for the other clean counterpane and spread it neatly over Eliza, put his father and the children out of the door, bade Pink put the soiled counterpane to soak in a tub of suds, drew the curtains, opened the window, shut the bed-room door, bathed Eliza's face and smoothed her hair, set a bunch of green leaves and white flowers on the little table, and returned to the kitchen, to investigate the remains of the Captain's cooking.

There was still some broth in the little pot, and, luckily, the greasy portion had been spilled. Robert got a little china cup, a shelf ornament, set it on the best plate, put in it one of Liza's six small silver spoons, her only "silver," laid by it one of her six napkins, laid on the napkin a finger of brown toast, put the rest of the broth, carefully seasoned, into the cup, and carried the refection to Eliza. "Your hand doesn't hurt now, does it, mother? Pink is washing the quilt in hot suds, and we will bleach it lovely on the grass. And here is some nice broth; and don't worry, I'm going to take care of you. I believe I know how to 'tend sick people."

So he fed 'Liza the broth and toast, shook up her pillow, and went out to inform his father that he himself was now head nurse, and that the kitchen stove should be set out in a little lean-to shed, and no one allowed to walk with shoes, or do work, above the sick-chamber, and the children had better go to school, and leave the place quiet. "And, father, you'd better load up the *Fair-Weather* and make the trip, and take Bop and the twins with you. Jerry can see to the work, and Pink and I will take care of mother."

"But, Robert. Your mother—I can't go—indeed; suppose your mother should die, while I'm gone." The Captain's eyes were wide and dim, with the horror of the thought; for him the loss of Eliza would end his universe. "It's wrong, Robert, all wrong. Women ought never to die first. Women know how to take care of themselves; bnt I—but men—can never get on alone." And Captain 'Zekiel leaned his head on the tall blue-painted pump, and tears ran down his rugged face.

"Don't, don't father," pleaded Robert. "She won't die; oh, I know she won't die. We'll take such care of her. If the barge don't go, she'll worry, you know, about needing the money, and all—and she'll be quieter if Bop and the twins are away. She'll be well by the time you come back. Indeed, she'll do better if she sees everything is going on reasonably."

Indeed, when questioned by Robert, 'Liza expressed her strong wish that the Captain should take the younger children and make the trip. So the loading of the barge was completed, and as Robert showed himself an admirable nurse, and the patient did not get worse, the Captain agreed to make his voyage. In truth, he cheered up a little; and seeing Robert deftly brushing his mother's hair, the evening before the *Fair-Weather* was to leave, the Captain even ventured a jest. "'Liza, he isn't such a Bad Bargain after all; and, 'Liza, he does your hair a deal more softly than you did his, that first evening, you know." For there had been no effort made to deceive Robert as to his place by adoption rather than by birth. Eliza was a sensible woman. "He sees we love him, and do our best for him," she said, "and if we tried to hide from him that we found and adopted him, he would remember a little of the truth, and the whole of it would come out in some unpleasant way to hurt his feelings. It is best to be frank about it from the first." So as soon as Robert was old enough to understand, his coming to the mill was freely spoken of.

Well, the *Fair-Weather* went down-stream, for the first time in fourteeen years, without Eliza. The poor Captain was heavy-hearted as he kept looking back, until the bend in the river hid his home from his eyes. Then, when the barge was out of sight, Robert and Pink hastened in to their duties of nursing and house-keeping.

All was very quiet at the mill. The steady creak of the wheel was a monotone to which they were so accustomed that no one noticed it. The bees in the row of hives, which was one of Jerry's industries, hummed at their work, and no doubt got ready for swarming; Pink borrowed Mrs. Britt's cook-book, and made beef-tea, gruel, panada, and toast water, and chicken broth, by rule and letter. The doctor said there was not a tidier, quieter sick-room in his rounds than Robert kept, and Robert had always something encouraging to tell, some new attention to offer to cheer the invalid. But 'Liza kept her bed, and was weak and unable to rally. She had had a life of hard work and many cares, this poor woman, aud her system had lost tone.

The Captain made the shortest trip on his record. He was in a fever of haste to get home. He pushed his barge down-stream or up-stream until late at night. He made short stops. What use was it to stop, when he had not his poor 'Liza with him to make pleasant the visits of friends? He thought sometimes of Mr. Murray, and his sad tale of losing his wife. Poor man, however did he endure such misery! Had it been cruel to refuse to console him with Robert? But then, if Captain 'Zekiel had given away Robert, who at this crisis would have been the indefatigable nurse of Eliza, perhaps to the saving of her life?

So the Captain hurried his expedition. It is a pity that he did not take a little more time to it. He missed the advice, the business perspicacity of Eliza, her ultimatum on each venture. He was duller than ever; indeed, he had not by any means recovered the head he had lost when he spilled the soup and burnt the patient.

Unluckily, also, the Captain did his little trading with new parties. The old acquaintances had sold out to new firms, who saw in Captain 'Zekiel only a man uncommonly easy to over-reach in a bargain. The incapacity to reckon, the dubiousness as to whether Eliza's method was to multiply or divide, was not an occasional but a chronic state with Captain 'Zekiel. Unhappily, also, it made little difference whether he did multiply or divide; by his management the result of either method was painfully likely to be about the same.

Well, he traded, he got rid of his cargo, and he had something in lieu thereof; and, aided by a strong wind, he got up the Schuylkill in much better than usual time. But all the way up black care sat on his broad shoulders, and whispered that he had made a very disastrous trade, and that he was wofully behindhand, and that when his bills were paid he would be short of money for the June interest, and—alas, Captain 'Zekiel!

He reached home, and Eliza was still in bed. Her fever was gone, but she was weak, white, wan, without appetite or energy. She roused a little to inquire the result of the voyage. The Captain's fortitude was at an end. He sat by the table, his head bowed. "I've made a mess of it, 'Liza! You've got a head, and I haven't. I can't do a thing without you! There's all the money I brought back; and, though I've counted it a hundred times, I can't see that I have made above a dollar or so over the expenses."

Mrs. Eliza was overwhelmed for an instant. Then she revived from the shock. It acted as a tonic upon her. "'Zekiel Allen! I see plainly if I allow myself to die, you and the children will be in the county-house in six months. You weren't born to manage for yourself, 'Zekiel. Well, I won't die! Robert; make me a cup of tea and give me a soft-boiled egg; I must get well. If I don't, what will become of you?"

Joy! joy! The voyage had been one disaster, but Eliza was going to get well! Whenever did this admirable woman fail to keep her pledged word? Captain 'Zekiel came out of the depths, a smile passed around the family, playing from face to face, as one hill after another catches the illumination of the morning sun.

Eliza's energetic soul responded to planning. She came out of her sickness a new woman. Captain 'Zekiel rolled the accustomed burden of thinking off his shoulders and betook himself to working on well-planned lines. Beans and pop-corn grew for the autumn trip; the Captain and all the children gathered fruit from dawn to dark all the fruit season; Jerry made lye, and soaked and scoured the tubs as white as snow. Eliza boiled jam and jelly and apple-butter in their season; she also dyed her canary-colored woolen, and made a new dress for the autumn trip.

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

K. C., Hunterdon, Pa.—On what day of the week did Columbus discover America?

On Friday, October 12, 1492, Columbus sighted land, which proved to be one of the Bahama Islands.

J. F., Whitehall, Ga.—Where did the idea first originate to imprison criminals?

The first mention the Bible makes of a prison is in Genesis 40: 3 and 42: 17 where it is intimated that prisons existed in Egypt under military control. Prisons seem to have been used in the remotest times, far beyond the reach of history.

J. A. W., Long Island City, N. Y.—What is the speed of a comet?

Astronomers who observed the great comet of 1882 computed its speed at over 300 miles per second. The distance around the sun which it traversed in a little over three hours was 1,000,000 miles. The scientists calculated so closely that they even computed the comet to have lost five feet per second through being retarded by the solar atmosphere.

T. A. and B. L., Xenia, O.—Who was the first chemist?

To say who was the originator of the science of chemistry is now an impossibility. The Egyptians possessed the greatest amount of chemical information of any of the ancients as is evidenced from the excavations in the tombs of that country. The Chinese, too, unquestionably were chemists at a very early stage of the world's history. What the Greeks and Romans knew of the science they gathered from Egypt, which seems to have been the cradle of almost all of the arts and sciences.

Reader, Quincy, Ill.—I see by the daily press that there are now apprehensions in California of a Japanese influx. What is the population of Japan?

Japan has a population of 45,000,000—considerably smaller than our own. There would not seem to be any good reason to fear an invasion of Japanese in such large numbers as to affect the labor market. They are, for the most part, an industrious people, superior physically and morally to the Chinese; shrewd traders and rather peaceful and domestic in disposition. Japan has long been regarded as one of the most progressive of the Asiatic nations.

A. M., Cedar Falls, Ia.—When Christ said (John 13:14), "If I then your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet," did he mean this observance to continue till he came again?

It has never been so regarded, except by the Dunkers (a peculiar sect founded in Germany about 1708.) There are 70,000 Dunkers in this country. In some parts of Europe and the East, the washing of feet is observed on certain occasions, as a rigid ceremonial. Within the last few years, an Empress attended a public feet-washing in one of the European capitals.

J. T. L., Newport, Pa.—Can we justify a devotion to religious work so close that it is maintained at the sacrifice of health?

While religious principle is of more value than health or even life itself, God does not ordinarily require a devotion so close that bodily illness will follow. A devotion which would deliberately sacrifice health would belong to the same category as the penances, flagellations and mutilations, self-inflicted by followers of other religions than the Christian. To violate the natural laws set up by God is a sin, yet even such a violation may be justifiable in cases of great emergency.

W. W., Ashland, Mo.—What is meant to be conveyed by the expression "is there no balm in Gilead?"

The *balm* or *balsam* is a common name used for many oily and resinous substances flowing from certain trees or shrubs and used in medicine and surgery. Gilead (Gen. 27: 25 and Jere. 7: 27) was famous for its balm, which was of the species called *opobalsamum*. This particular balm is mentioned by Pliny, Strabo, Tacitus and other famous historians, as being fouud in that part of Judea alone. Josephus says the trees or shrubs were originally brought by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It is believed, however, that the *balsam* or true balm of Gilead has long disappeared, although there are still trees belonging to the same class. The gum of the balm tree of Gilead was very precious, especially for healing wounds, hence the expression applied by Jeremiah (8: 22) "Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?"

Merchant, Rome, N. Y.—Is a person ever justified in telling a falsehood? Suppose I were sheltering a fugitive from a furious mob, and knew that to betray his presence would be followed by his death. Would I be justified in denying all knowledge of him? Would such a departure from truth be justifiable?

The question propounded by our correspondent is one concerning which THE CHRISTIAN HERALD would be pleased to hear the opinions of its readers. All answers sent will be carefully read and considered with a view to publication.

A GREAT COUNCIL.

The Congregational Conference in London this Month, and its Object.

ONE of the most important Church Councils of the year will be held in London next week. All the Congregational Churches in the world are invited to send representatives, and the subjects to be discussed will include many of the leading questions that have been recently debated in religious circles all over Christendom. Rev. R. W. Dale, LL.D., of Birmingham, who will preside, is one of the ablest clergymen in Great Britain, being equally well-known in the pul-

R. W. DALE, LL.D.

pit and on the lecture platform. The United States will be represented by about one hundred delegates. The Rev. Henry Hazen, of Boston, Secretary of the National Congregational Council, announces that the honor of delivering the Council sermon has been given to the Americans and that it will be preached by Rev. Dr. Edward P. Goodwin, of Chicago. Other American divines who will take a prominent part in the Council's deliberations are:

Revs. N. Boynton, Boston, Mass.; A. H. Bradford, D. D., Montclair, N. J.; James Brand, D. D., Oberlin, O.; N. P. Clark, D. D., Boston; Richard Cordley, D. D., Lawrence, Kan.; A. E. Dunning, D. D., Boston; Professor F. W. Fisk, D. D., Chicago, Ill.; B. M. Fullerton, Waltham, Mass.; Washington Gladden, D. D., Columbus, O.; Arthur Little, D. D., Boston; John K. McLean, D. D., Oakland, Cal.; William H. Moore, Hartford, Conn.; President Cyrus W. Northrop, LL. D., Minneapolis, Minn.; A. H. Quint, D. D., Boston; A. H. Ross, D. D., Port Huron, Mich.; Professor L. F. Stearns, D. D., Bangor, Me.; Henry A. Stimson, D.D., St. Louis, Mo.; William M. Taylor, New York; Professor William J. Tucker, D.D., Andover, Mass.

Among the topics to be discussed are the following:

1. Congregationalism, Domestic, i. e., in its own internal working forces, such as Sunday schools, Young People's societies, theological currents of thought, ecclesiastical councils and training of ministers. 2. Congregationalism in the Nation; Home Missions; Church and State; Labor and Capital; Temperance; International Federation for the Promotion of Peace and righteousness. 3. Congregationalism in the Church Catholic. 4. Congregationalism and the World Missions in their broadest scope and claims.

One of the objects of the Council is to promote acquaintance and fellowship, and to learn what the denomination is doing in its various

REV. RICHARD CORDLEY, D. D. REV. AMORY H. BRADFORD.

fields of labor, as well as to listen to the reading of a number of papers prepared by leading members and submitted in advance to a Committee of Arrangements. It is impossible to foretell what may be done in the way of overtures to other denominations. The Congregational Churches are, to a large extent, independent, no national or international body having any authority to legislate for them. This leaves the field open for a wide range of discussion and action. It is possible the Council may change the present system and create a governing body invested by the churches, with a supervising power over the churches which have till now been autonomous.

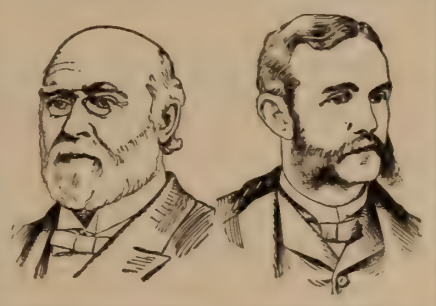
Some of the best known clergymen of the denomination have expressed their opinions of the outlook of the Council. President Franklin W. Fisk, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, believes that it will be largely a missionary body and ready to work in harmony with all other Christian organizations. The Rev. William Taylor, D. D., will in all probability, be a silent member. The Rev. A. H Bradford, D. D., of Montclair, N. J., will read a paper on the "Doctrinal Tests of Church Membership." He believes religious conditions in this country will be fully considered, especially those relating to the methods of ministerial education and missionary work. He considers it altogether probable that some strong deliverance will be issued concerning the union of all Christian bodies; but, as the Council is simply in the nature of a conference without authority, whatever it does will be purely in the way of recommendation.

The Rev. Richard Cordley, of Kansas, thinks that among the religious conditions in this country almost certain to be broadly considered will be the work of women in the churches, the work among the youth, the development and future of Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor, the relations of the Church to capital and labor, and its attitude upon the drink question. He will deliver an address on the "Laws Respecting the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors," in which he will review restrictive legislation and show that the drink traffic is the great and overshadowing evil of the present generation.

The Rev. Henry A. Stimson of St. Louis, believes there is no reason to doubt that whatever can be done to bring about a closer fellowship of Christians will surely be done.

It is hoped that one of the most interesting figures in the Conference will be the Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement in the United States. He regards the Council as especially timely and is confident that it will do much good and will result in a blessing to the denomination and to the world at large. Should he be able to attend, he will speak of the history and growth of the Christian Endeavor movement and its wonderful spread from one society in 1881 to almost 15,000 in the present year, with a membership reaching nearly a million souls. The Society has now a flourishing membership in England also, besides an Australian section and thriving branches in all the missionary lands.

These are only a few of the more important



FRANKLIN W. FISK, D.D. REV. F. E. CLARK, D.D.

topics to be discussed by the approaching Council, which will mark a notable era in the history of Congregationalism here and in Europe. Portraits are given above of President R. W. Dale, Rev. Amory H. Bradford, Rev. Richard Cordley, Rev. F. E. Clark, and President Franklin W. Fisk of the Chicago Theological Seminary.

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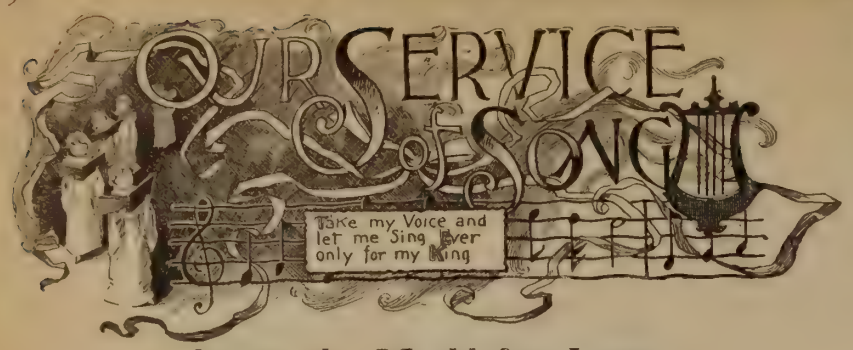
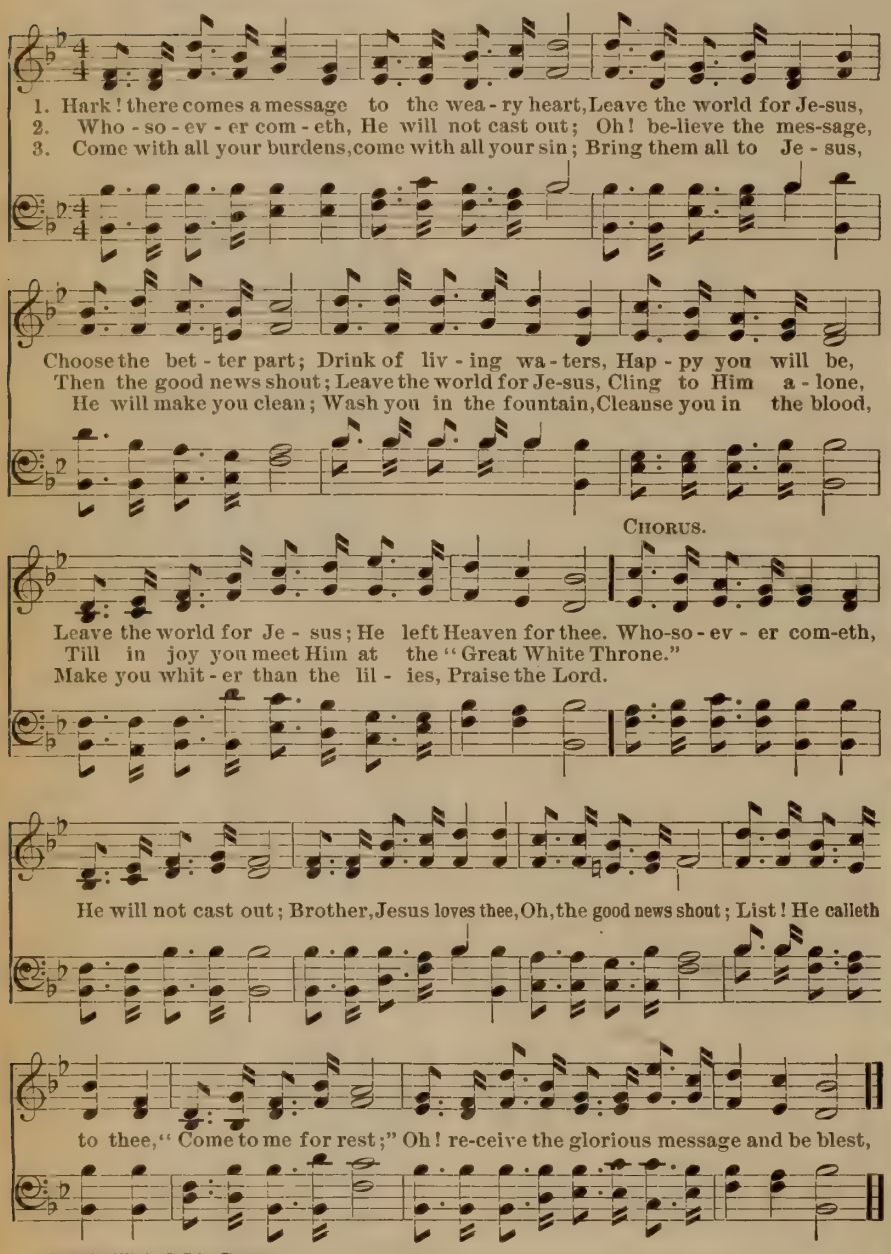


Leave the World for Jesus.

"If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—1 John, ii: 15.



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JUST FOR TO-DAY.

JUST for to-day, my Saviour,
To-morrow is not mine;
Just for to-day, I ask Thee
For light, and help divine,
To-morrow's care I must not bear,
The future is all Thine.

To-day I bring my measure
To Thee, that Thou might'st fill
And bless it, Lord, and teach me
To trust and to be still,
To-day I'd be, my God, for Thee,
And do Thy holy will.

Just for to-day, my Saviour,
For ere the morrow break
Thy voice may call me unto Thee,
And I shall no more walk
The desert path with need of faith,
But face to face shall talk.

And if I have enough, Lord,
To-day, why should I grieve
Because of what I have not,
And may not need to have?
Each day, I pray Thee, have Thy way,
And I will trust Thy love.

—*Selected.*

HE KNOWETH.

LIFE has its desert shadow
Its interspace of tears;
And yet a sunburst often breaks
And scatters swift our fears.
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So God, our Father, watched us
With pity from above.

Our feeble frame He knoweth,
Remembreth we are dust,
And evermore His face is kind,
His ways are ever just.
In evil and in blindness
Through darkened maze we rove,
But still our Father leads us home,
By strength of mighty love.

GOD LIVETH EVER.

GOD liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom?
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

SAID Uncle sam: "I will be wise,
And thus the Indian civilize:
Instead of guns that kill a mile,
Tobacco, lead and liquor vile,
Instead of serving out a meal,
Or sending agents out to steal,
I'll give, domestic arts to teach,
A cake of 'IVORY SOAP' to each.
Before it flies the guilty stain,
The grease and dirt no more remain,
'Twill change their nature day by day,
And wash their darkest blots away.
They'll turn their bows to fishing-rods,
And bury hatchets under sods,
In wisdom and in worth increase,
And ever smoke the pipe of peace;
For ignorance can never cope
With such a foe as 'IVORY SOAP.'"

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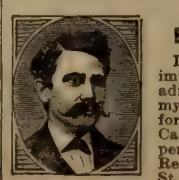

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WORK AT NORTHFIELD.

The College Students' Summer School—A Conference for Bible Study.

NORTHFIELD, the birthplace of Dwight L. Moody, the greatest of American evangelists, is becoming more and more every year the centre of a vast missionary and educational movement. Its schools, its summer gatherings, its conventions and the grand work that is done there, individually and collectively for Christ, are now known to many thousands of earnest workers who, only a few years ago, were unaware of the existence of the pretty and secluded New England village. Every June, after his tireless rounds of labor during the preceding months, Mr. Moody returns to Northfield and at once plunges into the business pertaining to his two schools—the Seminary for young men and that for young women—and the preparations for the summer gatherings. To the students, in these June weeks, he assumes the role of theological professor and encourager. In the Students' Summer School there are pupils from all parts of the world and these have the advantage of listening to the teachings and expositions of such eminent divines as Rev. John Smith, of Edinburgh, Scotland; Professor W. W. Moore, of Virginia; Professor W. G. Moorehead, of Ohio; Dr. W. Arthur T. Pierson, of Philadelphia; R. A. Torrey, of Chicago; Major D. W. Whittle, Rev. Mr. A. Gumbart, of Boston; L. W. Munhall, of Philadelphia and others. Most of those named will be among the speakers at the different meetings. The music will be led by Ira D. Sankey and George C. Stebbins.

Mr. Moody in his announcement of the coming Conference states that there will be a Bible lecture daily through the summer, so that those who would like to rest and study can do so. He extends a general and cordial invitation to all who desire to enjoy the benefit of these meetings.

The illustration accompanying this article shows one of the many handsome buildings that have been erected at Northfield in the the interest of the educational movement.

The Young Ladies' Seminary, costing $20,000, East Hall $30,000, the Marquand Memorial Building $60,000, Recitation Hall and Stone Hall are all structures that would do credit to a metropolis. The Library Building cost $20,000. The bulk of the money needed for these buildings was contributed mainly by Christian people friends of Mr. Moody and warm supporters of the Northfield scheme. Messrs. James Talcott of New York, D. M. Weston, Boston; D. W. McWilliams, Brooklyn, and Postmaster General Wanamaker were among the leading donors, the latter bearing the entire cost of beautifying the Seminary grounds and the lake.

ONE OF THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS AT NORTHFIELD.

There are two courses of instruction at Northfield, each covering three years. The study of the Bible is a leading feature in both courses, the principle observed being that Bible study should underlie and overlie all education. Much time is devoted to the life of Christ. Many former students are now successful missionaries in foreign fields, while others are engaged in city mission work at home.

Not only does Mr. Moody give liberally of his time to the boys and girls studying at Northfield, but he devotes to the same object all the money realised from the sale of his hymn books. The total cost of tuition and board is $100 per capita, yearly. It is thus an easy matter for philanthropic persons to pay for the maintenance of one or more students, and, indeed, this is frequently done. There are among the 700 students at Northfield many whose expenses have peen defrayed by kind friends of large means, interested in their welfare.

The Summer School for College students had its inception in 1886, when Mr. Moody invited all the colleges of the United States and Canada to send delegates to a "Summer School" at Mount Hermon. The result was a surprise, two hundred and fifty students, representing eighty colleges accepting the invitation to spend their vacation "searching the Scriprures." Before the close of the first session ninety-five had devoted themselves to missionary careers, and of that number many are now in the field serving the Lord.

One of the features of the Northfield schools and seminary is the Ladies'Aid Society, formed five years ago, and of which Mrs. Moody is treasurer. The object is to lend money to deserving students and the custom is to pay fifty cent of the total cost of educating a student who is not otherwise fully provided for. The student is expected to pay the balance. This welcome aid has aroused in the students a helpful spirit, and they strive in every possible way by extending assistance to each other, and by meeting the debt at the first opportunity, to show their appreciation.

To fully describe the attractions of Northfield, the breadth and general scope of the Christian scheme of education now in operation, and the many beautiful philanthropies that find practical expression there, would fill an entire issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. At some day in the near future we may take occasion to return to this subject and deal with it at much greater length.

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Permits Full Expansion of the Lungs.

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It's the time when they must have something to lessen their work. It's the time when they must have *Pearline*. Nothing else saves as much or does as much, in all washing and cleaning—and it's done without harm.

Soak your clothes in *Pearline* and water—no soap—*Pearline* contains all the soap necessary—two hours, or over night, rinse well, *and they will be clean*—particulars for this way of washing on every package. *Hot weather* increases the number who use *Pearline*—but in cooler times there's no falling off.

It's easily explained, you can drive women to use *Pearline*—some of them have to be driven to it. But, once they've used it, you can't drive them into giving it up.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—*send it back.* 190 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Dealers who claim that their preparations are "as good as Hood's Sarsaparilla," by so doing admit that Hood's is the standard and possesses peculiar merit which they try in vain to reach.

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"Manitou and the Mountains" have become household words, and when one nowadays contemplates a summer trip, the popular point, Manitou, at once comes to the front in the minds of all, and the decision in nine cases out of ten is, "Yes, to Manitou we will go."

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y runs Through Car Vestibule Trains from Chicago to Colorado Springs, and on fast trains are Through Day Coaches, Through Chair Cars, Through Pullman Sleepers and Dining Cars.

At Colorado Springs, which is virtually at foot of Pike's Peak, there is an electric line to Manitou (six miles away), and one can leave the Springs at any quarter hour interval. There are steam roads also from Colorado Springs to Manitou.

An excellent plan is to take carriage at Colorado Springs and drive to Manitou, taking in en route the Garden of the Gods, so widely advertised, and in which are such wonderful sights, and the detour on this route is but little, and the tourist is well repaid the time and trivial increased expense.

But on arrival at Manitou the climax is reached in delightful drives, babbling brooks, lovely lakes, and cool corners in the shady parks that abound at this foot-hill village.

We can not begin to tell you of the wonders and beauties of this popular resort, but just mention another feature that overtops all. It is the new railroad built from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak, and in a Railway Car you can now be Carried to the Clouds—Cheaply, Speedily and Safely.

Take a trip via the Rock Island Route to Manitou, Colorado, in your summer vacation.

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In Mr. Spurgeon's Preface he says: "I believe all the promises of God,—but many of them I have personally tried and proved, I have seen that they are true, for they have been fulfilled to me. ..I commenced these daily portions when I was wading in the Surf of Controversy. Since then I have been cast into 'waters to swim,' which, but for God's upholding hand, would have proved waters to drown in.....The waters rolled in continually, wave upon wave. I do not mention this to exact sympathy, but simply to let the reader see that I am no dry-land sailor—I know the roll of the billows, and the rush of the winds. *Never were the promises of Jehovah so precious to me as at this hour.*"

N. Y. Christian Intelligencer: "When it is stated that this well-named book contains a SCRIPTURE PROMISE FOR EACH DAY IN THE YEAR, commented on, in his best vein, by the prince of practical and experimental preachers, enough has been said to commend as first in its class. It is most admirably adapted for daily reading either in the family or the closet, and wherever used will be found spiritually stimulative."

"Mr. Spurgeon's words are so plain, his style so sparkling, and his spirit so devout, that the reading of his productions is almost sure to excite a mental glow and awaken holy aspirations. *This book is brimful of quickening, soothing, soul-lifting power, and is admirably adapted to the end in view.*"—*N. Y. Witness.*

Sent, postpaid, on receipt of the price, by

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RESCUED AND RESCUING OTHERS.

A ROMANTIC story is told in the *Church at Home and Abroad*, of a zealous worker for Christ, who died recently in the city of Heong Shan, China. It was her native city. Her father was an opium-smoker, who, falling into poverty through his vice, sold his daughter to pay his debts. After years of hard servitude and cruel treatment, she escaped to the mountains, but was discovered, sold again in Hong Kong and thence sent to California. Here the same life of ill-usage, toil and blows awaited her, but, hearing of the Mission Home from some neighbors, she fled thither and was taken in, protected, taught and cared for. There she was converted and baptized, and remained with the teacher and matron of that Home until her marriage. Her husband was in business in San Francisco and became very successful. A little over a year ago, he relinquished his business and he and his wife returned to China as *self-supporting missionaries*. On their arrival in Canton, their little daughter sickened and died in the Missionary Hospital there. After the death of the little girl, the mother went with her husband to her native city, Heong Shan. There, they were laying plans for their volunteer missionary work, when the wife was prostrated by fever and died after a short illness. The missionary who reports her death says: "She was remarkable for her lovely Christian character, constant study of the Bible and missionary zeal. Her loss is a sad blow."

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY'S REWARD.

A SIGNIFICANT incident is reported from Kurdistan where Dr. Cockrem's American Medical Mission has won the confidence and esteem even of the ferocious Kurds. These men who are noted for the ruthless savagery with which they descend on Persian villages, burning and stealing and killing, have occasionally had their wounds treated at the mission, and have not forgotten their obligation. It appears that one of the most powerful sheikhs whose home was but a few miles away from the mission was sick, and sent a messenger with a request that Dr. Cockrem would visit him. The good missionary-doctor started immediately. He found the sheikh down with pneumonia, and in imminent danger. He remained with his patient until he was quite recovered, and did his utmost to lead the man to Christ. In this he seemed less successful than he had been in his medical work. Some time afterward another summons reached Dr. Cockrem from the skeikh. This time the sheikh was not sick. He had sent for the doctor to inform him that he was about to besiege a certain village, but had heard that the doctor had a mission there. Before commencing the attack he had sent to Dr. Cockrem to assure him that the mission and all it contained would be unhurt. Five hundred Christians with their flocks and herds were gathered into the lands surrounding the mission, and during the whole time that the siege lasted, not one of them was injured, although the village was almost devastated and hundreds of the people were slain.

IN THE ZENANAS OF INDIA.

LATE news from India indicates that at last, there is hope of reaching the native women, who are secluded in the Zenanas. Some of the cures effected by lady medical missionaries, have been noised abroad, and, now they are in constant request for native invalid women, who in former days would have pined away, and died in neglect. The Secretary of the Mission, which is undenominational, says: "The Zenanas are open to our lady physicians; in fact there are more opportunities than they are able to embrace. At Patna at one time the Mohammedan leaders made a stir to 'turn out these two ladies,' as they said, and the Mission compound was surrounded; but they have quieted down now, and, so far from our ladies being turned out, they are now engaged in a valuable school, Zenana, and medical work there. At Lucknow last year thirty-nine major and 183 minor operations were performed by the lady doctors. You will see that this medical work supplies a much-felt need. The sufferings which women in India undergo during sickness are such as would appeal to the sympathy and pity of all hearts, and the provision in the native homes in times of sickness is so inadequate that hospitals are an absolute necessity, if patients are to be successfully treated. We believe that millions of the women in India are suffering untold miseries, which could be prevented or greatly mitigated by additional hospitals at numerous centres, under the direction of competent lady medical practitioners.

HOW A SCHOOL WAS FORMED.

MR. GREIG, one of the Christian gentlemen who is helping Mr. McAll in his mission work in Paris, gives the following history of the founding of one of the most successful of the schools in the French capital: "We had been working in the school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and had been so blessed there that I was anxious to open another school in the Petit Montrouge—a district quite as badly in need of the Gospel as St. Antoine. I went there, but could not find any room for hire that was suitable. After spending all day going through its dirty streets and finding no place, I was returning disappointed, when a poor, little, deformed child ran out of one of the alley-ways and caught my arm. 'Oh, Mr. Greig,' she said, with evident pleasure, 'are you going to open a Sunday-school here? I hope you are. We had such a nice one in the Faubourg St. Antoine! I was so sorry to leave it, but father and mother left Paris to come here, and I had to come with them.' 'My little girl, there is not a place to be had in Montrouge. I have been looking for one, but there is none.' 'Oh, but you will find one,' she replied, 'for I have asked God for it.' Mr. Greig smiled and said, 'May it be so, my child, continue to pray.'" Returning to Paris, he thought much on the faith of the little girl. Two days after he was informed that the owner of a drinking shop had failed, and that the place was offered at a low rent. He returned to Montrouge, found it was so, hired the shop and opened a Sunday-school. The prayerful little girl was one of the first scholars. The second Sunday she brought eight other children. The school continued to grow, and the little girl was always hunting up and bringing in new scholars. It is now the most prosperous we have."

AN ALL-NIGHT STUDY.

AN interesting incident is related in a letter received shortly before his recent death from Rev. J. Gilmour, whose portrait appeared in this journal on June 24. He said that in a journey over a new district he arrived at a strange town. According to his usual custom he invited the people to his tent. A large number responded and among them the lama or priest of the village. Mr. Gilmour explained to them the way of salvation but made little impression. At last the lama began to put questions, beginning in a hostile spirit. Mr. Gilmour's courtesy disarmed him and then his questions were evidently prompted by a desire for light. The people became interested in the discussion between their priest and the stranger, and listened attentively. At the end Mr. Gilmour gave the lama a New Testament and he sat down there and then to study it. The other people went away. The lama read on, now and then asking a question. Finally Mr. Gilmour having travelled far that day and having exhausted himself at the evening meeting, grew sleepy and rolling himself in his sheepskin blanket was soon wrapped in unconscious and refreshing slumber. Pesently he woke up, and there, sitting by the fire, he saw the lama reading slowly away at the Gospel which had been given him a few hours before. And thus he continued to read the whole night through. In the morning the lama, in no degree wearied by his night vigil, resumed the discussion with new zest and when Mr. Gilmour left him it was with strong hope of his conversion.

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ORIGINAL. No. 54.

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BY MARIA PARLOA.

Mix together and rub through a sieve one pint of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder. Into this mixture rub two generous tablespoonfuls of butter. Wet with a scant half-pint of milk. Sprinkle the board with flour, and, putting the dough upon it, roll down to a large square about half an inch thick. Spread a heaping tablespoonful of soft butter on this and then spread with a cupful of sugar and a cupful of currants. Grate a little nutmeg over all, and roll up like a jelly roll—or pinwheel style. Cut in slices about three-quarters of an inch thick and lay in well buttered pans. Do not let the slices touch each other. Bake in a very quick oven for about twelve minutes. These are nice for luncheon or tea.—(Copyright, 1891, by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 14. NUMBER 28.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1891.

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A NOBLE MEMORIAL.

New Home of the Brooklyn Y. W. C. A.—A Consecrated Woman's Life fitly Crowned.

WOMAN'S work for Christ has extended wonderfully within the last decade in all the large centres of population. Where, ten years ago, she bore a comparatively small share of the public burden of Christian work, to-day she is laboring side by side with the other sex in a thousand avenues of spiritual usefulness. Some of the handsomest buildings devoted to missionary efforts have been erected and are to-day controlled by female management. In New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Philadelphia and several other large cities, commanding edifices have been raised largely by the efforts of women and are now, in their own sections, head-quarters of practical Christian activity, with an influence for good reaching in every direction.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Brooklyn is a recent growth. Nothing speaks more eloquently of its development than the fact that, in 1888, a mere handful of

Earnest Christian Women

composed the entire membership, while the last annual report for 1890 shows a membership of nearly 1,500. Fourteen ladies in the Fall of 1888 filed a certificate of incorporation, their object being to promote "the temporal, mental and spiritual welfare of young women, particularly of those dependent upon their own exertions for their support." These incorporators were Harriet Judson, Helen F. McWilliams, Mary A. Brigham, Caroline E. Prentiss, Emily S. Wood, Matilda H. Spelman, Mary L. Beers, Nellie A. Porter, Caroline McP. Bergh, Caroline Field, Adela J. Lyon, Lillian W. Betts, Sarah Truslow and Martha C. McLeod. The trustees and managers of the Association during the first year of its existence included, besides several of the incorporators, Harriet P. Packer, Mary V. Terhune, Kate Duryea, Louise M. Cuddy, Elizabeth L. Catlin and Mary May, all well-known and honored names in the "City of Churches," and abundantly qualified, by reason of their high Christian character and social position, to give the new society the necessary impetus at the start.

Like many similar organizations, the new Association began its work

In a Modest Way,

holding its meetings in the Johnston Building, on Flatbush Avenue near Fulton Street, Brooklyn. At first it occupied only two rooms; then its growth necessitated the use of an entire floor, with parlor and library. The rapid expansion of the last twelve months has shown the Association the advisability of finding permanent quarters of its own, where classes in languages, dress-making, white sewing, history, arithmetic, penmanship, stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, cooking and various other branches of education could be conducted with all the facilities and privileges necessary to a great institution. In her report for last year, President Mrs. Charles N. Judson, says: "the educational, the employment and the spiritual are being more closely drawn together as the one purpose that animates them all is developed," and in this happy

Spirit of Sisterly Love

the affairs of the Association have been thus far successfully conducted.

When it was decided that the young society should seek quarters suited to its growth, the Hon. S. B, Chittenden, (a wealthy Brooklyn gentleman, formerly a member of Congress, and who has since passed away), deeded to it a plot of ground on the corner of Schermerhorn Street and Flatbush Avenue, for the purpose of erecting a building. The plot is ninety-five by ninety-five feet and adjoins a public school. Following this generous gift came an offer from another wealthy Christian gentleman, Mr. C. D. Wood of $125,000 as the nucleus of a building fund, on the condition that an additional $100,000 should be secured, the second $100,000 to constitute an endowment fund to be invested and held in trust for the Association.

THE NEW BROOKLYN Y. W. C. A. ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

This wise stipulation was not long in being complied with. The friends of the Association went vigorously to work, and within six months, the total fund, amounting to considerably over the necessary quarter of a million, was raised. The next step in order was

To Erect the Building.

Messrs. J. C. Cady & Co., architects, designed a structure which when completed will not only meet the requirements of the Association but will be an ornament to the city as well. The proposed building is shown in the illustration. It is to be six stories in height, including the basement, the front to be faced with light, tan-colored brick, with ornamental terra-cotta trimmings to match. The main entrance will be adorned with carved pillars and will be in the centre of the building. An outer vestibule with marble steps will lead to the level. On one side of the octagonal hallway will be the Secretary's office, and also the entrances to the cloak room and the elevators. The chapel, which is reached from the hallway, has a dome-shaped ceiling, the centre of which extends through all the floors, up to the roof. On the ground floor, on the opposite side from the Secretary's room, there will be a large salesroom in which articles made by the members will be displayed to buyers. In the basement will be the physician's room and pharmacy, the intelligence office, baths and gymnasium. On the second floor will be the library and reading-room with a gallery and storage room for books. On the third story will be the large lecture-room, with a seating capacity of three hundred, and a handsome parlor connecting, with sliding doors between. The front of the third and the entire fourth and fifth stories will be taken up by class rooms, of which there will be eighteen, all of ample dimensions and well supplied with the necessary equipment for the various studies. The style of architecture is

Italian Renaissance,

and the entire cost, exclusive of the site, will be little short of $150,000. The building will be ready for occupancy by May, 1892. One of its unique features will be a roof garden, where in the heated evenings of summer, after toil is over, the members may go and enjoy a refreshing breeze. This garden, lighted by electricity, will cover the rear half of the roof and will command a fine view.

In accepting from the living donor, the gift that made the complete success of their organization possible, the Association did not fail to recognize God's goodness which came thus unexpectedly to the rescue. It was a gift made in memory of a noble Christian woman now passed away, and who, during a lifetime spent in works of charity and love, was one of the warmest friends of the Brooklyn working girls. The late Mrs. C. D. Wood, in whose memory the princely gift was made by her husband and children, was one whose friendship upheld the Association in its infancy and she had endeared herself to its members in a thousand different ways. The memorial gift having been supplemented by public donations to the necessary amount, Mrs. Wood's faith in the ultimate success of her philanthropic scheme is thus assured.

Much good work has been accomplished by the Association, in the few years of its active existence. Its membership embraces many nationalities and all ages, and almost every occupation open to women is represented, including many that require a high standard of intelligence, such as artists, engravers, journalists, governesses, secretaries, librarians, cashiers, stenographers. There are also represented the more ordinary avocations in stores, factories and workshops. Within three years, 1112 girls have applied for work at the Intelligence Bureau of the Association, and an average of 320 positions a year have been filled. It is a work in which public interest is steadily growing, and demonstrates the value and potentiality of co-operation among working-women, who, when they are banded together for Christian objects, find friends multiply on every hand, and realize in their happiness and success, the truth of the sacred saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE WITNESS-STAND.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning a at Great Camp-Meeting at High Bridge, Ky., the Text being, *"We are witnesses."* Acts 3 : 15.

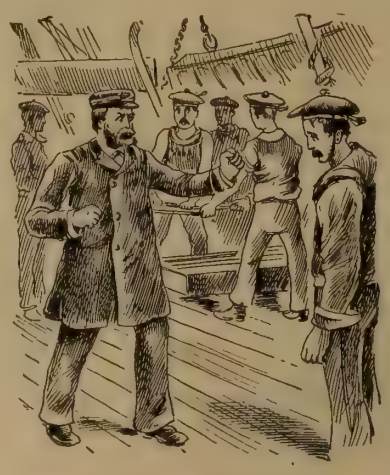
STANDING amid the hills and groves of Kentucky, and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam-power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done and the passengers on the Cunard and the Inman and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice, and talked with him, and they took the witness stand, to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the sceptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the sceptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out: "We are witnesses!"

The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God, it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity, and learned treatises in defence of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the Church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and alway will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are many thousands of converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are



THE SWEARING CAPTAIN.

many thousands of Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are many thousands of Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea-captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people here to-day who are no more what they once were than a water-lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

> Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
> On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
> No! When I blush, be this my shame:
> That I no more revere his name.

Again, I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's power to comfort. When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plot she plucked flowers, or into that show-window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this, go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No: There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou has comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman, and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skilful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What enabled

THE TWO SINGERS.

you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm-house where the bereavement had come and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" And after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriett Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury

and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their death-beds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed, perhaps, in awe. In the other case, you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up! "Oh, no," you say; "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as a child in a cradle." What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank, and let me know? "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible, from

"THOSE BLACK PLUMES."

which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle-aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but millions of witnesses on earth and in heaven testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No. I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling will all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

> Deep horror then my vitals froze,
> Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem,
> When suddenly a star arose—
> It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearers, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When Madame Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon." The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Madame Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, he comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music, he comes to plead for thy deliverance.

Investigating the Seal Fisheries.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has decided to send two government agents to Alaska, to gather all necessary technical information respecting the actual state of the Behring Sea seal fisheries. It is believed that Prof. Mendenhall, Chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and Prof. Merriam, ornithologist, Agricultural Department will be assigned to the duty. They will investigate simultaneously with Sir George Baden-Powell, England's Commissioner

A JAPANESE CONVERT.

The Mission of Tell Sono to the Women and Girls of Japan.

BELOW is given the portrait of a Japanese lady, whose name is Tell Sono, who has taken up a very worthy and patriotic cause. She came to this country, five years ago, to see America for herself, to study our civilization, and especially the condition of women here, that she might return to Japan, and initiate a movement which would help her countrywomen. Before coming here, she had supported herself as a lawyer in Tokyo. She was not a Christian, when she landed in San Francisco, and her idea of her mission was purely secular. She wanted to elevate the women of Japan, socially and intellectually, and she expected to do it by education and the introduction of American customs. She entered a lady's classical college, from which she graduated with honor. But her ideas were all

TELL SONO, THE JAPANESE CONVERT.

changed by that time. She was converted while she was in the college, and then she perceived that Christianity was the basis of our civilization. She no longer hoped to benefit her country women by secular education alone, but her chief reliance was on giving them the Gospel. Tell Sono has spent the time since her graduation in Cleveland, Chicago, Brooklyn and other cities, in association with Christian workers, studying the Bible and the methods of Christian labor. Her intention is to return to Japan, next year, and at once to open a Christian school in Tokyo. She believes that foreign missionaries can never reach the high caste women of Japan, who are the leaders of female society in the empire. They will, however, have no prejudice against her, as she is herself high caste, but willingly come to her for instruction, and place their daughters in her school. The enthusiasm and hopefulness of her disposition are contagious, her manner is vivacious, and her command of the English language, is remarkable. Among the claims Tell Sono has on the attention of her Japanese sisters are some that count for a great deal in a land of aristocratic traditions. She belongs to an ancient family, the pedigree of which she can trace back for six hundred years. She is at present a member of the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, of which Dr. A. B. Kendig is pastor. Dr. Kendig, who has seen much of her, writes that "she is full of faith, zeal and knowledge." Mrs. Kendig is acting as treasurer for the fund that is being raised here to enable Tell Sono, to establish her Christian school on her return. Any of our readers, who may desire to aid her in that enterprise may send a contribution to Mrs. Kendig, by whom it will be thankfully received. They may help Tell Sono, also, by buying a copy of her biography, which she quaintly calls her "life-book," which may be obtained for sixty cents from Hunt & Eaton, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SERVICE ON THE MARCH.

QUIET, persistent fidelity under the most adverse circumstances characterizes many of the converts from heathenism. An illustration of the fact is given by Rev. George Weavind, who formerly labored in the Transvaal. He says: "There was one old chief called Petros Molepo, a man old enough to be my father, and he used to treat me as though I was his own child. He formerly lived at Tabane's station, and there he was a member of the society and a teacher among his people, but for some reason or other he found it necessary to go forth and find a home somewhere else. He was wandering about from place to place with his people for twelve long months without finding a home. But during that long time the old chief gathered his people together week by week for their meetings; Sabbath by Sabbath he halted that they might have the services to which they had been accustomed for many years. Every morning and every evening, no matter where they might be, he gathered the people together and conducted family worship amongst them. By-and-by they found a home upon the property belonging to the Missionary Society, and the very first thing they did when they trekked their wagons on to the land where they were now to find their home was to build a house of prayer that they might there acknowledge God's goodness to them in at last providing them a shelter. After a time, old Petros got very ill indeed, and his illness lingered for months. I went to see him often, and I saw him, just a few days before he died, and I said 'Is it all right?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I am going to be with the Lord;' and thus trusting and confident the old man died."

A SERVICE IN UGANDA.

WHAT God has wrought in Uganda is truly marvellous. It is the land in which Bishop Hannington was murdered less than six years ago, and where every native Christian whom the savage king could find was ruthlessly put to death. Bishop Tucker, who is carrying on the work there now, writes in a letter received: "Exaggeration about the eagerness of the people here to be taught, there has been none. No words can describe the emotion which filled my heart as, on Sunday last, I stood up to speak to fully 1,000 men and women who crowded the church of Baganda. It was a wonderful sight! There, close beside me, was the katikaro—the second man in the kingdom. There, on every hand, were chiefs of various degrees, all Christian men, and all in their demeanor devout and earnest to a degree. There was a second service in the afternoon, at which there must have been fully 800 present. The same earnest attention was apparent, and the same spirit of devotion. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God for the glorious privilege of being permitted to preach to this people."

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

S. S. Lesson for July 26, By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 3: 1-17. Golden Text, John 3: 16.

THE testimony of Jesus was always unwelcome to the man of this world, who lived after the flesh. There was nothing in all he said or did to exalt man. The man of that age, as of this, "loved the praise of men more then the praise of God." The larger number of those who took any notice of Jesus were cavillers, critics, and hostile to his person and his teaching. But

There are Hungry Souls

in every city, and in every age, and God finds means to bring them where they may meet with Jesus. Nicodemus was one of these. Probably, what he had heard of Jesus responded to a secret but intense longing in his heart for real, personal contact with God; he had watched the miracles of Jesus, and had drawn his own conclusion that they were divine. Nicodemus was a person of distinction, a ruler of the Jews. Anxious as he was to come in contact with the new Teacher, he felt something was due to his own position, and so, lest he should be misunderstood, he "came to Jesus by night." And the Master saw all his cowardice, and yet did not repulse him! Where there is a heart seeking after him, Jesus will bear, with his own wondrous patience, the mixed motives, the want of courage and uprightness, which, by and by he will be able to purge away. "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He was about to say to Nicodemus, "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God." This was the truth, and the truth for Nicodemus, but the hour was not come when Nicodemus could bear it. Oh, how we need the wisdom of God in dealing with souls, how often in saying things which are really the truth and really the message of God to them through us, but spoken in *our* time, instead of God's time, we have really hindered souls, instead of helping them. God only knows when things are ripe, and when he has prepared a soul to receive a truth, then the seed will bear fruit; we need the most true, and moment-by-moment guidance of the Lord, for dealing with souls.

Nicodemus came to him with self-assertion, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a Teacher sent from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

"We Know;"

this is a bad beginning for a seeking soul. Jesus immediately shows him something which he does not know. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again (or born from above), he cannot see the kingdom of God." Is this a real fact, and yet men who have read and heard this passage again and again, will give precedence to anything—some mere business matter, some simple family claim, which in time of sickness must needs be disregarded—rather then the settling of this, above-all-else-important matter, am I, or am I not born again of the Spirit of God?

Nicodemus, like most men who have something of a religious life behind them, began by arguing the matter; he knew well that he had not this experience, but then, what if, after all, the whole thing was a delusion? "How can a man be born when he is old?" and thus showing how utterly earthly were all his conceptions. Nicodemus did not see how the body, created to be the useful servant of the spirit, had, through the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, subjected the soul,—the affections, intelligence and will to itself, and so flesh, instead of spirit, ruled the soul. He did not see that to be born from above was to be quickened in that very part of his being which died in Adam in the day of his sin, and which only lives again as we are born of the Spirit, and only can live by the life of God, and in communion with him. Jesus answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." Flesh cannot produce spiritual life; neither earnestness nor energy, devotion nor zeal, can produce spiritual life; unless it comes by a birth from above, it does not really exist. The first man Adam was made a living, but not life-giving, soul; the last Adam (Jesus Christ) was made a quickening (or life-giving) Spirit. "As the Father hath life in himself so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." But "the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God."

Nicodemus was out of his depth: the life of the Spirit was utterly unknown to him, he could study, he could reason, he could act, but here was a something indispensable to a man for his salvation, which nevertheless a man could not bring about, but for which he was wholly dependent upon God. And there was a power, a life, a presence about the wondrous man in whose company he was, which made it impossible for him to doubt the reality of the things he taught. Jesus taught him that just as real as the presence of the wind, but just as uncontrollable, just as much out of the power of man, is that birth of the Spirit. "How can these things be?" said the astonished truthseeker. "Art thou the teacher of Israel, and understandest not these things?" was the reply of the great Teacher. "How canst thou teach spiritual things without the Spirit, or the life of God without having that life within thee?" O how many try to make

A Soul Life

consisting of intellectual doctrine, of emotion, feeling, or will, stand in the stead of the Spirit of God, his birth from above, his working from above, his life which controls, and is not controlled by ours. "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, we speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." In the things of the Spirit of God all is life, all is reality, this is no theory, no imagination. "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe when I tell you of heavenly things. And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven."

All was new, all was strange to Nicodemus, but he was conquered, his questions ceased; from an inquirer, he became a learner, and thus the Master could go on teaching him. What shall he say, this Son of God, now that he has stilled the flesh in Nicodemus, and won him at last to listen to his Lord? How teach the unspiritual man spiritual truth? It is

The Cross Alone

which explains the mystery, this theme of Moses and Elijah on the mount of transfiguration, this only acknowledged theme of Paul, this theme of the highest in heaven, and of all the redeemed which join them. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Nicodemus had yet to learn that only one thing could be done with the flesh, with man as he is apart from God. There was no remedy but death, "the soul that sinneth it shall die." (Ezek. 18: 4.) But "Christ once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust," and "we thus judge, that one died for all, therefore all died." This was the lesson Nicodemus had to learn when Jesus spoke those never-to-be-forgotten words, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life. For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved." This then is man's part, and man's only part, that he may be born again. He must receive as his, receive for himself, a crucified Redeemer. No room for "we know" here, the teacher and the scholar come in side by side, helpless sinners, to be saved, in the very same way, by the same Saviour. The outwardly moral and the poor profligate come under the shadow of the Cross of Jesus on the same terms. "Neither is there salvation in any other for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we may be saved."

LESSON POINTS

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THE same came to Jesus by night. And he, who said, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," received Nicodemus kindly, and graciously undertook to teach him the mystery of the new birth and the secret of life eternal. Later on Nicodemus, by his actions, publicly avowed his discipleship, but just then he was a "disciple secretly for fear of the Jews."

Gotthold, wishing to seal a letter called for a lighted candle. The maid obeyed his orders but proceeding too hastily, the flame, which had not yet gathered sufficient strength, went out. "Here," said Gotthold, "we have that which may well remind us of the gentleness and tact to be observed in our deportment toward weak and erring brethren. Had the candle, when first lighted, been carried carefully and shaded by the hand from the air, it would not have been extinguished, but would soon have burned with vigor. In like manner many weak brethren might be set right, if we only came to their help in the right way. It is not by violent strokes that we reduce the dislocated limb. Jesus himself does not quench the smoking flax, but blows upon it with the gentle breath of the blessed words that proceed out of his mouth and this was the reason why disconsolate sinners flocked to and pressed upon him to hear what he said.

Ye must be born again. It may be a mystery to us, but it is nevertheless a fact and although we may not be able to explain the new birth, we and others will know when it has taken place within us. The blind man, who had his sight restored, knew nothing about how it was done, but he did know that "whereas, I was blind, now I see." We may not early in the Spring, know a cherry tree from a chestnut tree, but later on, when the time of fruitage comes, we can readily discover the character of the tree. We may not know just how we are born of the Spirit, but we do know that the fruitage of the flesh is uncleaness, hatred, envy, drunkenness and the like, while the fruitage of the spirit is love, gentleness, goodness, temperance.

And it is impossible to bring forth the fruit of the spirit unless we are born again. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may you also do good, that are accustomed to do evil."

Art thou a master of Israel and knowest not these things? The professing Christian who imagines that the proper pronunciation of some Shibboleth and the correct observance of certain forms alone are indispensable to salvation, will sooner or later find out that he is making the mistake of his life. The form of godliness without its power will not avail us in time of trial. We must know for ourselves and not for another, that these things are so, and the minister of the Gospel, who aims at preaching eloquent sermons and arranging for a methodical and scientific salvation, a conversion of the head rather than of the heart, is wasting his opportunities and God will hold him accountable. No man is fit to preach the Gospel, who has not personally in his own heart experienced religion and who knows for himself that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. "If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

Recently at the Yorkville Police Court, New York City, a boy was brought before the magistrate, charged with theft. The evidence was strongly against him but his mother pleaded earnestly for his release and as a final clinching argument, she said, to the judge, "Your honor, my boy cannot be guilty of this crime, because, sir, he would rather die than eat meat on Friday."

"But I cross myself ever so many times," you say. That cannot save you. "But I give liberally to the poor." That will not save you. "But I read a chapter every night before I go to bed." That will not save you. "But I sit at the communion table every month." That will not save you. "But my name is on the church books." That will not save you. "But I have been a professor of religion for thirty years." That will not save you. I place on your side of the balance all the edicts, all religious forms, and all communion tables ever built, but I place on the opposite side of the balance: "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away."

THE DOMINIE'S BOY.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text, John 3: 16, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," etc.

WE were inclined to laugh a good deal, I remember, about the fuss that was made over the new baby at the Parsonage. I was asked a dozen times by my fellow members if I had seen the dominie's baby. I confessed that I had not. Being a bachelor, I took little interest in babies, and avoided as much as possible being in their society. At that time I voted babies a nuisance. So, though almost everyone in the church had been to the Parsonage, and the ladies especially were loud in their praises of the new prodigy, I postponed tendering my homage. I liked Dr. and Mrs. Wingate exceedingly, and some of my happiest evenings had been spent in their snug little home; but the coming of the baby had spoiled all that. I knew that I was best away.

It was the first baby, and as I learned from my mother and sisters, was sure to be spoiled. The Dominie was almost as ridiculous about it as his wife. I heard that he would sit and watch it by the hour and see new wonders in it all the time. It was so intelligent, so bright and so pretty—in short it was thought at the Parsonage that there had never been quite such a wonderful baby in the world before.

The baby affected everything. The Dominie did not speak of it directly from the pulpit, but we heard a great deal in his sermons at that time about parental love, and the opening intelligence of childhood. Of course, I had to go to the parsonage eventually, and I went. I remember how proudly the doctor called his wife and what a pretty picture the young mother made, entering the room with her infant boy in her arms.

The child was not spoiled, in spite of my sisters' predictions. He grew up a fine intelligent boy. I liked him better when he could run around, and had many a romp with him. He had his father's love of learning, too, and, when he went to school he was ahead of all his class-mates. There were no brothers or sisters, so he had the doctor's undivided attention, and enjoyed such instruction as the doctor above most men was able to give. Nor was his physical training neglected; he could run and jump and swim better than any boy of his age in town. "He will be a credit to you, Doctor," was the best compliment you could pay the dominie in those days; and if you predicted that the boy would be in the Senate or even the Presidential chair, if he lived, it would not be thought that you were talking nonsense. In fact there were many more unlikely things.

In due time the boy was sent to college, and there he acquitted himself grandly. He succeeded, beyond even his proud father's hopes, graduated with double honors, and was publicly spoken of by the president of the university as "a young man who will make his mark." The next question was the choice of a profession, and I think we were all consulted about it. Eventually, the young man's own preference for the law was confirmed, because it was the recognized road to the highest offices in the State and Nation. The Senate or the Presidency, did not seem such impossible things, after all, to one who spent an evening in the young man's society, or heard him lecture in the school-room, as he did several times. So he was received into one of the best law-offices in the State, and Dr. Wingate thought more than ever of his beloved boy.

Two years later, I was in Battery Park, New York, and, keeping myself well hidden by the trees, I witnessed a sight, I shall not soon forget. There stood, Dr. Wingate and his wife, intently watching a steamer outward bound. What was passing in their minds, I could guess, and I took care not to intrude upon them. They waited till the steamer was lost to view, and then turned sorrowfully away toward the depot, whence they would take the cars for their village home. Their faces bore the look of those who had passed a severe ordeal.

On the steamer, they were watching, was their only son, their beloved, almost idolized boy, of whom so great things had been expected. He was going to a heathen land to preach the Gospel of Christ, and to do this he had, with his father's approval, sacrificed his brilliant prospects and the joys of home. How much it cost the parents and the son to carry out this thing, no one ever knew. We caught some glimpses of the ordeal the next Sunday, when the Dominie preached the most powerful sermon I ever heard him deliver. The text was, "For God *so loved the world* that he gave his only begotten son."

IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

How John Ross Began to "Kneel Down"—Led by a Little Child.

THE room was small, and the furniture old-fashioned; but there was a neatness and warmth about it that made it look pleasant and comfortable. On a stool by the fire was a bright little girl; and at the tea-table sat a pale matron, anxiously seeing that her husband had all that he wanted, while he for his part was just finishing his evening meal of 'haricot.'

"Was it nice, father?" asked Ally, as he turned towards her, wiping his mouth with the napkin.

"Ay, just as usual," was the answer. "Hunger's the best sauce, you know, Ally."

The mother smiled. It was scant praise, but she was satisfied.

"You won't be going out again to-night, John, will you?" she inquired, presently.

Her husband hesitated. He was no drunkard, yet the tavern had for him very great attractions. He liked excitement, political discussion, and the gossip which he called conversation. It never occurred to him that it was worth while to converse with his little daughter, and his thoughtful, intelligent wife.

"I must go," he said, "for they will expect me."

'They' were some fellow-workmen and the landlord.

"But you will not be long?"

"I don't know; that depends. But you need not sit up, burning candle for nothing, as you did last night."

"Very well, John. Say 'Good night' to father, Ally, dear."

The child put up her mouth for a kiss.

JOHN ROSS HEARS HIS CHILD'S PRAYER.

"Good night, father," the child whispered, as he stooped to receive her caress: "come home as quick as you can."

He was gone. Mrs. Ross washed up the plates and dishes, and put them, with Ally's help, into the cupboard. Then she sat down to mend her husband's waistcoat. They were dull that night, and with reason; yet the child laid her head on her mother's knee with a sense of rest and calm that seldom came to her in her father's presence. Soon she began to sing the hymns which she learnt at school. Then, kneeling to pray beside her mother's chair, she began to say, "God bless dear father——"

Hush! Was that some one at the window, or was it only a puff of wind that rattled the one half-frame against the other? Ally looked up, and listened.

"It is nothing," said her mother, and the child went on: "Bless dear father to-night, and bring him home safe, and help me to be a good child to him and mother, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

As these words rose to heaven, the door was opened by John Ross himself. Unseen by his wife and child, he waited in the shadow to hear the rest. It was not much, if measured by the number of its words—simply a similar prayer for other relations, and that all-comprehensive prayer which Christ taught His disciples—but there was a beauty in the scene, a touching pathos in the voice, and, above all, a reality in the petition, which compelled John Ross to bow his head and worship. Nor, even when the last Amen was uttered, could he persuade himself to come forward and disturb them; for Ally began to talk about him, saying, "I do hope he will come before I go to sleep. Don't you, mother?"

"Yes, darling; though I cannot expect it," said her mother.

The child waited a little while, and then said, "Is it far?"

Mrs. Ross had been sitting with her eyes fixed on the fire, thinking, perhaps, of her blithe girlhood and earlier married life. She started now, asking, "Is what far?"

"'The Welcome Home,' where father goes every evening; don't you know?"

Did she know? Ah, too well, too well! It required some effort to answer calmly, "Half-a-mile."

"And why does he never take us there?" continued Alice.

"It is not a place for little girls, my child."

"What do they do, mother?"

"They talk, Ally, and—and smoke."

"And, I suppose," said Ally, gravely—"I suppose they kneel down, too?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because, when I stay awake till father comes, I see that he does not kneel down here; and so I think he must have said his prayers at 'The Welcome Home.'"

There was no answer; and in a few minutes Ally's little feet went pattering into an inner room, where, after being snugly tucked up by her mother, she lay awake, listening for the step which was too often so long in coming.

Meanwhile the father, sitting alone beside the hearth, mused over the little sermon which his child had, all unconsciously, been preaching. He would never forget that sermon while he lived.

"I have been strangely blind," he began to say within himself that night; "but now I think I see. The child's words have opened my eyes. Thank God for that!"

It might be absurd, but it was very natural, he thought, that at this moment he should remember a time—long ago, it seemed—when, having a hurt foot, he had spent a whole evening at home; and when Ally, standing on a high stool at his elbow, had brushed his hair till he fell asleep, and he woke to find her laughing on his knee. How firmly, as he then thought, he had determined to spend at least four nights a week at his own ever-bright fireside, and how miserably he had failed to keep his resolve! Truly, John Ross had small reason to trust himself!

In whom, then, could he trust? Of whom seek power to act rightly towards self, wife, and child? Must he not, if he would be firm and strong, look upward? In other words, must he not, from that hour, begin to "kneel down"?

Nearly a year has gone by, and still John Ross spends his evenings at home. The paleness has left his wife's face, and little Ally is making wonderful progress in arithmetic. If you could look in upon them to-night, you would see them all busy making a child's scrap-book, and you would hear a sound of ringing laughter, and a manly voice making funny speeches, and you would see the mother's pretended chiding as the mirth delays 'the work,' and you would know at once that they were happy.

Happy they are; for the peace of God, which passes all understanding, dwells with them in their home, and being united to each other and to God, they fear no evil.

PEACE! IT IS I!"

FIERCE was the wild billow;
Dark was the night;
Oars labored heavily;
Foam glimmered white;
Mariners trembled;
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of Earth,
"Peace! It is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Peril can none be,
Sorrow must fly,
When saith the Light of light,
"Peace! It is I!

Jesus, Deliverer!
Come thou to me;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth!
"Peace! It is I!" —ST. ANATOLIUS.

(Translated by John Mason Neale, 1862.)

SPIRITUAL INSIGHT.

Christ's Insight into Man.*

AFTER the miracle at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, Jesus and his family and his school moved in a body to Capernaum. The reasons for this movement are not given. Nor was the stay long. The Passover soon called them to Jerusalem, where Jesus drove the merchants out of the Temple. His acts and words increased the number of those who believed on his name with that kind of belief which is the mere result of wonder at sudden exhibitions of power. But they had not so worked his principles into their character as to be willing to either live or die for him. In the close of the second chapter of St. John's Gospel, it is recorded that Jesus did not believe in them, did not treat them as perfectly trusted disciples, because He knew all things. "He knew what was in man."

When we see a man, ordinrily, we simply receive on the retina of our eyes, the figure produced; sometimes we see more deeply and penetrate somewhat into his character; but when Jesus looked on a human being, he saw that which was "*in* him," that spirit which is the man himself. To Him the man's spirit was stark naked and visible.

Immediately after this statement of Christ's insight, and as an illustrative case thereof, the record is given of one man, a semi-believer, whose interview with Jesus was of a most important character. His name is given. It was a Greek name, but common in Palestine in the days of Jesus. It was Nicodemus. It is observable that sometimes names are given in the Gospel history, and sometimes omitted. We have Mary of Magdala, sweet saint, and we have a certain nameless woman, who touched the hem of his garment and was made whole. Perhaps, some one will find the clue to this discrimination. There must be some reason; there is nothing accidental in the Bible.

The Feast of Tabernacles.

From all parts of the land, and even from many foreign parts, the devout poured into the Holy City. No good Jew allowed himself to sleep in a house. Boughs full of green leaves were brought from the country, and temporary booths constructed on house-tops and along thoroughfares, and in all the environs of the city, until Jerusalem was covered with a temporary forest. Gladness reigned, and public and private rejoicing prevailed. The Temple service partook of the festal air of the occasion. Immediately after the regular morning sacrifices, every day, a priest went with a golden vessel to the fountain of Siloam, on the side of the hill on which the Temple stood, and drew water, which he brought through the Water-Gate, accompanied by a gay procession and the sound of triumpets; and having mixed it with wine, poured it on the sacrifice upon the altar, amid the hallelujah shouts of the people. This probably reminded them of the supplies of water Jehovah had given to their fathers in the emergencies of the wilderness. The joyfulness of this ceremonial was so great that it passed into a common proverb: "He that never saw the rejoicing of drawing water, never saw rejoicing in all his life."

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF WOMAN.†

LET us consider for a moment the splendid opportunities and the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon the woman in what is known as society. If woman was the first to sin in this world, it was also on the breast of woman that the world's Redeemer was nourished. Bethlehem has atoned for Eden! As if Christ desired to test the gratitude of woman, he has given her, in Christian civilization, a kingdom that is all her own. The statesman, the soldier, the priest, the lawyer, the merchant, when he mingles in the social world where women reigns, becomes her subject. In that world woman is supreme. She makes the laws; she, practically, makes standards of right and wrong, and sets the pitch of thought and feeling. If she is frivolous, society is frivolous; if she is false, society is false; if she is high-minded and gentle and true-hearted, if she is holy and devout and Christian, she can make society all these. More than statesman, or prophet, or king, she has it in her power to elevate or degrade, to lead men to God or to turn them away from him. In order to exercise her power, she need not preach, or reason, or exhort; she has only to be what she will, and what she is she will unconsciously make society.

Ah, sometimes I marvel that women do not better understand their power and use it to better purpose. Now and again they do accomplish marvelous things, by words in season, fitly spoken, or by well-planned schemes of usefulness. But after all, the best and noblest power of woman lies, not in what she does, but in what she is. We often hear the complaint, and it is true, that the men of this generation are hard and grasping, and they seem to care for little else than material gain and external show; but how much of this is due to the sordid tone of the fashionable world and the ostentatious exactions of society?

The Bliss of Heaven.

If Paradise were merely rest for the weary, and joy for the afflicted, and peace for the storm-tossed, and honor and glory for the humble and neglected, it would lack one element without which it is impossible to imagine conscious and eternal felicity. Mere peace and rest and joy, and honor and glory, I care not in what degree, would not suffice to make a soul blessed here, much less could they suffice to make a soul blessed forever hereafter. In this world, and in all worlds, true blessedness does not depend on ease, or rest, or any idle rapture of delight; it is the self-spending rapture of love—the bliss of doing good. True spiritual blessedness, here or in Paradise, must have its source in self-forgetting love and self-denying service.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Interpreter with his Bible, by A. E. Waffle. Randolph & Co., New York.

Heredity, Health and Personal Beauty, by J. W. Shoemaker, A. M., M. D. F. A. Davis, Philadelphia and London.

* From *The Gospel of Spiritual Insight*, by Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D. W. B. Ketcham, New York.

† From *Thoughts on Life, Death and Immortality*, selected from the unpublished writings of the late Samuel Smith Harris, D.D., LL.D., by Charlotte Slocum. Thos. Whittaker, New York.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE WORST FOE.

THE mightiest obstacle to the progress of religion in this day is, not infidelity in any form, nor organized crime, but strong drink, whether you call it Swan gin, or Bourbon whiskey, or brown stout, or pale ale, or Schiedam schnapps, or wine, or anything else that flutters the pulse and poisons the brain, and makes a man unnatural. Standing in our pulpits on the Sabbath day, we are aware of the fact that there are men who are hiding behind a barricade of wine flasks and demijohns. There are thousands of men who do not come into the kingdom of God simply because they tipple. While they are discussing the question as to whether they shall drink at all, or how much they shall drink, they let the question of their eternal salvation go by default. And how often it is you find a man anxious about his soul, and you talk with him, and pray with him, and wonder why he does not yield his heart to God, and come into the peace of the Gospel; but after many weeks have passed, and he has gone back again into the world, you find that he is a victim of strong drink, and, although he may not realize it, his love for the titillation of his palate has been the means of his spiritual and eternal overthrow. How much better it would be for all such men, instead of stopping to discuss the question as to how much they shall drink, or whether they shall drink at all, to throw the wine flask out of the window, and fill their demijohns with kerosene oil and turpentine!

Secular temperance societies have a grand work to do, and they are accomplishing it. All the sympathies of my heart are with them. God bless the men and the women who are in these secular ways battling against the intemperance of the land. They are working through the temperance pledge by giving healthful employment to the fallen, by stirring and rousing temperance lectures, and in a thousand ways. But my great hope for the salvation of the land from strong drink, and for the redemption of the nations from this evil habit, is in the converting power of Christ's Gospel. I have presented the temperance pledge to a great many persons. How many of those who signed the temperance pledge without consecrating themselves to God have kept that pledge? Not one! But of all those to whom I have given the temperance pledge who at the time of signing it became Christians, how many of all that number have kept the pledge? All; absolutely all. Am I not then, speaking out of my own observation, right in saying that there is nothing but the converting grace of an omnipotent God that can cure men of the habit of strong drink? Now let us march in solid column on this subject. Let us, from the pulpit and from the pew, preach righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, and the one doctrine as emphatically as we do the other.

In order to this, be teetotallers. I have tried other theories and other modes. When I first entered the ministry I drank wine at weddings, and there were exceptional occasions when I took it, and I felt it was allowable, and I was committing no sin against either my conscience or my God; but I felt always trammelled when I came to talk about intemperance, and I said to myself one day: "There must be something wrong in doing anything which trammels my tongue on this subject," and from that time I have declined even wine at the wedding. The only ground for Christian men to take is the teetotal ground. Take it on account of your influence; your children will do as you do, only a little more so. You take wine, for instance, only on New Year's Day, and your sons will take it on New Year's and Christmas and Thanksgiving Day and the Fourth of July; and sometimes when they feel hot and sometimes when they feel cold, and sometimes when they feel tired. You take a quarter of a glass, they will take three-quarters of a glass. You take ale, they will take brandy. You drink, and your sons will drink. It is an awful responsibility for a parent to assume, that of taking his whole family on the wrong road. They think you are right. They have more admiration for you than they have for any other man. They try to walk like you. They try to wear their hat like you. They would like to dress like you. In every respect you are their model. Now, look out in this matter of strong drink you do not become an evil example and a ruinous and blasting influence.

You also have an influence in the community. Time was when a Christian man might consistently have wine on his sideboard and on his table every day at noon, and as good men as ever lived practiced that all their lives. and have gone into glory sitting down to drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, a wine that never intoxicates; but that day is passed. God winked at those times of ignorance. In this day, the line is so thoroughly and sharply drawn that there are but two sides, the men who are for rum, and the men who are against rum, and you cannot afford to sit on the fence, and you will not sit there a great while, for either this side or that side will pull you over. You will not do much in the way of bringing souls unto Jesus Christ unless you are right on this subject in this day of glorious enlightenment.

AN OPEN DOOR.

WE do well not to allow foreign nations to make this country a convict colony. We would have a wall built as high as heaven and as deep as hell against foreign thieves, pickpockets and anarchists. We would not let them wipe their feet on the mat of the outside door of Castle Garden. If England or Russia or Germany or France send here their desperadoes to get clear of them, we would have these desperadoes sent back in chains to the places where they came from. We will not have America become the dumping-place for foreign vagabondism. But you build up a wall at the Narrows before New York harbor, or at the Golden Gate before San Francisco, and forbid the coming of the industrious and hard-working and honest populations of other lands who want to breathe the air of our free institutions and get better opportunity for better livelihood, and it is only a question of time when God will tumble that wall flat on our own heads with the red-hot thunderbolts of his omnipotent indignation.

No more than a tenth part of this continent is fully cultivated. If a man with a hundred acres of farm land should put all his cultivation on one acre he would be cultivating a larger ratio of his farm than our nation is now occupying of the national farm. Pour the whole human race, Europe, Asia, Africa and all the islands of the sea, into America, and there would be room to spare. All the Rocky Mountain barrennesses and all the other American deserts are to be fertilized, and as Salt Lake City and much of Utah once yielded not a blade of grass, now by artificial irrigation have become gardens, so a large part of this continent that is now too poor to grow even a mullein stalk or a Canadian thistle will, through artificial irrigation, like an Illinois prairie wave with wheat or like a Wisconsin farm rustle with corn tassels. Besides that, after perhaps a century or two more, when this continent is quite well occupied, the tides of immigration will turn the other way. Politics and governmental affairs being corrected on the other side of the waters, Ireland under different regulation turned into a garden, will invite back another generation of Irishmen, and the wide wastes of Russia brought from under despotism will with her own green fields invite back another generation of Russians. And there will be hundreds of thousands of Americans every year settling on the other continents. And after a number of centuries, all the earth full and crowded, what then? Well, at that time some night a panther meteor, wandering through the heavens will put its paw on our world and stop it, and putting its panther tooth into the neck of its mountain range will shake it lifeless as the rat terrier a rat. So I have no more fear of America being overcrowded than that the porpoises in the Atlantic Ocean will become so numerous as to stop shipping.

A BOLD DASH.

WE want a more rapid and spirited move in religious matters. Our great ammunition wagons are so clumsy and our big guns so unwieldy that the enemy often has us at a disadvantage. I think a squad of flying artillery perhaps might go forth and surround the foe. We want more men in the religious world with the bold dash that Kilpatrick and Stonewall Jackson had in the military. We glorify the policy of "fighting it out on one line if it takes all summer," but forget what a little Christian stratagem did when Gideon's three hundred men flung the pitchers and hoisted the lamps! There is such a thing as too much deliberation in religion. The game gets away from us while we are loading the gun. I would not give one of the backwoods Methodist meetings, where I used, in boyhood, occasionally to go and stand at the door, afraid to go in—for they had fifty persons converted there in one night—for a hundred precise churches where they preserve their religion from spoiling by keeping it on ice.

TEMPTATION OF APPLAUSE.

THE approval of the world is destructive. It is right that we should want to be thought well of. God says a good name is better than precious ointment. It is an immense power for good. Always be on the right side, ready to speak or to act for the cause of God, and one's country gives one a reputation that is fit to be the ambition of any man. But he who lives for the approval and applause of the world is already under a destructive process. There are thousands who have gone down under it. Across holocausts of the dead, men have fought their way just to add one star more to their shoulder straps. Beauty, genius, everything that men and women have, have been sacrificed for this; and it has generally been the case that in proportion as they went up in fame they went down in character. Some of them took to their cups. Some floundered in political dishonesties. Some stood in the high places of the earth, or sat in presidential chairs, displaying a stubbornness and spite, the laughing-stock of all nations. Byron wrote that he felt more pain from the criticism of the most ignorant man than he felt joy from the praises of all intelligent men. The very same admirers that applauded Sheridan's wit, wrangled over Sheridan's coffin. Dryden was kept from being buried several days after he ought to have been buried, because the roughs hooted and howled and quarrelled about his dead body. Burns, after being spoiled of popular caresses, is flung into an inebriate's grave. And the devil now takes a man up to the top of the temple, and shows him the kingdoms of the world and the glories of them, and then pushes him off the pinnacle. The world slew, by its flatteries, Charles Mathews and De Quincy and Campbell and Aaron Burr and Pierrepont Edwards; and it has paved Westminster Abbey and the Congressional burying ground with the hollow skulls in which genius and art and eloquence once lived

BRIEF NOTES.

Owing to a fire in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD press-rooms, doing serious damage and considerably delaying the present edition, we are compelled to ask the indulgence of our readers. A very large part of the edition which had been printed was spoiled, the presses were disabled and our stock of paper for several issues ahead was greatly damaged by water. These facts, and the hurry incident to the use of other facilities temporarily, account for the paper this week not being up to its usual standard. Arrangements have been made, however, which ensure the full restoration of our facilities for subsequent issues.

Princeton has already registered two hundred and seventy freshmen for next year.

The music and hymns printed in this and the two preceding issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD may be obtained in sheet form of Mr. George Tabor Thompson, of 318 West 44th Street, New York. They are of a size convenient for pasting in hymn books. The price is two cents each or a hundred copies for $1.50.

Christian men and women throughout the world have been deeply concerned by the reports which the cable brought last week of the critical illness of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon. On Sunday July 5, prayer-meetings were held in his Tabernacle in London, without intermission all day for his recovery. Many pastors on this side the Atlantic also offered public prayer for him.

Rev. Johh M. Allis, D. D., whose portrait and an account of his successful missionary work in Chili, appeared in this journal on March 4, is about to pay a visit to New York. He will be glad to give descriptive lectures on affairs connected with missionary iife in Chili and South America during his stay. Churches desirous of availing themselves of his services may address him at 53 Fifth Ave., New York.

The new Auditorium at Asbury Park, N. J., has just been opened, in charge of Rev. S. Edward Young, pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Asbury Park. The seating capacity is four thousand and the building, situated at the ocean's edge, is entirely enclosed with glass. A special feature is the 4 P. M., "National" service, addressed by Christian laymen and ministers of national reputation. Dr. Talmage preached the first sermon at this service last year.

The revival at the Allen Street Memorial Church, New York, conducted by by Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD evangelist, has been successful beyond all expectation. That so large congregations should have been gathered in the heat of the summer is a surprise to all. Nor are the results less gratifying. One night last week (July 8th) there were no less than seventeen persons enquiring the way to Christ. Over one hundred persons have gone forward as seekers during the two weeks of the services. Among them was a man sixty-seven years old, a German of considerable education. Mr. Cannon's method was to hold an open-air meeting on the steps of the Church, singing stirring hymns, making a short address and then inviting the people inside.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Our New Weather Chief—A Fatal Cyclone—Immigration—The Disabled "Servia"—A Royal Wedding—Death of a Statesman.

THE mammoth Cunarder, *Servia*, when at sea about 150 miles east of Sandy Hook light-ship, broke the crank-pin of her high-pressure cylinder and was disabled. The great steamer was drifting for sometime in dangerous proximity to the shore, when she was sighted by the oil-tank steamer, *Chester*, which took her in tow. The German-Lloyd steamer, *Eider*, signaled her, and offered to render assistance or take off the passengers, of whom there were over a thousand, but the big steamer declined, signaling back that she was in no danger. When the news reached New York, there was great excitement, which was not allayed until the *Servia* reached the Cunard dock. Two weeks will be required to repair her shaft. The salvage which the Cunard Company will have to pay to the *Chester* for towing the *Servia* is variously estimated at from $150,060 to $250,000. The captain of the *Chester* will receive $30,00 as his share. The *Servia* was outward bound when the accident occurred.

* * *

A Fatal Cyclone.

THE week has been one of storm in the West and South, the severest visitation having been at Baton Rouge, La. On July 7th, a cyclone struck the city, unroofing fifty houses and injuring many persons, At the State Prison in the suburbs the cyclone demolished the second and third stories of the north wing killing ten convicts and injuring thirty-six others. Shade trees were uprooted, stores gutted or demolished, tall chimneys overthrown and many stanch buildings in the path of the cyclone—whose track was three hundred yards wide—suffered more or less damage. So sudden was the visitation that many bread-carts, express-wagons and other vehicles in the streets, were wrecked before the drivers could seek shelter. The loss by the storm in nine parishes will exceed $400,000. Many persons are known to have perished.

* * *

Our New Weather Chief.

AMERICANS everywhere will naturally be interested in the personality of the new chief of the Weather Bureau, Prof. Mark W. Harrington, who has succeeded Gen. Greely. Prof. Harrington, whose portrait is here given, is principal of the State University at Ann Harbor, Mich., and is also editor of the *American Meteorological Union*. He is forty-three years old and is regarded as a high authority on all climatic problems, having particularly made a study of weather changes in relation to agriculture. In 1871, he acted as astronomical aid of the U. S. Coast Survey in Alaska. While abroad in 1876, he was offered the position of professor of astronomy and mathematics at Pekin, China, and while in that country he introduced the first large telescope ever seen there.

PROF. HARRINGTON.

* * *

Chili's Long Rebellion.

LATE advices from Santiago intimate that President Balmaceda is gaining ground in his conflict with the Congress Party. The insurgents are represented as being short of guns and ammunition, while Balmaceda suffers only from a lack of naval force. The war vessels, which till now have been controlled by the rebels, are in bad condition and the men are dissatisfied. A similar state of affairs prevails in the army, which is now reduced to less than 4,000 men who have not been paid in many weeks. Most of the residents of Iquique, Pisagua, and Antofogasta have emigrated to Southern Chili or Peru, and business everywhere remains paralyzed, even the Courts being idle. Balmaceda's government supplies itself with funds by a system of wholesale taxation and promiscuous fining.

* * *

A Royal Wedding.

A WEDDING of unusual splendor took place in London on July 6th, when Princess Louise, the second daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, was married to Prince Aribert of Anhalt, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Royalty was well represented at the wedding, the Queen of England, the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a host of minor princes being present. There was all the bewildering display usually attendant on royal nuptials: the state carriages, the dazzling military escort with their arms, cuirasses and helmets flashing in the sun, the scarlet-coated outriders and the long line of carriages, each with its armorial crest. Prince Christian, the father of the bride, conducted his daughter and her attendants to the Chapel Royal, where heralds trumpeted forth their arrival. The blue-velvet-covered dais on which the principals stood during the ceremony, was surrounded by the imperial party, the outer circle being composed of Knights of the Garter, and other distinguished guests. No finer display of jewels has been seen at any wedding in a generation. The bride's dress was of cream-white satin, trimmed with orange blossoms. She wore her mother's wedding veil. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated at the service, after which the Queen kissed her beautiful granddaughter, the Emperor insisted on the same privilege, and then all the princesses kissed the bride in turn. After the wedding, the Eton school-boys pelted the happy pair with rice according to old English custom, the Princess skillfully using her parasol to ward off the shower.

ARIBERT

LOUISE.

* * *

An Immigration Wave.

THE tide of immigration from the Old World continues without abatement. During the past year, according to the report of the Superintendent of Immigration at New York, 405,664 immigrants arrived at that port, being fully 70,000 in excess of 1889. Germany sent us 75,000, Italy 70,000, Ireland 35,000, and Russia 33,000. 170,000 settled in New York State, the greater number of whom went no farther than the metropolis. Of the remainder, the majority went to Pennsylvania, Illinois and Michigan. The prospect is that 1891 will be the greatest immigration year on record. It is estimated that within the next ten years 300-000 Russian Jews will come to America.

* * *

Emperor William's Visit.

ALL England is "doing itself proud" over the visit of the German Emperor, William and suite are domiciled, at Windsor. On his arrival on British soil, there was a grand naval display, the pick of the fleet taking part. This was followed by an imposing military pageant on land. The week has been a succession of royal festivities, military reviews, dinners and luncheons. An event was the silver wedding of Prince and Princess Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, which was celebrated at Cumberland Lodge near Windsor, on the 8th inst., when Queen Victoria, the Emperor and Empress and all the English and German princes were present. On the 10th inst., the Emperor visited Buckingham Palace on his way to Guildhall. Business was suspended along the route of the procession, the windows, roofs and sidewalks were covered with sight-seers, and flags and bunting were everywhere visible. The pageant was the greatest show in a military and civic sense that England has seen in twenty years. At the Guildhall, the freedom, of London, was presented to the Emperor in a gold casket.

* * *

The New Patent Commissioner.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has appointed ex-Congressman William M. Simonds of Connecticut as Commissioner of Patents, in the place of ex-Congressman Mitchell. The new Commissioner is a member of a business firm in Connecticut of which State he is a native. He represented the first District of that State in the fifty-first Congress, and ran again last fall but was defeated by Louis Sperry. While a member of the House, Mr. Simmond's took a conspicuous part in the struggle for the passage of the international Copyright Law. He is a man of wide public experience, generous education and a fine lawyer—qualities that will be of the highest service in the new and important office to which he has been called.

* * *

Mrs. Sheldon's African Journey.

SINCE her return to civilization, Mrs. French-Sheldon, the courageous American who undertook a trip to Central Africa from Zanzibar, has given a most interesting story of her experiences. After almost incredible hardships, and attended only by her black guides, she reached the snow-capped mountain, Kilimanjaro, and traversed the country of the fierce Masai. In some degree she made a record as an explorer, having traced the lake back of Kilimanjaro to its headwaters, and also circumnavigated Lake Chala in a small boat which her attendants carried throughout the journey. After her experience among the Masai, her strength and courage gave way together, and to avoid complete prostration she came back to the coast.

* * *

Protecting the Missionaries.

ONE important result in the visit of Chief Nanpie of Ponape (in the Caroline Island group) to this country will probably be the stationing of an American warship at Ponape, to guard the interests of our missionaries there. Last fall Rear-Admiral Belknap dispatched the *Alliance* to Ponape, and took off the missionaries to safer quarters, while the conflict was raging between the Spanish garrison and the natives. Spain's active interest in the Carolines only dates from the time when Germany began to look out for coaling stations in the Pacific. Under the irksome rule of the Spaniards the natives have shown signs of renewed revolt and Nanpie is now at Washington to urge ovr government to interpose in the islander's behalf. The Spadiards have repeatedly devasted the settlements and burned the buildings of the peaceful natives, besides subjecting the missionaries to almost ruthless treatment.

* * *

A Noted Statesman Dead.

ONE of the prominent figures in politics that appeal to the older generation, has just passed away in the person of Hannibal Hamlin, who was born in Paris, Maine, in 1809. He had little educational advantages and worked on a farm till his 18th year, when he began to study law. His studies, however, were interrupted and only resumed five years later, after he had again taken to farming and had spent at least a year in the composing room of the *Jeffersonian* newspaper. In 1833, he removed to Hamden, Maine, where he passed the rest of his life, first as a practicing lawyer and later as an active politician, devoting all his energies to the welfare of his native state. He was successively a member of the Maine Legislature, the Lower House of Congress and the U. S. Senate. In 1854, he changed his politics and became Republican. In 1857, he was elected Governor of Maine and in 1860, he was chosen as Vice-President on the ticket with Lincoln, and served till '65. In '69, he returned to the Senate. Mr. Hamlin was a man of unflinching integrity and great energy, shrewd and with capacities for leadership that made him a power in his party. One of his peculiarities was that he never wore an overcoat, his broadcloth suit affording him sufficient protection even in the severest weather.

HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

NEWS GLEANINGS.

Haytians arriving in New York declare that President Hyppolite is insane.

Hundreds of Newfoundland fishermen are prostrated by the "grippe."

President Harrison and family have gone to Cape May Point, N. J., for the summer.

Fire at Jacksonville, Fla., consumed an entire block of buildings, involving $70,000 damage.

The Berlin Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, has announced the complete success of the Postal Congress.

The authorities of the Congo Free State have turned their attention to the suppression of cannibalism.

The potato crop in many sections of Europe has failed and prices are expected to be at famine rates.

The Chilian transport *Itata* has arrived at San Diego. The Chilian insurgents are now very angry because they gave her up.

Three students of Woodstock College, Md., were killed by lightning at St. Inigoes, a summer retreat on the Potomac River.

A pest of rose-bugs afflicts Connecticut, and is working havoc with the small fruit crop, particularly grape-vines and currants.

The first copyright under the new law was granted to Edward Eggleston, the well-known American author, journalist and critic.

American delegates to the International Congregational Council in England attended the Mayflower celebration at Plymouth last week.

Twenty passengers were killed on an Erie R. R. train, at Ravenna, O., and many injured. The passenger train was telescoped by a freight.

Galveston was visited, on July 5th, by a terrible storm, flooding warehouses and cellars and covering docks. The damage will nearly reach a million.

Grasshoppers stopped a passenger train on the Rock Island railroad near Lyming, Kan., on July 6th. They were several inches thick for miles along the track.

Parnell was defeated in the Carlow election which resulted in a sweeping victory for the McCarthyites. This makes Parnell's policy for the future very uncertain.

Two noted musicians died last week: Dr. Frederich Louis Ritter, of Vassar, who was abroad for his health, and Carl Haupt, the greatest of German organ composers.

During a balloon ascension at Denver, an elephant in a menagerie nearby became frightened at the balloon, and trod a boy named John Eaton to death.

A waterspout burst over the city of Brunswick, Germany, almost destroying the Art Museum, containing a gallery of paintings by old masters and a superb collection of antiques.

The Anti-Lottery people of Louisiana have decided to suppress the gambling nuisance by force, if necessary. The Lottery has offered a fabulous amount for the renewal of its charter.

The first certificate of admission which Yale University has ever granted to a woman was received last week by Miss Irene W. Coit, of Norwich, Ct., daughter of ex-Congressman Coit.

A rebellion among the Moquis Indians, in Arizona, was quelled without a single shot being fired. The rebel leaders were captured, *en masse*, in their village by U. S. troops, and sent to Fort Wingate.

The first Chinese baby born in the United States, is the son of the Chinese minister, at Washington, and his name is "Me a Un" which his mother informs her friends means, "Beautiful America."

The proposed transfer of the Pension Bureau to the War Department is encountering the bitter opposition of the politicians at Washington and elsewhere. It would deprive thousands of Pension Agents of a vocation.

President Diaz of Mexico, has expressed himself as strongly in favor of reciprocity with this country. He would like to see a Trade Treaty negotiated and he declares that Mexican finances were never sounder than now.

Despite the conflicting rumors, regarding Mr. Blaine's health, he is said to be enjoying himself at Bar Harbor, riding twice a day eating and sleeping naturally, and caring nothing for the stories about himself which politicians are circulating.

Four murderers was executed by electricity in Sing Sing Prison on the morning of July 7. The official report states that death was painless and instantaneous. In each case the current was applied twice, 1,600 volts being used. The success of this last experiment makes it probable that electrocution will be the method of capital punishment of the future.

THE DIVINE TONIC.

"Out of weakness were made strong." Hebrews 11 : 34.

THOSE who out of weakness were made strong are written among the heroes of faith, and are by no means the least of them. As believers in the Lord Jesus, we are called to two things, namely, to do and to suffer for his name's sake. Certain saints are summoned to active marching duty, and others are ordered to keep watch on the walls. There are warriors on the field of conflict, and sentries in the box of patience.

Both in doing and in suffering, if we are earnest and observant, we soon discover

Our Own Weakness.

"Weakness" is all we possess. "Weakness" meets us everywhere. If we have to work for the Lord, we are soon compelled to cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and if we are called to suffer for him, our weakness, in the case of most of us, is even greater: many who can labor without weariness cannot suffer without impatience. Men are seldom equally skilled in the use of the two hands of doing and bearing. Patience is a grace which is rarer and harder to come at than activity and zeal. It is one of the choicest fruits of the Spirit, and is seldom found on newly-planted trees. The fact soon comes home to us that we are weak where we most of all desire to be strong.

Our longing is to be able both to do and to suffer for our Lord, and to do this we must have strength from above, and that strength can only come to us through faith. I have read you this glorious eleventh of Hebrews, which describes the mighty men of faith, the men of renown. They accomplished all their feats by a power which was not in them by nature. They were not naturally strong either to do or to suffer. They achieved everything that was necessary in the form of service, and they bore up gloriously under the most fearful pressure of suffering, simply and only by faith in God, who became their Helper. You and I may be very weak at this time, but we can be made strong out of just such weakness. Upon this simple but most practical matter I am going to speak to you at this time. We all wish to be strong. Medicines, embrocations, foods, baths, and all sorts of inventions are advertised as means of increasing strength. We are all in heavenly things so weak, that the idea of being made strong should be very attractive to us. Let us learn, then, how others "out of weakness were made strong," and let us follow on to enjoy their privilege by copying their conduct.

I. To begin with :

Faith Makes Men Strong

for holy doing. Faith alone takes hold of the divine strength ; and only by that strength can we obey. Hence faith is the essential point of holiness. Ah, my dear friend ! if you start on the voyage of life, by divine grace, with the resolve that you will follow the track marked down on the chart by the Lord your God, you will find that you have chosen a course to which the Lord's hand alone can keep you true. The current does not run that way. Before long you will find that the wind is dead against you, and the course to be followed is hard to keep. What will you do then if you have not faith ? When duty is contrary to your temperament, what will you do without faith ? When it involves loss of money, or ease, or honor, what will you do then if you have no faith ? If you believe that God is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek him, ye will persevere : but not else. Suppose the right course should expose you to ridicule, cause you to be spoken of as a fanatic, or mocked at as a hypocrite, or despised as a fool, what can you do without faith ? If you trust the living God you will do the right, and bear the loss or the shame ; but if your faith fail you, self-love will create such respect for your own good name, such fear of ridicule, such unwillingness to be singular, that you will slide from your integrity and choose a smooth and pleasing road.

Taking another view, we would remark that faith makes us strong to fulfil the relationships of life. We are not alone by ourselves, and we can neither live nor die apart, for God has

Linked us with Others.

We shall either curse or bless those around us. If we have faith in God, we shall bless our children, as Isaac and Jacob blessed their sons. Dear father, have you children who are unruly, irreligious, defiant ? Do the young men refuse to be advised ? Are your girls light and trifling ? Go to God in prayer and faith. He that knows the care of a household knows how easily a parent can do serious mischief with his children by his very efforts to do them good. One parent is too indulgent, another is too severe. Take the children to God, take them to God, I pray you. It is here that your strength lies.

Do I speak to a youth here who fears God, and who lives in an ungodly family ? Do you feel bewildered as to how to behave yourself ? Orders are given you which cause you great searchings of heart. You have to question in your inmost soul whether you can conscientiously do as your employer requires. I beseech you, have faith in God that he will direct you, and have faith also to follow that direction when you receive it. It is

A Very Perilous Spot,

when the young man first leaves the home of piety, and finds himself where the fear of God is not in the place. If, as a decided believer, he takes his stand, and if he is firm and steadfast for his God, he will make a man, and his after years will be bright and useful; but if he begins to give way a little, and if he tries to trim his sail to the wind, he will never attain a holy character. Father, mother, husband, wife, sister, brother, servant, master—whatever your relation, I beseech you, if you feel weak in the discharge of your duty, exercise faith in God and out of weakness you shall be made strong.

There is a high and blessed duty and privilege—I will call it both—which is to every Christian the necessity of his life, and that is to pray. Can you pray, my brother ? If you know how to pray, you can move heaven and earth. Can you pray, my brother ? Then you can set almighty forces in operation. You can suffer no need, for everlasting supplies await the hand of prayer : "Ask, and it shall be given you." You cannot miss your way, for

You Shall be Guided

in answer to prayer. You shall hear a voice behind you, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He who knows how to pray has his hand on a leverage which moves the universe. But there is no praying without believing. If thou believest not, thou mayest be heard—it is more than I can promise thee ; but if thou believest, thou *shalt* be heard, for God refuses no believing prayer.

It may be that certain of my hearers feel that they cannot attain to the matters I have mentioned, for they are as yet battling to reach the position of servants and pleaders. Faith is the great force which is needed by those whose principal work is to overcome sin. When God began with many of us, he found us very low down beneath the flood of evil. It may be that

An Awful Temper

broke over us in waves. We have to rise superior to it. Possibly he found us plunged in the great deeps of an evil habit. Was it drunkenness ? Was it gambling ? What was it ? It had to be left beneath ; we were called to rise out of it. Some are permitted to sink a long way down in sin ; and when God begins with them, they have a desperate ascent even to reach common morality ; what must the conflict be before they attain to spirituality and holiness ? I have seen many a soul wearying to ascend ; receiving a little light, and a little more light, and a little more light; but yet far from being clear of the dark waters of iniquity. Dear struggler, you will never overcome sin except by faith in Jesus Christ. Trust him ! Trust in the precious blood : that is the great sin-killer. Trust his pierced hands to pierce the hands of your lusts. Trust his wounded side to smite through the heart of your evil desires. Your hope lies there: where Jesus died, where Jesus rose again, where Jesus has gone into the glory. You may resolve to overcome a sin, and, perhaps, any one sin you may conquer for a time ; but sin itself, as a force, in all its armies, is never to be overcome, save through the blood of the Lamb. You will never be able to cut down the huge upas tree except with the axe of Christ's atoning sacrifice. Take that, and every blow will tell, but no other instrument will avail.

I have often met with persons awakened by divine grace to see the evil of a certain act, and they have said, "I do not know how I shall ever break off the habit;" yet they have

Very Easily Escaped from It.

I remember one who was very foul-mouthed, and used oaths habitually. I hardly think that, for years, he had spoken without ill language ; and yet, from the moment he turned unto the Lord, he never used an oath, and he also noted that he never had a temptation so to do. I remark that the particular form of sin known as blasphemy is one of the first to die, and to be buried out of sight. Other sins die hard, but this is shot through the head by true repentance and faith in Jesus. Some sins cling to a man like the fabled tunic of Hercules, which could not be torn away, but burned into his flesh and bone, whatever he might do. How long a well-beloved habit lingers at the door after the heart has given it a bill of divorce ! How weak we are in this matter ! How slow to cut off right hands, and pluck out right eyes ! But yet it must be done; and only faith can do it, by calling in the aid of the Almighty One.

I change the run of my discourse altogether by remarking that there is another thing that falls to the lot of Christian men, a matter of the very first importance: namely,

To Spread the Gospel.

"Yes," says one, "I own that it is an urgent service to make known to others what the Lord has done for me: but, somehow, I cannot discharge my conscience by fully doing as I would. I tried the other day to say a good word, and I am afraid that I made a failure of it." Do you not think that we are too apt to attempt to spread the Gospel in our own strength; and need we wonder if we break down ? If we were by faith to begin, humbly waiting upon the Lord for words, and taking hold upon divine strength, might we not accomplish far more than we now do ? "But," says one, "I know if I were to speak to any of my neighbors, I should break down." Friend, I am not careful in that matter, nor need you be. If you are in real earnest, you might possibly do more by a break-down than by anything else. Only break the ice, and begin; and you shall find my text to be true in your case also, and out of weakness you, too, shall be made strong.

I would make one more application of my text, which is capable of being used in a thousand directions. "Out of weakness were made strong": this will be experienced in

Bearing Witness for the Truth

of God. Suppose that you are called to testify for truth in the midst of those who doubt, disbelieve, or even deride it. You look to those who agree with you, and they are lukewarm; you turn to old associates, and they do not share your concern. Friends tell you that you are making much ado about nothing, or that you are uncharitable, narrow-minded, and bigoted. I need not repeat the accusations; they have been so often hurled at myself that I know them by heart. They say, "The man was born too late ; he is behind the age ; he fights for a worn-out creed ; he is out of place in a world of progress." What then ? Is there anything galling to you in all this ? Indeed there is, unless faith is strong; and then the bullets turn to pellets, and the stones are soft as sponges. When they talk to you like that, do not begin bristling up, and declaring that, after all, you are as wise and as strong as your opponents, though that may readily be the case; but accept all their remarks upon your folly and weakness, and say to yourself, "Out of weakness were made strong." Hold you to God's Word by faith, and you will be strong. God will vindicate his own cause; but it may be his way to let error prevail for a while. Bide your time when the cause is an eternal one, for you can afford to do so.

II. Now, beloved friends, suffer me a few words upon the other cheering fact, namely, that faith makes men

Strong for Patient Suffering.

Many are called to suffer much in daily life. Ah me ! what a world of misery there is in this great city, among even good and gracious people! A man might study London till he turned his brain. The poverty and the suffering of even godly people in London would be a subject too harrowing for those of you who have specially tender hearts. Few, if any, are without sorrow, and many saints have a double portion of grief in their pilgrimage. Sitting here with your brethren in Christ, you look very cheerful; but I may be addressing those whose life is one protracted struggle for existence. Assuredly, you will not hold out without true faith, and much of it. You must endure, "as seeing him who is invisible.' You must joy in God, or you will not joy at all. Commend me to firm faith for power to bear the daily cross. He that believeth hath everlasting life, and the joys which come of it.

Certain saintly ones are called to bear great physical pain, and I commend to them, from practical experience, the power of faith in God

Under Acute Agony.

This is the sweetest support in the presence of a threatened operation. How grim those surgeon's lancets seem ! Ah me! I knew a patient once—I know her still—who, when the lancets had been used upon her, caused the doctor's case of instruments to be filled up with roses! God alone can help you to fill up with roses that grim memory of danger and suffering. He knows thy poor body, and he permits it to be frail, and permits thy heart to be trembling, because he will glorify himself in his tenderness to thy weakness, wherein he will make thee strong. Jehovah Rophi is his name:

"The Lord that healeth thee." Give thyself up to him, and thou shalt yet sing of his loving kindness and tender mercies.

But there are other forms of suffering than these of daily life and of bodily pain. Possibly I speak to some who are suffering the evils of persecution. No cruel tyrant can burn believers now, nor even cast them into prison for Christ's sake; but there are ways enough for the seed of the serpent to show its enmity to the seed of the woman. "Trials of cruel mockings" are common yet. There are many ways in which the devil's whip can reach the back of the child of God. Persecution is still abundant, and many a man's foes are of his own household. I will rehearse no stories of Christian women with jeering husbands, nor of godly youths who endure scoffing and far worse; but many a house is still

A Place of Martyrdom.

Gracious sufferers, may the Lord keep you from anger and unkindness! By faith alone can you bear persecution, and turn it to account for the good of others. Do not attempt to escape by yielding what is right and true; but ask the Lord to help you to stand fast for him. If it be true that the Lord has his martyrs still, let it be seen that they are as brave as ever.

We have among us those who are not exposed to persecution, but have to stand against assaults of unbelief. That which believers in past ages have accepted as truth, is not believed in many places nowadays; and so it comes to pass that one brings to us a bit of sceptical science which he has picked up from Huxley or Tyndall; another comes with a criticism that he has found in some sermons of the modern divines, and a third appears with a vile blasphemy from one of the coarser assailants of religion, and each one demands an immediate answer to his quibble, or his difficulty. Do they really expect that we are to answer, on the spur of the moment, every objection that they are pleased to raise? I confess that I do not believe that one human brain is capable of answering every objection that another human brain could raise against the most obvious truth in the world. Do not try to answer cavillers; but if you do, mind that faith is your weapon. If you take the wooden sword of your own reasoning, you may easily be beaten. Believe for yourself, because God has said it; and speak as the Lord guides you.

Again, it may be that I am speaking to sad ones who suffer

Under Mental Depression.

Some of us are by constitution inclined to that condition. I have sometimes envied those good people who are never excited with joy, and consequently seldom or never despond. "Along the cool, sequestered vale of life they hold the even tenor of their way." Happy people! At the same time, when I rise, as upon eagle's wings, in joyous rapture, I feel right glad to be capable of the blissful excitement. Yet if you soar to the skies, you are very apt to drop below the sea-level. He that can fly, can faint. Settle this in your heart: "Whether I am up or down, the Lord Jesus is the same."

My time is ended, although I had much more to say. I can only pray the Lord to give you to believe in him. If I should never again have the pleasure of speaking for my Lord upon the face of this earth, I should like to deliver, as my last confession of faith, this testimony—that nothing but faith can save this nineteenth century; nothing but faith can save England: nothing but faith can save the present unbelieving church: nothing but firm faith in the grand old doctrines of grace, and in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ: nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for his name's sake! Amen.

The Bible and the Newspaper

HOMES FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

NUMEROUS inquiries have been made during the past few weeks from an official at Albany, N. Y., as to the good faith of an advertisement which has been inserted in many country journals. The advertisers have been offering lots thirty feet by one hundred and twenty-five for five dollars each. Persons who had seen the advertisement and were anxious to purchase, were unable to obtain definite answers from the advertisers and therefore wrote to the Controller. He replied that he had been told that the lots advertised were "located on the side of a mountain, almost inaccessible and to which a goat could hardly climb." That will prove a fatal objection. The more valuable and the cheaper the lots, the more vexatious it would be for the owners if there was no way to them that they could travel. So it would have been with the human race if the only way to reach heaven had been perfect obedience to the law. But hope came when Jesus declared "I am the way . . . no man cometh unto the Father but by me." (John 14: 4.)

AN ANXIOUS IMMIGRANT.

A BOHEMIAN woman with an infant in her arms has been at the Barge Office, New York, for three weeks anxiously awaiting the arrival of her husband. She landed from the *Wieland* about the middle of June. She said that she and her husband had become separated in Hamburg just before the vessel sailed, and that she expected him daily. As day after day went on without any tidings of the man, the Barge Office officials began to doubt the woman's story, and finally decided that they would send her back on July 6. On July 5, she slipped out of the detention pen while the passengers of the *Rhaetia* were being landed, and going up-stairs gazed wistfully through the slats into the enclosure where the immigrants were swarming from the landing barges. She was looking for the man she had so frequently and vainly looked for before. This time she saw him. She gave a scream of joy that echoed through the granite building and hurried down to meet him as he came out of the office. Then there was an affecting scene as the couple met and the wife told her husband how his coming had just saved her from being sent back to Europe. Her trouble had all come from that unfortunate separation from her husband in Hamburg which she must have doubly regretted when she found she could not enter the country without him. Sometimes Christians are unhappily separated temporarily from their Lord by their sins and inconsistencies, and they, too, know that without him they cannot enter into heaven. But for them there is the sure promise that he will heal their backslidings and receive them freely. (Hosea 14: 4.)

THE LEGEND OF NEW RIVER.

A REMARKABLE legend current in California is told by one of the pioneers of 1849 in the Hartford *Courant*. He states that soon after 1850 a party of emigrants on their way to "the land of gold" crossed the Colorado river by the ferry left by Graham in 1848 "and struck out on the desert for the land of promise. The trail was well defined by abandoned wagons and the bones of horses, mules, and human beings. Struggling through the yielding sand, the thermometer at 120 degrees," wheels falling apart, animals dying from heat and thirst, they on the second night out halted some ten miles from "Cooke's Well," with the water in their kegs exhausted. Tradition states that a little ten-year-old girl was heard praying, in one of the wagons, for water. It was a simple prayer and though one of the men said reverently, "God grant it," none of them thought anything of the child's supplication. They were half-mad with thirst and discussed how they might save their lives and caring nothing for the gold. Suddenly the voice of the little child, in cheerful accent, sounded clear in the silent night. "O mother, mother, get me water; oh, *I can hear it running;* oh, do get some for baby and me." They thought her delirious from her sufferings, when suddenly a babel of sounds broke forth from the oxen and mules, all frantic and endeavoring to break loose from the wagon poles. A rustling noise called their attention to a slight depression near the wagons, and on investigating the cause they found water gushing up out of the sand sweet and clear. Their lives were saved and they thanked God. It was afterward discovered that the stream, which flowed a distance of twenty miles, was caused by a sand bar below the Yuma, but those whose lives it saved called it the miraculous water. There are many crises in life when deliverance would come if men instead of devising plans would exercise childlike faith and cry to God for help. (Matt. 11: 25.)

TWO EXPERTS PUZZLED.

A DEMAND for a new system of arranging Railroad time-cards is made by a New York journal. It declares that the present system is not understood by one per cent. of the travelling public. Even persons supposed to be experts are puzzled by the cards now issued, An incident in proof of the statement is told. It appears that in a depot in Boston, Mass., a gentleman was studying the time-card on the wall, without making out what he wanted to know, when the president of the road came by and accosted him. The two were old friends, the puzzled man being a professor who is the author of a work on the railroads of America and an accepted authority on all railroad matters. "I am very glad to see you," the professor said: "I wish you would help me out with this time-table. I cannot make head or tail out of it. The President joined in the investigation, and for some moments the pair blundered about among the figures, with no satisfactory results whatever. "Oh, I never can make anything out of these things!" the president of the road exclaimed at length. "Lets ask somebody!" And they went and asked a brakeman who promptly gave them the information they wanted. The spectacle of the two great men who were supposed to know everything about railroads getting enlightenment from a humble brakeman was significant. The difference between them was that the knowledge of the great men was theoretical while that of the brakeman was practical and was acquired in the discharge of duty. Many a humble Christian is for the same reason less perplexed about doctrinal matters than learned professors. Christ's promise is that they who *do his will* "shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." (John 7: 17.)

A BEWITCHED PRISONER.

THE story of an effort to subdue a turbulent prisoner is told by a Boston journal. Mrs. Barney had set her heart on inducing the city authorities to employ police matrons, but could not convince the police that they would be of any value. "We have one woman brought in here three or four times a year," they said, "who is so violent that it requires four policemen to put her in a cell and they generally get their faces badly scratched. What could a matron do with her?" "Send for me next time she is brought in and I will try," Mrs. Barney said. In a few days she was notified that the woman was in a cell. "Now," said the chief of police, "if you can take her quietly into court, I shall believe in the use of police matrons." Two policemen were detailed to protect her when she entered the cell, but Mrs. Barney refused their assistance. "I am your friend, Sallie," were her first words to the culprit. "No," was the reply, "I have no friend in the world." But Mrs. Barney sat by her side and talked to her and drew from her the history of her life. When the time came to go to court the cell-door was opened and Sallie taking the arm of her newly discovered "friend" walked quietly into court. The policemen who stood around, prepared for the struggle which usually preceded Sallie's appearance in court, were amazed at her docility. Mrs. Barney had "bewitched her," they said. If love and kindness were among the powers of witchcraft they would have been right. These were the powers by which the violent woman had been subdued and they are the powers by which men are to be won for Christ. The all powerful message which the Christian is to carry to the unconverted is that God loves them. (John 3: 16)

RESCUED BY A TRAMP.

A LITTLE girl, about ten years old, while playing in City Hall Park, New York, on July 5th, fell into the fountain, which was filled to the brim with water, The fountain is deep, and she would have been drowned had it not been for one of the loungers in the park. The girl was with two other children of her own age, and when she fell into the water their screams attracted a crowd. Strange to say, not a person in the crowd attempted to save her. They simply stared at the girl. Just as she went down for the third time a rough-looking man pushed his way forward and jumped in after her. He found her on the bottom and quickly brought her to the surface. He placed her on the edge of the basin and looked about for help, but no one offered to assist him, and he held her there with one hand, while he clambered out with the aid of the other. Placing her on his knee he forced out the water that she had swallowed, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her regain consciousness. Then, handing her over to her companions who promised to take her home, he walked off in an unconcerned manner. When asked for his name and address the man said his name was Thomas Burns, but he had no address. There was no peril in what he did, only a little inconvenience and trouble, but it saved a life. Many a soul might be saved from perishing if Christians were similarly ready to go down to them in their misery and lift them out. Men who do this, though the world knows them not, will be recognized and rewarded on the last great day (Mal 3; 17.)

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE TIMID DISCIPLE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning July 26. John 3: 2; 7: 50-53; 19: 39.

WHO Nicodemus was. A man of high station. Probably a member of the Sanhedrim, the Jewish Supreme Court. This is indicated by his being in a position to protest against Christ being condemned unheard (John 7: 50-51.) Membership of that body. was peculiarly honorable, there being but seventy or seventy-one members. They were the aristocracy of the nation. Nicodemus had consequently more to give up than most men of his time. The wealth and honors men desire often operate as hindrances to spiritual advancement. The call to follow Jesus was obeyed by men who had only boats and nets to leave, but not by Nicodemus who had a seat in the Jewish Senate to renounce.

He went to Jesus. That was more than other men of his station did. It showed that he had been impressed; that prejudice did not blind his eyes; that he had read aright the lessons, the miracles were intended to teach. He perceived that they were credentials. He came for teaching. A remarkable tribute to the Galilean peasant from a Pharisee.

His Compromise. He went to Jesus by night. Did not wish it to be known. Thereby, Jesus lost the prestige, which he would have gained by a convert of so much distinction. Through his secrecy it was possible for the taunt to be made, "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" (John 7:48.) The cause of Christianity lost the benefit of the influence, which his example would have had on the people. Nicodemus, himself lost the companionship of Christ, the privilege of listening to his discourses, of seeing his miracles, of being with him in his daily life. He lost, too, the glory explicitly promised (Matt. 10:32), to those who confess Christ before men.

He had to come out for Christ after all. Notice the stages of his progress. He protests against the hostility of his colleagues (John 7:50–53), but only on general principles. Timid Christians in worldly society, do this sometimes; but as with Nicodemus, it is ineffective. Christ was not helped by the half-and-half championship, the enemy was not propitiated, and Nicodemus was snubbed. At last, he showed more courage than the avowed disciples. When they all forsook their master and fled, Nicodemus went with gifts to his burial. (John 19:39.) The crisis brought out the heroism of the man. Strange that one, who concealed his discipleship in the brighter days, should have avowed it, when all seemed lost! Tradition says the Jews deprived him of office, beat him cruelly, and drove him from Jerusalem.

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A PIONEER WORKER.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., the Founder of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor.

WHILE the echoes of the mammoth Christian Endeavor Convention at Minneapolis, Minn., are still vibrating through the land and all that pertains to the wonderful movement is of public interest the portrait here given of the founder of the Society will be doubly welcome to our readers.

We are apt to think much of a man, who by some invention has raised himself from poverty to affluence, but surely infinitely greater honor is due to the man, whose idea has been so blessed of God, as to bring a wealth of souls into the Church of Christ. In the latest number of the *Golden Rule*, it is authoritatively stated that during the past year, there have been added to the Church, no less than *eighty-two thousand* souls from the ranks of associate members of the Societies of Christian Endeavor. Everything connected with the origin of these Societies and the man whose fertile brain conceived the idea of them is therefore of interest to the church.

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., is a Canadian by birth, though of New England descent. He was born Sept. 12, 1851, in Aylmer, Quebec, where his parents were temporarily residing. His father, who was a civil engineer died when he was two years old and five years later his mother, who in the interval had supported herself and her family by teaching, also died. The boy was then adopted by his uncle, the Rev. E. W. Clark, a Congregational minister at Auburndale, Mass., and subsequently of Claremont, N. H. After acquiring the rudiments of education, he was sent at the age of eighteen to Dartmouth College, whence, having resolved to give his life to the work of the ministry, he went to Andover and graduated there in 1876.

Dr. Clark's first charge was at Portland, Me. Fifteen years before he went there, a devoted woman had gathered about her a number of neglected children for religious instruction on Sunday afternoons. Gradually a large Sunday School was formed from the beginning she had made, and two years afterward the State Street Congregational Church took hold of it and established a mission. In 1866 a Chapel was built and named Williston, as a memorial of the recently deceased wife of the pastor of the State Street Chnrch, whose maiden name was Maria Williston. The cause grew and became strong enough to stand alone and in 1873 it was organized as an independent church. To the pastorate of this church Dr. Clark was called in 1876.

He was from the first an aggressive pastor and he was cordially and heartily assisted in his efforts to win souls by his excellent wife. Mrs. Clark was especially successful with the children, over whom she exercised a wonderfully magnetic influence. Many were won for Christ by God's blessing on her efforts, and many more, whom she had interested in religion, were brought in during a revival. These, Mrs. Clark united in what she called "a Mizpah Circle," the object of which was mutual help in growth in grace, and missionary effort among other young people outside the circle. The remarkable success of this circle, its rapid increase and its helpfulness in the work of the church suggested to the pastor the idea which developed into the first Society of Christian Endeavor. Its first meeting was on February 2, 1881. Its objects as defined in its constitution were three: (1) to lead children and youth to Christ; (2) to teach them religious truth; (3) to train them for service. Fifty-seven persons signed the first covenant as active members and six others as associates.

The benefits which flowed from the organization were made known to the Christian public by Dr. Clark in August 1881, in an article contributed to a religious journal. Pastors of other churches saw at once that here was the clue to the solution of the perplexing problem of keeping the young people actively interested in church work, and they adopted it promptly. By the end of 1881 five societies were organized and when the annual conference of 1883 was held there were fifty-six. From that time the movement has continued to grow, until now there are 16,274 societies, with an aggregate of 1,008,980 members.

REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D. D.
Founder of the Christian Endeavor Societies.

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FOR BUSINESS WOMEN.

THE ladies connected with the Young Women's Christian Association in New York have given a new proof of their intelligent interest in the welfare of their sisters, who are earning a livelihood in business. They have opened a new kind of restaurant in the heart of the business district of the city for the use of women only. The food supplied is of the best quality and is sold absolutely at cost price. The novel feature of it, however, is that special provision is made for girls who bring their own lunch. A number of these may engage a table at a nominal sum where they can sit together and enjoy their meal. If they desire to supplement the food they bring, they can have a large cup of excellent tea or coffee for two cents, or a bowl of soup and bread and butter for five cents. Evidently there is not much prospect of making money for the managers in this enterprise, but there is a certainty of money being saved to the girls who avail themselves of its advantages. How great a benefit it will be to them can be realized only by people who know how small is the salary the girls are able to earn by long and arduous toil. That the managers of the Association know how to run a restaurant is proved by the fact that it has been found necessary to close the one recently opened in the Margaret Louise home, adjacent to the Association Building. So overwhelming has been the patronage of the restaurant, exceeding the wildest expectations of its managers, that larger accommodation and increased facilities are a necessity. The restaurant has therefore been temporarily closed while the necessary extensions are made.

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THE GREAT CONVENTION.

ALL that was expected of the Christian Endeavor Convention, at Minneapolis, both as to numbers and enthusiasm, was abundantly realized. At the first opening exercises, though several delegations including those from Washington and New York, had not arrived, there were over twelve hundred delegates present. Dr. Clark's address showed that he was deeply moved by the magnificent assemblage, which the call of the United Society had brought together. It was gratifying to observe that each speaker emphasized the paramount importance of keeping the Society strictly apart from denominational lines. It may be hoped that their words will be heeded. The beauty, power and usefulness and all the future prospects of good in the Society, hinge on its being unrestricted by sectarian limits.

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HOW TO PROCEED.

AN Epworth Leaguer dropped a query into the Question Box at a recent Convention, which has elicited an elaborate reply from a contributor to the *Christian Advocate*. The question was: "The Chapter Organized, What Then?" Briefly summarized, the advice is for every member to thoroughly familiarize himself with the obligations and responsibilities of membership, realizing that he is in the League to get good and to do good. Then to concentrate effort on the Department of Christian Work. Make sure that the League is in touch with the Pastor, the Official Board, the Sunday School Board and the Class Leaders, and see that they clearly understand that the League is organized to help them in church work. Afterward organize the several departments with officers and committees. Prepare the programme in the Cabinet Meeting, present it to the chapter and enroll members. The officers should arrange most of the business in the Cabinet Meeting, submitting the more important items for approval to the chapter. A business meeting should be held once a month and should be preceded by a consecration meeting. These directions, if carried out earnestly and in the right spirit, will ensure success to the League.

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AN APPROPRIATE WORK.

A SINGULARLY gratifying report is that, which the *Silver Cross* publishes of the recent convention of the King's Daughters, in North Carolina. It is gratifying not only on account of the flourishing condition of the Order, in that State, but on account of the character of the work in which it is engaged. "Every circle," says one of the members, has been doing its best *to relieve suffering.*" That is a peculiarly appropriate work, for those who are followers of Jesus, who "went about doing good." All honor to the circles, who work to pay off a church debt, or to put a new Bible in a pulpit, or a new carpet on a church floor, but especially let us honor those who endeavor to relieve suffering, as the King himself will surely honor them.

The report read at the convention shows, too, that the Order is not confining its attention to physical suffering. It is engaged in an effort to promote the welfare of the girls of the State by an industrial school. "Another object," says the Secretary, "has been placed before us. In the Oxford Orphan Asylum are gathered more than two hundred homeless, destitute children from all parts of this State. There is great lack of certain essential comforts, conveniences and articles needful for the proper training of the children.

"There is another class that ought to claim your attention that needs our prayers and help—our fallen sisters. Can we do nothing to lead these lost daughters to pure and sinless lives? The King did not scorn them—why should we? Guarded and sheltered in pure homes, we can hardly understand how any woman can be so tempted as to fall into such degradation, and yet, we know there are thousands who have gone down to the lowest plane of dissipation and sin. Take their woeful condition to the Father of all, and ask for guidance and help in finding some way to aid them in escaping from a life so hapless here, and so hopeless for the great hereafter."

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A JAPANESE Y. M. C. A. SECRETARY.

THE General Secretary of the newly organized Young Men's Christian Association of Tokyo, Japan, Mr. Sejiro Niwa, is evidently a man of strong religious principle and one eminently fitted for the office to which he has been elected. From a brief sketch of his life which Mr. J. T. Swift of Tokyo sends to the *Young Men's Era* we learn that it is only nine years since he renounced Shintoism for Christianity. He was then seventeen years of age and was employed as a clerk in the National Bank at Osaka. In the evenings he attended a commercial school, the teachers of which were among the most determined opponents of Christianity in Japan. Under their influence he was led to believe that anyone accepting the new religion could not be a patriotic Japanese citizen. He became much prejudiced against Christianity and Christians in consequence, and was very outspoken in his hostility, especially toward a Mr. Hirose, one of his fellow-clerks, who had embraced Christianity. This very hostility caused him to be the subject of special prayer. It became a habit of Mrs. Hirose whenever her husband was late in returning from the bank to pray for young Niwa, who, she suspected, was detaining him in religious controversy. Her prayers have been abundantly answered.

Mr. Niwa had a great desire to learn English and for that purpose took lessons from a foreign missionary, who made the Bible his text-book. In order to make better progress the pupil procured a Chinese New Testament that he might gain some idea of the book he was translating. In a short time he came to believe in God and to worship him as the heavenly Father, though he refused to believe in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. The Sermon on the Mount, however, led him to reconsider his position and he prayed to God for enlightenment. The result was that he became a sincere believer in Christ and was baptised. He entered the Doshira or college of the American Board in Japan to prepare himself for missionary work among his people. He has been elected secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN."

SOMEWHERE in the realms supernal
Is a home prepared for me
Where my joys shall be eternal,
And my spirit ever free.
Mortal vision helps not here;
God conceals it from my sight.
By effulgent beams of light;
Oh, that he would bring it near!

I cannot draw back the curtain
That conceals the glory land;
Yet my hope is sure and certain,
For the tracings of God's hand
On the opposite do appear,
Like the cherubim of old
Wrought in needle-work and gold,
Bringing all the glory near.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Describes a Children's Festival in the East—The Story of Selfish Selim.

THE household—or at least the juvenile portion of it—was in great glee last week. It lacked but three days to the annual Sunday School festival and the children were all agog over it and full of pleasant anticipations. Of course, Uncle John was admitted to their confidence.

"We're going to sail out as far as the Oak Grove, Uncle," spoke up little Ted, "and the Browns are going and the Wheelers and—."

"And everybody else, I s ppose," said Uncle John, smiling at the earnestness of the faces before him. "Well, I'm sure you ought to be grateful to your teachers for providing such a capital holiday for you. Be careful of one thing," he added.

"Don't overdo it, as little Selim did, when he went with the Sunday School picnic at Ismailia."

"Oh, Uncle, do tell us what he did," cried Milly, as they gathered around the traveler's knee.

"Who was Selim?" inquired Tom "But—won't you wait a minute till I ask Max Wheeler to come and hear it, Uncle? Pray, *do* wait. You know Max is going with us, and he would like to hear about Selim."

He ran from the room and in a few minutes returned, bringing with him his neighbor and playmate, Max, a fair-haired bright-eyed lad of eleven, who came shyly forward.

"Well, now," resumed Uncle John, "I suppose you think you've got me where I can't get away, so I have to tell everything. Selim? Why Selim was a little fellow, no older than you, Tom. He belonged to a poor family, who lived in a wretched quarter of Ismailia, which, as I told you sometime ago, is a town on Temsah Lake, in Egypt, with about 7,500 inhabitants. Before the Suez Canal was dug, Ismailia didn't amount to much, but now it's a place of some importance, with a railway station and many white inhabitants. There are several schools there, conducted by Christian people, although the whole district is Mohammedan.

"One of the schools decided to give the children a treat. Now, it is quite different, dealing with Moslem boys and girls from what it would be with children here. Poor folks there give their children very little clothing—the prevailing garment of childhood being a blue cotton robe and possibly an old jacket with tarnished embroidery and, in the case of the girls, a veil. Selim and his little sister, Haneen, were among those who came, and no pair looked neater than they did, although Haneen had a veil almost large enough to bury her out of sight and Selim's jacket was dreadfully big, too, I must confess.

"Now, Selim had been preparing for this holiday for a long time ahead. He had gotten together about twenty *paras*, (the smallest Egyptian coin, and worth less than a cent of our money), and had bought of a sugar-date and candy seller a quantity of his wares with which he stuffed the pockets of his faded jacket till they bulged out again. The managers of the excursion, had laid in a goodly stock of sweet cakes, flavored with saffron, such as Moslem children love, and had figs, sesame cakes, fruit and other delicacies besides. These were all loaded upon a donkey, and when we were ready, we set out for a pleasant nook on the lake-side, where we spread our camp under the shade of the trees. Here we had first a short service and singing, and then the young people gathered in a circle and the feast began.

"These Arab children had learned some of the familiar gospel hymns, and it sounded beautiful to hear their fresh young voices ringing sweet and clear amid the tamarisk trees. And they thoroughly enjoyed their repast of cakes and dates, sugar-cane and sweetmeats. Even the donkey-boy came in for a share."

"And don't they have plums and nuts, as we do?" interrogated Max.

"No, not like those in our land. Every country and climate has its own fruits. Sugar cane is a perpetual delight to the boys and girls of Egypt. For a *para* you can buy a stick of a street seller, or for a *piastre* (equal to about four cents of our money) one can purchase enough sugar dates to satisfy quite a number of young people. It is an amusing scene to witness the Moslem boys and girls flocking around the sellers of sweets in these old Eastern towns. In most places the English money is coming into general use, and you hear the diminutive tots talking of a 'shilling' or a 'sixpence' just as though they were in London. Many of the Moslem children lisp. It is funny to watch them, with their abbreviated gowns and their soft black eyes and even white teeth, trotting about the bazaars which have for them a wonderful attraction, particularly on market day.

"But to return to our picnic. We noticed that Selim, after he had received his portion of the cakes, went off and sat all alone under a distant tree, and would not even permit little Haneen to sit by him. I went over and saw that he had spread out on a piece of matting a miscellaneous collection of sweets, including his own purchases, and was devouring them greedily. The result was he was taken terribly sick and we had to take him home and put him under the care of a physician."

"He was an awfully greedy little chap, wasn't he," interrupted Tom.

"He had certainly a tendency to selfishness and gluttony, but probably not more than some American boys," replied Uncle John. "But his illness was not the only punishment he had to endure for his fault. He was avoided by the scholars, for true Orientals hold selfishness to be one of the worst of vices and their childred are trained early in generous and hospitable habits. The lad felt the slight keenly and when he overheard the scholars speak of him in whispers as 'Selfish Selim,' he came to me with tears coursing down his tawny cheeks and sobbing as though his heart would break. I talked to him and pointed out the sinfulness of his conduct. I read him that beautiful text from the 20th. chapter and 16 verse of the Proverbs, which says 'Hast thou found honey? Eat as much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith and vomit it;' and the words of Paul where he encourages the men of Corinth to generous acts and to give to others not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver'. (11.Cor. 9:7.) Poor Selim was utterly overwhelmed and deeply penitent. 'I will pray the good God to give me a clean heart again,' he said.

"That was ten years ago," sighed Uncle John. "I saw Selim years afterward, when he was a prosperous merchant in Port Said, and he then told me that he had never forgotten that day. It had been the turning-point of his life, for he is now a Christian and there is not a nobler nor more generous man in all Egypt.

"Remember," he added, in conclusion as he patted little Milly's auburn curls, "when you are tempted to selfishness or greed, that God loves a generous soul and that he himself is the fountain of all generous acts, having set us the highest example in giving up his only-begotten Son for our sakes, that we might be happy with him hereafter."

A SELLER OF SUGAR DATES, ISMAILIA, EGYPT.

(*See "Uncle John's Talks."*)

* * *

Table Manners.

"LIKE as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," say the Scriptures, and so the good mother watches over her young ones at all times. Not the least important result of this vigilance on the part of Christian mothers is the quietly modest and sincere behavior of the children. At table, and in all the daily associations of domestic life, this training shines out, marking a refinement to be found nowhere else than in the Christian home. Selfishness, surliness, gluttony, and the train of petty vices that prevailed too many tables are absent, and instead we find an amiable generosity, a cheerful, flowing conversation and a cultivated moderation in tastes and appetites. Those little attentions from one person to another that make the meal pass pleasantly; the patience and the forethought for others; the respect for elders; the deference due to experience and the courtesy that marks well-bred youth distinguish those families where the parents afford the benefit of true Christian example. Like the gentle knights of King Arthur's Court, with their high ideal constantly in view, the young Knight of the Cross has ever before him the example of the perfect Man.

* * *

Christ's Young Army.

SOME well-informed statistician has estimated that there are *nine million* young people in the United States who rarely, if ever, attend Sabbath School and who are practically outside the Gospel fold. What an immense army for Christ they would make! Nine millions of them. Ten times greater than the hosts Xerxes led from Persia to conquer the ancient Greeks; twenty times greater than the greatest army Alexander of Macedon ever commanded; many times greater than all the soldiers the North and South put in the field during our own Civil War. What a glorious opportunity for Christian workers to bring these young ones as recruits under the banner of the Cross.

What triumphs might be accomplished by such an army as this, marching shoulder to shoulder for the cause! Here is encouragement for fathers and mothers everywhere throughout the land.

* * *

Hot Weather Tempers.

A GOOD many people have two kinds of tempers—one for pleasant days and quite another for those in which the mercury rises uncomfortably hight. It would, perhaps, be too much to expect everybody to be equable and agreeable in torrid weather; but the difference with some is so marked that their sultry-day moods deserve to be characterized as "hot weather temper."

It is astonishing what an amount of friction one hot-weather temper will bring into a household. If it belongs to papa, there is a settled gloom on all sides, from mamma down to the baby who hasn't yet begun to go to go to school. Breakfast is a marked failure, usually, and the little excursion that had been planned for days in advance isn't even mentioned in a whisper, while the meal is in progress. The head of the house scowls and glares in his coffee cup, as if he expected there to find the cause of his own disgruntlement. Then he looks crossly at his good wife, with a look that clearly says: "I have something on my mind if I only cared to let it out." He fumes as he chips his egg, flips a roll off the pile with something very like a snarl and, finally, after mopping a red and perspiring forehead, off he goes to business as wretched as possible. Of course, much of this may be laid to the weather but a good deal of it might be avoided. A little patience, possibly a lighter garment or two, a cool dip in the bath and a calm resolution to stay serene even though the quicksilver should fly out of the window. would accomplish wonders in hot weather. Besides, a paternal smile and kiss, and a cheery greeting make the breakfast-room ten degrees cooler, even in the hottest weather.

* * *

Angel's Work.

NOT great deeds, but little kindnesses make the world bright. In a palace car entered a weary-faced, poorly-dressed woman, with three children. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down on one of the luxurious chairs, but it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to move. A smile of amusement was seen on several faces as the frightened group hurried out to one of the common cars. Upon one young face, however, there was a look which shamed the countenance of the others.

"Auntie," said the boy to the lady beside him, "I'm going to carry my basket of fruit and this box of sandwiches to the poor woman in the next car."

"Don't be foolish, dear; you may need them yourself."

"No, I'll not need them," he answered, "I had a good breakfast. She looked hungry, auntie; and so tired, too. I'll be back in a minute, auntie; I know mother wouldn't like it if I didn't speak a kind word to them."

About five minutes later the lady saw a pretty sight—the family feasting as perhaps they never had done before. The eldest child, with her mouth filled with bread and butter, said, "Was the pretty boy an angel, mamma?"

"No," answered the mother, "but he's doing an angel's work, bless his dear heart!"

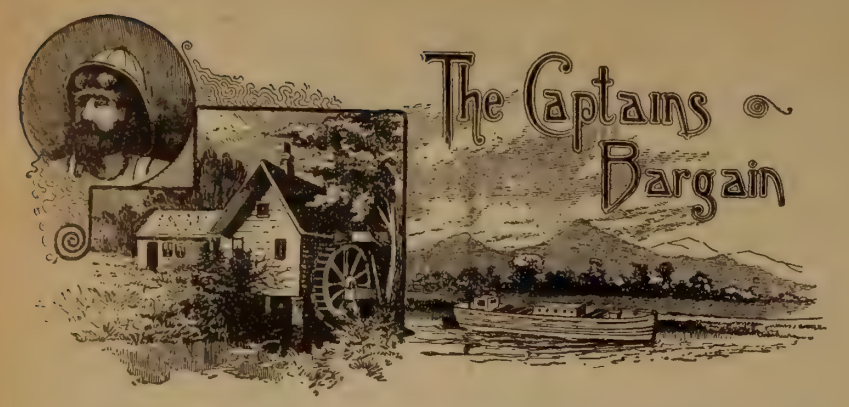
* * *

Solace in Bereavement.

"THERE is a danger of permitting our bereavements to make us morbid and to impair our usefulness. A Tennessee mother writes: "I am one of those who bear the burden of bereavement and truly these are the troubles that wear us out. I should like to have my thoughts directed into a more enlightened channel. I have had two lovely little boys—but alas! we laid the youngest to rest by the side of his little brother, whose grave has been there for the last four years. I have had much trouble in other ways; but, till now, have always been able to find consolation. . . . My little boy just taken delighted in talking of the dear Saviour and often said: 'When I get to be a big boy I will be a Christian soldier.' Just before he lost consciousness, he opened his eyes and said:

"'Mamma, the soul never dies, does it?'"

Our Father above holds a mother's precious ones as hostages for her own home-coming, when she will clasp them again with no dread of parting. This assurance affords the best solace in maternal bereavement.



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 331.*)

Robert's Heroism.

UP above Captain Allen's mill is the finest trout fishing of Schuylkill County. There is also some of the most entrancing wild-wood and stream scenery. The summer before Mrs. 'Liza was ill, an artist and an angler had come up there together, and had concocted glowing and illustrated articles about the locality for a leading magazine. A fashion had been set, and, in August, up came in detachments of two and three, anglers and artists, and made a camp on Lal's Mountain. In their corduroy knee-breeches, their leather leggins and flannel shirts, they scoured the neighborhood.

Jerry need take no chickens, eggs, or butter to Lacy; his market was at the door. Eliza's services were enlisted for making pies, biscuits, bread, and washing fancy flannels. Captain 'Zekiel was kept busy,—now mending this, now making that; or, again, building sheds for the camp. Jerry was called upon to take the place of a recreant cook who got drunk and was discharged, having nearly set the camp and the woods on fire. And Robert was in constant demand. Would Robert guide them here or there? would he take the Britt boat and go to Lacy for groceries? would he bring their mail? He was always cheerfully on hand. The Captain and 'Liza did not begrudge his services to the strangers. None of them considered whether he would be paid. They were generous,—these people; ready to spend and be spent for others, according to their ability.

So Eliza herself was always ready to go and give aid where sickness, death, or extra work made occasion for her services, and her children were all trained to be helpful.

The summer which had begun so ill passed more swiftly and joyfully than any summer for years. The Captain and Eliza and Jerry all made some money. When October came the anglers and artists were gone, but going they left a little packet at the mill for their willing factotum. Robert found in it a new pocket-book, and therein three ten-dollar bills. Oh, joy! He looked at them in ecstasy. He devoured them with his eyes. He ran and gave one to Eliza with a hug; he gave one to Captain 'Zekiel; he gave the third to Pink. Then he stood and contemplated his family, each holding a strip of green paper, as the farmer's family in the "Vicar of Wakefield" each held an orange.

Then the barge *Fair-Weather* was loaded up, and made a trip, and Robert sold his jams and jellies for a good round sum, and the Captain shook his big head and said, "Hah! That was not such a bad bargain!"

The voyage was so brilliant a success, that when the Captain and Eliza, counted up the combined earnings, they found themselves better off than they had been for years. The exhausted wardrobes were replenished, and Eliza rejoiced in making much-needed new bedding, and in buying some new crockery. The interest money for the whole year was ready, and Captain 'Zekiel even went so far as to say to his wife, "'Liza, do you suppose, if we had some more such summers, we could repair the mill or build a new house?"

Eliza shook her head. "It would take a many such summers to do either; and then, of what use would it be when we are under such a mortgage and liable to be sold out any day? The time is coming, 'Zekiel, when we will have to leave Lal's Mountain, and I don't know where we shall go, or what money we shall have to take us anywhere."

"Don't be down-hearted," said 'Zekiel. "I make sure we'll have better luck than you expect. It is a long road that has no turning. The Allen fortunes have been down-hill for two generations; it is time now that they began to come up. In my mind's eye, Eliza, I see a white house, with seven rooms and a porch, on that level spot a hundred yards above the mill."

"Well, 'Zekiel," said Eliza, with a sigh, "there is no harm in seeing these things in your mind's eye, if it gives you any comfort to do so. And I suppose the Lord knows what is good for us, and will let us have all that we ought. There's a verse, 'It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' We seem to have borne it, not only all our youth but our middle age pretty well through. also. But I remember it is said in *Pilgrim's Progress* that he is happy who has his best things last."

"Perhaps we will, Eliza," said Captain 'Zekiel. "Anyway, don't you be down-hearted. Things might be worse. You might have died when you were sick, last May, or Mr. Wick might have died, and Jones might have foreclosed the mortgage."

The Captain and Eliza talked in this fashion, when they sat in the kitchen during the winter days, when there was no work in the mill, the children were all up at the red schoolhouse, and the sun, shining across the snow, filled the kitchen with light.

The house nearest the mill belonged to young Nelson Britt. It was built in two low stories with an attic under the high peaked-roof. The attic ran across the whole top of the house, had a window in each gable, and was divided into two large rooms with a passage-way between them where the stairs came up. The windows of the attic were set in sashes that swung inward on hinges. The Britt family was large, and besides the parents children, there was an old hired man, and a young married woman of the neighborhood, who that winter helped Mrs. Britt with tbe work, for the sake of a home for herself and young baby, her husband having gone to Texas to prepare for their settlement there.

About nine o'clock one cold February night, when all the Britt family were in bed, some late passers-up the road discovered that the house was on fire. An instant and great uproar rose in the small settlement, and men, women, and children rushed to the scene of disaster. The house was old and all of wood—water was not to be had, as all things were frozen up. The Britt family got out their children as fast as possible, and half stupefied with smoke, the men came down from the attic, dragging the young woman, who between sleep and suffocation, was not fully conscious until she was in the sharp, open air. Then with wild shrieks she realized that her baby had been left in the bed. The men had never thought of it; she had not known what was going on until she was outside of the house, and already the single stairway was a sheet of flame.

"Ladders! Ladders!" shouted the men, while the poor young mother, screaming for her child, was held back by the women from flinging herself back into the burning stairway. "Ladders! Ladders!" But the Britts had lent their longest ladder, and the other was broken. Some rushed to the mill for a ladder. That was far too short. A cry of dismay told that the baby was doomed. Then a louder cry of surprise—for the window of the woman's attic room was flung open, and in it stood Robert with the baby in his arms. His course was evident. He had climbed up a great pear-tree growing against the opposite gable, kicked open the window of the man's room, groped his way to the other room, and found the child among the bed-clothes. Then, just in time to save himself and the babe from suffocation, he had pulled open the window. But the opened windows, creating a draught, had hastened the flames. They had rushed up to the top of the house and taken full possession of the landing and the pine partitions, so that the dark form of Robert, his handsome boyish head, and the little white, night-gowned bundle in his arms, were ruddily revealed against a background of flames. Moreover, the flames were devouring the room. He sat astride the window for a moment, while those below consulted and dashed wildly about. Then as the red tongues reached out to lick him up, he dropped over the window ledge, and hung by one hand to the sill. It was an untenable position.

"Drop, boy! We'll catch you!" screamed the men. But the stentorian voice of Captain 'Zekiel rose over all. "My son!" Hold on!" The distance was a long one, the ground was frozen like rock. If Robert fell and was not caught his case was hopeless.

"He can't hold on!" cried the women. But Robert ducked his head, and the next instant wos holding by both hands. He had seized the baby's clothes by his teeth, and thus held the child, resting against his upward strained arms.

Almost every one has at least one chance in life to show what is in him, and come grandly to the front of his fellows. This was the chance of the strong Captain 'Zekiel. A few things had been carried from the burning house—among them a large table. As soon as he saw Robert at the window the Captain took in the situation, and sprang to drag forward the table. When he cried "Hold on!" he was setting it in place. "Hold it firm!" he said, and the crowd sprang to brace it on all sides. "Britt and Peters! Up here! Clasp together! Brace yourselves. Bear my weight." And Captain 'Zekiel had the two strongest fellows of the hamlet locked together, and was upon their shoulders, and standing firmly, reaching up to his full height cried, "Drop now, my son!" Robert, at the very end of his strength, dropped like a shot. The men swayed, but did not fall. Robert fell into the Captain's arms; the Captain bent forward and set him on the table. Robert bent forward, and laid the rescued baby in the outstretched arms of its frantic mother. And then the roaring huzzas of the men, and the shriller acclamations of the women, voiced their approval of *The Captain's Bargain.*

"I vow that's a splendid boy of Allen's" said Deacon Britt, next morning at breakfast, to the schoolmaster. "That was bravely acted last night. He ought to have something done for him."

"The time may come to do something for him," said the master, "if it does not happen, as seems to me to be likely, that he does all that is needed for himself, and something for other people. But let us not spoil the spontaneous beauty of his present deed, by talk of reward. Let him have, for a time at least, that best reward, the consciousness that he thought wisely, acted bravely and promptly, and saved a human life."

In truth, Robert seemed to plume himself very little on his action. "It was easy enough to climb the old pear-tree," he said, "he had climbed it lots of times, and got into the attic window by it too, when he was playing with the Britt boys. He heard that the baby had been left, and he couldn't help but see the only way to get at it in time. He knew his father would manage some way to get him down from the window."

In spite of this lucid explanation of the affair, Robert was the hero of the winter, and the absent father of the rescued baby wrote that if Robert would come to Texas, he would go halves with him in any place he succeeded in opening up for a home.

That was a hard winter, the severest for years. The snow lay deep upon the hills—thawed much in January, filling the creeks, then a heavy freeze came on and converted the streams into almost solid beds of ice, and more snow piled up on the hills. Then, all at once, in the last week in March, came south winds blowing softly, and suns that seemed hot enough for May, so that the streams would be flushed to their brims when the storming waters uplifted and rent the masses of ice. In the joy of warm air, sunshine, grass growing hourly green, and blue-birds and robins flitting about every bush and tree, every one was out and busy. The barge *Fair-Weather* had suffered from the winter, and the Captain, Robert, and Jerry were busy repairing both it and the mill-wheel. It was Saturday, and the children were all home from school. The creek was very full, and blocks of ice were sailing upon its swollen, tossing surface. The Captain was in the mill selecting some lumber; Jerry and Robert piled saw and adze on the bank; Bop and the twins careering about, leaped now upon and now off the *Fair-Weather* as she was moored to the bank.

"Children," cried Eliza, "come off that boat. If you fall over, you will be drowned."

Bop obeyed, but the twins were the children of the family who occasionally ventured disobedience. At this instant the demon of rebellion took possession of them. They danced on the deck, and did not come. Eliza was laying out clothes to bleach on the grass. She looked at her recreant offspring.

"Pink, go bring me those twins. I shall tie them up until they learn to come when they're called."

Pink jumped upou the *Fair-Weather* and set out to catch or chase on shore the naughty twins. But at that minute a roar was heard; the creek tossed tumultuously; the ice gorge had given way with a rush; an avalanche of ice and water swept down against the *Fair-Weather;* her old cable broke; she swung from shore. Eliza shrieked for the Captain. Jerry dashed toward the bank, but experienced the disadvantages of a wooden-leg,—his leg stuck in the soft sod and held him fast. Robert not being blessed with a wooden leg, cleared the distance and flung himself upon the *Fair-Weather's* tiller, which had just been repaired. The Captain appeared, Jerry got his leg out of the hole, Eliza and Bop ran to the brink. The *Fair-Weather* was out in the middle of the stream and sweeping toward Lacy faster than she ever went before.

Mr. Murray had just come up to the Mountain, and was nearing the mill on horseback. He saw what had happened, and, turning his horse to the stream, followed on the bank the course of the headlong voyage of the *Fair-Weather.* Young Britt had just saddled a horse to ride to Lacy. The Captain seized that without ceremony and dashed after the Superintendent. The creek roared and foamed above its banks; the ice-blocks hurled here and there; the clumsy, crazy old barge plunged along—the twins lying screaming on the deck. Bending all their strength on the tiller were the bareheaded, handsome fourteen-year-old lad in his patched and shabby raiment, and little Pink, her auburn curls streaming out in the breeze and her thin cotton frock blown about her as she followed the motions of Robert's arms, and he kept his eyes steadily fixed as he steered the barge clear of the snags and rocks and debris that would have wrecked her crazy frame and flung all her passengers into the seething flood.

A new bridge had been built at Lacy. Would it stand the freshet and the ice-gorge? If it did stand, could Robert's arm guide the *Fair-Weather* between the great piers of the bridge? If he puts her through safely, could he turn her toward the bank, where the broadening of the river would greatly reduce the force of the current? These thoughts were in the heads of the two frantic men who rode along the bank prepared to fling themselves into the water, to rescue the children or perish with them if the poor barge went to pieces.

The twins sat up on the deck and increased the misery of the occasion by holding out their arms and wildly screaming "Father!" On they went. It seemed to Captain Allen and the Superintendent that it must be hours since they began to follow that barge down-stream. Other people came out to cry and wonder, and other men on horseback turned about and rode with them, and they knew that the strength of the boy must be nearly exhausted struggling with his unwieldy craft, and that the gallant little girl at his side, doing her best, was lending but small aid. They saw the twins, as if obeying an order, rise and lean also on the tiller. The children were now grouped together. The bridge was in sight. People began to throng the banks and the bridge. Some men hastily untied row-boats and got out oars and ropes to follow the barge. They were near the bridge. The water boiled under the arches in fury; the ice-blocks crashed against them and piled up on the banks. Robert fixed his gaze steadily on the widest space—the space between the piers.

"He'll make it!" roared some.

"He'll miss it!" shouted others.

The boy seemed to calculate marvellously well the force and bearing of the current. On, on, under! He had bent all his young strength upon the tiller, and through the arch, almost grazing the pier, went the barge; and then Robert bore for the nearer shore, where the widening waters went with less furious rush. Boats put out to help him if they might, but he got his craft out of the surge of the midstream, and then brought her round toward the cove and grounded the *Fair-Weather* at last on the submerged bank—the poor old craft settling as if in relief upon the soft, muddy shore.

The boats were about them now. The men leaped on the deck. The proud Captain saw them shaking Robert's hands and patting Pink's tumbled head, and he and Mr. Murray rode into the water until it rose above their horses' knees—they were in such haste to be a little nearer the rescued children.

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Subscriber, Waterbury, Conn.—I was greatly interested in your account of Evangelist Moody's schools at Northfield, Mass. How long have they been in operation?

The Girls' Seminary was founded in 1879, the Boys' in 1881. Other buildings have been added from time to time.

MRS. E. P., Waynesboro, Va. What authority exists for the statement that the Queen of Sheba tested Solomon's wisdom by asking him to thread the diamond?

The authority of tradition alone. Abyssinians say this particular Queen's name was Makeda, while the Arabs called her Balkis. The story of the diamond is one of many legendary incidents that have been handed down from time immemorial concerning this wonderful queen.

J. S., Vienna, Ont.—What is the costliest book in the world?

The Bible is at once the most valuable and yet the most easily attained. In a pecuniary sense, the Hebrew Bible preserved in the Vatican at Rome is the most valuable of all books. It is large, weighing over 325 pounds. Three hundred and seventy years ago, a syndicate offered $125,000 for it, but it was refused. It is now estimated as being worth $375,000, but it is not in the market.

G. T. A., Hartford, Ct. (1.) Can you refer me to any literature on the subject of Sabbath observance? (2.) How should we Christians spend the Sabbath?

(1.) Literature on the subject is abundant. See Rupp's *Religious Denominations in the U. S;* Mrs. Davis' *History of the Sabbatarian Churches;* the publications of the American Sabbath Tract Society, and Cox's *Literature of the Sabbath Question.* (2.) See Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon on *Sundays Bright and Doleful*, published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, Jan. 13, 1889, the text being "And call the Sabbath a delight." (Isa. 58: 13

J. H. B., Battle Creek, Mich. Two persons are trying to do all the good they can in this world in soul-saving, but one, being naturally the more intelligent, is able to accomplish much more than the other. Will he, in your opinion, receive a greater reward in heaven than the other?

Christ's parable of the Talents, (Matt. 25: 14–30,) furnishes the best answer, and shows how each will be held accountable and rewarded according to his opportunities, privileges, and responsibilities. If the abilities of one Christian are greater than those of another, his responsibilities are proportionately greater. Even with equal fidelity on the part of Christians, rewards must be measured according to the standard laid down by the Saviour in his beautiful parable.

D. M., Atlanta, Ga. Is it true that the Chinese are an older race than the Hebrews? Where are they first mentioned in literature?

Some leading Biblical students claim that reference is made by the Prophet Isaiah to the Chinese where he says: (ch. 49: v. 12,) "Behold these shall come from far and lo these from the North and from the West, and these from the land of Sinim." Still other eminent scholars assert that Chinese tradition, contemporary with the Flood, mentions a great overflow of the Yellow River in which millions perished. These, however, cannot be authenticated as historical facts.

J. P. R., Leavenworth, Kan.—Will you kindly advise me concerning the following supposable case: My book-keeper, to whom I am paying a liberal salary, misappropriates $500. On investigation, I find that he has been supporting his parents during the period of his wrong-doing. Am I bound by the law of the State to prosecute or am I justified in overlooking the offence and condoning it in the spirit of Christian forgiveness?

Until the law of the State shall have taken cognizance of the crime, and assumed jurisdiction through the proper officials, the opportunity for forgiveness still rests with you. The Christian policy would dictate merciful treatment under the circumstances, as you have stated them. It would be well, however, to make the pardon conditional that fruits of repentance and satisfactory evidence of reformation should follow.

F. W., Columbus, O.—Where did Columbus first set foot on American soil?

Five islands belonging to the Bahama group, claim the honor of first welcoming the discoverer, viz., Cat Island, Watling, Samana, Turk, and Mariguana. Antiquarians incline to the opinion that Watling Island was the landing-place. It is a strip of sandy soil, seven miles wide and 13 long, and has now about 700 inhabitants, all very poor and ignorant people. They are almost all colored, but have a white magistrate. Columbus, in his journal under date Oct. 14, 1492, describes the landing which took place two days earlier. His topographical outline of San Salvador (the name he gave to the island), coincides with that of Watling Island in a remarkable degree.

F. F., Milwaukee, Wis.—Is it not reasonable to suppose that the Revised Version of the Bible is more accurate than the Old Version in its translations? If so, why does it not supersede the Old Version?

With the advantage of later archaeological and philological discoveries and earlier manuscripts than those formerly employed the Revised Version is doubtless the more accurate. The Authorized or "King James" Version only became popular after two generations. At first it was rejected almost hopelessly, even the children of that day having been indoctrinated with the love and respect for the still older version. In all probability, the next fifty years will see the R. V. in general use.

Mrs. J. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Why do we keep the first day of the week as the Sabbath, instead of the seventh, as directed in the Commandments?

Under the Christian dispensation, the Sabbath was altered from the seventh to the first day of the week. The seventh was observed by the Jewish Church in memory of God's rest after the work of creation and the Hebrew deliverance from Pharaoh's tyranny. The first is now observed by Christians in memory of Christ's Resurrection which took place on that day and which gave to it the name of the Lord's Day. There is, however, no law laid down in the New Testament concerning the first day, although it has been uniformly adopted by Christian nations all over the world as the Sabbath.

M. W. Jr., Fort Collins, C. H., Col.—May Christians consistently pray for wealth?

According to the old Hebrew formula, it was not sinful to ask for an increase of substance or for prosperity for flocks and crops. The Christian view of prayer, however, has modified this, and while there is no express prohibition against praying for riches, there is a direct promise that, having sought and obtained the divine blessing and pardon for sin, all things will be added. Probably the best answer to the question is furnished in the prophecy of Agur, (Prov. 30: 8) wherein he says, "Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; fill me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny Thee and say who is the Lord, or lest I be poor and steal."

P. P. F., Trenton, N. J.—What progress, if any, has been made in the project to bring the Roman Colosseum to the World's Fair at Chicago?

None that we know of. The Colosseum which is a vast amphitheatre in the heart of ancient Rome, some 1800 years old, is probably altogether too great for purposes of transportation. It would have to be shipped in sections at an expense so enormous as to put such an undertaking out of the question. It is 157 feet high, 1900 feet in circumference, and was built by the captive Jews in Rome, after Vespasian had reduced Jerusalem and taken its citizens as slaves. Originally it was of wood, but this was replaced by stone, in such huge masses as to be awe-inspiring. Much of this stone has disappeared, being replaced at large intervals by brick-work. There were eighty arches and the amphitheatre often held 100,000 people on days when the gladiators fought with each other or with wild beasts. The last of these brutal shows was given in 525, A. D., by the Emperor Theodoric.

Mrs. S. M., Batesville, Ark.—How soon after the expulsion of our first parents from Eden did idolatry commence?

Adam and some of his descendants as late as the time of the Flood, are believed to have lived under a revealed system, in which, through their patriarchs and otherwise, they had a knowledge of God sufficient for their condition. Afterwards there arose the nature-worship, called *Fetishism*, consisting of the setting up and worshiping of animals, trees and stones, etc.—an idolatry invented by those who for their sins had been forsaken of God, (Romans 1: 28). There is no distinct mention in the Bible of any idols prior to the time of the Flood, but it is reasonable to suppose that idolatry was one of the abominations for which that terrible punishment was visited on the earth. The first positive indications of idolatry which appear in history are found in the worship of *Set* or *Sitekh* (equivalent to the Hebrew Patriarch, *Seth*) to whom divine honors were paid by the Egyptians. Some Jewish writers interpret Genesis 4: 26 to mean that *Enos*, the son of *Seth*, was the originator of idolatry in that he paid divine honors to the host of heaven instead of to God alone.

A CHINESE PROFESSOR BEATEN.

AN intrepid convert to Christianity in China was described recently by Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission. The missionaries, he said, at one time had great hopes of the conversion of a young man who was Professor of an important branch of learning in a Chinese college. He was a man of singular ability who during his student career had won the highest honors in the University. In some way he was affected unfavorably and definitely rejected Christianity. After the lapse of several months he returned, and presenting himself to the missionary for examination, asked for baptism. His request was granted, for he was evidently a converted man. The time of ordeal for him was the day when he was to resume his lectures in college. As he entered the hall he had to pass the tablet on which was the name of Confucius, and every eye was upon him, curious to see if he would give it the usual obeisance. He passed it without a sign. "I bow the knee only to him who is the King of kings," he said. They turned him from that place though he had been the man most honored and lauded there, and beat him until the blood flowed on his white robes; but he stood in the streets of that Chinese city telling out the story of the "Man of Sorrows"—an example of Christ's love.

A FACE ON THE RAFTERS.

MUCH work is done for Christ that the Church does not notice at the time, but will recognize in the future; or, it may be, not until the day when the Master himself points it out on the great day of rewards, and crowns the doer with his approval. A speaker at a recent meeting in dwelling on this truth, said:

"There stands in the East of Europe an old cathedral. Each year hundreds of men and women visit it from all parts of the globe; and as they stand there admiring the beauty of the great edifice, the guide bids them wait until the light, falling through a certain window, reveals a face carved in one of the rafters up in the vaulted ceiling, of such singular beauty that they recognize in that the gem of the whole building. The legend runs that when the master and architects met together to consider how best to beautify the great edifice of God, an old man crept into the room and pleaded to be allowed to do some little work, to add his share to that great building. They felt that his tottering footsteps and trembling hand were indeed unfitting him for any great service, and so they sent him away up to the roof, and told him to carve there upon one of the great rafters. He went his way, and day by day he toiled up under the vaulted darkness, until one day they missed him; and going up they found the old man lying lifeless on the scaffolding, with his lifeless eyes turned up to where there was a face looking on him of such great beauty, that the men—the architects and others—bowed their faces when they recognized the master-hand in that work. And so it seems to us it will be with much of the work done for Christ. The worker does it and passes away, but the work lives.

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ARMAGEDDON.

The Last Great Battle of the World Described by Rev. George Stanley, Faber, B.D.

THE Battle of Armageddon, in which the beast and the false prophet are to be overthrown, I take to be the concluding event of "the time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation," mentioned in Daniel 12. It is the same likewise as the dreadful slaughter of the Gentiles in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, predicted in such forcible terms by Zechariah and Joel. At the close of the time of trouble foretold in Daniel 12, the infidel king is come to his end, none helping him; and at the beginning ol the time of trouble, the restoration of the Jews is to commence. At the period of

The Great Battle of the Nations

described by Zechariah and Joel, which synchronises with the destruction of the infidel king and the Battle of Armageddon, the Jews are represented as having been brought back to their own country. While, in the Battle of Armageddon predicted by St. John, which I apprehend to be the last event under the seventh vial, the beast, the false prophet, and the kings of the Latin earth, are to be completely routed with dreadful slaughter by the Almighty Word of God; and an end is for ever to be put to their tyrannical and persecuting domination over the Church.

Joel informs us, that the battle of the nations shall not only be fought between the two seas, but in the valley of Jehoshaphat; and St. John predicts very definitely, that this same battle shall not only be fought in a land which extends 1600 furlongs, but in a certain place of that land called Armageddon—The valley of Jehoshaphat therefore, and Armageddon, are one and the same region. Now the word Jehoshaphat signifies the judgment of the Lord, and the valley of the battle is indifferently styled by Joel the valley of Jehoshaphat, or the judgment of the Lord, and the valley of concision or destruction. It is plain, therefore, that this is not the proper, but only a descriptive, name of the place; that is, of some place or other between the two seas. Here then St. John steps forward, and furnishes us with the literal proper name of the region, which is twice to be made

The Scene of the Judgment

of the Lord. Armageddon signifies the destruction of Megiddo; and Megiddo is a town situate between the two seas, in the half-tribe of Manasseh, at a small distance from the shores of the Mediterranean. In the valley of this place, Josiah lost his life in his fatal encounter with Pharaoh, king of Egypt; and it appears, that this valley of the destruction of Megiddo, or, as it is termed by Joel, this valley of the judgment of the Lord, is hereafter to be the scene of a yet more dreadful conflict.

The Antichrist or atheistic king of the last days will, towards the close of his career, be troubled by tidings out of the East and out of the North, probably including, in part, intelligence of a revolt against his authority by some Jews in Jerusalem, who will have become converted. He will forthwith retrace his steps to Judea, which he had previously subdued, and will besiege Jerusalem, which he had before given to his allies the unconverted Jews. For, that certain unbelieving Jews will be converted in Jerusalem, is plainly asserted by Zechariah, and that the city will afterwards be besieged and taken is asserted both by Zechariah and Daniel. The unconverted Jews will have been restored by Antichrist, when previously making himself master of the whole land of Palestine; and why should he afterwards besiege them in jerusalem, except on account of their revolt from his cause? for, if they had not revolted from him no reason can be assigned why he should so bitterly attack them.

A Crusade.

Troubled with such unpleasant tidings from the east and from the north, Antichrist, going forth in the height of his fury, threatens to destroy all such as should oppose him; and, he sanctifies the expedition by representing it as a holy crusade against heretics; and, with banners blessed by the false prophet, who (as we have reason to believe from the Apocalypse) will be his attendant, he devotes many to utter extermination under the blasphemous pretext of religion. His wonted success at first attends him. He besieges Jerusalem, now occupied by his enemies, and takes it. Here he exercises his usual barbarity, increased tenfold by the defection of his late allies. Zechariah states that the houses will be rifled, and the women ravished, by his licentious soldiery. Half of the inhabitants will be made captive: but the other half permitted still to remain in the city, under the control most probably of a strong garrison. Thus does he plant the curtains of his tents between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; and thus is Jerusalem, now for the last time, trodden down of the Gentiles (Dan. 11: 40–45; Zech. 14.)

But the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. At this anxious period the glory of the Lord is suddenly manifested in the midst of Jerusalem, and Jehovah himself becometh a wall of fire around her. The Almighty Word of God goeth forth, like a man of war, in the greatness of his strength; and all His saints, the innumerable armies of heaven, are with him.

His Awful Commission

is from the Most High, that His adversaries may learn by bitter experience that he who toucheth Judah, toucheth the apple of His eye. The tremendous vision halts for a moment on the Mount of Olives, which, like Sinai of old, acknowledges a present God, and with a mighty earthquake cleaves asunder in the midst. It then advances and hovers over the heads of the palsied troops of Antichrist. The Divine Word displays Himself, to the assembled nations. The faithful look up with awful wonder, knowing that their redemption draweth nigh. Every eye seeth him; and they also, his kindred after the flesh, which pierced him, now behold him in his glory. He cometh with clouds; and all the kindreds of the earth wail because of him. He descendeth his wrath: He treadeth the wine-press in the fury of his indignation: His garments are sprinkled with the blood of his enemies (Isa. 13: 3; Zech. 15.)

It appears from comparing various prophecies together, that the overthrow of the Antichristian confederacy will be effected partly by natural agency. Christ will indeed tread the wine-press alone, for to his sole might will

The Victory

be owing: yet will he likewise use the instrumentality of others. While he miraculously smites his enemies with a dreadful plague, so that their flesh shall consume away while they stand upon their feet, and their eyes shall consume away in their holes, and their tongue shall consume away in their mouth: He will send likewise among them a great tumult from the Lord, so that they shall lay hold every one on the hand of his neighbour, and his hand shall rise up against the hand of his neighbour. Judah also, summoned to the dreadful task of vengeance by his God, shall take an active part in the destruction of his enemies: for, in that day, the Lord will make the governors of Judah like a hearth of fire among the wood, and like a torch of fire in a sheaf; and they shall devour all the people round about, on the right hand and on the left. Thus will Antichrist come to his end, and none shall help him. Thus will the beast now under his last head be taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both will be cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone; and the remnant will be slain with the sword of that Almighty Conqueror, who sitteth upon the white horse, the sword that proceedeth out of his mouth; and all the fowls will be filled with their flesh (see Zech. 12: 14.; Rev. 19.)

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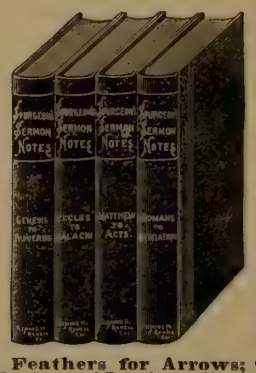

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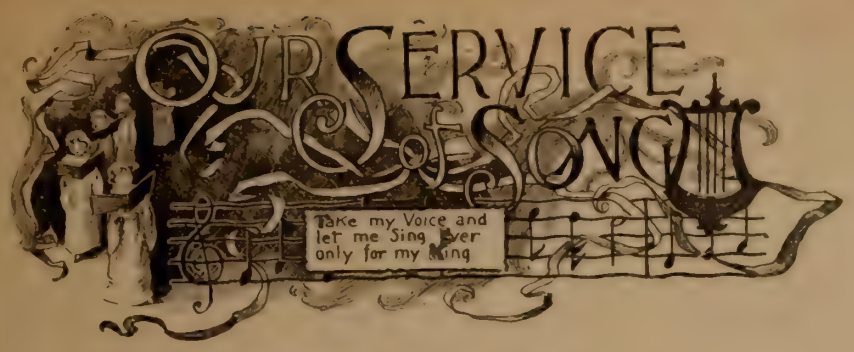

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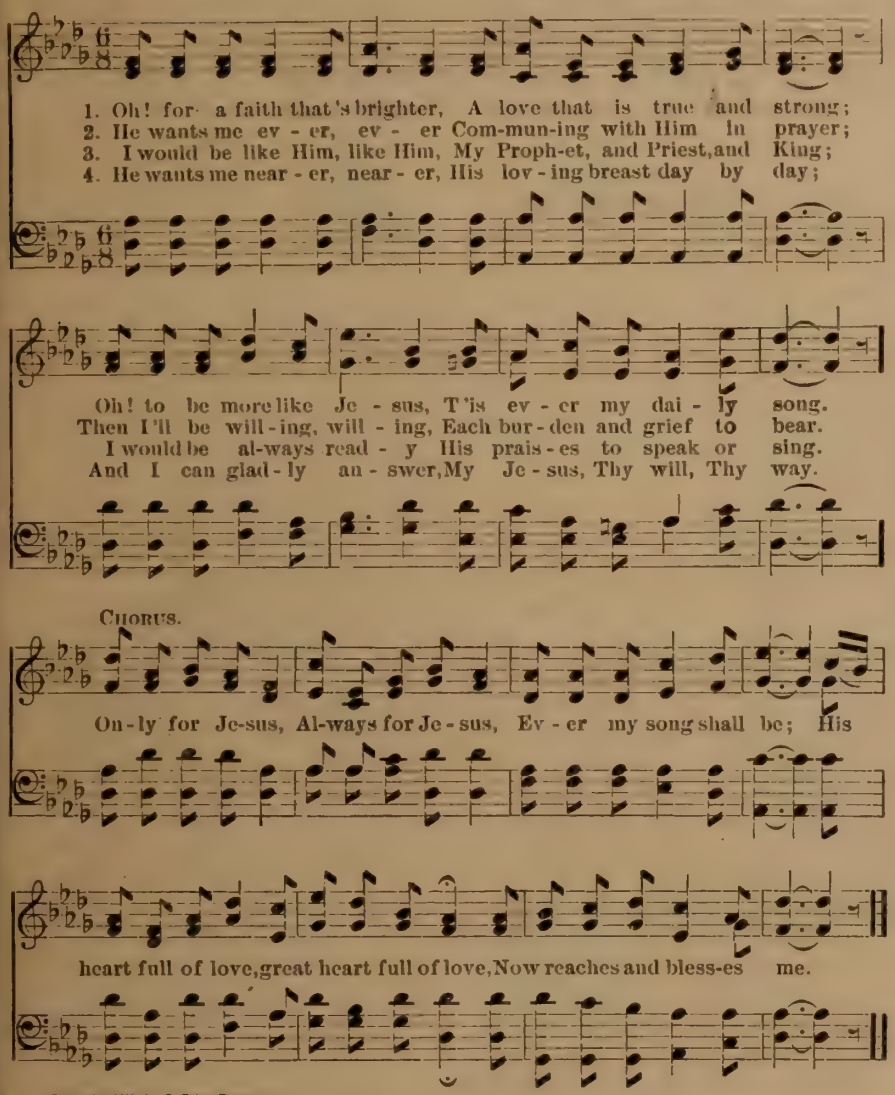

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A RECLAIMED MAN'S LOGIC.

FULL assurance of salvation is a subject which has been much debated by theologians, some of whom contend that no man can possess it. The question was settled to one man's satisfaction some time ago and in Jerry McAuley's Mission in Water Street, New York, one evening last week he gave the following sketch of the argument which had convinced him. He said: "I have been a victim of the rum monster ever since I was eight years of age; and before I had attained my twentieth year I was a confirmed drunkard. Every effort that human ingenuity could devise was resorted to by my friends. Travel in foreign lands, residence in Christian Homes and Inebriate Asylums, all proved in my case ineffectual. I had married at an early age, and tried hard to reform at that time, and partially succeeded. But it was not long before the old craving came back with redoubled force; and my wife was compelled to give me up as my other friends had done. At last after many years of misery and sin, the Holy Spirit directed my footsteps to 316 Water Street. I went in, listened to the cheering words of the Superindent, and to the stirring testimonies of the converted heathen, and then and there I felt that I was not a hopeless case although my friends in the world had pronounced me one. "Shall I be saved to-night?" was being sung; when in my heart I answered: "Yes, Lord, to-night." From that hour I have been a new man. I know my sins have been washed away by the blood. How do I know? Why, this way. I asked the Lord for two things. One was to forgive me for my sins and the other was to save me from their power. Now here am I a living proof that he has delivered me for I have not touched a drop of liquor since. Sol am sure he answered the other prayer, too. No power but God's could have kept me out of the saloon when I had money in my pocket."

A POLICEMAN'S INTERFERENCE.

IN a letter written a few days ago to the American Bible Society, Miss I. Mellinger, who is laboring in Central Turkey, relates the following incident of protection from an unexpected quarter. She says: Last year a young man was sent to a little village up among the mountains, to tell the people of the Saviour. Persecution began, and the people came to his living-place, threw his goods into the street, put him on horseback, and sent him out of the village. This year the missionaries decided that it was not wise to send another man to that place; but a young man, full of courage, who was preaching in a village not far away, determined to go there for a few days. The first evening, while he was speaking of the Saviour who died that we might live, a mob gathered to break up the meeting. Two policemen entered the room, and one stepped up to the side of the preacher and ordered the crowd to be silent and listen to what the preacher had to say, adding, "If you don't keep quiet I will make you." Turning to the young man he told him to continue, saying, "I will protect you." After the discourse was finished the Moslem policeman spoke to the crowd. "All that you have heard," said he, "is true, and you ought to live up to it. I read the Bible; I love it, and it helps me." Then, to convince them of the truth of his statement, he repeated, word for word, the fourteenth chapter of Ezekiel. This was a great surprise, for Moslem policemen are usually not only ignorant but also wicked and unprincipled.

Miss Mellinger relates another incident that may account for this unexpected intervention. Early last year the Turkish authorities arrested a colporteur who was selling Bibles and Christian books. The arrest was illegal, but the colporteur was kept in prison several days before an order for his release could be obtained. He spent the time in talking to the policemen and officers about the prison and when he was released he left a Bible with them which they promised to read. Probably the policeman who secured a quiet hearing for the Evangelist was one of these men.

THE UNDERLINED TESTAMENT.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman who has recently been travelling in Spain, writes that the close of 1888, he was commissioned by a friend to procure a supply of Spanish New Testaments, to have certain passages underlined in red, and to hand them over to a colporteur residing in the south of Spain. This was done. The books were circulated, and shortly afterwards the individual who had undertaken this duty was obliged to leave the place, and the whole circumstance began to fade from the recollection of the other friends concerned in the transaction. Last month the first-named gentleman was led to visit this district, and at the mission station there met with a Spanish convert "much beloved by all." Observing in his hand a New Testament with verses underlined in red ink, he was led to inquire where he got it, and received from him the following singularly interesting story of his conversion. "My father," he said, "who is a mason, was working in the telegraph office in M——, and finding some papers in a basket he was allowed to remove them. Amongst the papers was this little Testament. My father brought it home and gave it to me. I began to read it with much interest, and continued reading for nearly three years, till in January last I saw Christ crucified for me, and light, and joy, and peace came into my heart. As far as I know none of my family know Christ yet."

The correspondent adds: "This little Testament has done its work, and I am so thankful to find that this soul was saved by God's Word alone, and taught by the Spirit of God to submit to Christ for pardon and everlasting life." May this incident, illustrative of fruit found after many days, encourage downcast workers to sow beside all waters, and trust him for the increase.

A SERMON IN VERSE.

A FRIEND in La Crosse, Wis., sends us a poetic version of Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon on the text, "The one half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told."—II. Chron. 9:6, from which we take the following stanzas:

Who finds the mission of his race,
And grapples it for other's good,
Hath little need of name or place,
So valued by the multitude.
Though much were said in recent years
Of light that shines, by Heaven's grace,
On one who leads, without compeers,
The vanguard of the Christian race,
The verbiage is dim and cold:
The half—the half has not been told.

But here on earth men fume and haste
To gorge the palate or the tongue,
Yet dare not let you touch or taste
Because the world and you are young.
Now, if I wish the truth to hear,
There is a place in all the land,
Where, free from hatred, blind to fear,
Our Champion still dares to stand,
And call men to the Shepherd's Fold,
Of which the half has not been told.

AN AGED SHEPHERD'S CONVERSION.

IN a letter from Col. Lawrence who is an officer in the British Army in India is the folfowing incident of an effort he made in company with a native Evangelist to preach the Gospel in a neglected town: "It was a village inhabited exclusively by shepherds. We told the story of the Good Shepherd seeking and saving his lost sheep. A very old man, who had been leaning on his long stick and putting his face almost in the face of the preacher that his deaf ears might lose no word, when the story was completed, said, with a look of deep satisfaction and joy in his face, 'It has fallen into my ears and cut,'—meaning the message had taken effect in his heart. He was encouraged to put his trust in Christ, and to call on Him, not Shiva, for help. He took, a firm hold of the name of Jesus. We heard afterward that the man did not forget that name, but it was upon his lips, when he died. Two men of the same villages told us that his last prayer was 'Yesu, Yesu, save me.'"

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MISSIONARY LIFE IN JAPAN.

FROM Kyoto, in Japan, Bishop Harl writes to the *Spirit of Missions*, two first impressions of the sphere of his future labors. He evidently realizes that the work will be one of great difficulty, though he writes hopefully. It is wrong to suppose, he says, that Japan can rightly be called a heathen country, if by heathenism is understand anything reside and barbarous. "Had I been dropped down here in the night, I should have supposed on looking around me in the mornlng, that I was in the south of France on the shores of the Mediterranean.

"The old feudal castles, too, remind one of Europe, placed as they often are on an elevation, surrounded by moats, and constructed of masonry ot the most solid character (I have seen stones in some of the walls which measured twenty-five feet in length, twelve in height, and ten in width). Every foot of available land is cultivated, as is the case in European countries, and by the constant manual labor and most abundant use of fertilizers, the soil is made to yield three or four crops each year.

"The towns are well policed, officers in uniform being seen as frequently as they are in American cities. In the larger cities, the first-class hotels, the railroad-stations and other buildings are lighted by electricity. A thoroughly systematized educational work prevails everywhere; common, middle, higher middle, and normal schools, existing in all the chief towns. Education is compulsory. There are in the empire nearly thirty thousand common schools. Newspapers are seen everywhere, and books are handled as by persons 'to the manner born.'" Unhappily, the Bishop says, books and newspapers alike are full of scepticism. It is not a rivalry now between Christianity and Buddhism, but between Christianity and Atheism.

THREE STAGES IN A HOUSEHOLD.

LETTERS to the Presbyterian Board from Pekin, China, report the progress of mission work in that district. Miss McKillican says that recently Dr. Sinclair and Mrs. Ting were laboring in a neighboring village. Several men from another village visited them and were impressed with what they heard. On their return to their homes, their wives were astonished at their reports and believing that the men had fallen into a trap to delude them, decided to go themselves and find out what this strange religion was. On account of their home duties, they could not remain longer than two days, but before leaving they professsd their helief in what they had heard and begged that some teaching might be done in their village. When Dr. Sinclair and Mrs. Ting arrived they found a large number gathered. In three of the homes that were visited the idols were destroyed, the people declaring they no longer believed in them. At one place the father of the family said: "I have believed in God, and have not worshipped idols for several months, but my wife and son would not listen when I tried to tell them about God. My wife went to the village to hear you, and returned ready to believe and have the idols destroyed, but it was not until to-night that my son was willing to listen, and now he also wishes to have the idols destroyed. Our ancestors have worshipped them for over two hundred years, but we now know they are false, and we wish from henceforth to worship the true God." Several of the men are now in the city engaged in the study of the doctrine.

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NEW YORK, JULY 22, 1891.

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A CONSECRATED LIFE.

The Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon's Labors for Christ—A Career of Devotion to the Service of the Master.

WITH a feeling of the deepest sadness, the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and godly men and women in all parts of the world, have learned of the dangerous illness of the Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the distinguished Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle in London. For many days past, it has seemed as though the great life was about to close and the Christian world to be deprived of one who has been, under God, a noble instrument for the inbringing of many thousands of souls on both sides of the Atlantic. The well-beloved pastor, whose sermons have appeared in these columns week after week for thirteen years, has hovered between life and death, the frail thread of existence liable to be snapped asunder momentarily. Thus far, although still seriously sick, the Lord has wonderfully preserved him, and prayers ascend daily from both continents that he may be long spared to continue in his career of usefulness.

It is fitting, at a time when his name is everywhere spoken, to review the life of one who has been of such signal service in the cause of Christianity as Charles Haddon Spurgeon. The record is one that thrills the believer's heart; one in which the leading hand of God is visible throughout, from childhood to maturity. It is a record of the triumphs of faith, the

Consecration of Abilities

and energies, the entire surrender of self to the work of the Divine Master. Christians everywhere may take encouragement from the story of this holy life which we publish to-day.

Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born in the town of Kelvedon, in Essex, England, on June 19th, 1834. His paternal grandfather was an Independent minister at Stambourne, a man of sterling piety and greatly respected. His father was the Rev. John Spurgeon, formerly of the Congregational Church of Islington, near London, and his mother a Miss Jervis of Colchester. The home influences of the Spurgeons were well calculated to make a deep impression upon the boy. His mother was a lady of singular piety, and from her he received his first religious impulses.

When ten years old, Charles went to live with his grandparents and there received the same religious nurture he had experienced at home. While living there, an incident occurred which he often recalled in after life. The Rev. Mr. Knill, of Chester, a clergyman of much ability and a friend of the family, was paying them a visit. He took

Little Charles Upon His Knee

and, holding the boy up to the gaze of the grandparents, prophesied that he would one day preach in Rowland Hill's Chapel, in London—a prediction that was in time literally fulfilled.

Under his grandparents' pious tutelage, Charles early began the study of the Scriptures, and at ten he read the portion at family prayers. On one occasion, he caused a commotion by stopping in the middle of the reading and demanding an explanation of a difficult passage in Revelation before proceeding further. Even at that tender age, his mind strove to grasp more than the mere sound and sought out the hidden meaning of the sacred Word. At school he was very successful in his studies, carrying off many prizes and acquiring high honors for a mere lad. On leaving Colchester, he entered an agricultural college at Maidstone, but stayed there only a short time, leaving at fifteen to become an usher in a school at Newmarket, his father's purpose being to make him a schoolmaster. But it was otherwise decreed, for a year later a change came which turned the whole current of this young life and gave to God's service one of its most brilliant and faithful workers. That change was

His Conversion,

and it came about when he was sixteen. His own account of the occurrence is so simple and graphic that we reproduce it:

"I went into a Primitive Methodist Chapel, one snowy day in January," he said. "A thin-looking man came into the pulpit and read the text, 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' Then fixing his eyes on me, he said, 'Young man, you are

Very heartily do I greet the army of readers, both yours & mine. May they be a very gracious people

C. H. Spurgeon

in trouble, and you will never get out of it unless you look to Christ.' And then lifting up his hands and crying out, as only a Primitive Methodist could, he exclaimed: 'Look! look! look! it is only look!' I did look and saw with my mental eye the way of salvation open before me, and I was filled with joy unspeakable." Sixteen years later, preaching in the same church, Mr. Spurgeon pointed to a seat on the left hand under the gallery and said: "I was sitting in that pew when I was converted."

Following his conversion, he made profession of faith and was baptised by the Rev. Mr. Cantlow and united with the Baptist Church in the village of Isleham, near Newmarket.

He Burned With Zeal

to begin at once the work for the Master. On accepting an engagement shortly afterward as school assistant at Cambridge, he found the opportunity he desired and began his religious work as a tract distributor in connection with the congregation of the church over which the late Robert Hall, a most eloquent and successful preacher, was then pastor.

But tract distributing was merely a step in young Spurgeon's pathway to higher usefulness. He felt the message on his lips and hungered for an opportunity to speak it. Soon it came. There was to be a service in a cottage at Taversham, a village near Cambridge, at which a preacher was to have been engaged. Young Spurgeon, seeing that no one volunteered, threw himself into the breach.

"It was not my first public address," he afterward explained, "for I had already spoken repeatedly in the Sabbath Schools at Newmarket and Cambridge; but I had till then attempted no regular set discourse. The presiding genius of our Preachers' Association, Mr. James Vintner, whom we used to call 'Bishop Vintner,' asked me to go over to Taversham, for a young man was to preach there who was not much used to services and very likely would be glad of company. That was a cunningly-devised sentence. A request to go and preach would have met a very decided negative; but merely to act as company to a good brother who perhaps might ask me to give out a hymn and pray was not at all a difficult matter, and it was cheerfully complied with." The real object of the invitation, of course, was to have young Spurgeon preach, without worrying over it in advance or getting nervous.

His First Sermon.

Together they set out to Taversham, his companion being several years his senior. On the road they talked of things spiritual and, said Spurgeon, "I expressed the hope that he would feel the presence of God while he was preaching. He seemed to start and assured me he had never attempted to preach in his life and would never attempt such a thing. He was looking to me for that. This was a new view of the situation. I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked along quietly, lifting up my soul to God and it seemed to me that I could surely tell a few poor cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul. Praying for divine help, I resolved to make the attempt."

In this devout frame of mind, the young preacher, still a mere boy, entered the thatched cottage where the farm-laborers and their wives were gathered together. After singing, praying and reading, came the sermon. It was not such a task as he had feared. He did not break down, nor stop in the middle, nor run out of ideas.

A Strange Interruption.

At last it was ended; he had passed the Rubicon, and, by God's strength, had set out on the road that afterwards led to the Metropolitan Tabernacle, the greatest audience hall in England. He took up the hymn-book, when an old dame cried:

"Bless your dear heart! How old are you?"

"You must wait till service is over," said the boy-preacher, gravely.

After the singing he was besieged by questioners.

"How old are you?" came from a dozen different pairs of lips.

"I am under sixty," was the laughing reply.

"Yes, and under sixteen," said the old lady who had first interrupted.

"Never mind my age," was Spurgeon's answer. "Think of the Lord Jesus and his preciousness."

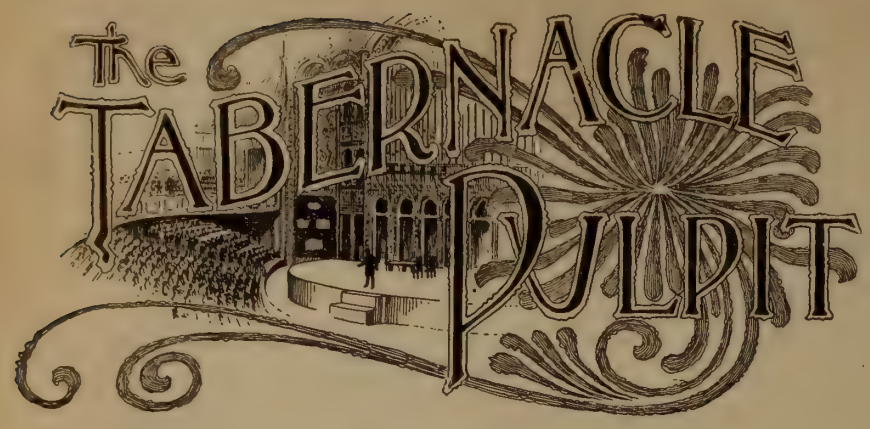
This beginning was followed by preaching in the villages round about the old University town of Cambridge, and he soon became known far and wide as the "Boy-Preacher." In less than a year, he was called to become the pastor of a Baptist congregation at Waterbeach and thither he went, although only seventeen!

Feeling the urgent need of a more thorough preparation for the higher duties of the ministry, he tried, about this time, to enter Regent's Park College, but this would have involved the abandonment of his pastorate. He afterward gave up the idea of college. His education, brief as it had been, was unusually thorough in many ways. His work in the pulpit had commended itself to many who were more critical than the old dame at Taversham. In 1854, when nineteen, he made an address at a meeting of the Sunday School Union at Cambridge, which so deeply impressed some of his hearers that shortly afterward he was tendered the pastorate of the New Park Street Church in Southwark, and there he began

His First Important Charge

and his real pulpit work in good earnest. The congregation was a mere handful, but in six months the hearers crowded the chapel. Soon the fame of the brilliant young preacher spread abroad and people flocked to the little church in New Park Street. The press called attention to his precocious powers, and praises came pouring in on every side; but to these, Mr. Spurgeon gave no heed, working steadily and energetically and, in the same devoted and unostentatious way as when he first preached to the obscure little flock in the country. His

(*Continued on page 457.*)



THE VACANT CHAIR.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Last Sunday Morning at a Great Camp-Meeting at Lakeside, a short distance from Sandusky, O., the Text being, *"Thou shall be missed because thy seat will be empty."* Samuel 20 : 18.

SET on the table the cutlery and the chased silver-ware of the palace, for King Saul will give a state dinner to-day. A distinguished place is kept at the table for his son-in-law, a celebrated warrior, David by name. The guests, jewelled and plumed, come in and take their places. When people are invited to a king's banquet, they are very apt to go. But before the covers are lifted from the feast, Saul looks around and finds a vacant seat at the table. He says within himself, perhaps audibly, "What does this mean? Where is my son-in-law? Where is David, the great warrior? I invited him. I expected him. What! a vacant chair at the king's banquet!" The fact was that David, the warrior, had been seated for the last time at his father-in-law's table. The day before Jonathan had coaxed David to go and occupy that place at the table, saying to David in the words of my text, "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The prediction was fulfilled. David was missed. His seat was empty. That one vacant chair spoke louder than all the occupied chairs at the banquet.

In almost every house the articles of furniture take a living personality. That picture—a stranger would not see anything remarkable either in its design or execution, but it is more to you than all the pictures of the Louvre and the Luxembourg. You remember who bought it, and who admired it. And that hymn-book—you remember who sang out of it. And that cradle—you remember who rocked it. And that Bible—you remember who read out of it. And that bed—you remember who slept in it. And that room—you remember who died in it. But there is nothing in all your house so eloquent and so mighty-voiced as the vacant chair. I suppose that before Saul and his guests got up from this banquet there was a great clatter of wine-pitchers, but all that racket was drowned out by the voice that came up from the vacant chair at the table. Millions have gazed and wept at John Quincy Adams' vacant chair in the House of Representatives, and at Henry Wilson's vacant chair in the Vice-presidency, and at Henry Clay's vacant chair in the American Senate, and at Prince Albert's vacant chair in Windsor Castle, and at Thier's vacant chair in the councils of the French nation; but all these chairs are unimportant to you as compared with the vacant chairs in your own household. Have these chairs any lesson for us to learn? Are we any better men and women than when they first addressed us?

First, I point out to you the father's vacant chair. Old men always like to sit in the same place and in the same chair. They somehow feel more at home, and sometimes when you are in their place and they come into the room, you jump up suddenly and say, "here, father, here's your chair." The probability is, it is an armchair, for he is not so strong as he once was, and he needs a little upholding. His hair is a little frosty, his gums a little depressed, for in his early days there was not much dentistry. Perhaps a cane chair and old-fashioned apparel, for though you may have suggested some improvement, father does not want any of your nonsense. Grandfather never had much admiration for new-fangled notions. I sat at the table of one of my parishioners in a former congregation; an aged man was at the table, and the son was presiding, and the father somewhat abruptly addressed the son and said: "My son, don't now try to show off because the minister is here!" Your father never liked any new customs or manners; he preferred the old way of doing things, and he never looked so happy as when, with his eyes closed, he sat in the armchair in the corner. From the wrinkled brow to the tip of the slippers, what placidity! The wave of the past years of his life broke at the foot of that chair. Perhaps, sometimes he was a little impatient, and sometimes told the same story twice; but over that old chair how many blessed memories hover! I hope you did not crowd that old chair, and that it did not get very much in the way. Sometimes the old man's chair gets very much in the way, especially if he has been so unwise as to make over all his property to

DAVID'S EMPTY CHAIR.

his children, with the understanding that they are to take care of him. I have seen in such cases children crowd the old man's chair to the door, and then crowd it clear into the street, and then crowd it into the poor-house, and keep on crowding it until the old man fell out of it into his grave.

But your father's chair was a sacred place. The children used to climb up on the rungs of it for a good-night kiss, and the longer he stayed the better you liked it. But that chair has been vacant now for some time. The furniture dealer would not give you fifty cents for it, but it is a throne of influence in your domestic circle. I saw in the French palace, and in the throne room, the chair that Napoleon used to occupy. It was a beautiful chair, but the most significant part of it was the letter "N" embroidered into the back of the chair in purple and gold. And your father's old chair sits in the throne room of your heart, and your affections have embroidered into the back of that chair in purple and gold the letter "F." Have all the prayers of that old chair been answered? Have all the counsels of that old chair been practiced? Speak out! old armchair. History tells us of an old man whose three sons were victors in the Olympic games, and when they came back, these three sons, with their garlands, put them on the father's brow, and the old man was so rejoiced at the victories of his three children that he fell dead in their arms. And are you, oh man, going to bring a wreath of joy and Christian usefulness and put it on your father's brow, or on the vacant chair, or on the memory of the one departed? Speak out! old armchair. With reference to your father, the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go a little further on in your house, and I find the mother's chair. It is very apt to be a rocking-chair She had so many cares and troubles to soothe that it must have rockers. I remember it well. It was an old chair, and the rockers were almost worn out, for I was the youngest, and the chair had rocked the whole family. It made a creaking noise as it moved; but there was music in the sound. It was just high enough to allow us children to put our heads into her lap. That was the bank where we deposited all our hurts and worries. Ah! what a chair that was. It was different from the father's chair; it was entirely different. You ask me how? I cannot tell; but we all felt it was different. Perhaps there was about this chair more gentleness, more tenderness, more grief when we had done wrong. When we were wayward, father scolded, but mother cried. It was a very wakeful chair. In the sick days of children, other chairs could not keep awake: that chair always kept awake—kept easily awake. That chair knew all the old lullabies and all those wordless songs which mothers sing to their sick children—songs in which all pity, and compassion, and sympathetic influences are combined. That old chair has stopped rocking for a good many years. It may be set up in the loft or the garret, but it holds a queenly power yet. When at midnight you went into that grog-shop to get the intoxicating draught, did you not hear a voice that said: "My son, why go in there?" And louder than the boisterous encore of the place of sinful amusement, a voice saying, "My son, what do you do here?" And when you went into the house of abandonment, a voice saying, "What would your mother do if she knew you were here?" And you were provoked with yourself, and you charged yourself with superstition and fanaticism and your head got hot with your own thoughts, and you went home and you went to bed, and no sooner had you touched the bed than a voice said: "What! a prayerless pillow? Man! what is the matter?" This: You are too near your mother's rocking-chair.

"Oh, pshaw!" you say. "There's nothing in that; I'm five hundred miles off from where I was born; I'm three thousand miles off from from the church whose bell was the first music I ever heard." I cannot help that: you are too near your mother's rocking-chair. "Oh," you say, "there can't be anything in that; that chair has been vacant a great while." I cannot help that; it is all the mightier for that; it is omnipotent, that vacant mother's chair. It whispers; it speaks; it weeps; it carols; it mourns; it prays; it warns; it thunders. A young man went off and broke his mother's heart, and while he was away from home his mother died, and the telegraph brought the son, and he came into the room where she lay and looked upon her face, and he cried out: "Oh, mother! mother! what your life could not do your death shall effect. This moment I give my heart to God." And he kept his promise. Another victory for the vacant chair. With reference to your mother, the words of my text were fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I go on a little further, and I come to the invalid's chair, What! How long have you been sick? "O! I have been sick ten, twenty, thirty years." Is it possible? What a story of endurance. There are in many of the families of my congregation these invalids' chairs. The occupants of them think they are doing no good in the world; but that invalid's chair is the mighty pulpit from which they have been preaching, all these years, trust in God. The first time I preached here at Lakeside, Ohio, amid the throngs present, there was

MOTHER'S ROCKING CHAIR.

nothing that so much impressed me as the spectacle of just one face—the face of an invalid who was was wheeled in on her chair. I said to her afterwards: "Madam, how long have you been prostrated?" for she was lying flat in the chair. "O!" she replied: "I have been this way fifteen years." I said: "Do you suffer very much?" "O, yes," she said: "I suffer very much; I suffer all the time; part of the time I was blind. I always suffer." "Well," I said: "can you keep your courage up?" "O yes," she said: "I am happy, very happy indeed." Her face showed it. She looked the happiest of anyone on the ground.

O! what a means of grace to the world, these invalid chairs. On that field of human suffering the grace of God gets its victory. Edward Payson the invalid, and Richard Baxter the invalid, and Robert Hall the invalid, and the ten thousand of whom the world has never heard, but of whom all heaven is cognizant. The most conspicuous thing on earth for God's eye and the eye of angels to rest on, is not a throne of earthly power, but it is the invalid's chair. O! these men and women who are always suffering but never complaining—these victims of spinal disease, and neuralgic torture, and rheumatic excruciation will answer to the roll-call of the martyrs, and rise to the martyr's throne, and will wave the martyr's palm. But when one of these invalids' chairs becomes vacant, how suggestive it is! No more bolstering up of the weary head. No more changing from side to side to get an easy position. No more use of the bandage, and the cataplasm, and the prescription. That invalid's chair may be folded up, or taken apart, or set away, but it will never lose its queenly power; it will always preach of trust in God, and cheerful submission. Suffering all ended now. With respect to that invalid the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

I pass on, and I find one more vacant chair. It is a high chair. It is the child's chair. If that chair be occupied, I think it is the most potent chair in the house.

hold. All the chairs wait on it; all the chairs are turned toward it. It means more than David's chair at Saul's banquet. At any rate, it makes more racket. That is a strange house that can be dull with a child in it. How that child breaks up the hard worldliness of the place, and keeps you young to sixty, seventy, and eighty years of age! If you have no child of your own, adopt one; it will open heaven to your soul. It will pay its way. Its crowing in the morning will give the day a cheerful starting, and its glee at night will give the day a cheerful close. You do not like children? Then you had better stay out of heaven, for there are so many there they would fairly make you crazy! Only about five hundred millions of them! The old crusty Pharisees told the mothers to keep the children away from Christ. "You bother him," they said; "you trouble the Master." Trouble him! He has filled heaven with that kind of trouble.

A pioneer in California says that for the first year or two after his residence in Sierra Nevada county, there was not a single child in all the miles. But the Fourt the miners were gat they were celebratir oration, and poem, a band; and while th an infant's voice w heard crying, and all the miners w swarthy men beg homes on the East wives and childre hearts were thrilled wit as they heard the babe cry. But the music went on, and the child cried louder and louder, and the brass band played louder and louder, trying to drown out the in-

THE MINER AND THE BABY

fantile interruption, when a swarthy miner, the tears rolling down his face, got up and shook his fist, and said: "Stop that noisy band, and give the baby a chance." Oh! there was pathos in it, as well as good cheer in it. There is nothing to arouse, and melt, and subdue the soul like a child's voice. But when it goes away from you, the high chair becomes a higher chair, and there is desolation all about you. In three-fourths of the homes of this congregation there is a vacant high chair. Somehow you never get over it. There is no one to put to bed at night; no one to ask strange questions about God and heaven. Oh, what is the use of that high chair? It is to call you higher. What a drawing upward it is to have children in heaven! And then it is such a preventive against sin. If a father is going away into sin, he leaves his living children with their mother; but if a father is going away into sin, what is he going to do with his dead children floating about him, and hovering over his every wayward step. Oh, speak out, vacant high chair, and say: "Father, come back from sin; mother, come back from worldliness. I am watching you. I am waiting for you." With respect to your child, the words of my text have been fulfilled: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty."

My hearers, I have gathered up the voices of your departed friends and tried to intone them into one invitation upward. I set in array all the vacant chairs of your homes and of your social circle, and I bid them cry out this morning: "Time is short. Eternity is near. Take my Saviour. Be at peace with my God. Come up where I am. We lived together on earth, come let us live together in heaven." We answer that invitation. We come. Keep a seat for us, as Saul kept a seat for David, but that seat shall not be empty. And oh! when we are all through with this world, and we have shaken hands all around for the last time, and all our chairs in the home circle and in the outside world shall be vacant, may we be worshipping God in that place from which we shall go out no more for ever. I thank God there will be no vacant chairs in heaven. There we shall meet again and talk over our earthly heartbreaks. How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had power to weep, because the and dried up. Story little shoe only rn again, ess-

then, name down in the light. No no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful hea- en! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be. In the East they take a cage of birds and bring it to the tomb of the dead, and then they open the door of the cage, and the birds, flying out, sing. And I would to-day bring a cage of Christian consolations to the grave of your loved ones, and I would open the door and let them fill all the air with music.

Oh, how they bound in these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike in on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne of God—the circle ever widening—hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows flee away. Turn thou, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains."

A SPECIAL MESSAGE.

If inspiration, in the sense in which we use the word as to the writers of the Bible, has ceased, God still speaks to those whose spiritual ears are open to the "still small voice," An instance in point is narrated by Rev. William Scott, who has been preaching in Brisbane. He was preaching in a strange town on the parable of the Ten Virgins, and when he had said all he intended, he was urged by a then unaccountable impulse to add a few words. He felt he must—that he could not sit down till he had said it, although it had no particular connection with his previous remarks. And this is what he said: "If there is a poor soul here weary of life and worn with its strain, and sorry, I would say to such a one, God Almighty loves you." During the following week, he received a letter from the minister of the church telling him that a poor seamstress, on her way to drown herself, had been attracted to enter the place of worship, and had been so impressed by the sentence uttered by Mr. Scott, that, instead of going to the river, she went back to her room to pray for the first time in many years. In the same week she gave herself to the Saviour.

A JAILER'S DILEMMA.

The last New Jersey Legislature established a new system of dealing with criminals who have served part of their terms of imprisonment. The Board of Pardons was authorized to liberate them on parole, if the head-keeper signs a certificate that they are deserving of the extension of mercy. Under political influence the Board has consented to the release of several murderers and a number of other criminals, but has required the head-keeper to furnish certificates that they are fit and proper persons to be released from prison. The keeper declares that he has seen no evidence of a change of nature in the men while they have been under his charge, and he therefore refuses to sign the certificates. The result is that the men are still in prison though their Board. The ers

right spirit. (1. Cor.

A WONDERFUL MIRAGE.

Some citizens of Rochester, N. Y., witnessed a beautiful phenomenon a few days ago. The *Post-Express* of that city says that several persons who were on the tower of the Power building shortly before noon, were struck by the beauty of a strange scene visible over Lake Ontario. They sent for some friends who came and shared with them the pleasure of watching it. It was a mirage of unusual distinctness. The lake appeared to be less than half a mile distant, and St. Michael's Church which is a mile and a half away to the northeast, seemed to be less than a quarter of a mile off. The lake was apparently only a few hundred yards from the church, and beyond the lake the shore of Canada appeared plainly in view. Along the shore a railway train, composed of sand-cars, was seen moving near a sand bank. The top of the bank was crowned with green trees, which stood out clearly and distinctly. The mirage extended from directly north to the eastward, and was visible for over an hour. The spectators were not deceived as to the character of the scene they witnessed. They were aware that it was unsubstantial but they knew that it was a reflection of another scene actually existing, but far away. It is so with the objects of the Christian's faith. He is often taunted with believing in shadows but he walks by faith, not by sight, and is sure that he will come to "a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." (Hebrews 11: 10.)

A BABY AMONG BEARS.

Among the visitors to Lincoln Park, Chicago, last week were a gentleman from Minneapolis and his wife and three-year-old daughter. They were much interested in the animals caged there and especially in the bears which are kept in a pit fifteen feet deep. The child had some cakes which she threw to the bears and was much amused at their adroitness in catching them in their open mouths. Her father was holding her over the pit that she might better see the antics of the lumbering beasts, when she gave a little jump in her delight at seeing one of them fall over backward in a vain attempt to catch a cake. It loosened her father's hold and she fell down among them. The sight of his golden-haired darling among the bears stupefied the father for a moment, but only for a moment. He put his hand on the parapet and vaulted over into the pit after her. She had fallen on the back of one of the shaggy monsters and rolled off unhurt. He snatched her from under the nose of a big bear who was examining her and called aloud for help. One of the men lowered a pole with a hook on the end and this being made fast in the child's clothing she was drawn up while the father waited, unharmed of the bears, until a ladder was brought by which he made the ascent. He is never likely to expose his child to precisely that kind of peril again. He knows now that he is not strong enough to hold her in such a position. It will be well, too, if it renders him careful not to expose her to moral and spiritual perils in the world and, distrusting his power to keep her, commits her to the care of him who loses none who are given to him. (John 17: 12.)

THE VALUE OF A SPECK.

An error in the accounts of a Pennsylvania firm was traced to a curious cause recently. The Philadelphia *Record* says that a firm engaged in the iron business struck their annual balance a few days ago. The result showed a large profit on the year's trading. But when counts were checked over afterward, a was discovered. The clerks again and again, but the vari-

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made it look like

been so added in the account. The

therefore poorer by the value of three thousand pounds of iron than had at first appeared. For so much had that worthless fly-speck counted in their estimate of the worth of their property. The shrinkage involved by the discovery was small compared with the wealth of the firm. The day is coming, however, for them and for every man when the shrinkage will extend to all the figures by which worldly wealth is now represented. The one supreme question will be, whether Christ has been won and all other gains will be counted as of no more value than the speck on that firm's balance sheet. (Phil. 3: 8).

A WEIRD PERFORMANCE.

A number of well-known musical people and newspaper men met in one of the parlors of the Brunswick Hotel, New York, last week in response to invitations to a musical reception. Two upright pianos were in sight but when the hour arrived at which the musical programme had been scheduled to begin, no performers had put in an appearance. At length the gentleman who acted as host pressed an electric button, and on the instant there came from one of the instruments the notes of the march from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," The ivory keys of the piano worked up and down as they do when a musician presses them. It was as if an invisible hand were working the keys, and the effect was weird and uncanny. But there was nothing uncanny about the performance. Within the pianos had been placed machines which worked by electricity, and by means of springs and metallic points, attached to the keys, produced the music. A heavy strip of paper perforated with holes and slots passing beneath the keys, regulated the notes. The invention belongs to an automatic piano company. It is another and somewhat unexpected development of the tendency of our time to substitute machinery for the living being. The same tendency is unhappily affecting some of our churches, which are becoming mechanical, individual members standing aloof and leaving the work to be done for them by paid choirs and societies. They forget that "God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." (John 4: 24.)

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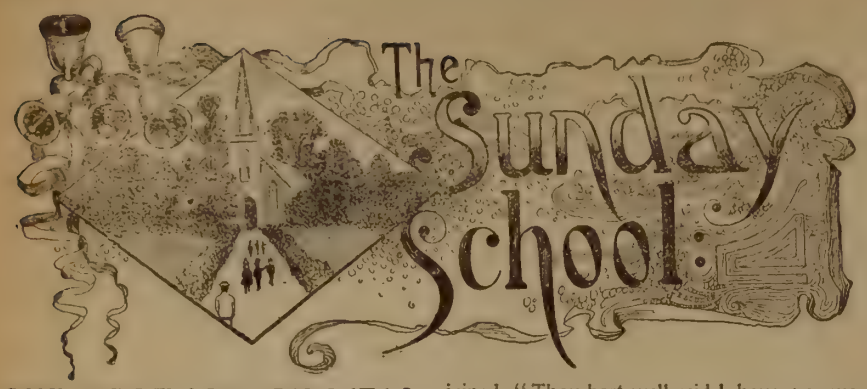


CHRIST AT JACOB'S WELL

S. S. Lesson for August 2nd, By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 4 : 5-26. Golden Text, Rev. 22 : 41.

JESUS was on a journey from Judæa into Galilee, "and he must needs pass through Samaria." There were other routes, but by the law which governed the life of Jesus, "I do always those things which please him" (John 8 : 29), no other was possible to him; His Father chose his way. Coming near to the city of Sychar, he remained outside the city by Jacob's well, while his disciples went into the city to purchase provisions. Solitude was never unwelcome to the Master, and just in measure as we come to know him we learn to prize the opportunities which God gives us, of being alone. Jesus was "wearied with his journey," another reason why he should welcome solitude: but he was interrupted. "There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water."

The Heathenish Idea

that things can happen by chance could never have entered the mind of Jesus. A single hair of the head, a solitary sparrow, had their place in the ordering of his Father. Instinctively and immediately he traced his Father's hand in all which happened, and knew that he had permitted this woman to come just then to the well. And he who never gave utterance to an unprepared word introduced himself by a single request, calculated to disarm anything like opposition, "Give me to drink." His keen eye had read, before he addressed her, all the depth of unrest and dissatisfaction which fermented in that unhappy soul; and his own fatigue found rest in the uncalled for love which sought to win this unpromising subject to God and purity. He was not staggered by the retort, "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" In his next word to the Samaritan woman, there is not a trace of wounded feeling, no self-pity, no sense of being hardly used. He forgot himself that he might win her. "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is which saith to thee, give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water." It is little that any of us can give him; he has ever more to give us than we to give him.

The woman's conceptions were necessarily limited to the things of time and sense, she noticed that Jesus had nothing to drink with, and sought to discover his credentials and antecedents. Who was he? Was he greater than "our father Jacob?" But one point was won, the woman's attention was gained, she was face to face, though she knew it not, with God's Messiah, "The Saviour of the world," and he patiently set himself to teach her. "Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water which I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water which I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life."

Living Water, Everlasting Life!

These things were entirely beyond this woman's horizon. These were elements of eternity in the gift of God; she was getting out of her depth, she found herself in the presence of her superior; all was real and trustworthy in that face, in that presence in which she stood. She now, in her turn, makes a request, and so commits herself. "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come all the way hither to draw." (R. V.) She knew not what she asked, but she wanted something. God can deal with a hungry soul; it is the rich he sends empty away. (Luke 2 : 53.) But he must make his own terms: if he is to answer prayer, wrong things must be set right. "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." His finger was upon the sore; with a prophet-eye, he had read her very heart, and knew the plague-spot in her life. She only replied, "Thou hast well said I have no husband; for thou hast had five husbands and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband, this hast thou said truly," instead of defending herself or excusing herself she instantly surrendered and said, "Sir, I perceive that thou art

A Prophet."

Yes; it was indeed a Prophet to whom she spoke; and as a Prophet, Jesus meets every soul who comes to him for living water. "The Lord revealeth his secret to his servants the prophets." (Amos 3: 7.) Ananias and Sapphira could not deceive Peter (Acts 5: 1-11), and still less could this woman of Samaria deceive Jesus. It was a moment of crisis; she did not attempt to escape from the eye which read her through and through; and though much had to be done, she was still in the place of the listener and the recipient.

The natural man has always resources of his own which he falls back upon, the Samaritan woman was not behindhand in this. Sinful woman as she was, she had her ideas about religion with a strong party bias; "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem men ought to worship." The woman was a lost woman, but she could be a sectarian for all that. Many persons of impure life often imagine that their zeal for an external church is zeal for God. Jesus swept away the ground from under her feet: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him."

The Jews had a certain superiority over the Samaritans, they knew what they worshipped. But Jews and Samaritans alike were resting in the form, and God was seeking after worshippers who would worship him in spirit and in truth. In many a congregation, in many a quiet chamber, God is seeking for the rare sight—a worshipper in spirit and in truth! one who, pressing through denominations and prejudices and emotions, seeks and finds contact with the living God! "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Worship in the spirit is a divine thing, heaven-begotten, it is not dependent on what we feel, but on what we receive of God, it is creature bowing down before, submitting to, yielding himself up to his Creator, and it is that Creator coming down to, accepting quickening filling, dwelling in his creature. It is

In "The Inner Man,"

"the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible," (1. Pet. 3: 3), strengthened with might by the Holy Ghost, that God can dwell, (Eph. 3: 16-19.) The woman of Samaria knew nothing of this; her religion consisted of an earnest partizanship for the Samaritan sect which fed all the carnal combativeness of her nature, and which in no way brought her near to God or awakened her consciousness to her life of sin!

But something in the Stranger brought to her mind the hope of Israel, the coming Messiah, and this sinful, impure woman had a conception of the Messiah which was far more just, far nearer the truth than the Galileans who wanted to make Jesus a king, or the mother of Zebedee's children (Matt. 20: 20, 21), who sought political power and government offices for her sons in a kingdom to be established in this world, "I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ; when he is come, he will tell us all things." There was a yearning after something real and true and holy in that sinful heart, and the Master saw it. "He shall tell us all things" revealed a hunger after heavenly truth, after the real and tangible in the things of God; there was hunger in that soul, and under all the sin, all the rudeness and unwomanliness, the eye of her in parables, he revealed himself in the most unmistakable way; "I that speak unto thee am he." And without a doubt and without a fear, this unpromising subject yielded her allegiance to her Lord, "left her waterpot, went her way into the city," and forthwith became a witness, a missionary, a preacher of her newly found Messiah!

LESSON POINTS

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THERE cometh a woman of Samaria. These women of Samaria are always coming. They confront us everywhere. Some real or imaginary difference of condition or circumstances acts as a barrier and hence we *have no dealings with them.* We rather avoid them for fear that some untoward circumstances may accidentally conspire to penetrate this barrier and actually compel us to throw off this artificial reserve, and then our hearts might betray us into a brotherly interest. Poor mortals! How we try to delude ourselves that through the agency of some Home Missionary or Steward's Poor Fund, we are doing our whole duty, while we ineffectually endeavor to repress the irrepressible monitions of an accusing conscience. Come, let us confess the truth and acknowledge that we do not feel at ease concerning our manner of treating these Samaritans and let us take the matter to Jesus and ask him to give us gentleness, tenderness, love and sympathy in place of stubbornness and pride.

"Edith Willis," said Ella, as the two girls were walking leisurely home from school, one pleasant day in early Autumn, "what will the girls say, when they hear that you have invited Maggie Kelly to your party?"

Edith was silent for a moment and then raising her soft blue eyes to those of her companion, she replied:

"Ella, when Mamma told me to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said, who thought Maggie quite beneath them, because she was poor and wore some dresses that others had discarded; and she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took down her Bible and read to me these words, 'And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

How many are making the mistake of their lives in worshipping God not in spirit and in truth, but from selfish motives! And yet many imagine that somehow or other God will be deceived and reward them according to their outward manifestations, rather than according to the motives of the heart.

An old Presbyterian minister was preaching before a number of his fellow ministers. He described the last great day of account, the Judgment Day, when every one would be judged, not only by his deeds, but by his motives. He represented the Judge asking "What did you preach for?"

"I preached, Lord," said one, "that I might get a good living that was left me by my father, which, if I had not entered the ministry, would have been wholly lost to me and my family."

Christ addresses him: "Stand by, thou hast thy reward."

The question is put to another: "What did you preach for?"

"Lord, I was regarded as a learned man, and I preached to keep up my reputation as an excellent orator and an ingenious preacher."

"Stand by, thou hast thy reward."

The judge puts the question to a third: "What did you preach for?"

"Lord," said he, "I neither aimed at the great things of the world, though I was thankful for the conveniences of life which thou gavest me, nor did I preach that I might gain the character of a wit or of a scholar, but I preached in compassion to souls and to please and honor thee; my design, Lord, in preaching, was that I might win souls to thy blessed majesty."

The Judge called out: "Room, men; room angels. Let this man come and sit with me on my throne; he has owned and honored me on earth, and I will own and honor him throughout all the ages in eternity."

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely. Richard Baxter said: "I thank God for the word 'whosoever.' If God had said there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner, I would have thought he meant some other Richard Baxter, but when he says whosoever, I know that includes me,

THE DOCTOR'S QUEST.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Aug. 2. Rev. 22: 17, "Whosoever will let him take the Water of Life freely."

STANDING before a large glass jar and eagerly examining its contents, were two men whose faces wore the thoughtful look of hard students. The room was lined on one side with books in dwarf book-cases, while on the other was a long table covered with chemical appliances and more glass jars like the one at which the two men were intently gazing. It was a room built by itself in a garden apart from the house which could be seen beyond the trees from the windows. It was the laboratory of Dr. Percival, a young physician whose studies had been continued after he commenced practice in his native town.

"What is your aim in all these experiments, Percival?" asked the physician's friend, turning away from the bottle and seating himself on the edge of the table. He was Dr. Fielding, the clergyman of the parish and the only man in the town who was admitted to the laboratory. "What is it you are trying to discover?"

"I am almost ashamed to tell you, Fielding," Dr. Percival replied. "I would not tell you if you were a physician or a lawyer, lest you should think me demented, and send me to an asylum. Being a clergyman, you are harmless and I will trust you. I have found in my practice the truth of a theory urged by a brilliant genius I met in Germany. It is, that a special constitution may recover health, whatever may be the disease by which it is assailed, if a special remedy be administered. Better than fighting the disease is to discover what is the general need of the patient and to supply that need. Nature will attend to the disease herself, if she obtains what she requires to recruit her energies. She needs different help with different men, but always the same help with the same man."

"Yes," said the clergyman, "I have heard of that theory, but I thought it was exploded."

"It is rejected by the leaders of the profession, but I am convinced there is a basis of truth in it. Now for the next step. Suppose that there is some remedy which would apply to all the various cases. May not all these special remedies which suit special cases have a common principle? Van Helmont sought it in water, believing that it contained the vital principle. What if that secret can be discovered? There is immortal fame for the discoverer, and indefinite prolongation of life to his fellow-men."

"Pshaw! the old dream of the elixir of life. I am surprised at a man of your intelligence spending your time on such a will-of-the-wisp."

"I knew you would be, but I must go on. It will be discovered yet."

"Never," said the clergyman, solemnly. "You always repulse my efforts, Percival, but I would fain point you to what is no chimera, but a glorious reality, and the very thing you seek—the water of life. Christ offered it to all who came to him and the promise still holds good. Whosoever will may take of it freely."

"Now *you* are talking nonsense. You are talking of life beyond the grave. That, there may, or may not be. I know not and care not. What I am seeking is life here. Endless life! Life such as we enjoy on a beautiful morning like this, which we are wasting in-doors. Come, let us take a brisk walk and enjoy it, while we may. Pity that the opportunity is so short."

The two men went out together, both sad and depressed until the exhilarating morning air and exercise quickened their pulses and raised their spirits. It was the last walk they had together, for the clergyman was summoned away later in the day to the death-bed of his brother who was in Europe. He consented to take up the work his brother's death had left unfinished and he did not return to America for many years. The next time that he and Dr. Percival, met was in an old University town on the other side of the Atlantic. Then the clergyman was shocked at his friend's changed appearance.

"I have seen much trouble," Dr. Percival said. "I am very poor; I am despised as an empiric; money and fame are both gone. Worse than that, death has robbed me of my dear wife and my precious child. I have no one left now of all my loved ones. Candidly, Fielding, I scarcely care to live. If I had within my power that water of life I sought so ardently, I would not take it. I have come to ask you to tell me of that other water of life you used to talk of and how I may obtain it. All my hope is fixed on that. Can I get it?"

"Whosoever will," said the clergyman,

STAGES IN THE ADVENT.

Christ to Come first in the Air to Summon his Waiting People and Afterward to the Earth to Punish his Enemies.

BY HENRY MADISON.

IN our Lord's advent there will be three stages or periods of time as this stupendous work of his will cover an interval of one thousand years or more. In the first stage of the advent he comes to claim his bride, the first-fruits as they are sometimes called. He comes to take her in to the marriage supper of the Lamb, for the Apostle says in Rev. 19 : 6-9: "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to him; for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready, and to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white: for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."

This First Appearing

of the Lord will be invisible to the unbelieving portion of the world, even as the Transfiguration on the Mount was (Matt. 17 : 1, 2). It will also be instantaneous; this we learn from what he said unto his disciples in Matt. 24 : "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. Then shall two be in the field: the one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding at the mill: the one shall be taken and the other left. Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come?" The five wise virgins or first-fruits represent the bride; they and they only, go into the marriage, for they are watching, they are ready, as it is written in Matt. 25 : 10, "And while they (the five foolish virgins) went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily, I say unto you, I know you not." They could not perish, although they were foolish ones, but they must be punished, so they were shut out from the earlier entrance into the marriage supper of the Lamb, and had to pass through the great tribulation and be murdered by the beast.

Yes, we must watch and pray, if we want to escape the great tribulation: for only those who are ready will be allowed to go into the marriage supper of the Lamb. Therefore, Jesus said unto his disciples in Mark 13 : 37, when referring to this great tribulation, "What I say unto you, I say unto all Watch." This tribulation will be a fearful one, for Jesus says in Matt. 24 : 21, 22, "Then shall be great tribulation such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's (the Jew's) sake, those days shall be shortened."

In Zechariah 13 : 8, 9 we learn that two-thirds of the Jews will perish during

The Great Tribulation,

and if the time (it will last three and one-half years) was not shortened there will be no flesh saved. I read in Zechariah 13, "And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein. And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined."

It will indeed be Jacob's day of trouble for the devil will energize the beast, who will be a man, and he will make war with the saints (the Jews) and try to exterminate them! This beast as he is called, is Antichrist, and Satan will enable him to work miracles and do great wonders, so that he may deceive many, and induce them to worship him as God. "And he had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed. And he causes all both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or on their foreheads; and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name."

This is Jacob's day of trouble, this is their punishment for rejecting Christ when he came in the flesh. He said unto them when he was on this earth, 'I (Christ), am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him ye will receive" (John 5 : 43). They would not receive Jesus when he came, but they will receive Antichrist when he comes. And he will make a convenant of seven years with them as it is written in Daniel 9 : 27. "And he (the beast) shall confirm the covenant with many for one week (a prophetic week means seven years); and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even unto the consummation." (That is to say he will cause his image to be put into the holy place and compel them to worship the image under penalty of death) until Christ comes and casts him and the false prophet into the lake of fire.

There will be thousands of others destroyed by the beast as well as the Jews for I read in Revelation 13 : 7, "And power was given him over all kindreds and tongues and nations." The firstfruits, all those who are watching, will escape this great tribulation, but all careless Christians will have to go through it, therefore Jesus says, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, watch." (Mark 13 : 37). "Watch ye therefore and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man" (Luke 21 : 36).

Second Stage.

We now come to the end of the great tribulation when" Christ shall appear with ten thousand of his saints to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them, of all their ungodly deeds, which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against him," (Jude 14, 15.)

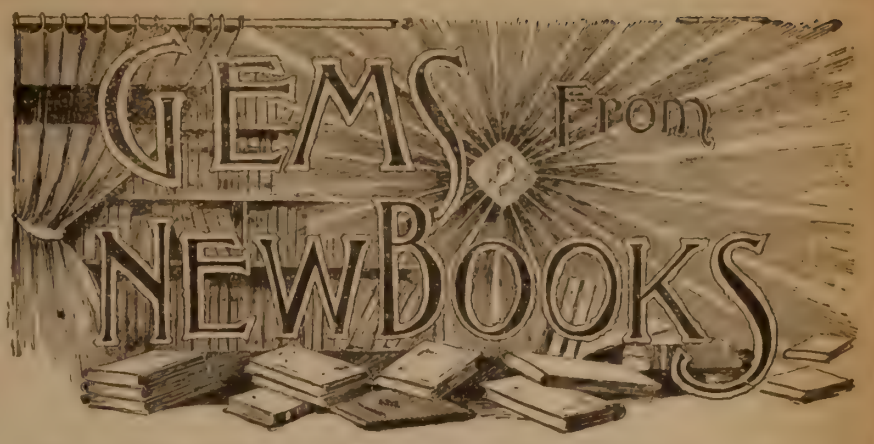
This coming of the Lord is very different to the first stage in his Advent, for that was invisible and instantaneous. It was as sudden and quick as the lightning, whereas the second stage of the Advent will be visible to the whole universe, "For then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven." "And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. And the remnant were slain with the sword of him that sat upon the horse, which sword proceeded out of his mouth, and all the fowls were filled with their flesh."

This is the day of the Lord, that dreadful day, "when he shall come and smite the nations: and rule them with a rod of iron." This is the day, when "he will tread the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." "And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men and every bondman, and every freeman, will hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains: and say to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand." (Rev. 6: 15-17).

In Judea only one-third of the Jews will be able to stand before the Son of Man when he cometh to judge the nations, and to tread the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. This one-third will have had to pass through the great tribulation and have been refined in the furnace as silver is refined, for the fulness of the Gentiles will have come in, and their day of grace will have passed away for ever.

If you will not accept salvation now during your day of grace before the Lord comes to destroy the beast and to set up his kingdom in Palestine, there will be no way of escape for you, for you will be given up to a fearful delusion so that you will believe a lie, and you will fall down and worship the beast in order to save your miserable lives: for it is written in Rev. 14: 9-11, "And the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation."

This day is spoken of in Scripture, as Jacob's day of trouble, and after it is over the kingdom of heaven is established upon earth. This kingdom will be an earthly one, and it is called the kingdom of heaven for Jesus will be the king and he will reign in Jerusalem, for is it not written in Zech. 14: 3-4, "Then shall the Lord go forth and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives which is before Jerusalem on the east, and the Mount of Olives shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west."



FALL OF THE EMPIRE.

Napoleon in Exile.*

ON the whole, the time which Napoleon passed at Elba was not unhappy. After so many emotions he needed some repose. A delightful climate, the sea-views, the language of the people, which was his mother tongue, the battalions of the Old Guard, the fanatical devotion of his attendants, who were ready to shed the last drop of their blood for him—all this was not without charm. Napoleon regarded himself as spending the season at Elba, so to say, and had a presentiment that some day or other he would leave it. Moreover he experienced a delicious pleasure in watching the mistakes the Bourbons were making; and to read the French journals gave him infinite joy. It was all very well for him to say, as he sometimes did, that as a philosopher weaned from human grandeur, he wished to live hereafter like a justice of the peace in an English shire. At bottom he was tired neither of war nor glory; and the ambitious sovereign of the Island of Elba, in his pretended retreat, resembled neither Diolectian in the gardens of Salono, nor Charles V. in the convent of St. Just.

Napoleon's Return.

On Saturday, February 25, 1815, the Island of Elba presented its customary aspect. No one had as yet the least notion of the resolution Napoleon was about to take. Nothing is talked of at Porto Ferajo but the ball to be given in the evening by the beautiful princess Pauline Borghese, the Emperor's sister. This fete is very brilliant. All the officers are present as well as the notabilities of the Island and some visiting foreigners. Napoleon is very gay; his easy and genial conversation betrays no preoccupation. He stays until a late hour and then takes Generals Bertrand and Drouot home with him to tell them his news. He says: "We will start to-morrow." Bertrand and Drouot kept the secret faithfully. The Emperor held his levee as usual the next morning and afterward was present at the parade and at church. Up to four in the afternoon the troops knew nothing. The roll of the drums summoned them to dinner; and when that was over they were ordered to repair to the wharf with their arms and baggage. At five the signal for embarkation was given, and some four hundred of the Guard with their officers went on board the brig *Inconstant*, which carried twenty-six guns. The remainder of the troops amounting to about seven hundred embarked on the schooner *Caroline* and fiive other small vessels. The wharf was full of people. The inhabitants bade an affectionate adieu to the soldiers whom they esteemed and loved. Napoleon's mother and the Princess Pauline were at the chateau windows. Napoleon appeared and was cheered, his countenance meanwhile beaming with joy and confidence. He went on board the *Inconstant* and the flotilla got under sail with a south wind blowing. Night fell; by daylight they hope to have rounded Capraja and to be beyond the French and English cruisers which operate from that side.

Napoleon Recognized.

The solemn moment is approaching. As yet the Emperor had met no troops to bar his passage. The white flag and the tricolor have not found themselves face to face. Not a soldier belonging to the armies of Louis XVIII. has joined the little phalanx from the Island of Elba. No one can assure the Emperor that they will not fire on him. Even among the Bonapartists there are a good many officers who are unwilling to violate the oath so recently taken to the King. A terrible conflict goes on in their hearts between the memory of past glories and the sentiment of present discipline. If an officer orders a volley, will the soldiers obey? The whole question is there. Napoleon, daring as he is, and accustomed to risk all for all, has never, in his whole adventurous career, engaged in a more doubtful game. A little longer, and what will he be? A triumphant Cæsar, saluted by his legionaries, or a corpse riddled with balls?

About one o'clock in the afternoon some Polish lancers, who had been sent ahead to see how the land lay, try to open a parley with the battalion of the 5th Line. Commandant Lessard assures them that if they renew the attempt he will fire on them.

Napoleon draws near. He descends from his horse. At the sides of the road mute and attentive peasants watch the scene about to take place. The two battalions are not more than a pistol-shot apart. The silence is absolute: profound emotion almost stops the breath.

Napoleon goes forward all alone. His legendary profile defines itself against the sky. "Present arms!" commands the head of the royal battalion. The guns are revelled at the man of Austerlitz, who, impassible, continues slowly to advance. Arrived in front of the battalion, he raises his hand to his cap and salutes; then, in a strong voice:

"Soldiers of the 5th," he cries, do you recognize me?"

"Yes, yes," replies some one.

Then he adds: "Soldiers, behold your general: behold your Emperor. Let any one who wishes to kill him, fire!"

At these words the soldiers, instead of firing, throw themselves down on their knees. They kiss Napoleon's hands; they call him father; they utter frenzied acclamations. Their shakos wave from the tips of their sabres and bayonets. "Everything is over," said Napoleon to Bertrand and Drouot. "In ten days we shall be at the Tuileries."

Before Waterloo.

Napoleon turning back on the English army at Quatre-Bras, Wellington evacuated the position and retired to Mont-Saint-Jean, near Waterloo. The forest of Toignes extends behind Mont-Saint-Jean. The English general drew up against it. The hilly character of the ground, which nature has fortified, permitted him to maintain a formidable defence. The troops on both sides were worn out with fatigue. The temperature betokened a storm, and the air was heavy, with thirty degrees of heat. In the afternoon of June 17th., the sky, which had been covered by thick clouds, discharged them in torrents of water. At the end of a few minutes the whole region was changed into a hopeless marsh. The rain kept on all day, all night, all the next morning. A solemn and terrible night was that of June 17-18, which has been called "The Vigil of Waterloo." The two armies face each other in that feverish expectation which precedes decisive battles. No shelter against the drenching rain. They sink fast in mud above their knees. No moon, no stars. The darkness is profound, impenetrable. The men lose themselves in quickset hedges. They stumble against each other and fall head over heels down ravines. Curses mingle with the roaring of the wind. The French army believed itself already betrayed.

What must be passing in Napoleon's heart? What is he going to risk, this great gamester, on his final throw? More than his life; his crown and his liberty: more than his crown and his liberty; the fortune of France.

* From *Marie Louise, the Island of Elba and the Hundred Days.* By Imbert de Saint Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. This volume which belongs to the charming series of works on the famoas women of the French Court is of surpassing interest, not so much on account of the weak woman whose name it bears, as because of the light it sheds on the last days Napoleon spent on European soil. His emotions before the battle of Waterloo, the description of the battle itself, and the struggle he fought to hold his position on the throne after his defeat are all described with a graphic and dramatic pen. Pp. 283; Price $1.25. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

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NEGLECT OF OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

THE writer of the Canticles mourns, "They have made me the keeper of vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept." So there are Christians now who spend their chief time in looking after others while their own vineyard goes to waste. They are raising very fine grapes on the other side of the fence, but the property does not belong to them nor the grapes. We know Christians who are lean as skeletons in religious experience, who are running hither and thither looking after Sunday Schools, calling conventions, attending meetings. They are in everlasting sweat about other people, but have no anxiety about themselves. They cut the wool off somebody else's sheep, and spin it on somebody else's wheel, and weave it in somebody else's loom for somebody else's back. Meanwhile their own souls are shivering to death. So there are women busy collecting money for benevolent institutions and managing public affairs, while their own children go with faces unwashed and stockings undarned, and minds uneducated, and souls unsaved. Busy everywhere but in their own vineyard.

Now, the first thing for one to do is, to take care of his or her own heart. How was it that the old saints, with less opportunity than we have, were better men? They had more time for contemplation. Christians now seldom sit down to think. It is drive, and push, and pull. Their only quiet time is when they are on an express train going at thirty-five miles an hour, watch in hand, wondering why they don't go forty. Just before communion they feel called upon for especial self-examination, and so take the ten minutes in which they are walking to church to think what miserable offenders they have been. Now you have no right to give so much time to your neighbors' crops that you let your own suffer. Besides, if our own piety be thin, our work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years. One-half the Christian effort of to-day is mere gab. The world sees straight through it, while some man who says but little feels much, gets hold of the heart of an audience, and rouses, and melts, and subdues, and agonizes it at will. Christians seeking no advancement in personal piety are often very demonstrative, as steamboats at the wharf blowing off steam are so noisy you cannot hear yourself speak. A man of deep religious experiences is always effective. We care not how poor his voice is or how uncomely his counten-

ance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes. By taking good care of our vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard. If you cannot raise grapes in your garden, you cannot raise them in mine.

CORRECT SPEECH.

IT is amazing how many of the best Christian laymen are so deficient in grammatical accuracy as to excite the mirthfulness of the young people. We speak not for ourselves. We sometimes positively enjoy the brawny smashing of the English language by some old Christian man who never saw a grammar in all his life, but whose heart is so full of holiness that he can sway a religious meeting and carry everything before him. But we consider it a positive shame, when a grammar will cost only fifty cents, and one hour's study a day for one year would make an ordinary mind capable of understanding the structure of our English language, that so many of our young men and middle-aged men go blundering through their prayers and exhortations, thus depleting their influence for good by one-half. The little children of this day are having so many opportunities of perfecting themselves in the study of grammar, that when in our religious assemblages they hear men distorting and outraging the language at every step, putting "them" for "those," and "is" for "are," and "I seen" for "I saw," and "I done it" for "I did it." and "they was," for "they were," the young people turn their heads away and say within themselves: "That man cannot teach me anything, for I know more than he does now." It would be well for ministers of the Gospel to purchase fifty or a hundred English grammars and distribute them among those who take part in religious service. If the pastor has the confidence of the people they would gladly take his suggestion. Laymen go on from year to year with this little "dead fly in the ointment" of their public services, because the fly has never been pointed out to them.

HEALTHFUL RECREATIONS.

WE might make our homes a hundredfold more attractive than they are. You will never keep your boy away from outside dissipation until you make your domestic circle brighter than any other place he can find. Do not sit glum and with half-condemnatory look amid the sportfulness of your children. You were young once yourself. Let your children be young while they may.

Do not put on a sort of supernatural gravity, as though you never liked sportfulness. You liked it just as much as your children do. Some of you were full of mischief you have never indicated to your children or your grandchildren, and you never got up in the morning until you were pulled out of bed! Do not stand before your children pretending to be specimens of immaculate goodness. Do not, because your eyesight is dim and your ankles stiff, frown upon the sportfulness which shows itself in the first lustre of the eye and in the bounding foot of robust health. Do not sit with the rheumatism wondering how the children can go on so. Thank God that they are so light of spirit, that their laughter is so free, that their spirits are so radiant. Trouble comes soon enough to them. Dark days will come soon enough to them, and heart-breaks and desolation and bereavement will come soon enough. Do not try to forestall it. Do not try to anticipate it. When the clouds come on the sky it is time enough to get out the reef-tackle.

Introduce into your parlors those innocent games which are the invention of our own day, and those that have come down from other days: chess and charades and battledore and tableaux and calisthenics and scores of others that young people can suggest and those that are suggested to you, many of them having on them not one taint of iniquity. And then you will want to take your family out with you sometimes. Beware, O man, if you never take your family with you to those places where you go for amusement. It is always a good sign when I see families going together to places of amusement.

I go further and commend to you field-sports. I hail the croquet ground, and the sportman's gun and the fisherman's rod, and archery and lawn tennis, and scores of other amusements belonging to the fields. The fact is, there is something so unhealthy in city life that when the taker of the census says there are in the city four hundred thousand people, there are only two hundred thousand, since it generally takes about two men to amount to one man, there is something so unnerving, so exhausting in our metropolitan life. We want more fresh air, more sunshine.

MODERN JONAHS.

UNBELIEVERS have often told us that the story of the prophet swallowed by a great fish was an absurdity. They say that so long in the stomach of the monster, the minister would have been digested. We have no difficulty in this matter. Jonah was a most unwilling guest of the whale. He wanted to get out. However much he may have liked fish, he did not want it three times a day and all the time. So he kept up a fidget, and a struggle, and a turning-over, and he gave the whale no time to assimilate him. The man knew that if he was ever to get out he must be in perpetual motion. We know men that are so lethargic they would have given the matter up, and lain down so quietly that in a few hours they would have gone into flukes and fish-bone, blow-holes and blubber. Now we see men all around us who have been swallowed by monstrous misfortunes. Some of them sit down on a piece of whale-bone and give up. They say: "No use! I will never get back my money, or restore my good name, or recover my health." They float out to sea, and are never again heard of. Others, the moment they go down the throat of some great trouble, begin to plan for egress. They make rapid estimate of the length of the vertebrate, and come to the conclusion how far they are in. They dig up enough spermaceti out of the darkness to make a light, and keep turning this way and that, till the first you know they are out. Determination to get well has much to do with recovered invalidism. Firm will to defeat bankrupcy, decides financial deliverance. Never surrender to misfortune or discouragement. You can, if you are spry enough, make it as uncomfortable for the whale as the whale can make it uncomfortable for you. There will be some place where you can brace your foot against his ribs, and some long upper tooth around which you may take hold, and he will be as glad to get rid of you for a tenant, as you are to get rid of him for a landlord. There is a way out, if you are determined to find it. All our sympathies are with the plaintiff, in the suit of Jonah *versus* Leviathan.

LEARNED SCEPTICS.

AFTER all, Christianity cannot be a very weak and pusillanimous affair when so many of our strong rulers are not ashamed to advocate it. We are on the way to the time when kings shall be nursing fathers and queens nursing mothers to the church. We shall after a while have the best brain enlisted on our side, and the day will come when a man's sanity will be doubted if he questions the truthfulness of Christ's religion. We do not want sceptics any longer to pat us patronizingly on the back, saying, "Poor deluded souls! They mean well enough!" We do not want the fire-fly born in the swamp to lecture the full harvest-moon on the subject of optics. There are enough men of brain and official position on our side to make it respectable. Indeed, we suspect that if by *post mortem* examination the head of the learned sceptic was explored, it would be found that there is a soft spot somewhere in it, into which his egotism had soaked, leaving dampness and mold to gather. A man who, amid all the accumulated evidences of the ages, can doubt the existence of God, is mentally deficient somewhere. He may be supremely talented in other respects, but he is lacking in that department.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. Henry M. Bissell, the famous missionary, is dead. He was in his seventieth year and has been laboring in India for more than forty years. One of his sons is a missionary in the Sandwich Islands and his daughter is a missionary in India.

The Congregational institution known as Chicago Theological Seminary, reports a large accession of students. It has now one-hundred and sixty-seven on its books and its faculty numbers fourteen. Twelve years ago it had forty students and six professors.

Rev. John M. Macaulay, S. T. D., a well-known New York minister of the Reformed Church died on July 4, in his seventy-eighth year. The church of which he was pastor was the one which in 1632 built the first house of worship ever erected in New York City. Dr. Macaulay was pastor of it from 1838 to 1862. Subsequently he lived abroad for seven years and later he resided at Woodside, N. J., preaching for a small church there which has thriven under his care.

Mr. George W. Wheeler of the Central Union Mission, Washington, D. C., desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums sent him for the support of Mr. J. McLain Brown's work as a missionary in Tokyo, Japan, a sketch of which appeared in a recent number of this journal: Mrs. K. K. Centerville, $1; E. Lobdell, $1; Mrs. Libbie Townsend, $2; A. S. Stewart, $2; Mrs. Annie E. Wicks, $5; Elizabeth Hunter, $2; W. Thompson Tell, $3; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Close, $5; Japan Mission Circle, Morristown, N. J., $5.15; M. E. MacKay, $5.

The great International Congregational Council opened in London, July 14. On the previous day, the American delegates received an enthusiastic welcome at a public breakfast. Dr. Dale's opening address was on the Divine Life in Man. Business sessions have been held every day, and public meetings in the evening. Among the most prominent American speakers, are Dr. A. E. Dunning and Dr. N. Boynton, of Boston; Dr. Cyrus Northrop, of Minnesota; Dr. Gooch, of Chicago; Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, O.; Dr. J. C. McLean, of Oakland, Cal. and Prof. L. G. Stearns, of Bangor, Me.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist has had a most successful time of service at the Allen St. Memorial Church, New York, of which Rev. William Hamilton is pastor. During the three weeks of the services no less than one hundred and fifty persons were led to seek the Saviour. Mr. Cannon had the help of several students from Yale, Princeton and Wesleyan Colleges. The Emory Praying Band of Jersey City, rendered efficient service. On Sunday last Mr. Cannon conducted the evening service at Asbury M. E. Church in the absence of Dr. J. S. Stone.

Another edition of Dr. Josiah Strong's valuable work entitled *Our Country* has been issued. This is the one hundred and fortieth thousand that has been called for by the public. It is printed from new plates and contains a new chapter on Religion in the Public Schools. We are glad there is so large a demand for the book as it contains a mass of information which every pastor and Christian worker ought to have. Persons who belong to neither class would do well to read it, too, for it might induce them to enter a field which now, as in the Lord's time, is white to harvest and in which the laborers are few.

St. John's Guild, of New York, has issued its usual appeal for funds to carry on its beneficent work among the poor of the city. Already 30,000 tickets of admission to the Floating and Sea-side Hospitals, have been distributed this season among the Dispensaries and Hospitals and private physicians of the city, and many more could be used if funds were forthcoming. This Guild has been the means of saving the lives of many sick children and mothers in former years, and it hopes this year to extend its work still further. It deserves the hearty support of Christians of all denominations. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

The Ohio Convention—Fatal Storm—A Noble Missionary—Jewels for the Master—The Crops—Foreign and General Notes.

FROM a dozen states comes the news of disaster by storm during the week. In Bergen County, N. J., dwellings were struck and barns fired by thunderbolts. Along the Hudson River, railroad depots, cottages and farm-houses were damaged. In New Hampshire, Connecticut, Maine, Missouri, Iowa and Kansas, storms, accompanied by high gales, did great damage to the crops. In some sections, trees were uprooted, houses unroofed and live stock killed. John Dillard was instantly killed and his wife fatally injured at Sedalia, Kansas. A singular freak of the lightning was noted near Lewiston, Me., where a man named Webster had the soles of his shoes torn off, but escaped uninjured. A cyclone swept over West Superior, Wis., blowing down many buildings, among others a large structure in course of erection. Fifty men were in the building at the time, and five were killed outright and all the others more or less injured. The storm was preceded by a dead calm, which was followed by an outburst sudden and furious.

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The Indian Troubles.

EVER since the opening of Spring, there has been trouble among the restless Navajoes, of Arizona. They have raided the stock-ranches and warned the herders to leave. Their neighbors, the Moquis, encouraged by their example, a few weeks ago became so warlike that troops were sent to suppress them and the leaders were arrested and imprisoned at Fort Wingate. But the Navajoes are much stronger than the Moquis, and can put from 3,000 to 4,000 warriors in the field. They are well armed and have been demoralised by liquor which has been sold to the tribe in large quantities by traders and gold-hunters, the latter trying to gain permission to dig in the Carisso mountains, which are reported to be rich in gold deposits. The Navajoes are the most independent of all the tribes and, being themselves a race of cattlemen, they resent the settlement of stock-raisers in that part of the Indian country. The latest news is that they are determined to resist the arrest by government troops or the state authorities of any Indians concerned in the recent raids. All Indians arriving at government posts are being disarmed as further trouble is expected.

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A Noble Foreign Missionary.

LAST week THE CHRISTIAN HERALD told of the and conversion life-work of Tell Sono, a Japanese lady of high-caste family, who is about to start for her native land with the purpose of establishing mission schools in Tokio. To-day we give the portrait of another noble Japanese woman, Miss Koto House, who, since coming to the United States, has been converted to Christianity and naturalized as a citizen. Koto is the daughter of a Samurai or high official in the service of the first daimio of the Empire, and was born at Nagoya about twenty-two years ago. Her father was at one time a lord of five cities, but several years ago he lost his estates which had been in the family twelve hundred years. Miss Koto was adopted in childhood by an American, and brought to this country ten years ago, afterward returning to Japan, where she secured a large house in the suburbs of Tokio and opened a school for young girls. This school she has since maintained. She founded the first woman's club in Japan for providing the sick and poor with clothing. Since returning to this country, she has been more than ever active in schemes for the education and moral elevation of her countrywomen at home.

MISS KOTO HOUSE.

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Ohio's Midsummer Battle.

A long political fight has just closed in Ohio, ending in the renomination of Hon. James B. Campbell by the Democrats for Governor. There was little opposition in the Convention his rivals having apparently exhausted their strength. Should Gov. Campbell succeed in defeating Major McKinley, it is believed that he will then be in line as a Presidential possibility. The campaign will no doubt be one of unusual vigor and is regarded as national in aspect rather than local, since national issues depend upon the result. Governor Campbell, whose portrait is given in this column, was born in Middletown, Ohio, in 1843 and served during the war in the Union army. He was a member of the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL.

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Jefferson Davis' Remains.

THE widow of the late Jefferson Davis has sent a letter to the Committee of the Richmond Chamber of Commerce, in which she yields her husband's mortal remains to the care of Virginia, where, she declares, "they will rest among his friends who stood firm in defeat as they did in the day of the Confederate States' existence." She prefers Richmond as the place of interment. It is proposed to erect a mausoleum on the grounds of the Davis mansion, on Twelfth and Clay Streets, Richmond, in which the remains will be deposited.

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Pushing the World's Fair.

THE Foreign Committee of our World's Fair Commission is now in England for the purpose of presenting to the British government the plans and details of the Exposition, and enlisting the support of foreign manufacturers in the movement. The members have been handsomely entertained in London and have already met the English Commission appointed to prepare the national exhibit at Chicago. The Lord Mayor will next week give them a luncheon, at which they will meet the leading merchants of London. There is now a prospect that commercial interest, awakened by the visit, may call for a much finer exhibit on the part of England than at first contemplated.

* * *

Gave up their Jewels.

HISTORY tells us that the patriotic matrons and maidens of ancient Rome, flung their gems and golden necklaces into the treasury at a time when war was pressing heavily on the resources of that country. An equally spontaneous but far nobler sacrifice was made at the Christian Alliance gathering at Round Lake, N. Y., a few days ago. It was the closing day of the session and a large audience had gathered in the great auditorium where the Rev. A. B. Simpson of the Gospel Tabernacle, New York, President of the Alliance, made an eloquent appeal for consecration to the work of the Lord, and especially for aid in supporting the missions established by the Alliance in the slums of the great cities and other unholy places. His call for $1,000 to support these missions met with a remarkable response. He had asked them to "give of their pride" and "of the adornments of their perishing bodies," when Miss Louise Shepard, a well-known young lady of New York and formerly a leader in fashionable society, but now a devoted worker in the Alliance, stepped up to the platform. She drew three glittering diamond rings off her fingers, and placed them on the desk, saying, "I have no further use for them; they are useless anyway. Let their value be devoted to the Master." To these gems she added $250 in cash. Her example proved infectious and Col. Burkhardt of Kentucky, came forward and stripping off his gold watch and chain, deposited them alongside of the rings. Men and women crowded each other in their anxiety to add to the glowing pile of costly baubles, some even surrendering their wedding and engagement rings, others their watches, still others taking the diamond ornaments from neck or hair and some putting upon the pile crisp $100 bills. Miss Shepard, astounded at the generous outburst that had followed her act, could only weep. It was an affecting scene, and when the Rev. Mr. Simpson announced that over $1,500 had been raised and no more was needed, those present felt that the Spirit had stirred the audience to generous impulses.

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The Partition of the "Dark Continent."

RATHER than involve both countries in war and sacrifice lives needlessly, England and Portugal have come to the conclusion to arbitrate their rival claims to the African territory now in dispute. The present proposition is that England shall purchase for eight millions sterling, the Portugese possessions in Africa, in the same manner as she bought the control of the Suez Canal during the Disraeli regime. The very fact of such a proposition being entertained by the Marquis of Salisbury, the English Premier, would seem to indicate that Portugal holds indisputable evidence of the priority of its territorial claim.

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Old World Doings.

France's great national holiday, commemorating the fall of the Bastille, was duly celebrated throughout the Republic by processions, speeches and other patriotic displays. President Carnot decorated three Americans, Mr. Van Bergen, Dr. Nachtel and Mr. Schweitzer, with the cross of the Legion of Honor in recognition of the day.—Paris has been harrowed by the rumored assassination of President Carnot, which fortunately proved untrue, although there was some reason for the alarm. While the President was attending the opening of a new thoroughfare, the *Avenue de la Republique*, a wild-looking man rushed through the crowd and fired a pistol point-blank at him, shouting as he did so: "I'll prove there are more Bastilles to be demolished." The President was unhurt and the lunatic was arrested.—Emperor William has bidden his British relatives farewell and returned to Germany, having first paid a brief visit to Norway.—A Commercial Treaty between Germany and Russia is now talked of.

* * *

A Crisis Coming in Chili.

THERE is every indication that the end of the long war in Chili is at hand. A large army of Congressionalists under the command of Colonel Canto, is said to be marching upon Santiago to engage the force of Balmacedists under Gen. Velasquez, the leader of the Dictator's armies. Colonel Canto, the commander-in-chief of the Congress army, although young, is a veteran in war. He has distinguished himself in many skirmishes and several important engagements and is credited with being the only commander who is able to cope with the wily Velasquez. There are many conflicting rumors about the condition of the insurgent army, one being that the troops are half-starved and rebellious. Thus far, the foreign element in Chili has favored the Congress cause. A Congress iron-clad, the *Magellanes*, engaged several government vessels recently and defeated them at a point off the coast, south of Iquique.

COLONEL CANTO.

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Fanaticism in Mexico.

A DISGRACEFUL scene occurred at the laying of the corner-stone of a Methodist Church in Durango, Mexico, on the 5th inst. The American Consul, the Rev. S. S. Kilgore, and the Rev. R. C. Elliott were present, the two latter officiating. Several Catholic priests were among the crowd that attended. While a hymn was being sung, some one in the crowd threw a stone and instantly the peasantry filled the air with similar missiles. Several of the Americans were hit. Dr. Kilgore faced the mob and made an appeal for liberty of worship, but he was struck on the face by a pebble and a moment later was knocked insensible by a boulder of rock. The police then dispersed the crowd but no arrests were made. The American residents of Durango have decided to call upon their government for protection.

NEWS NOTES.

20,000 tin-plate workers are idle in Wales.

An English syndicate with $20,000,000 capital is said to have secured the control of all the glucose factories in the United States.

William Hamlin, a celebrated acrobat, fell from a broken trapeze thirty feet to the ground in a circus at Lyons, Ia., and was killed instantly.

A great musical festival at Bayreuth is in preparation under the personal direction of Frau Wagner, the widow of the celebrated composer.

A three-days' festival took place last week at Salzburg in honor of Mozart, at which all the leaders in the German musical world attended.

Gen. B. F. Kelley, the "Hero of Philippi," died at Oakland, Md., on July 16. He had been ill for many years from wounds received in the late war.

The French naval manœuvres in the Gulf of Lyons were held during the week and closed with a mimic attack on Toulon, in which all the great cruisers of the navy were engaged.

The Dominion cruiser *Dream*, has seized seven fishing boats belonging to Eastport fishermen, in Passamaquoddy waters, landed the occupants on Dog Island, and towed the boats to St. Andrews, N. B., where they will be confiscated.

Kentucky has 40,000,000 gallons of whisky on hand and cannot pay the taxes. The whisky men are in a quandary and ruin stares many of them in the face, as the result of swamping the State with liquor.

A great meeting of teachers took place at Toronto, Ont., during the past week, about five hundred being present from the Southern, Middle, and New England States. The next convention will probably be held at Helena, Arkansas.

A land-slide occurred at Skeena, Alaska, causing the death of forty Indians employed at a salmon-canning establishment on the Skeena River. One white woman, the wife of a foreman, also perished. Thirteen bodies have been recovered.

The end of the Haytian revolution is approaching, and the foreign residents apprehend terrible scenes of bloodshed and plunder. The American inhabitants of Port-au-Prince are praying for the appearance of a squadron of warships to protect them.

Eight people were killed and a number injured by an accident on the Midland Railroad at Aspen Junction, Colo. A road engine crashed into a special train, exploded the boiler and filled the passenger cars with steam. Tramps added to the horror of the occasion by robbing both dead and wounded.

P. W. Barney, Superintendent of the Lake George and Lake Champlain Transportation Company, was drowned in the lake while rescuing his little son, who had fallen overboard. Mr. Barney in diving for the boy struck a concealed rock and shattered his skull.

Explorer Peary, who sailed for the Arctic Seas on the steamer *Kite* from New York, a few weeks ago, as mentioned at the time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, has been stopped by ice in the Straits of Belle Isle, and compelled to take the outside route. A letter from the expedition states that all the members are well and have had excellent sport whale-fishing.

Edward Burgess, the leading American yacht designer, and the builder of the *Mayflower* and *Puritan*, died of typhoid fever at Boston, on July 12th. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1871, and was Instructor in Ethnology there for several years afterward. He was also Secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History.

A strange religious sect, known as "Perfectionists," and with headquarters at Cincinnati, O., is attracting attention. The leader is Mrs. J. B. Martin, who claims Divine authority, and believes that her followers will convert Europe, raise the dead and perform other wonderful miracles. The sect is small in numbers, and its proceedings are characterized by actions bordering on insanity.

THE WAY AND THE WALK.

"Not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Ephesians 2 : 9, 10.

I SHALL call your attention to the near neighbourhood of these two phrases, "Not of works," and "Created in Christ Jesus unto good works." The text reads with a singular sound ; for it seems strange to the ear that good works should be negatived as the cause of salvation, and then should be spoken of as the great end of it. You may put it down among what the Puritans called "Orthodox Paradoxes," if you please ; though it is hardly so difficult a matter as to deserve the name.

Now, there is a contention always going on about the doctrine of good works : and instead of taking one side or the other, we shall try to see whether there really is anything to quarrel over if we keep to the Scriptures. We insist upon it, with all our might, that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast." But, on the other hand. we freely admit, and earnestly teach, that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Where there are no good works, there is no indwelling of the Spirit of God. The faith which does not produce good works is not saving faith : it is not faith at all in the Scriptural sense. I have taken these two points, to bring them forward for the help and comfort of beginners.

I. First, then,

The Way

of salvation is negatively described as "Not of works." To this many take exception ; but that we cannot help ; the Scripture is plain enough. My text would be, to such persons, very objectionable—"Not of works." They are ready to rail at Paul for speaking thus evangelically. They hate the doctrine of salvation all of gift, and not in the least of merit—a doctrine which we love. We preach salvation "not of works" ; we repeat the teaching again and again, and mean to repeat it continually, till we die. Salvation is of the Lord's mercy, and not by works of the law.

If we were to preach to sinners, dead in trespasses and sins, that salvation would be by their own works, we should be setting aside the way of salvation by grace.

There Cannot be Two Ways

of salvation for the same people. If we take to the one, we practically deny the other. It cannot be questioned that a guilty man, if saved at all, must be saved through the mercy of God. If, then, I teach men that they can be saved by works, I have practically told them that salvation by grace is a myth, a mistake, a mischievous error. Justification by religious performances, and meritorious deeds, is nothing better than the old Pharisaism with a Christian name stuck upon it. It is not worth revealing by the Spirit of God, for it is to be seen by the light of man's own candle.

Next, to preach the way of salvation by works is to propose to men a way in which they have already failed. If you are to be saved by works, you must begin very early : you must begin before you sin, since one sin decides the matter. But already you have commenced to break the law of God. I am not addressing persons who have yet to start upon the way, for they have started already. You are a good way on the road, one way or other ; and since you began in the way of works, what a failure you have made of it already! Is there anyone here who can claim that he is already saved by works, as far as he has gone ? Has anyone among you been without sin ? Look at your lives ; examine your consciences ; observe your words, your thoughts, your imaginations, your motives ; for all these come into the account. Is there a man here that doeth good, and sinneth not ?

And, next, I think it will be admitted by all, that the way of salvation by good works would be self-evidently unsuitable to a considerable number. I will take a case. I am sent for on an emergency, and it is the dead of night. A man is dying, smitten suddenly by the death-blast. I go to his bedside, as requested. Consciousness remains; but he is evidently in mortal agony. He has lived an ungodly life, and he is about to die. I am asked to speak to him

A Word That May Bless Him.

Shall I tell him that he can only be saved by good works? Where is the time for works? Where is the possibility of them? Almost while I am speaking, his life is struggling to escape him. He looks at me in the agony of his soul, and he stammers out, "What must I do to be saved ?" Shall I read to him the moral law? Shall I expound to him the Ten Commandments, and tell him that he must keep all these? He would shake his head, and say; "I have broken them all; I am condemned by them all." If salvation be of works, what more have I to say? I am of no use here.

If salvation had been by works, our Lord could not have said to the thief, dying at his side, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." That man could do no works. His hands and feet were fastened to the cross, and he was in the agonies of death. No, it must be of grace, all-conquering grace; and the *modus operandi* must be by faith, or else for dying men the Gospel is a mockery. The man must look, and live. Is it not clear that the gospel of works is unsuitable in such a case as that? Now, a gospel which is

Unsuitable to Anybody

is not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. The gospel was not sent into the world to be a patent medicine that could only be purchased by the wealthy, or a spell that could be uttered only by Latin scholars. The gospel of salvation by grace, through faith, is suitable for every class of persons that we have to deal with. Go through your convict settlements; go through your jails; and just see what you can do with a doctrine of salvation by good works. You will come home disappointed, however earnest may be your address. But go there, and tell of free grace and dying love, and pardon bought with blood, and eyes that stream with tears, confessions of sin, and cries for pardon, will tell you that you have not spoken in vain.

Further, dear friends, if we go and preach to men salvation by works, we are preaching to them a way of salvation impossible to all because of the perfection of the law. What are the good works that can merit heaven? What are the good works that can ensure eternal life? These are

Not The Easy Things

which some seem to imagine. They must be perfectly pure, continuous, and unspotted. "The law of the Lord is perfect." It condemns a thought, and even the glance of an eye, as an act of criminality. "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." The law of God in ten commands means much more than the bare words would imply: it deals with the whole range of moral condition, motive and thought. Dream not that its sweep includes only external acts; it does include externals, but, in very deed, the ten commands are spiritual, they go right through the heart, and search the inward parts of the spirit. The more a man understands the law, the more he feels condemned by it, and the less does he indulge the dream that he, as he is, shall ever to keep it intact.

Two Certain Evils.

I am afraid that, if we began to preach salvation by works, we should encourage pride in some, and create despair in others. Many would think that they had done pretty well, as compared with other people; they would therefore, right speedily wrap themselves up in a false hope. But others, knowing that they had not done well, as compared with other people, would think that there was no hope for them, and so would sit down in despair. What practical purpose could this serve—to be making some more proud, and others more wicked, through the influence of despair upon them? But the very worst matter is, that it would be taking them off from Jesus. Our business, my brethern, is to hold up Jesus Christ. To what end did he die, if men could be saved by their own works?

To talk to unbelieving men about the possibility of salvation by their own works would keep them from eternal life. To believe in Jesus is

The Entrance Gate

of the new life, and there is no other door. If we, in any way, set you hunting about for another way, we shall cause you to miss the only one entrance, and that will be to your soul's eternal loss. As we dread this, we more and more resolve to hold up the Cross, and the Cross alone, and again and again we cry, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." God forbid that, by our essays upon virtue, or "the enthusiasm of humanity," we should distract you from hastening to the Lord Jesus, that he may give you rest, life and holiness !

II. But now we come to this second and most important part of the subject,

The Walk of Salvation.

Those who have believed in Christ, and have been the subjects of the Spirit's work, are now "created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that they should walk in them." God desires that his people should abound in good works. It is his great object to produce a people fit to commune with himself: a holy people, with whom he can have fellowship in time and in eternity. He wishes us not only to produce good works, but to abound in them; and to abound in the highest order of them. He would have us become imitators of himself as dear children, possessing the same moral attributes as the Father in heaven possesses. Is it not written, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect?" Oh, that we came within measurable distance of this blissful consummation!

Note in the text, first, that there is a new creation. You are not new-created to sin—this cannot be imagined. The new creature sinneth not, for it is born of God. The new life is a living and incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth for ever. The old nature sins, and always will sin; but the new life is of God, and it strives daily against the sin of the old nature, and perseveres, and pushes forward towards everything that is holy. The old nature goes after the flesh, for it is fleshly ; but the new nature seeks the things of the Spirit, for it is spiritual. If you have been born again at all, you have been born unto holiness. If you have been new-created, you have been created unto good works. If this be not so with us, our religion is a mere pretence.

The Source of Life.

This new creation is in connection with Christ, for we read in the text, "Created in Christ Jesus." We are the branches ; he is the Vine out of which we grow. Your life, and all your fruit-producing power lie in your union to Christ. You are not merely new-created, but you are created in Christ Jesus. What a wonderful thing that is—that you and I should not only be creatures in the world, but new creatures in Christ Jesus ! There cannot but be fruit on that branch which is vitally joined to that fruitful stem, Christ Jesus, who did always those things which pleased the Father.

Our good works must flow from our union with Christ by virtue of our faith in him. We depend upon him to make us holy. We depend upon him to keep us holy. Love to Christ burns like a fire in the breast that has conceived it; and, as it burns, it makes the heart to glow, and to become transformed to its own nature. You have seen a piece of iron put into the fire, all black or rusty, and in the fire it has gradually become red with heat; and, as it has reddened, it has thrown off the scales of rust, until at last it has looked to be itself a mass of fire. The effect of the love of God, shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, is to burn off the rust and scales of sin and depravity, and we become pure love to God through the force of the love of God, which takes possession of our being.

Christ-likeness.

Moreover, that love moves us to patient imitation of Christ. Do you know what that means ? "The Imitation of Christ" is a wonderful book upon the subject, which every Christian should read. It has its faults, but its excellences are many. May we not only read the book, but write it out anew in our own life and character by seeking in everything to be like to Jesus !

So, then, dear friends, these good works must be in the Christian. They are not the root, but the fruit of his salvation. They are not the way of the believer's salvation; they are his walk in the way of salvation. Where there is healthy life in a tree, the tree will bear fruit according to its kind; so, if God has made our nature good, the fruit will be good. But if the fruit be evil, it is because the tree is what it always was—an evil tree. The desire of men created anew in Christ is to be rid of every sin. We do sin, but we do not love sin. Sin gets power over us sometimes to our sorrow, but it is a kind of death to us to feel that we have gone into sin ; yet it shall not have dominion over us, for we are not under the law, but under grace; and therefore we shall conquer it, and get the victory.

The Test.

And, lastly, this should be our daily exercise :—"That we should walk in them." Good works are not to be an amusement, but a vocation. We are not to indulge in them occasionally: they are to be the tenor and bent of our lives. "Oh," says one, "that is a hard saying:" Do you say so ? Well, then, this displays, and sets in clear light, the first part of my subject. You see how impossible it is that you should be saved by these good works; do you not ? But if you are saved—if you have obtained a present salvation, if you are now a child of God, if you are now assured of your safety, I charge you, by the love you bear to God, by the gratitude you have to his Christ, give yourself wholly to everything that is right, and good, and pure, and just. Help everything that has to do with temperance, and righteousness, and truth, and godliness; and "let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A CONSECRATED LIFE.

(*Continued from first page.*)

singleness of purpose and complete consecration to the work shut out all other considerations. From first to last there was not an atom of vanity or conscious pride over his achievements in the pulpit. He was doing the Master's work in all humility.

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

But the little chapel had now become all too small for the throngs that assembled there at every service, and it had to be enlarged. Pending the change, Mr. Spurgeon preached

In Exeter Hall,

and so vast were the crowds who went there to listen that the streets were blocked. The Park Street Chapel, even in its reconstructed state, again proved too small, and a second time the young pastor had recourse to Exeter Hall while repairs were being made. In the fall of 1856, a fund was started to build a new and much larger edifice, and meanwhile the proprietors of Exeter Hall refused to hire the Hall continuously to the same congregation, as such an arrangement disappointed other parties. Surrey Music Hall was next engaged, and a disastrous accident occurred on the first attempt to hold services there. Seven thousand persons had gathered in the Hall and the preacher was about to begin when some one in the audience raised

The Cry of "Fire!"

In an instant there was a terible panic! Hundreds rushed to the doors and the crowds, densely packed together, vainly strove to get out of the building. Many of those so wedged were thrown down and trampled under foot. Seven persons were killed outright and twenty-eight more or less seriously hurt. Throughout the excitement, Mr. Spurgeon remained in the pulpit, bravely endeavoring to check the panic and to calm the fears of the frantic multitude. He succeeded at last, but valuable lives had been sacrificed in the stampede.

After preaching three years in Surrey Music Hall, Exeter Hall was again chosen, and the building fund was pushed energetically. The foundation stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was laid on Aug. 16, 1859, by Sir Morton Peto, and two years later, the great building, which is capable of seating over six thousand persons, was finished and open in 1861, free of debt! The total amount expended was in the neighborhood of $150,000. The largest contributor to the fund was a gentleman of Bristol, who had never seen or heard Mr. Spurgeon, and who sent his check for five thousand pounds.

For twenty years Mr. Spurgeon's ministry has been continued at the Metropolitan Tabernacle uninterruptedly. During that period his fame as a preacher has steadily increased and his field of Christian usefulness has widened to a grand horizon. His audiences have been limited only by the accommodations of the Tabernacle, its doors being regularly besieged at every service by crowds of whom only a part can obtain admittance. On one occasion he preached at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, to fully 23,000 persons and at another time, while the Tabernacle was being repaired, he conducted services at Agricultural Hall, Islington, for several weeks, the audience at every service being estimated at over 20,000.

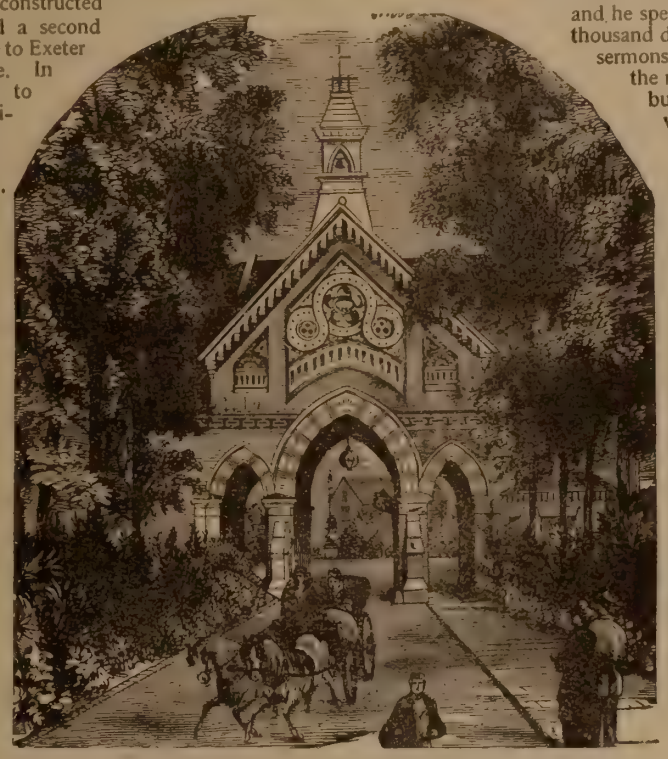
Naturally gifted with a fine physique and possessing a voice of vast penetrating power, whose clear, bell-like tones can be heard distinctly in every nook of the great buildings where he has preached, Mr. Spurgeon has been able to successfully undertake oratorical tasks at which most preachers would have recoiled. The first impression the stranger receives on listening to the Tabernacle orator, is that the man himself seems insignificant in contrast with the vast building and the great throng of worshippers it encloses. He is very stout and short—his height not exceeding five feet three inches—and on the elevated platform which constitutes the rostrum in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, he seems almost diminutive.

The moment he opens his lips, however, the hearer feels that he is in the presence of a

A Powerful Orator.

The people in the two great galleries that surround the pulpit hear as well as those persons who sit beside the pulpit. This one man standing there, surrounded by so many thousands—a mere atom, apparently, on the sea of human faces—speaks out over all with an intonation so clear, penetrating, ringing and musical that not a syllable is lost. His delivery is slow and the enunciation perfect. His voice has been resembled to a silver string tuned to a high C, full of vibration yet without being metallic.

The secret of Mr. Spurgeon's success as a preacher, however, must be traced in a very large degree, less to his gifts of voice than to his downright earnestness; the transparent simplicity of his character, his common sense and his marvellous flow of homely Saxon, for he rarely uses polysyllables or words taken from the Latin when sturdy Saxon will suffice. His talk goes straight to the heart of the listener and his quick sympathy for every effort for humanity's welfare evokes instant approval. To these Christian characteristics he adds the faculty of thrilling description, pointed anecdote, keen wit, dramatic climax and all-convincing, everyday logic, which enforces and illustrates the truth in a way that no other living preacher can hope to emulate.



ENTRANCE TO THE ORPHANAGE.

The Orphanage

Mr. Spurgeon's schemes for the good of his fellowmen, and particularly for the relief of the unfortunate, have been manifold. One day, in 1866, he was surprised by receiving a letter from a lady (Mrs Hillyer) quite a stranger to him, in which the writer announced that she wished him to become the trustee of a fund of $100,000, for the purpose of founding an Orphanage. Very naturally, he concluded that the offer was either a mistake or a hoax, but investigation showed it to be genuine. Two and a-half acres of land in Stockwell were secured as a site for the Orphanage in 1867, and, instead of building one large structure, a number of small homes were erected with a view to locating the orphan children in families, rather than massing them together on the asylum or poor-house plan. 500 orphans are regularly cared for, educated and trained at the Stockwell Institution. All this fatherless flock is fed, clothed, trained and started in life through the contributions that flow in from Christians in all lands. At times the Orphanage larder has run bare, but Pastor Spurgeon's strong faith has never failed, and God has put it into warm hearts to supply the deficiency. Never has the supply failed to come on time to feed the hungry orphans. We give on another page an illustration showing the entrance gate of this magnificent charity—probably the noblest of its kind in the world.

But there are other equally laudable enterprises of a philanthropic character connected with the Metropolitan Tabernacle. These include the Colportage Association, an Almshouse for seventeen aged women, a number of mission stations and Sunday Schools, a mission to the blind, besides Ladies Benevolent and Maternal Societies, and others which space prevents us from giving in detail in these columns. Mr. Spurgeon is himself a very focus of activity; indeed, his church has been compared to a hive of bees and the example of energy is infectious. The entire congregation vies with its pastor in its efforts to do good.

The Pastors' College.

Another of Mr. Spurgeon's pet philanthropies is the Pastors' College, an institution founded in 1856, before the erection of the Tabernacle. The idea of starting young pastors and encouraging them until they found their true spheres of labor occurred to Mr. Spurgeon while he himself was struggling, during the earlier years of his ministry. Later, when he had won popularity, and when his sermons had secured a large sale both in England and America, he undertook the expense of sustaining from his own income a number of young students who had shown marked merit and devotion as soul-winners. His excellent wife economized as much as possible, and he spent on this work from three to four thousand dollars a year from the sale of his sermons. At first the students met in the rooms in the Tabernacle basement, but, in 1864, a new college building was finished and opened. Over five hundred students have there been educated and have entered upon ministerial duties in many different countries. Among them are some who have become famous workers for the Lord, including Edward G. Gange, Archibald G. Brown and William Cuff.

Mrs. Spurgeon's Mission.

In a sketch of Mr. Spurgeon's life it would be invidious to pass over without more than a mere reference the noble share borne by his wife in his life battle. She was a Miss Susannah Thompson, of London, and was married to Mr. Spurgeon in January, 1856. The issue of the marriage has been two sons, Charles and Thomas, both of whom are now faithful ministers of the Gospel. Mrs. Spurgeon has sustained and encouraged her husband amid all his trials, and has often made success possible when the outlook was darkest. For years of her invalid life, she has devoted much of her time to a fund in behalf of poor ministers, an enterprise in which she was aided by a host of friends as well as by her publishers. The book fund is one that has brought cheer into the home of many a poor pastor without a library. Thousands of volumes and hundreds of pounds have been distributed in this manner, and the work still goes on and grows every year. A portrait of Mrs. Spurgeon is given in another column.

Mrs. Spurgeon tell this story: "Upstairs in

MR. SPURGEON'S BIRTHPLACE.

a little drawer were some carefully hoarded crown-pieces, (coins about the size of our silver dollars and worth $1.25 which owing to their weight and clumsiness are rapidly going out of circulation in England). These, owing to some foolish fancy, I had been gathering for years, whenever chance threw one in my way. These I now counted out, and found they made a sum exactly sufficient to pay for one hundred copies of one book. If a twang of regret at parting from my cherished but unwieldly favorites passed over me, it was gone in an instant; and then they were given, freely and thankfully, to the Lord; and in that moment, though I knew it not, the Book Fund was inaugurated."

The publishers aided her by a grant equal to

MRS. C. H. SPURGEON.

her own; then friends, who heard what she was doing, came to her aid, and now, instead of sending out one volume, she is able to make up a large parcel of eight or nine good-sized volumes to cheer the hearts of solitary laborers for the Master in small towns, country villages, and distant hamlers.

Not the least interesting of the illustrations accompanying this article is that which represents the humble dwelling in which Mr. Spurgeon was born, at Kelvedon, in Essex. Is is still standing, and is pointed out to visitors as the place in which England's greatest preacher first saw the light. His first intuitions of sacred things were developed there, and there his infancy was passed. Since that time, the boy who played in and about the lowly cottage may be literarally said to have become a world-preacher, his discourses being read wherever the English language is spoken. In his daily mail are letters from the uttermost ends of the earth, many of which contain glad news of souls brought to the Redeemer through the agency of his sermons, over twenty-two hundred of which have been printed since he entered the Christian ministry.

A Letter From Pastor Spurgeon.

Amid the demands of his multifarious correspondence, which embraces every quarter of the globe, Mr. Spurgeon still finds time to remember his friends on this side of the Atlantic who read his sermons weekly in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The following letter, which we recently received from the gifted Tabernacle pastor, shows how cordial and sincere his friendship is for American readers and how deep an interest he takes in their spiritual welfare:

WESTWOOD, BEULAH HILL,
UPPER NORWOOD, MARCH 25, 1891.

DEAR SIR:—I have been greatly cheered by hearing that many persons in out-of-the-way places have been led to Jesus by reading my sermons in your columns. What greater reward can come to a preacher than to know that souls are saved through his word?

I thank those who have read the sermons to little gatherings which else would have been without a sermon, and I equally thank those who have sent the sermon where it was so much needed. Some must give the word, and others must make up that great army of them that publish it. By the wide scattering of your paper the Gospel goes to lone habitations and frequently reaches those who have wandered from their homes because of their follies. Possibly they will read a sermon in a newspaper, who might never have looked at it had it come to them in another form. Ask your readers to pray for a blessing on these words of mine wherever they may go. Very heartily do I greet the army of readers, both yours and mine. May they be a very gracious people, and find for themselves a precious God! In basket and in store may they be blest, and specially in soul and spirit may our Lord enrich them! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away," may the Comforter abide with them!

I should be very grateful if they would also, now and then, think of one so far away as I am. I carry on many works for the Lord, and I have no supplies for money but such as the Lord sends me in answer to the prayer of faith. What I have most need of is strength to bear up under great strain of labor, thought, and oppositions. I try to uphold the banner of the truth, and the battle wages fiercest around the standard-bearer. Oh for more grace! Brethren pray for us. If all your thousands of readers would give me a loving thought I should inherit a great blessing.

Yours very heartily,
C. H. SPURGEON

HOW JESUS RESTED.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 2nd. Mark 6 : 31 ; 4 : 38, 39.

JESUS rested after toil. The nature he took upon him was human nature, with all its weakness and its liability to weariness and exhaustion. The three years of his ministry were years of arduous labor. Long journeys on foot, preaching to the people, working miracles of healing, teaching and training the men who were to preach the Gospel after his death filled his days with exhausting work.

He rested after sorrow. He had just been told of the death of John the Baptist. His tender heart must have quivered under that blow. He owed much to the revival of religious thought and feeling which John's preaching had produced. The nation had been stirred from its spiritual lethargy, and the men who were near John came to Jesus after their first teacher's death, prepared to receive the message Jesus brought. The tragic death of the Forerunner must have suggested thoughts of the cup which could not pass from him until he drank it?"

He rested "in a desert place." The rest he sought was recuperative. He needed strength to renew his labor. It was not amusement nor diversion he sought, but quiet and refreshing communion with the Father. He did not go alone. He found rest with the disciples. Neither in solitude nor in worldly society could he get the kind of rest he needed.

His rest on shipboard. The peaceful rest of a weary man. He slept though the storm raged. Neither the wind nor the roaring of the waves disturbed his slumbers. "How is it you are so calm?" was the question a wife asked her husband, an army officer, who maintained his serenity while sailors and passengers around him on board a sinking ship were in panic. "Are you terrified?" he said, drawing his sword and holding it pointed at her breast. "No," she said, "for I know the sword is in the hand of one who loves me." Jesus was not alarmed by the storm, but could sleep amidst its raving.

His rest was broken by a cry for help. What the storm could not do, the prayer of his followers did. He awoke. He sometimes seems to sleep now, when his people are in difficulties. As the storm rages around them and it seems as if they would be engulfed, they wonder that he does not interfere. He lets them learn their helplessness. He lets them realize their danger. But, at the crisis, their cry receives prompt response. His rest was not torpor not indifference. Rather the rest of a wearied mother whose ear recognizes instantly the cry of her child. "They who have believed do enter into rest."

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BENEFICENCE OF THE CIRCLES.

IT may be useful to some of our readers who wear the silver cross to know what the circles of King's Daughters in various parts of the country are doing. While every circle has, naturally, its own local objects of interest, there is sometimes an overplus as to the disposition of which suggestions may be welcome. The following are some of the enterprises taken up, as appears from reports sent to the *Silver Cross:* From Raleigh, N. C., we hear of hospital establishment, the baby of an insane mother cared for and an invalid's chair placed in a railroad depot. From Wilmington, N. C., a room has been furnished in the City Hospital and an effort being made to pay for the support of its sick occupant. The bulk of the money so far, has been raised by the sale of candy which the members of the circle make and a merchant of the city sells for them. From Des Moines, Ia., we learn that situations have been found for two girls, and five families supplied with clothing. In Quebec, Canada, a circle of little girls have been pasting pictures in old copy-books and sending them to the childrens' wards in the hospitals. In Morristown, N. J., a magic lantern with Bible slides has been bought for the Indians at White Earth Reservation, and the support of a Sioux boy at Hampton Institute has been undertaken.

These are a few of the forms that the benevolence of the King's Daughters is taking. Various as they are, the same principle of Christian love underlies them all and he who sees all the kindness that is done in his name assuredly sees these and will reward them.

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THE WORK AT MINNEAPOLIS.

THE Christian Endeavor Convention decided to hold its sessions next year in New York. It will surprise no one if its delegates should by that time number twenty thousand. The record of the past year, the reports of rapid increase and the spirit which prevailed at Minneapolis, all indicate the elements of strength, vitality and progression. An organization whose power for good has been tested in every section of our own land and in other lands and in twenty different denominations, is one that must grow with ever increasing speed. Pastors and churches will avail themselves of its help with confidence, and will love it and use it more and more as they realize its power. The remarks which the Minneapolis Convention has drawn from the secular press, show that its significance is appreciated by the world. Heretofore Christ's army has appeared a divided host incapable, by reason of mutual jealousy, of united and concentrated action. Now the world has seen a battalion fifteen thousand strong, representing an army of over a million, acting together in unison in a common cause. The spectacle means much both to the church and the world.

The spirit which pervaded the Convention throughout, was one of love to the Master and all who love him. The favorite topic was the winning of souls and the best methods of advancing Christ's kingdom on earth. The watchword, which became the key-note of the proceedings, came, as was fit, from the founder of the organization, whose portrait appeared in this journal last week—Rev. Francis E. Clarke, D.D., whose initials are now used to signify "Father Endeavor Clark." The two most prominent features of the movement," he said, "are Fidelity and Fellowship." Fidelity to the local church, and fellowship in common methods of service. "I believe," he cried, and the Convention heartily applauded—"I believe in the communion of saints." One after another, pastors and laymen took up the sentiment and briefly but emphatically declared for union and brotherly love. Telegrams and letters of congratulations came from all the lands in which Christian Endeavor Societies exist, but from which no delegates had been sent. From Japan, from Liberia and other far distant lands the same expressions of hearty good-will were received and to these were added the words of a Chinese delegate, who said, "Chinee come slow but he come sure."

The proposal was made by some enthusiastic delegates to take up a collection to send Dr. Clark around the world to form a chain of Christian Endeavor Societies, which should belt the globe. That it would have been easily done, was evident from the reception of the proposal; but it was thought that the scheme would violate the rule of the organization that no officer should receive pay for his services, and it was therefore withdrawn and the various societies were advised to give the money instead, to the Mission Boards of their respective churches.

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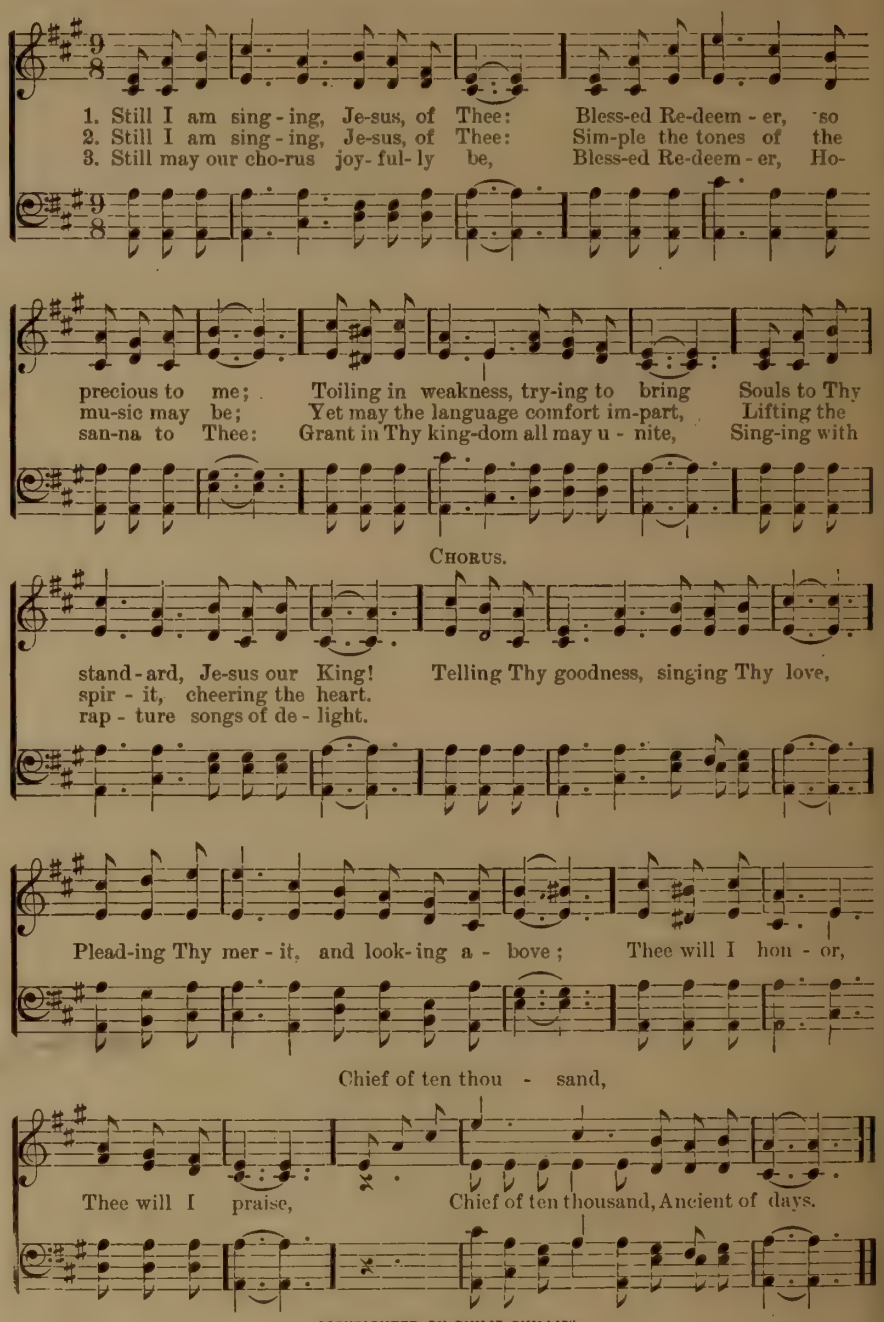
THE EDITOR of this department will be glad to receive information from readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who are members of Societies of Christian Endeavor, King's Daughters, the Epworth League, or Young Men's or Young Women's Christian Associations as to the progress of work in their respective localities and practical suggestions on the best methods of increasing their efficiency and usefulness. The publication of such communications will be helpful to other organizations as "iron sharpeneth iron."

STILL I AM SINGING.

Words and Music by Philip Phillips, "The Singing Pilgrim."



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OUR GENTLE LEADER.

"I will lead them in paths that they have not known." (Isa. 42 : 16.)

LED by Jesus, oh, what joy,
Pure and sweet, without alloy,
'Tis to know that we are led,
While life's thorny path we tread,
By a gentle Saviour's hand
Toward the glorious heavenly land!

Let him lead us where he will,
For with him we fear no ill,
And no harm can e'er betide
While we're walking at his side,
With our hands securely clasped
In our Saviour's loving grasp.

When he leads us, we well know
'Tis the way that we should go;
And although the path be drear,
We will follow without fear;
Follow him, we shall be blest,
For he leadeth into rest.

Blessed Jesus, we will be
Led and guided all by thee;
And if we are called to go
Where dark waves of sorrow flow,
Keep us meek and patient still,
Mold us to thy perfect will.

"Vera," in the Christian Standard.

THE LILIES' LESSON.

THEY were yellow-tinted, like sunshine,
Amber, their red gold bells,
And the larks sang their carols near them
To brighten the Summer dells.

The tall lily-grass around grew,
In tiny islands of green
Where the lilies so golden waving,
The gnarled old trees between.

Lilies still golden in shadow,
Lilies more golden in light;
Lilies to link with the morn, noon,
With the starlit purple night.

Lilies to smile in their golden hue,
Our Lord's sweet lesson to teach,
That we should be kind and loving,
Ah! thus did the lilies preach.

Lilies, to say by their gleaming,
Growing wild in meadow lot,
"Let your light, to, e'er shine forth,
To do good forgetting not." —*Selectea.*

HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN.

IT was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death of the ruby wine-cup,
That the reason and senses drown;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood
To the depths of disgrace and sin;
Down to a worthless being,
From the hope of what might have been.
For the brand of a beast besotted,
He bartered his manhood's crown;
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure
My poor, weak boy went down.

Alas for my hopes, all delusion!
Alas for his youthful pride!
Alas! who are safe when danger
Is open on every side?
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?
No bar in their pathway be thrown,
To save from this horrible maelstrom,
The thousands of boys going down?

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

TENDER child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair, timidly:
"Oh, mother, take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hand we lay,
Dear Lord, in thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.

John G. Whittier.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Water-Carriers of the East, the Street Venders and their Cries.

SO much interest had been awakened among the children by these talks of Uncle John, that on a recent evening, when the old traveller seemed to be in a discursive mood, he found himself surrounded by a group, which included several young folks from neighboring families. Tom and Ted had seen fit to invite them that evening, in the expectation of another story.

The day had been a rainy one. The weather had kept the children indoors and there had been some lamenting in consequence of the deprivation of the usual outdoor romp.

Little Milly, by right of conquest, perched upon Uncle John's knee and asked:

"Uncle, do you like rain?"

"The rain is God's blessing to the thirsty ground, little one" he answered, smiling, "If it were not for the rain, we would have no flowers; the trees would die, and the grass would wither. We could have no bread, as all the corn and wheat would fail to ripen. Neither could you have any clothes, because the cotton would not grow, and the sheep would get no herbage. We should love the rain, and here, especially, since it comes down so gently, we should welcome it."

"Doesn't it come down gently everywhere, Uncle John?" asked Ted.

"By no means," said Uncle. "There are parts of the earth where it rains but once a year, and then it comes in a deluge and people have to go into safe shelter lest they be drowned. The rivers rise and flood the fields and valleys, and every little stream is a raging torrent. But the people in these tropical lands bless the rain, and hail the rising of the rivers with joy, because when the waters go back the ground is enriched and the crops spring up almost magically."

"And what do the people do in the long time when there is no rain?" asked Max Wheeler, who was one of the group.

"They have to depend on wells and springs," was the reply. "Yet, sometimes even these fail and then there is a water famine. Understand my dears, that in Palestine, Egypt and Syria, they have not water supplies, such as we have here. They dig huge wells and reservoirs, but they do not conduct the water through the streets in pipes, nor has each family a well in its house, with faucets like those in your papa's, at which you can draw water at will."

"And do you ever have to buy water, Uncle?" interpolated little Milly, from his knee.

"Yes, darling; and very glad to get it, too. Now, here is a picture of two water-sellers in Alexandria. These girls you see carrying the jars, go through the streets and cry out in their young, musical voices '*Ya Aatee Allah*' ('Behold the gift of God'). This is the water-carrier's cry everywhere in Egypt, and it always reminds me of Christ's words to the woman at the well of Samaria: 'If thou knewest the gift of God and who it is that saith unto thee, give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water.' The woman, of course, did not understand the Master's words, until her eyes were opened, and then she saw what a precious gift Jesus meant to confer on her.

"In some Eastern cities, one hears the water-carriers crying, 'Oh! ye thirsty! Oh ye thirsty!' They keep calling this constantly and every little while adding, in the same voice, 'God will reward me' or 'Blessed be the water.' When a passerby stops to get a drink, he usually gives the water-carrier a small piece of money. But even if he drinks free, she does not prevent him, but simply repeats her call, 'God will reward me.' Sometimes a veiled lady will stop and get a cool draught from the pitcher and give a *piastre* to the carrier, when the latter will break out in a flood of thanks for the gift and then replacing the pitcher upon her shoulder, continue her walk, calling 'Oh ye thirsty.'

"But it is generally a boy or a man who is the water-seller. Sometimes, instead of a pitcher such as the younger girl is holding in the picture, a much larger pot is carried, sufficient to contain a day's supply for a family. These pitchers and water-pots are made of sun-dried or fire-baked clay and sometimes prettily decorated. The designs are numerous and very ancient; indeed, in early Scripture times, the water-pots were much the same in shape as those used in the East to-day.

"Do they always carry it in pitchers?" asked Tom.

"No; when on a journey through a land where water is scarce, travellers carry it in skin bags or bottles, which are made for this use, and these prevent evaporation and keep the water pure and sweet for many days.

"But water-sellers are not the only interesting street-venders in the East. I have seen in the streets of Damascus — you know, Tom, that is said to be the oldest city in the world — and in other Oriental cities, fruit and flower-sellers who had their peculiar cries, quite different from those of the street peddlers here. You boys are sometimes awakened from your morning nap by hearing men crying on the street corners: 'Bananas! Oranges! Sweet Florida Oranges!' Well, if you were Syrian boys and girls, you would hear instead the lemon-seller calling, 'God will make them light, oh lemons!' or the orange-vendor calling 'Sweet as honey, oh oranges!' or the flower-girl on the street corner or by the market place crying 'Odors of Paradise! Oh flowers of Henna!' or the melon-seller, who says: 'the comforter of those in distress, oh melon-seeds!'"

"What's that? They don't say that, do they?"

"Indeed they do," replied Uncle John merrily "Everybody in the East talks in a florid style, that is, using picturesque and fanciful language, instead of expressing themselves quite plainly like ourselves. For instance, a Mohammedan flower-seller holds up a blossom and cries, 'The rose is a thorn—it bloomed from the sweat of the Prophet.'"

"How pretty!" exclaimed the children.

"Last week, you may remember, I spoke about the sellers of figs and sweets. They have similar cries. Each tells of the excellence of his wares. But none are so numerous as the water-carriers. Every mosque has its water-fountain in the courtyard, where the Mohammedans wash their hands before saying prayers. All through the East water is the principal beverage, and in times of scarcity I have known it to be sold at enormous prices. In the desert, a cupful of gold pieces has sometimes been given for a drink of water."

"How I should like to go to those countries, and hear the water-carriers sing in the streets," said little Ted.

"You may some day, my boy," said Uncle John. "When I was a little fellow, like you, I was ambitious to travel, and I have seen many lands and strange people since then. Some day you, too, may go to the East. But wherever you go, you will always find that water is valued as one of the highest gifts of God to man. But the water that comes from the earth or the clouds only satisfies us for a little while; we soon grow thirsty again. Pray the Good Shepherd to give you to drink of the Water of Life, and with that draught all other blessings will come."

GIRL WATER-CARRIERS IN THE ORIENT.
(*See "Uncle John's Talks."*)

* * *

Precocious Children.

DON'T strive to make your little ones wise too soon. Soon enough they will know all of mere worldly wisdom that is worth the knowing. Try to open the young mind and heart to spiritual things, rather than overburden it with secular things, which it is almost sure to forget before the days of childhood have passed. How many of us remember all the lessons of our youth, that were crammed into our boyish and girlish heads by over-zealous teachers or parents? Few, indeed! As a rule, a boy or girl recalls but a fraction of what is learned before the age of twelve.

Home tuition is the best for childhood; the mother the best teacher. Mother's boys are the best boys. Interwoven with the alphabet are lessons of love, of purity, of sweetness that influence all the after-life and go to make the character. Gentleness, generosity, reverence for elders, the knowledge of a Saviour and of God's holy laws are all best instilled at mother's knee. And in after-life, this tuition is never forgotten. The prayers by the bedside; the hints of orderliness, the nobility of truthfulness, the touching melodies of "the better land,"—these are more than Latin roots and fractions and tell far more on character in the long run of the years. These never make children precocious. And when mother's task is ended and the last of her flock:

> The baby, has gone to school, ah me!
> What will the mother do?

the house grows quiet and hushed. They have slipped from her to other, and who shall say better or safer teachers? Almost all the great men of every generation owe their nobility of mind and force of character to their mothers. How essential, then, that this maternal training should be conscientious and thorough, as under God's own eye, since it is for time and eternity?

* * *

About Servants.

IT is quite natural that every nation should believe itself the best supplied in the matter of domestic servants. We know, of course, that when the American girl chooses to set her hand to housework, she is the queen of the home, bright, clever, original and unapproachable in many ways that go to make life pleasant. She is at the same time the most independent of all, as becomes the daughter of a great Republic, where all are equal. There are countries where servants are differently regarded. In Japan, for instance, servants are excellent if chosen with discretion and treated with some little consideration. Japan is *par excellence* the land of politeness, and this extends even to the kitchen. You treat your cook or your housemaid there with well-bred courtesy, and she expects it as a right. If she has a weakness, it is for fees, but aside from this, she is invariably a soft-voiced, pleasant sort of a person, whom it is really nice to have about the house, and who strives to make you happy by doing her best on all occasions. In the Japanese cities it is not uncommon for the mistress to take her servants into family conversations regarding any of the thousand things that come up for discussion in the home. Even then, the respect due the mistress is shown by the attitude of the servant, who sits on her knees while she chats.

In Havana, a quite different state of things exists. Mistresses are afflicted with servants who leave on the slightest provocation and just at the moment when most needed. Many complain of their cooks and maids being plunderers. It is customary in Cuba, except in country places, for all the cooks to go home at night, and this plan works wretchedness to the employer in many ways. Sometimes the family is left without a scrap for the next meal—not a roll nor an orange, even, for breakfast. They must wait the good pleasure of the cook, who may not return, as the whim takes her. One lady tried eight cooks in three months before she was suited. So independent are these domestics, that a cook frequently goes out for a stroll between the courses of dinner, and the family and guests have to wait till she returns before the next course is served. Yet a true Cuban will tell you, despite all their faults, that she has the very best servants in the world.

* * *

The Farther Shore.

I HAVE read the Word, I have studied long.
On visions unseen by mortal eyes
I have dreamed of the land of light and song
And the shining mountains of Paradise,
And rich with the flush of a thousand springs
Is the land where flowers fade no more,
But my richest fancies fail to bring.
The joys that belong to the farther shore,

Up to that country my longing flies,
Where is rest for the weary, long and sweet,
Where the pearly dews of Paradise
Gently shall bathe the pilgrim feet,
I think of the psalms and crowns of gold,
Of the loved who will stand by the jasper sea,
But richer than pen or tongue have told,
Are the joys of heaven awaiting me.

* * *

Church Kindergartens.

A NEW idea is suggested by an experiment tried by the Rev. G. L. McNult, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, East Oakland, Cal. On assuming pastoral duties some time ago, he discovered that there were in his congregation a number of mothers with children too young to take to church, yet with no one to leave at home to care for them. This set him to thinking, and he opened one of the church rooms as a sort of kindergarten, during the hours of worship on Sunday forenoons, where the young children of those desiring to attend service were placed, until the exercises were over. In the interval, they were instructed in the rudiments of religion by means of stereopticon pictures and the little tots showed great interest in the Bible scenes on the canvass. The St. Louis *Mid-Continent* calls the attention of pastors similarly situated to this matter which would be a pleasure to the very young folks, a relief to the mothers, and would be the means, besides, of instilling at the tenderest age, when the heart is probably most susceptible to outward impressions, the love of sacred things.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

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(*Continued from page 444.*)

THE boats landed the little crew upon dry ground, and the *Fair-Weather* was made fast by cables, and no less than three carriages were promptly offered to convey the children back to their distracted mother. And as Captain Allen drove out of town with his three children, and Robert mounted on the Britt horse rode close behind, with the Superintendent at his side on the roan, there was a deal of "Hooray!" and "Good luck!" and waving of hats to congratulate the young captain on the safe conclusion of his short and perilous voyage.

After thus dealing with himself, he returned to the kitchen, where Eliza was hugging her four children in turn, having condoned the disobedience of the twins, and Jerry was getting their best supper of ham and eggs and fried potatoes, and Mrs. Britt was standing with tears in her eyes, and in one hand a great loaf of cake—which had just been baked for her own tea, but was brought over as an offering to Robert,—and in the other hand her one sole jar of pineapple preserves to further grace this festive occasion.

During the evening all the neighbors came in, one after another, and to all the Captain with growing joy told his tale. He could never be weary of describing how Robert had managed the *Fair-Weather*, how the boy had not been one whit afraid, how he had remembered every snag and every twist and turn, and what muscle he had exhibited! And he patted Robert's back, and held out his arm with pride in its development, and gloried in the possession of such a son.

Meanwhile, the unhappy Superintendent was consumed with envy. Why was not this boy his? Why could he not claim the little hero? "Allen, Allen," he groaned aside, "you keep him here, and some day, if you would give him up, I could make a millionaire of him, perhaps."

"Would I give up a boy who has just saved all my family!" cried the Captain. "'Liza, you didn't think when I brought home such a Bad Bargain, that stormy night, that he'd save your three children from drowning. eh?"

The Superintendent clenched his hands. Why, why had he not been the one to rescue the little boy from relatives who were going to send him to the poorhouse? "Robert," he whispered, "I'll give you a watch to mark this day."

"Oh, no, please. I couldn't wear a watch when we are so poor, and father hasn't any," said Robert, flushing.

In July the tourists of the preceding summer came back. Jerry was engaged as camp cook; Robert as before was constantly in requisition. The camp was on the creek, about half a mile above the mill, and on the opposite side, at an especially wild and beautiful spot. As there was so much going to and fro between the camp and the Allens' home, the young men of the camp asked the Captain to build a bridge across the creek, placing it just above the wheel, and extending from the creek side of the mill to the opposite bank. The bridge was made by setting four or five logs firmly upright in the stream-bed among the rocks, laying broad planks from log to log, and supplying the slight structure with a single hand-rail. For agile and steady-headed people it was safe enough, now that the creek was low for summer, and the Allen children ran across it with the celerity and security of cats.

There was a day in August when the school-house congregation had their Sunday-school picnic. Everybody went, both small and great; it was the gathering of the year. This year the place chosen was five miles away, and the start was made early in wagons laden with children, baskets, and grown people.

Mrs. 'Liza and her children all went. Captain 'Zekiel did not go, he must stay to look after the little work at the mill. Robert did not go. One of the artists at the camp was painting Robert as "The Young Woodman," and was in haste to get the picture done, so Robert had to spend the morning posing with an axe, and a log, and a tame squirrel, one of Jerry's numerous pets, perched on his shoulder while he fed it. Robert set off up to the camp with his usual bright face. "I'll come back at noon, father, and cook our dinner. I'll make you an omelette, just as Jerry makes at the camp."

The Captain was left alone at the mill. When the sun-dial near the bee-hives marked noon, the Captain had a visitor. It was not Robert. A big, bloated, red-faced, untidy woman came in at the mill door—and someway, when the Captain saw her, his heart sank. "Be you Capting Allen?" said the woman. The Captain nodded.

"'Long about ten years ago, last spring, April it was, you picked up a little boy on the road-side down in Lacy, and you fetched him home and took care of him, didn't you?"

The Captain nodded again. Dumb terror gripped his heart.

"He's my boy, and I've come to take him away," said the woman with assurance.

"Your boy?" shouted the Captain.

"Yes; he's my boy, I wouldn't have left him so long, only I've had a dreadful run of hard luck. I was sick a long time and out of my head—and in a hospital—and a poorhouse—and I'm one of them as never has no good luck happen to them. But now I've come to get my boy. Where is he? You just tell him that his mother, his lovin' mother's come to get him.

"His mother!" cried the dazed and wretch-Captain; "you his mother? If you were his mother, why did you leave him? What did you leave him for, I say?

"I didn't go to leave him, Capting," said the woman. "I felt mortal sick, and he was little and tired, and I says to him, 'Sit there, honey, till I come back.' And I laid out to get some medicine and a little glass of something to strengthen me. And I got worse, and out of my head like, and I lost my way, and couldn't find where I left him, and I wandered, and—I got carried to a hospital sick—and so it went on; and now, at last, I says, 'I must have back my boy, my sweet, pretty boy,' so I found my way back, and inquired, and it was told me, Capting Allen of the mill had took the boy, and so I come up here to you, and much obliged I am to you, indeed—and not to trouble you any longer with him. Seeing he's mine, I'll sake him along back with me to day, so call him to go with his mother."

"You shan't have him," bellowed the Captain; "he's been my boy this ten years. I'll hold him agrinst the world."

"Is he bound to you? Did you get papers made out?" demanded the claimant eagerly.

No; the Captain had not gone though that formality. He had found the child, and kept him, and the boy had grown into his heart and life.

"He's mine," said the woman. "I can prove it. I mean to have him. He's coming with his mother. Who else will support me in my old age, if not my son?"

"You forsook him. I've raised him. You are not fit to have him. You are drunken. I smell liquor on your breath this minit! You sha'n't have him. If you come up here thinking to get money from me for the boy you're all out. I haven't any money; I'm as poor as Job's turkey, but I'll not give you the boy. We'll have the matter before the court. We'll see if the boy is to be taken from decent folks and lugged of to the city slums by a woman like you!"

I'll have him," said the woman, excitedly; "I will. Where is the boy? I'll tell him his mother needs him, and he must come aud do for me like a good son."

Then over the Captain's troubled mind rolled the great horror of having this woman, this foul, leering, drunken creature, see the clean, simple, handsome, generous, loving boy, and claim to be his mother. What an awful revelation for the lad reared by the just, sensible, womanly Eliza, to be called son by this dreadful creature! He changed his tone; he must get her away before Robert came. Deacon Britt was the nestor and arbiter of the hamlet; he had been a justice of the peace; he was a firm friend of Robert and the Allens; he should give his counsel. "The boy isn't here," said the Captain, "he's away; bnt you come up with me to Squire Britt's, and tell your story, and give your proof, and we'll see how to settle it. Come along quick, I'm in a hurry; I've work to do."

But the woman was full of drunken cunning.

"I won't go until I see the boy. Go on with your work. I'll wait for him. What does a woman feel waiting to see her own dear, pretty boy after ten years, and she a good, loving mother as ever lived!"

The Captain clenched his hands and gritted his teeth. In his fury he felt like picking up a stick and cleaving the woman's head. "I'd sooner kill you than let you have him!" he roared in a transport of fury.

"A nice man you are to bring up a boy," cried the woman, who belonged to the unstampedable. "I want my child! Where is my boy! My son, my son, come to your mother!"

Alas! the Captain, looking across the stream, saw Robert, joyous, running down the path toward the bridge. Beside himself with distress, he foolishly cried, "There he is—hush! hush! hold your tongue, I say!"

"Oh, there he is; that's my boy, is it, running to meet his own mother?"

Robert's foot was on the bridge. "Robert," shouted the Captain, "stay where you are! Do not come on this side of the creek!"

Robert was not of those pleasing young people, who being told to do something, do quite the contrary, and then ask what the order meant. Nor did he belong to that other variety, who meet a command with, 'why' and 'oh, no' and 'I won't.' If his father said, "Don't cross the bridge," very good; Robert did not cross the bridge, though his foot was on it. If his father wanted him to stay on that side of the creek, very good; he could stay there, why not? He sat on the grass, and taking off his old chip hat, let the cool breeze fan his heated face.

"I'll call him over," said the woman, angrily.

"If I tell him to stop where he is, he'll do it, if you call till you drop," retorted the wrathful Captain.

"Then I'll go over to him," said the woman. "I'll go over and follow him to the camp, or clear round the world. I'll have my son. A pretty thieving man you are to keep parted a mother and her boy!"

She started for the wide back-door of the mill, on the threshold of which rested the first plank of the bridge.

"Don't go! Don't cross! Stop, woman, I say!" cried the Captain.

Not that he feared for her; his family crossed there dozens of times daily. It was Robert for whom he feared.

The woman went on. The bridge was narrow and high over the howling creek for an unsteady head. Moreover, for the part near the mill, the planks were wet and slippery, being constantly spattered with drops from the wheel. The woman had gone a few steps when her feet slipped, her drunken brain reeled, her hand relaxed its grasp from the rail, and she plunged headlong into the rocky bed of the creek. The creek was low. The water, deeper where she fell, rolled her round once or twice and bore her into a shallow.

Robert, seated on the farther bank, saw a strange woman essay to cross and then fall. He flung himself to the rescue, a few strides, where the creek was shallow. A few swimming strokes in the middle, and he had reached the woman and lifted her head above the water. Meanwhile the Captain had hurried down the other bank and plunged into the water below the wheel and came to the two.

"She's fainted, or something," said Robert. "She couldn't drown in that minute in the water."

The Captain lifted her by the waist, her head hanging against his arms.

"Take up her feet, Robert," he said, "and we'll carry her into the kitchen."

Robert wrapped the ragged wet garments about her knees, lifted her feet as his father said, and they struggled up the bank with their heavy, dripping burden and laid her in the kitchen on the wide soft lounge which was Pink's bed at night. They took off her wet dress and shoes and stockings. Robert took a towel and rubbed her head, arms and feet.

"Get mother's camphor-bottle, father, and bathe her face," he said, returning to his authority as chief nurse of the Allen home.

The Captain followed orders.

"She isn't dead; her heart beats," said Robert, "and I see a little quiver here in her throat. Father, the doctor goes about noon every day to see old Mrs. Long; go and see if you can catch him to come here and I'll keep on rubbing her."

The Captain hurried off in silence. He feared to leave the boy alone with the woman, lest she revive and speak, but the whole succession of events prostrated his understanding. He could mercy do each thing as it came up. A doctor was needed. Well, he would call the doctor. Had he been the means of getting the woman into the creek? No; surely not. He had called to her not to cross the bridge. True, he had felt ready to kill her,—but would he have done it? Evidently no. He went into the water to save her.

Thus his brain ran on as he hurried to Mrs. Long's, and luckily found the doctor.

Robert, left alone with the wreck of humanity on the lounge, regarded her with horror. Her soiled, torn clothing, her bloated frame, the face set in unconsciousness, but bearing marks of years of drunken sin,—these sickened the boy, whose native refinement was great and who had been reared in cleanness and innocence by Eliza Allen. He went to the blue chest, got out a clean sheet and laid it over the figure on the lounge. Then he got a brush and smoothed her hair and twisted it up as well as he could. Next he put a few drops of ammonia in water, and slowly poured them into the woman's mouth. This seemed to revive her. She opened her eyes and regarded Robert with a heavy stare that seemed to see nothing. There were mists before her eyes.

"Brandy," she whispered, "give me some brandy."

"We haven't any," said Robert. "I'll make you some tea." Eliza had a little kettle over a lamp. He lit the lamp, put a few tablespoonfuls of water in the kettle and hastily made some strong tea. He sweetened it and began to feed it to her. She swallowed feverishly. Then said:

"Gin, boy; gin! A drop of gin, or brandy, or——, or——"

"We haven't any; here take this," said Robert, and he put a drop or two of ammonia into the tea. "Take this."

She took it, but groaned, and closed her eyes. Then Captain Allen came with the doctor. The doctor was a skilful man, learned in accidents among the mines and lumber-camps of the county. He began to handle the patient, pressing here and there, lifted her eyelids, then raised her up. She turned white with a cry.

"She was oniy in the water a minute or two," said Robert.

"Pitched off the bridge, did she?" said the doctor. "Dizzy; she had been drinking. Who is she?"

"We don't know, we never saw her before," said Robert.

"She came into the mill—she wanted to cross the creek on the bridge, and I told her to keep off," said Captain Allen.

"What did she want? what did she say?" asked the doctor.

"She—wanted to see some one—on the other side," said the Captain.

"She is evidently a sort of tramp," said the doctor, "but tramps never come here; we are all too poor and honest."

"I know," said Robert; "she must have heard of the camp; they are rich there. She no doubt wanted to go there to beg. That is why she would cross the bridge."

"No doubt," said the doctor, and he went out of the door with the Captain; Robert followed them. "There is nothing to do for her, but I will leave an opiate in case she begins to suffer overmuch. She will last only a few hours; not past six o'clock, probably. Her back is broken. She must have struck a big boulder as she went under. Her legs are dead already, quite paralyzed. Let her lie where she is, as she is—to torture her by moving her would be cruel. I'll drive round by the poorhouse, and speak to the poor-master to come round here this evening for the body." Then the doctor mounted his vehicle, which was a "buckboard" on a pair of stout, low wheels, and rode off.

The woman lay as if insensible. The Captain could stand it no longer. "I promised," he said, "to get out boards for the young gentleman for a new shanty. I must go to work. You watch her, Robert. Don't be frightened if she talks queer to you, and says odd things. It will be raving, you know. She may mix you up with others. Don't heed her talk."

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. M., Trenton, N. J.—Is the Epworth League a branch of the Society of Christian Endeavor?

No; it is a separate organization. The Epworth League is identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church.

N. C., Aspen Grove, N. C.—Is the "History of the Jews," by Josephus, published now?

You can purchase the works of Josephus in almost any book store, including his "Antiquities of the Jews," which is doubtless what you refer to.

D. L., Keokuk, Ia.—What is the meaning of the word agnostic?

The name signifies: "We do not know." Agnosticism is Theological Knownothingism, and the term was first used, by Professor Huxley. The Agnostic stands between the Theists and the Atheists, saying to both: "You profess to know too much. We assert that we do not know and cannot know about God."

M. A., Philadelphia.—I have just commenced teaching a Bible Class of married men. We do not propose following the Lessons, but take different parts of Scripture to study. Can you tell me of some book that will help us in the study?

The best plan is to take up the Lesson, which is more widely discussed than any other religious topic in the world. Ten million persons study it simultaneously all over Christendom. If you do not take the Lesson, then procure a Bible Commentary, which can be bought of almost any bookseller.

W. L., Leavenworth, Kan.—In what part of the Jordan was Jesus baptized?

The exact scene of the baptism is disputed. The Evangelists imply that it took place at Bethabara, "beyond Jordan," and St. John distinctly asserts that "these things were done" there. Others hold that it took place at a point near Jericho, and when Dr. Talmage, during his recent journey to the Holy Land, baptized a believer in the ancient river, he chose the latter spot. Eminent Biblical students say that the oldest MSS. extant declare that the baptism of Christ took place near Bethany. Lachmann and Tischendorf favor Bethany; Origen and others, Bethabara.

J. M. B., Chambersburg, Pa.—Of what country was the Prodigal Son, and to what Church did he belong?

The parable of the Prodigal Son was intended by our Saviour to be of universal application. It did not refer to a native of any country, nor a member of any church or sect in particular, although the parable was told to the Jews. Prodigals are found in every land. The object of the parable was three-fold: (1) to show the folly and sinfulness of riotous living, and the duty of repentance; (2) the sinfulness of indulgence in a selfish and jealous disposition, as illustrated in the case of the elder son, and (3) the readiness of our Heavenly Father to welcome us back and forgive us, if we come to him in the right spirit.

J. M., Nutley, N. J.—Is it right for a follower of Jesus Christ to belong to a secret society which is for the purpose of mutual benefit?

Provided the Society presents no features that are objectionable on the ground of morality, and leads to no practices inconsistent with Christian life and character, there would seem to be no reason why it should be opposed on religious grounds. The element of secrecy, however, is one that often operates as a cover for much that is to be deplored. Certain Christian denominations have denounced some secret societies as leading to habits of intemperance, while others have opposed them because they introduce in their ceremonials irreligious rites in which no Christian can conscientiously participate.

H. H. C., Marshall, Texas.—(1) What is the plural of apteryx? (2) Are all names of families in zoology accented on the antepenult? (3) Is the Comte de Paris living? (4) History says of James I. of England, "Strictly speaking, his claim to the throne was not perfect." Why not, since he was the nearest living descendant of Henry VII.? (5) How happened it that Henry II. of France had two sons named Francis?

(1) Aptera, the generic term, may be applied as the plural. (2) See a dictionary or a manual of zoology. (3) He is living, but in retirement? (4) Which history says so? (5) It was not unusual for royalty and the heads of noble houses to give to more than one son the name they wished their successor to bear, so that in the event of the death of the elder son, another, bearing the same name, might come to the throne or the title. As illustration: In the Warwick family, it has been the boast of the house that for generations almost all the Earls have been named Guy? To perpetuate this, more than one son receives the name of Guy, although, having three or four other names, he may not be so designated unless called to succeed to the earldom through the death of an elder brother. Doubtless Henry II. meant thus to provide that his successor to the throne should be called Francis, after Henry's own father, Francis I.

T. H. Lexington, Ky.—What is the best book published in reply to Ingersoll?

Several have been written controverting this infidel lecturer, one that has attained a very wide publicity being the series of ten sermons by Rev. Dr. Talmage, which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD early in 1882. In these discourses, Dr. Talmage took up, *seriatim*, the principal assertions of the infidel and answered them. Another book is that issued by several Chicago clergymen jointly. Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, has also preached a number of sermons in reply to Ingersoll and able answers have been contributed to the *North American Review* by ex-Premier Gladstone, of England, Rev. Henry M. Field, of New York and Judge Black. The best of all answers is the Bible itself, which Ingersoll has purposely distorted to suit his agnostic views.

G. K. J., Philadelphia.—When we die, do we go straight to heaven, or do we lie in the grave until Resurrection Day and then go?

There is no direct and explicit statement on the subject in the Bible. There are, however, many passages from which we may infer that the spirit has a conscious existence in the interval between death and resurrection. The Apostle Paul would scarcely have desired "to depart and be with Christ" (Phil. 1: 23) if he had not believed that he would be with Christ immediately after death. If he had thought that his soul would sleep with his body in the grave until the resurrection, a man so intensely desirous to serve Christ as he would have recoiled from death. Then, too, Moses, who, we are told, died and was buried, (Deut. 34: 5 and 6) appeared on the Mount of Transfiguration with Elias. (Matt. 17: 3.) It is difficult, also, to understand the Parable of Dives and Lazarus (Luke 16: 19-31) on any other theory than that the disembodied spirit is in conscious happiness or misery in the interval between death and resurrection.

O. McN., Boise City, Idaho.—How did the different nations of the world measure time, and how do their adjustments compare with our own?

Chronology, or the division of time, is of two sorts—mathematical and historical. The earliest form of chronological computation was by "generations," or the lives of leading persons in a nation. The Greeks measured time by Olympiads or periods of four years each. The Romans dated events from the building of their city. The Mohammedans dated from the Hegira, or Flight of Mohammed, in 622 A. D. Long after the birth of Christ, the Romans and Greeks used their old systems of time measurement. Until the end of the 15th century, France computed by periods of fifteen years which were called "indications." The adoption of the Christian chronology did not generally begin till about 527 A. D., and it is now universally used wherever Christ is worshipped. China, Babylon and India had complex systems of their own. The Hebrew system reckons from the Creation, estimating 4,000 years between that event and the birth of the Saviour.

Miss T. G. M., Wyckoff, N. J.—Did Adam and Eve actually eat fruit in the garden of Eden, or is the saying a parable?

The only source of information is the Bible narrative and it contains no intimation that it is to be understood otherwise than literally. Theologians who have preferred to regard the narrative as a parable or allegory have usually been led to do so by the suggestion that the eating of fruit which was "good for food," and "pleasant to the eyes," and was moreover within reach, was an offence too venial to have been justly visited with a punishment so severe and far-reaching. The objection, however, is not well founded, because it ignores the main point involved. The gravity of the offence consisted, not in the act itself, but in the fact that Adam and Eve in committing it were consciously and wilfully violating God's explicit and emphatic command. They were punished for disobedience. If we suppose that it took some other form than the actual and literal eating of fruit, the principle was the same. There is therefore no valid reason for rejecting the Bible narrative or putting any other construction on the words than their literal meaning.

A DISSATISFIED MOSLEM.

THE following incident is related of the beginning of the work, Miss Taylor is doing among Mohammedan girls, at Beyrout, in Syria. Seeing, how they were neglected Miss Taylor asked the mothers, if they would let their daughters come to a school if she opened one. Fifteen of them promised. The mothers came at first to hear what the children were taught. Then they trusted her. On the second day, she took her Bible, and told the mothers, she would teach them a little prayer. She read it to them, and asked them if they thought it was a right one. They said they saw no harm in it, and she has taught them the Lord's Prayer ever since, and has read the Bible with them, and expounded it to them. They became truthful and honest after being some time in the school.

The effect of the establishment of this and other schools for Moslem girls, was to provoke the Moslems themselves to jealousy, and they set up schools of their own, but many of the children were still sent to Christian schools. An old Mohammedan, however, feeling ashamed that foreigners should come and teach their children in a Moslem land, got his daughter to remove her two girls from Miss Taylor's school and send them to the Moslem school. One day he thought he would go and see how they were getting on. As he was going in, he heard the teacher raging at the children and invoking a curse upon their grandfathers. He thought to himself that he was the grandfather of two of them, and they were not sent to school to learn evil tempers and to curse their ancestors. They could learn that upon the streets. So he had them sent back to Miss Taylor's, remarking that they had not women of their own fit to train children. What was needed was character, and he was glad to have his granddaughter sent where upright character was formed under moral and religious training.

A PREACHER EMANCIPATED.

ALTHOUGH it is not uncommon to hear of a sermon being blessed of God to the emancipation of hearers it is out of the usual course to hear of a preacher owing his emancipation to one of his own sermons. Yet that is the story Rev. W. E. Cousins tells in the *African*, Dr. C. E. Welch's Missionary Magazine. He says that a small church at Androxakely, in Madagascar had for its pastor a very pious and eloquent man named Rainitrondro, who was a slave. He has been an earnest Christian worker for years, but he was much hindered by the claims of his master upon his services. For two years he prayed earnestly that he might have more freedom to carry on his pastoral work, but he seemed, as he thought, to have prayed in vain. At last, however, the evangelist in charge of this group of churches told the Prime Minister about the good work Rainitrondro was doing, and soon after this he was sent for to preach in the Palace Church. The Queen was so pleased with him that she determined to pay his owner the sum at which he valued the man so as to redeem him, that he might be able to devote all his time to the work of his church. Rainitrondro was duly sold to the Queen by whom he was emancipated and he is now school-teacher as well as pastor, and he appears to exercise a strong influence for good in the district.

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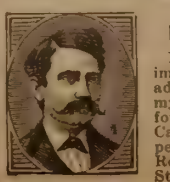

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BUNCE'S BREAKFAST.

How Filial Love Succeeded in Mending a Broken Life.

SATURDAY night had come and the streets were crowded with busy people buying provisions for Sunday's dinner, and bonnets and hats and bits of finery, which would duly appear in church next day. The men had received their week's wages, and promises made earlier in the week of what should be done "when father gets his money" were being fulfilled—that is, some of the promises were; others were not; but then they had been made conditionally, for there were some homes in which all promises having a money basis were necessarily of an uncertain character. Father would get his money—all that he had earned; but if he happened to have been off drinking for one day, there would be only five days' wages for him to draw, instead of six, and perhaps, too, that would not arrive at home intact.

In a cross street, not so brilliantly lighted as the one in which the stores were, several covered passage-ways gave admission to a row of rear tenements. Quiet Paradise Place certainly was, but unspeakably dull. The houses were let as a whole, or by the single room, to suit the convenience of tenants, who, as a rule, not exactly from desire for convenience, adopted the single-room arrangement.

James Bunce lived in one of those houses, and hired three rooms, of which one was kitchen and sitting-room by day and his son's bedroom at night. A second was Bunce's bedroom, and the third, originally intended to be a wardrobe, and having no window in it, was a bedroom for Bunce's daughter Jennie, twelve years old.

"Hallo, Jennie; ain't father home yet?" said a boy, who had just come in.

The girl addressed was a very pretty child, but her face wore the look of care and premature womanliness which comes on the faces of some motherless girls. It looked very pathetic on Jennie's face which seemed formed rather for smiles than for sadness. She was bending over an old frock and using all her ingenuity to fill up a large hole with a patch.

"No, Tom; I guess he's at the grocery. He'll be pretty bad when he does come, I'm afraid. You'd better undress and get to bed before he comes. If he cuts up rough you'll have it, if you're around."

"Not I, Jennie; it's no worse for me than you, and I guess I can stand it if you can." The boy flung himself, dressed as he was, on the heap of rice-bags which served him as a bed, and clasping his hands behind his head, lay watching his sister at her task.

"Say, Jennie," he said at last, "ain't there any way of keeping father home to-morrow? Couldn't you get all his money off him to-night? Seems to me he's been getting worse ever since mother died."

"That's so," Jennie assented. "I don't know what's to be done. What are the bar-rooms like, Tom? I suppose they're better than our places, ain't they? Father seems to hate the sight of home now."

"Oh, yes, they're fine enough—looking-glass all around and shiny shelves and glasses and little images and a good stove and lots of lights. They're splendid!"

"You won't ever go there, Tom, when you're a man?"

"Not I. I've seen enough of it with father. Why, if he didn't go there, Jennie, you'd have a good frock, and I'd have good shoes, and perhaps we'd go to school. No; I'm a temperance man, I am."

"That's right, Tom. You hold on to that, and some day you'll earn as much as father, and have a house of your own to live in."

"Then I'll take care of you, Jennie; but you haven't said whether there's any way of keeping him at home to-morrow."

"I don't know as there is, Tom. Maybe if we got him a good breakfast and made the place tidy a bit he wouldn't go. How much money have you got?"

"It's thirty cents now. I got five cents to-night for holding a horse;" and the boy rose to show his hoard.

"I've got a quarter, Tom. What do you say to buying a breakfast with it? We could do it for that. But it's a shame to have your money off you when you're saving for your shoes."

"I don't mind, Jennie; you can have it if you think it'll keep father out of the saloon."

It was a risk, for it was all they had, and the investment was doubtful. There was no certainty that Bunce would be bribed to stay in his home, after all. They decided to try it, however, and Jennie slipped out to make the purchases. As she passed the grocery, she heard her father invited "to oblige the company with a song," and Bunce responded with "Home, sweet home." She hurried on with a sad heart, for there was a huskiness in her father's voice foreboding that in an unpleasant sense there would be "no place like home" that night for her. The little parcel which the half dollar bought was carried home and hidden away, and presently Bunce's stumbling feet were heard on the stairs. The next hour was a bad time for the two children, Bunce having apparently left his good-humor behind at the saloon. At last, grumbling and swearing, he shuffled off to bed, and was soon snoring loudly.

Early the next morning Jennie spread an old apron of her mother's on the rough table to do duty as a table-cloth, and laid out the breakfast in the most attractive form she could think of. She stepped back to take a final view of it, and being satisfied, roused Tom to get his judgment.

"That ought to do the business, Jennie. It looks good; you got a lot for the money." Then they sat down and ate a crust of bread and drank some water.

Bunce waked up with what is technically known as "a head on him." To Bunce himself it seemed less like a head than a palpitating, throbbing bundle of nerves. The first thing must be a drink, and, half dressed, he shuffled into the kitchen and seized his hat and coat to go to the saloon for a whiskey-sour. He was in a limp, flaccid condition, a pitiable object. His glance fell on the table and the unusual preparations. That was the moment the children had waited for.

"Father," said Jennie, timidly advancing to do the honors as hostess, "here's a nice breakfast—hot coffee and a mutton chop. It's all ready; come and sit down. Tom and I have had our breakfast."

Bunce looked bewildered. First he glanced at the breakfast, and then at Jennie's upturned face, and then at Tom, whose eyes were pleading eloquently. Bunce wanted to go, but he had not arrived at the stage of utter indifference to his children. He could forget them in the saloon, but he had been a good father once, and had not lost all his paternal feelings. He could not resist Tom's earnest seconding of his sister's invitation: "Have some before you go, father; it'll spoil if you don't, and Jennie got it all herself to surprise you." So he sat down with a perplexed face. He had no appetite, but the hot coffee suited him, and after a deep drink of it, his wits seemed sharpened. He began to realize the situation.

"How did you get this, children?" he asked. "You seem to be fond of your poor father, after all."

"Of course we are," said Jennie, kissing him; "and you're fond of us, ain't you, father? We've nobody but you to love us now."

Tears came into Bunce's eyes as he looked at the two children dependent on him for love and guidance. It was true they had no one but him, and he knew he had been like a broken reed and no support at all for them. He kissed them, and told them he did love them, and then went on with his breakfast.

Jennie had her mother's Bible ready on the mantle-shelf, and when Bunce was through, she pleaded with him to stay and hear her read a chapter. Now she did not go to school, there was no one to hear her read, and she might be forgetting. Bunce sat and listened while Jennie read about the prodigal son, and another chapter. It seemed comfortable there, and the reading carried his mind back to old times, when he was not "drunken Bunce," but a smart, bright lad at home, with a good father and mother, and later to the time when he and his young wife used to go to church regularly, and were so proud of their two children. Conscience was beginning to work, and Bunce, though he sat silent, was mentally busy. He thought he had some back-bone left yet, and surely his children were more to him than the men in the saloon. But it would be a hard fight, and maybe it was not worth making, if he was sure to be beaten in the end.

"I must go now," Bunce said at last. "I'll soon be back, though." The children's hearts sank. They had heard that promise many times. Jennie put her arms around his neck, and begged him to stay. Tom held his hand and said, "Don't go to the saloon this morning, father; we'll do anything for you if you won't go out."

"I must go," said the man. "Let me get up Jennie, I can't stand it any longer. I ain't going to the saloon. I'm going to sign the pledge!"

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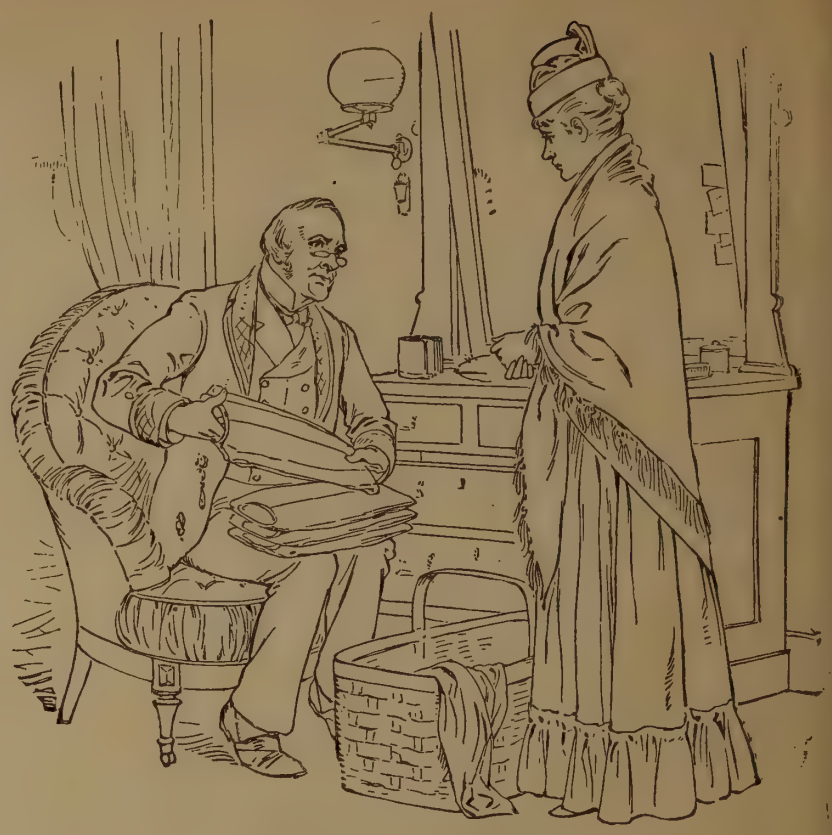

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A HYMN IN A SALOON.

SOME special religious meetings were being held in a town, the people of which were notorious for their drinking habits. They were chiefly working shoemakers in receipt of good wages, most of which found their way to the saloons. They came to the services in large numbers attracted by the music and singing, which were unusually good. But one night, there was some kind of celebration among them in connection with their trade. The saloons were full and the hall in which the meetings were held was comparatively empty. "I never saw a town," says the Evangelist, who conducted the meetings, "where the love of music was so general. There was singing late that evening in every saloon, but it was generally of a wicked and often of an obscene kind. In one of them a man, when his turn came, staggered to his feet and commenced the familiar words, which he had heard at our meetings, 'We shall have a new name in that land.' It was the first time a song of that nature had been heard in the saloon, and his companions were struck dumb for a moment or two with the incongruity of the thing; then one of them broke the silence by saying, 'Look here, it is no use your singing that, you will never be anything but Drunken Joe all your life.' They came back to the meeting the next night, and Drunken Joe was there. He told me, had come 'meaning business.' He was scared. He said, 'A man told me last I should never be anything, but Drunken Joe all my life. I have always meant to reform some day, but when he said that I learned what our people thought of me, I thought it over myself, and I began to believe, they were right. I cannot afford to have it go on any longer, for if I do, I shall die as Drunken Joe. I'm going to quit now, if it isn't too late already. What do you think?' I assured him it was not too late. He was in earnest and he gave his heart to God that night. It is more than two years ago, now and Joe has held fast. He is a marked man, too, for he is the leader of a little band of Christian men, whom he has been the means of rescuing from a depraved life."

MONEY OR THE BIBLE.

AN eccentric Christian gentlemnn of large wealth, living in the suburbs of London was celebrating his birthday recently. All his servants were summoned to the library with the intimation that the old gentleman intended to make each servant a present to commemorate the day. "I have a number of Bibles here," he said, "well-bound and well printed. I will give one to each of you, or any who prefer it, may have the value of the Book in money. The groom chose money, as he could not read and the Bible would be of no use to him. He could, as his employer suggested, get some one to read it to him, but still he preferred the money and the old gentleman handed it to him. The gardener wanled some money for a specific purpose, and he, too, received his present in that form. The cook said she never had time for reading and would take the money. The chamber-maid already had a Bible and also preferred money. The other servants for a variety of reasons made the same choice. Only one, the errand-boy chose the Bible. He said he had been going to Sunday School, and wanted a Bible. He was a poor boy and he looked rather longingly at the pile of little gold coins from which the old gentleman was taking one at a time to give to each servant who decided for the money; but he was quite sure that the Bible was what he wanted. The Book was handed to him with the remark, "You have chosen wisely, my boy. You are of the same mind as the great king who said that God's word was more to be desired than gold. Read the book and you will find it so." The boy took the book and went away with the other servants, who laughed at his simplicity. There was no laughing, however, when the boy opened his Bible and found between its leaves a bank note for five pounds (about $25), which the old gentleman had placed there and which was worth ten times as much as the gold coins each of the other servants had received.

A RENEGADE'S INFLUENCE.

INVITATIONS were being sent out for a supper and dance by a party of fast men. "Let us ask Rogers," suggested one of them. "He would not come," said another, "or if he did it would be to preach and pray, and spoil the fun." The first speaker, however, persisted, saying that Rogers had given up "nonsense of religion and was a good fellow again." Unhappily his statement was only too true. Rogers had been among the converts at a revival, but had lapsed into worldliness after a few months of loud profession. He accepted the invitation and was one of the most reckless men there. During the evening he danced with a lady who said to him." Do you know that your being here to-night decides a struggle I have had? I meant to quit this life after to-night and see if I could not get religion. It was pretty hard to do, but I knew you had done it and I heard you say at a meeting that you were happy without that kind of pleasure. I thought if you were happy I could be happy too, and I meant to try. But I see you can't get along without the old pleasure; so I shall not try." At the end of that dance Rogers quitted the party and went home. "Is it possible," he cried, "that I have not only lost my own soul but have caused the loss of another!" The appalling responsibility so weighed upon his mind that he sank into despondency and in his despair committed suicide. "No man liveth unto himself."

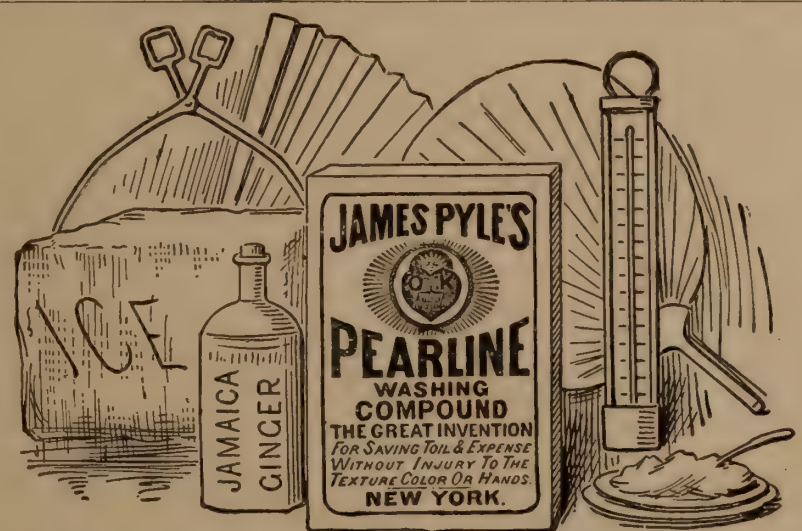
TEN MINUTES.

WE are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track:
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes; yet each one bears
A little burden of joys or cares;
Take patiently the minutes of pain—
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

We are but minutes; when we bring
A few of the drops from pleasure's spring,
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay—
It takes but a minute to fly away.

We are but minutes—use us well;
For how we are used we must one day tell:
Who uses minutes has hours to use—
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.



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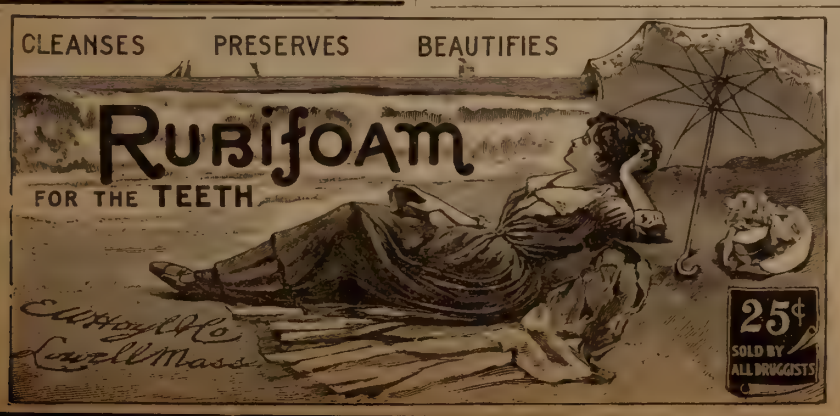

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AMONG THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

THE experiment of introducing Bible-women in Christian work in India is proving very successful. Miss Abbott, who is superintending the work in Bombay for the American Board, relates an incident which shows how they are received. She says: "Early in the year, as we were leaving a house, we found a Hindu woman awaiting us with an invitation from her mistress for us to cross the street and visit her. We found a large house, in which many families apparently were living. We had a hearty welcome from the landlady, and after seating us in a large hall she screamed at the top of her voice to the different women, telling them to come and see the Madam Saheb. A company of twenty-four, a few men among them, were soon seated about us, and in our chat I very soon spoke of Christ and his love. The face of our hostess immediately lighted up, and she turned to the women, saying, 'She is going to tell us of Christ.' I said: 'Bai, you know about Christ, I am sure?' 'Yes,' she answered; 'I had a very good son; he went to a mission school and then to Wilson College, and he often told me of Christ; but now he is dead, and for a long time no one has told me of these things. When I saw a lady going so often to a house across the street, I said that must be a lady that tells about Christ, so I called you in.' We have visited her once a week ever since, with but few exceptions. Sometimes we have a large company, and sometimes we are taken upstairs to a more private apartment, where seven or eight women gather to hear the sweet story. It must be that some of these are not far from the kingdom. We have also gained entrance into four other Brahman houses during the year, new places."

"Three women who had been laboring as Bible-women through the year, and another was employed for part of the time. The work has progressed in a more systematic way, and I am sure greater good has been accomplished."

A CHINESE SUFFERER FOR CHRIST.

A PENALTY Chinamen sometimes have to bear for becoming Christians is illustrated by the following incident contained in a letter recently received from Mr. D. B. Thompson, of Kui-chau: "I was catechising in the chapel some who wished to be baptised, and a young man was among them who had been to the meeting and bought a Bible and a hymn-book. We knew him quite well, but not of any special circumstances in his case. I said to him, 'Well, my brother, what have you got to say? How long is it since you began to love the Lord? Get up and tell us.' He stood up and said, 'It was on a Friday night; I was in the street chapel. I heard you speaking about Jesus being a friend that would stick closer than a brother. Now, I wanted such a friend; and when you told us how good and kind and true he was, I just went home, blew the light out, so as not to let anybody see me, and I asked the Lord Jesus to be my Friend. And he is my Friend. I love him; and that hymn, 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' is what I like.' Then he added, 'I want you to pray for me, because I have been put out of my situation.' This is a frequent result to those who trust in Christ and become Christians, and connected with us. But he got a little place of his own, and is getting on very well, shuts up his shop on Sundays, and comes to the worship. This young man was interested about his wife—quite a young girl—about eighteen. We got her to come and live at our house, and to-day, through the influence and life of the native helpers, she has become a Christian, has been baptized, and is a living a consistent life."

A PERSIAN CONVERT MARRIED.

IN a letter to the *Church* from Miss C. G. Montgomery, who is laboring at Hamadan, Persia, is the following account of the marriage of a convert: "Last year we needed some sewing done; a young girl was recommended to us, and we engaged her After being with the girls some time, and seeing them at their lessons, she expressed a desire to learn to read, so at once began to take one lesson every day. After awhile she became a day scholar, and at last wished to be taken into the house as a boarder. She remained about a week, when some Mussulmans found it out, and made a fuss, threatening her father with punishment if she were allowed to remain. Then she was forced to leave, but she had learned the truth, and continued to read the New Testament with her brother, who was in the boys' school. Then a young man who had remained unmarried, because he could not find a Christian wife, heard of her, and got his friends to arrange a marriage for him. They were first married according to Persian law and custom; but afterwards, one evening, when station meeting was at Dr. Alexander's, they came there, and Mr. Hawkes remarried them with the Christian ceremony. At once the young wife began to teach another woman in the house to which she went to read the New Testament, and she brings her to prayer meeting very often. Thus the circle widens, the light shines from one to another. May the day be hastened when the True Light shall shine in every heart and every home in Persia."

SELF-SUPPORT IN JAPAN.

AN INCIDENT of a Congregational Convention in Japan is reported to the *Missionary Herald* by Rev. O. H. Gulick, which deserves notice. It is only a question of a small sum of money, but it is significant as an indication of the sincerity of the converts. Mr. Gulick says that at the Convention of preachers and evangelists recently held, a report was made by Mr. Kogita—a last year's graduate from the theological department of Doshisha—now evangelist at Yatsushiro, who has led his people on to the high resolve that they will henceforth be self-supporting. Heretofore this church has received monthly aid of twelve or thirteen dollars from the Missionary Society for the support of their evangelist. Now Mr. Kogita and his people have decided that they, numbering seventy or eighty persons, with the blessing of God upon a spirit of consecration, can, and will, support their own work without aid from abroad. During the past year they have paid off a debt of sixty or seventy dollars that remained to complete the purchase of their church building. "This movement for self-support is" says Mr. Gulick" the most joyful event reported this year, and is an omen of great promise to our churches and our work."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 14. NUMBER 30.

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Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1891.

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Annual Subscription, $1.50.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

Margaret Bottome and the Work she is Doing for the Master—A Life of Service.

JUST seven years ago, a woman sat meditating in the parlor of an uptown residence in New York. To a strong, earnest face, lighted up by kindly eyes, glowing with expression, there was added a sweet sadness that bespoke a sympathetic temperament. She had just parted from several ladies with whom she had been conversing as to the best methods of organizing for Christian work among the women of New York. She, as well as many others, had been doing effective individual work for the Master for many years; but all felt the need of an organization which would give force and direction to the work.

The lonely thinker was Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the wife of a Methodist clergyman of New York City. She had read the Sacred Word and interpreted it in her own earnest eloquent way, in the parlors of the wealthy as well as in the attic homes and tenements of the poor, and she keenly felt the inadequacy of that little unorganized band of women to deal with the problem of Christian service in the great city. The fashionable world would have willingly made much of her, but she cared little for its adulation. She kept resolutely on with her work, waiting and praying for a time when she could be of greater use to the Master.

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Mrs. Bottome posseses all the qualities of a leader of women—such qualities as go to make great generals and commanders among men. To executive capacity and firmness, she added the optimistic faculty of taking a cheerful view of things, thus enabling her to surmount obstacles that would impede less generous and helpful natures. Frequent conferences with minds which, like hers, were active and interested in the cause, soon decided her to take action looking to the formation of an organized movement. She knew there were thousands of noble women throughout the country ready to enter gladly into such a movement, under intelligent direction. As for the field it was literally "ripe to the harvest." Were there not on every side hundreds crying for succor—the poor, the unfortunate, the homeless, the naked, the sick, the ignorant; it was a field whose scope was absolutely boundless. How to occupy it—how to enlist the pure hearts and active sympathies of the women of America, to set them to work intelligently in it, and above all, how to glorify the Master in the highest degree, by the service so rendered—this was the complex problem she had to solve. "One half the world little knows how the other half lives;" could this upper half be transformed into an army to do battle against the evils besetting the lower?

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To Mrs. Bottome, primarily, and to a group of other pious women in conjunction with her, is due the organization of The King's Daughters, a society which now numbers its branches by thousands all over the land. One afternoon in the month of January, 1886, nine ladies met at 47 West 22d Street, New York City. All were devoted Christian women and a majority were actively engaged in the Master's work at that time. Their hostess, Mrs. Margaret Bottome, a sweet-faced matron approaching middle life, had already become noted for her singular piety and consecration, and also for the manner in which God had blessed her efforts at turning the minds of many worldly people in New York and elsewhere from the frivolities of this life to the things of the better kingdom.

The ladies who met on that occasion, after discussing the various methods of doing effective work and comparing notes and experiences, finally accepted Mrs. Bottome's suggestion to organize a Society whose scope and field would embrace the doctrine contained in the motto: "Faith, Hope and Charity." Mrs. Bottome was chosen President, Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, Secretary, and Mrs. Hamersley, Treasurer. The others who were present and who pledged their prayers and efforts for the success of the new venture were: Mrs. Theodore Irving, Mrs. F. Payson, Mrs. C. P. P. DeField, Mrs. J. F. Ruggles, Miss S. B. Schenck and Miss G. H. Libby. When a plan of organization had been definitely sketched out, the next thing to be done was to agree upon a name for the new Society. One after another was suggested and rejected in rapid succession.

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"I propose that the title should be 'The King's Daughters,'" said Mrs. Theodore Irving.

Mrs. Irving was the wife of an Episcopal clergyman, and after his death, conducted a private seminary for young girls in Montreal, Canada, where she organized a Society under the same name, but totally dissimilar in its workings. For a long time she was thought to be the originator of the name, but she has since disclaimed the honor, for it was discovered that an association bearing the same name had already existed in Massachusetts. The suggestion of the name by Mrs. Irving, however, was made in good faith, and the fact that other organizations had already borne it, has in nowise militated against its popularity in the present instance. Many believe that the original suggestion for the name may have been found in the Forty-fifth Psalm, verse 9, in which David, telling of the majesty of Christ's kingdom, says: "Kings' Daughters were among thy honorable women."

MRS. MARGARET BOTTOME,
Founder and President of "The King's Daughters."

Mrs. Bottome has since then discovered another fact which shows the designation to have been applied at a date still more remote, to a somewhat similar organization in Virginia. In that State, there existed a Society of Kings' Daughters nearly a generation ago, and long anterior to the Montreal organization founded by Mrs. Irving.

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These and other investigations added interest to the situation. Soon "The King's Daughters" became known far and wide for the energy of its membership, the steady growth of its numbers and the intense devotion that characterized the organization as a whole. The details of the general scheme of organization are mainly the result of Mrs. Bottome's executive brain. The general governing power is vested in a Central Council, consisting of the following ladies: Mrs. Bottome, President; Miss Kate Bond, Vice-President; Mrs. M. L. Dickinson, General Secretary; Mrs. G. H. Kirby, Treasurer; Mrs. Isabella Charles Davis, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. J. F. Ruggles, Recording Secretary; Miss Margaret Barker, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. David H. Greer, Mrs. William B. Skidmore, Mrs. C. DeW. Bridgman and Mrs. A. S. Barnes. The Council has the power to fill its own vacancies, and is legally incorporated, as well as the main body.

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"Circles," as the different branches of the order are designated, are governed on the same plan as the Central Council. There is no special work laid down for any Circle, and the members are left free to choose their own field of Christian usefulness, recognizing only one responsibility—that of thoroughness for the Master. All the branches are in the closest and most harmonious relations with the Central Council, accepting its decrees and submitting to it regular reports of their undertakings. The model of government is liberal and harmonious, and one well calculated to encourage everywhere the desire to accomplish the greatest possible good. Besides the regular membership fee of one dollar a year, every member pays ten cents per annum to the Central Council, through its treasurer. A one hundred dollar contributor is ranked as a "donor."

There are many ways, simple in themselves, yet graceful and effective, which Mrs. Bottome and her associates have devised for keeping the fraternity of the organization intact and the relations of the many branches of The King's Daughters harmonious. One of these devices is the organization badge, a beautiful little Maltese cross of silver, finely chased and bearing the letters I. H. N.: "In His Name." This is emblematic of the purpose of the organization, whose members are banded together "In His Name" as common workers in the cause. The cross also bears the year of the Society's institution, "1886." To the badge is attached a purple ribbon, the royal color, which appropriately carries out the significance of the insignia.

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There are a thousand different ways in which the King's Daughters serve their Lord and Master. There is hardly an ill that afflicts the poor, hardly a burden under which the lowly and humble suffer, which the Daughters are not ever ready to ameliorate and to lighten. They are in very truth "ministering angels," whether as such they come to the sickroom, the workshop, the market or the street. In business or pleasure, indoors and outdoors, by day and by night, they find their mission work ready. To feed and clothe the destitute, to comfort the sorrowing, to nurse the sick, to enlighten the ignorant and to to point out to those sunk in sin and misery the loving Christ and the attractions of his service—these are among the tasks which it is their daily pleasure and duty to fulfil.

Among the different circles and branches, Mrs. Bottome moves like a guiding spirit, diffusing by her presence a feeling of enthusiasm among the members, and kindling the fires of energy and activity everywhere. She has the entire confidence of the members, who regard the beloved foundress of their order as a mother rather than as a chief officer, and whose ambition it is to emulate her high spiritual nature and entire devotion to the Master's service.

There are no longer any geographical limits to the Order of the Kings' Daughters, which has expanded beyond all expectations, within the six years since its organization. Many thousands of the best women in America, representing every Protestant denomination, belong to the Order, and it has been a potent factor in the development of new and valued Christian activities in connection with church work. In the larger cities especially, where the organization finds its ranks steadily swelling, the churches now recognize it as a most able adjunct, in city, home and foreign mission work, as well as in stimulating the energies of practical Christian workers in other and more familiar fields, including the home circle itself. The problem of industrial education has also been taken up by the organization, as well as the training of nurses, the medical education of intending missionaries, the providing of Christmas and Thanksgiving dinners, the furnishing of rooms for impoverished families, the buying of shoes for the children of the poor, supplying garments for destitute families in the South, and a thousand other ways of helping their fellow-beings and at the same time advancing Christ's kingdom.

Wheresoe'er the sick and faint
Bear their burdens, make their plaint,
Where the stricken human soul
Cries to God to make it whole;
There The King's own children go,
Seeking but His will to know,
Pressing on through flood and flame,
"For His sake, and In His Name."

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Mrs. Bottome is wholly devoted to her work, and has grown very dear to every "Daughter of the King." In a recent greeting to the organization, she wrote in the following encouraging strain:

"Whatever your outward circumstances may be, as 'Daughters of the King' our chief joy is the glory within. As the years go by, I am more and more impressed with the one word we have emphasized from the first, 'within.'—'The King's Daughter' is all glorious within. In traveling, during this year, in monarchial countries, where the lines between royalty and those not of royal blood were so sharply drawn, I often said: 'I am so glad that we are of a royal line, all children of The King;' and the royal robes are not to be laid aside at death; our royalty goes with us—it is within. Let us make most of the most important things as the Christian days go by. Christ is all and in all. And above all gifts let us make the most of the gift of his dear Son. And above all gifts that we can give is the Christ-like spirit. O, to be so like him that it will be easy for those around to believe in him; to be living pictures—living epistles. This is the need of the weary, hungry world to-day."

MARGARET BOTTOME."

There is not a State in the Union, hardly a city or town, where the Silver Cross is unknown to-day, and where the organization, started so humbly by nine godly women a few years ago, has not its thriving branches.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE PRESENT AGE.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached at the Chautauqua Assembly on the banks of Monona Lake, near Madison, Wis., last Sunday morning, July 26th. His text was: Esther 4 :14: *Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?*

ESTHER the Beautiful was the wife of Ahasuerus the abominable. The time had come for her to present a petition to her infamous husband in behalf of the Israelitish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was reluctant to undertake the work, lest she should lose her own life; but her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther had her God-appointed work; you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of people we ought to be in order that we may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast our lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed, or dry technicalities of religion glorified, you have come to the wrong place; but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready in the Lord's name to look you in the face. When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want a philosophical discussion about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder; they want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and darkness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicalities and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help. What we need in the East you in Wisconsin need.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half-and-half Christians we do not want any more. The Church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They are the chief obstacle to the Church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come here to-day the bondsmen of the world, and yet before you go out of these doors you may become the princes of the Lord God Almighty. You know what excitement there is in this country, when a foreign prince comes to our shores. Why? Because it is expected that some day he will sit upon a throne. But what is all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be queens and kings unto God? "They shall reign with him forever and forever."

But, my friends, you need to be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Christian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more out-door exercise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self-examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days and weeks and months and years of his life feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest, everyday work?

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it ever had been a flower. And there are a great many Christian people in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing attractive left. This style of self-examination is a damage instead of an advantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self-examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before planted.

ESTHER BEFORE THE KING.

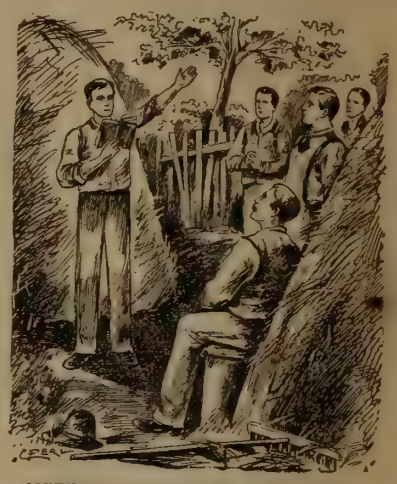
O my friends! if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it, and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it becomes a great tree, in which the fowls of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flower-pot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the Church of God is more brawn of piety.

The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the blue eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so rapidly that we cannot afford to be idle. A recent statistican says that human life now has an average of only thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must substract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From those sixteen years you must subtract all the time you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From those eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in childhood and sickness, leaving you about one year in which to work for God. Oh, my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest-time and with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the vast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year!

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the Gospel, and the church is open and the Gospel is preached; all the spiritual advantages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved, let them come to be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and the hedges and compel the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of heaven, and if he had not come through the door of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if he had not with the crushed hand of the crucifixion knocked at the iron gate of the sepulchre of our spiritual death, crying, "Lazarus, come forth"? Oh, my Christian friends, this is no time for inertia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast; when steam printing-presses are publishing infidel tracts; when express railroad trains are carrying messengers of sin; when fast clippers are laden with opium and rum; when the night-air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who, only a little while ago, were incorrupt. Never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such an unwise, such a cruel, such an awful thing for the Church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian churches, the great audiences are gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only novelty in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless, and they are unhappy. New plans—secular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic. Ah, my brother, do not adopt a thing merely because it is new. Try it by the realities of a Judgment Day.

But, on the other hand, do not adhere to anything merely because it is old. There is not a single enterprise of the Church or the world but has sometimes been scoffed at. There was a time when men derided even Bible Societies; and when a few young men met near a hay-stack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian Church. They said the undertaking was preposterous. And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried out, "Whoever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Who ever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and he drew his illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the cornstalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiaphas hissed!



MEETING BESIDE THE HAYSTACK.

And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in his face, and they called him "this fellow!" All the great enterprises in and out of the Church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture, or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among every-day men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth; and the Church of God in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, read and known of all men, is more like a "dead-letter" post-office.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted; you must be patient; the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the Church of Jesus Christ puts on more speed and energy. Instead of the Church converting the world, the world is converting the Church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies, and says: "Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm; you will have to bring up the great

siege guns of the Gospel to the very wall and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command, "Forward! Charge!"

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to do and for me to do in order to this grand accomplishment! Here is a pulpit, and a clergyman preaches in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the house scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I may stand in this place and, through cowardice or through self-seeking, may keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundation of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that to-day this whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon them the hands of ordination. Every one, go forth and preach this Gospel: You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has. Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach, and there preach. Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him, and said: "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as ever you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him: "Oh, you are nothing but a fanatic." That did not disturb him. He went on

HEDLEY VICARS AND THE BIBLE.

performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible-class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles, held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaven, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college, there was a man who worked, by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write, but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the house—grave theologians—and at family prayers Peter Croy would be called upon to lead; and all those wise men sat around, wonder-struck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God until the very heavens were bowed down into the sitting-room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain Peter Croy kneel by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than some heartless ecclesiastic arrayed in costly canonicals. Go preach this Gospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord Almighty, this morning, I license you. Go preach this Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath schools, in the prayer meetings, in the highways, in the hedges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not.

I remark, again, that in order to be qualfied to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian Church ever get discouraged? Have we not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when he once arises in his strength, to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot-wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily; but here is the promise, and yonder is the throne; and when Omniscience has lost its eyesight, and Omnipotence falls back impotent, and Jehovah is driven from his throne, then the Church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then.

I think that before the sun of this century shall set the last tyranny may fall, and with a splendor of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of his eternal government. Out of the starry flags and the emblazoned insignia of this world, God will make a path for his own triumph, and, returning from universal conquest, he will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth his footstool.

Then shall all nations' song ascend
To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,
Till heaven's high arch resounds again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."

I preach this sermon because I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His Spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The last despotism will fall, and paganism will burn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet, and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! march on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle-cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict. March on! march on! For you the time for work will soon be passed, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne, and the trumpeting of resurrection angels, and the upheaving of a world of graves, and the hosanna of the saved and the groaning of the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

AN UNCOMPLIMENTARY REPLY.

"I REMEMBER," says an earnest Christian worker, who in his younger days was an unbeliever, "how an apprehension which caused me much distress was unceremoniously removed. I used to spend part of my college vacation with a friend in the country who was like myself a sceptic. During our walks and talks in his garden I noticed a young man who was employed as a gardener listening intently to our conversations, while he was potting plants near the arbor in which we were sitting. After my conversation the thought of this gardener recurred to me and I trembled as I thought of the mischief that an unlearned man might have received from hearing the infidel talk of college graduates. I sought him out, therefore, and told him of my conversion and my fear on his account. "Oh," he said, "you need not have feared. I heard you, but I only thought how ignorant you were."

THE STREET OF SORROWS.

EAST Twenty-sixth Street, New York, has acquired the name of "the Street of Sorrows." It is rightly named, because, clustered around down by the river, there are city hospitals and dispensaries with outlying pavilions, the Morgue, where unclaimed dead are brought and piled into rough pine boxes. At the end of the pier come boats to take prisoners to the work-house and penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, and boats to take sick poor to the Charity Hospital. All day long the procession comes down the street. Criminals in cage-like wagons, the sick in ambulances and invalid chairs, and the dead in the city hearse. Plenty of sorrow may be found in other streets by those who look for it, but it is thrust on the gaze unveiled in "the Street of Sorrows." As the Christian sees its heart-rending spectacles, he blesses God that the day is coming when such scenes will no more be witnessed, for they will disappear when he comes to reign, who is called "The Man of Sorrows." (Isa. 53 : 3.)

A DECEPTIVE VANE.

PERSONS accustomed to pass the New York General Post-Office every day do not pay any attention to the direction of the vane above it. They know that it may not indicate the direction in which the wind is blowing. Strangers and occasional passers-by are, however, often misled by it. It pointed constantly to the East for ten days recently, though in that time the wind changed to every point of the compass. One citizen complains that he sustained a severe wetting because he trusted it. He believed there could not be rain while the wind was blowing in the direction the vane indicated; but the wind was not blowing in that direction and the citizen was caught without an umbrella. It appears that the vane is too heavy to move easily and it remains stationary until a gust of wind with almost the strength of a gale turns it around. Its vagaries form a legitimate ground for complaint against the Government officials who have charge of the Federal building and the demand is made that if the thing will not change with the wind it shall be taken down and its place occupied by one that will do so. The same demand is often made on the Church, not as to the vanes on its spires, but as to the ministers in its pulpits. Unhappily some are yielding to the demand in spite of the Apostolic injunction not to "be carried about by every wind of doctrine," but to "speak the truth in love." (Eph. 4: 14.)

A LONG-SUFFERING WIFE.

THE police of New Jersey are looking for a man whose conduct has been singularly brutal. He was formerly in business in Amsterdam, but becoming dissipated he was involved in financial difficulties, and, deserting his wife, he came to America. He brought with him a degraded woman whom he married in New York. He settled down in Hoboken, N. J., and commenced business. Two months ago he wrote to his real wife, who had taken refuge with her parents in Amsterdam, declaring himself penitent and begging her to come to him. He said he had separated from his wicked companion forever and would be a true and faithful husband as long as he lived. The wife freely forgave him, left her father's home and crossed the Atlantic. Her husband met her at the pier, but his manner was cold and repellant. With some circumlocution he told her that though in a moment of repentance he had, as he wrote her, severed his vicious association he could not shake off his infatuation and was again living with her rival. He proposed that as his wife was here and had no money nor home, she should go to his home, here, and he would introduce her as his cousin. The poor woman in her extremity and trusting too much to her own power of winning back the affection of the man she still ardently loved, yielded and submitted to the indignity of the plan he proposed. But she was ill-treated and finally was deserted again. Then she appealed to the law. A man who could be inhuman to a woman so magnanimous must be despised by every one as a disgrace to his race. Yet it is not uncommon to find men who have abjured the world and sworn fidelity to Christ returning to the world, loving it and serving it, while outwardly keeping up the Christian profession, "Fearing the Lord and serving their own gods." (II. Kings 17 : 33.)

A WINGED MESSENGER.

A MERCHANT doing business in San Francisco, whose home is in the country, five miles away from his store, set out for the city one morning recently leaving his dearly loved child sick at home. The little boy was supposed to be merely ailing from a slight cold, but during the day he became worse and the mother recognized the symptoms as those of malignant diphtheria. There was no doctor at hand and prompt medical attention, she knew, must be had or the child would die. In the emergency she determined to make use of a carrier pigeon, which her husband had made it his hobby to train. She wrote a note fully describing the child's symptoms, tied it under the pigeon's wing and sent it up, confident that it would fly to the store. It did so; the merchant carried the note to the best physician in the city, obtained a prescription and had it made up. A small phial was attached to the pigeon and in ten minutes the bird was back again in the home with the medicine. It was administered and the child recovered. The anxious mother's act was an excellent illustration of the exercise of faith. Believing that her child would surely die if no help could be obtained, she was really staking the precious life on the pigeon carrying her letter safely and quickly to her husband. If with like confidence the awakened sinner commits his salvation to Christ, he will surely be saved. (II. Timothy 1: 12.)

VEGETABLE INSECT TRAPS.

SEVERAL new kinds of tropical plants have been placed in the Botanical Garden, at Washington, D. C. The *Star* of that city, says that much interest is caused among amateur botanists by the latest additions made to the hot-houses. Among them is a plant with large pitcher-like blossoms growing from its stem. They contain a fluid of which frogs are fond. A small frog hopping into one of these receptacles is unable to get out after imbibing the fluid which attracted it, as thorns project from the interior of the cup downward, and bar the exit of the frog. Belonging to the same species of carnivorous plants are some, of which specimens have also been sent to the Garden, that have a peculiar attraction for beetles, cock-roaches, ants, bees and butterflies. All the plants are provided with similar means to prevent the escape of the prey. This is in most cases a coating of fine bristles directed inward and downward which effectually hold the insect until it dies, when the flower digests it. Superintendent Smith "feeds" these plants with raw meat, chopped fine, there being few insects in the hot-houses compared with the number they need to sustain life. In their native clime, the Superintendent says, if one of these pitcher flowers is cut open, from one two hundred ants or bugs may be found in them, which being undigested, must have entered within twenty-four hours. To find animal life sustaining vegetable life is a reversal of the common experience. We are more accustomed to seeing vegetable life sustain animal life. Unhappily, however, though the plants are unfamiliar to us, their way of life is not. The saloon, the gambling-den and the haunts of vice thrive in the same way, by attracting victims within, to perish there. (Prov. 4:14-17.)

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CHRIST'S AUTHORITY.

S. S. Lesson for August 9th, By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 5 : 17-30. Golden Text, Matt. 28 : 18.

NEVER was there a man so subject to authority as the Man Christ Jesus. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me," he says, "for I am meek and lowly in heart." (Matt. 11 : 29.) When he came into the world, it was to do the will of another (Heb. 10 : 5–8); his first recorded utterance upon earth was: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke 2 : 49), it was his "delight" (Ps. 40 : 8), his "meat" (John 4 : 34), his "practice" (John 5 : 30) to do his Father's will. We have already seen that he waited for his Father's will as to the very hour and moment in which he should do all which his Father gave him to do; his times, as well as his actions, were all subject to his Father's will. He spoke no unauthorized word, and was, in every detail of his life, under obedience. Yet never was any man possessed of such authority as Jesus Christ, the Son of Man! Shall we not learn the lesson which God so seeks to teach us, and which human nature is so slow to learn, that

He Who Best Obeys

is the best fitted to command? In the temple, as a child of twelve years old, Jesus, taking the position of a learner, hearing and asking questions, became, by his very answers, master of the situation. Already, the power of those words which he spake, not of himself; but from the Father who dwelt in him, was beginning to be manifest. In the very outset of his ministry, his hearers were "astonished at his doctrine, for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes." When, at the same time, an unclean spirit manifested its presence in the synagogue where Jesus was teaching, Jesus rebuked him, commanding him to come out of his victim, and was immediately obeyed,—"They were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? What new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him." The winds and waves obeyed him, to the astonishment of his own disciples, the loaves and fishes multiplied in his hands. Pharisees, scribes, and Sadducees were silenced by his simplest words; sickness and death fled at his touch.

Never was there such Authority.

The Jews would have been well pleased if Jesus had only said, "*The* Father worketh hitherto." But when he said, "My Father worketh hitherto," and then unhesitatingly asserted, "And I work," leaving it to be inferred that the Father and he were doing the same work, and working in unison, this roused all the enmity which was in them. They would not believe that this Jesus was the Messiah; they had their own ideas of what the Messiah was to be, and this humble, unpretentious Man in no way answered to the ideal they had in their minds. So they set him down as a pretender in spite of his holy presence, in spite of his mighty works, in spite of his unanswerable words.

But Jesus continued teaching them, whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear; "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise." Our blessed Lord, misunderstood, reckoned an impostor, knowing that all he was saying went against the grain in his hearers, yet does not wait to explain or justify himself; he simply delivers his message as he receives it from above, and leaves all the consequences to him under whose authority he was. What a lesson for us all of simple trust and of self-renouncement! "For the Father loveth the Son, and showeth him all things that himself doeth, and he will show him greater works than these that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son; that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him." But these words, incomprehensible as they must have been to those minds, blinded by prejudice, to those hearts, full of self-importance and self-interest: how full they are to us! Oh, how they teach us the truth, that God can only make known his ways to the obedient, but that to them that obey him and yield to his will, he will unfold his very heart and make them like their Lord, his "friends" and fellow-workers. (John 15 : 14, 15; II. Cor. 6: 1.)

And now the Lord reveals his authority, his "power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him who sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life." Sin came into the world, and death by sin, through man turning from the Word of God to the representation of the enemy in the garden of Eden. Life comes through turning back to give heed to the Word of God, and to receive as our own personal Saviour and Lord, Jesus, as sent from God, as the gift of God, bringing life and salvation. He who hears Jesus and believes, passes from death unto life, from the condemned cell into freedom, and the "no condemnation" of them who are in Christ Jesus. (Rom. 8: 1.) He passes from death in trespasses and sins which a conscience, either asleep or unawakened causes, from dead prayers, dead praises, dead knowledge, dead works, which are all duty and no privilege, from constraint, with no joy in God, no fellowship, no heart to heart communion, no power to tell others of his love—to "the glorious liberty of the children of God," in a sense of pardon and of sonship.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." It is not the assent to the doctrine of justification which quickens souls into life; it is the recognition that Jesus the Son of God.

Speaks to Me

and brings me pardon, and peace, and power to live unto God; and I, the poor, guilty sinner, accept him as God's Son, claiming me as redeemed by his blood, to live no more to myself and sin, but unto him that died for me and rose again. It is only the Spirit of God who can quicken man, so that he can hear the voice of the Son of God, not in his feelings, but far deeper down, in the inner man, in that "hidden man of the heart" which we are never conscious of until the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the waters, and arouses us to the reality of God, and of our own immortal existence. No man is really alive unto God who has not heard in the depth of his being the voice of the Son of God speaking to him.

It is indeed another life which man enters when eternal things become actual facts to his spiritual consciousness, and communion with God is not a mere feeling, wrought up by some lively meeting, some earnest preacher, some startling event,—but the voice of the Son of God to the sheep which hear his voice, and respond in the quiet secret of that "hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible." There is nothing transient, nothing corruptible in the real communion of God with our spirits. It is his own eternal life which he gives us, answering back to him, understanding and reciprocating him. King Saul could serve God as long as it suited him, but there was nothing permanent in his relations to God. David could serve God even when it cost him much. He was at home in the valley of the shadow of death as well as in the green pastures. His acquaintance with God was permanent, in the spirit life, not in the emotions.

A HOPELESS CASE.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 9. Matt. 28 : 18. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth."

WILL BRETT was a hopeless case. The lawyer said so, and he knew something of him for Will had been his clerk. More than that the minister said so, for, time and again, he had talked to him as a boy and a young man, had encouraged him to reform and pleaded with him. Still more, Will's father said he was a hopeless case. Over and over again he had forgiven him, when Will came to him repentant and promising amendment. But the most serious matter was that Will himself said he was a hopeless case and honestly believed it. The only person who knew him and did not say so was his mother. She would not let go her hope.

What was the matter? Will was a fine young fellow some five and twenty years of age. He was handsome, witty, healthy and intelligent. There was nothing in his make-up to lead the casual acquaintance to say there was no hope for him. But after knowing him a time the fault would be discovered. As one of his associates phrased it, "Will had no backbone." He could be persuaded to do almost anything in the way of dissipation, but he could not be persuaded to stop when he had once begun. He would solemnly vow never to touch a card again. That would be after he had lost all his money and all that he could borrow. But the next invitation would surely be accepted. He would pledge himself never to make another bet, but when he heard of some "*sure* thing" Will would be more eager than any one to risk his money. And as to drinking, he had signed the pledge again and again, but never kept it many weeks.

What was to be done? No one could suggest any way of saving him. Will himself could think of no way. He did think, when a good and beautiful girl consented to marry him, being in love with the handsome young scapegrace, that he could reform for her sake. But he could not. The very week before he was to be married he was urged to have just one more good time with his bachelor friends before settling down as a married man, and he consented. He so disgraced himself that night that the wedding was indefinitely postponed and the bride's father, who had never been very enthusiastic about the match, told him that he would never own him as a son-in-law. So Will lost heart and was sure that nothing could save him. After coming to that conclusion he grew worse very rapidly. He was reckless, and sank lower and lower. He did some dishonorable things, which made his companions ashamed of his society and caused the heads of families in the town to threaten their sons and daughters of what would happen to them if they were seen in Will Brett's company.

But Will's mother kept on praying. "Nothing short of a miracle can save him, now," a good deacon said to her. "Well," she said," I am praying to One who can work miracles.' At last the town grew too hot for him and Will ran away to avoid arrest. He went to a great city, where no one knew him and where, at least, no one would reproach him with disgracing his family. He did not expect he should live very long. Other people thought so, too, when one night Will was taken into hospital having been run over while tipsy in the street. But he did not die. He was hurt badly, but he recovered. The chaplain of the hospital came to talk to him when he was well enough to bear it.

"It is of no use," Will told him, "I know all you would say, but I am a hopeless case. I am beyond any man's power to reclaim me."

"That is very likely," said the chaplain. "I have known many who reached that stage; but I never knew one who was beyond Christ's power. That is what can save you."

Will could not believe it. He had received a Christian training, but Christ had always been an abstraction to him. The chaplain talked of Jesus as if he knew him. Will shook his head.

"Perhaps you don't want to be saved," the chaplain said.

"Want to be saved!" Will almost shrieked. "I want it so much that I would be willing to give my right hand for it."

"Well, you can be saved. Now listen to this: What you need is strength. Christ will give you all you need. All power is his in heaven and in earth and he will see you through. Now will you take it?"

The Chaplain left him to think it over, but the next day he was again at Will's bedside. He listened to Will's story, but refused to be discouraged by it. "Christ," he said, "has never taken your case in hand. He never fails. If you trust in his power you are safe."

Will listened and as he listened he became no longer a hopeless case. He trusted in him who hath all power and began a new life in the strength of Christ. His mother's prayers were answered. He was saved by the miraculous power of the Lord, that "all power, in heaven and earth" which is still used for the rescue of sinners who believe on him.

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

"*MY Father worketh hitherto, and I work.*" There is a lesson in these words for old and young and for great and small. Many Christians will find in them the secret of true happiness. Christ was a busy man. He had no time for the follies of this world. Early in life we heard him say "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and as soon as we get another glimpse of him we find him still at it, going about doing good, even as he had opportunity. He did not stop to consult convenience, to inquire the day of the week, or the time of the day. With him deeds of mercy were always in order, and so they should be with us. Do you know of an opportunity to do good? Enjoy it to-day—do it now. Don't wait. Death may get ahead of you and then it will be everlastingly too late.

A Bishop gave a clergyman, in response to an appeal for charity in behalf of a sick parishioner, a ten dollar note. The clergyman thanked the Bishop, and putting the note in his pocket, remarked that he would go on his errand of mercy on the morrow. "To-morrow!" replied the Bishop, "Go at once, sir. Don't keep the poor man without the comfort of that money for twelve long, weary hours. Besides, to-morrow he may be dead."

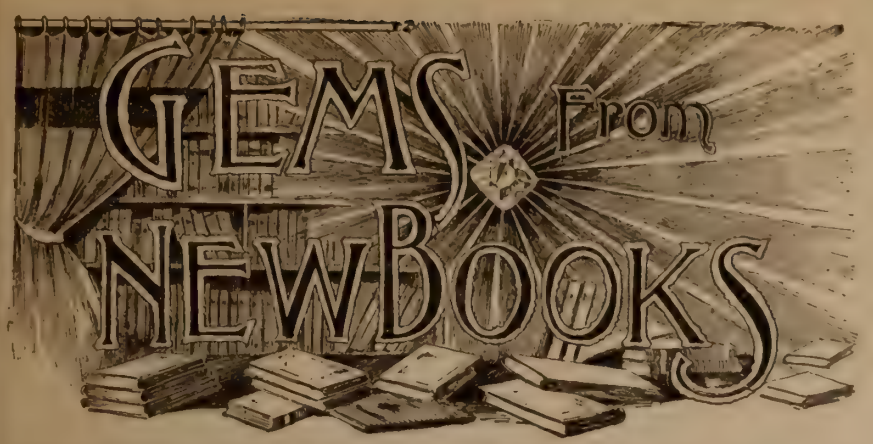
It is said that Dr. Blair was called to attend a middle-aged, rich lady who had many imaginary ills. He wrote out and left a plain prescription, which ran thus: "*Do something for somebody.*" The Doctor heard nothing from his patient till Christmas morning, when he was hastily summoned to the cottage of her Irish washerwoman. "It's not meself, sir, it's me wrist that's ailin'. Ye see, I was after goin' out into the black darkness for a few bits of wood, when me foot struck this basket. It stood there like a big mercy, as it was full of soft flannel from Mrs. Walker. She towld me that your medicine cured her, doctor; so if you'll plaze to put a little of that same on me wrist, I'll be none the worst for me nice present." "It's a powerful remedy," said the doctor, gravely; and more than once in after years he wrote the prescription, "*Do something for somebody.*".

"Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?"

"Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

"*They that have done good unto the resurrection of the Life and they that have done evil unto the resurrectiou of damnation.*"

These words are plain. They cannot be misinterpreted. Character decides destiny. If you expect to go to heaven, you must live up to your expectation. If you expect to ensure eternal happiness you must pay the insurance premium in this life. And it will pay you to do it. It is the safest kind of investment. The Insurance Company is the oldest in existence. Its paid up capital is the "Unsearchable riches of Christ." Its assets—an inheritance "incorruptible, and undefiled and that fadeth not away." The cash in bank "Gold tried in the fire." Its surplus: "Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." The conditions of the policy are 'Repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." The application must be made to the President who is the "King of Kings." The adjuster is the "King's Only Begotten Son." It has no contested claims and unpaid benefits. But you must comply with the conditions or you cannot reap the advantages. You would not think, after a fire has swept away your property, of going to an insurance company and demanding of them that they make good the loss, if you had no insurance there, simply because the company was wealthy and the adjusters known to be kind-hearted men. So you must not think that God will suffer you to inherit eternal life unless here below you comply with the conditions which he has laid down in his blessed Word. The Lord help us so to do.



RELIGIOUS SIMILITUDE.*

Satan's Empire.

THERE was an empire, founded in ancient days, whose dominion embraces all the continents and islands of terra firma. Satan, who wields the imperial sceptre over this vast region, has outlived the ages and rules with the iron rod of absolutism. The lives and property of this despot's subjects are not regarded, but his greatest delight is in the shedding of blood. When not engaged in war, these miserable subjects are handcuffed, chained, and fettered, or else burdened to death under the yoke of servitude.

Now, beyond the confines of this empire exists a very great kingdom, called Heaven. This celestial kingdom is ruled with the rod of love, swayed by Messiah. His subjects are clad in beautiful garments, and are so much loved by him that he does not recognize his people as subjects, but as children, and bestows vast riches upon them. If they suffer, he alleviates their suffering; if they mourn, he comforts them; and when they "pass through the valley of the shadow of death," his rod and staff go with them.

Between the empire of Satan and this celestial kingdom rolls a vast sea, called Time. Over this sea sails a vessel of untold capacity, called *The Zion*. This vessel has for her commander Messiah. The object of *The Zion* is to carry those who may be delivered from the tyranny of Satan's empire and entered upon their pilgrimage to the heavenly land.

Upon that end of Satan's empire nearest the seat is built a famous city, whose population is many millions. This is the chief city of the empire and is known by the name of Wickedness, and has walls great and high.

The Lighthouse.

Then Evangelist took him to the deck, and pointed out to him the lighthouse far out at sea. "Do you see that lighthouse out yonder?" asked Evangelist.

"Yes; it is so brilliant that one could not help but see it," replied Pilgrim.

"When you reach there you will find *The Faith* awaiting your arrival. That light is put there by Messiah to guide seamen through this dark and stormy place."

As the wind was favorable, it was not long until *The Repentance* arrived at the lighthouse. The anchor was cast, and many people were transferred to *The Faith*—Pilgrim being among the number. Captain Belief, of this vessel, was the most gentle and mild-spirited man that Pilgrim had ever seen. The graces of Messiah emanated from his face. Now, he was quite affable towards Pilgrim, and asked him to what country he was bound. Pilgrim told him that he was *en route* to Heaven.

"Well," said Belief, "you will have to be transferred from this vessel to *The Conversion* after a little time. Here is a chart, called the Bible, that has much to say concerning the country to which you are bound. There are two great lessons that it teaches: first, that man is a sinner, and second, that Messiah came to save sinners. Do you believe these things?"

"I do, with all my heart," responded Pilgrim.

"You take this with you," said Belief: "it will be to you a chart indeed upon Time's great ocean. It will be to you also a compass by which you will be enabled to steer aright. This chart will answer you as a passport. Keep it with you until you enter Heaven."

Miss Pride.

Now, Temptation set sail in the spicy and exhilarating vessel, and it was not long until he overtook *The Zion*. He first saw a lady, by the name of Miss Pride, who had left the city of Wickedness before Pilgrim. She was standing on deck, and he hailed her and said:

"Miss, you seem to be in trouble to-day. Pray, what is the matter with you?"

"Well," said Miss Pride, "I can't say that I am sick, but somehow I am so dejected."

"My dear lady, I do not admire the manner in which you are dressed. Does the Shipmaster recommend that you should wear that ruffleless robe all the time?"

"I must say that he does, and I don't like our manner of dress myself as well as I do the city fashions."

"You certainly look badly. You must forever wear a long face, and must always be uncomfortable, if you would please your hard master. Come and get on board with me, and I will take you back to the city, where you will be free from the trammels of discipline, and where you can dress and act to suit yourself, and be rid of those odd forms and restraints."

So Miss Pride gave Temptation her hand, and was helped down into the fragrant *Backslide*. Pilgrim, being at the door and hearing the racket, opened it to see what was the matter, when, lo! he saw Miss Pride in the *Backslide*. On seeing Pilgrim, Temptation raised his hat and bowed to him, with all the air of a city dude, and addressed him as follows:

"Noble sir, I understand that you are a doorkeeper. You have condescended very low since you have left the city. Prior to this, you were exalted highly, and were doing a flourishing business and making thousands of dollars annually, by keeping the city saloon. You are making but little money now, and you had better conclude to return with me to the city, and resume your former occupation."

"I am not making as much money as formerly," said Pilgrim; "but I shall be immensely richer after I reach the destined shore of the heavenly land.

The Landing of "The Zion."

The Zion now arrived in full view of Heaven's wharf. Multitudes of shining ones were on shore, waving banners. The sound of heavenly voices wafted over the breeze, bringing a happy welcome to the passengers, who now stood on deck, viewing the shining shore. At this moment thousands of kerchiefs waved in token of greeting, while the golden sky became full of celestial music.

"I see my darling daughter," exclaimed Mrs. Pilgrim, "who left me many years ago. Many tears have I shed in bitter bereavement, as I thought of her during the past. Ah! there she stands at the beautiful gate, waiting and watching for me."

I heard many more such exclamations of greeting.

The Zion now pushed alongside the wharf, and the voyage was ended. Never was there such a happy meeting and greeting of loved ones since the world was created. Angels cheered and trumpets sounded. "Music, with her silver sound" and swelling numbers, rolled harmoniously, insomuch as to make Heaven vocal with her strains of praise, while "all the sons of God shouted for joy." The accent, "Home! home! home!" was enough to ravish the soul.

Sometimes I bowed my head and wept; sometimes I laughed, as I stood up in the enchantment. The effect was so overpowering at times that I felt I could not endure it. At last I shouted:

> I cannot, I cannot forebear
> These passionate longings for home.
> Oh, when shall my spirit be there?
> Oh, when will the messenger come?

Now I saw that Messiah conducted the Zionists into a spacious hall, and arrayed them in exceedingly white raiment that outshone the sun; and said he, "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." There now "was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

* From *Christian Similitude, or a Guide to the Christian Life:* by Rev. L. S. Huffman, Va.; J. Lanahan, Baltimore, Publisher.

THE SEVENTY WEEKS.

An Address at the Recent Prophetic Conference at Clapham, England.*

BY REV. N. S. TAYLOR.

DANIEL understood that four great prophecies were to run their course before the restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem, which event would be accompanied by the return of the Messiah to reign over them. Daniel inferred from his study of the prophet Jeremiah that "seventy years" were to run their course and he naturally concluded that at the period these "seventy years" ceased, the time for the restoration of the Jews to their own land in blessing would occur. But he saw no coming of the Messiah as he expected after the "seventy years."

The Solution of the Mystery

is given in what is known as the "Prophecy of the Seventy Weeks," or properly speaking, "The Prophecy of the Seventy Sevens;" for the word there translated *weeks* means, as every Hebrew scholar will acknowledge, not a *week* of seven days necessarily, but a period of seven of any measure of time. The word seven means a definite term which might be days or weeks, months or years, and the context here requires that it should be a seven of years.

We must recognise the completely Jewish character of this prophecy. Daniel's inquiry was concerning the Jews—their restoration, and their triumphant reign, with Messiah over them. There are three periods mentioned in the prophecy. The "seventy weeks," *i. e.* the seventy times seven years, or 490, are divided into three periods of seven weeks, of sixty-two weeks, and one week. The death of Christ occurred at the end of the sixty-nine weeks, but the prophet was informed that the cutting off of Messiah would not be the end. Seventy weeks were to elapse before it could be said that the transgression was "finished." The word "finished" means restrained. It is so used in the Books of Exodus and Genesis. When the waters ceased the waters were restrained. The wickedness of the Jews was not restrained at Christ's death. The rejection of the Messiah has gone on ever since, and still greater developments of their wickedness are yet to come in the time when it will be fulfilled that "they refused him who came in their Father's name, and received one who came in his own name."

"Seventy weeks are determined

To Finish Transgression

and make an end of sin," *i.e.*, to seal up sin. It shall not be restrained until Satan is shut up and sealed up after the Lord Jesus Christ shall have come. Then the Jews will become a saved nation, and never sin any more, but become a regenerate people. Another work to be accomplished by the end of the seventy weeks was to make reconciliation for iniquity. The word reconciliation is, properly speaking, to make a covering. It is used to describe appeasing in any sense. It will be after the Seventy Sevens, when sin is sealed up, that there will be a covering. The covering will then be applied to the Jewish people as a nation. Then "the nation shall be turned in a day and all Israel shall be saved."

In Rom. 11:26, 27, we read how the prophecy of Jeremiah is applied in the New Testament to the Jewish people and the Jewish nation. The groundwork was laid at Calvary at the end of the sixty-nine weeks, but the application of it, by the restoration of the people of Israel, shall not be effected nationally until the close of the seventy weeks of years.

From a decree to rebuild Jerusalem to Messiah the king, there were to be sixty-nine weeks of years or 483 years. At the birth of Christ, he was not recognized as a king except by the magi, and he refused to be recognized as a king—"Mine hour is not yet." The time came when he revealed himself as a king—the people took branches and strewed them in his way, and cried, "Hosannah! Blessed is the king that cometh in the name of the Lord." He was received then and acknowledged as a king. He fulfilled the word spoken of in Zechariah—"Thy king cometh unto thee; he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.' The Jews refused to receive him as their king, but notwithstanding that, that was his first appearance as a king. Dr. Anderson has gone very carefully into the subject, and he computes the time from the going forth of the decree to restore and rebuild Jerusalem (spoken of in Nehemiah) until the date of our Saviour's public entry into Jerusalem as a king as exactly 483 years. Concerning

The Last Week

we read: "And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off, but not for himself; and the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary, and the end thereof shall be with a flood, and unto the end of the war desolations are determined." And he shall confirm a covenant with many for one week. It does not say the prince that shall come is destroyed. The prince that shall come is Antichrist, the Man of Sin, the Wicked One. Antichrist shall confirm the covenant with multitudes for one week. In the midst of the last week, he shall cause the sacrifice to cease.

In all their errors the Jews have stuck to one great truth—that the Lord Jehovah is the one God, and that he only is to be worshipped. The very reason why many of them do not receive Christianity is because of the idolatry and the spurious miracles they see among Catholics. The miracles, however, will convince them at last. In the last days, according to Revelation, the supernatural is to be resumed; there are to be great signs and wonders, and miracles. Satan always wishes to mimic the Divine, and Satan will enable his man (Antichrist) to perform great miracles. Why not? If Christ had done him homage as the king of this world he might have represented Christ as a great man. "Upon the wing of a demon shall come one that maketh desolate," *i. e.*, Antichrist, the desolator. Then there shall be a time of trouble such as never was from the beginning of the world unto this day. But God's wrath shall be determined upon him in the day of Christ's coming. The Lord shall destroy him with the breath of his mouth and the brightness of his appearing. The basis of atonement was laid in God's mysterious purposes; the casting off of his people was the bringing in of his Church. If the casting away of them be the restoration of the world, shall not the restoring or receiving of them be life from the dead? They who are now groaning under the bondage of corruption shall be brought at the coming of our Lord to the glorious liberty of the children of God.

* From this month's *Prophetic News*, edited by Rev. M. Baxter. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York, price six cents, seventy cents a year.

A FALL INTO A CRATER.

A CABLE dispatch from Naples says that a shocking fatality has occurred on Mount Vesuvius. For some months past the volcano has shown signs of renewed activity and an eruption was feared. Two or three weeks ago, it became quieter but visitors were warned against approaching it, as the quiet might be only temporary. In spite of this warning two Brazilian travellers, accompanied by a guide, determined to make the ascent. They did so on July 1, and reached the top of the mountain in safety. There they were noticed to be standing near the crater, gazing into its depths. Suddenly the whole party was enveloped by a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke, which so stupefied the travellers that one of them reeled about for a moment, then staggered forward and pitched head foremost into the crater. He fell nearly two hundred feet sheer, into the burning lava. The victim had not foreseen the element of danger which stupefied him and rendered him incapable of self-control. Many a man has lost his soul by the same lack of foresight. Venturing too near the temptations to vice which are held out to the unwary, and over-confident in his own powers of self-restraint, the victim is overcome and falls to rise no more. (Prov. 4:15.)

A DYING MOTHER'S LOVE.

THERE is no earthly love like that of a mother for her child. It approaches nearer to the heavenly love than any other. A correspondent in Shelby, Neb., writes to us as follows:

"I have had to learn life's lessons bitterly, and yet they are worth all they cost me. The sweet memories of childhood and the last scene by mother's bedside come back again. I see the drops of sweat that stood on her pure forehead while I last talked with her and asked:

"'How is it in the future?' and her reply, 'Not my will but thine be done.' Her last charge to her boy was: 'Be honest.' When I saw her again, the spirit had fled. We laid her away in the churchyard, in the hope of a glorious immortality."

The son shares the mother's glorious hope. He has long since reached manhood, and has suffered many trials; but amid them all, his faith has remained steadfast. Thousands of America's sons have found, like him, that the memory of a sainted mother has stood as a sacred talisman, between them and sin.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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HOW TO MAKE WORK EASY.

THE same amount of Christian work is exhilarating to one man and exhausting to another. In the one case it is a tonic and the other leeches. Why the difference?

In order to work easily the undertaking must be congenial. But you say that much of what is expected of us is repulsive to the natural soul. Our reply is, "Get your heart right and the work will be pleasant. No need of your trying to do Christian work unless you are a Christian."

Do not fret about results. All Christendom engaged in the redemption of one man would make a failure. God only is sufficient. Our work is to bring the soul under the proper influences. We are responsible for means and not for results. Fretfulness is not augmentation, but depletion. The successful Christian workers are without exception cheerful. They do the best they can and then leave the matter with God. We excuse an occasional fit of the "blues," but when the disease becomes chronic the man has all he can do to take care of himself, and has no time for the improvement of others.

If you have the salt rheum, and a man offer you a box of salve that he says will certainly cure you, and you observe that he has on his hand the same disease unhealed, you say, "No, I thank you: if your medicine were worth anything you would cure your own hands." So there is no use in a morbid man of gloomy heart attempting to raise others out of spiritual misfortunes, because his shadowed soul is a slander on his medicine. A man must have both his own feet solidly planted on the Rock before he can pull sinking men out of the floods.

CROAKING FARMERS.

WE rise to give out the hymn. It is the two hundred and seventy-sixth of "Shovel and Hoe Harmony:"

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

The agriculturists will all join in, while some Lancaster farmer gives the key-note with his pitchfork, and we are favored with drill and threshing-machine accompaniment. The outdoor life of our country friends now begins. We hope they will plow up more health and good cheer than ever before. Standing aud walking so much in the sunshine, they ought to be bright and gladsome. The breath of the fields and woods ought to make them healthy. Their hard work ought to sharpen their appetite three times a day, and afford them eight or nine hours of sound sleep. We pray for their freedom from flood and drought, weevil and curculio; that there may be no long storms after they get the grain down, no ring-boned or spavined horses at the time when they want all the teams, no hollow-horn to depress the cows, no gaps for the rising generation of chickens, no incursion of neighbors' cattle into the bean-patch. We shall have a prosperous agricultural year. "How do you know?" cry out the rural population. "What sign in sky or ground or atmosphere do you judge by?" Our reason for thinking so is that it is almost always so. The good Lord has a way of abundantly blessing the fields. When one crop fails others make it up, as blind eyes almost always insure super-excellent ears. In the last six thousand years we do not believe that there have been twenty that might be called dead failures. We are certain that this year, with not more than one or two exceptions of crops, we shall have large peaches, luxuriant corn, golden wheat, sound potatoes, rich grass, and great affluence of turnips, celery, cabbage, and squash. While you are guessing by the moon, or the squirrel's storage of nuts, or the state of the mountain stream, or the almanac, as to what is coming to pass, we refer to the first agricultural journal ever written, and find in it: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

DISSIPATING COMPANIONSHIP.

WE were much interested in the account of an entertainment given in London to four hundred blind persons at a tea party. What a novel time they must have had! It was the twelfth annual meeting of that kind. But in reading it, we thought of the fact that in this country we often have what might be called blind tea-parties. So it is when people sit down at a late evening hour, and play the cormorant amid rich indigestibles. Late suppers are getting more and more common. The nearer they are pushed to the midnight hour, the more fashionable. The highly-spiced wines and confections, the rare game, the fruits, the candied temptations, disappear as by magic. The banqueters do not see the irritations of stomach, the feverish headache, the exhaustion, that must come afterward. They are blind to the baleful effects upon their business or professional faculty. They are oblivious to the infraction of inexorable laws. They have no more eye to the consequence of their indulgence than the cattle which break through the bars in the night and devour so much corn that it is necessary to send for the farrier. In fact, they are at a blind tea-party.

Sometimes young men are flattered by invitations to dine with the dissipated. They think it a grand thing to have sat in the company of gay-cravated young men. As they draw the napkin across their lips at the close of the repast, they feel they have made a social achievement. Instead of that, they have given permission to men of base appetites to pat them on the back and take them by the beard. They have forged for themselves a chain of unwise surroundings, which they will not be able to break without a struggle. It only takes one unsafe companion to swamp a pure young man. But at that feast you have formed five or six undesirable acquaintanceships. Through your napkin-ring you ought to have been able to see into disasters to your moral well-being. If you had stirred your cup deep enough you would have roused up a fiery-tongued adder. You might have tasted poison in the pulp of the grapes. You ought to have seen ruin on the half-shell. But you are blind to all the effects of dissipating companionships. Yes, you were sitting and standing at a blind tea-party.

It is at the table many decide their destiny. The kindest, and purest, and best of social ties are here formed. Many people are disagreeably taciturn until they open their mouth to eat something, and then they cannot get the facial vacuum closed again. You may have noticed that the stiff, cold, formal occasions, are those when there was nothing to eat. A sociable without refreshments is a disaster. But the table is also the descending road to many. They start downward between the tureens and butter-dishes, the jingling cutlery beating their march to ruin. There may be nothing but healthy and desirable viands and beverages on the table; but if those who sit with you are not of moral tone, and you knew it when you accepted the invitation, you have made a grievous mistake. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." You did not realize that you were in dangerous proximity. You may think that you saw just where you were; but you did not. You had no more vision than Bartimeus. You were at a blind tea-party. Alexander the Great entertained four hundred captains in silver chairs; but those who knew how to control their appetites, and rightly select their fraternities, sit in chairs whose rungs and arms and back and feet are burnished gold.

SUMMER VISITORS.

THE dog-days are upon us, and everybody is on the go, less particular as to where they go as that they do not stay at home. Everybody wants a change. Inhabitants of the south shore of Long Island have a way of going to Massachusetts for the summer; the people of Massachusetts fly to the sea-shore. It is a game of "Puss-in-the-corner" all around. Everybody who can changes residence with somebody else; and the pawns, the bishops, the knights, the kings, and the queens, all change places on the chess-board. Even the President hies off to Cape May, and the minister drops the "Rev," takes off his white cravat and puts on a black one, and attempts to pass himself off for a layman. Some ministers have been known to laugh and poke their acquaintances under the ribs; some have been seen to run, hop, skip, and jump, and some ministers—we say it sadly—have even been known to go crabbing.

Well, all want recreation and relaxation, and all ought to get it and ought to enjoy it; and there is no better place than off in some quiet retreat where fashion is not known; where are green leaves and blossoming fields; where the forests, God's first temples, invite the nature-worshipper, or where the sea sounds its diapason all the night long. Let who will go to the crowded hotels; but, if our friends will believe it, the real rest and comfort are to be found in the thousand homesteads throughout the country where they take boarders "just for the summer;" where they give you good, plain, wholesome food, and plenty of it; where "a little more butter" does not mean twenty-five cents, and where all the water there is in the milk is first drank in by the cow in her own most excellent way.

Just here, though, there is one thing our recreating friends are apt to forget. Because they have got to a new place where they know no one and have no church ties, they say to themselves: "I guess I won't go to church;" and they prove themselves wonderfully good guessers, for they do not go. "It's too hot," or "He is not much of a preacher," or some excuse of the kind. Friend, with health, with time at your command, blessed by God as you are, cannot you afford to go to that little country church, join in the singing, though it is not as good as that of your quartette choir at home, and listen to the sermon, though it may not have the fire, the rounded sentences, and the eloquent peroration of the Rev. Mr. Cicero? Drink in all the blessings of the country; thank God for so much his bounty spreads before you for your enjoyment, and then, when the first day of the week is come, surely you can afford to give an hour to joining with his people in the confession of sin, the hymn of praise, and in the consideration of his words, whose waters flow unceasingly, and drinking which they shall so satisfy you that you shall never thirst again.

BRIEF NOTES.

Some hundreds of letters of complaint have been received from subscribers who did not receive the issue of July 15th, on time. We sincerely regret the delay which took place in the mailing of that number, but it was unavoidable. As already stated a fire broke out in the press-room while the paper was being printed. Our facilities were restored as speedily as possible and that issue has now been mailed to every subscriber. There will be no further delay.

The Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions writes: "A gift of $3,000 came to the Board of Home Missions the other day from an individual donor in a Presbyterian Church in Buffalo, and, soon after, $500 from a giver in another church in the same city.

Rev. Geo. C. Needham is now planning for a General Conference to be held in Boston the last week of October. He has secured the co-operation of prominent teachers of the Word who will deliver addresses on Theosophy, Spiritualism, The Higher Criticism, and all the prominent heresies of the day. Specialists will give the results of their studies on these subjects, and vindicate the Bible in its verbal and plenary inspiration.

The Snyder Avenue Baptist Church, Philadelphia, of which Rev. J. Wesley Sullivan is pastor, is building a large church in the Southern section of the city to be known as the People's Tabernacle. It will be one of the largest churches in the city and is intended mainly for working people among whom Mr. Sullivan's labors have been signally blest during his ministry in Philadelphia. It is expected that that the new church will be ready for occupation in September next.

The Rev. Stephen Merritt will have the sympathy and prayers of our readers under the sudden bereavement which has befallen him. His only son, Mr. Stephen W. Merritt, a bright young man full of promise, died on Sunday July 19th, at his home at Nyack. It is a heavy blow to this faithful and zealous servant of Christ, but he will be supported under it by the consolations of the Gospel, which he has so often administered to others. In many churches special prayers have been offered for him that God will sustain him under this sore affliction.

Rev. Newman Hall, the author of "Come to Jesus" has decided to resign the pastorate of his church in London. His decision was announced to the church on the occasion of its celebration of its one hundred and ninth anniversary. Fifty years had been under the pastorate of the eminent Rowland Hill, and thirty-seven under Newman Hall. The resignation is to take effect next July, when Mr. Hall will have been fifty years in the ministry.

Grace Episcopal Church, of Elizabeth, N. J., received on July 17, a munificent gift from Mrs. Elizabeth Dean, of Epsom, England. It consists of fifty city lots in the manufacturing suburb known as Elizabethport. Twenty lots are to be used for a recreation ground for children and the remainder as sites for a Mission Hall, homes, and a hospital. Mrs. Dean completed her gift by payment of $5,000 for dues and assessments for city improvements. The Rev. Henry H. Sleeper, the rector of the Church, is making strenuous efforts to turn this splendid gift to the best advantage by raising funds for the erection of buildings.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's condition appears from the later cablegrams of last week to be somewhat more hopeful. Prayer is being made continually to God tor his restoration to health, not only in his own church and his own land, but in many churches on this side of the Atlantic and in every country in which the English language is spoken. Mr. Gladstone sent to Mrs. Spurgeon a letter of sympathy and many distinguished personages have called to express their concern and their hopes for his recovery. It is realized by Christian men of all denominations how valuable his life is at this juncture, both to the Church and the philanthropic enterprises which he maintains.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

The Chinese Troubles—Labor War in Tennessee—Prof. Koch Retires—The Crop Outlook—The Charges Against DeLesseps.

FOLLOWING upon the recent attacks on the missionaries and native converts in China, comes the news that the whole southern portion of the Celestial Empire is in a state of turmoil. Armed bands of plunderers make business almost impossible. A similar condition of affairs existed before the outbreak of the last great revolution. Le Wing Chuen, the war governor of Formosa, who has long held the outlaws in terror, is in ill-health, and should he die it is believed that event would be the signal for general revolt against Chinese rule in that part of the Empire. Even Shanghai is disquieted over the outlook and the foreign residents are taking precautions in anticipation of trouble. Experience has shown that there is no atrocity impossible to a Chinese mob, especially when it is goaded on by fanatical priests. Commander Marthon of the U. S. Steamer *Palos*, visited Wusuch after the recent riot and recovered the bodies of Missionary Argent and Customs Officer Green. Mr. Argent was killed by the mob while he was conveying four orphan children to Hankow to be cared for, and Mr. Green was butchered while on his way to assist the missionaries' wives to escape.

* * *

Professor Koch's Retirement.

A YEAR ago, all Europe was ringing with the praises of Professor Koch, the discoverer of the bacillus of tuberculosis and both continents hailed him as the saviour of consumptives. The "tuberculin," however, has proved a disappointment and Professor Koch has taken the result greatly to heart, and has resigned all his public offices. The Berlin Academic Senate will bestow an honorary office upon him. It is due to Koch to explain that he always deprecated the premature publicity given to his "discovery," claiming that the complete test of permanent efficacy would require a year or more.

* * *

Ex-Premier Gladstone's Affliction.

IN the death of his son, Mr. W. H. Gladstone (whose portrait is given below), ex-Premier Gladstone has sustained the first serious affliction in his family. The eldest son of the great English statesman; although overshadowed by his illustrious father, was a man of many noble qualities. He was a Lord of the Treasury during his father's administration and sat in Parliament for twenty years. He inherited great mental force and possessed other traits which, with fuller development, might have made him very prominent in public affairs. As an orator, however, he presented a marked contrast to his gifted parent, being extremely shy and even awkward, although his speeches were always sensible and thoughtful. He relieved Mr. Gladstone not only of the care of his estate at Hawarden, but of many of the onerous duties of office as well. One characteristic the two had in common—a strong love of literature and a passionate devotion to humanitarian projects. Mr. W. H. Gladstone leaves a widow and three children, his only son being a boy of six years.

MR. W. H. GLADSTONE.

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A Labor War in Tennessee.

WHAT has proved to be the most serious labor disturbance of the present year began in the mines of the Tennessee Coal Company a few days ago. The Tennesse Coal, Iron and Railroad Company employs about 2,000 free miners and from 500 to 600 convicts in its own mines in Tennessee, besides the prisoners from the State prison at Nashville, the convicts it sub-leases to other companies, and those whom it leases from the State of Alabama for working in its mines at Birmingham in that State. Taken altogether, this convict labor force in both States probably outnumbers the free force. Some time ago, owing to the burning of the Nashville prison, 600 convicts were sent to outside employment, being leased to the Tennessee Coal Company—a different concern from the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company—whose working quarters are at Briceville, Tenn. Ever since the convict system went into operation in Tennessee, there has been opposition to it by the free laborers and this proposed new draft of convicts had the immediate effect of arousing the free miners to hostile action. The militia under Col. Sevier, on duty at the convict quarters at Briceville, were surrounded by from 1,500 to 2,000 armed miners who had assembled at Coal Creek, five miles away. A demand for surrender was made by the miners and the troops, being greatly outnumbered, yielded without a blow. They withdrew from the stockade, and taking the convicts with them, boarded a train for Knoxville. The free miners remained in control and the sheriff of the county immediately made an appeal to Governor Buchanan for troops. The Governor called out the State militia, but meanwhile the Sheriff, being terrorized by the miners' threats and demonstrations, disappeared, and the Governor, acting under the Attorney-General's advice, hesitated before taking any step that would result in bloodshed. The main body of militia remained at Knoxville, expecting the order to advance and give battle to the miners at any moment. The latter sent a committee to Governor Buchanan asking him to arbitrate. He adviced that they consent to the convicts returning to work unmolested, and he would then call a special session of the Legislature, and recommend the repeal of the Convict Lease Law. The Committee conveyed the Governor's ultimatum to the miners, who determined to prevent the return of the convicts at all hazards. It is claimed Governor Buchanan has no constitutional right to send troops there in the Sheriff's absence. The situation continues serious, although there is some hope of reaching a peaceful solution of the trouble.

GOV. BUCHANAN.

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Convicts in a Thunderstorm.

A STRIKING scene occurred during a severe storm at Hartford, Conn., a few days ago. Lightning, in quick and blinding flashes, illuminated the county jail, penetrating every corridor and playing about the cell doors so vividly and terrifyingly that the inmates were appalled. Scores of them fell upon their knees and prayed aloud in shaking tones to God for mercy. "That one thunderstorm," said the jailer, "instilled more piety into the prisoners than an army of chaplains could have done." Long after the storm had passed over and the electric display had ceased, the occupants of the cells were silent and thoughtful.

* * *

Venezuela and Reciprocity.

THE Republic of Venezuela has refused to negotiate a reciprocity treaty on the basis suggested by our State Department. The principal reason alleged is that such a treaty would result in a loss of revenue, without any compensating advantage. At the same time Venezuela expresses her goodwill toward this country and a hope for future reciprocity upon terms more advantageous. The communication says: "On account of the very novelty and greatness of the Customs-reciprocity idea, Venezuela is called upon to proceed with the greatest caution . . . . Neither in population, the state of her industries, nor her richness can she compete with the great powers of America and Europe, and as she is at present purely an agricultural nation, producing few kinds of exportable products, it may be expected that this consideration will affect the spirit of your government in treating this question. . . . We have no manufactured products to enjoy the benefits which their multiple products would enjoy here." The conclusion is reached that to accept the reciprocity proposed would reduce the present revenues of Venezuela 33 per cent.

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A Pioneer Woman Missionary Dead.

A LADY who had passed almost all her life in missionary labor in the Sandwich Islands and the Marquesas, Mrs. Clarissa C. Armstrong, died in San Francisco last week. She was the widow of the Rev. Richard Armstrong, and one of the last survivors of the missionary force which set out to undertake the conversion to Christianity of the Pacific Island savages in 1819. When the frightful cannibal atrocities took place in the Marquesas in 1831, she, with her husband was there, and witnessed many of the horrors. Since then, the fierce native islanders have come under the gentle influence of the Gospel. Mrs. Armstrong for several years before her death was unable, by reason of her age and weakness, to do much work, but to the last she retained her interest in the missions.

* * *

A Cheering Crop Outlook.

LOVERS of peaches will be glad to know that the prospects are excellent for a fine crop this year. The Maryland and Delaware Peninsula, which is the principal peach-growing section of the country, will ship fully three million baskets. For two years past the crops have been small, but this season the "drop" in June was slight, showing that the peach-worm has been unable to do any considerable damage thus far. Old peach-growers say the crop, will be a reminder of the great harvest of 1875, when five million baskets were handled by the transportation companies. Other crop news is equally encouraging. In Illinois the wheat harvest is almost completed. Corn is looking fine and spring wheat and oats are making good growth. From Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Kansas, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota, the reports are uniformly encouraging. In Kansas, which has suffered more than any other State in the Union except probably the Dakotas, from bad crops for several years past, the outlook is exceptionally good and the farmers are working with renewed hope. It is asserted that St. Paul has been made the headquarters of a movement by the United Farmers' Alliances to corner the wheat crop of the country, and that a circular proposing this has been sent to a million farmers, urging them to hold back their wheat until the prices advance.

* * *

Founding Hebrew Colonies.

PROJECTS are discussed for the establishment of several Hebrew industrial colonies in different parts of the country, with the view of permanently locating the thousands of Jewish emigrants arriving here every month. While some of the colonies will be provided for by the Baron Hirsch fund, there are others that intend to organize on an independent basis. One of the latter is already established at Alliance, N. J., and another is about to be started at Hulberton in that state. Both colonies are intended to be partly agricultural and partly industrial.

* * *

A Great Life Closing in Gloom.

INTELLIGENCE comes that Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, one of the grandest inventive and constructive minds of the present age, and, one whose genius has made a permanent mark on history, is rapidly failing under the pressure of recent misfortunes. De Lesseps has known almost all of the honors that can come to a famous civilian; he has been decorated by many governments and his two great schemes—the Suez and Panama Canals—have made him the greatest engineer in the world. Now, at eighty-six years of age, he is cited to appear before the French Courts to answer charges against him as a member of the governing body of the Panama Canal, that through the misrepresentations and mismanagement of De Lesseps and his associates, the people of France have been duped into investing their money to a fabulous amount in a hopeless scheme; that the Canal "loans" were simply floated to secure funds dishonestly, without the slightest prospect of repayment; that the company is bankrupt and that the Count, foreseeing the inevitable crash, sold out his own Canal stock. These accusations are denied by the aged engineer, who points to the fact that his own and his wife's fortunes, aggregating over one hundred thousand francs per annum, have both been sunk in the enterprise. He declares that the present prosecution is another instance of the ingratitude of nations to those who have spent their lives in their behalf. Ferdinand de Lesseps was born at Versailles in 1805, and has been successively diplomat, consul, prospector, and engineer. In 1840 he matured the project for a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, which was built at a cost of eighty million dollars, a force of twenty thousand natives being engaged nine years on the work. The scheme was carried through in the face of violent opposition, and proved a magnificent success. De Lesseps has many friends who uphold him in his present troubles and are confident that the Panama project, if encouraged, would be equally successful; but so many thousands in France and Austria have already been ruined by it, that it now seems impossible to restore confidence.

COUNT DE LESSEPS.

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Blaine continues to improve in health.

Forest fires are raging in upper Michigan.

A big strike is threatened among the anthracite coal miners.

Mr. Jay Gould is ill at Chicago. He will go to the Rocky Mountains to recuperate.

A tornado swept Anne Arundel County, Md., wrecking houses and barns, levelling crops and uprooting trees.

Senator Quay has announced his intention of retiring from the Chairmanship of the Republican National Committee.

The Donaldson Line steamship, *Circe*, went ashore off Anticosti Island, and her Captain and five of the crew were drowned.

Emperor William, on his recent trip, reached the northernmost point of Europe, on the extremity of Mageroe Island.

Metereologists already predict a severe winter. The abundance of the nut crop, they say, is an infallible sign.

Heavy storms and floods have inundated villages and done immense damage to crops in Silesia, North Saxony and Germany.

Four American artists: Forbes, Stanhope, Shannon, and McEwen, have been awarded prizes at the Berlin International Art Exhibition.

A fine statue to Gen. T. J. Jackson (Stonewall Jackson), was unveiled at Lexington, Ky., last week in presence of an immense gathering.

Mrs. Sarah Davis, colored, died in Indianapolis last week, aged 103. She is said to have been the oldest woman in the United States.

Chin Hop Sing, a Chinese laundry-man in New York City, was discovered to be a leper. He was sent to the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island.

A Republican Conference has been summoned to meet at Milan in November next. The Italian government is considering means for its suppression.

Terence V. Powderly, for many years Master Workmen of the Knights of Labor, has been deserted by a large part of his followers, and is opposed even by his former organ, the Scranton, Pa., *Free Press*.

Mrs. Bilger of Philipsburg, N. J., was bitten a few days ago, by a black spider, whose venom nearly killed her. In a few hours her face and neck had swollen frightfully, and she had convulsions for four days.

Mrs. Delia Parnell of Bordentown, N. J., mother of Charles S. Parnell, the ex-leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, was badly bitten by a savage dog at her home at Ironsides a few days ago. Her left hand was frightfully mangled.

Haytian exiles are combining to depose the tyrant Hippolyte. A number of the leaders are to meet at Kingston, Jamaica, to arrange a plan of action. Ex-President Legitime and General Manigat, the head of the "Native Party," now disaffected, will join forces.

The "White Squadron," consisting of the U. S. warships *Chicago, Boston, Newark, Yorktown, Atlanta* and *Concord*, have been executing a series of naval manœuvres on the Hudson River, opposite New York City during the week, which have been witnessed by immense crowds of spectators on boats and ashore.

THE NEW CREATION.

"Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create: for, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people" Isaiah 65: 17, 19.

THIS passage, like the rest of Isaiah's closing chapters, will have completest fulfilment in the latter days when Christ shall come, when the whole creation shall have been renewed, when new heavens and a new earth shall be the product of the Saviour's power, when, for ever and for ever, perfected saints of God shall behold his face, and joy and rejoice in him. But the work which is spoken of in the text is begun already among us. There is to be a literal new creation, but that new creation has commenced already; and I think, therefore, that even now we ought to manifest a part of the joy. If we are called upon to be glad and rejoice in the completion of the work, let us rejoice even in the commencement of it. The Lord himself will joy and rejoice, and we who are in sympathy with him are exhorted and even commanded to be glad; let us not be slack in this heavenly duty.

He has commenced it thus—by putting new hearts into as many as he has called by his Spirit, regenerating them, and making them to

Become New Creatures

in Christ Jesus. These the apostle tells us are a kind of first fruits of his new creation. We are the commencement of the future ingathering. Our newborn spirits are the first ripe ears of corn out of a wonderful harvest, that will come by-and-by. The saints' spirits are, first of all, new-created; but their bodily parts remain in the old creation. Hence we suffer pain, for though the Spirit is life because of righteousness, "the body is dead because of sin." By-and-by their bodies shall be new-created, when, from the beds of dust and and silent clay, they shall upleap into immortal beauty. The resurrection will be to the body what regeneration is to the soul. When body and soul are thus created anew, the whole earth around them, in which they shall dwell, shall be, at the same time, renewed also; and so God shall make the spirits, the minds, the bodies and the abodes of men all new. These bodies, quickened by his Spirit who dwelleth in us, and united to souls purified and refined, shall tread upon an earth delivered from the curse, and shall be canopied beneath new heavens. Have they not new desires? Should not all above them be new? They shall tread a new earth, for they have new ways.

I. First, then, concerning the joy to which we are called, we would say it is

A Joy in Creation:

"Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth. I create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy." I must confess that I think it a most right and excellent thing that you and I should rejoice in the natural creation of God. I do not think that any man is altogether beyond hope who can take delight in the nightly heaven as he watches the stars, and feel joy as he treads the meadows all bedecked with kingcups and daisies. He is not lost to better things, who, in the woods, is charmed with the sweet carols of the feathered minstrels. The man who is altogether bad seldom delights in nature, but goes away into the artificial and the sensual. He cares little enough for the fields except he can hunt over them, little enough for lands unless he can raise rent from them, little enough for living things except for slaughter or for sale. He welcomes night only for the indulgence of his sins, but the stars are not one half so bright to him as the lights that men have kindled: for him indeed the stars shine in vain.

Joy in Nature.

One of the most innocent of joys, apart from spiritual things, in which a man can indulge, is a joy in the works of God. I confess I have no sympathy with the good man, who, when he went down the Rhine, dived into the cabin that he might not see the river and the mountains lest he should be absorbed in them, and forget his Saviour. I like to see my Saviour on the hills, and by the shores of the sea. I hear my Father's voice in the thunder, and listen to the whispers of his love in the cadence of the sunlit waves. These are my Father's works, and therefore I admire them, and I seem all the nearer to him when I am among them. If I were a great artist, I should think it a very small compliment if my son came into my house, and said he would not notice the pictures I had painted, because he only wanted to think of me. He therein would condemn my paintings, for if they were good for anything, he would be rejoiced to see my hand in them. Oh, but surely, everything that comes from the hand of such a Master-artist as God has something in it of himself! There are lovely spots on this fair globe which ought to make even a blasphemer devout. I have said, among the mountains, "he who sees no God here is mad." There are things that God has made which overwhelm with a sense of

His Omnipotence:

how can men see them, and doubt the existeuce of the Deity? Whether you consider the anatomy of the body, or the formation of the mighty heavens, you wonder that the scorner does not bow his head—at least in silence—and own the infinite supremacy of God.

Well, now, if there be—and I am sure there is—something pure and elevating in joy in God as the Creator of ordinary things—as the Maker of all this first creation—much more is there something bright, and pure, and spiritually exhilarating, in rejoicing in God's higher works, in God's spiritual works, in God's new creation. Methinks, if a man feels within him a new heart, and rejoices in his new birth; if he sees in others new and holier lives, and rejoices in them; if he listens to the preaching of the Gospel, and discovers in it new and better principles, such as the old worn-out world could never have discovered—

That Man is a Gracious Man.

There is one reason why you are called upon to rejoice in it, namely, that you are a part of it. I know, when I lay sore sick and tormented in body, it seemed always to be such a joy to me that I myself, my inner self, my spirit, had been new-created, and that my nobler part could rise above the suffering and soar into the pure heaven of the spiritual realm; and I said of this poor body, "Thou hast not yet been new-created. Still doth the venom of the old serpent taint thee; but thou shall yet be delivered. Thou shall rise again if thou diest, and art buried, or thou shalt be changed if the Lord should suddenly come. Thou, poor body, thou that draggest me down to the dust in pain and sorrow, even thou shalt rise, and be made anew in 'the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body'; for the new creation has begun in me, even the earnest of the spirit." O beloved, cannot you rejoice in this?

II. And, secondly, it is a joy which

Will Eclipse All

that has gone before. Now, my text is, "And the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." God's great new-creating work ought to fill us with such joy as to make us forget the old creation, as though we said to ourselves:—What are the sun and the moon? We shall not have need of these variable lights in the perfection of the new creation, for in heaven, "They need no candle, neither light of the sun." What is the sea, though it be the very mirror of beauty? In that new creation there will be no more sea, and storms, and tempests will be all unknown. What are these luxuries of sight and hearing? We shall not want them when our eyes shall behold the King in his beauty in the land that is very far off. The joy of the spiritual is such that, while it admits the joy of the natural, yet, nevertheless, it swallows it up as Aaron's rod swallowed up the rods of the magicians.

As an instance of

The Expulsive Power

of a new delight, we all know how the memory of the old dispensation is gone from us. Brethren, did any one of you ever weep because you did not sit at the Passover? Did you ever regret the Paschal lamb? Oh, never, because you have fed on Christ! Now, I want you to feel just the same with regard to all your former life as you now feel towards that old dispensation. The world is dead to you, and you to the world. Carnal customs and attractions are for you abolished, even as the ancient sacrifices are abolished. What were your sins? They are blotted out: the depths have covered them: you shall see them again no more for ever. Seek not after them as though you had a lingering esteem for them. Let them not come to mind, except to excite you to repentance. What were your pleasures when you lived in sin? Forget them. They were very vapid, deceptive, destructive evils. You have a higher pleasure now which enchants your soul. "Old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new!"

III. It is a present and

A Lasting Joy;

"But be ye glad and rejoice forever in that which I create." Be now glad; and now rejoice: it is a present joy. Take a delightful interest in that which God is now creating in the spiritual realm; though the work be only in the doing, yet be glad concerning it. Be glad in anything that the Lord has created in you. Has he created in you so much of the new life as to have produced conviction, repentance, faith in Christ, hope in the promise, longing for holiness? Be glad in this even if you have other circumstances pressing upon you, and causing you to be heavy at heart. Though you might be mourning because you are so sickly, yet be glad that you are born again. If somewhat distressed because you are so poor, yet be glad that you are a child of God, and have a place in the new family of love. Let the old things go, and grasp the new, the heavenly. The old creation—bear with it a little longer, for the time of your redemption from its bondage draweth nigh. The kingdom of God is within you, rejoice in it.

And I want you, also, to find your joy in the new creation of God, as you see it in others. The angels rejoice over one sinner that repents; surely you and I ought to do so! Try and do good, and bring others to Christ, and when a soul shows signs of turning to its God, let that be your joy. "Be glad and rejoice in that which I create." I have had many rich draughts from this cup. I do not know anything that has made me so happy, hundreds and thousands of times in my life, as to see God at work in men's hearts; and, without exaggeration, to hear of this one and of that brought to Christ through the hearing or the reading of my sermons has been a heaven to me. Oh, you may drink as much as you like of this cup of sympathy with God in his new creation-work! There is no intoxication about it—to find a joy in the work of God in the hearts of others is healthy, unselfish delight.

IV. Again, in the fourth place, it may be said of the joy which we ought to feel that it is

A Joy Which God Intended For Us.

"For, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy." He has made the new city, the new people, the new world to be a source of joy. Do you think you were chosen to be a groaner all your days? Were you called to misery, dear brother? Does Jesus Christ say, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will make you doleful"? Does he say, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find agony in your hearts"? No; but he talks about rest, and peace, and joy, and blessedness. One wrote to me, some years ago, and said that he came into this congregation, and he felt at once that he must be in the wrong place, because he found so large an assembly. God's people, he said, are a small remnant; there are few that shall be saved. He had settled that matter in his own expanded soul. But he was still more sure he was in the wrong place when he looked at me, for I looked happy; and in his judgment, if I had known anything about the experience of a tried child of God, my face would have been much longer, more wrinkled, and more sadly serious. I confess that my face does betray at times the fact that I am happy, and I cannot help it. But when this good man looked round on the great congregation and saw them all looking so happy, he felt that he must get out of the building as soon as he could, for such smiling people could not be the afflicted people of God.

One Man Suited.

He walked, he said, some distance along our streets, feeling heavy at heart because of the joy he had witnessed; but at last he reached a little place in a court. The very aspect of the chapel gave him hope—it was so small, and so hidden away. He entered, and, to his satisfaction, he found in the congregation less than a score: here were the faithful few. At any rate, he could say of this, "Is it not a little one?" The minister was as doleful as could be desired, and the subject was full of lamentation. He tells me that he sat down there in peace, for he found himself at home. I am glad he was suited. Different people have different ways, you know; and some love to be comfortably wretched. But I find myself miserable only when I keep away from my Lord and his work of new-creation. My impression is that I am not right when I give way to depression and melancholy. I certainly should not go to a place of worship

Seeking For Doubt

and grim despondency. Neither should I conclude that I must be on the way to heaven, because I felt in my own heart some of the miseries of hell. When I am despondent. I say to myself, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul?" I probably know as much about depression of spirit as any man that lives; but I consider myself foolish and blameworthy, a fool for knowing so much darkness, and I do not want to feel any more of it.

Now, dear friends, just for a minute

upon this creation. I want to show how the work of God does create a joy-making people. As soon as ever we are converted, what is one of the first things that comes of it? Why, joy. The morning I found Christ it snowed very hard. The snow-flakes fluttered around me, like white doves, as I went home; and I felt just as light as those, for my soul was washed whiter than snow. It was not a gloomy winter's day to me: but all

Nature Wore Her Bridal Dress

in sympathy with my ecstatic delight. Was it not so with you on the day of your new birth? When you and I see sin subdued, do we not feel happy? Whenever the news comes to me that a man has been reclaimed from drunkenness, or a woman is saved from the streets, or when I hear of a hard-hearted sinner repenting, I rejoice in the Lord.

But, by-and-by, there will be a still greater joy. We shall enter into heaven, and there will be joy among the angels, and joy in our heart over God's new-creation work, which will proceed at a glorious rate. Then the nations will be converted to God, I know not when, nor exactly how, but the day shall come when Christ shall reign from pole to pole. And what a joy that will be! We shall indeed be glad in that which God creates.

V. I finish up with the last point, it is a joy in which

We Share With God.

Gently, my tongue! Timidly and cautiously speak thou here! Here is thy warrant for supposing a fellowship with God and man in this joy—"Behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people." Father, when thy eternal purposes are all fulfilled, thou wilt joy over thy people! Son of God, Redeemer, when all thy agonies shall have received their recompense in the salvation of thy redeemed, thou wilt rejoice over thy chosen. Holy Ghost, when all thy condescending indwelling within us shall have accomplished its design, thou wilt rejoice in thy people! Come now, beloved, rejoice in sympathy with the divine heart! When the father found his son he made the whole household merry, and shall not we be? When the woman had found her piece of money, she called together her friends and neighbors, and she said, "Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost." Shall not we rejoice with the Spirit over the lost silver piece? When the shepherd brought home his sheep, he said, "Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost." Come, then, rejoice with the Father, rejoice with the Son,

Rejoice With the Spirit;

and if the Lord God, as the Trinity in Unity, invites us to be glad and rejoice in what he creates, let us not hold back, but let us sing his matchless love, and new-creating power, and infinite wisdom. I am sure you will sing, you must sing even now, if you know yourselves to be a part thereof.

And now I close with this observation. Nobody will ever rejoice in this new-creating work of God while he is rejoicing in his own works, and trusting in himself, and boasting his own merits. Some of you are trying to save yourselves, and make yourselves right before God: as well might the dead try to find life for themselves. It cannot be done. You must be made new by a power you have not within yourself—by a divine power. You must be born again, and this is the work of God; not your work. We shall know when his heavenly work is begun in you when you cease from rejoicing in anything that you are or can be of yourselves, and then shall you with us rejoice in that which God creates.

Ring the bells of heaven! Tune your voices, sons of earth! He who makes all things new is on the throne, working out his holy pleasure. Hallelujah! Amen.

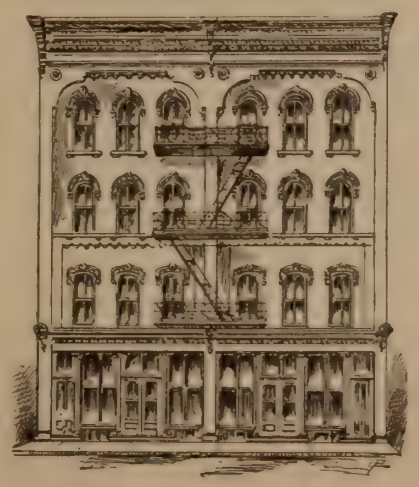
"THE HELPING HAND."

A Deserving Mission Home in Detroit, and its Good Work.

CHRISTIAN work amid the very poor in Detroit, Mich., has received a marked impulse through the energetic efforts of The Helping Hand Mission Home. This deserving charity was established by Mr. Thomas McGregor of Toledo, a broad-minded, Christian philanthropist, for the purpose of bringing under the influence of the Gospel a class of men who have sunk to the lowest depths of destitution and depravity. To these social outcasts the Helping Hand extends a homely and friendly welcome, questioning nothing as to their antecedents or deserts. The only qualification for admission is poverty and dire necessity.

Mr. McGregor, after starting his beloved scheme, worked for it as one inspired. All his energies and means were bent to the uplifting of the homeless and vagabond class, and thousands to-day praise The Helping Hand as the agency, through which they were once more set on the road to the better life. He surrendered a lucrative business as a music dealer, the better to devote himself to the work of salvation in the slums, and he had the satisfaction before his death, (which took place in May last), of seeing his mission, under God's blessing, well established. His was a heroic pioneer work. Had he lived, it was his purpose to have founded similar missions in other large cities. No appeals were made for money; sometimes the treasury was low and there was a gloomy outlook: but the Lord is always able to supply what is required for his own work, and men were not wanting who had been divinely prompted to give of their means to The Helping Hand.

The scene at Mr. McGregor's funeral was a touching and characteristic one. In the Mission Chapel, at 69 and 71 Larned Street, East Detroit, there was an unusually large gathering of the class of men among whom he had labored, and evidences were found on every



"THE HELPING HAND."

side showing how he had endeared himself to all. In that gathering there were men of every trade, who, through misfortune or vice, had become outcasts; tramps, denizens of the slums, toughs from the alleys and tenements, yet all ready to testify to their love for the founder and their hearty appreciation of his life-work.

The Helping Hand Mission still goes on with zeal. It is a moral necessity, in a city like Detroit, where there are many waifs and strays steeped in sin, yet ready to accept the invitation to repentance and new life. The services which these outcasts attend are very simple. Singing a hymn, reading the Scripture lesson in which the truth is pressed home with power; then a sermon-talk of plain words, spoken right to the heart in the way that these men can appreciate and, lastly, an invitation to leave the service of sin and enlist under the free banner of Christ. Touching testimony is often given by the men, tears streaming down their cheeks as they thank God for their deliverance. One convert had been a drunkard for twenty years before The Helping Hand set his foot on the Rock of Ages. The Mission building (a picture of which is shown on this page), has been leased for a term of fifteen years and was lately refitted as a chapel, sitting and reading-rooms, laundry, bath-rooms, and sleeping-rooms, where the homeless might find shelter and the destitute be fed. The Gospel is preached twice a day. This work is entirely an unselfish one, no salary is paid to anybody and the Mission is dependent upon the generosity of Christian people for its existence. Those giving evidence of true conversion and a desire to begin a new life, are transferred to a separate part of the home where they are, as far as possible, removed from old associations and temptations and are housed and fed free, until able to procure work, after which they pay board. All the money received from such sources goes towards supporting the institution.

There are thousands of good Christians all over the Union ready and willing to assist in keeping up a mission of this kind to which one devoted life has already been sacrificed. It has been the means of bringing in many hundreds to the fold, and it would be a matter for deep pity should The Helping Hand be allowed to feel the pressure of financial necessity, now that its noble founder and benefactor has passed away. Mr. McGregor's portrait appears at the beginning of this article.

THE SOLDIERS' READING-ROOMS.

A NEW means of usefulness has been added by Rev. R. W. McAll to his mission work in France. This is the "Soldiers' reading-rooms," which he has established in Paris and many provincial towns "When we remember," says the *American McAll Record*, "that all the youth of France must pass through the barracks, we recognize the importance of carrying the work of the Sunday School a step farther in the establishment of the soldiers' reading-room. Mr. McAll has not failed in this direction. These are now in successful operation in Paris and in the provinces. Great encouragement was felt from the first in the fact that the perfecture was most favorably disposed to the work. The administration has even refunded in proof of its approbation the taxes that have already been paid to the state. It is not known that this has ever been done before for any similar institution. The attendance has been very gratifying. It is estimated that between three and four hundred men have been brought directly under moral and religious influence. Some of them become so fond of the Bible, that they ask to be allowed to take it with them to read and they often ask for letters of introduction to directors in the provinces, when they are removed from Paris, that they may have access to the soldiers' reading-room in the town whither they are going." It is also gratifying to learn that the Temperance Societies are similarly flourishing. In France they are called Societies of the Blue Cross. In many instances, the meetings of the Societies are held in the rooms of the Mission and thus, reclaimed drunkards are are brought more directly under the influence of the Gospel.

CONSECRATION.

KEEP my life, that it may be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

Keep my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Keep my hands, that they may move
At the impulse of thy love.

Keep my feet, that they may be
Swift and "beautiful" for thee.

Keep my voice, that I may sing
Always, only, for my King.

Keep my lips, that they may be
Filled with messages from thee.

Keep my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Keep my will, oh, keep it thine!
For it is no longer mine.

Keep my heart; it is thine own;
It is now thy royal throne.

Keep my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.

Keep myself, that I may be
Ever, only, all for thee.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

A GUIDE'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

A EUROPEAN journal publishes a narrative of remarkable heroism on the part of a mountain guide in Switzerland. It appears that he and two other guides undertook to conduct a party over one of the most precipitous passes of the higher Alps. The men, as is usual, were tied to each other by a long rope. As they scaled the wall of ice they slipped on the edge of a frightful chasm. This man was at the end of the rope. Without his weight there was a chance for the others to regain their footing; with it there was none. He cast a glance down at the dark abyss, filled with fathomless snows, then drew his knife from his belt, and saying quietly to the man next to him, "Tell mother how it was, Jose," he cut the rope and fell, never to be seen of mortal man again. "Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for his friends."

THE APPRENTICE'S WINDOW.

AN instructive illustration was used recently by a speaker who was endeavoring to interest an audience of Christian people in work among the neglected street waifs. He said: "I have heard an incident connected with the building of a great church, famous for its magnificent windows. The great master to whom those windows were entrusted had a world-wide reputation, and I need hardly say he looked upon the work as being a sort of masterpiece—he was determined to devote all his skill and energy to the construction of those windows, in their design and in the perfection of their work. Every bit of glass put in was carefully examined by him, and pieces here and there were thrown aside as useless. But he had in his employ an apprentice, whom he never thought much of, but this young apprentice collected and arranged all these discarded pieces of glass. By-and-by the windows of the church were completed. The young apprentice produced a window also, and it was made up of nothing more or less than the fragments of the discarded glass. When the windows were finished that of the young apprentice was found suitable for a niche and it was so exquisite in the care and taste and labor it displayed that it was accepted. And the story tells us, when the people looked at all the several windows they said, 'There is none that can excel this; indeed, we think this window exceeds in beauty all the other work.' Yet it was made of discarded bits of glass. They only needed extra care to become beautiful in combination. There are many human gems to be found neglected on our streets that might adorn Christ's living temple."

THE SAILOR BOY'S BIBLE.

AN American tourist in England asked permission to speak at a Bible Society's meeting at Dartmouth. He said: "About forty years ago there lived within this old town, and within twenty yards of this room, a venerable Christian, who was wont, in his hours of leisure, to visit the sick and distressed in their affliction. One day he chanced to look in upon a widow and her children, and to read to them from the Book of consolation. Putting his hand, before he left, on the head of a little boy, he said, 'The Lord bless the lad, and make him a blessing.' That boy became a sailor on board one of the ships of which that good man was the owner. When on the point of sailing, his friend presented him with one of the Bibles issued by the Bible Society. The boy and his Book were carried over many thousands of miles of the mighty ocean in safety, when, on one particular voyage, the ship was overtaken by a succession of storms and was so much injured that there was danger of her not reaching port. All were in fear, and it was then discovered that the little boy had a Bible—the only copy of the Divine Book on board—and it was read every day by the sailors. It pleased God, after the ship had been to sea for three months and three days, to bring her back to this port. Do you wish to know who was that venerable Christian who owned the ship and gave the boy his Bible? He was the father of your respected secretary now on the platform; and the little boy stands before you, and you have been kindly and patiently listening to him. I owe all my happiness on earth and my hopes for eternity, to the great truths contained in the Bible; its gift to me was the first step heavenward; and if a change has been mercifully wrought in me, it has been by the pure Word of God. And I regard it as one of the privileges of my life, that I have spent a portion of it in reading that Word to others."

CHRIST THE JUDGE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 9th. Rom. 2 : 16 ; 14 : 9; II. Cor. 5 : 10.

A FINAL judgment is necessary. The natural instinct of the human mind anticipates it. So many wrongs go unrectified in this life, so much sin undetected and unpunished, so much good unrecognized and unrewarded and so many men misunderstood, that without a general and impartial judgment the government of the world would seem to have been a failure. In this life neither good nor evil men receive according to the deeds done in the body.

Contemplating, therefore, a future judgment the question of the judge and his character is one of vital and universal importance. We learn from the passages selected for the week's topic and many others, that the judgment of the world is to be committed to Jesus Christ. What then are his characteristics?

His omniscience is an essential feature of this assize. He "will judge *the secrets of men.*" If the judges of our courts knew the secrets of those who stand at their bar, how many sentences would be changed in quality and quantity! If society, which now confidently sits in judgment upon conduct and character, and applauds or condemns, knew the secrets of those whom it judges, how often would its decisions be reversed! Secret motives, secret temptations, secret sorrows have a powerful influence on the conduct of all delinquents and should be taken into account, or judgment will not be just. Christ will be the judge—he who told the woman of Samaria of her past life; who saw Nathanael before Philip called him; who asked the silent scribes why they reasoned these things *in their hearts;* who knew who would betray him; who foresaw that Peter would deny him and afterward repent; who, in short, "needed not that any should testify of men, for he knew what was in men."

The standard of judgment is also revealed. Men are to be judged by the Gospel. At first sight the standard of the Gospel seems milder than that of the law. But it is really more severe. Under the law outward obedience sufficed, but Christ demanded obedience of the heart (Matt. 5: 21-28). The Gospel brings higher privileges with the greater responsibility they involve.

The judgment is *of the dead and of the living* (Rom. 14: 9). In this world the power of the judge ends at the grave. The suicide passes beyond his reach. He who has sinned in secret and died undetected has escaped the punishment due him under human law. But Christ is Lord of the dead as well as of the living and there is no release in that war.

The judgment is *individual and universal.* Saint and sinner alike will be reckoned with at that bar, for there are degrees of reward (Matt. 25: 20-23). There will be some whose labors will be acknowledged and recompensed, and there will be some who have built of hay and stubble who will be saved, but so as by fire. (1 Cor. 3: 15). An accounting for the deeds done in the body will be required of those, too, who have rejected Christ. Having refused the offer he made to bear their sins they must bear the penalty themselves.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR FELLOWSHIP.

FROM Dr. Francis E. Clark's eloquent address at the Minneapolis Convention, reported in the *Golden Rule,* we clip the following forcible passage on the value of Christian combination, the basis of which the Christian Endeavor movement supplies:

This fellowship, which these days of holy communion will cement, shall flow back in refreshing rills of spiritual power to churches in every State and Territory and Province between the two oceans; and even to the churches across the sea the electric thrill of this fellowship will go; and wherever it goes, it will carry strength and cheer. Who will voluntarily cut himself off from such a reservoir of power? For the local church, for the individual Christian soul, I plead when I pray that our fellowship may remain unbroken. The united strength of the common enemy demands that we oppose to him the united strength of our common fellowship. There are no divisions among the hosts of darkness. "No sects in Heaven," is the title of a familiar poem; it is quite as true that there are no sects in hell. Never before did the clans of evil seem so persistently to marshal their united forces for a desperate assault. The watchword of the day is combination. Rumseller is combining with rumseller, distiller with vender, speculator with speculator, libertine with gambler, to resist good laws, to obstruct righteous legislation, to bring about a reign of terror and confusion among the hosts of God. Shall we who represent the coming generation of Christ's warriors play into the enemies' hands by weakening our ranks and dividing our hosts? I cannot believe that we shall.

I plead for this interdenominational and international fellowship of the societies because Christ commands it and prayed for it. With the agony of the coming cross before him, with the blood-drops of Gethsemane about to bead his brow, with reiterated emphasis he prays: "that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Brethren and sisters, we have the opportunity in our Christian Endeavor fellowship to answer Christ's prayer, in some worthy way to usher in the glad day to which his petition points forward. Even now I see that day dawning in the east. It is coming, brothers; it is surely coming. Its early light already gilds the mountain-tops. Of this good time coming one of the leaders in this Christian Endeavor movement sings:—

O golden day so long desired,
Born of a darksome night,
The swinging globe at last is fired
By thy resplendent light.
And hark! like Memnon's morning chord,
Is heard from sea to sea
This song: One Master, Christ the Lord;
And brethren all are we.

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A KING'S DAUGHTER'S TROUBLES.

VERY pathetic is the appeal that is published in the *Silver Cross* from Lawrenceville, Va., signed "Pattie Buford." She reports that the Hospital for sick and infirm and aged negroes which her sisters of the silver cross aided her to establish, has been destroyed by fire. She was just commencing the erection of an Orphanage in connection with the Hospital and was hoping for the help of the Order in conducting it. Now her concern is for the poor old people who were deprived of their shelter and she pleads for help for them.

"There were," she says, "between fifty and sixty helpless men, women, and little children in the building and not one able-bodied person on the premises. Even the faithful head-nurse, a strong woman, had gone with food and medicine to a woman too ill to be taken to the hospital. The matron, with great calmness and courage, assisted by such patients as could walk, dragged to the doors those entirely helpless, and no one being strong enough to lift them, she rolled them out. Every life was saved.

"When I reached the spot the roof was falling in, the yard strewn with broken furniture and bedding; some poor women fainting from terror, others screaming from fright, children crying, old women and men sobbing like babies, the blind groping about in their pitiful helplessness, and above all the roaring fire, leaping frantically from beam to beam, then leaping higher and higher till the great branches of the overshadowing oaks were blazing too. The poor creatures rushed to me and clung in their frenzy, imploring me to help them and I feeling, as I never felt before, my own utter helplessness, had to quiet them like poor children as they are. We put the fainting, helpless women in the school-house. Afterwards, I succeeded in getting some vacant cabins and a house about a mile distant, where we stowed the old people. In a lonely country place like ours, it is not easy to shelter sixty sick and helpless people, but before the pitiless storm which followed, set in, all were sheltered. They must remain in their crowded quarters till the hospital is rebuilt, for rebuilt it must be as speedily as practicable."

It appears there was an insurance on the building, but the furniture and bedding were a total loss. If any circles in the North have funds not required for local claims, or have the means of raising some additional sums, it would seem that such an appeal as this deserves their consideration.

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CARRYING THE SEED.

ASTONISHMENT has often been expressed at the phenomenal rapidity with which the Christian Endeavor movement has spread throughout the land and beyond sea. A clue to the secret is given in a book recently produced by Rev. Dwight M. Pratt, entitled *Decade of Christian Endeavor.* Mr. Pratt says:

"The removal of some of its most ardent workers during the first years of its work enabled the Williston Society to become the direct agent in forming many similar organizations throughout the various parts of the country. Some of these incidents are of great interest and show the limitless reach of Christian influence and effort. For example a young man, a devoted Christian left Williston Church, and with his bride sought a home in Lincoln, Nebraska. There he formed a Christian Endeavor Society among the young people of his neighborhood. From this Society a church was organized of which he became one of the deacons. Another member removed to South Hadley, Mass. A society was at once formed there which resulted in similar organizations in all that section of the State. The marriage of one of the Williston young ladies to a graduate of a Theological Seminary, carried the work to Duluth, Minnesota, where he was called to minister.

"John Charnock removed from England to Portland, was voted into the Williston Society, but before actual enrollment as a member, crossed the continent and located at Tacoma, Washington. He carried with him a copy of its constitution. His short residence at Portland had been sufficient to fill him with enthusiasm for the work. He wrote his pastor in Crewe, England, describing its nature and remarkable successes. This led to the establishment of the first society in England. Through his personal efforts the organization was also transplanted to the Pacific coast."

It was similarly carried to China. The first society in that land was in Foochow. "The translation of the term 'Christian Edeavor' into Chinese," says Mr. Pratt, "was considerable of an achievement for both the Chinese thought and the Chinese language. Ku la hwoi, its attempted equivalent, means literally '*The Rouse-up-society*' and is thus a vigorous tribute to the energising spirit of the movement."

Thus, it appears, that as in the early days of Christianity, "they who were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word."

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A RESCUE IN THE BOWERY.

WHAT may be done by personal effort in the work of rescuing the fallen is illustrated by an incident which occurred some time ago at the Bowery Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York. One bitter winter day, shortly after Christmas, a young man whose face bore the marks of dissipation and whose furtive manner and sensual glances showed how far he had wandered from the paths of virtue, entered the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and asked for help. It is, by the way, a significant fact that a young man in distress makes instinctively for these Associations, rather than for the haunts of dissipation where he has squandered his means. The genial and devoted Secretary was engaged at the time, but he found time to listen to the young man's tale of need. He then gave him an order entitling him to admission to a lodging-house, as he was in too filthy a state to be admitted to the Association home.

After the young man departed the Secretary finished his interrupted business and was about to take up the next item of work in his busy day, when an uneasy apprehension about his recent visitor crossed his mind. It had begun to snow heavily and was altogether an uncomfortable time for out-door travelling, but the Secretary wrapped up and went out to look for the young man. He was not at the lodging-house when the Secretary called; so a voyage of exploration was made among the Bowery saloons. He was found in one of them leaning against the lunch-counter. The Secretary accosted him, and pleaded with him with his well-known earnestness. That a comparative stranger should have taken so much interest in him as to sally forth in such weather seemed to touch the wanderer's heart. A serious conversation took place and when they reached the lodging house an earnest prayer was offered that the vows made might be kept.

That was the turning point. Since then the young man has led a changed life. Employment was found for him and he is now awaiting the arrival of his wife from England, who hearing of his reformation is gladly coming to rejoin him and set up their home anew under hopeful conditions. The Secretary's journey through the snow that winter evening meant much for those two unhappy persons.

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SEASIDE HOMES.

GRACE HALL, the excellent home leased, at Asbury Park, by the New York Young Women's Christian Association, this season is again, filled by tired and jaded girls from the city offices and stores. For ten dollars the Association pays their fare to Asbury Park and back, and gives them excellent accommodation and good board for two weeks. The experiment was commenced three years ago, when the Leslie Cottage at Asbury Park, was hired for the purpose. The applications for tickets, were then so numerous that an adjacent cottage was hired and promptly filled. The next year, the Association secured a lease of Grace Hall for three years, and it is filled all the season long.

The Philadelphia Y. W. C. A. has engaged in the same work on a still more extensive scale. It now owns a commodious home at Asbury Park, capable of accommodating a hundred inmates beside the matron and staff. It is managed by a regularly constituted Board from which girls and women, who have to earn their own livelihood may obtain tickets for a week's board for three and a half dollars. The treasury of the Home is replenished by a novel and sagacious arrangement. Early in the season before the time when business houses are giving vacations to their employes the ladies connected with the Y. W. C. A., and their friends spend a few weeks at the Home, paying double rates for board. They thus practically test the sanitary condition of the institution and the culinary and housekeeping capacities of the staff, while the home makes a profit by their stay, which can be applied to the support of needy beneficiaries. Girls who are not members of the Association, but who are earning their own livelihood are granted tickers on the same terms as the members.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN JERUSALEM.

THE habits of citizens of Jerusalem have not heretofore been favorable to the organization of a Young Men's Christian Association. Most of them are in their homes after sundown, and retire to rest early, Of late, however, Western customs have come into vogue in the ancient city, and not always in a beneficient form. A drinking saloon and a concert garden have been opened, and both of these are now well filled in the evening. Christian men have not been slow to take the hint. Mr. Hind Smith on his recent visit to the city succeeded in getting sixty men together to consider the project of forming an Association. Mr. Erank T. Ellis now writes to the *Young Men's Era* of the progress that has been made. He says: "To accommodate the members speaking different languages two sections were formed, the Anglo-Hebrew and the Arabic for the English and Arabic langauges respectively. These two sections were set to work the same week each with its independent committee, chairman, secretary and treasurer. At the time of formation the Anglo-Hebrew section enrolled eighteen members, which has now increased to 22; the Arabic section enrolled 32 and now numbers 40." The chief difficulty was in finding a place for meeting. Funds could not be raised to buy or even to hire a building and the Anglo-Hebrew section has not even yet been able to find suitable quarters. But the Arabic section is thriving. A mission room was offered for its use and gladly accepted. "Great interes," Mr. Ellis says, is evinced in its progress by Arab young men and I have no doubt of its success."

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GREAT MEETING IN BROOKLYN.

ON Thursday, August 6, there will be a grand assembly of Christian Endeavor Societies in Brooklyn, N. Y. It is to be a union mass-meeting to inaugurate a vigorous campaign for the coming year. Addresses will be delivered by delegates who have just returned from Minneapolis, who will respectively present each feature of the Convention. The delegates are full of enthusiasm roused by the great Convention, and are anxious to communicate it to the Societies. The meeting is to be held at 7:45 P. M., in the North Reformed Church, on Clermont Avenue, near Myrtle.

GOD LOVETH.

WHAT though the path with thorns abound,
Though storm-clouds gather dark around;
Though hopes fall dead, like blighted flowers
With frost for dew and snow for showers;
'Tis peace and comfort, sun and dew:
The Father loveth, loveth you!

Not without cost the Father gave
His hand to help, his heart to save.
To you, for you, this heavenly Dove,
Whose earthly type is mother-love,
From heaven to earth thy Saviour drew,
For so the Father loveth you.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of the Poverty of Oriental Lands and the Beggars One Encounters There.

THERE was a cry of delight from the children, when Uncle John, after drawing up his chair to its well-known corner, the other evening, began to uncover a large-sized photograph. They crowded around the traveller and could hardly restrain their impatience.

"Easy, Tom; easy." said Uncle. "Rome wasn't built in a day, you know."

And as he spoke, he unfolded the picture and disclosed to their gaze a group of women and girls, sad-faced, and bearing every evidence of extreme poverty.

"Beggars!" said Ted, laconically. "Aren't they?"

"Not exactly," replied Uncle, "although there are plenty of beggars where these came from. Now, you have heard me tell of the Arabs. Well, these are Arab women and children—Bedouins, who belong to a class to be found everywhere in the Holy Land. This photographic group was procured by Rev. Dr. Talmage's party when they were in Palestine a year ago."

"Why do they look so doleful, Uncle?" asked Tom.

"They are a grave people, from whose national life much of the brightness and gladness have departed," was the response. "You remember, two weeks ago, I told you about the Egyptian children of Cairo and Ismailia. Well, their lives are pleasant compared with the lives of these little ones. They are the sons and daughters of a race of shepherds, robbers, and beggars, and we find them scattered all over Palestine and Syria. Every-one looks down upon them, yet they were once a glorious people, with great kings and princes. There were Bedouin kings among the monarchs who gave gifts to Solomon. They once conquered all Syria which, as you can see on the map, is a very large country; but their entire possessions extended from the Indian Ocean to the Persian Gulf and from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, with Palestine as a boundary on the north. It is a land full of deserts and beautiful places."

"They are the children of Ishmael, are they not?" ventured Max Wheeler.

"Right" said Uncle. "Hagar's son was the father of the Arab race and of all those that dwell in tents, as you know the Bible tells us. The Amalekites whom the Israelites met and overcame in the desert, were Ishmaelites, too.

"Now, children, if you will take the map and trace out the land of Arabia, you will see what a vast territory these wanderers possess. They are divided into two classes: the wilderness dwellers, who are called *Bedaween* or men of the desert, and the dwellers in cities. The Bedouins look down upon the townsmen. They are subdivided into a great many tribes, just as our American Indians are to-day. They move wherever they can find pasture for their vast flocks, for they are stock-raisers rather than farmers; but they are plunderers as well, and many a caravan has a startling tale to tell of ill-treatment at their hands. Yet they have some good qualities after all; it is very rare to find people wholly bad. These Arabs are kind to any stranger who may happen to need shelter or food, and he is welcomed and is at liberty to remain among them three days."

"Do those in the picture belong to one family?" was asked.

"Most likely to one tribe, and probably to a single household. There are three generations represented here you see: the old grandmother, the grown-up daughters and the little children—the Usufs, Mennis, Hasnas, Fatmehs and Seids ——"

"What queer-sounding names!" exclaimed the children.

"They are sturdy little folks, with bronze faces and shining teeth and they can spring about among the rocks all day long. Whenever a stranger appears, these youngsters run at him and call loudly for *backsheesh*, that is, a present. When they get anything, they dance around a while and then they pounce upon the stranger and overwhelm him with

A GROUP OF BEDOUIN WOMEN.

(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

questions. I have often been amused at their persistent inquiries after the health of each particular relative of mine, even to the remotest degree. A gift of cakes will bring a deluge of such inquiries. Then the children will be followed by the women in rags and with faces like Nubians, asking on their own account.

"The women and children are the greatest sufferers from the unsettled life the Bedouins lead. Bare-footed, ragged, poorly-fed and none too well used as those boys and girls are, their highest dream of happiness is a full supper and a soft place to sleep on, within the tent. But, in spite of hardships, they grow up tall, athletic men and women, the men with splendid figures, capable of enduring great fatigue and the women almost equally muscular."

"Are there many of these Bedouins in Jerusalem?" inquired the children.

"They are found everywhere throughout Palestine. Along the banks of the Jordan, travellers meet them frequently. On the highways, one sees the sturdy Arab beggars, either in camp or on the march. They are just like those in the photograph. This picture was probably taken at Bethany or near Jericho. There are Bedouins in both neighberhoods.

"It is a great pity that history does not furnish us with a more perfect account of the Arabs and their country," said Uncle in conclusion. "Arabia has been a land of many religions, and although it is now Moslem, the Arabs themselves are far from being fond of the Turks. Arabia is also, as you may have read, the home of magic, and the *magi* or wise men of old were almost all natives of the Peninsula. The Arabs speak many dialects but their language is the richest in the East and the best developed. It has a close affinity to the Hebrew, but is much older. The Arabs were a powerful people in the days of the Hebrew patriarchs; it was probably to a band of Arab traders, going across the desert, that Joseph was sold by his brethren for a slave."

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"Company Manners."

WE have heard of people who had two kinds of faces and two distinct styles of behavior—the first for home consumption, the other for "company." Their "company manners," were elegant and quite captivating; bland, courteous, agreeable. The less said about their home manners the better. It is the old story of the bear at home, the lamb abroad.

Such parents exercise a most detrimental influence on their children. The little ones, being naturally imitative, consider it perfectly right to do just "as mama does," or as "papa does." Like their elders, they soon begin to cultivate one face for company and an other—and a most disagreeable one—for the home.

If parents—mothers especially—could only realize that from the third to the sixth year is a formative period in a child's temperament, they would doubtless strive to set a better example. They would avoid those little annoying wranglings and disagreements which are so common in many homes, and which never pass unnoted by the children. Mamma is petulant and papa lets fall a hot word, or an expression that is anything but loving. The barbed arrows of anger too often fly across the hearth. Some day, papa comes home and finds mother in tears and the little son in the corner, repentant and dreading chastisement. His childish lips had let slip an ugly word and when chidden, he had smiled in his mother's face and assured her that "Papa said it, therefore it must be right."

If we want our children to be models of truthfulness, honor and purity, upright in speech and conduct, it is indispensable that we should set a guard upon our own lips and actions, and so live that our light may shine in the household, and illumine the steps of childhood, instead of misleading them.

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Children in China.

BISHOP GOODHILL writes entertainingly of his recent visit to the missions in China and has something to say concerning the children of that country that will interest our own home circles. The influence of Christian teaching is everywhere visible among the young folks of the Flowery Kingdom.

"One boy now at our school at Kiukiang," he says, "found several hundred dollars belonging to our missionary ladies at Chungking, in the ruins of the house destroyed by the mob, and risked his life by carrying the money through the crowds and over the hills, many miles, delivering it without loss to the good women who had been driven half-clothed into the fields. He could have kept the whole of it without being detected.

"In North China, children, boys up to twelve and fourteen, pass the late spring and all summer almost naked. No language can convey an exact impression of the poverty of many people in North China. A strip of matting for a roof, two parallel rows of dried mud for sides, make fine houses compared with some we have seen. Yet these same people have a great love for their children, and I have seen fathers—ragged fathers—carry their naked babies with as much pride as one would expect at home. Many missionaries have told me that they can go safely anywhere, if they go with a child.

"Our beautiful mission children seem to interest and delight them beyond measure. At Nanking, while our house boat was anchored in the canal, every man stood for two hours fascinated by the two babies and the golden-haired girls on our boat.

"'See,'" one Chinese captain said, pointing to one of the little girls, 'see, she opens her mouth.'"

Girl-babies are not welcomed in the average Chinese home. They are too often passed over as of no account. Even now, so little are they thought of in China, that they are more commonly designated by numbers than by names, and the household speaks of them as the "Third little Sister," "Fourth little Sister," etc.

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The Influence of a "Good-by."

LET nothing prevent or delay you from making a start on the Christian path. Cut loose from all hindering influences. No matter how dear the acquaintanceship, if it is one that will prove an encumbrance, better bid it good-by than imperil your own salvation.

Mrs. Bottome relates an experience which illustrates the influence of a good-by.

"When I started out on the Christian path," she says, "I called to take farewell of a young friend of mine, who had once had a great influence over me. 'Where are you going?' she inquired, in surprise.

"'I have made up my mind to go to heaven,' I replied. I could see that she was startled.

"'But why bid me good-by?' she persisted.

"'Because,' said I, 'you will mock at me and I am still weak and may not be able to stand it. If I were stronger, I might hope to influence you; but I am uncertain about that so I have chosen to part.'

"'Don't you think I want to go to heaven as well as you?'

"I took her hand. The tears came fast enough now, and they were blessed tears of penitence. She started with me and we have kept close together on the road since then"

Earnestness won a triumph here. That good-by opened her eyes to the condition of her soul and put her feet on the heavenly road.

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Pins and Politeness.

"AN absurd conjunction!" you exclaim. Is it? Let us see. A writer in the *Occident*, of San Francisco, remarks that a pin, small as it is, is an emblem of what a man ought to be. First of all, a man should be straight, like the familiar tiny bar, which is a nuisance when crooked. Like a bent pin, a man or woman whose moral nature is awry, disturbs the peace and harmony of the world. Gossips slanderers, swindlers and defaulters are the bent pins of society. Then, pins are polished, and so ought people to be; pointed, and everything we do ought to have a definite point and object. A good pin is not too pliant or readily bent, and Christtians ought to have firmness and backbone in all cases where duty is concerned.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 460.*)

The Captain Troubled.

ROBERT promised Captain Allen that he would pay no heed to the woman's talk; but when the Captain was gone he watched the dying woman with a growing trouble. What a mystery was here! Now she was part and parcel of this world—soon she would be away from this world—but where? How, and how far was she to go? How would that other life move on? What kind of a life would it be? He lifted his head. The woman was looking at him. "Where is my dress?" she asked. "What am I here for? I cannot feel my feet. I cannot move my legs. I want to get up. I have a long way to go to-night. You are coming with me. You need not take any of your things, but go get on your best clothes, and come away quickly."

"You fell into the creek from the bridge," said Robert, "and father and I took you out; and we took off your dress and shoes. You hurt yourself—that is why you do not feel your legs."

"Are the dress and shoes dry? Bring them, and come, we will go off together. Rub my feet, will you, boy?"

Robert rubbed. She could not feel his touch. "Harder! Are you rubbing! Pinch them! Stick a pin in them! I cannot feel you touch me at all."

Robert bent over her, great compassion in his big, brown eyes.

"You are going on a long jouruey to-night," he said, "and no one can go with you; you must go alone."

"I won't go alone; I mean to take you," said the woman.

"You cannot take me or any one. Your journey will be far outside of this world, into the world to come. You are going to die. You are hurt, and in a few hours you will be dead. Your feet and legs are dead already. You are going out of this world to stand before God."

"I don't know—anything about God," said the woman.

"But you must meet him to-night. There is no minister here to talk to yon. The schoolmaster is away. There is no one to pray for you; but if you have done evil, say you are sorry, for you are going to die."

"You seem a kind boy," said the woman. "And you pulled me out of the water, did you?"

'Yes; never mind that; think,—are you ready to die?"

"I wish—you'd tell the man to come here, —I want to say a word to him," said the woman.

Robert went up into the mill.

"She wants to see you."

"What has she been saying to you?" demanded the Captain.

"Nothing. I told her she was going to die, and she wants you."

"Robert!" cried the Captain, eagerly, "go stand on the middle of the bridge until I call you!"

Having thus provided for getting Robert out of earshot, Captain Allen went to confess his penitent.

Robert stood a long while on the bridge, waiting like the "boy on the burning deck." In truth, Captain Allen only remembered to call him, when the woman seemed to be in great agony and he did hot know what to do for her.

Robert thought of the opiate, and, as the doctor had said it was the only thing to give her, he administered it freely, and repeated the dose. The woman sank into unconsciousness. Robert saw that Captain Allen was very pale; his eyes were sunken; beads of sweat stood on his brow. He sat by the table, laid his arms upon it, and his head on his arms. The heavy breathing of the woman sounded through the room. After a time there was a rattling sound.

"She is dying!" said the Captain. "I wish she had never come here!"

He rose and put his arm about Robert.

"She is dead."

He led the boy out of doors. At that minute a wagon drove up with the poormaster and the doctor in it, and a pine coffin with a long, coarse, white shroud. They went in and wrapped the stranger's body in this garment.

So it happened that Eliza and her four children coming home from their pleasuring saw several men carrying a coffin out of their kitchen. All this tragedy of death had happened while they were having a picnic on a summer's day.

But from the hour the tramp-woman crossed the threshold of his mill, Captain Allen was a changed manr He no longer had a jolly laugh and a genial word for every one. His appetite failed; his sleep was broken; his face was full of gloom; his words were tart. He no longer deferred to the opinions of the woman-with-a-head-on-her-shoulders, but contradicted and dissented from her regularly, as if he felt that between her views and his there must be some great difference. At night his dreams were frightful.

"You are going to be sick, 'Zekiel," said 'Liza, "and I do wish you'd take some medicine. That tramp-woman dying here has over-set you completely. Robert did not take it as hard as you do. You always were a man of great feelings, 'Zekiel."

"Robert is only a boy. Boys don't realize things, 'Liza."

"Well, you need to do something for yourself or you'll be down sick. You mutter and toss all night. Last night you dreamed you had killed that woman. The other night you dreamed that you had put Robert down a well; and not long ago you dreamed you had buried him alive. I told Jerry yesterday we'd have trouble yet with you if you did not take heed."

"I wish, 'Liza Allen, you'd not talk about me to any one."

"I'll talk about you to the doctor if you can't get better right soon, 'Zekiel," said the resolute Eliza.

"What is wrong with you, father?" said Pink, laying her hand on his arm.

"Nothing! Why do you think anything is wrong?" he cried.

"You are so different, father. You are tart to mother; you boxed the twins' ears; you scolded Pop for making a noise; you find fault with me; you speak cross to Robert and Jerry. We never knew you to do so before. Father, is the mortgage foreclosed, and you do not like to tell us? Or is there some other debt? Must we leave the mill? Do tell me, father. You are so changed, and we are all so unhappy. Until now, we have been very happy." Tears were in Pink's eyes.

"There is nothing wrong. Don't bother me," said the Captain, stubbornly. But Pink's words pursued him. He could not work. In the mill Jerry and Robert seemed to regard him anxiously. He went into the garden. He saw Mr. Murray coming down the road and dismounting at the mill. He noticed how pale and sad Mr. Murray looked. He was more bent than ever; he seemed haggard and feeble.

"I came to say good-bye," said Mr. Murray. "I am sick. I am going away. I shall go to Europe or to the East. Very likely I shall lay my bones there. What is the use of living, alone as I am? Ah, Allen, if you had only been willing to give me the boy, and with him a joy and interest in life, it might have saved me! But I cannot find my own boy, and this one is the only other boy I ever cared for."

He passed into the kitchen. Allen followed him. He felt that he ought to be very glad that the Superintendent was going away. Mr. Murray spoke to the rest of the family. Then laid his arm on Robert's shoulder and looked earnestly at him. "I should have a son like you, Robert! Then I might be content, and live to do some good. Well, goodbye; I leave to-morrow."

He shook hands all round. Captain Allen was so gruff, he was not even civil. Mr. Murray went out of the house. Then Captain Allen, as reluctant, but forced to the act, followed him to the door, and called out: "Mr. Murray—won't you—don't you want to stop to supper?"

"Thank you, Captain. No."

The Captain came in growling. "Some folks won't take a chance when it's offered 'em. They won't give other folks a chance. He needn't say I didn't stop him."

The family sat down to supper. "I think poor Mr. Murray won't live long; my heart ached for him," said Eliza.

"I can't bear to see him so unhappy," sighed Pink, "I like him so much. I can see his eyes now."

Captain Allen pushed away his plate, and tramped out of the kitchen. He went to that rubbish place under the mill. Long ago in that damp, dark corner he had fought a moral battle, and won a victory. Once more the Captain was in sore conflict.

Jocob wrestled all night at Jabbok. The earth is full of the scences of unchronicled spiritual struggles and contests. The Captain remained nnder the mill until nearly midnight. When he came in, Eliza alone was sitting up for him. She looked keenly at him.

"'Zekiel, where have you been so long?"

"Under the mill."

"'Zekiel, I don't know what has got hold of you."

"I'm afraid the devil has," said 'Zekiel soberly.

"'Zekiel Allen! I wouldn't have believed it if anyone had told me!"

"Neither would I, a year ago," said the Captain.

Again he tossed restlessly, all night. There are in earthly wars, victories that are so nearly defeats, that the conquerors are kept waking and watching on the hardly-won field, uncertain whether morning may not find the foe in possession. "It is sometime so in spiritual welfare, we tremble lest we may not find ourselves holding a hardly secured vantage.

The Captain sat down to his breakfast, but did not eat. He hastily drank two cups of hot coffee, then surprised his household by snatching his hat and rushing away from the house. At this Eliza burst into tears, and wrung her hands. "I do not know what is coming over your poor father! He used to be as cheerful, hearty, and good-tempered as the day was long. Now he is as cross as two sticks. I know he is losing his mind. His worries have softened his brain. Oh, children, whatever shall we do if he goes crazy!"

The children had no plan of action to propose for so dire a contingency. Pink wept with Eliza. Bop's sturdy little fingers were clenched in a fierce effort to play man, tearless. Robert put his arms about his mother, and Jerry, clearing his throat vigorously, looked out of the open door. Meanwhile the Captain sped, as one pursued by the Avenger of Blood, up the steep path to Deacon Britt's. There he found the schoolmaster on the porch, having just finished his breakfast. The Captain called to him, breathless:

"Schoolmaster, I want you to come where no one will hear us talking. I have strange things to say to you."

The master led the way to the orchard, where the fruit was ripening red and golden in the autumn sun, and the dew yet lay along the grass. No one could come within earshot without being seen.

"Schoolmaster, have you seen Mr. Murray lately?"

"Yes. He looks very poorly; he is leaving to-day, on the train at eleven o'clock."

"Did he ever tell you his story, schoolmaster?"

"No. He once had a wife and child. They are dead. I know nothing more. He never speaks of himself."

"He spoke to me," said the Captain; "he told me,"—and he rushed into the Superintendent's sad story.

"Stop, stop!" said the schoolmaster, after a moment. "These are very private affairs,—meant only for you, as he confided them to you. You should not tell them to me, Captain. It is a breach of faith."

"I must tell you," said Captain Allen, "and you must hear me. Listen, I tell you"—and he went on with the Superintendent's story. "Do you not think, schoolmaster, that a man who lost his child in such a way, has no further right to him? What business had he to take the child out against its mother's wishes —to drink with his baby in his arms? He lost him by his own fault. He deserves to be lonely."

"Allen, Allen, that is not the voice of Christian pity. Where should we all be, if with God there was no forgiveness of sins? I know your heart aches for that poor father who for all these years has vainly looked for his child. But unhappily your pity and mine cannot restore his son."

The Captain looked moodily on the ground. "If he is sick and going to die, it would do his son no good to be found by him; he would be with him just long enough to be spoiled—and then left an orphan. The Superintendent will not suffer much longer."

"I think grief is killing him, and joy would cure him."

"He's had his chance, and thrown it away," said Allen.

"Allen, he has greatly wished for Robert. Is it this that is on your mind? Are you feeling that you ought to give up your boy to him?"

"Schoolmaster!" cried the Captain, with violence, "*Robert is his son.* Robert is the boy he lost!"

"Allen, what are you telling me? How do you know it?"

"You know the tramp-woman that died at my house? She had come for Robert. She left him at the village. She came to claim him, she said he was her son. I wouldn't have given him to her; but you know as she tried to cross the creek to speak to him, she fell, and that was her death. When she found—the boy was the one who told her, and he did not guess she had ever had to do with him—when she found she was going to die, she called for me and told me the truth. She said she saw the child in his father's arms sitting on a bench in Central Park. The child cried, and the father gave him his watch and his pocket-book to play with. The woman saw that the father was intoxicated and did not know what he was doing, Presently he put the child down on the bench, and said he would go and get him some candy. No one was near and this woman thouhht she would take the pocket-book and the watch from the child. But when she went near to it the child held fast to the things,—Robert always was a plucky one!—and she saw he had a ring on his finger, a gold chain on his neck, and a rich dress.

"Schoolmaster, I think children are pretty enough as they stand, without fixing them up tike popinjays. Well, she was greedy, and thought she would take the child off so she could strip him, and then she would leave him somewheres, and she wrapped him up in her old shawl, head and ears, and off she went to a slum where she lived. But she found the pocket-book had a hundred dollars in it, and her husband told her she would get ten years for stealing the child, and she had better get away with it. They thought if a reward was offered, if they had time they could fix up a story and be safe for the reward. So the woman took the midnight train for Philadelphia. Her husband, and a couple of boys they had, went there to her after a little, but there was such a hue and cry raised about the child that they dared not say anything. They got rid of the money drinking, and sold all the things but a little shirt with the child's name on it, which the woman kept, hoping that some day she might hear of a reward for finding the child, and manage to obtain it. And she kept the inside case of the watch; she had to break it out before she sold the watch, for on the case is Mr. Murray's full name, and 'from his wife.' She kept those two things.

"Well, when they had a drunken fight the man, and his two sons, her step-sons, used to threaten to tell about her stealing the child. It scared her so that after about four years, she took occasion of her husband's being in jail, to go off to Lacy and lose the child. She took him up here to Lacy, on a night train, left him on the road-side, and went off to Harrisburg and stayed six months. But this summer she was in New York, and coming upon an old paper she found that 'five thousand dollars and no questions asked' was offered She made up her mind to come after him. She thought she would find him in the poorhouse. She did not know Mr. Murray was up here; the child was to be taken to a lawyer in New York. She had fixed up a story about her sister having stolen him, and told her when she was dying, and given her the watch-case and shirt. But you see, schoolmaster, all her plans went wrong. When she found she had to die, she told me the truth, and—when I saw the watch-case I found on it the Superintendent's full name. So, there it was. Robert is Murray's son."

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

We have received a great many answers to the question propounded by "Merchant," Rome, N. Y., which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of June 8th. The question was as follows:

Is a person ever justified in telling a falsehood? Suppose I were sheltering a fugitive from a furious mob, and knew that to betray his presence would be followed by his death. Would I be justified in denying all knowledge of him? Would such a departure from truth be justifiable?

"Merchant's" question involves a very subtle point in moral ethics, and it is not surprising that among the many readers who have sent replies, there should be some who, in view of the urgent and sympathetic nature of the case stated, have been diverted from the main issue: our duty to God.

From a large number of affirmatives we select the following as representative of all:

J. C. C., Brattleboro, Vt.—It seems to me that a person would be justified in telling a falsehood to save the life of an innocent man. I believe in no other case would one be justified. The following cases are parallel to that mentioned by Merchant: Exodus 1: 17, 18, 19; 1. Samuel 19: 14; and 20: 28 and 29; II Samuel 17: 19, 20; Joshua 2: 4, 5, 6. Each case was to save a life.

C. G. M., Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.—In such an emergency, it would be perfectly right. Although the Word of God condemns a lying tongue, Christ also says: "As you would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them." (Luke 6: 21.) Would not telling an untruth and betraying a brother-man be breaking the command of our Saviour, which, he says, is the Law and the Prophets? (Matt. 7: 12.) We find Elisha deceiving the Syrian, and, it would seem, with the approval of God, for he answered his prayer. (II. Kings 6: 19.)

J. A. G., Carlisle St., Philadelphia—In my opinion he is justified, because a furious mob, being insane with passion, would have no right whatever to the information desired, as they intend to use such information to commit murder. A falsehood in the mind of God is a wilful, malicious misrepresentation. In the case cited, far from being malicious, it would be a charity to both parties. It would save the man's life and prevent the mob from becoming murderers and thereby endangering their own souls. "For no murderer hath eternal life."

A. A. H., Crozer Seminary, Chester, Pa.—There is no command against falsehood without intent to injure. The state has the right of life by divine gift. A man may, in mercy to the murderer, or on account of overwhelming numbers, deprive the life-takers of a knowledge of the truth.

Mrs. M. B. V., Kirwin, Kan—If I betray the fugitive and he is killed by the "mob" would not his blood be upon my hands? I should consider the mob of "the devil" and will lie to him every time, for he first lied (or deceived) us. Of two evils choose the lesser.

Among the negatives we have received we select the following, as succinctly presenting the views of the remainder:

W. H W., Shelbyville, Tenn.—Stand by the truth! Remember what Alexander Pope, the poet, says:

> He who through vast immensity can pierce,
> See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
> Observe how system into system runs,
> What varied beings people every star,
> May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.

The only safe course for us to pursue is to follow the explicit direction of Holy Writ: "Buy the Truth and sell it not." (Prov. 23: 28.)

L. S. G, Hartford, Conn.—No; for the simple reason that God, who is greater than all circumstances, is able to make a way of escape for the fugitive, if such were his holy will.

Miss N. B., Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Never tell a falsehood, even to shield a person. Rather keep silence concerning the truth, even at the risk of your life.

D. W. A Lebanon, N. H.—It is not the will of God that we should lie under any circumstances. A full trust in the Almighty will save from such emergencies, without the need of resorting to falsehood. "All liars shall have their place in the lake of fire, which is the second death."

C. H., Dundas, Ont., Can.—No; even if the fugitive were my own mother, sister or brother. (See Psalm 15.) How can a man speak the truth in his heart, if he tell an untruth with his lips?

D. W. S., Tampa, Fla.—A lie is a lie, no matter under what circumstances it is told. God's eye sees the mob as well as the man hiding. Can a lie change God's purposes? No man is ever justified in telling a lie.

Mrs. H. P. R., Plattsville, Grant Co., Wis.—Enthusiastically no! We are not to do evil that good may come. God can deliver us in every conflict.

R. B. Y., Bloomfield, N. J.—Was Peter justified in denying his Master? To deny all knowledge of the person mentioned in "Merchant's" question, would be an equally unjustifiable lie. Think you not that God is able to deliver us from any such position, since it is by his will that we are at times so placed? We should trust him to deliver us from all evil. (Is. 26: 4. Psalm 3: 5; Psalm 118: 8; Is. 26: 3.) If we do trust him, we shall be safe from all harm.

O. B. C., Entriken, Huntingdon Co., Pa.—No. He might do so consistently if a servant of Satan, but a servant of God would not be justified, for a liar is an abomination in his sight.

R., Washington, Ga.—I think the best thing would be to say nothing. Some call this a silent lie. Is it?

This question, which has aroused so much interest, is one that a Christian need not hesitate to answer. The doctrine that "the end justifies the means" cannot be entertained by any Christian. Paul says (Romans 3: 8), of those who say: "Let us do evil that good may come" "that their damnation is just." Lying in all its forms is expressly forbidden by God. (Lev. 19: 11; Col. 3: 9.) It is hateful to him. (Prov. 6: 16–19.) It is a characteristic of the wicked and the apostacy. (I. Tim. 4: 2); it excludes from heaven (Rev. 21: 27); and those who are guilty of it shall be cast into hell. (Rev. 21: 8.) To lie, in any case is, therefore, sinful; to lie in the case mentioned by "Merchant" would be to doubt and affront God's Omnipotence. A full faith would not hesitate to tell the truth and leave the result in God's hands. His saving power has been most gloriously exemplified in just such circumstances, where, when all human agencies failed and the Christian has thrown himself wholly upon the Lord, the Omnipotent arm has been stretched out to succor him. There is also the alternative of silence, which "Merchant" seems to have overlooked.

Dr. Adams, Glendive, Mont.—Is it consistent for us who profess to live Christian lives to enter into games of chance for pleasure, such as checkers, dominoes and authors?

The whole question of amusements must be relegated to the individual conscience. "To him that thinketh it is sin, it is sin." There are some men whose idea of duty and the necessity for devoting all the time available to work for God is so exalted that they would consider any amusement a sinful waste of time and such men are to be admired. There are others, however, who find in relaxation a means of increasing their power for labor. They wisely take relaxation in some form. Certain games have by association with gambling become disreputable and these for example's sake should be eschewed. Cards, roulette and many that might be cited belong to the category. The games mentioned in the question cannot strictly be called games of chance and it would be uncharitable to condemn as inconsistent those who engage in them for relaxation.

James Moyle, Port Oram, N. J.—Can it be said consistently with the purity of his nature that God ever allowed polygamy? Was David a polygamist at the time of writing the 32d Psalm?

Polygamy was a recognized institution in Oriental lands in ancient times as it is now. Jacob had two wives and there is no record of his having been directly reproved of God for it, though it brought him much misery. Neither is there direct prohibition in the Mosaic code of laws. In fact it was recognized there and provision made in respect to it. "If a man have two wives," etc. (Deut. 21: 15), and the legislator goes on to state how the property of a polygamist shall be divided. Again: "If he takes him another wife" (Ex. 21: 9) the first wife is not to be neglected. Allusions to the practice are frequent. It is expressly stated that Gideon had many wives. (Judges 8: 30.) The fact is clear that God permitted polygamy in those days and it is not fitting for us to pronounce on the consistency of his acts.

The date when the 32d Psalm was written is uncertain but that David was a polygamist there can be no question. The fact, however, does not justify polygamy any more than the crimes he undoubtedly committed were any the less crimes because he committed them.

J. M., Watertown, N. Y.—When was the first printing-press set up in America? When did the first illustrations appear?

The first printing-press was set up in Harvard, in 1639. The first illustrations made in America appeared in *Tully's Almanac* in 1698. It was printed in Boston.

C. F. Jr., Dayton, O.—Is it true that no trace has ever been found of Nineveh?

What are believed to be the ruins of ancient Nineveh have been discovered on the banks of the river Tigris. They are shapeless mounds of earth and stone. Excavations have laid bare streets and the debris of what have once been palaces, and idols and books have also been unearthed. The tablets (made of clay) from the principal library have been identified and partially translated.

Temperance, Mobile, Ala.—A friend asserts that enough liquor is drunk every year to pay the interest on the national debt. Can you give me the exact figures?

In 1890, $900,000,000 worth of liquor of all sorts, was drunk in the United States. It is estimated that of beer alone enough was consumed to give every man, woman and child thirteen gallons and a-half.

THE COBBLER'S VISION.

A QUAINT legend is current in Russia. It relates to a man known in his town as "Martin the Cobbler." Martin was unlearned, but very pious man, who thought and prayed much as he sat on his bench day by day mending his neighbors' shoes. From the time that the story of Jesus entered his heart no other subject occupied his thoughts. He dwelt upon it continually and forgot the hardships of his lot in anticipating the joy of seeing his Lord in heaven. That became his idea of heaven—a place where he would see his Lord face to face. As he thought of it the dark basement in which he worked seemed less dismal. Yet it was a dismal place. The only light that entered it came from a strip of glass in the wall close to the ceiling which was but a few inches above the level of the pavement outside. Every passer-by interrupted the light though Martin from his bench could not see more of them than the feet. His spiritual life was a very inward one. He seldom spoke of religion to the neighbors who came to bring him work. They would not have understood him and probably would have ridiculed him. Martin therefore was self-contained, living in his own thoughts and doing nothing to disseminate the light he had. His religion consequently was not an active but a meditative one.

One night his thoughts were dwelling as usual on that glorious hope up to the time of his throwing himself on his poor bed for a night's rest. He fell asleep and dreamed that an angel stood beside his bed and told him that his desire to see his Lord was to be gratified. Jesus himself would visit his humble abode on the morrow. The vision was so impressive that Martin had no doubt of its reality. He awoke early full of the thought that Jesus was to visit him that day. He prepared his breakfast and sat down to the meal. As he did so he noticed a pair of feet passing the window which must, he was sure, belong to some one who was very tired. They were scarcely lifted but were dragged along wearily. Martin felt good to every one that morning and he rose from his breakfast determined to make one heart glad beside his own, at any rate. The feet he had seen belonged to a poor homeless woman who had wandered around all night and was tired and hungry. Martin took her down into his basement, shared his breakfast with her and let her rest awhile. He set to his work, wondering when the Lord would come. The time must be getting near. As he sat down at his mid-day meal he saw through his window two shambling feet as weary of step as the woman's had been and when he went up he found an old man who had tasted no food that day. Martin led him down and fed him in the Master's name. Dinner over, he resumed his work and labored on till sunset. The Lord had not come. He waited until it was quite dark and then went to bed sad and disappointed.

In his sleep he saw again the faces of the man and woman whom he had fed that day. They stood one on each side his bed, their forms clad in the poor ragged garments just as he had seen them in the daytime. As he looked from one to the other wonderingly their faces seemed to light up, their garments grew luminous and they appeared even brighter than the angel he had seen the night before. "Martin," they said, "didst thou not know me? I was hungry and thou didst feed me. Inasmuch as thou didst it unto one of the least of these, thou didst it unto me."

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DEATH ON THE LINE;

Tom White's Sunday Excursion and what Came of It.

"OH, where is the place? Do show me the place!"

The demand, which was rather an entreaty, proceeded from an elderly woman, very respectably dressed. She was intensely excited. Tears were flowing down her cheeks, where time had already made its furrows. The same excitement was on every countenance. Evidently some great calamity had occurred. We followed the old woman and her guide into a large room, where a most awful and ghastly spectacle presented itself. Upon various tables lay twenty-two corpses! There were the old man and the infant; mothers, daughters, sons, and husbands; some of them almost crushed out of recognition.

What was the cause of all this? No powder-mill had exploded, and sent forth its lurid flames. No ravaging army had spread slaughter and destruction around. It was a Sabbath morning. The bells were ringing merrily from every steeple, to welcome the day of rest.

A party of pleasure was on its way to Chicago. Laughter and merriment were universal, when, in a moment—while the laugh was ringing in the ear, and the jest had scarce parted the lip—the air was rent with shrieks and groans of mortal agony! A collision had taken place between two trains, and, without warning, twenty-two persons suddenly passed from time into eternity!

The old woman we have alluded to, passed from one mangled body to another, until her eye rested on that of a young man in the prime of life, frightfully disfigured. With a paroxysm of grief, she took the cold hand in her's, and seeing I looked sympathizingly at her, poured out her grief in heart-rending language.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "this poor lad is my son. He would go. I wanted him not. And now—you see. He was a good boy, sir."

"Do you think," said I, "that he had given his heart to God?"

I had doubts myself; for I thought a man that had truly come to Christ, would know the value of the Sabbath as a means of grace, and not spend it in his own pleasure. Still I was anxious to know if there had been any signs of repentance.

"Why, sir," replied the woman, "he went to church sometimes; and he never swore nor got drunk."

"But did he pray?"

"Why yes, sir,—sometimes."

This was poor encouragement. Still I felt interested in the young man; and so I promised to call on the mother.

On fulfilling my promise a day or two after, I found that the history of the widow's son was as follows:

Tom White was an only son. His mother petted him with a foolish fondness. She was blind to his faults till they forced themselves on her notice; and then her rebukes took no effect. His father had died when he was very young, leaving a small annuity to his widow. Out of this, Mrs. White apprenticed her son to an engineer. His master was a pious man, and frequently, in conversation with his apprentices, urged them to give their hearts to the Lord. Young White felt softened and resolved to do so. It was the early strivings of the Holy Spirit, whose "viewless way" is seen in every good thought and holy emotion. For a time he regularly attended the house of God, and seemed earnest about his soul. But in an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of a young man, who was light-hearted, gay, and dissipated.

Young White was fascinated by his friend's society, and he gradually yielded himself entirely to his influence. The first strivings of conscience were quenched. Sunday evening was spent in strolling about and smoking. One day he and several others were out bathing. Ever fond of adventure, White sought the deepest part of the pond. He had swum some time, when he felt the cramp; and before he had time to cry out, he sank. Presently one of his companions cried out, "Where is White?" An alarm was raised; the pond was dragged; and he was recovered. For a time he hung between life and death. With returning consciousness, came a resolve once more to turn to God. In an agony of soul he sought for pardon through Christ. Several weeks passed. Everyone who visited him, believed him a changed man. In course of time he recovered; and while walking out one day, he encountered his old companion. White had resolved he would shun him; but it was in his own strength he trusted.

"So I hear you've turned a saint agai' Tom," he said. "I didn't believe it, for I thought you had too much good sense for that; but I heard the parson declare you were really converted."

Tom was silent.

"Is it true, old fellow? No, I see it is not. So come to my lodgings, and we'll have a bottle together—it will do you good."

With an accusing conscience, but unable to resist, White consented. He listened to the ribald scorn heaped upon religion, and the blasphemous infidelity of his companion, and he felt himself a partner in the sin. Despair seized his soul. In vain did poor White try to drown the voice of conscience in sin—it still made itself heard.

In due time Mrs. White removed to Cleveland. Here Tom's companion led him into still greater dissipation. All this time conscience kept urging him to return to God. Yet still the same plea was urged, "I will by-and-by." It is one of the most marvellous things in existence, that God's patience is so great.

About this sime a storm occurred at Cleveland. It was one of the severest ever known. The wind, which was almost a hurricane, howled along the deserted streets, bringing down frail tenements and chimneys in every direction. The sea lashed to fury by the tempest, threatened to wash away the securely-built parade. One man was actually blown down by the fury of the wind. Young White and his profligate acquaintances were returning home on that memorable night. The storm made no impression on their minds. Just, however, as they were turning the corner of a street, a chimney-pot was thrown from a tall house, and a fragment, in its fall, struck White, and he fell senseless to the earth. He was carried home to his wretched mother, and this time all hopes were given up. In a terror not to be described, his conscience awoke at the sight of an impending eternity.

"O God," he cried, "have pity on me! But there's no pity for me. I have sinned too much. There's nothing but hell for me." In vain did friends reason with him on the infinite love of Christ, willing, at all times to save to the uttermost. Satan urged his repeated backslidings, and despair seemed settled on his heart. By slow degrees, after much prayer, his mind grew calmer. He seemed to be in a more hopeful condition. But it was only a transient beam of light. His soul was unrenewed. The impression was not lasting. In his heart of hearts, he longed to return to the sins that he loved, and hoped, by-and-by, he should yet be saved!

Thomas White recovered. His heart was not grateful. He thought not of the mercy that had hitherto spared him. He not only returned to his old companions, but formed an acquaintance with a young friend of dissolute morals. To supply this new friend with money, extortionate demands were made on the mother, who still hoping, even against hope, in her son's future reclamation, gave him all she had.

It was Saturday night previous to the accident. White and the friend we have alluded to were spending what they called a gay evening at a saloon. The former was much the worse for liquor, and before he left her, promised to take her to Chicago, on the morrow. When the morning came, he rose and dressed himself with care.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To Chicago."

"Don't go, Tom," said she imploringly; "stay at home with me, and take me to church. You're never at home now."

"No, I must go, mother; and if I stayed, I shouldn't go to church."

"Oh! Tom, you haven't been since you got better. What will become of you?"

He seemed staggered by the question, but tried to laugh it off by saying—

"You're very dull to-day; but never mind, you'll see I shall become quite a religious man by-and-by."

She saw him depart, despite her entreaties; and with a heavy heart she returned to her room, where she indulged in a flood of tears.

At the station he met his wicked companion. "Come along," he said in high glee. "I mean to have a jolly day. The old lady tried to keep me at home to go to church; but it was no go." And with an irreverent laugh they entered the carriage. A few hours later, their mangled corpses were brought back, and the frightful intelligence of the catastrophe conveyed to their homes.

"Stifle not your conscience! Trifle not with sin!" says the Scripture. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

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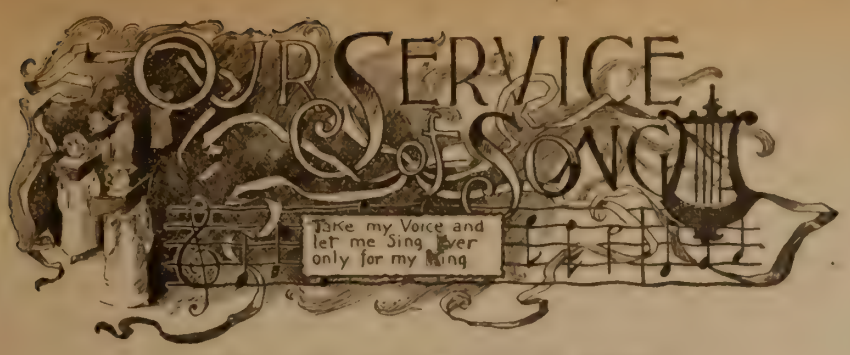

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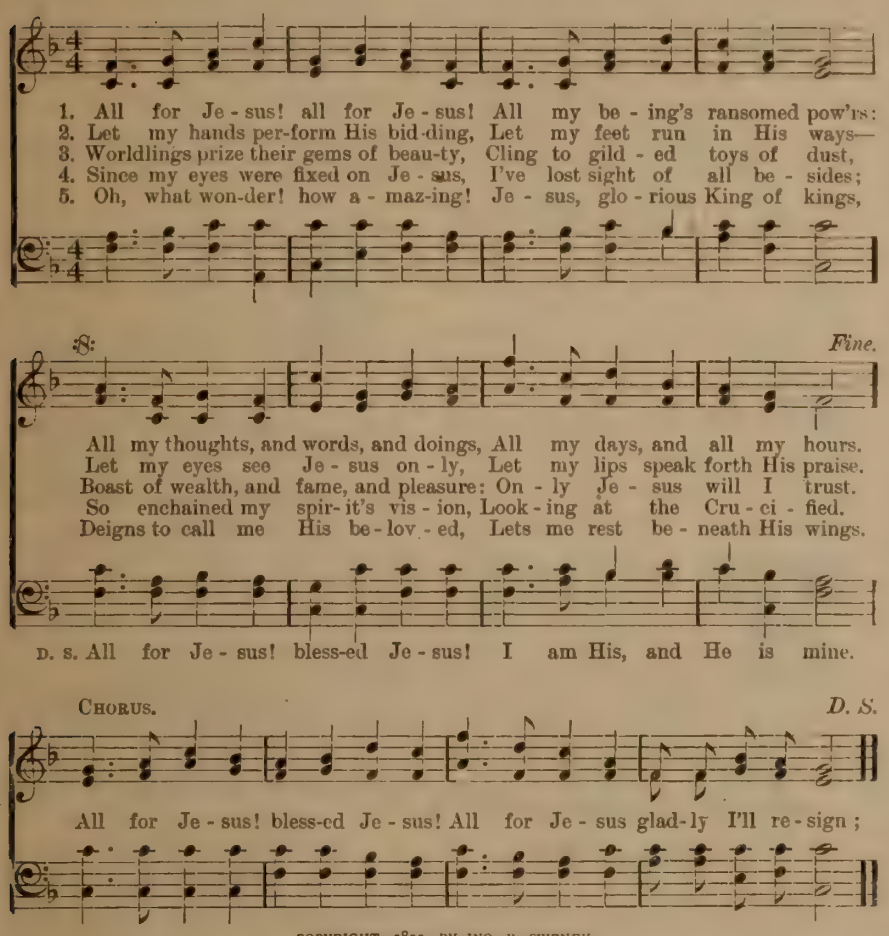

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HOME DREAMS.

IT comes to me often in silence
When the fire-light sputters low—
When the black uncertain shadows
Seem wraiths of the long ago;
Always with a throb of heartache
That thrills each pulsive vein,
Comes the old, unquiet longing,
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,
And of faces cold and strange;
I know where there's warmth of welcome,
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead,
With an aching sense of pain;
I et there'll be a joy in the coming,
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music
That never may die away,
And it seems the hands of angels,
On a mystic harp, at play.
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs
To the splash of the autumn rain;
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again.

—*Eugene Field.*

A PRAYER FOR TRUST.

I ask not, Lord, that thou wouldst make
My pathway smooth and bright;
But only that my feet may walk
Where thou dost send the light.

I pray not for untroubled bliss,
Nor for a cloudless sky,
But only that, or shine or storm,
To thee may bring me nigh.

I only ask that thou wouldst be
My escort and my friend;
That thou wouldst lead me as thou wilt,
And keep me to the end.

—*Church Gleaner.*

GOD'S PRECIOUS PROMISES.

GOD'S precious promises are sweet;
How truly are they verified
In the believer's life; they meet
His wants when mostly tried.
When bending o'er some grave in grief,
Where one lies buried that was dear,
These tender words bring him relief—
"She is not dead but sleepeth here."

Or if some hidden anguish veils
His hope in gloom, with what delight—
His heart some other promise hails,
That scatters far the mists of night.
Do doubtings haunt his mind with fear
And sore distress? yet undismay'd
His spirit grows, for one is near
Whisp'ring "'Tis I, be not afraid."

Do subtle foes his pathway tread,
To lure him from the goal divine?
In him he can resist, who said:
"All pow'r in heav'n and earth are mine."
In sickness, and in health as well,
Each promise comes in turn to cheer;
Teaching believers how to dwell
In peace and perfect safely here.

And when at last with dread alarms
His timid soul would shrink at death,
The promised "Everlasting Arms"
Are round about and underneath.

—MRS. MARY LUTZ.
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If you are going to locate in Chicago and want a home there, you can save much time and vexation by sending full details of what you want, how much you will pay—all or part cash—church privileges, etc., to the undersigned, who will look it up for you without charge. Careful attention given to the interests of small and large investors in Chicago Real Estate, profits of $500 to $1,000 have been made *this year* on an investment of $100 cash; large amounts in proportion. CHAS. ARNOLD,
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CURING A CHINESE ARISTOCRAT.

AN interesting case of opium cure is thus described by Mrs. Piggott of the China Inland Mission: The servant of the mandarin at Shansi was cured of opium smoking recently, and she was so delighted that when she went home to Yamen, she told them how easily she had been cured and how little she had suffered, and what a good thing it was to be cured of opium smoking. Through her influence one of the elder sons of the house came and was cured, and subsequently a daughter-in-law came with the same result. The daughter-in-law thought that the best thing she could do was to come to me, because they like to do things there indirectly; so he did not go straight to the opium refuge, but came to me and asked me as an intermediary to accompany her and to intercede for her that she should have very good medicine. She feared she would have to be shut up and not allowed to go out however ill she felt. She came and was cured, and just the day before I left she came to express her gratitude, and brought us two little presents which she said were her own work. She wished us to come and have dinner with her, which was a rare mark of respect. She has also put up a tablet in the opium refuge—a large board with a statement on it of her cure for the encouragement of others who may come for treatment. This was the first lady of rank we had; many have come since then. We make no stipulation before treating patients, but we find as a rule that a patient who has been cured of opium-smoking is pretty sure to come to the Sunday services.

SAMPLES DEMANDED.

A HUMBLE Christian worker was holding a preaching service in the open-air, when a well-dressed man approached, and at a pause in the service asked permission to address the meeting. Permission being given, he denounced religion as a humbug and a sham, and advised the men to go to the Socialist meetings, which he said would do them more good. While he was speaking the leader of the meeting learned from one of the men there that he was a drummer for a dry-goods house and a noted infidel. As he closed, the Christian man said to him, "I hear you are a drummer and go from town to town with samples of the goods manufactured by your firm. Now you are engaged to-day in another business, I ask you to show your samples. I will show you what we are doing." Beckoning to two men to stand up beside him, he continued, "Here are two brothers. You see them now. Five years ago they were the biggest scamps and drunkards in the district. They were wife-beaters, and even a terror in the saloon. But five years ago they went to a little Gospel meeting, and there they gave their hearts to Jesus. Now they and their wives are well dressed and their homes comfortably furnished, yet they are earning just the same wages as they did before their conversion, and in their homes all is happiness. That is the work of the Gospel. They are samples of what it can do. Now show me the samples of Socialism. Show me one drunkard made sober, one dishonest man made honest, one immoral man reclaimed and then we will listen to you. If Socialism is better than Christianity show your samples." There was a general laugh at the confusion which sat visibly on the face of the Socialist and amid the roar of derision he slunk away.

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A CHANGE OF VIEW.

HOW a consistent life impresses the enemies of Christianity is forcibly illustrated in an incident related by a missionary recently returned from India. A native teacher named Ruttonji Nowroji went to a strange village and preached the Gospel and several persons were converted. The head man of the village was a bigoted Mohammedan. He was much annoyed by the introduction of Christianity and he warned the people that any one accepting the new religion would be turned out of the village. Some of the converts after this were afraid to confess their faith but others after praying that the head man might be turned from his purpose, were baptized. Their prayers were answered. The head man not only did not turn them out, but a short time afterward wrote the teacher to come back and baptize some more of the people for it had done those who were baptized good. They were now the best men in the village.

A MEDICINE MAN'S TRICK.

A SINGULAR exhibition of trickery is described by Mrs. McKittrick. During her labors in Africa she witnessed a species of trial somewhat in the nature of an inquiry by Grand Jury. Some of the brass rods which are used in West Central Africa as money had been stolen and this inquiry was directed to the discovery of the thief. The people according to custom called in the help of a medicine man. Mrs. McKittrick witnessed his arrival. Seating himself with due solemnity he muttered some incantations and then stated the circumstances of the theft. He next produced a native bell from his bag and declared that in a few minutes he would be able to name the thief. The name of a tribe was uttered and then a glass ball was set rolling from the top of the bell. There were flat spaces around the rim of the bell, and if the ball halted on one of them, it was indication that the thief belonged to the tribe, whose name was uttered before the glass ball started. "Lolongo," was the first name. The ball rolled on and off. "Lukolele," said the medicine man, and started the ball again. This time the ball stopped on a flat space and the operator declared that the thief belonged to the Lukolele people. Mrs. McKittrick noticed that the medicine-man ran the ball the second time on a different side of the bell. She watched him closely and as he was about to call off the families of the Lukolele people to find out by means of the ball to which family the thief belonged, she stopped him and asked permission to look at the bell. She found that the flat spaces on one side were greased and those on the other side were not. It was easy to see why the glass ball rolled off in one case and not in another. The medicine-man could thus convict anyone he chose of the crime. The trick was explained to the people and probably one or more lives saved by the exposure. The medicine man was an old mun, who had plied his craft for many years. It ix sad to think how many innocent victims have been sacrificed through his arts. If Christianity brought no hope for the life beyond the grave it would still be a beneficent influence in heathen lands for "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

THE COST OF PEACE IN CHINA.

IN a speech made the other day on the needs of China, the Rev. J. W. Stevenson, who has been laboring in that land, told a pathetic story of an aged mother's efforts to find spiritual peace. A company of devout, elderly, well-to-do women, but with countenances marked by trial, came to the place where Mr. Stevenson was settled. One, who had lost by death her only son, told her story of dissatisfaction in the attempt to lay up merit by the peculiar and mortifying native religious observances. She had joined every Buddhist sect she could hear of, paying the fees which they exact for membership; and she wished to know what she must pay, and what long Journeys she must take, in connection with what she called this new religion. Disappointment and bewilderment marked her demeanour as she heard of gospel free grace. For the sixty-eight years during which she had sought spiritual rest and satisfaction she never came across one who could tell her of Christ. That was an illustration of the condition of multitudes in China to-day.

AN APPEAL FOR EXORCISM.

A STRANGE appeal recently came to Rev. S. F. Woodin, a missionary of the American Board at Fulchau, China. He sends the story to the *Independent*: A man came to his house and begged him to visit his brother who was in much trouble. Going to the house indicated, accompanied by a medical missionary and several Chinese Christians, he found a man, his wife, daughter and nephew, all sick and in acute distress. Their sickness was a species of low fever, but as they professed to see demons and had been told their sickness was due to demoniacal possession, they concluded that the first step to recovery was to get the demons cast out. They had tried the usual plans. By the advice of a wizard, one of the sick men had been made run barefoot over a bed of burning coals of charcoal. All, however, had failed, and the head of the family having heard something of Christianity sent for the missionaries. The fundamental principles of Christianity were explained to him and to the other sick members of the family and prayer was offered. All gave serious attention to what was said, and when the missionary asked them if they were willing to give up their idols they consented. The missionary then proceeded to remove them, the head of the family pointing out their places or shrines. More than a score were removed. Dr. Kinnear, the medical missionary prescribed for the sick, and they are now recovering and are earnestly seeking Christ.

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FATHER. NEW! MY DEAR BOY, IT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF YEARS. WHY, YOU WERE RAISED ON IT.
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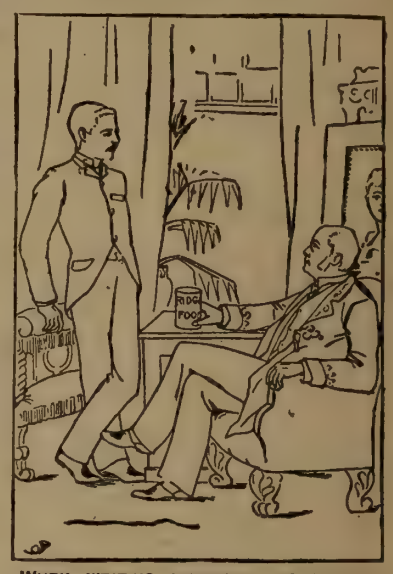

WHEN WRITING MENTION THIS PAPER.

ORIGINAL. No. 26.

Breakfast Fruit Cake

BY MARION HARLAND.

1 quart of flour, 2 cups of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of lard, ½ teaspoonful salt, 1 quart of strawberries, huckleberries, blackberries or raspberries, ½ cup of sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's baking powder.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, chop in the shortening, stir in the milk with a wooden spoon. The dough should be just stiff enough to handle. Roll into two sheets, line a baking pan with one, put in the berries, strew with sugar, lay on the other sheet and bake. Cut into squares, split and eat hot with sugar and butter.

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 14.

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THE GOSPEL ON WHEELS.

Bishop Walker's Novel Method of Evangelizing in Villages of North Dakota—A Baptist Home Mission Car.

THE Church in this century has, like the world, manifested a restless, tireless energy in her work. With alert vision and intelligent adaptation she has availed herself of discoveries and inventions like the printing-press, the telegraph and all the increased facilities of travel and communication to spread abroad the glad news of salvation. Never since the time of the Apostles has there been a century so distinguished for aggressive Christian effort. Christian leaders, who believe that the coming of the Lord is near at hand, and those who are not looking for him until the world has been converted, have been alike active and energetic in their endeavors to preach the Gospel for a witness in all lands and in the neglected districts of our own land. Nor has the effort been a dull, unintelligent one. Conferences to discuss the best methods of work have been frequent and one branch of the Church has vied with another in devising new ways of reaching outsiders and winning souls for Christ. A remarkable and highly ingenious development of this aggressive spirit is that of the travelling church, two examples of which are now in operation. The Protestant Episcopal Church in North Dakota, and the Baptist Home Missionary Society, have each a church of this kind, and both testify to the valuable results achieved by its help.

The first in the field was the Cathedral car, called "The Church of the Advent" constructed for services of the Protestant Episcopal Church in North Dakota, through the efforts of the Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Wm. David Walker, S. T. D., whose portrait appears on this page. Bishop Walker is an excellent type of the energetic aggressive Christian worker. He was born in New York fifty-two years ago, was educated at Trinity School and Columbia College, and prepared for ministerial work in the General Theological Seminary. On June 29, 1862, he was ordained Deacon in the Church of the Transfiguration in New York. For twenty-one years he labored industriously and successfully in Calvary Church of the same city spending a busy life among the poor and the afflicted, directing the missions of the Church, preaching in Mission Chapels and devising various new methods of evangelizing the masses. In 1883 his brethren in the Church, seeking an active and intelligent man for the new Bishopric of North Dakota, elected him to that trying position, and he was consecrated December 20, 1883, by Bishops Clark of Rhode Island, Potter and Coxe of New York, Paddock of Massachusetts, Clarkson of Nebraska and others.

In entering on the duties of the diocese, he was impressed with the magnitude of the field and the paucity of the means at his command. In travelling through his diocese he saw isolated farms and small villages utterly unprovided with a place of worship, and far away from any town where there was a church. All along the four lines of railroad which crossed the State, hamlets might be seen in large numbers duly equipped with one or more saloons, but with no church. How to provide for the spiritual need of these people was a problem which weighed on the Bishop's mind. There were, in most cases, not sufficient people to erect church-buildings and the capital that would be required to build them by outside effort would be simply enormous. Yet the need was urgent. Many of the people were well educated. Bishop Walker says he has been surprised at the number of college graduates he has met in the course of his journeys. Large numbers had been trained in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to these especially, the impossibility of reaching a consecrated building was a sore trial. To them, marriages, the baptism of their children, and the celebration of the Lord's Supper in any other building than one solemnly dedicated and set apart for divine service would have lost much of their sanctity. There was therefore a danger in the absence of such a building, of their disregarding religious observance altogether and lapsing into a condition of practical heathenism. It was this condition of affairs which eventually led to the idea of the Cathedral car.

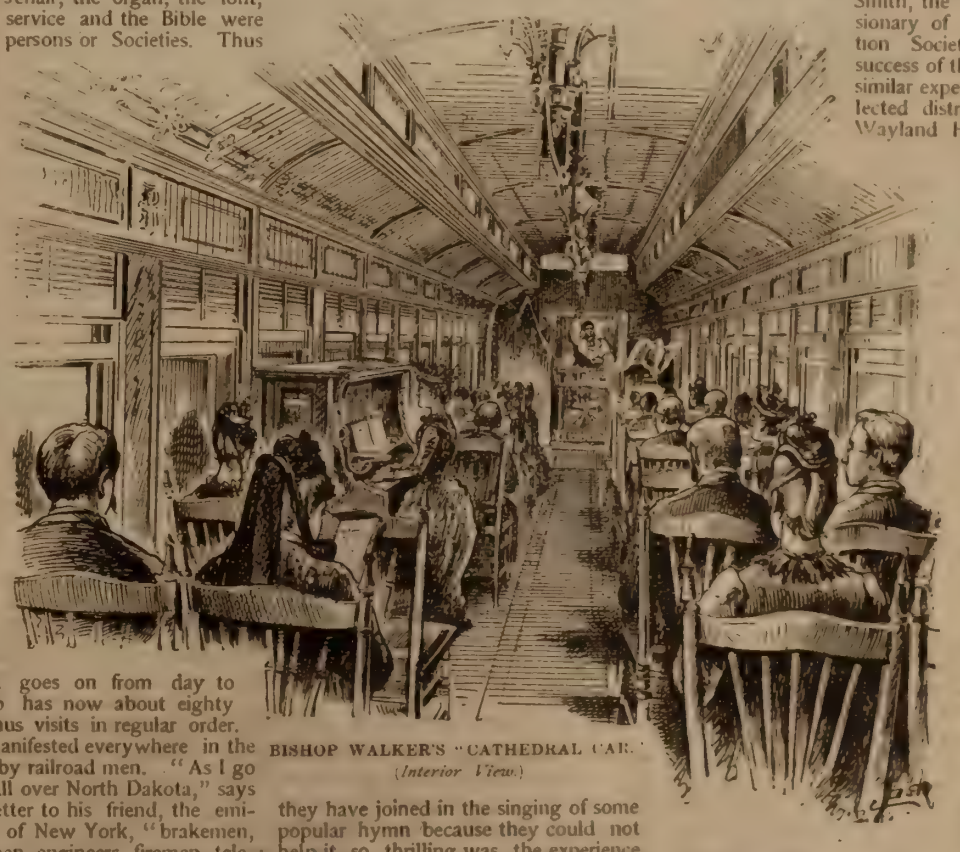
No sooner did the idea enter the Bishop's mind than he put it into execution. He returned to New York and speedily collected the necessary funds and gave orders for the erection of the first church on wheels. An excellent car sixty feet long was built by Messrs. Pullman and the idea of a church was observed by a slight transverse elevation giving the vehicle in the upper part the form of a cross. The interior was finished in oak in the Gothic style. The furnishing was a mosaic of gifts. A church at Summit, N. J., presented the altar; Dr. Conrad of Philadelphia presented the lectern as a memorial of his father; the altar-cloth, the Bishop's chair, the organ, the font, the communion service and the Bible were gifts from other persons or Societies. Thus the car fully equipped for work was finished and delivered to the Bishop for his beneficent object.

The Bishop's plan is to send a placard ahead to be exhibited at a railroad station, stating when the car will arrive and the hours of service. The car is attached to a train, drawn to the station and switched to a side track. After the services are over it is attached to another train and taken to the next stopping-place.

Thus the work goes on from day to day. The Bishop has now about eighty places which he thus visits in regular order. Great interest is manifested everywhere in the car but especially by railroad men. "As I go here and there all over North Dakota," says the Bishop in a letter to his friend, the eminent Dr. Langford of New York, "brakemen, conductors, yardmen, engineers, firemen, telegraph operators, dining-car waiters, porters, switchmen, ticket-agents, baggage-men, express agents, superintendents, general managers—all ask affectionately about their 'cathedral,' where it is, when it will come to them again. It is a new ecclesiastical zeal and affection appearing in a new place. The car is packed with people at every service. There are seats for upward of seventy persons. We invariably have a larger number present. Very frequently three persons sit on two chairs. Ninety persons have been present with us again and again. The worship is very hearty. Men who have not attended services of any kind

RIGHT REV. WM. DAVID WALKER, S. T. D.

for ten, fifteen, even twenty years, who scoffed through these years at the very idea, have been present again and again. They were absent from other worship because they claimed to be free-thinkers or agnostics or sceptics. They have looked on quietly, or



BISHOP WALKER'S "CATHEDRAL CAR."
(Interior View.)

they have joined in the singing of some popular hymn because they could not help it, so thrilling was the experience as every voice was lifted up in song.

"My highest comfort in connection with this work has come from the fact that more individual souls have been personally reached than in all the years of my ministry in proportion to the number preached to. That is to say, I have had more men coming to me after the services to talk solemnly about duty, life, their souls, than ever in my previous experience. Careless men, godless men, reckless men, sinful men have have come and opened out their hearts. The embarrassment which men feel in visiting a clergyman at his home or talking with him in a church is wanting in the car. It is open and free to come and to go in and out of at will.

"My custom is to do all the work necessary in the car with my own hands. It would be very unlike a missionary in this new Northwest to bring a uniformed porter on my journeys. It would give unreality to the work. So I prepare the lamps and light them. I sweep the floor and make my own bed, and distribute the leaflets, and make the fires, and put the seats in order. About half the time it falls to my lot to play the organ. I find all this no hardship. Often I have three or four hours on my hands while waiting for service-time to arrive, on a side-track. Many then come to see me, and feel disposed to look on me as a workingman like themselves. I only desire to say in closing that the 'cathedral car of North Dakota' is preeminently a success."

No less successful is the Baptist Missionay Society's car suitably named *The Evangel*. The origin of the idea of this car dates back to 1873, when Mr. G. H. Herrick of St. James, Minn., persuaded the Railroad Company to side-track a car at that place for a whole winter to be used as a Sunday School. A flourishing Baptist Church has grown from that beginning. Boston W. Smith, the Sunday School Missionary of the Baptist Publication Society, hearing of the success of this work, advocated a similar expedient in other neglected districts and finally Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Minneapolis took the scheme up and carried it into execution. A syndicate composed of Colgate Hoyt, John D. Rockefeller, James B. Colgate, John B. Trevor, Charles L. Colby and E. J. Barney was formed for building a car. The work was done by Barney & Smith of Dayton, O., and on May 23, the car completed and furnished, was presented by the syndicate free of cost to the Home Missionary Society. At the dedication services Dr. Wayland Hoyt made the gratifying announcement that the leading railroad men all over the West and Northwest had promised that the *Evangel* should be carried to and fro on their lines without charge. It will seat one hundred persons and has sleeping accommodation for the missionaries, buffets for the cooking of meals and a room to be used as a library. It also contains a fine organ. The total cost of the car as it is furnished was about $12,000. It is intended that the car shall be the means of initiating permanent work. It will stay long enough at each place to organize a Sunday School which, after the car leaves, will meet in a building.

A HARVEST SCENE.

Dr. Talmage Preached last Sunday at Green Mountain Falls, Colo., to a vast Congregation.

"And she went and came and gleaned in the field after the reapers: and her hap was to light on a part of the field belonging unto Boaz who was of the kindred of Elimelech." Ruth 2 : 3.

WITHIN a few weeks I have been in North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Canada, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, and they are one great harvest-field, and no season can be more enchanting in any country than the season of harvest.

The time that Ruth and Naomi arrive at Bethlehem is harvest-time. It was the load custom when a sheaf fell from a in the harvest-field for the reapers to refuse to gather it up: that was to be left for the poor who might happen to come that way. If there were handfuls of grain scattered across the field after the main harvest had been reaped, instead of raking it, as farmers do now, it was, by the custom of the land, left in its place, so that the poor, coming along that way, might glean it and get their bread. But, you say, "What is the use of all these harvest-fields to Ruth and Naomi? Naomi is too old and feeble to go out and toil in the sun; and can you expect that Ruth, the young and the beautiful, should tan her cheeks and blister her hands in the harvest-field?"

Boaz owns a large farm, and he goes out to see the reapers gather in the grain. Coming there, right behind the swarthy, sun-browned reapers, he beholds a beautiful woman gleaning—a woman more fit to bend to a harp or sit upon a throne than to stoop among the sheaves. Ah, that was an eventful day!

It was love at first sight. Boaz forms an attachment for the womanly gleaner—an attachment full of undying interest to the Church of God in all ages; while Ruth, with an ephah, or nearly a bushel of barley, goes home to Naomi to tell her the successes and adventures of the day. That Ruth, who left her native land of Moab in darkness, and journeyed through an undying affection for her mother-in-law, is in the harvest-field of Boaz, is affianced to one of the best families in Judah, and becomes in after-time the ancestress of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory! Out of so dark a night did there ever dawn so bright a morning?

I learn, in the first place, from this subject how trouble developes character. It was bereavement, poverty, and exile that developed, illustrated, and announced to all ages the sublimity of Ruth's character. That is a very unfortunate man who has no trouble. It was sorrow that made John Bunyan the better dreamer, and Doctor Young the better poet, and O'Connell the better orator, and Bishop Hall the better preacher, and Havelock the better soldier, and Kitto the better encyclopedist, and Ruth the better daughter-in-law.

I once asked an aged man in regard to his pastor, who was a very brilliant man: "Why is it that your pastor, so very brilliant, seems to have so little tenderness in his sermons?" "Well," he replied, "the reason is, our pastor has never had any trouble. When misfortune comes upon him, his style will be different." After a while the Lord took a child out of that pastor's house; and though the preacher was just as brilliant as he was before, oh, the warmth, the tenderness of his discourses! The fact is that trouble is a great educator. You see sometimes a musician sit down at an instrument, and his execution is cold and formal and unfeeling. The reason is that all his life he has been prospered. But let misfortune or bereavement come to that man, and he sits down at the instrument, and you discover the pathos in the first sweep of the keys. Misfortune and trials are great educators. A young doctor comes into a sick-room where there is a dying child. Perhaps he is very rough in his prescription, and very rough in his manner, and rough in the feeling of the pulse, and rough in his answer to the mother's anxious question; but the years roll on, and there has been one dead in his own house; and now he comes into the sick-room, and with tearful eye he looks at the dying child, and he says, "Oh, how this reminds me of my Charlie!" Trouble, the great educator! Sorrow—I see its touch in the grandest painting; I hear its tremor in the sweetest song; I feel its power in the mightiest argument.

Grecian mythology said that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the foot of the winged horse, Pegasus. I have often noticed in life that the bright-

RUTH AND BOAZ.

est and most beautiful fountains of Christian comfort and spiritual life have been struck out by the iron-shod hoof of disaster and calamity. I see Daniel's courage best by the flash of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. I see Paul's prowess best when I find him on the foundering ship under the glare of the lightning in the breakers of Melita. God crowns his children amid the howling of wild beasts and the chopping of blood-splashed guillotine and the crackling fires of martyrdom. It took the persecutions of Marcus Aurelius to develop Polycarp and Justin Martyr. It took the pope's bull and the cardinal's curse, and the world's anathema to develop Martin Luther. It took all the hostilities against the Scotch Covenanters and the fury of Lord Claverhouse to develop James Renwick, and Andrew Melville, and Hugh McKail, the glorious martyrs of Scotch history. It took the stormy sea, and the December blast, and the desolate New England coast, and the war-whoop of savages, to show forth the prowess of the Pilgrim Fathers—

When amid the storms they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood
Rang to the anthems of the free.

It took all our past national distresses, and it takes all our present national sorrows, to lift up our nation on that high career where it will march along after the foreign despotisms that have mocked and the tyrannies that have jeered, shall be swept down under the omnipotent wrath of God, who hates, oppression and who, by the strength of his own red right arm, will make all men free. And so it is individually, and in the family, and in the Church, and in the world, that through darkness and storm and trouble men, women, churches, nations, are developed.

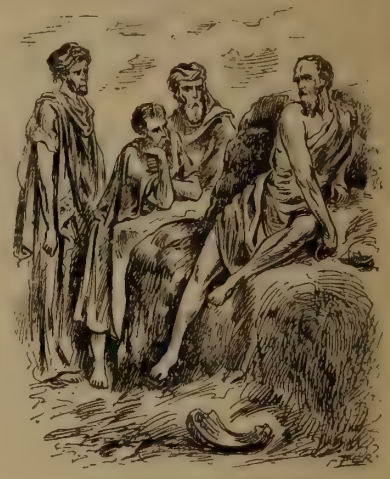
Again, I see in my text the beauty of unfaltering friendship. I suppose there were plenty of friends for Naomi while she was in prosperity; but of all her acquaintances, how many were willing to trudge off with her toward Judæa, when she had to make that lonely journey? One—the heroine of my text. One—absolutely one. I suppose when Naomi's husband was living, and they had plenty of money, and all things went well, they had a great many callers; but I suppose that after her husband died, and her property went, and she got old and poor, she was not troubled very much with callers. All the birds that sang in the bower while the sun shone have gone to their nests, now the night has fallen.

Oh, these beautiful sun-flowers that spread out their color in the morning hour! but they are always asleep when the sun is going down! Job had plenty of friends when he was the richest man in Uz; but when his property went and the trials came, then there were none so much that pestered as Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite.

Life often seems to be a mere game, where the successful player pulls down all the other men into his own lap. Let suspicions arise about a man's character, and he becomes like a bank in a panic, and all the imputations rush on him and break down in a day that character which in due time would have had strength to defend itself. There are reputations that have been half a century in building, which go down under some moral exposure, as a vast temple is consumed by the touch of a sulphurous match. A hog can uproot a century plant. In this world, so full of heartlessness and hypocrisy, how thrilling it is to find some friend as faithful in days of adversity as in days of prosperity! David had such a friend in Hushai; the Jews had such a friend in Mordecai, who never forgot their cause; Paul had such a friend in Onesiphorus, who visited him in jail; Christ had such in the Marys, who adhered to him on the Cross; Naomi had such a one in Ruth, who cried out; "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Again, I learn from this subject that paths which open in hardship and darkness often come out in places of joy. When Ruth started from Moab toward Jerusalem, to go along with her mother-in-law, I suppose the people said: "Oh, what a foolish creature to go away from her father's house, to go off with a poor old woman toward the land of Judæa! They won't live to get across the desert. They will be drowned in the sea, or the jackals of the wilderness will destroy them." It was a very dark morning when Ruth started off with Naomi; but behold her in my text in the harvest-field of Boaz, to be affianced to one of the lords of the land, and become one of the grandmothers of Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory. And so it often is that a path which starts very darkly ends very brightly.

When you started out for heaven, oh, how dark was the hour of conviction—how Sinai thundered, and devils tormented, and the darkness thickened! All the sins of your life pounced upon you, and



JOB AND HIS FRIENDS.

it was the darkest hour you ever saw when you first found out your sins. After awhile you went into the harvest-field of God's mercy; you began to glean in the fields of divine promise, and you had more sheaves than you could carry, as the voice of God addressed you, saying: "Blessed is the man whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered." A very dark starting in conviction, a very bright ending in the pardon and the hope and the triumph of the Gospel!

So, very often in our worldly business or in our spiritual career, we start off on a very dark path. We must go. The flesh may shrink back, but there is a voice within, or a voice from above, saying, "You must go;" and we have to drink the gall, and we have to carry the cross, and we have to traverse the desert and we are pounded and flailed of misrepresentation and abuse, and we have to urge our way through ten thousand obstacles that have to be slain by our own right arm. We have to ford the river, we have to climb the mountain, we have to storm the castle; but, blessed be God, the day of rest and reward will come. On the tip-top of the captured battlements we will shout the victory; if not in this world, then in that world where there is no gall to drink, no burdens to carry, no battles to fight. How do I know it? Know it! I know it because God says so: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

Christ, hounded of persecutors, denied a pillow, worse maltreated than the thieves on either side of the cross, human hate smacking its lips in satisfaction after it had been draining his last drop of blood, the sheeted dead bursting from the sephulchres at his crucifixion. Tell me, O Gethsemane and Golgotha! were there ever darker times than those? Like the booming of the midnight sea against the rock, the surges of Christ's anguish beat against the gates of eternity, to be echoed back by all the thrones of heaven and all the dungeons of hell. But the day of reward comes for Christ; all the pomp and

dominion of this world are to be hung on his throne, uncrowned heads are to bow before him on whose head are many crowns, and all the celestial worship is to come up at his feet, like the humming of the forest, like the rushing of the waters, like the thundering of the seas, while all heaven, rising on their thrones, beat time with their sceptres: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Hallelujah, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse.

Again, I learn from my subject that events which seem to be most insignificant may be momentous. Can you imagine anything more unimportant than the coming of a poor woman from Moab to Judæa? Can you imagine anything more trivial than the fact that this Ruth just happened to alight—as they say—just happened to alight on that field of Boaz? Yet all ages, all generations, have an interest in the fact that she was to become an ancestress of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all nations and kingdoms must look at that one little incident with a thrill of unspeakable and eternal satisfaction. So it is in your history and in mine: events that you thought of no importance at all have been of very great moment. That casual conversation, that accidental meeting—you did not think of it again for a long while; but how it changed all the current of your life!

It seemed to be of no importance that Jubal invented rude instruments of music, calling them harp and organ; but they were the introduction of all the world's minstrelsy; and as you hear the vibration of a stringed instrument, even after the fingers have been taken away from it, so all music now of lute and drum and cornet is only the long-continued strains of Jubal's harp and Jubal's organ. It seemed to be a matter of very little importance that Tubal Cain learned the uses of copper and iron; but that rude foundry of ancient days has its echo in the rattle of Birmingham machinery, and the roar and bang of factories on the Merrimac.

Again, I see in my subject an illustration of the beauty of female industry. Behold Ruth toiling in the harvest-field

MT. SINAI.

under the hot sun, or at noon taking plain bread with the reapers, or eating the parched corn which Boaz handed to her. The customs of society, of course, have changed, and without the hardships and exposure to which Ruth was subjected, every intelligent woman will find something to do. I know there is a sickly sentimentality on this subject. In some families there are persons of no practical service. They would not deign to look at Ruth carrying back the barley on her way home to her mother-in-law, Naomi. All this fastidiousness may seem to do very well while they are under the shelter of their father's house; but when the sharp winter of misfortune comes, what of these butterflies? Persons under indulgent parentage may get upon themselves habits of indolence; but when they come out into practical life their soul will recoil with disgust and chagrin. They will feel in their hearts what the poet so severely satirized when he said:

Folks are so awkward, things so impolite,
They're elegantly pained from morn till night.

Through that gate of indolence how many men and women have marched, useless on earth, to a destroyed eternity! Spinola said to Sir Horace Vere: "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," was the answer. "Ah!" said Spinola, "that's enough to kill any general of us." Oh! can it be possible in this world, where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened, and so many burdens to be carried, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

Madame de Stael did a world of work in her time; and one day, while she was seated amid instruments of music, all of which she had mastered, and amid manuscript books which she had written, some one said to her: "How do you find time to attend to all these things?" "Oh," she replied, "these are not the things I am proud of. My chief boast is in the fact that I have seventeen trades, by anyone of which I could make a livelihood if necessary." And if in secular spheres there is so much to be done, in spiritual work how vast the field! How many dying all around about us without one word of comfort! We want more Abigails, more Hannahs, more Rebeccas, more Mary's, more Deborahs consecrated—body, mind, soul,—to the Lord who bought them.

Once more I learn from my subject the value of gleaning. Ruth going into that harvest-field might have said: "There is a straw, and there is a straw, but what is a straw? I can't get any barley for myself or my mother-in-law out of these separate straws." Not so said beautiful Ruth. She gathered two straws, and she put them together, and more straws, until she got enough to make a sheaf. Putting that down, she went and gathered more straws, until she had another sheaf, and another and another, and another, and then she brought them all together, and she threshed them out, and she had an ephah of barley, nigh a bushel. Oh, that we might all be gleaners!

Elihu Burritt learned many things while toiling in a blacksmith's shop. Abercrombie, the world-renowned philosopher, was a physician in Scotland, and he got his philosophy, or the chief part of it, while, as a physician, he was waiting for the door of the sick-room to open. Yet how many there are in this day who say they are so busy they have no time for mental or spiritual improvement; the great duties of life cross the field like strong reapers, and carry off all the hours, and there is only here and there a fragment left, that is not worth gleaning. Ah, my friends, you could go into the busiest day and busiest week of your life and find golden opportunities, which, gathered, might at last make a whole sheaf for the Lord's garner. It is the stray opportunities and the stray privileges which, taken up and bound together and beaten out, will at last fill you with much joy.

There are a few moments left worth the gleaning. Now, Ruth, to the field! May each one have a measure full and running over! Oh, you gleaners, to the field! And if there be in your household an aged one or a sick relative that is not strong enough to come forth and toil in this field, then let Ruth take home to feeble Naomi this sheaf of gleaning; "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May the Lord God of Ruth and Naomi be our portion forever!

A MISSING BODY.

DURING the recent celebration at New Haven, Conn., on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to Adjutant Campbell, it was generally understood that the remains of the gallant officer reposed beneath the memorial. That supposition, it now appears, was erroneous. The committee in charge of the work decided not to erect the monument over his grave, but on a knoll a short distance away, where it would be more conspicuous. They had given instructions for the body to be taken up and placed under the monument; but when the grave was opened there was no sign of coffin or body. The most careful search revealed nothing that differed from the soil. This is not surprising, as it is more than a hundred years since Campbell was interred. The monument, therefore, does not mark his last resting-place. But it does more. It proves that a man's character and the memory of his virtues are more enduring than his body. The lesson is timely, for in these days of luxury and selfishness men seem to forget that it is the righteous who are held in everlating remembrance (Ps. 112: 6), but the name of the wicked shall rot. (Prov. 10: 7.)

A GOLD MINE IN A ROOF.

THE purchase of an old tin roof for three thousand dollars is reported in the Philadelphia *Record*, which also gives a sufficient reason for so high a price being paid for it. The roof is that of the Old Tabernacle Church at Broad Street and South Penn Square. Some years ago the paint on the roof was scraped off and the scrapings being tested were found to contain gold which was worth five thousand dollars. The gold comes from the Mint. When gold is being coined there, a considerable quantity volatilizes with the smoke through the chimney, and as soon as it strikes the air it falls. Much of it falls on the roof of the Mint, so much of it that the officials save even the water that falls upon it during a shower. Before the water finally gets to the sewer it is strained through many blankets and sieves which retain the gold. By these means the Mint recovers the greater part of the gold that falls on its own roof, but it appears that a portion of the precious shower is carried to the church, probably by the wind. As it is now able to sell its old tin roof for three thousand dollars, the church evidently profits by its proximity to the Mint. It has always been found that the closer the Church gets to the world the richer it gets, but unhappily it has generally gained its wealth not by selling its roof but by selling its principles. (Micah 3: 11.)

A NEW PERIL OF THE DEEP.

A NORWEGIAN vessel which arrived at Wilmington, N. C., on July 24, had a narrow escape during her voyage from Hamburg to that port. One moonlight night, when the ship was three days out, her captain and the mate, who were both on deck, saw close to their port side a sunken rock over which every other sea was breaking. The ship passed within a few feet of it. As there was a high sea the Captain did not deem it advisable to remain and take soundings, but as he and his mate are experienced seamen and accustomed to seeing breakers of this kind, reliance may be placed on their estimate that there is about one and a half fathoms of water on this spot. The weather having been cloudy for several days, they were not able to take an observation so that the exact situation of the rock is not known. The Captain, however, can calculate where it is, within a comparatively short distance, and he advises that an early investigation be made with the view of having the rock carefully marked on the charts. This duty should be performed without delay. The rock lies in the track of vessels sailing between Europe and our Southern ports and there is constant danger of wreck and loss of life while the charts give no warning of its presence. When it is marked on the charts Captains will know of it and avoid it, for they do not neglect their charts as people do their Bibles, which are *their* charts showing the lurking perils in the voyage of life. (Ps. 119: 105.)

A BLOOD-STAINED BILL.

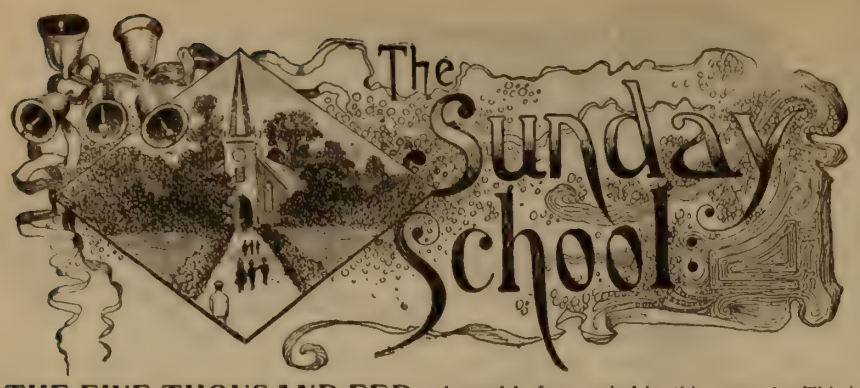
A REMARKABLE trial for murder was closed at Springfield, O., on June 25. A night-watchman was killed some time ago in that city. He was struck from behind as he was turning in his report on the alarm-box, and his blood spurted on the box and the wall. It was evident that some fell on the murderer, too, for the marks of his fingers were seen on his victim's clothing, where he had rifled the pockets. Strong suspicion centred on a young man who was known to have been in the neighborhood on the night when the crime was committed. The evidence produced at the trial was wholly circumstantial, and the jury would probably have acquitted him, but for the mute testimony of a ten dollar bill, which he changed shortly after the crime was committed. There were stains on the bill, which, when examined under a microscope, proved to be those of blood. That fact convinced the jury of his guilt. The time is coming when many people will be similarly convicted of wrongdoing on the evidence of money. The Apostle warns those who deal unjustly with their employees that their "gold and silver is rusted and their rust will be a witness" against them in the day of judgment. (James 5: 3.)

A MURDEROUS GIFT.

THE wife of M. Constans, the minister of the Interior in the Cabinet of the French Republic, received a present of a book a few days ago. It appeared to be a Roman Catholic prayer-book. Mme. Constans on receiving the book found the leaves stuck fast together, and handed it to the butler to open. The butler was about to use a chisel on it when he noticed a fuse affixed to the leaves. The book was then turned over to the police, by whom it was cautiously opened. Then a cavity was disclosed in which was concealed 200 grammes of fulminate. A few grains of the fulminate, when tested in a laboratory, exploded with a loud report. Volumes similarly charged were received by other Government officials but their dangerous character was discovered before any damage was done. For some time to come, persons in Paris, receiving presents of books will regard them with suspicion and will be very careful about opening them lest they may contain destructive compounds. Happily, such plots are not common among us, but there are books in circulation the efforts of which are more to be dreaded than those sent to the French ministers. While the latter might destroy life the former contain moral poison. (Titus 1: 11.)

WHY PEACH TREES DECAY.

A WARNING to the owners of peach-farms is published by the *Sentinel* of Dover, Del. It says that there is one thing about the fruit business that growers have neglected, which may have a great deal to do with the fast decay of the once splendidly-paying orchards, and that is taking proper care of the trees. In the days when small orchards were the rule it was considered as essential to worm the trees once or twice a year, and to put ashes and gas lime around them, as for a farmer to cultivate his corn after planting. But with the era of large orchards all this was done away with, and every crop of fruit but added to the large number of insects in the land, until the soil has become filled with them. Nor is it so with peaches alone; the cherry and apple crops will similarly decrease if care is not taken of each tree. A similar warning might be given to ministers and evangelists, who are apt to guage their success by the number of the converts. Care should be taken of each individual, lest the worms of selfishness, covetousness and worldliness do their deadly work. A large church or a revival with hundreds of converts adds to the worldly fame of the worker, but God is glorified only when the converts bear much fruit. (John 15: 8.)



THE FIVE THOUSAND FED.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 16, By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 6 : 1-14. Golden Text, John 6: 48.

AFTER his teaching in Jerusalem and his subsequent journeyings in Galilee, Jesus went over the sea of Galilee. It was not his first visit to this country, for it was here that he healed the demoniacs. It was probably this wondrous work of healing which caused Jesus, on this his second visit, to be so popular. "A great multitude followed him because they saw the miracles which he did on them which were diseased." They knew Jesus as a miracle worker, and a wondrous Physician, and that was all! O how much they had to learn! The teaching of Jesus had, as yet, no attraction for them. They saw before them a Physician whose skill was equal to any case which was brought to him, who performed operations without the knife, who healed without any remedies, who asked no fee, who rejected no case as hopeless. Living as they did, a fleshly life, minding the things of the flesh, they saw in Jesus the ready and willing minister to their needs; and that was all! But this is the idea which many form of Jesus Christ our Saviour!

"And Jesus went up into a mountain, and there he sat with his disciples." Jesus often went into the mountains for prayer, and often taught them. He loved

High Ground,

away from the level of the world. As we learn to live, and pray, and teach on high ground, from above and not from beneath, God gives power to our life and testimony. As the good Samaritan, he could come down to the wounded man "where he was," he could stretch out a hand to the sinking Peter, but in spirit he was always on high ground in his oneness with his Father.

The Passover was nigh at hand. "When Jesus then lifted up his eyes," not only on the things around him, but to his Father in heaven, that he might see all in his light, "He saw a great company come unto him." He was not perplexed, although he asked Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" "This he said to prove him, for he himself knew what he would do." God is equal to the occasion, whatever it may be, and at all times. It is his glory to work when and where to human eyes everything looks impossible.

Philip's Horizon

was bounded by earth and earth's resources. He made a calculation to the best of his ability, and said, "Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little." And did Jesus count for nothing? Philip's largest computation, even if it were carried out, would, after all, have only provided "that every one" should "take a little!" Why do we calculate? Why do we seek to make combinations and provide in our poor, earthly, near-sighted way against what may happen, instead of going, in childlike simplicity, to our heavenly Father with all our needs, both great and small? "He himself knew what he would do."

"One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." But, following the computations of Philip, he added, "But

What are they among so many?"

Oh, if we would learn to measure the needs of the heathen,—the difficulties of the language, the climate, the almost impossibility of awakening among the heathen a spiritual idea—against God's almightiness, surely more would be accomplished. "What are they among so many?" What am I for the work to which I am called? What are the resources which I have in hand for that which has to be accomplished? All this is reckoning after the flesh. What is my Lord to me just now? What is he able to do? How far are he and I of one mind in this matter? This is the divine way of reckoning.

But Jesus does not reproach his disciples for their unbelief: he simply gives a direction

"Make the People Sit Down."

This was to be the work of the disciples; he would do the rest. Get them quiet, and still, and expectant. Tell them who it is that is on the ground; then your work is done, and Jesus can commence his. He works in the stillness, when the energy of the flesh comes to a halt. "They sat down in number about five thousand;" and there before them were the five little loaves and two small fishes; hardly enough for the meal of two hungry men. But there was Jesus, by whom all things were made, and without whom "was not anything made that was made." (John 1 : 3). He took the loaves. What would they become in such hands, which healed the sick and raised the dead? And he gave thanks, at an hour, and in circumstances, where most men would have grumbled and pitied themselves! And thus attracting the attention of all away from themselves and away from himself to his Father, he began the distribution to the disciples, who found themselves far out in their reckoning. Row after row of the seated people was supplied, and yet there was abundance; the guests of Jesus took of the loaves and of the fishes, as much as they would. Earthly resources give but a little; God's gifts are only limited by the capacity to receive; "as much as they would" is always his measure. "He giveth not the Spirit by measure." (John 3: 42; R. V.) "When they were filled," not till then, the supply ceased.

Then he said to his disciples, "Gather up

The Fragments that Remain,

that nothing be lost." The disciples who should be "able ministers of the New Testament, ministering the Spirit and life" are the last to leave the ground. Fragments of the bread of life, which others reject, are prized by those who go patiently over the ground again. In God's provision, there is always enough and to spare, but nothing of that which God, in his goodness, gives us is to be wasted, despised, or thrown away. That which others reject becomes peculiarly his own gift to us. While five little loaves and two small fishes began the feast, twelve large baskets of fragments were gathered by the disciples. The multitude had one meal, the disciples more, from that divinely increased provision.

Why do we continue to stagger under difficulties and apparent impossibilities which meet us? Our Shepherd has not left us alone. "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. 28 : 20.) But it is a habit of life not easily formed, and one that needs close and continual attention to the Shepherd's voice, to "endure as seeing him who is invisible." It was just such a life which could make Paul bold in face of predicted bonds and imprisonments, "None of these things move me." (Acts 20 : 24.)

"Then those men when they had seen the miracle which Jesus did said, This is of a truth

That Prophet

that should come into the world." And they wanted at once to make him king, and offer him earthly honor. But he had not finished his mission as a prophet. These people had not yet learned to see themselves in the light of God, or they would have been more ready to know him as Priest with his atoning blood than to set up a temporal kingdom. He is King, and he shall reign until all enemies are subject to him. (1. Cor. 15 : 25.) But his kingdom begins within us, where his prophet work, and his priestly work must take precedence. But by and by, when his people are fully conquered to him, and he shall have formed his Bride, then he will go forth, "conquering and to conquer," and "the kingdoms of this world" shall "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ and then he shall be King and he shall reign forever."

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THEY saw his miracles which he did on them that were diseased. There is not a single instance on record of our Lord refusing or failing to heal a sick one that sought his help—whatever the affliction may have been. Nor have we any record of his compelling any one to come to him for healing. No doubt there were many in that vast audience who were sick and did not know it. They were not healed. Others were sick, but did not care to admit or own it. They were not healed. And others, again, who notwithstanding the wonderful display of healing power they saw successfully applied to others, feared that theirs was an incurable disease and therefore did not even make an effort. And they were not healed.

Christ is still working miracles on those that are diseased and who apply to him for help. His healing power has suffered no abatement. As in days of old the halt, the maimed, the blind, the deaf and the dumb found prompt and complete restoration at his hands, so to-day the weary, sin-sick soul, however chronic or deep-seated the disease, may come to the Divine Physician and have the Balm of Gilead applied.

Hear the footsteps of Jesus,
He is now passing by,
Bearing balm for the wounded,
Healing all who apply;
As he spake to the sufferer
Who lay at the pool,
He is saying this moment,
"Wilt thou be made whole?"

But we must know and admit that we are in need of help and in all humility and with a contrite heart confess our sins and plead for mercy.

A Prince once visited a prison and on his way through it he stopped at every cell and conversed with the prisoners. Each had a tale of innocent suffering. Not one was guilty according to his own account. As the prince was passing out he met an old man, also a prisoner, and asked him how he happened to be so unfortunate as to be found in prison in the evening of his life. The old man burst into tears and confessed that even to live in prison was more of mercy than he deserved. He had been so wicked that no amount of suffering could ever make atonement. Moved by the honest confession and evident repentance of the prisoner, the prince cried in amazement: Wicked wretch—how could they imprison you amongst so many innocent men—go out at once and never again darken the door of any prison.

As much as they would. Jesus always gives good measure "pressed down, shaken together and running over." He invites us to ask largely that our joy may be full. There is no limitation to his bounty. He "whose are the cattle on a thousand hills" can do for us "exceeding abundant above all that we ask or think." Has God blessed and prospered you, given you joy unspeakable and peace that passeth understanding? Rejoice and be exceeding glad for still there's more to follow. His supplies are exhaustless. Philip II, King of Spain, fabulously wealthy and the owner of exhaustless mines, sent one of his embassadors to the Duke of Savoy. The Duke, anxious to impress his visitor with a sense of his own importance, invited him to visit his treasure vault and there he proudly pointed to gold and silver stacked up—pile after pile. The embassador looked it all over and congratulated the owner of so much wealth. Then leaning down he lowered a cane which he carried until it touched the bottom of the vault. "Why," said he apparently surprised, "this vault has a bottom to it." "Certainly," said the Duke. "Ah," came the answer, "I see. That makes a big difference. The treasure vaults of my king and master are bottomless." The true Christian need not be apprehensive that his Master's supplies will ever give out, for is it not written: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Filled twelve baskets with the fragments of five barley loaves. Strange mathematics:—subtracting increases, division multiplies. He takes five loaves, feeds five thousand hungry people, and twelve basketfuls are still left. He sends adversity, loss of property, sickness, bereavement— takes all the world holds dear; knocks away all the props, and they who sought happiness in vain while prosperity's sun shone upon them, now rest on their Saviour's bosom and exultantly sing:

The peace of Christ makes bright my heart,
A fountain ever springing,
All things are mine since I am his
How can I keep from singing.

"Jesus the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

THE PRITCHARD MILLION

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 16. John 7: 48. "I am that bread of life."

FOR three generations past, the Pritchards had ranked among the kings of the great iron region of Pennsylvania. Fifty years ago William Pritchard had set up the pioneer blast furnace at Forgeville; his son Trenholm, had in his time been master of a score of forges, and now Henry Pritchard, the grandson, controlled the family fortunes and the business, which had vastly extended during his father's lifetime.

In many respects, the new forgemaster was totally unlike his predecessors. He was the heir to a fortune estimated at a round million: they had fought their way up from comparative financial obscurity. He was traveled, refined, and educated; the humble tuition of the common schools, supplemented by the experience of active business lives, had been their college. There were many who shook their heads doubtfully when they spoke of the new forgemaster, who was coming home to take his position as the chief of the great business. Overseers, foremen, smelters, furnace-men puddlers, all wondered what good could come of the business, in such unaccustomed hands.

"He'd better sell out afore he touches it, else that million won't last long," predicted Tom Fallon, the chief of the furnace-men. And this seemed to be the general sentiment.

But the new forgemaster proved to be not only a scholar but a shrewd man of affairs as well. He noted everything and quickly familiarized himself with the general features of the business. The workers saw in him a sincere and earnest man, reserved and silent, and by no means the reckless sort of person they had expected. The interest he took in the welfare of his men soon made him popular. Just before his arrival, there had been a strike at the furnaces and the soreness it had engendered had not quite disappeared. When he learned the cause, the men's wages were advanced and the ground of former discontent removed.

"I must say, I rather like the new tenant of the Pritchard mansion," observed the Rev. Francis Benton, to his wife on a Sunday afternoon, as they sat at dinner. "Although I have not yet had the pleasure of a word with him he impresses me as a man of extreme amiability and fine qualities."

"But far too grave for a man not yet turned thirty-five," responded his wife. "I noticed how sad he seemed in church to-day."

"Worrying a bit over the duties of his new position, I suppose," said Mr. Benton.

On the following Tuesday the good clergyman was surprised and pleased to receive a visit from the new forge-master. It was of course, quite informal.

"Now that I am to settle here," said Mr. Pritchard, after the ice had been broken, "I propose to do what good I can for the place and its people. Of course, I don't wish to be known in the matter. If you can find time to act for me, and if you know of any really deserving cases hereabouts, ample money will be placed at your disposal to meet them. Further, if any project can be devised that will help these people of ours along to nobler lives and higher aims, I trust you will consider it incumbent upon yourself to appriseme of it."

"This is truly generous!" exclaimed the pastor. "God will abundantly reward so devoted a steward ———."

But he was silenced by the forgemaster's uplifted hand.

"No thanks. That's all just now. I am glad to see that you are unlike some preachers who are full of theories only, and have no personal and actual acquaintance with the needs of their people. Had this been the case, you and I would have very little in common. I believe I have canvassed all your theologies and found them equally hollow and unsatisfying. Practical religion, now, is quite a different matter. But, alas! one might as well take up the quest of Diogenes as search for religion that satisfies all wants," he added with a sad smile. "Good night," he said abruptly, as he left.

For a long time the worthy pastor pondered on these words.

"Would it be right for me to become the almoner of one who hopes to elevate others by means of this wealth, while he himself remains in the darkness of unbelief?" he asked.

For a time this question remained unsettled

n his mind. Closer contact with Mr. Pritchrd convinced him of the latter's sincere desire o be of service to his fellow-men. But the piritual motive for which the clergyman ought was lacking. The benefits Mr. Pritchard howered upon the workers were conferred in indly interest, but there was a marked apathy where their spiritual welfare was concerned. Mr. Benton saw the work growing under his and; the fruit of the Pritchard million was isible in a new library, gymnasium and meetng hall; in recreation grounds, clubs and imroved buildings, and the unknown donor's enerosity began to be the talk of the iron district. The good clergyman was everywhere questioned until his heart grew sick at he deception. He went to Mr. Pritchard, ully resolved to decline a trust which he felt o be unsanctified.

The young forgemaster heard him and a leeper gloom settled upon his brow.

"You are the first man," he exclaimed with reat earnestness, "who has been candid nough to tell me what I know in my own oul to be the truth about myself. God grant ve may yet be of service to each other and to he cause you represent. But I fear I must emain an unbeliever—a waif, tossed about on sea of uncertainty and doubt. All my life I ave been searching for that which satisfies the piritual nature, which men call the soul, yet have not found it. I have dipped into many reeds and investigated the claims of many ects, but thus far have found them disappointng. Instead of bread, they have but given ne stones. From their consolations my spirit as turned still hungry and athirst.

"Sometimes," he added almost fiercely, "I hink that this inherited wealth has been a urse rather than a blessing! I have spent nuch of it foolishly, yet it has increased; I ave scattered it among my poorer fellows, ut it has not diminished. Even the benefacions of which you have been the dispenser ring me no enduring comfort. This is the end of all my philosophy—ashes and disappointment!"

"But not the end of all truth, my friend," aid the good pastor. "To those who seek it n the right spirit, God will not deny the comort you need. You have, till now, trusted in your own power, deeming your human intelect and your generous heart sufficient to chieve results that can only be reached by he process God has laid down. Your investigations have not led you to the Saviour who s himself that Bread of Life which you seek. All your good works for the benefit of these nen here in Forgeville, or elsewhere, unless done in His name, will bring no blessing with hem. The gold of Midas brought a curse, nd yet the ancient king had a kindly heart."

After this first visit, the pastor's steps often ound their way to the mansion of the millionire. In simple, unsparing words he pointed ut to Mr. Pritchard the folly of human dependence in strength of intellect, power of wealth, r man-made philosophies for securing true appiness and peace with God. The longing oul learned that heaven's peace was not o be coerced or bribed, but must come as a ree gift.

"The bread I have eaten," said Mr. Pritchard, itterly," has been like that of the poor Breton easants who, in famine times, grind the white ocks to powder and mingle it with the flour. My soul has fed upon stones, when there was ot an hour in which I would not have gladly given all I possess for this Bread of Life."

It was not an easy victory which this proud, cultured man, with the divine help, finally won when he made full surrender of his heart o Christ. But there came a day when the hungry soul was satisfied and when true humility and simple trust took the place of self-righteousness and vain philosophy.

"My long quest is ended and my soul-hunger is appeased," was his greeting, as with a face lighted up with the radiance that comes rom a spirit at peace with its Maker, he once more welcomed the pastor to his library.

His life since then has shown that the change is an enduring one and no mere illusion. Forgeville is more than ever prosperous, and Pastor Benton still dispenses the generous bounty of the forgemaster; but he does so willingly now, knowing that it is God's own work, prompted by love, instead of by human pride and vanity. In the hands of its owner, the Pritchard million is no longer a blight, but a blessing.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

SUFFICIENT FOR THE PURPOSE.

AN incident related in Dr. Culliss' *Times of Refreshing* may be helpful to some who have to deal with sceptics. A writer says that he went a distance of two miles in the country to speak to a small company of believers. Returning late in the evening by a path leading through the woods, a torch of "pitch pine" was handed to him, "I thought it of no use," he says, "for it was very light, weighing scarcely half a pound. 'It will light you home,' answered my host. 'The wind may blow it out,' I said. Again he answered 'It will light you home!' 'Not if it should rain,' I suggested. Still my host gave the same answer in his confident tone, 'It will light you home!' Contrary to my apprehensions the torch gave abundant light on my way right up to my own door." With still greater confidence may the Christian recommend the Bible. Its style, its dates, its writers, its science are all criticized, but it is what is wanted if it will "light the man home." There is abundant testimony that it will do that. All who have used it for the purpose have declared at the last as the Psalmist did that it has been a lamp unto their feet and a light on their path. Whatever objections captious critics may urge against the book, let no man be afraid to take it for a guide. "It will light him home."

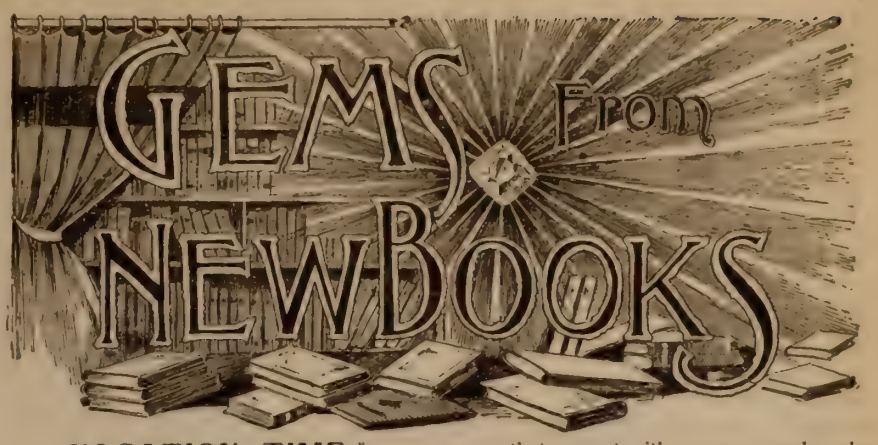
PRAYER IN A CRISIS.

A REMARKABLE experience is described by a man engaged in business in Manchester, England, as an upholsterer. A prolonged period of business depression exhausted his available capital and left him with a large stock of goods on hand and no funds to meet a note for three hundred dollars, then rapidly nearing maturity. Being a praying man he took the matter to God in prayer, and besought help. There was no apparent answer. Only seven days remained before the note would be presented for payment. If it went to protest the man—Mr. Rohan by name—knew that his credit would be destroyed and he irretrievably ruined. He maintained his calm trust in God, believing that in some way he would be enabled to meet the note. But it was walking wholly by faith, not by sight, for during that last week business was so bad that he did not sell a single article from his stock.

The note was due on Monday, and on the previous day he went to church as usual. He was Superintendent of the Sunday School and had other duties about the church. He prayed that his mind might be keep free from worldly anxiety that he might do his duty without disquietude. His prayer was heard and that encouraged him to hope that his other prayer for financial relief would also be answered. On Monday morning he opened his store with a sinking heart. No relief was in sight and in an hour or two that bill would be presented. He assembled his family for prayer as usual, and again put up his prayer for help. He prayed earnestly, for the crisis was upon him.

On returning to his store he found a gentleman there who was a perfect stranger to him. "I want to look at some furniture quickly." he said, "I have but an hour to spare." Mr. Rohan wasted no time, his own time was short too. In less than an hour the goods were selected. "Now," said the customer, "be quick and make out your bill and I will pay you, and you can ship the things afterward." Mr. Rohan made out the bill and found that it came to exactly to three hundred dollars.

The customer counted out the money and as Mr. Rohan took it up he said, "Glory to God," and burst into tears. "What is the matter with you?" asked the customer, "Did you never sell so much at one time before?" "Oh, yes sir," said Mr. Rohan, "many a time, and much larger lots, but never just in this way." And then he told his story. "I am overcome," he said in conclusion, "because I seem to be brought into such a near contact with God. He sent you to save me from ruin." "I don't see that at all?" was the reply, "I wanted the furniture in a hurry and I was recommended to you as a man whose word could be trusted without my examining every article; so I came to you and that is all about it. But I understand something of what you say though I am not a religious man and don't believe in these fanatical notions. My mother was touched with Methodism and you talk like she used to do." "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind in stayed on thee."



VACATION TIME.*

Simple Living.

THERE should be a marked difference in our living while the warm breath of summer lingers in the land. Everything that surrounds us then admonishes withdrawal from the practices of winter; bids us to be simple, and to seek in natural ways and humane avocations the renewal of the forces that sustain health and strength. The cares of business, the solicitudes of the domestic and social routine, should be relaxed somewhat, and the mind become buoyant and sprightly. The cheery notes of the woodland birds should enter our heart and inspire our being with their happy enthusiasm. We think that society is rising to a better appreciation of the spirit of summer, and endeavoring, despite the many obstacles of hereditary custom and imitative caprice, to follow its intimations. The fact that the reign of the dog star is now recognized generally as "vacation time" shows the tendency.

A Common Error.

Dr. Pavy, one of our leading authorities, is in favor of a mixed diet as a rule having about one-fourth animal food, and he claims that more than this taxes the excretory organs unreasonably, and "there is reason to believe that acute affections and other morbid states are sometimes induced in this way." This is especially the case with people of leisurely habits. Sir Henry Thompson in his "Diet, in relation to Health and Activity," considers it "a vulgar error to regard meat in any form as necessary to health; like every description of food it is useful in its place, but it is by no means necessary for the large proportion of the population, and to many it has become desirable only by force of habit."

Liquors Unnecessary.

Wine, beer and strong liquors of every name are not commended to the palate of the reader as a substitute even for bad water. The latter can be purified but the former can scarcely be, without the elimination of stimulating properties that constitute their chief attraction to the user; all alcholic beverages are not only unnecessary but dangerous. So much are they adulterated that even the alcoholic elements are not the worst of their constituents.

The consumption of beer requires comment because it appears to be on the increase, and immense quantities are drunk in the warm weather, and that despite the really prevalent opinion regarding the vicious methods common in its manufacture.

Acids and coloring matters are used by brewers, that are deleterious in their effect upon the assimilating organs, and the habitual use of beer is in time likely to produce serious disease, especially in the kidney and liver. A prominent English physician has said that there is no more fruitful source of gout, rheumatism, diseased heart, dropsy and the consequent early death of the robust working-man, than beer is, just in the turn and ready to become black vinegar in the stomach.

About Sunstroke.

The subject of sun-stroke should at once be carried to a cool, airy place, if in the daytime, to the shade of some tree or wall and there be laid upon a level surface, the clothing gently removed and the head raised a few inches by a folded garment. The entire body, particularly the head and chest, should be sponged off with cold water; cold, wet cloths may be wrapped around the head. Some think it is far better to dash the water, in large dipperfuls, on the bare surface to produce the reaction which is essential to recovery. This is proper only in severe cases; in ordinary cases that are met with among people who are living rather easy or unlaborious lives, we think sponging or sprinkling is sufficient. The object of the treatment is, of course, to reduce the temperature of the body to its normal condition, and as soon as such a decline of heat is noticed the cold application should be stopped and the patient removed to a dry spot, and the whole surface of the body mopped off with towels.

Where the facilities are at hand we think it an excellent method to wrap the man in a large sheet or light blanket, and place him in a water bath with a temperature between 80 and 85 degrees, and then lower the temperature gradually by means of ice until the patient is conscious, or his temperature is about normal. The time of immersion should not exceed an hour. If stimulation is necessary, aromatic spirits of ammonia may be used, ten or fifteen drops being given in a table-spoonful of water every few minutes. If there is a tendency to convulsive disturbance or delirium, a few drops of chloroform or ether sprinkled upon a handkerchief and held for a short time, not more than five seconds, within an inch or two of the patient's mouth will prove sufficient, this being repeated every minute or two until the excitement subsides.

Some physicians advise the administering of brandy or whiskey; we do not think that necessary, if ammonia be at hand. It is probable indeed that in most cases of heat-stroke alcoholic liquor is an injurious excitant. After the restoration of the person to consciousness he will feel very weak, and he should be permitted to rest and sleep as much as possible.

* From *Vacation Time*, with hints on Summer living, by H. S. Drayton, M.D., Fowler & Wells, New York, Publishers; a bright little seasonable volume on Summer hygiene.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

A Night Climb in Norway.†

I SHALL never forget that climb (writes Thomas Nelson Page). We were hardly out of the road before we began to ascend, and I shortly had to stop for breath. My guide, however, if silent was thoughtful, and he soon caught my gait and knew when to pause. Up through the dusk we went, he guiding me, now by a word telling me how to step, or now turning to give me his hand to help me up a steep place, over a large rock, or around a bad angle. For a time we had heard the roar of the torrent as it boiled below us, but as we ascended it had gradually hushed, and we at length were in a region of profound silence. We had been climbing about three hours when suddenly my guide stopped, and unwinding his rope from his waist, held it out to me.

I obeyed his silent gesture, and binding it around my body gave him the end. He wrapped it about him, and then taking me by the arm, as if I had been a child, he led me slowly along the narrow ledge around the face of the wall, step by step, telling me where to place my feet, and waiting till they were firmly planted. I began now to understand why no one ever went "over the mountain" in a day. We were on a ledge nearly three thousand feet high. If it had not been for the strong, firm hold on my arm, I could not have stood it. As it was I dared not think.

Suddenly we turned a sharp angle and found ourselves in a curious semicircular place almost level, and fifty or sixty feet deep in the concave, as if a great piece had been gouged out of the mountain by the glacier which must once have been there.

"This is a curious place," I ventured to say.

"It is," said my guide. "It is the Devil's Seat. Men have died here."

His tone was almost fierce. I accepted his explanation silently. We passed the singular spot and once more were on the ledge, but it was not so narrow as it had been the other side of the Devil's Seat, and in fifteen minutes we had crossed the summit and the path widened a little and began to descend.

† Extract from *Scribner's Magazine* for August.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE DAY DAWN.

SOMETIMES I sicken at the long delay, and very often wonder when all wrongs will cease and all men as well as all nations, be happy and free; but I always close with the doxology, because final triumph is sure. The sea lifts itself up waiting for the footsteps of him who trod it centuries ago, and the mountains are ready to swing their forest branches at the shout of the great jubilee. I put my ear to the ground and I hear the coming tramp of the Redeemer's victory. I lift up my eyes to the hills and I see them kindling with the glories of descending morn. I turn to the east and I hear the crash of falling mosque and pagoda. I turn to the west and I see the watchfires on the tablelands of Oregon and hear the breath of the Spirit sweep across the prairies. The desert will soon blush into carnation rose and silver-tipped lilies. Yea, all the earth is to become a temple of praise: grass and flowers the tessellated floors; mountains and pillars, tapestried with morning mist; the ocean the baptismal font; illimitable forest the wind-swept organ-pipes, and the vast heavens the dome into which shall roll as the Atlantic surges beat the beach the doxology of ransomed hemispheres, Jesus for ever! May you and I join in that grand consummation.

THE DUMPS.

ALMOST every nature, however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood that in common parlance is recognized as "the blues." There may be no adverse causes at work, but, somehow, the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off fifty per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a northeast wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at twelve o'clock the night before.

In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air and the faces of cheerful men and pleasant women, and frolicsome children, will, in fifteen minutes, kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the key-board of your soul it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery group, as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society. Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache, and rheumatism, and hypochondria go to see toothache, [illegible] and hypochondria. Avoid block in Brooklyn lives a doctor, an undertaker, and a clergyman. That is not the row for a nervous man to walk on, lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in.

Besides that, why sit ye here with the blues, ye favored sons and daughters of men? Shone upon by such stars and breathed on by such air and sung to by so many pleasant sounds, you ought not to be seen moping. Especially if light from the better world strikes its aurora through your night-sky, ought you be cheerful. You can afford to have a rough luncheon by the way if it is soon to end amid the banqueters in white. Sailing toward such a blessed port, do not have your flag at half-mast. Leave to those who take too much wine "the gloomy raven tapping at the chamber door, from the night's Plutonian shore," and give us the robin red-breast and the chaffinch. Let some one with a strong voice give out the Long-metre Doxology, and the whole world "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

SHALL WE RESPOND?

THERE has been much talk about liturgies in the churches, and whether or not audiences should take audible part in religious service. While others are discussing that point, let us say that all the service of the Church ought to be responsive, if not with audible "Amen," and unanimous "Good Lord, deliver us," then with hearty outburst of soul. Let not the prayer of him that conducts public service go up solitary and alone, but accompanied by the heart-felt ejaculation of all the auditory. We sit down on a soft cushion, in a pew by architectural skill arranged to fit the shape of our back, and are tempted to fall into unprofitable reveries. Let the effort be, on the part of every minister, to make the prayer and the Scripture-reading and the giving out of the hymn so emphatic, that the audience cannot help but respond with all the soul. Let the minister, before going into the pulpit, look over the whole field and recall what are the styles of bereavement in the congregation, whether it be widowhood, orphanage or childlessness; what are the kinds of temporal loss his people may have suffered, whether in health, in reputation, or estate, and then get both his shoulders under these troubles, and in his prayer give one earnest and tremendous lift, and there will be no dullness, no indifference, no lack of multitudinous response. The reason that congregations have their heads bobbing about in prayer-time is because the officiating clergyman is apt to petition in the abstract. He who calls the troubles of his people by their right names, and tenderly lays hold of the cancers of the souls before him, will not lack in getting immediate heart-felt, if not audible, response.

While we have not as much interest in the agitated question of liturgies as would make us write three lines about it, we are interested more than we can tell in the question: How shall the officiating ministers, in all the churches, give so much point and adaptedness and vigor and blood-red earnestness of soul to their public devotions, as shall make all the people in the church feel that it is the struggle for their immortal life in which the pastor is engaged. Whether it be in tones that strike the ear, or with spiritual emphasis heard only in the silent corridor of the heart, let all the people say Amen!

YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

THERE are books proposing that we all become our own medical attendant. Whenever we are seized with any sort of physical disorder we are to take down some volume in homeopathy, allopathy, hydropathy, and run[illegible] our finger along the index slight[illegible] upon the malady that may be afflicting us. We shall find on the same page the name of the disease and the remedy. Thus: chapped hands, glycerine; cold, squills; lumbago, mustard-plasters; nervous excitement, valerian; sleeplessness, Dover's powders.

This may be very well for slight ailments, but we have attended more funerals of people who were their own doctor, than obsequies of any other sort. In your inexperience you will be apt to get the wrong remedy. Look out for the agriculturist who farms by book, neglecting the counsel of his long-experienced neighbors. He will have poor turnips and starveling wheat, and kill his fields with undue apportionments of guano and bone-dust. Look out just as much for the patient who in the worship of some "pathy," blindly adheres to a favorite hygienic volume, rejecting in important cases, medical admonition.

In ordinary cases the best doctor you can have is a mother or a grandmother who has piloted through the rocks of infantile disease a whole family. She has a salve for almost everything, and knows how to bind a wound or cool an inflammation. But if the mother be dead or you are afflicted with a maternal ancestor that never knew anything practical and never will, better in severe cases have the doctor right away. You say that it is expensive to do that, while a book on the treatment of diseases will cost you only a dollar and a half. We reply that in the end it is very expensive for an inexperienced man to be his own doctor; for in addition to the price of the book there are the undertaker's expenses.

THE CRIPPLED.

A CELEBRATED surgeon told me of a scene in the clinical department of one of the New York hospitals, when a poor man with a wounded leg was brought in before the students to be operated on. The surgeon was pointing out this and that to the students, and handling the wounded leg, and was about to proceed to amputation, when the poor man leaped from the table, and hobbled to the door, and said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to disappoint you, but, by the help of God, I will die with my leg on." What a terrific loss is the loss of our physical faculties!

The way the battle of Crecy was decided against the French was by the Welshmen killing the French horses, and that brought their riders to the ground. And when you cripple this body, which is merely the animal on which the soul rides, you may sometimes defeat the soul.

Yet how many suffer from this physical taking off! Good cheer, my brother! God will make it up to you somehow. The grace, the sympathy of God will be more to you than anything you have lost. If God allows part of your resources to be cut off in one place, he will add to it somewhere else. As Augustus, the emperor, took off a day from February, making it the shortest month in the year, and added it to August, the month named after himself; so advantages taken from one part of your nature will be added on to another.

PICKLED CHRISTIANS.

THERE is a class of persons in the community whose usefulness we have just found out. We never realized until now what they were made for. They are struck through with acidity. Their disposition is celebrated for its crabbedness. You find them in every circle. They are especially known in churches as fault-finders. Their teeth are always on edges. They are critical of minister, elder-ship, or choir. Whatever is done, they act as though they could have done it better. You sometimes feel like suggesting to them the propriety of going to some other church, or retiring into less conspicuous position. You look upon them as a nuisance, and hindrance. Stop! You are wrong. They have their practical uses. Church life, if happily conducted, is a banquet at which the sweet predominates. There is the sugar of helpful words, and the saccharine of genial association. The banquet is in danger of becoming flat and insipid. There ought to be at least one vinegar cruet in the castor. You need not give variety to the feast. You do not more need spices than pickles. Now you know the use to which some people can be put. Do not cast them out. Do not let them be the means of exasperation. Employ them at the Church banquet. Tarts are good in their place. Brethren, pass around the pickles.

BRIEF NOTES.

The election of Dr. Phillips Brooks to the Bishopric of Massachusetts, has been confirmed. His consecration is appointed to take place on October 14, in Trinity Church, Boston, of which he is rector. Bishop Williams of Connecticut, will be the Consecrator, and Bishop Potter of New-York, the preacher.

The University Extension work has been organized in Chicago. Applications for branches have been received from Cleveland, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne and Altoona. The Superintendents of Instruction of nearly all the States of the Union have written to express their sympathy with this movement and offer their co-operation to the American Society.

An offer to educate a lady missionary by the Kindergarden System (Frobel Method), has been sent to this journal. The lessons will be free, but the pupil will be expected to pay for her own material. Any lady desiring to avail herself of this offer should write to Mrs. Wm. DeWolf, 291 Main Street, Hackensack, N. J.

The work at the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., is making excellent progress. The Gospel wagon, of which a picture has been published in this journal, has again been much blessed in its journeys. Many men and women who resisted all efforts to induce them to attend Church have listened to the Gospel from this wagon and have been won for Christ.

During the early part of last week more favorable reports were received of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's condition. Later in the week, however, it was stated that he was again showing an aversion to food and his friends were becoming very anxious about him. Mrs. Spurgeon and the other members of his family desire to express their thanks for the sympathy which has been manifested in the sufferer's affliction and they entreat all believers to continue pleading for his restoration to health, if it be the Lord's will.

A contribution of ten dollars toward the support of The Christian Herald S. S. Missionary in the Southwest has been received from The Young People's Association of the Emanuel Reformed Church of West Philadelphia. Among other kind expressions contained in the letter enclosing the contribution is the following: We, one and all, heartily endorse Brother Paxson's labors and our prayers are that God may bless him more abundantly in the future than in the past. May the never-changing God bless the people of the Southwest.

A shocking fatality which causes a severe loss to the cause of foreign missions occurred at Elmira, N. Y., last week. The Rev. J. Wellington White and his wife, the well-known missionaries so long engaged in successful work at the Macas Mission in China, and who have been home on a brief vacation, were killed by a passenger train on the Erie Railroad. They were driving in a carriage over a level crossing when a train travelling thirty miles an hour struck the vehicle, killing Mr. and Mrs. White and two of their children. They were to sail for China on September 10.

Extensive arrangements are being made to render the Camp-meeting, which opens at Round Lake, N. Y., on August 22nd, a great success. It will be under the charge of Rev. Thomas Harrison and invitations have been sent to many distinguished ministers to participate in the services. Among them are Dr. Strobridge and Rev. Stephen Merritt of New York; Dr. J. H Coleman of Troy, N. Y.; Rev. W. W. Foster, Jr., of North Adams, Mass., and Rev. J. W. Eaton of Albany. Beside these, who belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church, invitations have been sent to two Baptist ministers—Rev. W. H. Main of Buffalo, and Dr. L. M. S. Haynes of Troy, N. Y. Dr. W. W. Batershall of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Albany, and Dr. O. H. Walsher, Reformed

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Bismarck and De Blowitz—A Cabinet Resignation—The Chinese Troubles—Our Growing Commerce—Chautauqua's new Principal—Earthquake and Cloudburst.

CROWNED heads and Cabinets abroad are busy talking of the extraordinary statements published by M. De Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the London *Times*, in which he gave an entirely new and startling version of Bismarck's fall from power. De Blowitz asserted that the old Emperor William himself had determined upon the removal of Bismarck from the Chancellorship, and had even selected Von Caprivi as his successor; therefore the fall of the great Chancellor was not at all due to the present Emperor. Further, De Blowitz added, on receiving notice of his dismissal, Prince Bismarck was excited and angry and the Princess even more so than her husband. Later, when the young Kaiser sent his portrait to Bismarck, the Princess was exasperated at what she considered an insult, and gave orders that the portrait be sent to the stables at Friedrichsruhe. This was told to the Emperor afterward. All these and other matters were related to De Blowitz by Count von Munster, the German Ambassador at Paris and although their publication has given rise to a tremendous sensation, the Ambassador has not yet seen fit to deny their truth.

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Secretary Noble to Resign.

THE intended resignation of Gen. John Willcox Noble, Secretary of the Interior, is somewhat of a surprise to the politicians. It is understood that this step is taken with the full approval of the President, and that the most cordial relations exist between the two. Gen. Noble, if he leaves the Cabinet, will probably be appointed to a foreign mission, or to one of the new judgeships, ranking next to the Supreme Bench. He has desired to retire for some time past. He first came into prominence as Colonel of an Iowa regiment during the war. He rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. After the close of hostilities, he practiced law at Keokuk, Ia., and distinguished himself by his warfare on the illicit whisky trade. He is an old classmate of President Harrison, the two having passed several years together in Miami University. Gen. Noble is also a graduate of Yale. He was born in Ohio in 1831.

* * *

The New Chautauqua Principal.

IN the selection of Dr. Rainey Harper, the celebrated scholar and President of the Chicago University, as Principal of the Chautauqua System, one of the ablest men in the United States has unquestionably been chosen. Dr. Harper was born in New Concord, O., in 1850, being of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He was educated at Muskingum College (taking a B.A. degree at fourteen) and Yale University. His first post was as principal of a College in Tennesse, and the next at Dennison University, Granville, O. In 1879 he accepted the Professorship of Hebrew in the Baptist Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Ill. He organized the Summer School System ten years ago, and has ever since been closely identified with its progress. A portrait of Principal Harper is given above.

PROF. R. HARPER.

* * *

A French Railroad Horror.

Sunday pleasuring has again received a frightful rebuke in the disaster that befell two excursion trains near Paris, lately. Both trains [illegible] from a musical festival at Fontenoy, when, near St. Mande, they came into collision. The second crashed into the first, wrecking a number of coaches of both trains. To crown the horror the cars caught fire, and the groans of the dying mingled with the hissing of steam and the outcries of the onlookers. Fifty were killed, most of them being crushed out of recognition. The driver and fireman on the second train were burned alive. The funeral of the victims took place at St. Mande on the 30th, at the expense of the Commune.

* * *

Chili's New President.

ANOTHER turn was given to the Chilian kaleidoscope ten days ago, by the election of Claudio Vicuna as President to succeed Balmaceda. Vicuna, (whose portrait is given in this column) is said to be choice of the Dictator, whose presidential term ends on Sept. 18, next, when his successor will assume office. Whether this change indicates a continuance of the Balmacedist influence in control or not, remains to be seen. The Congressional or anti-Balmacedist party has issued a statement declaring Vicuna's election void, because, while President of the Cabinet, he organized a revolutionary movement in January last, in violation of the Constitution, and also because his election was not carried out according to legal forms and only a portion of the voters were permitted the right of suffrage. Reports continue to circulate of insurgent gains by land and sea. Balmaceda expects that when his new warships arrive, he will be in a position to end the rebellion and restore peace to the country which is now prostrate and almost bankrupt through the long war.

PREST. VICUNA.

* * *

Our Growing Commerce.

A most interesting and important statement has just been issued by the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department, reviewing our foreign commerce and immigration during the year ending June 30, 1891. From this showing, it appears that the total value of the commerce during that time was the greatest in the history of the government, being $1,729,330,89g, exceeding that of 1890 by $82,000,000. An increase is shown in almost all our imports of merchandise, while there has been a decline in imports of wool, silk, hemp, and their manufactures and also in breadstuffs and cereals. Still, the exports have exceeded the imports by $39,519,914. Cotton is still king of exports, showing $200,708,898, as against $127,668,000 for breadstuffs, and $138,176,638 for provisions. Since the new tariff went into operation, the total imports for that period show an excess over the corresponding period last year of $31,436,000. In the same period, the imports admitted free were nearly $87,000,000 in excess of those of 1890, while the value of dutiable imports shows a decrease of $55,500,000. 555,496 immigrants arrived during the fiscal year, an increase of 140,272. In that time Russia sent us 28,245 immigrants, principally Hebrews.

* * *

Signs of Revolution in China.

REBELLIONS are few and far between in the Celestial Empire. When they do occur, they are either quickly successful or they are put down with a hand of iron that spares neither old nor young in the general slaughter. Such was the case with the famous Taeping rebellion, which was only suppressed after the sacrifice of thousands of lives. Experienced observes declare that all the signs point to another rebellion. The recent attacks on the missionaries and native converts, far from being merely local fanatical outbreaks, as was at first supposed, are now shown to be the work of a number of secret societies, banded together to oppose foreign influence ostensibly, but in reality to commit such outrages on foreigners as must draw down the vengeance of other powers on the Chinese government and thus afford the plotters an opportunity of raising the standard of revolt under the guise of patriotism. Meanwhile, our missionaries are compelled to face untold dangers. Riots have occurred at Yang Chow, Nanking, Wusuch, Kin-Kiang and other cities. Schoolhouses have been fired, chapels and missionary dwelling-houses looted, and European missionaries ruthlessly killed. Thus far no American missionary has been a victim, although the Baptists and Congregationalists have been repeatedly in grave peril. A Catholic mission at Yankao was destroyed and four Christian chapels at Kiangei, as well as the French Orphanage at Haimen. The government is now fully determined to deal firmly with the rioters and to protect the foreigners.

* * *

Earthquake and Cloudburst.

SUNDAY, July 26th will long be remembered in Evansville, Ind. After a hot day, came a sultrier evening. At 8:30, a distant shock of earthquake was felt; then a noise like thunder, then another shock more violent than the first, and lasting several seconds. The city rocked and swayed with a lateral motion from north to south, windows rattled and buildings leaned to one side in a threatening way. It was an hour when the churches were full and the congregations were panic-stricken. They rushed out pell-mell to the streets, trampling women and children in their haste. At a Baptist Church, several persons were badly hurt, but fortunately none fatally. On the same day, a general storm visited Nevada, Iowa, Delaware, Minnesota, and part of Pennsylvania. The town of Austin, Nev., was nearly drowned out by a cloudburst which flooded the streets, tearing up rails, water-mains and buildings. Council Bluffs, Ia., was similarly flooded and many people were driven from their homes. In some parts of the country, severe hail-storms occurred on the same day, making the 29th altogether a remarkable day for the violence and variety of its weather. At Williamsport, Pa., thirty-five houses were destroyed by the storm, the roof of one building collapsing before its inmates had time to escape. Several persons were badly hurt.

* * *

Mimic Naval Warfare.

OUR "Naval Reserve," the new organization which bears the same relation to the Navy proper that our National Guard does to the regular army, has been playing at mimic war on board the magnificent vessels of the White Squadron during the past week. The warships *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Newark*, *Yorktown*, *Stonington*, *Atlanta* and *Concord*, have been for several days engaged in naval manœuvres off Fishers' Island on the Atlantic Coast. The members of the Reserve for the first time since the formation of their organization, had experience on real warships on the 29th ult., when the gun-deck of the *Stonington* was turned over to the amateurs and the great cannon loaded with shell for practice. The other vessels of the Squadron also put out targets and soon there was a scene that bore all the appearance of a genuine combat at sea, shells screaming across miles of ocean, and the air heavy with smoke and the smell of powder. On the following day a mimic attack was made on Fishers' Island by the Reserve. Many distinguished military and naval officers witnessed the first outing of the Reserve as real men-o-war's-men. Rear-Admiral Walker, commander of the Reserve (whose portrait we give,) is an officer of wide experience in naval matters and has been highly complimented for the marked efficiency of the organization.

ADMIRAL WALKER.

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O'Brien and Dillon Released.

WILLIAM O'Brien and John Dillon, the Irish patriots who have been undergoing imprisonment in Galway Jail for inciting tenants to refuse to pay rent, were released on the 30th ult. On arriving in Dublin, they received a tremendous ovation. The occasion was seized as an opportunity for another Anti-Parnell demonstration and the factions came very near a collision. Dillon and O'Brien both declare that the Irish party will soon be reunited, but not with Parnell as leader.

NEWS NOTES.

Cholera is killing large numbers of hogs in Iowa.

The women of Mexico are to receive official recognition at the World's Fair.

Asiatic cholera is claiming victims at the rate of 140 a day at Mecca.

Ex-Senator Ingalls has taken up agriculture as a study, leaving politics alone altogether.

Several important changes in the personnel of the Treasury Department are foreshadowed.

Large numbers of Russian Hebrews are arriving at Boston. They tell pitiful stories of their persecution.

A colored preacher has predicted the early destruction of New York and Chicago by earthquake.

Chairman M. S. Quay and Treasurer W. W. Dudley, of the Republican National Executive Committee, have resigned.

England is preparing to give the French fleet a warm welcome, and Germany is watching events with jealous eyes.

The new reciprocity treaties with San Domingo and Cuba will be proclaimed in these countries early in August.

The train bearing Jay Gould, the millionaire railroad king, through the Colorado Desert, was stopped by grasshoppers at Sterling, Cole.

The American World's Fair Commissioners have left London and will now proceed to New York, well satisfied with their mission.

The St. Petersburg police had a sharp fight with Nihilists lately, the police being assisted by soldiers. Seven Nihilists were killed.

The state of Maine has decided to stop all fishing within the three-mile limit, from headland to headland. This is following Canada's example.

Tahiti is now a French colony. France paid King Pomare $12,600 for the island in 1880 and bought off the heir, Prince Hinoli, with a payment of 12,000 Francs.

Melbourne, the inventor of the rain-making machine at Canton, O., claims to have already produced rain seven times, despite the predisposition of the elements to drought.

The steeple of the Presbyterian Church at Greenville, Pa., was struck by lightning during service on Sunday last and shattered. Several women fainted during the rush for the doors.

Four men were killed and three injured by a train on the Erie road last week, at Elmira. They were crossing the track in a wagon when they were struck by a passenger train.

A dinner was given at Providence, R. I., a few days ago in honor of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, at which, singularly enough, the lady did not appear. Her daughter, Miss Winnie Davis, was present.

Governor Buchanan of Tennesee, has called a special session of the Legislature for August 17, to consider the Convict Labor System, and to afford relief to the free miners. Everything is now quiet in the mining districts where the recent riots took place.

"No more card-playing for me," were the last words of a murderer, as he went to the guillotine in Paris a few days ago. He was a young man whose parents had done much for him; but evil company had ruined his life and led him to murder and the scaffold.

Hard times prevail in Italy. The government is striving in every possible way to economize. Even the Vatican is afflicted with the prevailing poverty, and the Pope has appointed a Committee of Cardinals to study economy. His disasters in recent speculations with St. Peter's Pence have depleted the Papal Treasury.

At a Conference of Quakers held at Westbury, N. Y., last week, war and peace occupied a good deal of the time in discussion. Opinions agreed that soldiers and police were necessary evils and that the big new guns now being introduced would soon kill all the fighters, and the civilized world would then be ruled by peace-loving men.

The University of Pennsylvania has come into possession of some very handsome bequests lately, and has decided to establish a School of American History, Literature and Law in the near future. This will be a distinctively American feature in college education. The library will be one of the finest on the continent, comprising over fifty thousand volumes. Over five hundred applications from students have already been received.

GIBES AT FAITH.

"He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him: let him deliver him, seeing he delighted in him." Psalm 22: 8.

DAVID experienced what Paul described as "cruel mockings." Note the adjective cruel: it is well chosen. Mockings may not cut the flesh, but they tear the heart; they may shed no blood, but they cause the mind to bleed internally. Fetters gall the wrists, but the iron of scorn entereth into the soul. Ridicule is a poisoned bullet which goes deeper than the flesh, and strikes the centre of the heart. David in the wilderness hunted by Saul, and on the throne abused by Shimei, knew what it was to be the butt of scorn, the football of contempt. Many a time and oft was he the song of the drunkard, and the byword of the scoffer.

But what have I to do with the son of Jesse? My heart remembers the Son of man. What if David suffered despising and scorn? He knew it in small measure compared with our blessed Lord. Well is it said, "The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord." My brethren and sisters in Christ, if you have to pass through a like painful experience, count it no strange thing, for a strange thing it is not. Reproach is the common heritage of the godly.

I. The first thing to which I shall call your attention at this time is, that a truly gracious man is like David and like the Lord Jesus, in that

His Trust in God is known.

Even the enemies of this holy man who is mentioned in the text, and, as I interpret it, even the enemies of our divine Lord and Master, never denied that he trusted in God. This, indeed, is the commencement of their scoff: "He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him." From which I gather that every gracious man should have an apparent, manifest, public trust in God. He should not merely trust him in his heart alone, but that trust should so enter into his entire nature that he does not conceal it nor think of concealing it.

What, then, ought a child of God to do in order to show that he really does trust in the Lord? How did Jesus do this? Well, I think that in our Lord's case it was his wonderful calmness which compelled everybody to see that "he trusted on the Lord." You never find him in a flurry; he is never worried nor confused. He is beset behind and before with men who try to catch him, but he is as self-possessed as if he spoke among friends. He does not appear to be the least on his guard, and yet instead of their catching him, before long he either catches them, or else they retire saying, "Never man spake like this Man." He was always cool, peaceful, ready, self-composed. What

A Beautiful Picture

that is of Christ on board ship in a storm! While they that are with him are afraid that they will go down, that the wind will blow them into the water, or blow the water over them, so that they will certainly be drowned, what is he doing? Why, he is asleep: not because he forgot them—no; but because he knew that the vessel was in the great Father's hands. His sleep ought to have made them feel at ease. Whenever the captain can afford to go to sleep, the passengers may go to sleep also. Whenever the Lord Jesus Christ is at rest, we may be at rest. He manages everything would not have gone to bed if he had not felt that it was all right in the hands of the Highest, who at any moment could stay the raging storm. I wish we could be similarly restful; for then even our enemies would say of us, "He trusted on the Lord."

Brethren, this ought also to come out not merely in our calm and quiet manner, but also by our distinct avowal. I do not think that any man has a right to be a secret believer in the Lord Jesus Christ at this time. You will tell me that Nicodemus was so; that Joseph of Arimathea was so, and I answer "Yes"; but therein they are

Not our Exemplars.

These weak brethren were forgiven and strengthened; but we may not therefore presume. Times, however, are different now: by the death of Christ the thoughts of many hearts were revealed, and from that day those secret disciples were among the foremost to avow their faith. Nicodemus brought the spices, and Joseph of Arimathea went in boldly and begged the body of Jesus. Since that day when the Christ was openly revealed upon the cross, the thoughts of other men's hearts are revealed too; and it is not now permissible for us to play hide-and-seek with Christ. Our Lord does not reckon upon leading a body of followers who will always keep behind the hedge, hiding themselves in holes and corners whenever there is anything to be done for his glory, and only running out at meal-times when there is something to be got for themselves. I know some professors of that sort, but I have very little to say to their credit: they are a cowardly crew. So, then, I say first a calm belief, and, secondly, an open avowal should cause even our adversaries to know that we have trusted in the Lord.

And, then, I will add to that, that our general conduct

Should Reveal our Faith.

The whole of our life should show that we are men who rejoice in the Lord; for trusting the Lord, as I understand it, is not a thing for Sundays and for places of worship alone: we are to trust in the Lord about everything. Faith is a thing for the closet, and the parlor, and the counting-house, and the farmhouse; it is a light for dark days, and a shade for bright days; you may carry it with you everywhere, and everywhere it shall be your help. Oh, that we did so trust in the Lord that people noticed it as much as they notice our temper, or our dress.

Once more, I think this ought to come out most distinctly in our behaviour during times of trouble; for then it is that our adversaries are most likely to notice it. You, dear sister, have lost a child. Well now, remember that you are a Christian woman, and sorrow not as those that are without hope. Do let the difference be real and true, and do not be ashamed that others should observe it. When your neighbor lost her child it occasioned a quarrel between her and God, but it is not so with you, is it? Will you quarrel with God about your baby? Oh, no; you love him too well. And you, brother, you are perplexed in business, and you know what a worldling does: if he has nothing more than outward religion, he complains bitterly that God deals hardly with him, and he quarrels with God; or, perhaps, to make things better, he does what he ought not great deal worse. Many a man has plunged into rash speculations until he has destroyed himself commercially; but you, as a Christian man, must take matters calmly and quietly: it is not yours to speculate, but to confide. You are now to play the man, and in the power of the Holy Ghost you are now with resignation—with more than that—with a sweet acquiescence in the Divine will—to show men

How a Christian can Behave.

Oh, that you and I might in all these ways so live that all who see us should know that we are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ! It would be ridiculous if a man went into society with a label on his breast, "This man trusts in God," and it would be a pretty clear sign that he needed to be thus ticketed. I would have you shun all distinctive phylacteries in matters of religion as too much flavored with the leaven of the Pharisees; but when the possession of godliness proclaims its own self, even as a box of precious spikenard tells its own tale, you need not be ashamed of it. Display and ostentation are vicious, but the unrestrained use of influence and example is commendable. In these days when men glory in their unbelief, let us not be bashful with our faith.

II. Secondly, this trust is

Not Understood by the World.

"He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him." Observe that they restricted the Saviour's trust to that point—"He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him." But now, in the first place, our faith is not confined to merely receiving from God. No, brethren; if the Lord does not deliver us we will trust him. See how firmly Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego stood to it that they would not bow before the image which Nebuchadnezzar had set up: "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But *if not*, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." There was great faith in that "if not." We must not live and wait upon God with a kind of cupboard love, just as a stray dog might follow a man for bones; but we must speak well of our God even if he scourge us, for therein lies both the truth and the strength of faith.

And, dear friends, our faith is not tied to time. That is the mistake of the statement in the text. They said, "He trusted on the Lord that he would deliver him"—as much as to say, "If God does not deliver him now his trust will have been a folly, and God will not have answered to his confidence." But it is not so. Brethren,

If we are in the Fire

to-night, and we are trusting in God, our faith does not mean that we expect to come forth from the furnace at this very hour. Nay, we may not come out to-night, nor to-morrow, nor next month, it may be not for years. We do not tie God down to conditions, and expect him to do this and that, and then if he does not in his wisdom see fit to do it, threaten that we will trust him no more. Receive what he is going to give you, and take gratefully the painful preliminaries. High palaces must have deep foundations, and it takes a long time to excavate a human soul so deep that God can build a gorgeous palace of grace therein. If it be a mere cottage that the Lord is to build in you, you may escape with small troubles; but if he is going to make you a palace to glorify himself withal, then you may expect to have long trials. Your eminence in grace can only come by affliction. Will you not have trust in God, if severe trials are ordained for you? Yes, of course you will.

So, also, our faith must not judge at all by present circumstances. The ungodly world judges that God has not de- and are at present distressed by it. Oh, how wrongly the world judged of Christ when it judged of him by his condition! Covered with a bloody sweat and groaning out his soul to God beneath the olives at midnight—why, they that passed by who did not know him must have judged him to be a man accursed of God. Yes, but you see they only saw a little of our blessed Master's career; they only looked upon a span of his existence; what a grievous error it was to have estimated his life by his brief passion; knowing nothing of its grand intent! Outward circumstances must never be made the tests of the value of pious trust in our God. If with this faith of ours we are praying and pleading and God does not answer us, does not help us, but leaves us in the dark, yet still let not our trust waver. If any man walk in darkness and see no light, let him trust and trust on until the light shall come.

III. Thirdly, this true

Faith will be Mocked at

some time or other. It is an honorable thing to be a believer in God, but there are some who think the very reverse, and these begin to scoff at the believer. Sometimes they scoff at faith itself: they count faith itself to be a folly of weak minds. Or else they mock at one particular Christian's faith. "Oh," they say, "he professes to trust in God. This man talks after this mad fashion! Why, he is a working man like other people—works in a shop along with me. What has he to do with trusting God any more than I have? He is conceited and fanatical." Or in other circles they cry, "This is a man of business; he keeps a shop, and I dare say he knows as much of the tricks of the trade as we do, and yet he talks about trusting in God. No doubt he pretends to this faith to win religious customers." Faith in God is a thing to be reverenced rather than reviled. True religion is sanctified common-sense. It is the most common-sense thing in the world to put your trust in one that cannot lie. If I trust myself, or trust my fellow-man, I am thought to be in the first case self-reliant, and in the second case I am judged to have a charitable disposition; yet in either case I shall, sooner or later, prove my folly; but if I trust God, who can bring a reason against my confidence? God give us more faith in himself. No doubt we may expect to have all the more of the laughter of the ungodly, who will make a spectacle of us for our faith: but what of that? We can bear mockery and much more for his sake who died for us.

Philosophic Gibes.

And then men scoff at the very idea of divine interposition. They judge the Lord's deliverance to be the main point of our faith. "He trusted God that he would deliver him." "Look," they say, "he fancies that God will deliver him, as if the Creator had not something else to do besides looking after him, poor miserable creature that he is! He is nothing to God—a mere speck—the insect of an hour, and yet he trusts in God to interfere on his behalf." The philosophers laugh whenever you speak of divine interposition, and count that we must be in the last stage of lunacy to expect anything of the kind. They believe in laws, they say—irreversible, immutable laws, that grind on, like the great cogs of a machine which, when once they are set in motion, tear everything to pieces that comes in their way. They do not believe that God fulfills promises, or answers prayers, or delivers his people. Their God is a dead force, without mind, or thought, or love, or care. The object of the ungodly man's scorn is the idea that God should ever interfere to help his people in human affairs; but do you stand to it, O true believers; for he does still show himself strong on the behalf of them that trust in him.

Ungodly men are exceedingly apt to find

ife and walk of faith. Their cry of "Let him deliver him" implies that

Their Victim

was in a serious difficulty from which he could not extricate himself. This is no novelty to the believer, but it makes rare fun for the ungodly. What is the good of faith if the believer suffers like others, and endures the same pains, and losses, and diseases as others? So the men of the world argue. They would be believers too if it would bring them in a fortune, or a handsome salary, or at least a loaded table and a full cup. But when they see a saint in the pit with Joseph, or in the dungeon with Jeremiah, or among the dogs with Lazarus, they sneer and cry, Is this the reward of piety? Is this the recompense of godliness? It seems hard for us to be mocked by the base ones of the earth, to become the song and the byword of the ungodly; yet this has happened to the excellent of the earth and will happen yet again. Set your account that this is a part of the covenanted heritage, and accept it with joy for Christ's sake.

IV. Now, I must close with this point: the time shall come when

Faith shall be Justified.

I think it is no small thing to have the ungodly bearing witness that "He trusted in God that he would deliver him." I have known what it is to be exceedingly grateful to ungodly men for helping me to believe that I am truly a child of God. Somebody, years ago, uttered an atrocious lie against me—an abominable slander. I was very low and heavy of spirit at the time; but when I read it I clapped my hands for joy, for I felt, "Now I have one of the marks and seals of a child of God, for it is written, 'Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.'" The love of the Lord's brethren and the hatred of the Lord's enemies are two things to be desired.

Another justification awaits us, and in due season it will come. Brethren, the day will come when God will deliver his people. You will be brought out of your trouble—it may not be immediately, but it will be seasonably. You may most wisely in the meantime learn to glory in your tribulation; your bitters shall turn into sweets, and your losses into gains; your sorrows shall be your joys, your struggles your triumphs—perhaps in this life this transformation may occur, even as the Lord gave to Job twice as much as he had before; but certainly in the life to come you will find the tables turned. Then, what will the ungodly say? They say now, "He trusted on God that he would deliver him;" but then they will have to say as they gnash their teeth,

"God Has Delivered Him."

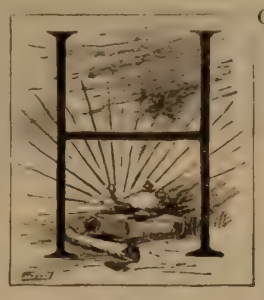
Brethren, at the last great day ungodly men will be witnesses on behalf of the saints. If any doubt whether the saints trusted in God, the wicked will be compelled to come forward and say, "They did trust, for we laughed at them for it." Of this and that man they shall say, "He trusted on God that he would deliver him." In that day the unbelieving will be swift witnesses against themselves; for as they ridiculed the children of God here, they will have it read out before them as evidence of their enmity against the Lord: and how will they answer it? If I had no other amusement whatever, I would not for merriment sake mock the people of God.

But whether ye revile or flatter, it is all one to us. We are at a pass with you: we do trust in God that he will deliver us, and we cannot be removed from this confidence. O, ye mockers, we will not be fooled out of our hope, nor jested out of our peace. We cannot find any one like our God to trust to, and so we will not depart from him in life or death, but will rest in him, come what may, even till we see

THE TWO WITNESSES.

The Symbolical Meaning of their Persecution, Death, Exposure and Rapture.

BY MATTHEW HABERSHON.



HOW dark is the state of the church as it appears under the influence of the ruling powers of the empire, that is as it is exhibited under the seven seals! In vain do we attempt to discover, after, at least the first seal in the early ages anything like the appearance of real vital godliness in its external aspect. We see nothing but a state of gradual decay, corruption, and extreme wickedness, ending in the most awful apostasy. We hear indeed the voice of martyrs crying for vengeance, giving fearful intimation of what was the aspect of the times: and we behold altogether the most convincing proof that "the outer court was indeed given to the Gentiles," even to the moment that the mighty angel proclaimed that "time was no more;" that is, until forty and two months were ended.

As little, or less, can we discover of the true Church, in the horrors of the tremendous judgments of the first six of the trumpets. To the question, then. Where are we to look for it? In reply, in the account given in this place (Rev. 11: 1–14), under the symbol of two witnesses; and here we find the situation accurately portrayed, as being that of mournful sorrowing and depressed," clothed in sackcloth"—and as trodden under foot by the "Gentiles," or the paganized Christians—or, as it is expressed by Daniel, "worn out." For speaking of the little horn of the papacy, he says, "And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High"—the Lord's witnessing Church—"and think to change times and laws: and they shall," he adds, and the language bears directly upon the prophecy before us, "be given into his hand, until a time and times, and the dividing of time"—they shall be given into his hands to wear out and tread under foot forty and two months—or, they shall prophecy or bear their testimony a thousand two hundred and three score days clothed in sackcloth. The narrative, the persons, the incidents, and the duration of time, in all the cases are the same.

Perhaps the arrangement that will set the closing scenes which are here described in the clearest and most convincing light, both as regards the persecution described in the last chapter, and the glorious deliverance now about to be considered, is to connect them with the same closing scenes described in the seventh chapter of Revelation.

Thus connected they will stand as follows: "And after overturnings and wars of the sixth seal, or of the French Revolution, had ceased, I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding four winds that the hurricane of war which will be let loose upon a guilty world, on the sounding of the trumpet of the seventh angel of the coming or the third woe, should not deluge the world with misery and slaughter, until the servants of God, the saints of the Most High, the Lord's witnesses, should be secured from its fury. And every individual member of the true Church, in every part of the world was, during a most severe persecution of three years and a-half purified, and made white, and tried, witnessing in the face of hunger and thirst, and oppression, and sorrow, a good confession for Christ.

"And after three days and a half, the Spirit of life from God entered into them; and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them." (vers. 11, 12.)

It was after this translation to heaven, that the Apostle beheld the great multitude which no one could number, from all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, stand before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. He beheld this great multitude, this cloud of witnesses, who had come of the great tribulation; and he heard their song, ascribing the salvation to God and to the Lamb! On this event transpiring, on this great deliverance being effected and not before, the second woe will be past! the Ottoman empire falls! and, behold, the third woe cometh quickly!

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

S. A. RICHARDSON, ——. We refer you to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 22, in which the answer to your question appears.

F. A. F., Scranton, Pa. Did Christ prophesy that the temple at Jerusalem should be destroyed and never rebuilt? Did he ever prophesy that the Jews should return to Jerusalem?

The answer to both questions is: No. The Saviour declared the temple should be destroyed and that not one stone should remain upon another.

N. E., Sag Harbor, L. I. How many miracles did Christ perform?

The Oxford Teacher's Bible gives the number at thirty-six, the Bagster Bible at 35. The former is correct. It has been a frequent subject of dispute whether or not the miracles recorded in the Gospels as being performed by Christ were not to some extent duplicated accounts of the same event.

MRS. E. G. D., Cubberson, O. Why is the figure seven used in the Bible in preference to other numbers and of what is it typical?

Seven is the type or symbol of perfection, and in this sense it was doubtless used in Scripture. A similar instance is the use of the number forty, which, popularly interpreted, signified many, as we, when meaning to indicate a considerable number, say "a score or two."

G. J. T., Tucson, Ariz.—Does God justify the State in taking a murderer's life. What is the best course, from a Christian standpoint, in the interest of society and morality, to adopt in dealing with murderers?

We submit this question to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. It concerns a subject about which there is much difference of opinion and we would be pleased to hear from them regarding it. We will ask all who write to state their views as briefly as possible.

K. O., Baltimore, Md. Why is it naturally supposed that the forbidden fruit was an apple?

Although it is usual to speak of the forbidden fruit of Paradise as an apple, there is nothing in Scripture to indicate what sort of tree the "Tree of the Knowledge of good and evil" really was. The apple is and always has been a typical fruit and in this sense probably was selected by the commentators. "Apples of Sodom," "Apples of discord," "the apple of the eye," are familiar expressions, all being used in the same typical sense.

A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER, New York City. Is dancing consistent with Christian life?

While dancing may be harmless in itself, the promiscuous contact of young people and the attitudes and embraces that seem to be inseparable from the custom, are prone to lead to mischief. Many have been lured to ruin by the fascination of the dance. Its tendency to antagonize many elements of Christian life and character should cause it to be omitted from the list of allowable amusements.

SUBSCRIBER, Heagesville, W. Va. Which is the strongest religious denomination in the United States numerically, which the next strongest and which takes precedence financially?

The Methodists are first in point of numbers. Recent estimates place their membership strength in this country at 1,458,441 and that of the Baptists at 1,040,303. These figures are now considerably increased but the relative positions are the same. The wealthiest denomination in the United States is probably the Episcopalian. One of its properties in New York City alone (Trinity Church and parish), includes real estate valued at hundreds of millions of dollars.

J. B., Cleveland, O. 1. Does the Bible justify the use of alcohol? 2. Was the wine made by Jesus at Cana of Galilee, when he performed his first miracle, alcoholic or not?

1. The Bible is distinctly against alcohol. This question was eloquently answered by John G. Woolley in an address on Gospel Temperance at the Minneapolis Christian Endeavor Conference, which we would advise you to procure. 2. The wine made by Jesus at Cana is called in the Greek "*onios*," which means the pure juice of the grape. It was not uncommon in that grape-growing country for a host to press, with his own fingers, a cupful of wine from the grapes for the refreshment of his guests. In such wine there could be no alcohol.

MRS. B. Nora Spring, Ia. How old would Christ have been had he lived till now?

birth are not agreed upon definitely by Christian authorities. The Dionysian era, which was generally adopted by the early Christian Church, in the sixth century after Christ, placed the birth of the Saviour in December, the year being counted from its beginning to its end as the first year of the era, A. D. The Duke of Manchester says that according to Epiphanius, and Alexander, Bishop of Jerusalem, A. D. 40 was the date of the Crucifixion. The Duke, calculating from all the available data of a reliable character, declares that A.D. 6 was the earliest year of Christ's birth. This would make him at the date of the Crucifixion 34 years of age, the date of the latter being A. D. 39. Had he remained in the world till now in human form, he would have been 1885 years of age.

J. W. H., Marlborough, Monmouth Co., N. J. What king established the National Church of England, and when?

There is no National Church of England, so-called. The Church of England may be said to have had its origin in the reign of Henry VIII, after his quarrel with the Pope. In Edward VI's reign it was confirmed. The Common Prayer-Book, Catechism, and Communion Service ritual were introduced between 1540 and 1553, also the 42 Articles. At that time the presiding genius of the Church was Archbishop Cranmer. The Articles were revised and reduced to 39 in 1562.

L. STERLING, Maxwell, Ont. What privilege does the freedom of a city confer on the recipient?

Formerly the freedom of a city was highly prized for various reasons. A resident could not start any business without first securing the freedom of the city for which he had to pay a considerable sum. These freemen or "burgesses" enjoyed other privileges, besides. It was considered a high honor to a distinguished visitor to present him with the freedom of the city. In later times, such a presentation has become a mere formal compliment, and is only observed in a few of the greater cities.

W. M. Jr., Chillicothe, O.—Can I take an oath in the witness-box without offending God, seeing that Christ said: "Swear not at all."

The judicial oath or solemn asseveration or promise, as in the presence of God, that you will tell the truth, should not be confounded with oaths of another character. An oath to take vengeance, uttered in the name of Deity is an illustration of the perverted use of a solemn adjuration. So, also, is an oath taken in levity. An appeal to God, or to any sacred thing, was a custom among the ancient Hebrews who used such oaths in private and official business. The Christian custom of taking judicial oaths was founded upon the Jewish, the oath on the Gospels in Court being the legitimate adaptation of the Hebrew mode of placing the hands upon the Book of the Law. There are certain sects, including the Mennonites, Quakers and Moravians, who apply literally the words of Christ, "Swear not at all," and therefore regard all oaths as unlawful. In view of all the facts, the taking of a judicial oath, or promise before Deity to tell the truth and render exact justice in the cause at issue, must remain a matter to be decided by the conscience of the individual.

MRS. B. F. D., Tecumseh, Neb. Please inform me what Chautauqua originated from and the true meaning.

Chautauqua is a well-wooded point of land jutting out into Lake Chautauqua in the Western part of New York State, about 460 miles from New York City. A camp-meeting was formerly held there which was conducted by prominent ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Two of these—Mr. Lewis Miller of Akron, O., and Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., conceived the plan of holding a Sunday School Assembly there, which was done in August, 1874, and was very successful. Another was held the following year, and an organization formed to buy the ground from the Camp-meeting Association. At first the meetings were for the benefit of Sunday School Teachers only, but they have gradually broadened so as to include scientific studies. The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle was formed in 1878 and has proved the most successful of its developments. Its object is to arrange courses of study for people who without its aid might read discursively and with no definite plan. The Chautauqua University, an outgrowth of the Chautauqua Assembly, was

TO RAISE THE FALLEN.

The Industrial Alliance Experiment Shortly to be Tried in this State.

PROGRESS in elevating the fallen is the order of the day on both sides of the Atlantic. While General Booth of the Salvation Army, is energetically pushing forward his Industrial Christian Alliance plans in England, by which he hopes to improve the moral and social condition of thousands of British workingmen, an organization with somewhat similar purpose has been formed in New York City. It is incorporated under the laws of the Empire State with the title and designation of the "Industrial Christian Alliance of New York." Absolutely unsectarian, its objects, as stated by the founders, are to restore the fallen and the helpless to self-respect and self-support and to give industrial and religious training to neglected children. This it proposes to accomplish through the methods found in the Gospel.

"SISTER CHARLOTTE."

The organizers and incorporators of the Alliance, (which has its headquarters at No. 45 Broadway), include such notable names as those of William L. Strong, Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D. D., Arthur B. Claflin, E. B. Harper, Edwin Packard, Louis Klopsch and the Rev. Drs. William M. Taylor, R. R. Meredith, John R. Paxton, Chas Cuthbert Hall and many others. Its officers are Mr. George D. Mackay, President; James G. Beemer, Vice-President; William Howard Hoople, Treasurer and E. G. Draper, Superintendent of Industries. Among them are men who have been active Christian workers for many years and others who have already become known in connection with schemes of a philanthropic and Christian character in New York and elsewhere.

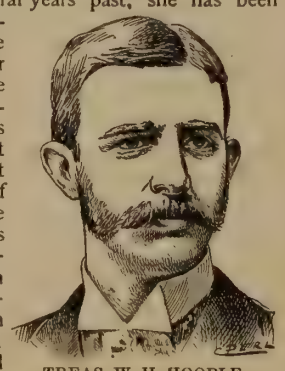
In thus seeking to establish on a broad and liberal scale, an organization for the reclamation of the fallen, the Alliance aims at no Utopian idea. Its conductors simply desire, with all the energy and ability they possess, to follow the advice of the Saviour in going out to the highways and hedges and bringing them in. It invites the cordial Christian support of good men and women everywhere in its work.

One of the foundation principles of the Industrial Christian Alliance, is the acceptance of the divine decree: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou earn thy bread," and also of Paul's injunction: "If any will not work neither let him eat." It believes that the charity which simply relieves immediate necessity, tends to pauperize, instead of cultivating the spirit of independence. With this fixed idea in mind, the Alliance will receive, bathe, feed and lodge all who desire to reform and are willing to work. It will establish simple industries and will require a reasonable amount of labor in return for the benefits to its proteges. In no sense will the home be permanent; there will be a time limit of probably sixty days, during which every effort will be made to reclaim the inmate give him or her an outfit of clothing and if he be a mechanic, a kit of tools. Attached to the Alliance will be a free labor bureau through which positions will be secured for graduates. A feature of the daily routine will be the religious services. They will be evangelical in character.

PRES. GEO. D. MACKAY.

It is proposed to establish a model Industrial Farm, on the lines laid down by Gen. [illegible] English experiment. Those men and women who can be best helped by country life and work, will be sent to this farm, which will be made as nearly self-supporting as possible. Away from the city and the vicious associations that formerly surrounded them, they will have a better prospect to begin life anew. The main work of the Alliance at the outset, however, will be confined to the city where its Central Depot, comprising Homes for men and women, and a Mission building connecting, is expected to be in full operation by September next. The Rescue work, which is a leading feature of the Alliance programme, is of the utmost importance. In this branch of the Master's service, the Alliance will have the active cooperation of Sister Charlotte Ressegiue, the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, who has been the instrument whereby many have been reclaimed from the ways of sin. This excellent woman, who herself had a most trying experience, was the wife of a man who proved to be a gambler. His influence drew her down until she had reached a dangerous point on the road that leads to destruction. A stranger in New York, she chanced to pass the Florence Mission, where C. N. Crittenden kindly took her in. There her eyes were opened; she saw the enormity of her guilt and she found a loving Saviour. Full of joy, she went home and told her husband, and though he scoffed and scorned at first, such was the strength and fervor of the wife's pleadings, that he yielded his heart to the Lord also. From that time, he was a most devoted servant of the Master until his death last October.

Sister Charlotte at one time possessed considerable means but she is now poor in the world's wealth, though always cheerful, helpful and hopeful. There are few more devoted women in the field working for the good cause than this Christian lady, who has passed through the fire and come out purified and chastened and prepared for her mission of reclamation. She represented the Alliance and its work at the International Christian Workers' Convention, held at Hartford, Conn., last year. For several years past, she has been the night missionary in charge of the outdoor work of the Florence Mission. Her duties have brought her into contact with many of the fallen in the dives and slums of the city, hundreds of whom have been reclaimed through her efforts. Mr. Draper who will be in charge of the practical conduct of the Homes, has been for several years connected with the Rescue Work in the Florence Mission, which carries the message of Salvation into darkest New York, for the saving of those who have gone astray.



TREAS. W. H. HOOPLE.

A PRIZE FIGHTER'S MAGNANIMITY.

Among the applicants for admission into a Congregational Church recently, was a prize-fighter who gave the following account of his conversion: "Men of our class know our position and rank, pretty close. We sometimes make mistakes with new men, but when we have once fought with a man we know whether it is any use to try again if we are beaten. I used to boast when I was in boastful mood that I could fight any man, but I knew and my pals knew that there were some men I dare not face. One of these was a man whom we used to call Ned. I used to dread him most perhaps because he lived in the same ward and I saw more of him than others. He was a fearful hitter. Well, it astonished us all to hear that Ned had got religion. I thought about it a good deal and wondered if Ned was shamming. One day I met him and he spoke to me. I did not want to hear about religion and we got to high words, and at last I gave him a slap in the face. I expected to be knocked down. To my amazement Ned did not strike a blow. He looked at me almost like a woman and he said, 'God forgive you, Tom. It's a mean thing to hit a man who is trying to do you good.' I was kinder dumbfoundered, and I got to thinking what a mighty thing religion must be to change a man like that. There's a deal more to tell about the way I was brought to get religion myself, but when the Dominie asks me, what sermon or passage of Scripture first led me to think of religion, I am bound to say it was neither." It is now as it was in the early days of the Church, men take knowledge of the consistent Christian that he has been with Christ.

GOD'S CARE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 16th. Matt. 6: 25, 33: Luke 22: 35.

WHAT better assurance of the fact is needed than that Christ gave? "Your heavenly Father *knoweth* that ye have need of all these things." What more is needed? The son at college, or away from home on his father's business, does not distress himself by conjuring up visions of financial difficulty. His father knows that he will need money and is not the man to leave him in the lurch. If he worried and fretted and was in apprehension of lack of means, those who saw him would think that he doubted his father's love or his power to provide.

It is not a lesson of indolence. "Behold the fowls of the air." The birds are busy all day building their nests, searching for food and chirping merrily all the time. Industry, prudence, foresight are not depreciated. What is forbidden is the foreboding of calamity against which no provision can be made. Having done all in our power, having exercised the sagacity we have, let us cheerfully meet the future, knowing that God cares for us.

It is a lesson on discrimination of values. "Is not the life more than raiment?" A father is not concerned about the fashion of his son's clothing or the elegance of his manners if that son is at the point of death. His concern is for his recovery; the other things can wait. Anxiety about the soul's condition, about its safety, is to be encouraged. Until that is settled by faith in Christ all else may be postponed as of small importance.

The measure of the need is the measure of the supply when there is implicit trust. "According to your faith," is God's rule. George Muller, Pastor Spurgeon and others have trusted God for great things. They have undertaken the support of hundreds of orphans with no means but those God would send. Again and again in the history of those institutions there has been neither money nor food in hand for the morrow, but it has always been sufficient to pray, and help has come on time. Never have those hundreds of helpless children gone without a meal or clothing.

The promise of such a Being deserves confidence. Destitute immigrants are not allowed to land in the United States lest they become a public charge. But the destitute *Jewish* immigrants may land. Only last week an order was issued discriminating in their favor. Why? The Collector of the Port holds the assurance of wealthy Hebrews in New York that the immigrants of their race will be provided for. He therefore admits them, knowing that those who give the indemnity are abundantly able to fulfill the engagement and, having given their word, will fulfill it. Granted the premises of power and faithfulness, all is clear. They who worry and fret imply a doubt of one of these in God's character. His word is pledged: "All things shall be added unto you."

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THE SILVER BRICK.

A significant incident is related by Mrs. Bottome in the *Silver Cross*. A lady who is now one of the King's Daughters had in her possession a little silver brick. Many years ago the silver in that brick had been dug from the mine and been given to her by one near and dear to her, who regarded it as the first fruits of an enormous fortune. He believed that the mine would yield many tons of the precious metal and he proved his faith in it by investing all his fortune in the working of that mine. But it failed. Very little more silver ever came from it. When it was clear that there was nothing to hope from the mine and that all that had been invested in it was lost, the little silver brick was no longer an emblem of vast wealth coming, but became an emblem of disappointment, frustrated hopes and lost fortunes. It was carried from place to place, was used as a paper-weight and its very presence was a weight upon the memory and the heart. The day came when the sorrow of that heart was lightened by the thoughts that came with the wearing of the little Silver Cross, and then the owner took the silver brick which represented so much grief to her and made an offering of it with the request that it might be made into silver crosses for her sisters in the Order. It was a beautiful act and it typifies a consolatory thought. As "men will one day wear on their heads as ornament the dust of their lowly trust," so there will come a day when the gold of faith and love which have come from trials bravely endured will become a crown for the head of the sufferer.

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AN EPWORTH CAMP-FIRE.

The following is a description of an Epworth League's celebration, at Merrick, L. I., which a correspondent of the *Christian Advocate* sends to that journal: The afternoon was devoted to an "Epworth Camp-fire," which was as enthusiastic and spiritual as it was original and unique. The Rev. D. A. Jordan, who presided throughout the day, had "drafted" a preacher who had been *an old soldier to lead the camp-fire*. The leader described the different kinds of camp-fire — in snugwinter quarters, in well-ordered field camp, at guard or picket, rendezvous, etc., but said that your true camp-fire is at the close of a day of battle, when the enemy has been driven from the field and routed. And such a camp-fire has two indispensable features: 1. All distinctions of rank are abolished—officers and privates all gather around the fire on equal terms; 2. Every man has his "say" in relating the adventures and victories of the day,

Accordingly, at the "command" of the leader, presiding elders and preachers all came down from the platform into the straw with the young people, and benches were drawn up at the sides and in front to complete the circle. A fervent season of prayer kindled the fire, and then came the *testimony of victory* under the lead of the great Captain. For an hour and a half the line of song and testimony continued with increasing interest, much of it expressed in military phraseology. A season of prayer and consecration concluded the service, and the camp-fire "broke up" with mutual salutations of Christian joy between the young people.

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SEASIDE HOMES.

The Boston Young Women's Christian Association has added a seaside home to its other benevolent work. For the power to do this, it is indebted to Mr. Jordan who owns a hotel at Nantasket, which he has placed at the disposal of the Association for the season as a home for working-women. It affords accommodation for one hundred and twenty-five persons.

The Philadelphia Y. W. C. A., is receiving continual testimonies to the benefits derived from its work of the same kind. A letter from a friend of one of its beneficiaries, which is published in the Association's monthly, *Faith and Works*, is a specimen of these testimonies. The writer says: "A delicate girl and the main support of a widow, her visit to your beautiful home last summer made a new creature of her. She was much better than usual all winter." The Association has arranged for 345 girls to visit "Sea-Rest" this summer. Wealthy persons desiring to do good with their money and not knowing how to go about it may take a hint from these facts.

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Y. M. C. A. World's Conference.

A large part of the delegation to the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations sailed from New York on Wednesday last by the *City of Paris*. The conference is to be held in Amsterdam, Holland, opening on August 12, and continuing to August 16. The United States delegation is the largest ever sent to a World's Conference. The International Committee has issued credentials to Associations in twenty-one States; New York has twenty-five delegates and Pennsylvania twenty-two. Canada is sending seven delegates.

A GOOD MOTTO.

GOD helps the man who helps himself.
I hold that this is true,
In all the busy ways of life
There's much depends on you.
Your hand must strike the blow and make
Some effort if you'd win,
And God will help the work along
That earnest hands begin.

So in the work of life, my friend,
Be ready for your part;
Take up the tasks God sets for you
With willing hand and heart,
And rest assured, my friend, of this;
He'll help in time of need,
God helps the man who helps himself,
And only such succeed.

—*Eben Rexford.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Describes Some Things to be Seen in the Oldest City in the World.

"WELL, my little travellers," said Uncle John, when the children had gathered as usual for their evening chat, "whither shall we go this evening? Shall it be to some new and undiscovered country, or shall we make a trip to the oldest city in the world for a change?"

"Yes, yes!" cried the group of listeners. "Let us go to the oldest city in the world."

"But where is it?" interrogated Milly, her blue eyes wide with childish interest at the prospect of such a journey.

"Why, it's Damascus," said Tom.

"Tom is right," said Uncle John. "I mean Damascus. You may remember that a week ago, I told you about the street venders there, and about the Arabs. Well, Damascus was once accounted one of the most beautiful and prosperous cities in Western Asia. It was and still is the seat of many industries, and indeed its name signifies '*activity*.' It lies in a beautiful plain at the eastern base of the Anti-Libanus hills and with the river Awaj flowing past it on the south. Due east is the great Arabian desert. Josephus, the famous Hebrew historian, tells us that Damascus was founded by Uz, a grandson of Shem. You may remember that the Bible tells us that Abraham had a steward who was a native of that city. In King David's time, Damascus had a king and a powerful army and the Israelites overcame and conquered their whole territory, so that the Syrians who had held the city, became servants to David. The country round about Damascus is a vast battle-ground, where ancient armies, kings and princes have fought."

"What an unfortunate city!" remarked Ted. "It must have been terrible to live there, with all these wars going on."

"Yes," said Uncle, "and even the people who were nowise involved in the quarrel of the kings did not always escape, for at one time the city was captured by the Assyrians and all the inhabitants taken prisoners and carried off into slavery."

"And what nation holds it now?"

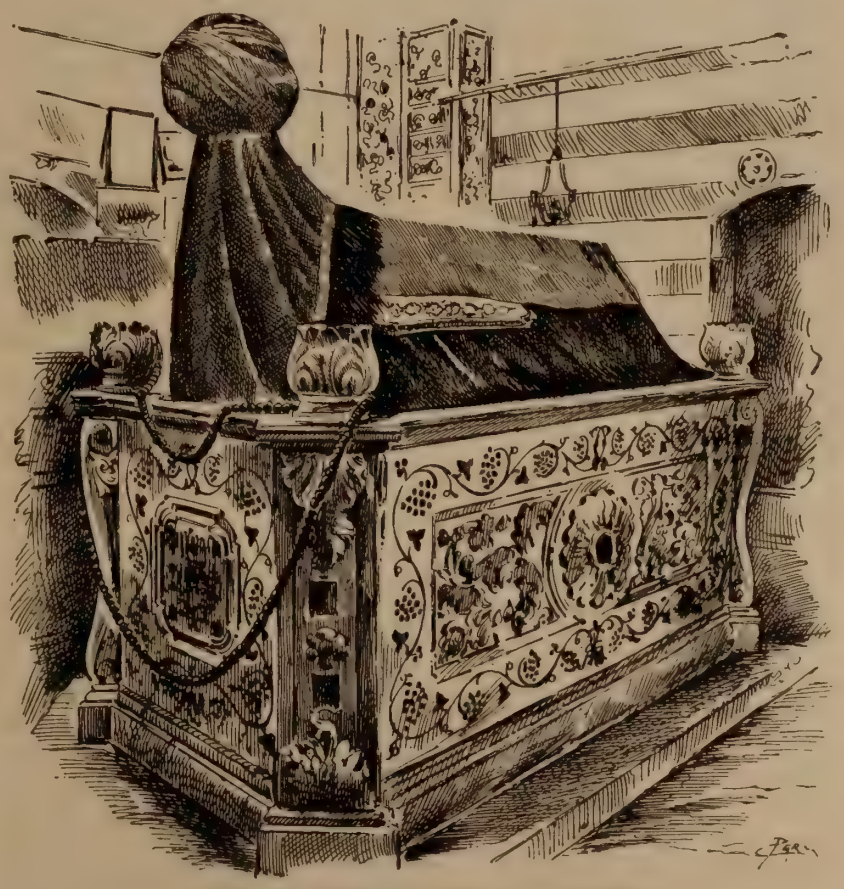
"The Mohammedans. It was seized successively by different nations and nearly 1,200 years ago it opened its gates to the followers of the Prophet. For four hundred years it was the Oriental stronghold of the Moslem religion. All the efforts of Christian nations failed to dislodge it. You have read in your histories about the great Crusades. Some of the bravest battles of these days were fought before the walls of old Damascus. Baldwin and Conrad, and other famous Knights of the Cross led forlorn hopes there, but all their heroism never succeeded in displacing the crescent. The old-time Christians regarded the Moslems as a scourge, sent specially to punish Christians for their sins and the Church of Christ for the falling away of its members."

"There were brave Moslems, too, Uncle, were there not, as well as brave Crusaders?"

"One of the bravest men the world has ever seen was the Sultan Saladin, the Moslem hero of the Third Crusade. When I visited Damascus, I went to his tomb. See, here is a photograph of it. Note the splendid sarcophagus, carved and ornamented, with Oriental designs in relief. It is many centuries old and is a wonder of rare workmanship. On top is the stone coffin said to contain the body of the great Sultan. The sarcophagus is in a temple or mausoleum, which is held as sacred by the Moslems.

"Saladin was a Kurd of noble birth and became a soldier in his youth. At the siege of Alexandria, when the Syrian army to which he was attached, was in danger, he gave the first evidences of fine generalship. His skill won him the title of the 'Victorious Prince' and he was made Emir or Governor of all Egypt. On the death of Prince Noureddin, Saladin, whose ambition was great, managed to establish himself as Sultan of Egypt and Syria. Then this brilliant pagan began a terrible warfare against the Christians whom he defeated many times. In a battle at Tiberias, in 1187, Saladin destroyed the army of the King of Jerusalem and took the monarch and many nobles prisoners. He followed this up by storming Jerusalem and capturing it and almost every other fortified place in the Holy Land."

"Why did God permit the Christians to be so punished?" asked the children, in wonder at the recital.



TOMB OF SULTAN SALADIN AT DAMASCUS.

"Because they had at different times sinned and shown themselves as cruel and rapacious as the Moslems. They had plundered caravans, broken treaties and entered on wars of conquest. These were the Christians of Syria and Palestine," explained Uncle John. "Well after such overwhelming reverses in Asia, the Christians of Europe were aroused at the success of the infidels and sent out great armies, headed by the French and English kings in person, to redeem the Holy Land from the Turk. Their bravest leader, Richard, the Lion Heart, twice defeated Saladin and wrested from him the coast line of Palestine from Joppa to Tyre. A year after this reverse, Saladin, [illegible] had been a very sick man for many years, died at Damascus. He was a splendid soldier, a faithful friend, and for an infidel, a man of great goodness of heart. He never broke a treaty and it is an illustration of God's mysterious ways of punishing men that he should have raised up such a warrior as this barbarous Kurd, to be a hammer in the side of the Christians.

"All that remains of this great conqueror whose name, like that of Timur the Tartar who followed him, was once a terror to the nations, is this crumbling monument of stone. But there was a Christian warrior who arrived at Damascus long before Saladin and who, though he came with no army, yet won a great victory there."

Uncle John paused a moment. Seeing the interested faces wearing a puzzled expression, he added:

"I refer to Paul the Apostle, who planted Christianity there, whence it spread all through Syria. The Moslems tried in vain to stamp it out, slaying thousands of Christians. Then Timur, whom the Arabs called *el Wahsh*, 'the wild beast,' swept the city, with all the horrors of savage conquest, slaughtering thousands of people in a day, and destroying fine buildings, manufactures, libraries and temples.

"Timur, like Saladin, is now forgotten, while Paul has left to us and the whole world a legacy of priceless value, and a name and fame worthy of one of the greatest soldiers of the Cross.

"What is that hymn you were singing to-day, Milly?" asked Uncle, turning to the fairy at his knee.

In her sweet, lisping voice the child repeated the verses beginning:

Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

"That's the right kind of a soldier, children," said Uncle John, while tears stood in his eyes. "Its the very best service in the world, and one in which the faithful soldier is always sure to conquer. Remember Paul, the first 'Soldier of the Cross,' whenever you think of Damascus."

***

Every-day Angels.

THE man or woman who has a kind, pleasant word and a laugh are to be counted as among the angels of our every-day existence. They have the happy faculty of seeing the bright side, no matter how dark may be the reverse. Their trust in God's goodness is apparent in every word and action of their lives, and the sunshine in their heart is infectious.

Particularly is it delightful to know one who can be sweetly gracious, even to those in the lower grades of life. A young lady had gone out walking. She forgot to take her purse with her. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm who showed a variety of book-marks, watch-cases, needle-books, and trinkets. "I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady. "I haven't got any money with me. Your things look very pretty."

She stopped a moment and spoke a few words to the little girl, and then as she passed on she said again: "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"Oh, miss!" said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say: 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly and pleasantly to me and I feel a heap better."

How little that pleasant word cost, yet how highly it was valued! If it were not for the every-day angels, this world might be a very dull matter-of-fact place indeed.

***

Happy Marriages.

THERE are few events in which people take more interest than a wedding, and when all the humorists and satirists have had their say, the fact remains that next to the assurance of heaven itself, there is probably no greater blessing on earth than a happy marriage. Granted good health, good temper and Christian love, those happily married may easily triumph over all the common ills of life. There is no greater leveller than happiness in marriage. If death makes all men equal, so does love as truly. A little house, and a little in it; a great house, full of fine things in silks and satins and silver and gold. If the rich home were bereaved, what but the happiness of the poor one would be envied? When the poor one loses that which made it bright, what on earth can repair the loss?

Money has nothing to do with happy marriages, nor education much; except that education of sentiment which, it seeems, may go on without the help of books or even of learning to spell and that education of the soul which is God-given. But let no one despise imperfect happiness in marriage; what there is of it cannot be matched, so long as it is of the right quality.

***

City Waifs in the Country.

THIS is the season when kind-hearted men and women, taking pity on the child-waifs of the great city, invite them out for a week or two to enjoy the fresh air of the country and the free rambles among the woods and meadows. Hundreds of these "Fresh Air Fund" excursions have been formed in different parts of the country and the physical recuperation and moral benefit enjoyed by the juvenile guests are not to be exaggerated.

Here is a letter we have received from a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that may have a personal interest for some little city lad:

ODESSA, SCHUYLER CO., N. Y.
JULY 20, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have noticed by the papers that they are sending children from the city to the country for fresh air. We would entertain a healthy blue-eyed boy, from three to five years old, for a time, as we have lost our little one. If he should like to stay with us we would make a good home for him.

There is a world of pathos in this simple letter. What a hint of gentle, Christian generosity and consideration for the poor little city waifs it conveys. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will be pleased to forward to the writer of this letter any communication that may be received on he subject.

***

The Value of Gentleness.

THERE is a Persian legend which says that one day a stranger knocked at the door of Ibrahim's tent and asked to be fed and refreshed. The worthy patriarch took him and set viands before him, and when he had eaten and drank, he rose to depart. Ibrahim reminded him that he had not yet given thanks to God for his meal, whereupon the stranger began to revile the Deity. The patriarch, astonished at such conduct, set upon the offender and gave him a severe beating. When he had driven him away, the sage heard a voice calling him:

"Ibrahim! Ibrahim!" it said, "Why dids't thou beat the stranger thus?"

"Alas, Lord!" replied the patriarch, "he deserved it and more, for did he not ridicule thy holy name?"

"True; yet I have borne with him these three-score years and with his revilings, while thou, having seen and heard him but an hour, hast beaten him without mercy."

The patriarch fell on his face and cried aloud to God for pardon for his intemperate conduct. The lesson—so the tradition runs—had the effect of making him the gentlest of men thereafter.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 476.*)

CAPTAIN ALLEN'S confession that he knew Robert was Superintendent Murray's son struck the schoolmaster almost dumb with astonishment. He was silent for some moments; then he said: "And you have not restored the child to the father?"

"He is my child," cried Captain Allen passionately. "I love him as well, perhaps better than my own. There never was such another boy as Robert. He is our best comfort. It would kill 'Liza to lose him. Pink and Bop and the rest would break their hearts. We have worked for him; we have reared him; we have loved him. What right has Murray to him, I say?"

"And you did not tell Eliza?"

The Captain hung his head.

"Because you knew that Eliza's voice would speak with your conscience, 'Give back the child!' The Scripture provides for the return of the strayed ox, or ass, or sheep,—how much more for the lost child? If we may not rob our neighbor of his gold or his garb, how much less of his own flesh and blood? If we are forbidden to covet all else that he has, are we not especially to refrain from coveting his child? Allen, your course toward Robert was noblest charity, until it became foulest sin!"

"Must I give him up?" cried Allen in a voice of agony.

It was like the echo of the old cry: "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim?"

"It is hard, but you must do it, Allen. Have you been happy and contented keeping this to yourself?"

"No; I have been a curse to myself and my family."

"Come, Allen; there is no time to lose. Murray will be leaving soon. We must get up the mountain to his home. Come, man, let us run for it. The sooner done, the better."

Through the orchard they turned straight up the steep side of Lal's Mountain; struck from the foot-path to the bridle-path—up, on toward Mr. Murray's little lonely dwelling. Doors and windows were open. Boxes and bags and trunks were standing ready to be carried to the station. Mr. Murray was alone in his sitting-room, his face resting wearily on his hands. He hardly spoke as his guests came in warm and panting.

"Mr. Murray," broke out the school-master, "you have often asked Allen here to give yon Robert, and———"

Mr. Murray sprang up.

"Allen, have you had pity on me? have you changed your mind? have you come to give me that boy that I love like my own?"

"No, I haven't!" shouted Allen. "I don't give him, but you will take him. Every man takes his own where he finds it. Take your son if you must. He is yours,—the boy you lost. and there's the shirt he had on his little back, and there's the case of the watch you gave him to play with, and if you want another token, he had three vaccination-marks set in a straight line on his arm, and 'Liza says it is a born shame to spoil a child's arm like that."

Murray gazed stupefied at the watch-case, and the bit of linen, sewn long before by his wife's fingers. Then as some prostrate serpent gathers itself together, erects itself, flashes fury, quivers, expands, makes ready for a spring, the Superintendent's form uplifted and expanded, his eyes blazed, ruddy anger mounted over his face, his despondent voice rose to loud wrath, and he turned upon Allen.

"My boy! you had my boy and kept him from me! you refused to give me my son! you heard the story of my loss and misery! you with your home full of children, robbed me of [illegible]!"

"Mr. Murray, Mr. Murray! he did not know," interposed the schoolmaster.

"And when did he know? When did he come by these tokens? When did he find out that the boy was mine?"

"When the tramp-woman died at the mill," said the Captain, like a culprit at the bar, "then I knew,—she told me. She had come for the boy to give him up to you or your lawyer in New York. She told me, and she gave me the things."

"That tramp-woman! A month, a whole month ago! a month that I have been dying by inches, a month that I have been eating my heart out! I was at your house even last night, and you were dumb. I should have known the boy by his mother's eyes—by his mother's heart in him! You have never told me the truth about finding him, or I might have suspected. A month—a whole month I have been robbed of my child. You scoundrel! you villain! you kidnapper! you thief!"

After this outburst of gratitude, Mr. Murray dashed out of the room, flung himself on the roan that stood saddled ready to take him to the station, and down the steep path he went.

Captain Allen and the schoolmaster were left alone.

"He has gone to carry off Robert," gasped the Captain; "I shall never see my boy again. Perhaps I deserve it. He called me scoundrel, villain, thief! I have felt all that this last month, schoolmaster. But how I have loved that boy, and I have lost him!"

"Come, Allen, let us hurry down to your house," said the master; "we may get there before he takes Robert off. We must try and comfort Eliza and the children. Bear up. You have done well. You have been a father to the boy. You yielded for a time to temptation, but you have conquered it. Come."

They plunged into the grass-grown path toward the mill. It is on record that the schoolmaster made only two remarks on the way down. First:

"The trailing arbutus is a most beautiful flower, but it is not half so beautiful as that flower of the soul—human gratitude."

Second:

"The Lobelia-fulgens is a very rare plant, but it is not half so rare as that plant of the soul—human gratitude."

While the schoolmaster announced these two particulars, Captain Allen said not a word. The two men strode along toward the mill, and, for the only time in his experience, the schoolmaster was missing at morning school, and the urchins assembled devoted the hours to "tag" and "leap-frog," instead of to multiplication-tables and spelling.

Meantime, Mr. Murray, filled with fierce emotions,—exultant joy at finding the long-lost son; triumph in finding him such an one as all could admire; wrath against poor Ezekiel Allen, who had for a month defrauded him of his paternal rights,—went wildly toward the mill to claim his own. Hope took possession of him; joy filled him; courage rose; life seemed to beat in his pulses with returning force.

He burst in upon the little family left lamenting by the Captain's hasty departure. Mrs. 'Liza, thoroughly miserable, had retired behind the stove with her apron to her eyes. Pink, whose little fingers were never idle, was monotonously knitting a stocking—now and then polishing away a tear. Robert stood by her chair, his face clouded and anxious.

Jerry felt it indecorous to work when family misfortunes brought a sort of Sabbath of sorrow into the week. He leaned against the door-frame, and eyed his wooden leg malevolently. Bop had made an effort to bring order out of confusion by piling up the breakfast dishes, of which his mother was for once oblivious, but his efforts ended in sitting in his father's chair and leaning his round, red head npon the table. Bop's world seemed to have come to a sudden end. Into this silence and misery burst Mr. Murray, all excitement.

"My son! Where is my son? Robert, come to your father!"

He seized Robert and hugged him to his heart in a passion of love and joy.

"My son! my own son! my lost boy! Oh, why is not your mother here to have back her child! My boy! my boy!"

Eliza sprang up.

"Mr. Murray, what do you mean? Surely, Zekiel Allen has not given him to you?"

"Given him to me? No, indeed, Mrs. Allen; I take what is my own. I take the boy that you have cruelly and wickedly kept from me. What right had you to keep him, when I was pining and perishing in my sorrow? It was wickedly done. I should have thought a woman and a mother would have had more heart. Robert, my son, leave these people who have been defrauding us both of our just rights. Come, now, with your father, who will give you all the best that is in the world. Let us be off at once."

Poor Mrs. 'Liza, who had never heard a word of Mr. Murray's story, or of his lost child,—who had had no hint about the confession of the tramp-woman,—heard in amazement.

"Robert," she cried, "what does he mean? Has all the world gone mad at once?"

"Don't wait for any of your things, Robert," cried Mr. Murray. "You want none of them. I will give you all the things you want. The train leaves at eleven, it is now just on ten, we must be off. This is no place for you, my son; you are rich, you are a gentleman born; come away with me to your rights."

In fact, Mr. Murray was beside himself.

"Here's the Cap'n running down the hill!" cried Jerry.

"the schoolmaster's with him!" cried the twins; and conscious of truancy, slid under the big lounge.

"Oh, the schoolmaster will help us!" exclaimed Eliza."

"My dear boy, why are you not coming?" said Mr. Murray to the astonished Robert.

The Captain, red, breathless, was in the kitchen.

"Father, what does it mean!" exclaimed Robert.

"I am your father. Don't call him father!" shouted Mr. Murray, unreasonable in his excitement, and resenting the habit of years.

"Father, tell me—am I his son?"

"'Zekiel, 'Zekiel, if you are not out of your mind, let us know what it all means. Is Robert to go away?"

"You are his son," said the Captain, hoarse and red-eyed, and looking at Robert, his lips trembling.

"'Zekiel, have you given our Robert away?"

"No, 'Liza—no, my poor woman, no; but Robert was born his son, and his father—means to take him."

"Certainly I do. The way you have kept him from me has been most outrageous! Robert, come along at once."

"Consider, Mr. Murray," said the schoolmaster, "that until now these good people have been true, kind parents to your child, and did not know of your claims—and you take him from them, suddenly."

"They knew it for over a month—for a month they have robbed me most shamefully."

"Sir—I never robbed you, and never knew of any claim that you had," said Eliza, indignantly.

"And only for a month," cried the master, "has the Captain known. He has not told his wife. Mr. Murray, you are unreasonable and unkind. Mrs. Allen, the truth is this: Mr. Murray had a child who, when only a year old, was stolen from him. The woman who stole the child, alarmed at her deed, deserted him four years later, in Lacy. Your good husband rescued him, protected him, loved him. The woman who had abandoned him came here, a month ago, to get him to restore to his father. She told the whole story to the Captain, and since then, afraid to speak, he has kept it to himself, because he could not bear to part with Robert, and knew how you would all grieve at losing him. To-day, conscience has prevailed—and he has told the truth. Robert is without doubt Mr. Murray's lost son, and the father has the first claim npon his child. He must go with his father. It is his duty as a son."

"So he must. I have lost him and you have had him quite long enough. It is time the tables were turned!" cried Mr. Murray, still wildly nursing his grievances. "Robert, are you not glad to find the most indulgent, affectionate father in the world? Do you not love me, my son? Surely you will not rob me of your love. Come, let me get you away from those who have set you against your own father. Bid these people good-bye, and come with me, my son."

For answer, Robert sprang into the arms of Eliza, hugged her with all his might and bending his handsome head upon the little woman's shoulder, cried in unison with her crying. Pink seized Robert's elbow and held fast, as if she defied Mr. Murtay, or all the fathers in the world, to take him away. The twins, crawling out from under the lounge, burst into shrieks and wails at seeing their mother and Robert weeping. Bop tried to be a man, crowded his fist into his eyes, and got behind his father; the Captain, dropping into his chair, bent forward and hid his face in his big, rough hands; Jerry, seeing the misery of the whole family, heartily, and without any thought of selfishness, remarked: "He wished he'd have been the one that turned out to beloug to Mr. Murray, for it broke the folks all up to lose Robert." In fact, to Jerry's mind, leaving the Allens and the mill, even in favor of a rich father, seemed unmitigated misery. But for the sake of his benefactors he would have been willing to sacrifice himself. But no tragic parent was waiting for the one-legged ond one-eyed orphan of twenty-five. Robert was the "Lost One Found," and Robert had to go. Mr. Murray was ready to tear him from Eliza's arms. The schoolmaster interfered.

"Robert, you must go with your father. It should be your happiness to comfort him after all his sorrows. Mrs. Allen, let the boy go. Do not feel so unhappy; it will be for his good—and—he will come back to see you."

But here Mr. Murray, possessing himself of the arm of Robert, to which Pink had clung, remarked that, "They had enough of him. He meant to keep him now that he had found him. They seemed to have no regard for his rights."

Eliza, kissing Robert, whispered, "Go, my boy. You must. Be a good son, as you have been to us. I will always be your mother. You will never forget us."

Robert was too dazed with the mutations of his state to resist or to remonstrate. He kissed Pink and the other children, shook hands with Jerry, bent his face to Captain Allen's downcast face, and said:

"Good-bye, father, good-bye. You have been the best father that ever was to me."

Captain Allen only groaned. Mr. Murray jealously remonstrated.

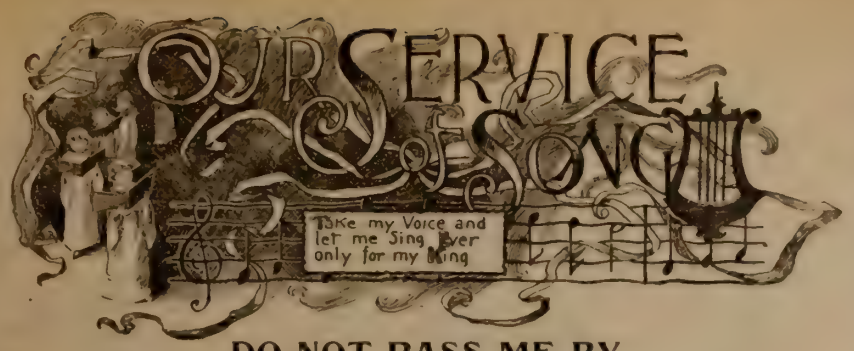
"Don't call him father. I am your father, and I shall be ten times better to you than ever he has been."

"No, you won't," said Jerry, angrily, "because you can't. 'Tisn't in nater to be a better father than 'Zekiel Allen makes."

During this remark Mr. Murray pulled his new-found son from the house, and bidding him mount behind him on the docile roan, rode off toward the station, without grace of a good-bye or a word of thanks to the protectors of his son. Robert, his eyes full of tears, kept his head turned toward his only known home, until a bend of the road hid it from his sight. Mr. Murray could only remember the Captain's error, in hiding for a month the truth about Robert. He recalled the times he had asked to have the child given to him, the times when Captain Allen had tried to keep the boy from attaching himself to him, and he reckoned all these times as within the period of the Captain's knowledge of the Superintendent's paternal rights. His anger, almost foundationless as it was, towered up and hid from him all his vast indebtedness to the Captain and his wife.

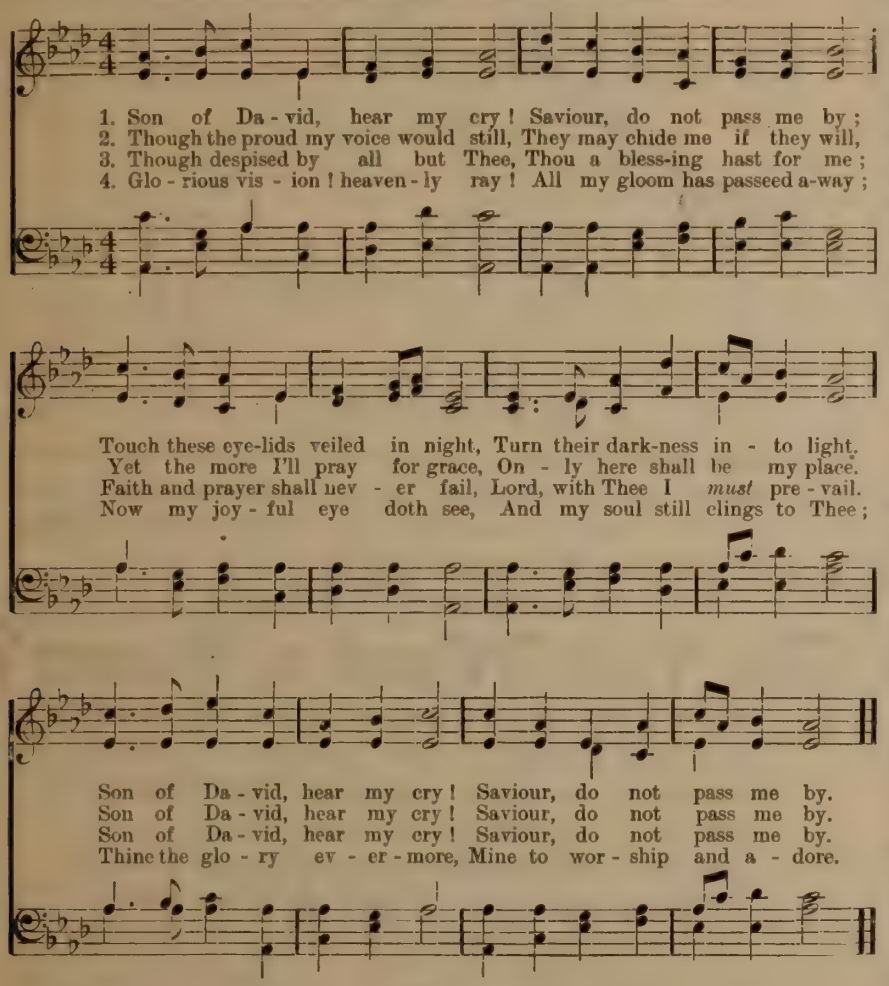
Murray, yielding to a vice, had lost his child, and given him over to every possible misery. Captain Allen, finding the child, a poor pitiful stray, had fed, clothed, housed, loved, taught him; had given him name and family and friends; had sacrificed to him the very appetite that in his father had been his destruction. Out of their poverty the Allens had maintained this lost child. Once Mr. Murray had offered a large sum if the child should only be given to him. He did not think of that offer now; he took Robert as his right. Mr. Murray had also offered five thousand dollars to any one who would restore his boy. Of that he did not think when he carried Robert away from his impoverished protectors. Doubtless it was because in the deep heart-feelings of the hour it was impossible for so poor a thing as mere money to enter. Even later it did not enter Mr. Murray's mind; he was filled with the feeling that Captain Allen had been his enemy, had usurped his place in his son's heart, had kept Robert from him.

They reached the train only a few moments before it left. When the whistle blew, and the car from the junction started for Lacy, then did Mr. Murray feel as if at last his son was restored to him, and belonged fully to himself. Every instant widened the separation between him and the Allens. He had no care, no thought of anything but Robert.



DO NOT PASS ME BY.

Words and Music by Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim."



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THE BELL OF THE ANGELS.

IT is said somewhere, at twilight,
A great bell softly swings,
And man may listen and hearken
To the wondrous music that rings,

If he put from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife;
Heartache and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

Let us look in our hearts and question:
Can purer thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us ponder a little—
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Could ring for us—you and me.

THE WILD WHITE ROSE.

It was peeping through the brambles,
That little wild, white rose,
Where the hawthorn hedge was planted
My garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern or heather
On the breezy open moor;
And within was sun and shelter,
And the wealth of beauty's store;
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of flower or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rosebud,
And it grew too high for me.

'Tis wiser far to number
The blossoms at my feet,
Than ever to be sighing
For just one bud more sweet.

My sunbeams and my shadows
Fall from a pierced Hand;
I can better trust His wisdom,
Since His heart I understand,
And maybe in the morning,
When His blessed face I see,
He will tell me why my white rose
Grew just too high for me!

A NURSE'S STORY.

A LADY who visits the almshouses to speak to the inmates about Christ was conversing recently with one of the nurses in the infirmary who has done much good in telling the sick and dying of the way of salvation. The nurse said that one of the worst patients she had was just dead. He had been under her care and had been most abusive to her using blasphemous language. She reproved him gently. The next day he was removed to another ward. "I did not see him again" said the nurse, "for three weeks, one day he asked for me, but was told by his own nurse that he could not see me. That day I happened to go to his ward for something, when the nurse told me about him, adding, 'I wouldn't go to him if I were you, after the way he treated you;' but I went, and found him very ill. He said 'I have been thinking about you so much, and that I should not like to have to account to God for my bad words; but I have asked Jesus to wash out my sins, and he has heard me. I don't think I shall get better, do you, nurse?' I told him that I did not, and that he had probably not many hours to live. 'Then take my hands in yours,' said he, 'and hold them till I've crossed the river. I'm afraid, but stay with me to the end. I'll tell you when I'm over, and then you may let me go.' I did hold his hands, and in two seconds he said, 'It's all right, I'm over,' and his spirit passed away."

A BAD BARGAIN.

A DISTRESSING scene at a death-bed is described by a Christian physician, who vainly tried to impart comfort to a despairing soul. He was summoned hastily to attend a young man, who had been injured in a street accident. He examined the patient and then honestly told him the sad news that he had but a very short time to live. The young man was astonished. At length he looked up in the face of the doctor, and with a despairing countenance, said, "I have missed it—at last." "What have you missed?" inquired the tender-hearted physician. "Doctor, I have missed the salvation of my soul." "Oh! say not so. Do you remember the thief on the cross!" "Yes, I remember the thief on the cross. And I remember that he never said to the Holy Ghost—Go thy way. But I did. And now he is saying to me—Go your way." He lay gasping awhile, and looking up with a vacant, staring eye, he said, "I was anxious about my soul a little time ago. But I did not want to be saved then. Something seemed to say to me, 'Don't put it off, make sure of salvation;' but I said to myself, 'I will postpone it.' Yet I could not get my own consent to do it, until I had made a bargain with myself that I would take it up again, at a time not remote, and more favorable. I meant to have made my salvation sure. And now I have missed it—at last." "You remember," said the doctor, "that there are some who come at the eleventh hour." "My eleventh hour," he rejoined, "was when I had that call of the Spirit. I have had none since—shall not have. Oh, I have missed it!" This was said with such indescribable despondency, that nothing was said in reply. After lying a few moments, he raised his head, again exclaimed in agony and horror, "Missed it at last!" and he died.

A FAMOUS THOROUGHFARE.

The wanderer in Piccadilly, (says *Scribner's Magazine,*) who likes to muse on the changes of human fortune, the turns of that wheel which the Buddha contemplates, may please himself by reflecting that, along this way passed the carriages of the Princesse de Lamballe and of Madame du Barry. The former dined with the Duke of Queensberry here, before the Revolution. But it was during the Revolution that Madame du Barry, in company with the Prince of Wales, sat at the ducal table. From Number 20 Sir Francis Burdett was taken to prison, though he had barricaded his house, provoked a riot, and defied the Speaker of the House of Commons, just eighty years ago. Number 94 was Lord Palmerston's dwelling, from 1839 till his death in 1865; here he gave political parties, and this was the last fortress of contented Whiggism. In Number 139 Byron parted from Lady Byron, "in the utmost kindness," said Moore. She was going to visit her father, who wrote to the poet that she would return no more. What mysteries passed in Number 139, part of the poet's old house, we shall never really know; the cause of the separation is said to have been so simple that nobody could ever find it out. Some poets are "gey ill to live wi'," as Mrs. Carlyle said about her son.

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A LEGAL INQUIRY.

How an Infidel Jurist was Convinced of the Truth of the Bible.

NOT very long ago, an aged lawyer of great eminence and talent, who, from early life, had imbibed infidel principles, met an elder of the Presbyterian church, who was also a lawyer, and said to him, "I wish, sir, to examine into the truth of the Christian religion. What books would you advise me to read on the evidences of Christianity?"

The elder, surprised at the inquiry, replied, "That is a question, sir, which you ought to have settled long ago. You ought not to have put off a subject so important to this late period of life."

"Is it too late?" said the inquirer; "I never knew much about it, but I always supposed that Christianity was rejected by the great majority of learned men. I intend, however, now to examine the subject thoroughly myself. I have upon me, as my physician says, a mortal disease, under which I may live a year and a half or two years, but not probably longer. What books, sir, would you advise me to read?"

"The Bible," said the elder.

"I believe you don't understand me," resumed the unbeliever, surprised in his turn: "I wish to investigate the truth of the Bible."

"I would advise you, sir," repeated the elder, "to read the Bible. And I will give you my reasons. Most infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Now to reason on any subject with correctness, we must understand what it is about which we reason. In the next place, I consider the internal evidence of the truth of the Sacred Scriptures stronger than the external evidence."

"And where shall I begin my investigation?" inquired the unbeliever. "At the New Testament?"

"No," replied the elder; "begin at the beginning—at Genesis."

The infidel bought a commentary, went home, and sat down to the serious study of the Scriptures. He applied all his strong and well-disciplined powers of mind to the Bible, to try rigidly but impartially its truth.

As he went on in his perusal, he received occasional calls from the elder. The infidel freely remarked upon what he had read, and stated his objections. He liked this passage—he thought that touching and beautiful—but he could not credit a third.

One evening the elder called, and found the unbeliever walking the room with a dejected look, his mind apparently absorbed in thought. He continued, not noticing that any one had come in, busily to trace and retrace his steps. The elder at length spoke:

"You seem, sir, to be in a brown study. Of what are you thinking?"

"I have been reading," replied the infidel, "the moral law."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the elder.

"I will tell you what I used to think," answered the infidel. "I supposed that Moses was the leader of a horde of banditti; that, having a strong mind, he acquired great influence over a superstitious people: and that on Mount Sinai he played off some sort of fireworks, to the amazement of his ignorant followers, who imagined, in their mingled fear and supersition, hat the exhibition was supernatural."

"But what do you think now?" interposed the elder.

"I have been looking," said the infidel, "into the nature of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot. It is perfect.

"The first commandment," continued he, "directs us to make the Creator the object of our supreme love and reverence. That is right. If he be our Creator, Preserver, and Supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat him, and none other, as such. The seconds forbids idolatry. That certainly is right. The third forbids profanity. The fourth fixes a time for religious worship; and if there be a God, he ought surely to be worshipped. It is suitable that there should be an outward homage, significant of our inward regard. If God be worshipped, it is proper that some time should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship him harmoniously and without interruption One day in seven is certainly not too much, and I do not know that it is too little. The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from family relations. Injuries to our neighbor are then classified by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character. And," said he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, "I notice that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus the greatest injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; to character, perjury. Now the greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to life; adultery every injury to purity, and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper desire in regard to our neighbors.

"I have been thinking," he proceeded "where did Moses get that law? I have read history: the Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans; and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get this law, which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous, but he has given a law in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent time can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

The infidel,—infidel no longer—remained to his death a firm believer in the truth of Christianity.

A CHINAMAN'S LOGIC.

In a sermon by Rev. T. R. Stevenson, published in the Chinese *Recorder*, the following fact is stated: A missionary in one of our Chinese cities labored long and apparently unsuccessfully. He was becoming discouraged when one day a Chinaman astonished him with the remark: "I want your God to be my God." The missionary answered, "What do you mean?" "I wish to be of the same religion as you." "Why do you?" "Because if your God is like you, he must be good." It is not in China alone, that inferences are drawn from the lives of Christian men. When the light shines, men glorify God as Christ said they would. (Matt. 5: 16.)

FAMILY PRAYER IN PERSIA.

A missionary in Persia was recently entertained for a night in the course of his journey by a family of converted fire-worshippers. He was interested in seeing how they continued their former habits of worship while praising God. He says: "The children had been put to bed, and after some conversation with us the husband and wife rose and stood in the middle of the room facing one another. In this attitude they had been accustomed to sing their hymn to the setting sun. Now the man began by chanting the Lord's Prayer in a high key, and then he repeated without book the beautiful Eighteenth Psalm beginning: 'I love thee, O Lord, my strength.' Then the seventieth Psalm: 'Make haste, O God, to deliver me.' Finally the hundred and third Psalm 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.' The woman's voice joined the man's, and both sang with plaintive and monotonous voice. When they ceased their worship, the mother, still standing in the centre of the room, was asked by her husband if the children were all well; if they were sleeping soundly; if the cattle had been carefully stalled. She replying satisfactorily, they retired to rest."

BE THANKFUL.

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For songs of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain for stream and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood—
In everything give thanks.

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glistening in the sky—
For these and everything we see,
O Lord, Our hearts we lift to thee;
For everything give thanks!

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A Vacation Trip TO THE **ROCKIES.**

"Manitou and the Mountains" have become household words, and when one nowadays contemplates a summer trip, the popular point, Manitou, at once comes to the front in the minds of all, and the decision in nine cases out of ten is, "Yes, to Manitou we will go."

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A CHINESE MARTYR.

How a Native Christian was Hounded and Lashed by his Persecutors.

IN view of the recent attacks on Christians in China, resulting, as already stated in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in the cruel murders of white teachers and native converts, the following narrative of persecution for the Saviour's sake, will be found specially interesting. The details are obtained from C. F. Johnson, M.D., formerly of Peotone, Ill., but now a missionary, at Ichowfu, North China. The following facts are taken from his letter published in the *Interior:* A man who had charge of the collection of taxes in his district, was arrested for misappropriation of the government funds and sent to the nearest city to be arraigned before the judge. In passing through one of the villages on his way he made his escape. The official, exasperated at losing the prisoner, declared that the Christians must have aided in the escape. He sent to the village where the prisoner was last seen and arrested a man named Gung, a well-known native Christian. Gung was able to clear himself of the charge, for he was not in the village when the man passed through. He would have been released, as a matter of course, if he had not been a Christian, but as it was he was kept in prison.

The animus of the proceeding was perceived when he was brought before the chief official. "What do you mean," he was asked, "by following after these foreign devils as you do? Don't you know they are trying to break down the government of China and the religion of China and bring in a foreign government and a foreign religion? What do you mean by following them and helping them?" Then the old man stood up before that official—as strong in his faith as was Paul before Agrippa—and said: "Your honor, I am not following the foreigners. I believe there is one true God in heaven, who sent his Son into this world to save sinners, and I am trusting in that Son to save me from my sins. This is not the foreigners' religion; this is the world's religion, and I believe it."

He was not allowed to say any more. At a signal from the great man the guard seized him and threw him down. He was sentenced to receive four hundred lashes and they were administered there and then. He was thrust back into prison and three separate times afterward he was brought out and beaten. Then, finding he would die rather than deny Christ, he was released, and his friends carried him to Chefoo for treatment by the medical missionary. His back and shoulders were covered with wounds where the bamboo rods had cut deep into the flesh. Under careful treatment he recovered. His friends then begged him to lodge a complaint against the official who had beaten him illegally, but Gung firmly refused. "Leave him to God," he said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord." They continued to urge him as opportunities occurred, to present the case to superior officers, but they could not move him, and finally the news came that the culpable official had died a most miserable death.

CONVERTS AMONG SLAVES.

IT is true now, as it was in the time of Christ, that "to the poor the Gospel is preached" and true also, that while the rich turn away the common people hear it gladly. An instance of this kind is given in a letter to the *Independent* by the Rev. W. R. Manley, one of the American Baptist Missionaries in India. He has been laboring among the Telugus and he says that ,though representatives of all classes are to be found among the converts the majority are out-castes, or people whom the Brahmins regard as having no caste at all. These are the Pariahs of the Tamil country, the Malas and Madegas among the Telugus. They were for ages the serfs of the Sudra farmers, the practice of selling them into actual slavery having continued well on into the present century, in the Tamil country at least; and their condition, as a class, is one of subjection to constant oppression and injustice. The Malas are the weavers of the country, while the Madegas are the leather dressers and coolie laborers. According to a custom which prevails in certain parts, the Madega enters into a contract to make for his Sudra master a certain number of pairs of sandals, besides repairing them when necessary, and also to work in his fields when called. The contract is usually for a year, and the stipulated price is paid in grain, a portion of which is given in advance. But the slightest pretext is made an excuse for keeping back part of the pay, and thus they are subjected to all sorts of injustice, not infrequently losing the greater part of what they have earned.

But poor and despised as these two classes are, they are the ones from whom the thousands of converts in the Telugu Mission have come, and the large majority have come from the Madegas. The cleanly intelligent Brahmins and the fine stalwart Sudras are kept by dread of losing caste from accepting Christ, while the poor neglected Malas and Madegas by thousands have received with joy the news of salvation. They are not model Christians, Mr. Manley says, but compared with their former condition and compared with their heathen neighbors the improvement is wonderful. They have altogether abandoned the repulsive practices which most disgraced them and they are growing daily in knowledge and grace.

A PERNICIOUS FASHION.

FEW persons know the origin of high-heeled shoes. It is believed that they owe their invention to Persia, where they were introduced upon sandals in the form of wooden blocks, for the purpose of raising the feet from the heated sands of that country. The Persian heel for men was about two inches in height, while those of the women were much higher, varying from eighteen inches to two feet. They had all the effect of a pair of stilts, and gave the wearer a most distressing gait, of which that produced by the modern high heel of fashion is a mild reproduction. Next they came into vogue in Venice, where they were designed to keep wives from going abroad gossiping, and were called "chapineys." The Venetian sort were profusely decorated, and the rank of the wearer was determined by their height and adornment, some being over half a yard high. In both countries, however, they were used only for a limited period, the effect upon the health of the wearers being decidedly bad. In this country the high-heeled shoe has become a craze with many ladies. Physicians declare that it is ruinous to health and distorting to the body, besides being ungraceful. On moral as well as physiological grounds it is to be condemned as being on a par with many vanities denounced in the Scriptures.

A PERSECUTOR SURPRISED.

THE magnanimity of a Christian wife in China has heaped coals of fire on her husband's head. Mr. Meadows of the China Inland Mission writes: "In one of our out stations there is a woman whose husband has beaten her times without number for attending the services. The preacher dare not visit her, and no disciple, male or female, was permitted to enter the house. A short time ago he beat his poor wife so severely as to be afraid that he had gone too far; and he began to regret his violence. Shortly afterward he was seized with a serious illness, and was unable to rise from his bed or help himself. 'Now,' he thought, 'my wife will pay me back for my ill-treatment. She will not attend to me, so I must do the best I can for myself.' His wife, who was slowly recovering from his cruel treatment, did all she could to make him comfortable, and even used up her little savings to buy some delicacies. This was all done with such Christian grace and patience, without one unkind word, that the husband was astonished, and began to think, 'There cannot be anything very bad in the religion of Jesus, or my wife would not have acted in this manner towards me.' From that time he has given her full liberty to attend the service." Mr. Meadows mentions that she and a few other converts have opened a mission room and pay a native teacher to conduct the services.

A TITLED CRUSADER.

AN extraordinary mission in the great African desert has sprung out of Cardinal Lavigerie's mission work. He has organized a band of men whom he calls, "The Armed Brethren of the Sahara" and a few weeks ago he held at Biskra on the borders of the Desert a solemn service at which he dedicated them to their work. At their head is a man of the spirit of Ignatius Loyola. He is the Vicomte de Brissac, formerly well-known in the sporting world of Paris, but now devoted heart and soul to the service of their Church. With him are twelve others, none of them more than thirty-five years of age, who have bound themselves to the work and to celibacy for the space at least of five years. These Templars, as they may be called, are, partly like the Trappists, devoted to industry. They are to cultivate dates and palms in the oases of the Desert. They are to care for the wounded and the sick, and to secure them from violence. They have erected a home which they call "the house of the brethren" which is the first of those which may be established on the confines of the Sahara or in its oases; and they are from their position to be regarded as at once loyal to France and to their Church.

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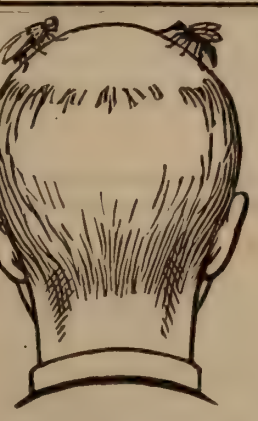

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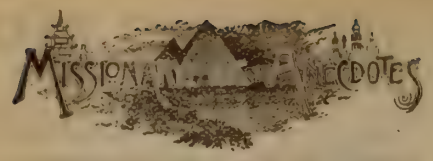

A MISSIONARY ON A BED OF ADDERS.

MRS. ELLEN CUSHING, who, with her husband, has been engaged in missionary work in Burmah for many years, in addressing the Foreign Missionary Union at the last anniversary meeting in Philadelphia, told the following incident of life in that wild country: "We had been travelling through the country away from any settlement for several days," she said, "and one afternoon, when it was unadvisable to proceed farther that day, feeling very tired I threw a blanket upon a pile of dead leaves and lay down to have a quiet nap. I had hardly closed my eyes when, feeling something crawling on me, I looked, to find with horror that it was a deadly brown adder. The reptile was nearly five feet long, and he was sliding slowly across me. To move or cry out would have been instant death, so I determined to lie perfectly still and pretend to be without life. Closing my eyes and holding my breath I waited until the adder crawled slowly along and over my face. His cold, slimy body in touching my face produced such a sensation that it was nearly more than I could do to remain passive, but I managed to do so until the reptile had gotten away some distance, and then I jumped up and screamed just like a woman. The coolies and my husband ran to my assistance, and when they stirred up the leaves on which I had made my bed adders came squirming out in all directions. It seems that I had laid on a nest of them."

A QUESTION AT A BALL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Indian Witness*, warning its Christian readers against dancing, relates the following incident: Miss —— was preparing for confirmation and felt the solemnity of the vows she was about to make; at once she gave up dancing, and in vain worldly friends urged her to join in this amusement; but, meeting a Christian lady, by whom she was told that "dancing was no harm," Miss ——, being very fond of the amusement, returned to it. She still regarded herself as a Christian, and would certainly not have resumed dancing but for her friend's assurance that there was "no harm" in it. At a ball shortly afterward she asked her partner in the dance, "Are you a Christian?" His reply was, "No; nor you, or you would not be here!" She quitted the ball-room and sought counsel from another Christian lady, who spoke of pleasures that were everlasting and led her to Jesus. She felt dancing to be out of the question, and has since then been satisfied with the joy she has in Christ.

A FRIEND AT COURT.

IN a letter to the *Church* from Tabriz, in Persia, the Rev. S. G. Wilson speaks of the advantages already accruing to the mission work there through the appointment of Dr. Holmes to be consulting physician to the Vali-Ahd or heir-apparent. He says: It was on the ground that it gave us recognition and encouragement that it was opposed by the Mollahs. His highness was so much interested in an exhibition of the powers of the microscope that he then and there insisted on purchasing the instrument for his own use. Photography and telegraphy are already matters of practical knowledge to the prince. The Amir-i-Nizam, the governor who showed Dr. Nelson honor, has required considerable attention. Besides, the fees accuring from such practice, the friendship of the authorities is worth much. Not long ago one of the colporteurs of the American Bible Society was robbed and beaten by some villagers. The governor, when appealed to through the English Consul, immediately sent his soldiers, punished the villagers, and refunded the value of the property. As many cases at law are allowed to hang on interminably, the promptness in this case was due to friendship for our physician.

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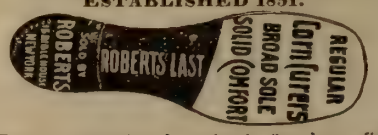

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IN SIN'S STRONGHOLD.

The Brave Work that is Being Done for Christ by the "Salvation Army" Lasses—A Mission in the New York Slums.

IT would be hard to decide which is the most sin-steeped spot among the slums of New York. There are places in the great city to which a parallel can only be found in the festering purlieus of London and Paris, where vice openly flaunts itself and sin holds sway, defiant of law and public opinion. Such a spot is, or rather till lately was, on the corner of Roosevelt and Oak Streets. It would have been difficult to find a drearier or more cheerless section to live or die in on Manhattan Island. It has been aptly called the

"Wickedest spot in New York,"

for to it the hardest class seemed to gravitate naturally. With its saloons add foul-smelling tenements, its rowdies and viragos, its criminals and unfortunates, it was a neighborhood from which the honest poor would shrink in dismay, and in passing which the respectable citizen would keep a sharp lookout for thugs.

To this forbidding quarter, two years ago, there came to live two quiet-looking girls. They took a room in the very worst part of the section, at a spot notorious for its brawls and disturbances. Their first care was to make their tenement room clean and sweet. True, they had no carpet for the floor; but the boards were scrubbed as white as stout arms and rough brushes could make them. The furniture was strong and serviceable, like the dress of the new inmates, who wore plain calico gowns and ample white aprons.

By-and-by, the denizens of the "wickedest spot in New York" found the new-comers a subject for gossip. Curiosity was aroused regarding them, their means of living and their habits. Yet no evil could be said of the two pleasant-faced young women, who were so kind and neighborly and who proved ever ready to assist those living near-by. They seemed to like to help, just for the pleasure of helping, and their perseverance in these ways made friends even of the rough folk by whom they were surrounded. Besides, if there was a sick man or woman about, they visited the invalid, cleaned up the sick-room, fed the children, if there happened to be a brood, as is generally the case in tenements, and talked so gently the while that people

Couldn't Help but Welcome Them

when they came again. And the neighbors knew that whenever their own larder ran short there was always a bit to be had from the strangers' cupboard, or a cup of fragrant tea. Altogether, they were a puzzle to the slum which they had selected to live in, but an exceedingly pleasing puzzle, nevertheless. By their simple ways and kindly acts they won the hearts of the rough class and their respect as well. Never a word of offence would be uttered while they were near, and the lips that at other times were brimming with oaths and vulgarities, were suddenly sealed as soon as the twain came in view.

Six months passed before the neighbors knew that the two gentle girls who had come to live among them and who had made such a conquest, were Salvation Army women. When the fact finally leaked out, they

Forgot to Scoff and Jeer,

as they had often done at the Army. These girls deserved better treatment and even the worst among the men were too gallant to deride them, now that they had donned the familiar uniform of the Army. The girls were Staff Captain Emma Bowen, a sweet-faced Englishwoman, and Mary Johnson, a Swede. Both had seen service in the Army, Miss Bowen having served two years in England before coming to America, and Miss Johnson, who was converted in New York, having been four years engaged in similar work in the metropolis. Bright-faced, cheery-voiced and strong-limbed, they brought to their new field of work a vigor and wholesome energy that were good to see. They showed the shiftless mothers of that neighborhood how to keep house, to care for their children and to win their lazy, spendthrift husbands from

The Soul-Wrecking Saloons.

They preached little but they sang a good deal; they were skilled with the needle, and soon the housewives of the district learned to respect and trust them.

The children, too, no longer roamed idly about the streets, ragged and unkempt; for the Salvation lasses took care that the toddlers should be amused rationally and kept clean as well. In fact, what with the children and the adults, they had altogether too much to do, and it soon became apparent that the outpost of the Army needed reinforcements. They needed more soldiers and more money. Contributions were started and soon a special fund was forthcoming to carry on the mission in the slums. Captain Brown secured the assistance of

Seven Young Women

and at the same time the mission was extended up into Chrystie street, and down into Cherry and Water streets. The mission rooms at Oak and Roosevelt streets were extended by the addition of two more apartments and these were devoted to the use of the children whom the mothers sent there to be cared for daily. Fifteen or twenty are regularly cared for at the present time. There is no pleasanter place in town than this simple nursery, where the little waifs, redeemed from the barren prospects of a life of misery, are taught to love the Saviour and become moral, honest and useful members of society.

The illustrations which appear in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD afford some idea of the quarters occupied by these noble women who deserve to be accounted heroic workers in the Christian cause. Staff Captain Emma Bowen and her lieutenant, Miss Johnson, together with Lieutenant Pavid, another devoted and successful worker, are shown in an interesting group, with some of

Their Little Nursery Charges.

Their work is any work that comes to hand. They are expert in wielding brush and broom, and they practice the doctrines of the good old proverb which declares that "cleanliness is next to godliness." They brighten up whatever they touch and cheer all whom they approach. They bring sunshine to the heart as well as to the house. Their inspiring songs and simple eloquence attract sympathetic audiences at the mission rooms, where the fervor of the services is attested by the hearty choruses on the part of men and the tears of the women. The hymn "Jesus will save You," rarely fails to bring tears to the eyes of the hardened sinners. The text-slips and printed hymns distributed by the mission band are eagerly taken.

"We are never molested in the street" said one of the Salvation lasses, to the writer. "No matter at what hour of the night we may be called on to go out to duty, we are safe. The roughest men know us and treat us with perfect politeness. They recognize that we have come here to do good and they put no obstacles in our way.

"It wasn't always this way, though, she added with a smile. "They

Called us the 'Unknown Women'

and stared us out of countenance, if that were possible. Whatever rows may be going on—and there are often people getting roughly handled—we are never challenged or insulted. I think we could find a score of champions if we but raised a finger anywhere in this district."

One of the waifs whom the writer saw when he called at the Mission, was a bright little thing of about seven or eight. The Mission women had taken her to the nursery in pity and cared for her, because her mother, who had been on a prolonged debauch, was suffering from an attack of *delirium tremens* and the child was left uncared for and absolutely without food. Nor is this an isolated case. It is a familiar experience to find the children of such parents left to wander the streets and pick up such stray morsels of food as they can, while their hardened parents are too maudlin to even notice their existence.

Such a Mission as this goes to the very foundation of Gospel work and reaches a stratum of humanity so

Degraded and Utterly Fallen

as to be beyond the reach of other agencies. There is, perhaps, no other way in which the slums can be purified than by the adoption of practical methods, such as are employed by Staff Captain Bowen and her little band of courageous women, who, denying themselves even the most ordinary comforts, devote their lives day and night to the rescuing of their fellow-men and women. Yet, with all the disadvantages attending their lot, the Salvation lasses are happy; happy in the knowledge that they are serving the Master faithfully among the lowly, and that they are the chosen means of reaching those who otherwise would be among the forgotten outcasts who never hear the glad tidings. Their work has been abundantly blessed, too, in these few years. Slowly, but surely, the wicked neighborhood is being revolutionized by their godly influence and example. Practical charity and the Gospel have proved in their case an infallible combination for fighting sin in its stronghold, and the "wickedest place in New York" has already yielded a harvest of souls to Christ through their humble instrumentality. Transient philanthropic efforts in the congested east-side districts have hitherto accomplished little.

They look forward hopefully to the day when the Mission in the Slums will be extended to include all the plague-spots in "Darkest New York."

STAFF-CAPTAIN EMMA BOWEN AND HER AIDS.
The "Salvation Lasses" who Conduct the Mission in the Slums.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A POOR INVESTMENT.

"Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." Isa. 52 : 3.

THE Lord's people had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon, and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled: "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title-deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and houses, and a summer resort, and jolly companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world. He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone; and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good-morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind, and my soul and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long while expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for nought."

I tell you the world is a liar; it does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "It will help to bury me anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

Post-mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world; and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud, and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferriage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail; and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity, and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham Street to buy silk pocket-handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness, It has deceived and deluded every man who has ever put his trust in it.

History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostril, and there were the richest meats and wines and

BABYLON CAPTIVE.

fruits, and confections, pleasing the appetite, and there was a soft couch of sinful indulgence on which he reclined; and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the Conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian Empire. I was king over Asia. Begrudge me not this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulchre.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Paternoster Row with a volcano in my breast." Smollet, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Buchanan, the world-renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII. for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy? "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children of my brain so hung, drawn, and quartered, tortures me like a condemned spirit."

I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its wall was a picture-gallery. I found his death-chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his death-bed, and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man, and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row; but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent. of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent., nor twenty per cent., nor two per cent., nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead babe lies on your lap; that it gives no peace when conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble; and at the time of your decease it takes hold of the pillow-case, and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place thereof sighs, and groans, and execrations, and then makes you put your head on it. Oh, ye who have tried this world, is it a satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the courts sells a man out, the officer generally leaves a few chairs and a bed, and a few cups and knives; but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind, and soul: Going! Gone! "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short-lived, and that, panting, it would soon lie down for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefingers on its eternal pulses? Have you not felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you not known that, after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outposts of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, had no right to take the title-deed from you; and if you will join me I shall get a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven reinstating you into the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I can not pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it can not do anything in this matter of the soul. You can not buy your way through. Dollars and pounds sterling mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven

IN PILATE'S HALL.

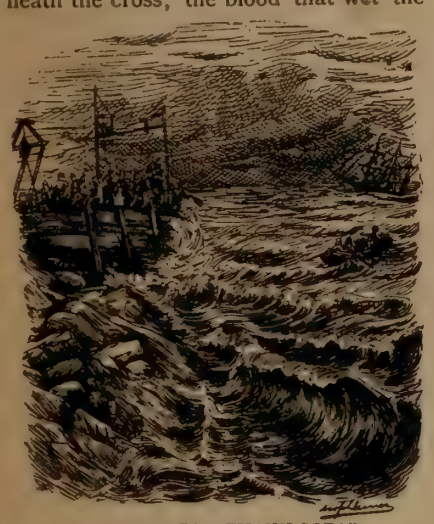
would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall Street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer: Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It want's a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king? I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes twelve. and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and he descends, and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until he touches the sheep-covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull-shaped, and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherealized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says: "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancet into the arm of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old strike the knife into the kid, and the go and the pigeon, and the bullock, and ers, lamb? It was so that when the bl rushed out from these animals on floor of the ancient tabernacle the pe should be compelled to think of the c

ing carnage of the Son of God. No blood no atonement.

"Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me." Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel, and iron, and wood, so much as out of your sins. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and this deicide, confess your guilt to-day. Ten thousand voices of heaven bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty. Prepare to die, or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice, or accept the Saviour's sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance.

It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus; but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane; but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's Hall; but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on his temple, the blood on his cheek, the blood on his chin, the blood on his hand, the blood on his side, the blood on his knee, the blood on his foot—the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools coagulated beneath the cross; the blood that wet the



"ALL SAVED! THANK GOD!"

tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that plashed warm in the faces of his enemies." Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is bought back. Take it. "You have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." O atoning blood, cleansing blood, life-giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not burst into tears at the thought that for thee he shed it—for thee the hard-hearted, for thee the lost?

"No," says some one; "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the enemies of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and throw it on my head and cry: 'His blood be on us and on our children!'" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief acoss your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh, do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat

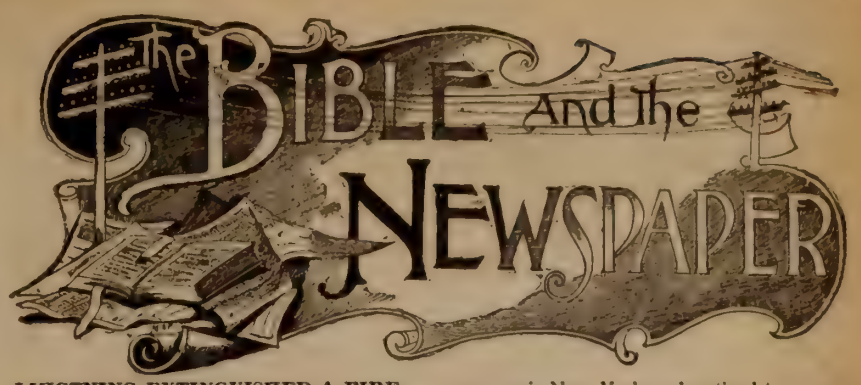
s g[illegible]im upon whom everything depends.
o g[illegible] I do not know how you will get away
C[illegible]om this subject. You see that you are
when[illegible]ld out, and that Christ wants to buy
new[illegible]u back. There are three persons who
hort[illegible]me after you to-day: God the Father,
he st

God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the Triune God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin-offering, bearing your transgressions. Christ, the surety, paying your debts. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish capitivity.

Would you not like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal rescue. This is the alternative divinely put: "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you.

O Lord God of the judgment day! avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the cimeter that slays the sin but saves the sinner. Strike, omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal sea! with all thy waves again the barren beach of that rocky soul, and make it tremble. Oh! the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second, on which the soul's destiny quivers, and this is that hour, that minute, that second!

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the sea-coast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signal of distress, and the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They came on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them, they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boat-hook put in the collar of his coat; and some in one way and some in another; but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!" The people on the land were afraid the life-boat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier-heads and on the beach wringing their hands; and while they waited and watched, they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the life-boat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept though the boiling surf and came to the pier-head, the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat, and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!" So may it be to-day. The waves of your sin run high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier-heads of heaven to watch and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."



LIHGTNING EXTINGUISHED A FIRE.

A REMARKABLE incident of damage being checked by the agent which caused it, is reported by the *Journal* of Lewiston, Me. It says that in a recent thunder storm a barn at South Windham, was struck by the electric fluid and one end of it was broken down and set on fire. Instead of going to earth the fluid followed the service-pipe supplying the building with water and entered the main pipe running to Portland, making a large hole in it. The heavy pressure sent the water over the ridge-pole of the building, and extinguished the fire. Ministers and Christian workers have often witnessed spiritual phenomena, of which this incident is a type. The Holy Spirit often uses the Word of God to cause poignant distress and again uses the same Book to heal the wounds it has made. by revealing Jesus the Saviour from sin and eternal death. (Gal. 3 : 24.)

A STRANGE REUNION.

A BROTHER and sister were reunited under romantic circumstances, in New Haven, on July 25. In 1870 a gentleman and his wife, who resided in Baltimore, Md., were in Chicago on a visit. They had with them their two children—a girl of ten years of age and a boy of two. The father was seized with paralysis and died before the visit to Chicago terminated. The mother placed the two children in a school, temporarily, while she settled up her husband's affairs and decided on a new place of residence, more in accord with her changed circumstances. Before the business was done she, also, died very suddenly. The children were thus orphaned, and when the great fire occurred and the school was burned, the teachers of the school did not know who were the children's nearest relatives. They were finally adopted by two different families. The boy attracted the notice of a trainer of wild animals who, needing a child to assist him in some of his sensational performances, asked for and obtained possession of the boy. Meanwhile, the family who adopted the girl removed to Oshkosh, Wis. The trainer took the boy around the country with him using him in his exhibitions. He died a few months ago in New York, but, shortly before the end, he called the boy, then a fine young man twenty-two years old, and told him all he knew of his history. Then inquires were set on foot for the missing sister. The result was the discovery of her in Wisconsin. She was delighted to hear that her brother was still living and she immediately set out for the East, and met him in New Haven after a separation of twenty years. She was not like those who even after they have heard that their Elder Brother is seeking them, with a heart full of love, to save them from endless misery, are careless of his appeals. (Heb. 2 : 17.)

TELL-TALE TATTOOING.

NEARLY two years ago a young man earning good wages as a lithographer made the acquaintance of a Brooklyn girl. They were attached to each other from their first meeting and eventually became engaged. The young man having satisfied the girl's parents of his steady habits and his ability to support a wife, they gave their consent to the engagement. He visited her frequently, took her to various entertainments and proved himself a most devoted lover. As an evidence of his sincerity and fidelity he had the back of one of his hands tattooed with a star and an anchor, which, as he explained to the girl, was intended to indicate that she was the star to which all his hopes were anchored. Anew he vowed that he would be true to her as long as the marks endured. Early this year, however, his manner toward the girl grew cold; his visits became more rare and finally ceased altogether. He was sought but could not be found. As there was ground for a criminal charge, the matter was put in the hands of the police, but they, too, were unable to trace the missing lover. On the night of July 26, however, the detective who had charge of the case was in New York and noticed two young men standing in the strong light of an electric lamp. One of them rested his hand on the shoulder of the other as they talked. That hand bore the tattoo marks which the detective relied on as a means of recognition and he promptly arrested the owner of the hand. The culprit doubtless wishes, by this time, that he had obeyed the Levitical law which forbade tattooing, (Lev. 19: 28) as it led to his identification. The time is coming when a mark on the hand or the forehead will bear an infinitely more serious signification. It will identfy those who serve Antichrist (Rev. 13: 16,) and those who are faithful to God. (Rev. 14: 1.)

CAPSIZED SHIPS.

NEARLY every incoming vessel which has reached New York during the past month has reported having passed some derelicts tossing about the North Atlantic. The peculiarity of the reports lies in the fact that nearly every one of the wrecked vessels is reported as floating bottom up. The cause that induces a craft that is built to float keel downward to assume the unnatural attitude of pointing it to the skies as soon as abandoned, is a point on which sea-faring people widely differ. It is easy enough to comprehend how an abandoned and helpless vessel, drifting at the mercy of wind and wave, can be thrown on her beam end and even entirely capsized when struck broadside on by an Atlantic wave. But why subsequent waves do not send them back to their normal floating position appears to be a vexed question. Various causes have been assigned for the fact, but seafaring men do not agree as to the true one, though all testify as to the fact. The same peculiarity is observed in human derelicts. They can never right themselves, nor can they be righted by the tides of dissipation which have overturned them. Only when the power of God is exercised in answer to prayer do they regain their proper position. (Micah 7: 19.)

A LAW ABUSED.

A LARGE number of persons who have gone to South Dakota to take advantage of its lax divorce law are in consternation at the decision pronounced in a recent case by Judge Aikens. It appears that there is no state in the Union, in which legal residence may be acquired in so short a time and in which divorces may be obtained for trivial causes. The law has been on the statute books for nineteen years, and was enacted by the Territorial Legislature in its early days for the purpose of inducing immigration to the then sparsely-settled prairies of South Dakota, and the act of granting divorces on such a short period of time contemplated that the applicant would remain a resident of the Territory and contribute to the building up of the then thinly-settled commonwealth. But it has been found that husbands and wives from the East, who wish to be divorced go there, stay the required time, obtain the divorce and then go back to the East, thus defeating the object of the law. Judge Aikens, whose Court is in Sioux Falls, where several well-know women are now waiting for a decree, dismissed a suit a few days ago, and in doing so notified the bar that petitioners whose evident intention it was to leave the state, when they accomplished the object for which they came, would get no relief from him. The law was for the benefit of bona fide citizens not for strangers. Other judges have endorsed his action and will follow his example. They appear to have just ground for complaint. Ministers of Churches have often been imposed upon in a similar way. Men and women have obtained admission not because they have been converted and desire to remain and work for Christ, but to gain business advantages, or social status, which object accomplished they neglect their duties and show no interest in the prosperity of the Church. Like the Jews who followed Christ, they seek him not for salvation from sin, but for the loaves and fishes. (John 6:26.)

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 23, By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 6 : 26-40. Golden Text, John 6 : 34.

AFTER the miracle of the loaves, Jesus "departed again into a mountain himself alone." It is the instinct of a truly spiritual life to be much alone with God: it is the flesh, the natural man which is more at home with fellow Christians than with God himself. In the life of Jesus, everything was prepared beforehand with his Father, and after his mighty works had taken place, Jesus had no desire to tarry where he might perceive the impression they made on man, he was but an instrument acting for his Father.

The need of his disciples in their peril on the lake recalled him, and he went to them, walking on the water. But the very men who had seen him multiplying the loaves, had so little comprehended him that it never struck them he could command the sea also: "They considered not the miracle of the loaves, for their heart was hardened."(Mark 6: 52.) They were occupied with the miracle rather than with him who worked it, and

Jesus was no more to Them

than before. It is an easy work to Jesus to subdue the elements; the hearts of his disciples offer him the most resistance. "They willingly received him into the ship," and his presence effected a wonderful work; winds, waves distance, and all but the unbelief of the disciples yielded before him, "and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. Jesus in the ship, Jesus in the meeting, Jesus in the family life, Jesus in the undertaking which we may have in hand, and all is changed, distance, time, natural law all things bow before him.

The multitudes which had been miraculously fed by Jesus were unwilling to lose sight of him. They had seen the disciples embark alone, and yet, although Jesus did not accompany them, he was no longer to be found on the Decapolis side of the sea, nor had any other boat left their shore by which he could have sailed; all was mystery to them. So they "took shipping, and came to Capernaum seeking for Jesus," and, in their eager curiosity they asked him, "Rabbi, when camest thou hither?" Jesus can read hearts; if these people sought the Messiah they must be

Brought to Reality.

Jesus said to them, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled." "Speaking the truth in love!" (Eph. 4 : 15.) Oh how far men will go to derive a little temporal advantage. Jesus says, "Labor not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of man shall give unto you."

From self-advantage the people turn to self-effort, from, what can we *get?* to what can we do? "What shall we do that we might work the works of God?" "This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent," the Person, the Messiah, whom they were ignoring in their pursuit of temporal gain. "What sign showest thou?" What sign? Had they not eaten of the miraculous supply, and could they, after that, want a sign? Oh how blindly unbelieving is the heart of man? "Our fathers," they say, "did eat manna in the desert." They are after the bread, the means of living, the necessities of time, that which men call the main thing. Jesus has been speaking of "meat which endureth unto everlasting life." But the people's conceptions rise no higher then the things of time and sense, and while they speak of the bread from heaven which God gave to their fathers in the wilderness, they have no eyes to see the same divine hand in the multiplication of the loaves. Jesus says to them, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from heaven." Moses was but an instrument, "but my Father giveth you"—now in the present moment "The true Bread from heaven; for the Bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

Like the woman of Samaria, the people make a direct request, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." And to them as to her

Jesus Declares Himself

as the "I am." "I that speak unto thee am he," he had said to her; "I am the Bread of life;" he says to them; "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," he says to her; "He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," he says to them. But O how different was the result! The woman of Samaria, sinful, defiled by sin as she was, bowed before Jesus as a Prophet, even before he declared himself as the Messiah, and no sooner had he made himself known to her, than she instantly surrendered, left her waterpot, left her past, and went forth to tell of Jesus! Those men, on the contrary, saw no Prophet in Jesus, and he must needs say to them: "But I said unto you, that ye also have seen me, and believed not. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Mary Magdalene was not cast out, the woman taken in adultery was not cast out, the thief on the cross was not cast out, the Peter who denied him was not cast out. But these poor unbelieving ones were casting themselves out, judging themselves unworthy of eternal life, (Acts 13: 46,) seeking first what they should eat and what they should drink, instead of seeking "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

The Jews were entirely earthly in their conception, they could not understand a life within which was sustained by something beyond time and sense, they "murmured," and said, "Is not this Jesus, the Son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven?" Jesus reminded them of their own Scriptures which pointed to direct communication from heaven. It is written in the prophets, and they shall be all taught of God and from this he spoke of how the Father should draw to him those who had heard and learned of the Father. Those who were really true to Old Testament light should be ready to receive their Messiah. But all this was out of their sphere. They wanted to materialize everything, and reduce everything to logic, refusing to believe everything which was beyond the little compasss of their experience. O how many are there like them,—men who want to master divine things, to master God's Word, to reduce God's Spirit to system, because they are too earthly, too bound up in their own self-life to understand things divine!

But the mystery of godliness will ever remain a mystery to the natural man. There was something revolting to human conception in the idea, materially considered, that Jesus should give himself for food. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" And the answer did not enlighten them. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life: and I will raise him up at the last day. For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, dwelleth in me, and I in him." And yet, to the spirit taught of God, how inexpressibly blessed is this truth! Jesus explains it to the hearing heart in the words, "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." Just as there are capacities in our outward natural bodies to take in food, and thereby to replenish the waste and exhaustion of the outward system, so "the hidden man of the heart," the "life hid with Christ in God," possesses the capacity to take in Christ, the Word made flesh, and thereby to recuperate the powers of the inner man. Jesus is "the Bread of life." The manna in the wilderness could not save from death. "Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead" (vers. 49, 58), "he that eateth of this bread shall live forever." "This is the bread which cometh down from heaven that a man may eat thereof, and not die."

If our life is sustained by excitement, by religious preachers, by anything short of Christ himself, the elements of eternity are wanting. But to understand this truth, we must live it. "Walk as children of light . . . *proving* what is acceptable unto the Lord." (Eph. 5 : 8, 10.)

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

LABOR not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life. The first step in the right direction is to realize that we have a soul as well as a body, and that the body is mortal but the soul immortal.

> Life is real; life is earnest,
> And the grave is not its goal;
> Dust thou art to dust returnest,
> Was not spoken of the soul.

Yet we slave, worry, fret and scramble for the luxuries of this life, we set our hearts on rich raiment and sumptuous fare for these poor bodies of ours and neglect altogether the requirements of the soul. We look forward to the time when we can say: "Thou hast much goods laid up for many years. Take now thine ease, eat, drink and be merry," and like Esau we sell our spiritual birthright for a mess of pottage. Starved souls and pampered bodies are the result. Oh that God would open our eyes that we might see the folly of this course.

An old man took a Christian friend up to the top of his house, and, pointing with his hand, he said, "That is my land as far as you can see." He told him to look at the pastures for thirty miles around, and see the cows and oxen. "These are all mine," he said. He took him to another point and showed him houses and gardens and stacks stretching away, and said, "These are all mine." He then pointed to the town near by, where were large buildings, and said, "The whole of this is mine. I came to the West a poor boy, and have earned all this myself." When he got through, the Christian visitor said; "Well, what have you got up yonder?" The old man's countenance fell, and he asked, "What do you mean?" "What have you got in heaven?" "I haven't got anything there." "Is it possible a man of your ability, discretion, and prudence would enter eternity a pauper?" A few months from that time the man died as he lived. The world may say he was rich, but the Word of God says he was a fool.

This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. Realizing that we have an immortal soul, and that it is in danger of being lost, we must next believe "that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." When once we believe that, we will soon desire to know more about Jesus, and the more we know about him the more we will love him, and the more we love him the more we will desire to be like him and to re-live his life and re-exert his influence, for faith and works go hand in hand. But our ardor must not be so much greater than our opportunities that we fail to avail ourselves of them. There is more true Christianity in the quiet daily ministrations of a consecrated life than in waiting for some unusual opening to manifest our zeal on a wholesale scale.

A goldsmith, who was in the habit of throwaway the cotton waste used in wiping off machinery in his establishment was persuaded by a young man to permit him to remove the waste at stated intervals with a view to smelting out the particles of gold that adhered to it. The consideration was to be one-half the proceeds, but the goldsmith smilingly remarked that he did not think much would come out of it. Imagine his surprise on receiving a check for $120, at the end of the year as his share. So the Christian pilgrim who daily does some little deed of kindness will, at the end of the journey, be surprised to find how large in the aggregate are the riches which he laid up where moth doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.

And I will raise him up at the last day. The day of days toward which all time is tending, for which all days are made, and in the light of which all other days shall fail. The great day when you and I shall stand at the judgment bar of God to render an accounting of our stewardship. It is coming—surely coming and well will it be with us if we then are prepared to meet our God. If you have not already begun your preparation for the last day, begin now—or it may be eternally too late. Better start early and make your calling and election sure. You cannot start too soon.

A young man with no indications of intellectual excellence graduated at the head of his class in the West Point Military Academy. Nobody had expected it and everyone was surprised. Being plied with inquiries as to the means he employed in accomplishing such great honor and distinction, he replied that from the first day he entered up to the last day of the course he always felt that everything would depend on the final examination, and immediately he applied himself with all diligence to acquit himself nobly on that occasion. Whenever he felt tired or when tempted to indulge himself, he always remembered the final examination and that nerved him to renewed effort and increased consecration to the work in hand. And thus by constant application he finally mastered all difficulties and surmounted all obstacles. What an example for the Christian to follow! The Lord graciously help us evermore to remember the great final examination at the last day.

THE TWO HOMES.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for August 23. John 6: 34. "Lord, evermore give us this bread."

WHAT is to be done with the two children? That was the question under discussion in a family council sitting in the parlor of a desolated home, from which that morning a casket had been carried containing the remains of a widow who had survived her husband only a few weeks. The children in question—Helen and Arthur Edgerton, were in another room, cowering together, and scarcely realizing the extent of the loss they had sustained. Helen, two years the elder, was trying to comfort her brother, to whom she was to be mother and sister both, as she had promised her mother she would be. "You will be a good boy Arthur and always love me and do what I wish you," she was saying. "And you will go to school regularly and not make yourself dirty playing with bad boys."

"I'll be good Helen, never fear, and mind what you say. I promised mamma I would. I shall soon grow up and then I can take care of you. Brothers always take care of their sisters when their papas are dead."

In the other room a different arrangement for the two orphans was being made. Mr. Dundas, the brother of the dead mother, was explaining his plan. He was a wealthy dry-goods merchant who, having started with a little borrowed capital, was now "good for a million." He considered that his sister married beneath her station, but that did not prevent his being affable to the brother of her deceased husband, who also was present in the family council. This Mr. Edgerton was a poor man—only a proof-reader in a city printing-house, with a salary so small that his wife had great difficulty in making it cover the expenses of their growing family. The two men were the nearest relatives the children had and Mr. Dundas proposed that each should take one of the children. He prided himself on always doing his duty but as he used to say he had found, through life, that it was foolish to do more than his duty, or other people took advantage of you. Otherwise, he would have taken both children. He could afford to do so, if he chose, he was happy to say.

Mr. Edgerton thought it was a pity to separate the children. Now that their parents were dead they would be lonely anyway, and they would need each other. He should like to take them both—here he caught a warning look from his wife's eye—but he could not afford it.

"Well then," said Mr. Dundas, "that is settled. My wife would like the girl. I suppose that will suit you, Mr. Edgerton?"

Mr. Edgerton agreed, but repeated that he "thought it was a pity to separate the poor things."

The "poor things" were called in and informed of the decision with regard to them. Helen had her arm around Arthur's shoulders and she looked timidly from one to another as the plan was explained.

"Oh, I cannot do that," she said, when she understood it; "I promised mamma to look after Arthur. I will not live away from him."

"Little girls must not say they *will not* do anything," said Mrs. Dundas. "Arthur will not need you. His aunt Edgerton will take good care of him and you will live with me in my nice home. It is all settled."

Arthur had not spoken. He left the pleading to Helen's superior discretion, but his aunt's de-

cisive tones scared him. He threw his arms around his sister and wailed, "O, I can't bear it."

The childish cry of despair touched several hearts in the family council. Mrs. Edgerton's eyes filled and she nodded to her husband. "I guess we will take them both," he said. "We can't afford it very well, but God will help us to provide for the orphans."

Mr. Dundas would have readily consented to this change of plan, but for one consideration. What would people say of him if with all his wealth he allowed his sister's children to be supported by their poor uncle. "No, no," he said, "I expect you find things a pretty tight fit as it is. You cannot afford to keep them. My wife and I will take them both till this trouble wears off a bit, and they can come to you when Mrs. Dundas goes to the mountains in the summer."

So it was settled. The two children packed up their childish treasures and departed with their uncle and aunt for the merchant's splendid mansion.

It was not a happy life they led there. Truth to tell, it was not a happy home for any of its inmates. Mr. Dundas provided money lavishly and considered that having done so much, he had done his duty. He was arbitrary in his rule, and when irritated, took delight in making all around him suffer. Nor were the children more happy. They quarrelled with each other were arrogant with the servants and in spite of their advantages were growing up ignorant and uncultured. The bread of dependence in such a household could not be anything but bitter.

From the outset Helen and Arthur were made to feel that they were not on an equality with their cousins, and that they ought to be very grateful for having so grand a home. The winter passed drearily and the spring found them looking dull and depressed and spiritless.

"Helen," said Mrs. Dundas, one morning, "I have a letter from your aunt Edgerton. She is ready to receive you. We shall be busy preparing to go to the mountains now, so I think you and Arthur had better go this week."

"Rather poorer quarters than you have had here, my girl," said Mr. Dundas. "I suppose you will have enough to eat, but it will be as much as they can do. It is lucky for you that both your uncles are not poor. We'll send for you again in the fall."

The Edgerton home did seem small and poor to the children when they arrived. But Mrs. Edgerton kissed them both and gave them a hearty welcome. "We can't do as much for you as your Uncle Dundas," she said, "but we will try to make you happy."

There was no doubt about the Edgertons being poor, but none of the family seemed depressed by the fact. The children helped their mother about the household work; the mother was uniformly cheerful and kind.

"Are you very poor, Uncle?" Arthur asked one day when he and one of his cousins were walking with Mr. Edgerton in the public park. A handsome carriage had just passed, and Mr. Edgerton had lifted his hat in salute of its occupants.

"Oh, yes, my boy; I am poor but I manage to get along, thank God."

"Uncle Dundas says you have hardly bread to eat," continued the boy. "You do have enough, dont you?"

"I have bread to eat he knows nothing of," was the reply, "A wise man said once that a contented mind was a continual feast. I fancy I have that kind of feast, and it is very satisfying."

Arthur told Helen about this when he got home, as he told her everything. "What do you think uncle meant, Helen?" he asked.

"I am not sure," said Helen. "I will ask Aunt Edgerton."

"When a man loves God and trusts him about everything," Mrs. Edgerton said, "he is at peace. He does not fret and worry, because he knows God is caring for him. God supports him, and blesses him, and keeps him happy. That is what your uncle meant by having bread to eat that some people knew nothing of."

Helen gave the explanation to her brother. "Well," he said, "Uncle Edgerton is a deal happier than Uncle Dundas. And it is a good deal better here. We are all happier. I would sooner be poor like Uncle Edgerton, and as happy as he is, than be as rich as Uncle Dundas and be always fretting and worrying."

"Would you, indeed, my boy?" said Mr. Edgerton, who had come into the room unobserved by the children. "There is no difficulty about it. Christ offers that bread I told you of to every one who really wants it, and if they will take it they will never hunger for wealth or fame or anything else. It satisfies them. If you and Helen want it, then pray to

THE TWO WITNESSES.

The Symbolical Meaning of their Persecution, Death, Exposure and Rapture.

BY MATTHEW HABERSHON.

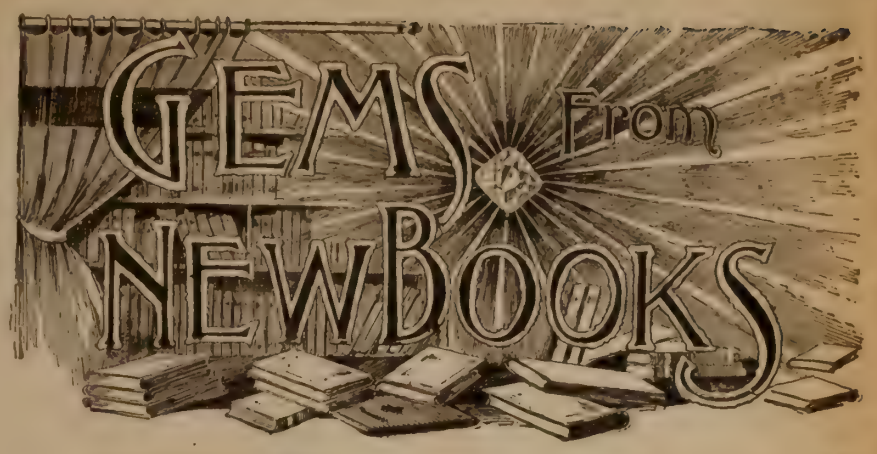
(*Continued from page 489.*)

HOWEVER we seek to ascertain the precise meaning of the resurrection and ascension of the two witnesses we ought not to keep out of our minds for a moment that it is an event which is to happen immediately preceding the dreadful sounding of the seventh trumpet, and, the consequent utter ruin of the ten kingdoms. They must, therefore signify something that can comport with such a state of things. Whatever the deliverance is, and a very great and complete one it will be, it must be one that will rise above all the horrors of the seventh trumpet! And as if to mark its completeness the more, it is set in the highest contrast with the event.

It is first said, that at the end of the three years and a half of their sufferings, "the spirit of life from God entered into them; and they stood upon their feet." To perceive the full force of these words we must look back to where it is said, that they have been made war against, and overcome, and killed: and their dead bodies have lain publicly exposed, and not suffered to be put into graves! The death here spoken of is not a literal death, but must be such a death as a church can offer. In like manner must we consider the life to be such a resuscitation as a church can enjoy. As the former appears to signify the entire silencing or extinction of all profession whatever of the religion of the Gospel, attended with circumstances of extreme contempt and ignominy; so the mention of their standing upon their feet, not through any favor of man, but by "the Spirit of life from God" entering into them, carries with it the idea that in the first instance, at the end of the three years and a half, they will, through some wonderful Divine interposition, rise into favor and into power—that is, that they will not only recover their former position "standing again upon their feet," but in a manner and an attitude which will cause great fear to fall upon those who see them!

The expression, "The Spirit of life from God," is very strong and, I consider has a remarkable fulness of meaning. It is the same as is used in Genesis 7: 22, according to the marginal reading. "All in whose nostrils was the breath of life died." It ought to convey to us, whom it so personally and so nearly concerns, an inexpressibly delightful and cheering feeling, that let the enemies of truth and revelation—the enemies of Christ and his saints—vent their impious rage as they may, and conceive, with that infidel Voltaire, that they have at length crushed that which is to them so great a torment, yet their rage is vain and their triumph but short. The Lord's witnesses shall be reanimated with the Spirit of life from God, and stand upon their feet, to the inexpressible confusion and dread of those who hate them; and even in this respect the Lord will vindicate his injured servants.

But a higher award, a nobler triumph than any earthly honor, enjoyment, or any earthly privileges, awaits them! They not only arise again into existence and to consideration, and that to the utter confusion of their enemies: but intimation, in some clear, unequivocal manner, is given them from heaven. They heard, it is said, a loud voice from heaven, that they are to ascend thither; for this loud voice in whatever way it is conveyed, said to them, "Come up hither." There is room for no mistake here, with regard to the language used: the voice was from heaven! the heaven of heavens, where God resides! and it will bear no other meaning. It can be no political heaven; not only this word as used in other places forbids the idea (Rev. 10: 4; 14: 2, 13), but the circumstances which surround it render it impossible. The political heaven, or ruling power consists of those who have been the cause of all the church's sufferings and they now behold its resurrection to political life with "great fear" and therefore cannot have contributed to it. But as if to show that political honor cannot be meant by this great and loud call from heaven the former verse, as above explained, shows they have already attained it. It must be, therefore, that this expression refers to an extraordinary scene; to that most extraordinary scene which we infer must take place from the whole



A GOOD START.

Truthfulness and Purity.*

I GIVE the first place to stern truthfulness. No prevarication; no innuendoes; no shams. Let the strict truth be spoken at all times and at all costs. Not this only; for a lie may be acted as well as spoken. There may be as big a falsehood in omission, or in concealment, as over-statement. As an old Latin proverb has it, "*Suppressio veri suggestio falsi*," *i.e.*, the suppression of the truth is the suggestion of a lie. Let your word be as good as your oath any day; your promise as valuable as your bond. You are already of consequence in the world, if it is known you can be implicitly relied upon. Strict fidelity is an article of high commercial value. You may have a pleasing address, good manners, and any amount of brain; all that is worth little, if absolute confidence cannot be placed in you. Loathe an untruth as you loathe death. Be jealous of any weakness on this point of character. Stamp it out, if it exists. Let there not be a trace of shuffling or slipperiness about you. Let your employer and your landlady feel you are as true as steel. Be always and sternly exact to your word. Such a reputation is better than great riches.

Again, let your name be a synonym for purity. Let your character, like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion. Have such an abhorrence of the lewd, the vile, the base, that the veriest hint of a charge against you will rebound and fall harmless at your feet.

The Lover of Pleasure.

The inordinate craving for excitement has much to do with the ruin of some young men. The dull routine life of the shop or office they cannot brook. They want thrill, and dash, and sensation. If danger mingles with it, so much the better. A Blondin on the tight-rope; an aeronaut dropping from the skies with a parachute; a Jehu mounted on a fiery charger—these are the sights they like to look upon.

It has been the same in every age; but we should have learned more wisdom by this time of day. "Bring in the giant," shouted three thousand men and women in the temple of Dagon at Gaza. Poor Samson had already had his eyes put out; but they thought he would afford them merriment, and so we read in the Book of Judges that "it came to pass when they were merry, they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison-house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars;" a passage I quote, as almost the only other in Scripture where the peculiar word in our text is employed. Wild, coarse, exciting, sensational pleasure. And—they got it, too. But hear the end of the story. Samson took hold of the two pillars on which the house stood, "and he bowed himself with all his might;" and down came the great building with a crash, burying the whole company in the fatal ruin.

Ah! one moment, mirth, and madness, and shouting, and laughter; the next, three thousand bruised and bleeding corpses.

Such, full often, is the end of riotous pleasure—disappointment, disaster, death. Did you ever know a young man turn out well who read French novels, purchased vile photographs, gave all his spare time to billiards, was enthusiastic on pugilism, and was well up in all the leading horse races?

The Fascination of Gambling.

How it grips the soul like a demon and blunts every feeling of humanity, is illustrated by the anecdote that Walpole tells, of a man who at a gambling-table fell down in a fit of apoplexy, whereon his companions instantly began to bet upon the chances of his recovery; and when the physician came in, they positively would not allow him to minister to the sufferer, on the ground that it would affect the bet. Some of you may recollect that when a good many years ago, the Prince of Wales was lying dangerously ill at Sandringham, his life hanging in the balance, heavy stakes were laid upon the issue. In a recent notorious criminal case, when all the country was waiting with bated breath to know whether an unhappy woman was to go to the gallows, or to be reprieved, I saw it stated that, among a certain class of the population in Liverpool and elsewhere, large sums were staked upon the issue. Some years ago, when in the South of France, I went as a visitor to see that strange place—material paradise and moral hell in one—Monte Carlo, I peeped into the gambling saloon. What a picture! It haunts me still. What agony on those faces gathered around the green table! Hollow eyes, haggard looks, quivering nerves, the emmaddening lust of gain; may I never look on such a sight again! The floor was scarcely dry of his blood where a fashionable young man, having risked and lost his all, had blown out his brains with a pistol! Yet, as though nothing had occurred, these eager players went on with their infernal game!

Bad Company.

Young men, it is impossible for you to be too careful as to the set you are thrown amongst. One night of vile company may neutralize all the blessed influences of an early and pious home. That cynical laugh, that filthy innuendo, that corrupting story, that brilliant lie, may be the fatal poison that shall never be eradicated from your soul. Numbers have cursed to their latest hour the unhappy day when they were lured into the society of men who could do them no good, but only evil.

It was there they were first made acquainted with Agnostic philosophy so-called, and obscene literature; and were inoculated with the virus of rank infidelity. Probably hardened old sinners would have produced little effect upon them, or might even have awakened recoil; but the fact of these being youths of their own standing made their influence overpowering; so that all their pious impressions vanished; "the young men laid hold on them, and they fled."

An Old Legend.

There is an old legend of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, how she went to the Holy Land in order to find the identical cross upon which our Saviour suffered. Excavations were made, and three crosses were found; but how were they to know which was the true one? They brought a human corpse and laid it upon each cross in succession, but as soon as it touched the cross of Christ, it started into life.

The fable may be a very foolish one, but it has its moral.

Ah! my dear brothers, believe me, it is only as you are brought in contact with Jesus Christ and with him as a crucified Saviour, that you know what true life is, and can spring to the ideal of a perfect manhood.

Let no meaner ambition possess you than, through the help of divine grace, to become altogether like your Lord, and to reach "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Dying with him unto sin, and buried with him in the grave of self-renunciation, may you rise with him into the newness of a grander manhood; and after this period of earthly childhood and tutelage is over, may you awake amid resurrection glory, to find all that is weak and sordid left behind, and all your no-

* From *A Good Start, a Book for Young Men*, by J. Thain Davidson, D.D., author of "Life-size"

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
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THE UNFAITHFUL MOTHER.

THERE is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans; there are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons these young immortals, and allow them to be under influences that may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners or destroy their souls.

From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it. Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs, there has come a crowd of children in this day, untrained, saucy, incompetent for all practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-down-ativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow up idle.

Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake, and heave, and roar, and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descend from industrious mothers, who, in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarn, and weave their own carpets, and plait their own door-mats, and flag their own chairs, and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, ninety-nine out of a hundred of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun.

And who are these people in society, light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing-jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern-lounging, the store-infesting, the man of low wink and filthy chuckle, and brass breastpins, and rotten associations? For the most part, they came from mothers idle and disgusting—the scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches, and ghosts, and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hard-working mothers.

Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year, at least, make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have had a lazy mother!

FRETTING.

THERE are two ways of taking warm days. We can fret and fume and complain at the heat, look at the thermometer twenty times a day, and gaze in despair from the blistering pavement to the burning sky. We can be as miserable as we please, and all the palm-leaf fans in the world will fail to cure our unhappy tempers. On the other hand, we can accept the situation. We can avail ourselves of all the comfort there may be about us, and we can quietly go through our business, giving no thought, and certainly no aggrieved thought, to the heat. It would be very pleasant, of course, to spend midsummer days rocking in a boat, with the cool, salt spray blowing in our faces, or swinging in a hammock, lulled by the cradling murmur of the wind among the oaks. But if we must follow our duty-path, and it keeps us in a close office, or a closer kitchen, or wielding a hammer, or stitching at a machine, we shall make matters worse rather than better by continual self-bemoaning.

It is a glorious thing to have got where we can stand on the Apostle's platform, and say from the heart, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." In the end, a child of God is sure to conquer circumstances, however adverse, and it is a shame that any one, in whose nature are infinite possibilities, should let himself be conquered by any infelicities of passing life.

These warm days are so affluent, so abounding in vitality,—though they drain us a little of our vital force, it is only to give it back by and by in larger measure. They are so rich in beauty. How many summer-dressed hill-sides, just now, are like roseate walls, carved in the coraline clusters of the laurel, from top to bottom, over all their dimpling slopes. How many lovely lakes laugh in the morning, under the white and golden glory of the lilies. How green and graceful are the ferns that grow in shadowy places. How sweet are the bird-songs, poured out through the soft expectancy of the dawn. In the city parks. how velvety are lawns and swards, close-clipped, and resting the eye with their verdure. And the dear little city gardens, so tenderly loved and cared for, how burdened they are with fuchsias, and heliotropes, and delicate mignonette, and lavish petunia. To say nothing of the growing corn, and the ripening fruit, and buckwheat, and the rye, what, on the score of the beautiful alone, should we do without the long warm days?

CORNERS IN LIFE.

PEOPLE talk nowadays of "getting corners" in grain and in gold. Corners are good things to get and to keep, if of the right kind, and obtained in the right way.

Chimney corners are cozy nooks. How expressionless some modern rooms are! Minus mantelpieces, stoves, fireplaces; heated by a register that you have to hunt for, unless it is red-hot. We are devoted to chimney corners, provided they are corners. One can find fellowship with a fire, even shut in a stove. But sometimes, as you get nicely settled, you find a door opening on your back; a cupboard door, swinging scarcely clear of your head, necessitating a running fire of apologies: "Excuse me." "Am I in the way?" "Not at all." "Let me move." "Don't be disturbed." And you conclude that corners are not always corners. Architects are not sufficiently considerate of such matters. Some rooms have no corners. We have lived in one such. It outvied the dining-room of the father of his country in one particular. While that had seven doors and one window, this had seven doors and two windows reducing by so much the chances for corners. We moved out of that house as soon as practicable, and we have adored corners ever since. In planning a house they are our first requisite. There is a charm about them. Comforts are prone to congregate there. The easy-chair, because the rockers will be out of the way; the baby's crib perchance, for the same reason; the family Bible, in easy reach; the knitting-work and the expressive little work-basket, with its burden of buttons and spools, its shining tools and its cheerful contrasts of snowy sewing and gay needle-book. Who does not feel the magnetism of even the memory of some corner? But we must not monopolize this desirable situation. Somebody may be ill at ease elsewhere. Grandpa with his paper and grandma with her work should never be crowded out.

The poet's corner in a country newspaper is coveted by many a sentimental miss. Round corners are preferable to square ones. The latter hurt the children's heads if tables are in question, and people's hearts, if the angles are in the temperament. A corner, in a large company, gives one opportunity for observation. Withal, it is not entirely pleasant to be completely cornered. "Puss in the corner" is a great institution with the children, and puss in the corner purring sleepily, a sedative for the grown people. What would a woman's letter be without these facilities for the inevitable postscript? Men laugh about it, and look for it, knowing that the items condensed in these happy afterthoughts are worth a dozen letters such as we prosy men write. But dearer than any of the aforesaid is that best of all corners, the one which you find has been kept warm for you, through years of trial and separation, in the heart of a friend. By-and-by the weary body will crave a little corner in some cheerful cemetery. Till then let us so live and labor that when our work is done we may not fail to secure an humble corner in heaven.

GOOD FOR NOTHING CHRISTIANS

THE Church needs a change in quality as well as quantity of membership. One half the professed Christians amount to nothing. They go to church. They have a kind regard for all religious institutions. But as to any firm grip of the truth, any enthusiastic service for Christ, any cheerful self-denial, any overmastering prayer, any capacity to strike hard blows for God, they are a failure. One or two things these half and half professors ought to do, either withdraw their names from the Church-roll or else go so near the fire as to get warm. Do you not know that your present position is an absurdity? You profess to be living for God and heaven, but all the world knows you are lying. Wake up! Do something before you are dead. Either help pull the Lord's chariot, or get out of the way. We want more old-style holiness, the kind they had before railroads, steamboats, and telegraphs. A consecrated heart is momentum for all Christian work. Your gun is well enough, but the gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher life, a deeper life, a broader life. We cannot do much toward saving others till we ourselves are more surely saved. We cannot pull others out of the surf when our own feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration will be more momentum.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Trustees of Union Theological Seminary, New York, have elected Rev. J. H. Worcester, D.D., of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, professor of systematic theology, to fill the chair made famous by Prof. W. G. T. Shedd, which Dr. Henry Van Dyke accepted, but was prevented from filling by his death.

The managers of the American Bible Society at their regular meeting on Aug. 6, made grants of Bibles, Testaments and Portions, to the value of about $1,555, for distribution and sale in the United States, in South America, and in Africa. The issues from the Bible House in the month of July were 78,372 copies; issues since April 1st, 320,116 copies.

Major George A. Hilton has been laboring at Vancouver, British Columbia, on the invitation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A local journal says that a deep interest has been aroused in religion and temperance by his work. Bible readings, evening addresses and prayer-meetings were held every day during his visit. Some very remarkable conversions took place.

The following statistics of the Presbyterian Church (North) are taken from the official report published by the *Observer:* Presbyteries, 216; Churches, 7,070; Communicants, 806,796; Ministers, 6,223; Ordinations during the past year, 245; Contributions to Home Missions, $995,626; to Foreign Missions, $784,406. Both the latter items are largely in excess of previous years. The increase in the number of communicants during the year is 30,493.

The Trustees of St. John's Guild in New York, whose appeal on behalf of the Floating and Seaside Hospital fund we published recently, request us to acknowledge the receipt of contributions to the amount of $1,068.75. Additional contributions are earnestly solicited to maintain the work the Guild is doing in giving sea excursions and free quarters by the sea to the afflicted and destitute people of the city. They may be sent to W. L. Strong, Treasurer, 501 Fifth Ave., New York.

Miller Willis a noted Georgia Evangelist is dead. He was an eccentric preacher noted for his original modes of expression. His courage and devotion were extraordinary. He has been known to enter places where no preacher's life would be considered safe. Addressing the crowd of desperate and reckless men whom he would find there drinking or gambling he would utter some brief pointed warning and take his departure. Many wicked men have been led to repentance and change of life by his words.

Jewish refugees from Russia, are arriving in Palestine, says the *Jewish Chronicle*, in large numbers. In some weeks of late the arrivals from Odessa have numbered from two to three hundred families. Jerusalem is thronged with them. The majority of them are utterly destitute. The colonies founded by Baron Edmond Rothschild and the Alliance Israelite are giving a refuge to all they can accommodate, but a large number are homeless and in danger of starving. Every effort is being made to raise funds to help the unfortunate people but at latest accounts the distress was far beyond the means of the charitable people on the ground.

The Northfield Conference of Christian Workers held three sessions daily last week. Tuesday, Aug. 5th, was devoted to Foreign Missions and addresses were given by Drs. A. J. Gordon, A.T. Peirson, and several returned missionaries. The following day the subject was Home and City Missions and Evangelization. Saturday was given up to practical questions, such as, How to mark the Bible, how to handle enquirers, etc. Dr. L. W. Munhall's address on "The Highest Critics vs. the Higher Critics," was one of the most notable features of the Conference.

Rev. J.H. Chandler, writing to the *Congregationalist* reports a remarkable awakening in St. Paul, Minn. It has hitherto been considered one of the most hopeless cities on the continent so far as Sabbath observance is concerned; but a strong and influential Law and Order League was formed recently to prevent a prize-fight in the city, and the effort was so successful and elicited so much public support that it is extending its work to the observance of the Lord's Day, with good prospects of success. Roman Catholics and Protestants are working together in the effort.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

The New G. A. R. Commander—Suppressing the Lotteries—Disasters on the Rail—Sunday Ploughing Punished—England and the Fisheries—Domestic and Foreign Notes.

QUEEN Victoria's speech at the prorogation of Parliament, contained a reference to the negotiations between this country and Britain, regarding the seal fisheries in Behring Sea. These negotiations, while far advanced, are not yet concluded, bnt the speech implies an expectation of their satisfactory termination. In the House of Commons, notice was given by Mr. William Randall Cremer, that at the next session he would introduce a resolution in favor of concluding a treaty between the United States and England, agreeing to submit all differences to arbitration where they could not be adjusted through the ordinary diplomatic channels. Mr. Cremer is a radical reformer and has become known through his efforts in the direction of substituting international arbitration in the place of war. He is a carpenter and joiner by trade and has been a prominent factor in recent labor agitation.

* * *

Woman and the World's Fair.

It is quite settled that the ladies will have a very notable representation at the approaching World's Fair. A Board of Lady Managers has been formed with Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, as President, and already there are 115 members, representing every State in the Union. They are now superintending the erection of a fine edifice on the shore of Lake Michigan, which will be known as "The Woman's Building." It will contain an exhibit of paintings and sculptures by women; there will be a great library of female authors; a music room, in which no music other than that composed by the sex will be played; a model kitchen, with women cooks, of course; a hospital and a kindergarten. On the roof will be a flower garden, where the ladies can go to enjoy the cooling breeze from the lake, when the hot season comes. Mrs. Potter Palmer (whose portrait we give) is a native of Louisville and wife of the well-known Chicago millionaire. She is a woman of many accomplishments, somewhat literary in her tastes and with a great deal of public spirit. She has just returned from a foreign trip, during which she enlisted the sympathies and support of many foreign ladies of distinction for the Fair. In several of the principal cities abroad she organized committees of ladies (including a number of American ladies now in Europe) who are doing all they can to make the Fair project popular with the officials of the different countries. The Foreign Committee of the Fair, now in Germany, are greatly encouraged at the reception they have everywhere encountered. It now looks as though all the leading governments of Europe would be well represented in Chicago. To crown the encouraging news in this connection, it is said by Chancellor Caprivi, that Emperor William may go to Chicago next year to attend the opening of the Fair.

MRS. POTTER PALMER.

* * *

Disasters by Rail.

FOUR cars of the east-bound mail on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad were telescoped at Rouse's Point on August 5th, causing the death of five passengers and the mortal injury of a number of others. The mail collided with a Sunday School excursion train, and all the injured and killed were in the first car of the latter. On the same day, a serious accident occurred on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad near Kalamazoo, Mich., in which a number of persons were injured by the ditching of a train. The 5th was also disastrously signalized by a cloud-burst which flooded Harrisburg, Pa., and a large part of the adjacent country. Hundreds of persons escaped from their flooded dwellings in boats, while live stock, pigs, chickens, cattle and horses were drowned in large numbers. The railroad tracks were under two feet of water for hours. Churches and school-houses were opened to shelter those temporarily homeless. On the 6th inst., ten persons, chiefly Italians, were killed and a number wounded by a collision on the West Shore Railroad, near Port Byron, N. Y. During a morning fog a passenger train dashed into a freight, and the two were almost completely wrecked. The broken cars caught fire after the crash, and the dead were almost cremated and many of the wounded badly burned in the flames.

* * *

Politics and the Lottery Evil.

THE Kentucky election, which took place last week, resulted in some surprises. The Farmers and Democrats have a majority in the Legislature, the Democrats carrying the State by about 40,000, defeating the Alliance. The new Constitution has 100,000 majority. John Young Brown for Governor and Mitchell C. Alford for Lieutenant Governor were elected. The People's Party ticket polled only a few thousand votes. The Legislature is strongly Democratic, the Farmer's Alliance having only fifteen members in the Assembly and four in the Senate. There is—in Kentucky at least—a distinction between the Farmers and the Farmers' Alliance, the former acting with the Democrats and without endorsing the Alliance platform. Acting together, however, the Farmers and Farmers' Alliance men could control both houses, as the rural element predominates in both. A great moral outcome of the election is the success of the new Constitution, which suppresses all lotteries, equalizes taxation, provides for needed reforms in cities and introduces the Australian system of secret ballot. In Louisiana, the Anti-Lottery Democrats and Farmers' Alliance have resolved to unite on a ticket at the coming election, and this combination will probably mean the suppression of the notorious Louisiana Lottery also. In Ohio, the Farmers' Alliance held a remarkable convention at Springfield, in which, after a six hours struggle a platform was adopted demanding many needed reforms and some that are radical, including the election of Senators by popular vote, the prohibition of alien ownership of land, universal suffrage, pensions to all honorably discharged soldiers of the late war, and government control of the entire liquor traffic as the only method of regulating the evil. John Seitz, formerly a Greenbacker, was named for Governor.

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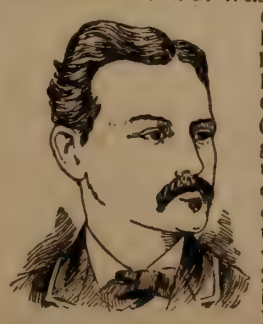
The New G. A. R. Commander.

AFTER a sharp struggle for the honor of Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, the choice has fallen upon Gen. John Palmer of Albany, N. Y., who on August 6th, was chosen by the assembled Posts of Detroit as the successor of Gen. Wheelock G. Veazey of Vermont. Among the other candidates were Gen. A. B. Weissert of Milwaukee, Gen. Henry A. Barnum of Brooklyn, and Gen. S. H. Hurst of Ohio. Gen. Palmer (whose portrait we give in this column) is the youngest of all the candidates. He entered the contest with the votes of his State, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Maryland already pledged in his favor. The Silver Jubilee of the G. A. R. brought from all parts of the country a great gathering of veterans, over 40,000 being in line at the grand march and parade which took place in Detroit on the 4th inst. In the National Encampment, many important questions were discussed affecting the welfare of the organization. The Commander-in-chief, General Veazey, in his annual report, stated the belief that there was greater need than ever of the Grand Army keeping the rival parts of the country together. He suggested a separate department for the colored Posts, but this encountered such opposition that the suggestion was not insisted upon. The report of the Adjt.-General showed 45 departments with 7040 Posts and 398,607 comrades in good standing. During the year, $333,699 were expended in charities, and 5,530 death claims were liquidated. Among the reports of committees was one embodying a bill to be presented at the next session of Congress, providing that every Union ex-prisoner of war who spent not less than sixty days in a Southern prison, shall receive from the government two dollars for every day of his confinement. It was decided to hold the next annual encampment at Washington.



GENERAL PALMER

* * *

New York's New Collector.

ONE of the most important and influential offices the President has to fill is the Collectorship of the Port of New York. On several occasions this office has become a bone of national contention, as in the great struggle that resulted in the withdrawal of Senator Conkling from active political life. The retirement of Collector Joel B. Erhardt has been followed by the appointment by President Harrison of the Hon. J. Sloat Fassett as Collector. Mr. Fassett, who is a native of Elmira, N. Y., is 38 years of age and has been three times elected as State Senator, being the recognized leader of his party during the last two legislative sessions. His latest distinction was as chairman of an investigating committee that brought to light much of the misgovernment in New York City affairs. He is a warm friend of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt and, during the last Presidential campaign, was secretary of the Republican National Committee. His portrait is given above.

COLLECTOR FASSETT.

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The Rainmaking Machine.

FRANK MELBOURNE, of Springfield, O., the inventor of the machine which he claims will bring rain at will, says that each operation costs in the neighborhood of $400. It is gas that works on the atmosphere and brings the rain, the gas being liberated from the observatory through a four-inch pipe, extending from the machine twelve feet above the roof of the building. The machine itself is about the size of a small kitchen stove, and is used to mix chemicals which are converted into gas by heat and then liberated. Although Melbourne claims to have already produced rain on seven different occasions, there is no evidence that the machine, which he says cost him $15,000, has ever been successful. He observes as much secrecy about its actual working as there was surrounding the trials of the Keeley motor. He is anxious that the government should give him an opportunity to demonstrate the practical value of the machine, and offers to bring rain to order, if Secretary Rusk will fix a day and select the section in which he wishes it to fall. His process requires a day or two before the rain comes; but when it does come, it lasts several days.

* * *

A Sabbath-Breaker Punished.

A REMARKABLE trial took place before United States District Judge Hammond, of Obion County, Tenn., at Memphis, lately. R. M. King, who belongs to the sect known as Seventh Day Adventists, was tried and convicted on a charge of having ploughed a field on his farm on Sunday, the case coming under the State law prohibiting certain forms of labor on the sacred day. Eminent counsel was secured by the Adventists, Don M. Dickinson being of the number, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court. The conviction was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State and the case was then taken on *habeas corpus* proceedings to the United States District Court, on the ground that the imprisonment of the accused was in violation of the Federal Constitution. This latest appeal was last week decided adversely. While the decision is based less on the constitutionality of the Sabbath law than upon the fact that King was regularly convicted under the State law of Tennessee, and therefore, not entitled to review by the Federal Court, Judge Hammond stated that it was not necessary to maintain that to violate this Sunday observance custom is of itself immoral, in order to make it criminal in the eyes of the law. While the prisoner, King, did not believe that God had set apart that day for rest and holiness, yet the Court held that if the State, representing the view held by its citizens, believed that the day should be set apart, the State law to that effect must be obeyed. The Sunday laws against labor have generally been sustained by the Courts in this country.

NEWS NOTES.

Famine prevails in a large part of the Madras Presidency, India.

It is announced that Mr. and Mrs. Parnell will visit this country.

A treaty of alliance between France and Russia is said to have been signed.

Mr. George Jones, Editor of the New York *Times*, is dangerously ill at Lewiston, Me.

A vigorous race war has broken out between the Hungarians and Slavs in Cleveland, O.

Democrats favor holding their National Convention in 1892, not earlier than the middle of July.

The Chilian insurgents are working the nitrate deposits and selling the product to carry on the war.

The third annual Convention of the National Letter Carriers, Association was held in Detroit last week.

Bismarck is credited with declaring that the French Squadron would not have visited Russia, had he remained in power.

Queen Natalie of Servia has written an appealing letter to the Czar, asking to be permitted to see her son, King Alexander.

Switzerland, on August 3d, celebrated the 600th anniversary of the Swiss Confederacy. Patriotic announcements were made in all the churches.

President Hyppolite denies that he will sell the Mole St. Nicholas to the United States or any other nation. It is expressly forbidden by the Haytian Constitution.

Pennsylvania woods are suffering greatly from the ravages of a worm which destroys the foliage and kills off the young timber. Hemlocks are being ruined by the insect.

Emperor William has accorded the Chicago Fair Commissioners a cordial reception in Berlin and has shown them every attention. He is strongly in favor of a great German exhibit at the World's Fair.

The Czarowitch, having completed his grand Asiatic tour, has arrived on the Russian frontier on his way home. He will reach St. Petersburg to-day and be welcomed by the Czar and Czarina.

France has notified China that if the measures adopted by the Mongol government for the protection of the lives and property of foreigners are not sufficient, a joint intervention of European powers will take place.

The White Star steamer *Majestic* has broken all the Atlantic records, having made the distance from Queenstown to New York in 5 days, 18 hours and 8 minutes. The best run on any day was 501 miles.

The Rev. William M. Perry, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church of Bowling Green, Ky., dropped dead in his pulpit from heart disease. He was an eloquent preacher, much beloved, and only forty years of age.

While in the North Sea in his yacht *Hohenzollern*, Emperor William lost his footing on the quarter-deck and fell, injuring his kneecap. He was sent to bed, and for several days thereafter was carried on deck in a chair.

The National government has ordered that the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation be cleared of unlawful settlers, and that all stock and cattle found there be seized and held for redemption. There are said to be 300,000 head of cattle now grazing on the reservation.

A number of clergymen have organized for the purpose of suppressing the gambling evil in Saratoga, which has become an American Monte Carlo during the summer, and whose beauty and attractions, they declare, are being destroyed by the saloons, gambling-houses and horse-racing.

A riot occurred in Barcelona, fomented by stock speculators who were attempting to force down the price of securities. It was at first thought to be a Republican movement looking to revolution. The Spanish troops had a sharp fight with the rioters before the latter were subdued.

TRIALS OF THE SAINTS.

"They were tempted." Hebrews 11:37.

THE gracious characters of which we read in Scripture were not created by favorable circumstances: they owed nothing to their position, or age, their character was formed from within. Their faith was not produced by the tenderness of providence, they were not put into a conservatory like fair flowers which cannot endure the frost: rather might we say that they were helped to their robustness by the rough winter-blasts which swept over them. They were warriors of peace: pilgrims who travelled armed to the teeth, making no holiday march, but contending with giants and dragons. Whoever else may find life a sport, the saints have found it to be real and earnest; their path has been no mere parade, but grim and grisly dangers have beset them; "they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were slain with the sword." One form of the opposition which they encountered is the subject of this morning's meditation—"They were tempted."

Dealing with this one form of opposition, "they were tempted," I shall be able to say a great many more practical things than if I were preaching upon "they were stoned," or "they were sawn asunder," for those things happen but now and then, but this record that "they were tempted" is repeated in us all, and especially in you who have lately set out on the heavenly pilgrimage.

I. First I will call attention to

The Universal Truth

of the statement now before us. All the people of God have been tempted to sin. Satan no sooner perceives a child of God renewed in heart and cleansed from defilement than he endeavors if he can to mar the work of the Holy Spirit, to ruin the happiness of the believer, and to weaken his usefulness by leading him into sin. Woe unto the man who is beset by the arch enemy, if he is not abiding in fellowship with the Lord Jesus. If the Lord be away from the believer it will go hard with him when Apollyon himself meets him in deadly duel. The fiend is stronger and craftier than we are, and unless the Lord cover our head in the day of battle we shall find his fiery darts too terrible.

Nor is it Satan alone who tempts the saints. The world is always tempting God's people, and there is no position in life which is free from peril. A man sick of the fever dreams that if he can be placed in another bed he shall feel better: it is but a dream. He turns and tosses to and fro upon his pillow, but as Watts well says,

> It is a poor relief we gain
> To shift the place but keep the pain.

In this mortal life we may change our position, but we shall never get away from temptation. Temptations are with kings upon their thrones, and with peasants at the plough: they come of plenty and they are born of success and they are born of defeat. Whether our path be rough or smooth we are liable to be tripped up unless a hand unseen shall hold us up. This is true of all who have gone before us—"They were tempted."

But, brethren, it there were no devil and if there were no wicked world it would still be true that the saints are tempted, for every man is tempted when he is "drawn away of his own lust, and enticed;" and there is that within the best of men which might make them into the worst of men if the grace of God did not prevent. Every good man is two men: he finds an I fighting against his real I; the old man, according to its corruptions and lusts, daily warring with the new-born man within him which cannot sin, because it is born of God. Now it is true, not only of you and me, but it has been true of all the people of God, that they have had inward conflicts and spiritual contests within themselves of the most painful kind.

Three Foes.

The saints were tempted: they were persuaded to sin by Satan, by the world, and by the propensities of their nature, and of all the blood-redeemed host it must be said, "they were tempted." Ought not this fact to restrain every man from a self-indulgent despair. Do you know what I mean? I mean this: a man says, "Well, I cannot help it; I am in such a place of temptation that if I give way I may well be excused." Not so, sir; "they were tempted," and yet they did not fall, but held fast their integrity. Using the same weapons, and helped by the same Spirit, your temptations, which are the same as theirs, will be overcome by you, even as theirs were vanquished by them: what has been done by one by the help of God can be done by another.

This fact that all the saints have been tempted should put an end to all murmuring upon that score. Somebody says, "Mine is a hard lot; I have to follow Christ under great disadvantages. My foes are those of my own household." Yes, your lot may be hard, but if you could just peep within the pearly gates and see that brilliant company, who are the peers of the realm of heaven, you would see none but those who once were tempted. Dare you demand a better lot than theirs? Remember your Master was tempted, and shall the disciple wish to be above his Master, or the servant above his Lord? Is there to be some easy by-road to heaven made for you, turfed from end to end, and rolled every morning? You must not expect it; you

Must Fight if You Would Reign;

carry the cross as others carried it, if you are like them, to wear the crown. The temptations which were endured by saints in all ages must for ever prevent our complaining if hooks are baited for us and snares laid for our destruction. One sweet thought arises here; since the best of saints were tempted this prevents our conceiving that to be tempted is in itself a sin. I have known feeble-minded Christians bemoan themselves and cry, "If I were not exceedingly sinful I should not have these hideous thoughts and dreadful suggestions: if my heart were not full of evil I should not have these blasphemous ideas forced into my poor unwilling brain." Beloved, it is not so. If your heart were wholly the devil's he might not care to worry you, and indeed you would not be worried, but would love sin. It is because you are not his, because you are desperately struggling towards holiness and virtue that, therefore, he tempts you. It is no sin to be tempted, the sin is in yielding to temptation. You are not a castaway because you are tempted, for all the saints in glory were tempted too.

Yea, I think, dear friends, if any of us here present meet with great trials in life, and with very strong temptations to turn back to the world, if God gives us grace to keep towards the New Jerusalem, we may even glory in these trials. If your name is slandered, or you become a loser in wage, or in estate, or in comfort for Christ's sake, you may greatly rejoice; for now you have fellowship with Jesus and his suffering followers. You are entering the confederacy of the bravest of the brave. Now shall you share in "that lordlier chivalry" which belongs not to mailed knights, but to spirits purified and ennobled by the Holy Ghost. These are the blessed ones who endure temptation, who when they are tried shall receive the crown of lifewhich fadeth not away.

In Various Forms.

II. Secondly, let us consider the unlimited breath of the statement. "They were tempted": it does not say how. Brethren, the saints who are in heaven were tempted in all ways, They were tempted by threats, but they were equally tempted by promises. They were put into prison, or they were banished. They were deprived of their goods and of their good names, but they stood fast and firm, and would not yield up Christ, threaten as men might. Then they were tried by bribes: if they would forsake Christ, and turn from the truth, they should be rich and honorable, they should be restored to their families, they should have in some cases every indulgence which the monarch could grant. They were equally deaf to either form of solicitation: they could not be driven, and they could not be drawn: however the net might be spread they could not be taken in it. Against them the enemy has sent forth the arrow which flieth by day, and the pestilence which walketh in darkness, but the Lord has kept their soul alive, and they have glorified his name. Yet very sorely "they were tempted."

Common Trials.

They were tempted both with trials peculiar to themselves, and with trials common to us all. We are apt sometimes to say that this age is not congenial to the strength of grace, and I think there is truth in the remark. We are a set of dwarfs, and it seems hard to grow to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus in the atmosphere which daily surrounds us. We have fallen upon an evil age, in which principle is treated like a football in the streets, and bluster rules the hour; but then the ages in which saints lived long ago had their peculiar temptations too, and they were tempted. Every period since the world began has had its own form of spiritual danger; as weapons of war have changed so have temptations, but the old enmity remains. One age is dark, and ignorance would chill the heart; another is philosophical, and by its false wisdom would overlay the Gospel. The points from which the wind blows may differ, but it always blows against the servants of God who are voyaging to heaven. Say not therefore, O child of God, that others who lived before thee were not tempted as thou art, for they endured temptations which to them were as keen and as powerful as any which have fallen to thy share.

They had also special temptations arising out of their

Individual Constitutions.

We have every one of us some one weak point, One man is not readily made angry, but he is too cold; another is sensitive, but he is too speedily wrathful. One man is full of love and affection, but he lacks decision; another is resolute, but fails in tenderness. Side by side with the special excellence of any character we usually discover a remarkable weakness, calling for great watchfulness; and of all those who are now in heaven it may be said they were tempted, tempted in some characteristic point, and with some besetting sin. Beloved, if you have to endure the same, mark that you follow a well-trodden path.

As they had their peculiar temptations so they had the common trials of the most ordinary life. Look at Abraham; not only does he stand alone in the sacrifice of Isaac, but he stands with us in our common afflictions. He is tried in his relatives: his nephew Lot is ungrateful to him and leaves him;

Tried in His Servants,

the family is set by the ears by Hagar; tried in his wife, for she complains against him wrongfully; tried in his children, for Ishmael mocks Isaac. His dwellings in tents brought with it quite as much of discomfort and trial as our dwellings in houses. Flocks and herds involve as much care as shops and workrooms. Just such domestic troubles as you and I experience were known to Jacob and David. One man is very like another, and nothing can be more unwise than to set up saintly men who lived ages ago upon a sort of shelf, as if they were unapproachable and inimitable, and belonged to a different race. These heroes are our brothers, their battles are our battles, their victory shall be ours.

III. I must now call your attention to

The Intensity of this Trial,

That I gather from the position of our text, which is very strange. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with sword. It has seemed to commentators to be so singular that to be "tempted" should be as it were sandwiched in between "sawn asunder" and being "slain with the sword," that they have thought there must be an error in the text. Certainly at the first blush the words look rather out of place, but they are not so. If you live in a place where you hear little else but blasphemy from morning to night you will soon say, "I think I should prefer being in a prison to this." The cut of a whip or the wound of a sword would scarcely cause more pain than to hear the name of Jesus Christ profaned, and to see every holy and precious thing trampled on. When the ungodly persecute cruelly, as they can do even now without violating the law of man, they can tease and worry your very soul; they can embitter every morsel that you eat, make home to be a torture-chamber, and the work-room an inquisition. They will maliciously track you in all your steps with jests, and jeers, and slanders, and hard speeches, and make you live like Marcus Arethusa, among the bees, which at last stung him to death. Alas for gentle, timid, loving spirits who have to endure such temptation.

I think Paul did well to put this here, not only because of the painfulness of it, but because of

The Danger of it,

for it is certain that by temptation of this insidious kind more professed Christians have been led away than ever were frightened from the faith by racks, or torments, or fear of death. I have known some unhappy cases where persons have been persecuted by their families for following Christ, and have stood up for him right manfully, so that I have felt great admiration for them for their consistent courage. I have lived to see those very individuals delivered from the yoke of bondage, able to start in life for themselves and to do exactly as they pleased, and, alas, soon after persecution ceased they have grown cold, and have forsaken the way of God. What a strange creature is man!

A Problem.

I want, in conclusion, to answer the question which naturally arises—Why then does God permit his people to encounter so much temptation? Why is the road to heaven so beset with foes? I answer that there are a great many replies to that question, for the Lord answers many designs at one and the same time.

First, persecution and temptation are a sort of sieve, to sift the Church of God. As it is, we have enough hypocrites

among us, and if the way to heaven were strewn all along with loaves and fishes, we should have the devil himself going on pilgrimage. There must be these fiery persecutions, that the drossy hypocrites may be purged out. I warrant you there were

Not Many Hypocrites

in the catacombs, when to be a Christian involved almost certain death. They crept into their assemblies at the dead of night, and there gathered to sing hymns to the name of Jesus, and few were the traitors' tongues which joined in the singing. When in our own country any man who had a Bible must die for it, and therefore men hid their Bibles behind the wainscot, or under the floor-boards, few were very eager for Bible-reading. The mocking, the jesting, the jeering which goes on in the world is the sieve constantly moving to shake off the chaff and let the good wheat remain. If we could stop that winnowing fan we should hardly wish to do so.

Trial and temptation also discover the reality of conversion. Look at this. Here is a man ridiculed for his religion and for his sobriety. He will not touch a drop of the drink which formerly cast him down to his destruction, and therefore his fellow-workmen laugh at him. All sorts of epithets are hurled at him while he is at work. He goes to a place of worship on the Sunday, and for this

He Must Be Jeered At

to the last degree. Who is this man that bears this so patiently? Why the very man who, twelve months ago, could drink as much as any of them, and used to jeer at others; the very man who for twenty years before never entered the house of God. Now, the fact that he can stand against temptation is one of the very best evidences that he is born again and made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Meanwhile, it does saints good; for painful as it is to them, it drives them to prayer. Many a man lives near to God in prayer who would not have done so if he had enjoyed an easier position. His prayerfulness strengthens him; his having to summon divine aid to sustain him under trial makes him grow in faith and in every grace, and he becomes a better Christian.

It seems to me the trials and temptations of this life are all making us fit for the life to come—building up a character for eternity. You have been in a piano manufactory: did you ever go there for the sake of music? Go into the tuning room, and you will say, "My dear sir, this is a dreadful place to be in; I cannot bear it; I thought you made music here." They say, "No,

We Do Not Produce Music

here, we make the instruments, and tune them here, and in the process much discord is forthcoming." Such is the Church of God on earth. The Lord makes the instruments down here, and tunes them, and a great deal of discord is easily perceptible, but it is all necessary to prepare us for everlasting harmonies up yonder. Have you thought what a wonderful creature man is—a perfect man, made fit to dwell in heaven—he is the last product of divine wisdom, the noblest work of God. It is a wonderful work for God to fashion such a creature. He begins to do it in regeneration, and continues the work in sanctification; and all the endurance of trial, and all the patience manifested by the tried ones, work together to prepare a character which can endure the strain of everlasting bliss, and perform the holy service incident thereto. It may be that all the afflictions and temptations which God permits to pass over us here below are forming us for eternal bliss. Thus is the corn ripening for the garner, the fruit mellowing for the basket. Here the graving-tool and the hammer bring out the beauties which shall shine in the courts of the Lord forever, when of us also the record will be written, "they were tempted."

BLIND BIBLE READERS.

How the Afflicted Ones are Taught to Read God's Word for Themselves.

IT has been aptly said, in defining the distinction between the deaf-mute and the blind, that while the former has the realities without the symbols, the latter has the symbols alone, the realities being shut out from him forever. In recent years much has been done to mitigate the lot of these afflicted ones. Grand intellects, like those of Laura Bridgman, the deaf-mute and Henry Fawcett, the blind English statesman and author, are occasionally found that seem to acquire more lustre and purity under heavy affliction. These and many more show that the clouding of one or more senses does not necessarily impair the others; that, on the contrary, the remaining senses are quickened, the imagination particularly is cultivated and taught to supply the hiatus, and the spiritual nature is capable of a high degree of development.

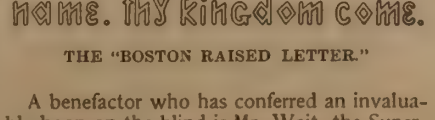
In a former issue, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD described the methods adopted in teaching deaf-mutes to read, and in opening their minds and hearts to the influences of religion. Sight and motion were their educational channels. The blind, on the other hand, are reached through the senses of touch and hearing. While they are naturally more easily taught,

LEWIS B. CARLL,
The Blind Mathematician.

they experience an equal difficulty, where books are concerned. Unless they are expert in the use of the blind alphabet, all books are sealed volumes except when read to them by others.

But the education of the blind has made rapid strides in recent years and, except among the very poor and neglected, there is now a very small percentage of those afflicted who cannot read. To be able to study the Scriptures for themselves is to them an inestimable gift. One of the most interesting sights in the world is to see, in the Institute for the Blind, a class of pupils reading aloud from the Bible, each in turn tracing with the forefinger, the lines of the Holy Book. Trained to a degree of sensitiveness that seems incomprehensible, they read slowly, clearly, and with surprising accuracy.

The great source of the supply of Bibles for the blind is the American Bible Society, which has printed and distributed no less than thirteen thousand copies of the Psalms, the Gospel, and other portions of Scripture. The letters are raised or embossed, and each is so distinct from all the others as to be at once recognized by the finger. We give below a facsimile of the "Boston raised letter"—the type used in these editions for the blind.



THE "BOSTON RAISED LETTER."

A benefactor who has conferred an invaluable boon on the blind is Mr. Wait, the Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Blind. If the inventor of the raised letter was the Cadmus, Mr. Wait certainly deserves to be designated as the Guttenberg of the sightless. He is the inventor of what is known as the "point-print" alphabet, which is the only alphabet read by many thousands of the blind. It consists of a combination of dots and dashes, or "points," produced on stiff paper by a stencil, and resembling to some extent the forms used in Morse telegraphy. The writer makes his indentations on the back of the sheet, from right to left, and when the paper is reversed, the raised dots are distinguishable on its surface when the forefinger is passed across the sheet. This illustration will furnish an idea of the "point-print" system:

One of the most remarkable blind men in the United States is Lewis B. Carll, of Jersey, who, since the hour of his birth has never seen the light of the sun. A fine mathematician, a graduate of Columbia College, a master of the classics, a chemist and a musician, he is also—what is better known than all—a man of sterling faith and piety. With the aid of the "point-print" alphabet he has written a notable work on mathematical questions, and has added to Mr. Wait's invention a series of new combinations to represent fractions and algebraic quantities. This profound scholar finds his blindness no bar to either mental or spiritual progress. His case is an illustration of the possibilities of the blind.

The late Jonathan Burr, of Chicago, left a legacy for the purpose of distributing the Bible among the blind, and by this plan the American Bible Society has been enabled to scatter the precious Word among the afflicted very widely. Last year 826 volumes for the blind were printed and distributed; the greater part gratuitously.

It is impossible to estimate the blessings that flow from a work of this character. A great majority of the blind are poor and unable to provide for themselves. Unlike Mr. Carll they are not gifted by nature with minds that rise superior to their affliction. Their patient, child-like faith and simple trust are increased and their lot in life made infinitely more bearable by the ability to read the Scriptures for themselves.

A WIFE'S REMORSE.

Two weeks ago a lady in Newark, N. J., went to Justice Hayes' court and made a complaint against her husband. She said that some time ago he met with business reverses and fell into a depressed state of mind. He had of late taken to drinking heavily and was now an habitual drunkard. She declared that she was afraid of him and begged the Justice to interfere. Her complaint was taken and a promise given that her husband should be restrained. A few days afterward she learned that her husband had been arrested and sentenced to imprisonment for thirty days. She thought he would have been sent to a home or a hospital for a week and was horror-stricken when she realized that her complaint had involved his imprisonment for a month. She returned to the court and begged the justice to release him, but he replied that the man was now beyond his jurisdiction, and she must apply to the Court of Pardons. This being a tedious process, the wife was much depressed and pathetically deplored her first hasty application to the court. She did not realize the consequence of her action until she found that it was irretrievable. Many persons are in sorrow from a similar cause. It is often better for us when God answers our prayers for the removal of a trial as he answered Paul's for the removal of his "thorn in the flesh," not by granting the petition, but but by giving more grace to enable us to bear it. (II. Cor. 12: 7, 9.)

THE WAITING TIME.

THERE are days of deepest sorrow
In the seasons of our life;
There are wild despairing moments,
There are hours of mental strife;
There are times of stony anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lay us low;
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance a day is coming,
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank Him meekly
That He taught us how to wait.

SYMPATHY IN REPROOF.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL teacher, on seeing a young scholar misbehave, said to him: "I am sorry you did this, for I had formed a very good opinion of you." The boy went home and confessed to his mother that, if he had known what a good opinion his teacher had held of him, he would not have done wrong. Had the teacher said: "I have had my eye on you for some time, and now I've caught you," the boy would simply have been confirmed in his suspicion that no one expects a boy to do anything but the wrong thing. It ought to be a simple matter to show a child or a man that our first impulse toward him is one of trust rather than distrust. And when one has gone wrong, he will be better helped by our showing that we appreciate the fact that he has gone wrong in spite of the good we believed him capable of, rather than in accordance with our suspicions of him.

A BISHOP'S RETORT.

How completely Bible thought, Bible history and Bible language have entered into our public and social life has frequently been pointed out, and very justly, as an evidence of the divine origin of the Scriptures. It has long been a characteristic of English life also. An illustration of the fact is given in the life of a late bishop who apparently believed in Solomon's injunction to "answer a fool according to his folly lest he be wise in his own conceits."

The bishop in question speaking in the House of Lords against a certain measure, said: "It is not many months since I ventured to prophesy that this iniquitous bill would be brought forward. I am sorry that a prophecy delivered so much against my inclination, has been so soon and fully verified in all its points." An opposition lord, who was somewhat rough in his speech, replied: "That, as the reverend bishop had chosen to call himself a prophet, he knew only one in Scripture with whom he deserved to be compared—that was Balaam, the only prophet who had prophesied against his inclination and he was reproved by an ass." The bishop mildly retorted: "That part of his lordship's allusion which compares me to Balaam I can readily apply to myself, but as to the reproof that was administered to him, I am at a loss to find out to whom it must apply; for sure I am that I have been reproved by no one present but his lordship."

VALUABLE REFUSE.

A CURIOUS series of statistics establishes the value of the refuse of the Paris streets. The figures are almost incredible, and show that the rag-pickers discharge a duty of primary importance. Working at night, busy for hours under the gas-lights, the value of what they collect is estimated at $10,000 each day. Assuredly one half the world does not know how the other half lives. Of course, the conditions of Paris life are exceptional. Population is very close; the tall houses are crammed with inhabitants; there are no gardens, there are but the houses and the streets. The Parisians have a way of emptying all kinds of lumber and refuse into the streets and then the rag-pickers gather in their harvest. A use is found for everything, and metamorphosis never ceases. All the details are interesting, though some are rather disturbing. Rags, of course, go to make paper; broken glass is pounded, and serves as the coating for sand or emery paper; bones, after the process of cleaning and cutting down, serve to make nail-brushes, tooth-brushes, and fancy buttons; little wisps of women's hair are carefully unravelled, and do duty for false hair by-and-bye. Men's hair collected outside the barbers' serves for filters through which syrups are strained; bits of sponge are cut up and used for spirit lamps; bits of bread if dirty are toasted and grated, and sold to the restaurants for spreading on hams or cutlets; sometimes they are carbonised and made into tooth powder. Sardine boxes are cut up into tin soldiers or into sockets for candlesticks. All this work finds employment for nearly 20,000 persons who earn from twenty to fifty cents a day. Their utility to the community is enormous. The metamorphosis from refuse into valuable and useful articles suggests a lesson to the Christian worker. How much human refuse is there running about our streets in the shape of neglected children who might after the divine metamorphosis of conversion become useful men and women in the world and gems for the Saviour's crown in the world to come!

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

Mr. G. W. Smalley's Warning of Impending Danger from the Franco-Russian Alliance.

THE significance of the news which is cabled to the New York *Tribune* by its veteran European correspondent, Mr. G. W. Smalley, will be readily appreciated by every student of prophecy. It is an intimation that Europe is not so thoroughly assured of peace as its leading statesmen would have the world believe. Of late the intelligent student of the Word of God who was led to believe that the world is on the verge of stupendous wars, was pointed to the fact that the peace of Europe was assured for many years to come by the renewal of the Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, which was further strengthened by the promise of England's co-operation under certain circumstances. But those who rely on God's Word rather than on the boasts of princes, have not been convinced by the argument.

The prophecies of Holy Writ clearly imply that the last decade of this dispensation, on which, as the most eminent expositors of prophecy believe, we are now entering, will be a period of war such as the world has never yet witnessed. The map of Europe is to be re-arranged. The countries which surround the Mediterranean Sea will be reduced in number to ten; the territories which were not included in Cæsar's Roman Empire will again be separated from it; those nations which were included in that Empire will have as much territory and no more than they had then. That will involve among other events the recapture by France of the territory taken from her by Germany, the separation of Ireland from England, the gain of large sections of territory by Greece and the complete dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Such a rearrangement of the map of Europe could not take place without a war in which all the great Powers would be involved, and such a war the Bible student has long been expecting.

The object of the Triple Alliance was to prevent any such conflict, and there was good reason for auguring its success. The Powers forming the Alliance possess gigantic armies, thoroughly organized and well equipped. They stretch in a broad belt across Europe from north to south and seem to form, standing together, a powerful peace-preserving force. But it would now appear from Mr. Smalley's dispatch that the very Alliance which was formed to compel peace has incited a rival combination to break it. Russia and France appear to be meditating an agreement to act together. As Mr. Smalley points out, these two Powers are not threatened by the Triple Alliance or by any other Government; it must therefore, be inferred that their object is offensive, not defensive. Should their alliance be consummated, Europe will be divided into two gigantic camps, and the war which the Bible student has been expecting, cannot long be averted. Mr. Smalley says:

The visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt has filled Europe with rumors. The sky is black with them; one or two of extreme gravity, for which there is some authority. The St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Times* sends one. He receives from a good source the positive statement that negotiations for an ultimate alliance between France and Russia have been going on in Paris. Some kind of agreement has been reached between the Russian Ambassador in Paris and the French Foreign Minister. The French fleet is the bearer of a rough draft of this agreement, which the Czar and his Minister have been considering all the week, amid the blaze of festivities, with Admiral Gervais to help them.

Great quantities of ink have been shed over the visit of the French fleet to Cronstadt. Paris is beside itself with joy. You may almost hear the echo of that fatal cry of the Boulevards in 1870, "To Berlin!" The prospects of an alliance are more freely discussed than the objects of it. What would be the objects? It would be an alliance for war. Of an alliance for defence there is no thought and no need. There is not in all Europe a single power which dreams of attacking either France or Russia. There is no Frenchman or Russian who believes there is.

Feeling in Paris is extremely high-strung. Nor is it merely the journals of the Boulevards in which wild things are said. The President's own organ, *La Paix*, set the tune, and the rest have danced to it. We want an alliance with Russia, declares this important and usually moderate paper, for defence; and also because we may be compelled ourselves to assume the offensive. That is a very menacing word, and some of the echoes of it are more menacing still.

SEEKING BEST THINGS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 23d. John 6 : 27.

HOW many feel that life is a dreary circle! To the great masses it is a neck-and-neck race with destitution. The food eaten to-day supplies the strength to earn food for to-morrow. To cease work is to cease to live, as the bird in mid-air must use its wings or drop. Others who are more successful or more fortunate have a store provided for the contingencies of sickness and old age, but the difference is in degree; the store is used to supply the needs of the day which are like those of yesterday, and those that will come to-morrow. The meat, the things of the world, perish in the using. There is no permanent satisfaction in the acquisition of means which simply supply recurrent wants. The man who is compelled by his circumstances to give all his thoughts to the work of earning money is to be pitied, the man who does so by choice is to be despised. Christ's advice, or rather his injunction, was sound philosophy: "Labor not for the meat which perisheth."

But he does not leave us with negative instruction. We are not to cease to labor because the common object is unsatisfactory. There is another object which is worthy of labor. It does not perish but endures unto everlasting life. Christ speaks of it as food. How many a Christian realizes the appropriateness of the simile! It sustains life as nothing else can. It sustains the life of the soul which lives on through eternity. His meaning may be made clear by a simple illustration: Two men purchase books—books enough to fill a large library. One man is content with the possession of them, the sight of them on his shelves; the other man reads his books, makes them his own by study and assimilation. Both libraries are burned. In the one case the books have perished, in the other, they survive in the well-stored mind and are imperishable.

The words are words specially for believers. Sanctification is progressive. We grow in grace. God's docile children are learning all their lives. Every joy, every trial, every success, every failure has its lesson for those who will learn. "Giving all diligence," says the Apostle Peter, "add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." The ladder of attainment is a hard road, but blessings come at every step and at the end the result is everlasting life. Above all, (and the thought is most encouraging) success does not depend on our own efforts. We are to labor, we are to strive, we are to be receptive; but the fruit—that sustaining food, "the Son of man shall *give* unto you."

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THE PORTLAND TEST.

"CAN you inform me," writes a correspondent, "what are the exact terms of the Portland Test, which is so frequentiy referred to in the reports and discussions of Young Men's Christian Associations?" The so-called test is embodied in a resolution adopted by the convention which assembled in July 1869, at Portland, Me. Its objects was to secure practical fellowship in doctrine among the Associations thereafter to be organized or reorganized, so that the word Christian might never become a misnomer as applied to them. It is worded as follows:

"*Resolved:* That the Associations organized after this date shall be entitled to representation in future conferences of the Associated Young Men's Christian Association of North America, on condition that they be severally composed of young men in communion with evangelical churches (provided that in places where the Associations are formed by a single denomination, members of other denominations are not excluded therefrom), and active membership and the right to hold office be conferred only upon young men who are members in good standing of evangelical churches; and we hold those churches to be evangelical which, maintaining the Holy Scriptures to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ (the only begotten of the Father, King of kings and Lord of lords, in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and who was made sin for us, though knowing no sin, bearing our sins in his own body on the tree), as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved from everlasting punishment.

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AN INTERNATIONAL ORGANIZATION.

THE King's Daughters have become so numerous and the circles have so multiplied in other lands that an enlargement of organization has become necessary. Accordingly Mrs. Bottome has applied to the Supreme Court for permission to change the name of the Order, which permission has been granted. The New York *Sun*, of Aug. 6, gives an account of the court's decision and Mrs. Bottome's reasons for the application, from which the following are extracts:

The order of Judge O'Brien of the Supreme Court changing the name of the Order of the King's Daughters to that of the "International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons," marks an era of advancement in this interesting association. Men and boys were admitted to the order in 1887, the year after it was founded. This was done upon the earnest request of a large number of clergymen and church workers from all over the country. It seems men and boys were admitted to the Order in 1887, the year after it was founded. This was done upon the earnest request of a large number of clergymen and church workers from all over the country. In 1890, the men and boys were more formally recognized than at first, after it was unexpectedly found that the order proved popular among them. At that time Mrs. Margaret Bottome, the President, in a circular, said: "There are not two orders, but two associated bands in one Order. Both branches of the Order should clasp hands, each ready to minister to the other, as occasion may require. In such a fellowship there cannot fail to be glorious service both for God and man. To the women of broad experience and large-hearted helpfulness the members of the Brotherhood should freely bring any of the problems on which it is possible for a woman to lay a helpful hand: while the women of the Order should be able and free to turn to the Sons of the King, who should stand as a truly royal guard, ready to help and shield and save."

The more significant change in the order is indicated by the addition of the word "International" to the title. It is no longer an American order. It spreads all over the world. In the very first year of the order's existence circles of King's Daughters were started in England. From there they spread to Denmark, Japan, Australia, Canada, France, Germany, and Italy. The movement became especially popular in England, where it spread into every city and almost every town, but its growth in other countries was rapid also. All the circles founded abroad adopted the constitution of the American organization and arrayed themselves under the American banner. Of late these foreign circles have become so numerous that there has been a movement in each country to consolidate its own circles into a grand division of the order. In England, Canada, Denmark, Japan, and Australia national organizations have already been made, or are now forming. Then it was determined to reorganize the order into national divisions, having its central governing head in this city. The practical work leading up to this has hardly begun as yet. Eventually, a system of representation for each national division will be arranged, the delegates to meet yearly in convention. This is the general platform proposed by the council upon which the national divisions will be asked to unite:

First—That all branches of the Order accept the constitution under which it was chartered in America so far as it relates to the Order at large; that there be used throughout the world one badge, one membership card, one certificate of membership. Provision to supply these will be made by the Central Council of the Order.

Second—That each country desiring to cooperate with us shall elect a General Secretary whose election shall be confirmed by the Central Council, said Secretary to report yearly, or more frequently if necessary, the needs of the work in her own country, and that the Chairman of the Committe on Foreign Missions be the representative in that body of the interests of the Order in all foreign mission fields.

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HINTS TO ENDEAVORERS.

PRACTICAL advice which may be useful to some of our readers comes to us in a letter from Deacon Jotham L. Sedgley of Cloverdale, Cal., who is President of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational Church of that town. Mr. Sedgley has had the pleasure of seeing the Society grow from a membership of eight, with which it started two years ago, to a membership of seventy-six, with six committees. He is an enthusiastic believer in the efficacy of this means of usefulness and is anxious that all churches should avail themselves of it.

Among the plans which have been found beneficial at Cloverdale is that of holding a small prayer-meeting before the general one. The members of the Prayer-meeting Committee meet the leader and join with him in prayer in a preliminary meeting, and all are conscious that much strength has been given in answer. Another important matter is the preparation of the Lesson on the topic of the week. In doing this the most earnest effort should be made to put aside worldly thoughts and anxieties in order that the mind may be open to the promptings of the Spirit. The utmost care in the selection of hymns appropriate to the topic, is another piece of advice Mr. Sedgley gives. Much of the benefit of the meeting depends on this. Plenty of music and as good as it is possible to obtain should be a feature of the meeting. A weekly choir practice is recommended as a means to that end. The Consecration meeting should be a real and a solemn renewal of the pledge of membership.—Every member should take part and if natural timidity cannot at first be overcome sufficiently to speak, then the members should signify the renewal by rising. But everyone should be encouraged to speak, as individual experience of the power of temptation and the way of victory is helpful to others. Instruction, however, does not exhaust the object of the Society. Fellowship occupies an important place. A warm grasp of the hand has done much before now in encouraging a tried fellow-believer. Not the mere touch of a hand covered with "the non-conductor of a kid glove," but a really hearty handshake in which the heart speaks. Service, the third of the objects of the Society, should be wide-awake, earnest, vigorous, helpful to the Pastor and the Church.

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THE SPECIAL meeting of Christian Endeavor Societies of Brooklyn, N. Y., took place in Clermont Avenue North Reformed Church as aunounced two weeks ago in this journal. The chief subject considered was a plan for aggressive summer work. One of the members outlined a plan to establish a Gospel wagon similar to those used in Baltimore and Washington and reports were read from those places showing the cost and results of the work. It was estimated that after the purchase of the wagon the annual expenses of running it would amount to about $320. The plan is to send the wagon into those localities of the city where church work is needed. Twenty persons can be carried in it who will conduct religious services in the streets. Speakers will address the gathering thus drawn by the singing, and it is thought a great deal of work can be done in this way. Many members heartily endorsed the project. A doubt, however, was raised as to its being constitutional and it was therefore laid on the table for further inquiry.

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A TESTIMONY to the value of Christian Endeavor Societies comes from Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Elizabeth Weir, of the Grace Baptist Temple in Broad Street, writes that the Society in connection with that church has been much blessed. Meetings are held every Tuesday night. An excellent President and Secretary serve the Society faithfully, and the members are in hearty fellowship and zealous in service. The younger people have a separate society and they are equally enthusiastic. They recently placed a beautiful window in the Temple.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

SECURE is that soul in the midst of affliction.
Who sees in each sorrow the hand of his God,
And, knowing that all things for good work together,
Unquestioned bows 'neath each stroke of the rod;
O blest is that heart that, when tossed by the tempest,
Can cling to this hope as a bird to its nest,
And say, with a faith by each trial made stronger;
"The dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

The seed that, with weeping, we sowed for the Master,
Unquickened, may lie where it fell by the way;
Prayers that were wrung from our heart's deepest anguish,
Unanswered remain, though we cease not to pray;
The Father may hide for a moment his presence,
And the soul by its doubts and its fears be distressed;
But faith whispers low: "Though he slay thee, yet trust him,
The dear Father knows—it is all for the best."

—*Canada Presbyterian.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Describes the Boyhood and Early Training of a Prince—Kaiser William's Youth.

TALES of heroic days possess an irresistible charm for the youthful mind. It lingers over the recital of David's battles, the defence of Horatius, the Spartan bravery of Leonidas, the great wars of Alexander, the Cæsars and the Maccabees. The luminous careers of Winkelried, who took the spears to his breast at Sempach, to secure his country's freedom, the battles of Charlemagne, the great Friedrich and Gustavus Adolphus have for it an attraction that the advance of years cannot wholly dispel.

The story of Saladin, the great Moslem warrior, related by Uncle John last week, had been fully canvassed by the children. "It was easy for anyone to do these things, if he was born a hero," ventured Ted.

The traveller smiled at the naive remark.

"Ah, my boy, you musn't think that every lad who achieved greatness had an easy time of it. History tells us little about the early training they underwent and the discipline that was needed to bring out the strongest points in their characters. Let me tell you how a prince, who was destined to rule one of the greatest nations, spent his boyhood."

There was a murmur of delighted assent from the group.

"I remember being in Berlin," began Uncle John, "when the late Kaiser William, had just concluded his campaign against France. There was a great public demonstration at which all the princes were present. Among them was a little lad, bright-eyed and fair-haired about your own size and age, Tom. He had for a companion a boy about a year younger than himself and both seemed to be a bit frightened at the immense crowds. Sometime afterward, I saw these two lads at their exercise in the park at Potsdam. There are two gymnasiums in the park, fitted up with all sorts of apparatus for the muscular development of the body, and these little fellows, under an instructor, were put through a variety of drills and motions for several hours every day for seven years, Sundays and holidays excepted.

"The elder was Prince William now the Emperor of Germany, and his companion was Prince Henry, his brother. Their father, the late Emperor Frederick, was one of the most exemplary Christians Europe has ever seen—a man of rare talents and greatly beloved by his people. He was averse to war by nature, though brave in the field. He knew that young William would one day be his successor, if the lad lived, so he determined to train him in a manner that would fit him to rule wisely and uprightly. Before all else, he placed the study of the Scriptures in point of importance. The future ruler was taught to govern his temper, to respect his elders, to obey those in authority and to deal kindly with all who were socially beneath him."

"Did he play games in the park, as our boys do?" inquired one of the listeners.

"Probably he did, but his amusements were usually of a more serious sort. He had no time for the ordinary games of children. In a part of the park behind the new palace, at Potsdam, there were sunk in the ground three ship's masts, full-rigged like those of a man-of-war. There was a competent naval drill-master in charge, and the prince and his comrades were daily instructed in the management of a warship's running gear and guns, and became familiar with every sail, rope and spar. A little distance from the masts was a series of trenches thrown up by the lads under the tuition of a veteran army officer. Mock battles took place frequently between the crew of the man-of-war and the land force, and thus the young prince was, like Cyrus and Alexander, taught the art of war even before he knew his grammar. His portrait was taken about that time and it shows a diminutive but sturdy sailor, in regulation costume, with an easy nautical air about him that is very amusing."

A chorus of comments followed, when Uncle John held up to the gaze of the children the portrait of the sailor prince.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. IN BOYHOOD.
From a photograph taken when he was six years of age.

"You see, youth with him was a rather serious matter," he continued. "His very play was disciplinary and not merely designed to amuse. His boyish sallies were made against fortifications and over breastworks. When he was not resting, he was either fencing, swimming, studying his books or planning out in marches, countermarches, attacks and defence, the work of his future life. I have seen him at the head of his band of boy-troopers, storming a miniature fortress, surrounded by tiny ditches and defended by cannon that fired blank shot. And after taking the fort, he would lead his cadets in pursuit through the whole length of the park, finally overtaking the enemy, with whom he would immediately go into camp, and set to making coffee and cooking potatoes over a wood fire—in fact, meeting as far as possible all the hardships incident to ordinary camp life. To share such a spread on the smooth sward, all the pickets and sentinels would be called in, and while the meal lasted there would be an armistice. After that, the state of war would be resumed till dark drove the pigmy soldiers into the palace."

"He has never been in a real war, has he?" inquired Ted, gazing at the youthful face in the photograph.

"No; and doubtless he wishes he may never need to engage in a conflict that must mean death to thousands and misery to a whole country. When the old Emperor and Bismarck and the Crown Prince used to watch the little prince at his boyish battles, they little thought he would be called so soon to govern the nation. The training he received from a Christian father and mother may have given him a self-restraining power that will avert war many years. The Bible, you remember, says the Christian soldier must put on the whole armor of God, and that his feet should be 'shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace.' It would be a blessing to Europe, and to the whole world, if its princes were clad in this armor," added Uncle John earnestly, "for then there would be an end of bloodshed, and nations would be brothers instead of deadly foes."

* * *

Early Christian Training.

THE value of early training in Christian principles is inestimable. Whatever the child is, that, in a majority of cases, the man will be. Our great millionaires, almost to a man, had to begin early to earn their own living and thus quickly developed the acquisitive faculty. The grandest Christians have been those who took in their first inspirations at their mother's knee and the foundations of whose characters were laid before they ever entered school or college.

To learn early is to learn thoroughly, and this is especially true of all that relates to the heart and the conscience. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Yet here are many parents, who, from false delicacy or carelessness, neglect to lay those spiritual foundations in childhood, and thus miss the golden opportunity of moulding the nature when it is tender and easily influenced.

* * *

To Brighten Rainy Days.

RAINY days need not necessarily be dull. There are many ways in which children in the country during the summer, may pass a pleasant rainy day indoors. Here are some interesting suggestions from a writer in *The Western Rural:* "When a rainy day comes, one busy mother whom I know places a large comforter on the sitting-room floor, and provides her small brood with newspapers and scissors. They cut from the paper men, horses, cows, sheep, etc., also, tubs of butter, webs of cloth, buttons, anything, in fact, of which they may think, and open a store. Sometimes they are partners, and all their joint energies are bent toward putting up a first-class store. Sometimes one has a farm, the other a store, etc. As mamma sits by with her sewing, she of course helps them plan, quells any tendency to quarrel, and keeps matters straight generally, as mothers have a habit of doing."

* * *

Weeds in Character.

THERE are some traits of character that grow without cultivation; or rather, they grow from the lack of it. Like weeds in the flower-garden, they spring up everywhere and in the most unexpected places. They thrust themselves right in among the best qualities we possess, and assert themselves at a time when we most earnestly desire to be rid of them. Surliness, ill-temper, exaggeration, and gossip are some of the weeds that mar the complete character. Unless the garden of the mind is diligently cultivated and the weeds not merely trimmed down but suppressed, their roots will spread and by and by they will crowd out the flowers and flourish, rank and unmolested.

A violent temper is one of the commonest and most objectionable of these weeds. People soon come to rightly estimate a chronic scold, male or female, and to know how little reason or justice such a temper really has in it. Its authority is soon lost, and by and by it rages to the empty air, since nobody heeds it. It is a weed that soon absorbs and spoils the whole nature, unless checked in time.

Sullenness is a kindred weed. One sullen member will depress an entire household, just as, on the other hand, one sunbeam will lighten up the darkest room. A lady tells this incident: A good woman, the mother of a family, sat thinking how to get rid of a petty annoyance. Arising, she rang the bell. A servant entered in a noisy way.

"Sarah, you may sit down." The girl threw herself sullenly on a chair, averting her face. "I'm sorry to have to find fault in you, Sarah."

"Oh, you needn't be, madam, for I'm quite used to it now."

"I don't think I have ever scolded you. I try to watch myself against that sin. Have I ever scolded you?"

"Well, ma'am, not to say ravin' scoldin' as some do; but you tell me things and make me ashamed of myself."

"I want to be kind to you, poor girl. I was going to ask you to try and be more pleasant to the children. It is now a whole week since a smile has been seen on your face. Now, must I lose my good girl or keep her?"

Sarah looked down, and said:

"I think, ma'am, if I do my work well, I might look grave, if it suits me."

"Don't you see, my little girls will catch your sullen ways. No, Sarah, you must be a careful, pleasant girl if you are to stay; and now I want you to decide it for me."

"I'll stay, ma'am." And, as the tears filled her eyes, she added: "You are the best mistress in the wide world."

Years passed, and Sarah remained a cheerful servant. Who shall count the value of words fitly spoken?

* * *

How the Lapp Babies go to Church.

RECENTLY we spoke of a plan suggested by a good California clergyman for the establishment of a Church kindergarten, to enable mothers who had no one to attend the babies at home, to come to church. But there is a country where the mothers take their babies to church without the adjunct of a kindergarten, and the little tots don't disturb the minister, either.

No mother in Lapland would think of staying at home on her baby's account. The Lapps are very devoted, Christian people, and go immense distances over the snow and ice to hear the sermon. On arriving at the church door, all the babies, who are wrapped up very snugly in deer-skins, are tucked away in the crisp snow and the dogs are left to guard them, while the parents are in listening to the sermon. It is no uncommon thing to see a score or more little ones out in the snow, and so thickly are they wrapped and so well tucked in, that they never either suffocate or freeze.

It would hardly do to try the Lapp method in this country, however. Our climate forbids it and our delicate ones would perish, where a hardy Lapp would be unharmed.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 492.*)

ROBERT could not yet fully realize that the Superintendent was his father. The story had been told so abruptly and amid so much excitement that he had not a clear idea of the reason why he had been so suddenly transferred to Mr. Murray from the midst of the family he so loved. As he sat beside his father in the railroad car, he tried to collect his thoughts, but it seemed so like a dream that he could make nothing of it. It was very clear, however, that his new father meant to separate him completely from the old home and his old friends the Allens.

Mr. Murray wished never to see Lacy again, and especially that district of Lal's Mountain. The plan of his life was changed. He no longer thought of leaving the country. No; now he would stay and do well for Robert. Robert must be educated; Robert must be introduced to friends; Robert must be pushed on in life; Robert would inherit a good fortune; Robert must learn to love his new-found father, better than the people whom he had left; Robert's mind must be weaned from the past. Mr. Murray's heart sang but one song, Robert, Robert, Robert. Why had he not, by divine paternal prescience, recognized his child, years ago, he asked himself. No doubt a mother's heart would have realized the tie which his nature had ignored. One minute he upbraided himself, the next, the Allens.

At last they had left Lacy behind. Few people were in the car. Mr. Murray put his arm about Robert's shoulders, and drew him near to him. He took from his pocket two pictures.

"Here, my son, is your mother's picture, and yours, at the age when you were stolen from me. What a fool I have been not to recognize in you your mother's eyes and hair."

Robert looked at the picture. The lovely young face of his dead mother was very different from the plain, care-worn, mature face of Eliza Allen, but there was the same mother-look in each. He felt sure that his dead mother would have loved and blessed his living foster-mother, for her care of him. In truth, it seemed easier to think of this pictured-woman as mother, than of Mr. Murray as father; for Robert's heart was sore, and his sense of justice wounded, by the abuse that the Superintendent had showered on Captain Allen and his family.

When we are young, and our experiences are narrow, we are apt to be severe in judging others, being too ignorant of human nature to make allowances. The other day I heard one say, "How easy your own faults make it for you to forgive others!" Knowledge of our own faults has not always this beneficent effect, but if should have. Robert had neither seen enough, nor felt enough to cover with the mantle of charity his new-found father's wrath. His mind was not with the Superintendent, nor with the future; but with the crestfallen Captain, the sturdy Bop, the weeping Eliza, and Pink.

But Mr. Murray, with his arm clasping closely his new found son, was telling in his ear the painful tale of his loss; of his mother's grief and death of heart-break; of his own long, miserable search, and the years whereof he could write that he "had no pleasure in them." Such a story could not but touch Robert's heart. A mist gathered in his eyes as he looked at the picture of his mother, and he felt that it should be his duty and his happiness to comfort the so-long-wretched father, who was ready to pour upon him all the fullness of his love.

From the story of the past Mr. Murray went to plans for the future. "Robert," he said, "I will do for you whatever you wish. We shall make a man of you. The first thing will be to send you to a first-class school where they will push you on in languages and mathematics. You have wasted your time long enough on such a paltry school as that of the Mountain. You must be hurried up to the level of other boys of your age. And such a school as I will select will attend carefully to your manners. I daresay you have been eating with steel forks, and not using finger-napkins, and have never seen a finger-bowl. All these little refinements of life you must learn, to fit you for the society you will live in. You are fifteen: much can be learned and done before you are twenty-one. Then I will take you abroad; you shall see the world. Aster two years of foreign travel, you shall come home, and go into business. Or, Robert, perhaps you would prefer the army. If you do, say so. I have influence enough to get you into West Point. The schoolmaster says you are very diligent and bright. In two years' time you could be amply fitted for West Point. You would come out an officer. I should like to see you with a pair of epaulettes on your shoulders. Would you like it?"

"I don't know, Mr. Murray," faltered the amazed lad.

"Mr. Murray! I'm your father, boy."

"Father, I mean—I forgot."

"Yes, yes, I see, habit, habit. Well, we must form a new habit. On second thought, I should not prefer the army. It would keep you from me too much, and then you might be killed in an Indian skirmish, or in a war if we had a war. Your life is too precious.

"How would you like to go to the Polytechnic, and graduate, and be a mining engineer? That is a fine, useful, manly business. We could travel over all the West together. You would become an expert, an authority. When you saw a chance for investment, you would have money to invest, and some venture might be as fortunate as was that of Agassiz, when he bought mines near Lake Superior. If you incline rather to literature, Robert, you could devote yourself to study, study in Europe, and come home to be a college president. That would suit me very well. I should be proud of you. Or, if you have a taste for politics, study law; your money will, at once, give you friends and influence. You could be sent to Congress; be Governor of your State; get one day to the White House! I wonder could I live long enough to see you inaugurated President of the United States!"

In fact, if Captain Allen had been elevated when he found Robert, Mr. Murray was now exalted from the sudden joy of getting back his long-lost boy. He ran on, in a state of excitement, presenting picture after picture of possible honor, fame, luxury, success, to the bewildered lad, who, half his heart yet clinging to the mill, could only hear amazed, and say, "If you wish;" "Yes, if you like;" "Yes, Mr. Murray—I mean, father."

But the train was getting over the ground well, and they were nearing Philadelphia, and the cars were filling. The Superintendent's mind turned to nearer interests. He took a fresh start in planning. The gorgeous card-houses of future honors were abandoned in favor of smaller card-houses of present conveniences. Robert, a handsome, well-grown lad, wore an old, faded, outgrown suit, too short in sleeve and leg, and with more than one patch, neatly set by Eliza. His shirt was of striped cotten, his shoes cowhide, and his blue stockings, knit by Pink, were in plain sight at the ankles. Mr. Murray's fatherly pride took note of these deficiencies, and of the old felt hat that had seen two years' wear, and survived many a lively tussle with Bop and the twins.

"We will get our dinner at the station restaurant," Mr. Murray said, "and then we will go to a tailor, and get you fitted out from head to foot, before we go to a hotel. We will give orders for more clothes too, handsome clothes, the best there are. We must go to a barber's. It is a pity that such beautiful curly hair as yours has been so villainously cut!"

"Mother always cut my hair," said Robert.

"Mrs. Allen? Don't say mother of her, your mother is dead."

But though Robert's heart could say mother of the fair-faced one who had nursed his baby-hood, and died for lack of him, he must say mother also of that valiant, self-denying Eliza, who had been true mother to him for the ten years within his closest memory. He was silent at Mr. Murray's pettish remonstrance, but his heart said "mother, mother, mother" of Eliza.

All was hurry and stir until they were in the quiet, handsomely-furnished room of a first-class tailoring establishment.

"I want this young gentleman fitted out with a full wardrobe of your best," said Mr. Murray. "Have you a nice suit in stock to begin on? and you can take his measure for two others. What are the styles? Knee-breeches? Brass buttons, plain cloths, silk-finished cords? Robert, how would you like one suit in deep navy-blue, and one in fine, dark bottle-green?"

"If you please, Mr. Mur—father," said Robert.

"We have a handsome, deep brown corduroy knee-breeches suit, with Norfolk jacket," said the tailor. "Made to order—was a little small. I am sure it would fit this young gentleman."

"Bring it," said Mr. Murray. "Do you keep hats and caps? Can you order a trunk to put the goods in? Will you send out for shoes and slippers to try on? Take it in charge, will you, and fit him out completely at once. Suppose we begin at the furnishing department and get shirts and silk underwear and let him put a suit on. How many of each article should he have?"

The merchant had a conscience. Although here was a rich, lavish, excited customer, he did not think it right to make him buy out the whole store. He said as Robert was a growing boy, a half-dozen of things would be enough. So they adjourned to the furnishing department, and Mr. Murray held up neckties to try their effect on Robert's complexion, and disported himself generally like a mother buying a dress for a pretty daughter's first party, than like the father of a big, muscular lad, who had lived for ten years in a saw-mill and was now about to go to school.

Robert was fairly frightened at the amount of goods bought for him. What! four elegant neckties? His father, Captain Allen, had for two years worn the same black-silk stock fashioned by the prudent Eliza. What! six pairs of fancy-colored half-hose? And how ignominiously were the blue woolen stockings knit by dear little Pink discarded. Robert longed to rescue one, but dared not. What! thirty dollars for that one suit of dark-brown silk corduroy? Thirty dollars! Had Eliza and Pink had as much spent in dress for them for the last three or four years? What would they say,—what would they think to see him now? And to tell the truth, when he saw himself in all his new glory reflected in a long glass, he wished they could see him!

It was long after dark when Robert and his new-found father left the tailor-shop. Measures had been taken for two more suits of clothes, and an overcoat trimmed with fur. Robert could now hardly realize himself. He wore the finest of clothing throughout; on his feet were a pair of the best shoes that eight dollars could buy; his cap cost five dollars. He had hitherto only worn mittens in the coldest weather; now he had on tan-colored kid gloves. A hem-stitched, linen kerchief stuck out of his breast-pocket. A trunk was already nearly packed with what Robert considered a lavish, wasteful, unnecessary supply of clothing, and was to be sent to the hotel. Next, Mr. Murray took his son to a barber-shop to have his hair dresed; and then to a fine bazaar, where he bought him a dressing-case with a quantity of ivory-backed brushes, and other knick-knackery.

"We will now go to the hotel and leave buying your other things until to-morrow," said Mr. Murray.

"You have bought me more than enough, and more than I shall ever use," said the sturdy Robert.

"I have plenty of money," said Mr. Murray.

"I know that—but—well, it seems wrong to have all these things when other people have none."

"You have a right to them if your father can pay for them," replied Mr. Murray, proudly. "You will see how much better it is, being with your true father, than with people like the Allens."

"You give me what I need, with you, and what you can afford," said Robert, earnestly, "and they did the same. It comes to the same thing, sir, as far as I can see—and—and I have known my mother to go without clothes that she needed, so that I could have big, steadfast eyes as he spoke; for now he had two pairs of fine shoes, and a pair of worked slippers, and he remembered that his good "mother's" shoes were patched, and Pink's, oh, poor Pink's, were nearly out at the toes!

"You are not bound to measure what you have by what other folks have," said Mr. Murray. "We are going to the hotel. Have you ever seen the Continental Hotel?"

"Outside, I have," said Robert, placidly. "I never went inside that to sell jam and honey and butter, but I went inside a lot of the others."

"My goodness!" cried Mr. Murray. "I don't see what those Allens meant by sending my son about as a huckster!"

"But I was their son then," said Robert, "and I am afraid we might have all starved if we had not tried something like that. I invented the jam-selling, and we made money by it too, and I was awfully glad to do it. They treated me well at the hotels, and some of them told me I would make a fine business man. I hope I will."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Murray. "I hope, my son, that you will succeed in whatever you undertake."

They walked on in silence to the hotel. Mr. Murray was inwardly resentful that "those Allens" had sent his son on trading expeditions to the doors of hotels and boarding-houses; and Robert was calculating how long it was likely to be before he could go into business, "and make a whole lot of money," and send it *in toto* to Captain 'Zekiel to pay off the mortgage, repair the mill, build a house, replenish the wardrobes of all the family, and put "well, as much as two thousand in the bank."

They reached the hotel, and were taken to two fine communicating rooms. Then they went down to supper, and Mr. Murray watched Robert's every motion, and kept up a very discomfiting whisper about "do so, don't do so; not this, not that," and poor Robert, who had heretofore eaten his humble meals in blessed peace, was driven nearly out of his wits. Still, Eliza Allen had been fairly careful of her children's manners, and Robert was naturally refined and delicate in his ways, so that really he was conducting himself properly, and Mr. Murray was very proud of him. His hints were chiefly the outgrowth of nervous excitement, and a captious feeling that the pupil of "the Allens" must need correction. Among the persons in the dining hall were several whom Mr. Murray knew, and great was his pride in introducing the tall, handsome Robert as "My son;" and hearing the compliments that were paid him.

"I heard you were going abroad, Murray," said one.

"I have changed my mind. I shall remain here to attend to the education of my son, and defer going abroad for five years, until I can take him," said Mr. Murray flushed and happy.

The next day Robert's new father went out with him again. Then there was more buying. A knife; how glad Robert was that his own knife, a gift from Mr. Murray, was accidentally in Bop's pocket, not his, when he left "home." A Russia-leather pocket-book—when could he fill it for them?

"Oh, you must have a Bible," said Mr. Murray, and went in and bought a fine Oxford Teacher's Bible.

Eliza had once given Robert a six-cent Testament on Christmas, and he had left it at "home" on the shelf in the wall at the head of his bed.

"My dear boy, the Bible should be from your own dear mother. What a loss you have had in losing her. She would have taught you and helped you as I cannot. All I can do is to write in this Bible, 'Our Son. In memory of his dead mother.'"

Yes, Robert liked and would value that. But there was the living mother, who had earned the six pence which paid for the little black-cloth Testament. She had written his name in it, and the verse, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy word." And she had taught him texts before he could read; she had told him Bible stories; she had heard him say his prayers, kneeling with Pink on one side of him, and Bop on the other, when they were all little dimpled creatures. It hurt Robert to have all this care of Eliza's ignored, but he saw that mention of the Allens irritated his father. But the glory of that day was a visit to the jeweller's, where Mr. Murray bought a very good watch, with a short, modest chain, and presented them to Robert. Oh, what a watch! It was not in the heart of a human boy to resist such a watch. It was a joy to own that watch, even though he remembered that Captain 'Zekiel had none.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

SADIE R. WILSON, Oakland Cross Roads, Westmoreland Co., Pa. Where can I get a King's Daughter Badge?

Write to the headquarters of the Order. No. 47 W. 22d St., New York City.

M. R., Alexandria, Va. How long a distance is a Sabbath day's journey? I find it mentioned repeatedly in the Bible.

A Sabbath day's journey with the Hebrews was not to exceed the distance between the ark and the extreme end of the camp—in other words, 2000 cubits or 3648 feet, equal to about a mile. The distance was prohibitive, and designed to prevent Sabbath desecration by pleasuring outdoors.

M. M., Bertrand, Neb. When were people named with more than one name?

Surnames cannot be traced farther back than the latter part of the tenth century. About that time, the practice of writing a *supernomina*, or "overname" began, the addition usually being descriptive either of the place where the person lived or of some personal peculiarity, or characteristic. The "overname" was written above the Christian name. Afterward it became customary in certain parts of the world to assume the name of the sire in addition to one's own; hence doubtless the word surname.

Mrs. L. D., Jacksonville, Fla. A friend says that orange blossoms worn at weddings are a relic of barbarism. Is it true?

As far as can be learned from history, orange blossoms were first worn at weddings by the ancient Saracens and they have been worn on such occasions in Europe ever since the days of the Crusades—some 800 years ago. Their general adoption, however, is a comparatively recent practice. The Saracens were kin to the Arabians and are by some supposed to have been descended from Sarah the wife of Abraham. The orange flower was typical of fruitfulness.

F. McD., Des Moines, Ia. How old is the Manual Training System and who introduced it into this country?

About twenty years ago, Victor Della Vos founded in Russia a new system of educational mechanical training which was, as far as can be learned, the basis of the present system. Dr. John B. Runkle introduced it into the United States, beginning with experiments at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, of which he is Principal. Other leading pioneers of the system were Col. Augustus Jacobson, Dr. Henry H. Belfield of Chicago, Mr. John S. Clark of Boston and the late Mr. Charles Pratt of Brooklyn.

W. G. S., Chicago, Ill. Was the earth created in six literal days as the Bible reads, and if so, is it now only 6000 years old? A well-known professor in one of our Chicago seminaries declares that the mountains of the earth are millions of years old, and I believe science agrees with this statement.

There are three theories of Creation: (1) the old orthodox view, which interprets the Bible literally, and asserts that the work occupied six days; (2) the Restitution view, which holds that the Mosaic creation is merely the restitution of a preceding organic creation which had been previously many times organized and destroyed; (3) the Harmonists' view which interprets the six days mentioned in the Bible to mean six geologic epochs of incalculable duration. The ablest writers on scientific theology in the present day probably hold the last-mentioned view.

W. O. B., Detroit, Mich. When did the custom of wearing black as an indication of mourning originate, and is it right for Christians to wear it as a token of sorrow, when we believe that our loved ones are gone to be with Christ?

The origin of the custom is lost in antiquity. It is probably Egyptian, as in that country, so Herodotus the father of travelers, writes, on the death of any great personage, the men and women of the immediate family covered their bodies with mud and went unclad and with hair dishevelled for many days. The mud, drying on their bodies, gave them a darker hue. Among the ancient Romans, the color for mourning was black, as it now is in modern Europe. In Turkey it is violet, in China white, in Ethiopia brown, in Egypt yellow. Until 1498, it was white also in Spain. The white was supposed to denote purity, the yellow that death is the end of human hopes, the brown that the body would return to its original color—that of earth, the blue that the deceased had gone to the skies to enjoy happiness, the black the deprivation of life which was likened to the shutting out of the light. White or blue would seem therefore to be more appropriate than black for a Christian to wear in memory of the dead. In some communities, there has been a very strong tendency to abolish black as an emblem of sorrow.

J. L. Trenton, N. J. Does the mere belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God save the Soul? The devils believe and tremble, we are told in Scripture.

The soul cannot be saved by belief in any doctrine or truth whatsoever. Nor can it be saved by works. It is Christ and he alone who saves the soul. He has given himself as a ransom for it and by him men may be saved. He who believes this fact has taken the first step. But the step by which the man avails himself of the benefits of Christ's sacrifice is the crucial one, just as a man may believe theoretically in the skill of a physician, but the decisive point is reached when he knows that he is suffering from a mortal disease and commits himself to the care of that physician, staking all his hope of life on the physician's power to cure him. The soul that trusts Christ to save him, as the sick man trusts the physician, has the faith of which it is said "by grace are ye saved through faith." (Eph. 2:8)

J. B. G., Beaver River Corner, N. S.—I am a farmer of 58. I would like to ask you whether in your opinion a man would be justified in saving property from destruction on the Sabbath day; not life, but hay, grain or other perishable stock, on account of bad weather, fire or flood?

Christ approved works of mercy on the Sabbath and the Christian view takes the ground that works of necessity are also permissible. (See Matt. 12: 10, 11.) The saving of life or home or cattle or crops from destruction by a sudden and unforeseen visitation of fire or flood would be a totally different matter from working in the fields on the Sabbath to save the crops from bad weather, drought, etc. "Thou shalt not do any work," is the command. If due precaution were taken to protect property during the rest of the week, it would ordinarily not be necessary to disturb the Holy Day.

Miss H. P. M., Allentown, Pa. How should the Sabbath be spent in a section where there are no Church privileges?

It should be spent in prayer to God, in praise and in meditation on his Word. This is to be done where possible, either in the privacy of one's own apartment, in the family, or in the assembly of the faithful. Where public worship in the sanctuary is not practicable, its substitute is to be found in the assembling of a few in the home and there reading and expounding the Scriptures, first asking a blessing on the effort. There are in isolated parts of this great country many sections without church buildings. Little gatherings of friends and neighbors are held for worship and often a sermon by some devout minister of the Gospel is read aloud by some one present to the edification of all. All labor should be set aside and everything that will distract the mind from the sacred duties of the day. The children, too, should not be forgotten. Their instruction in the Word is an essential part of the duties of the Sabbath. We are glad to learn from subscribers in all parts of the country that the two sermons published weekly in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD are frequently used with profit in places where there are no churches.

S. D. B., Bromley, Tenn. Is it sinful for hotels and private families to cook on Sunday?

Under the old dispensation, and while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, God made it clear that he intended that no work whatever should be done on the Sabbath day. It is to be noted that while on all other days their supply of manna was only equal to the daily need, on the day preceding the Sabbath a double supply was gathered. This was a clear indication of God's will in the matter. In accordance with this strict view, there are to-day communities in New England, and also in Scotland, Wales and Holland, where no cooking is done on the Sabbath, provision being made on Saturday for the next day's necessities. Christ, during his ministry on earth, placed a more liberal interpretation on the laws regarding the observance of the day than had till then prevailed. He discouraged such a traditional observance as would have made of it a day of heartless neglects and sanctionless rigors, but countenanced the keeping of it in its true spirit of beneficent usefulness, avowing that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath."

CHRIST, OUR REFUGE.

REFUGE of the weary soul
I Would find my rest in thee:
When the storms of sorrow roll,
Speak the word of peace to me.

Tempest-tossed and full of fear.
Doubts arise on every side.
Oft Thy voice I cannot hear,
And I fail to see my Guide.

Then O! Christ! to me appear,
Bid the boist'rous waves "Be still."
May Thy love dispel all fear,
And with joy my bosom fill,

Help me trust when *sight* is dim —
Trust, though all seems dark as night.
Casting all my care on him,
To whom *darkness* is as *light*.

L. A. N.

THE SWISS SUNDAY.

IN Switzerland the weekly rest day is protected by law more stringently than in any other country in Europe. This is as it should be, for it is the country which has enjoyed the services and support of the great-hearted and faithful Monsieur Deluz. By a law which came into force on December 1, 1890, "Every servant of railway, steamer, tramway, and other locomotive companies, and the employees of the post-office, will have fifty-two days of rest in the year, of which seventeen must be Sundays. No wage is to be deducted for the Rest Day. Any breach of the law is to be visited with a penalty of from one to two hundred dollars. This law is supplementary to others which secure to the workmen in factories, mills, and workshops their complete liberty on the Lord's day, except in certain cases, for which the authorization of the Federal Council is needed, and even then one Sunday in two must be free. A railway is in course of construction, which connects Yverdon and St. Croix, in the Canton Vaud, which by its constitution is to be free from all Sunday traffic for at least twenty-five years. To obtain this privilege the promoters have cheerfully sacrificed all the money subventions to which they had a claim from the various parishes, the Canton and the State.

In this stirring of men's minds—this energetic pursuit of Sunday Rest—this readiness on the part of the Government to meet the claims of the the toiling classes, it is most necessary that Christian men who love God and reverence his law and are jealous for the glory of their God and Saviour, should maintain their hold on the movement and so strengthen it that it may be guided into truly religious and Christian channels. A day wrested from work is good. The day devoted only to self-indulgence and amusements becomes a curse. The Day of Rest is secured for millions, and now the Christian Church must teach them how to use it.

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THE DOOR OF THE HEART

How it was Opened After it had been Closed Many Years.

NOT such a very old man, either, was he, for the wrinkles that marked his visage were not the autograph that time's finger had laid there, and the hand that placed upon the low pine table the well-drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakening that age induces; yet very old, and very wretched looked the sole occupant of the narrow room, with its red curtain, and floor stained with tobacco saliva, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar into which it opened.

A hat—it must have been intended for one, half concealed the owner's uncombed locks; and unmistakable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with brickbats and the gutter, did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Add to these, reader, a tattered pair of trousers, and you have a picture of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only "grog shop" he was allowed to enter. And yet the wretched, friendless man that sat there, under the stupefying effects of his morning drink, had a heart; and far away up a great many pair of winding stairs in that heart, was a door easily passed by, and on that door, covered with cobwebs of time and neglect, was written "Man."

But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady, with a pale, high brow, mild hazel eyes, and a strangely winning expression on her mild face. The man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment, as the bar-keeper tendered the lady a seat, and pointed to the other, saying, "That's Bill Strong, ma'am," and with a glance that indicated very plainly his wonder at what she could want there, left her alone with the astounded and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wandered with a sad, pitying expression over old Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice, she asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah! with those few words, the lady had got far up the winding stairs, and nearer the hidden door than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name," said old Bill, and he glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow that was peeping out. It was a long time since he had been addressed as Mr. William Strong, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," responded the lady; "I have heard my father speak of you so often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"Oh! no; Charlie and I used to be great cronies," said old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had not shone there for a long time, except when rum gave it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for that unseen door, so she went on.

"I almost feel, Mr. Strong, as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, with its crown of old oaks at the back of your house, and the field of yellow harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass before the front door, with the huge apple tree that threw its shadows across it; and the old 'portico' with the grape vine that climbed over it, and the white roses that peeped in at the bedroom window, and the spring that went shining and bubbling through the bed of green mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair, and the muscles around his mouth twitched occasionally, but unmindful of this, the lady kept on in the same low, melting voice.

"'Many and many were the hours,' so father would say, 'that Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of that old apple tree, playing at hide and seek, or lolling on the grass and telling each other great things we meant to do, when we became big men, while Willie's blue eyes would sparkle with hope and happiness; and when the sunset laid a crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, Willie's mother might be seen standing in the portico, with her snowy cap and checked apron, and we would hear her cheerful voice calling, 'Come boys, come to supper!'"

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears went rolling down old Bill's cheeks, and falling on the the pine table. Ah! the lady was at the door then.

"'I was always at home at Willie's,' father would say, 'and used to have my bowl of fresh milk and bread, too; and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his little stool to his mother's feet, and she would tell him some pleasant story of Joseph, or David, or some good boy, who afterwards became a great man, and then she would part Willie's brown curls from off his forehead, and say in a trembling voice I can never forget, 'Promise me, Willie, when you are a man, and the gray hairs of your mother are resting in the church-yard yonder, you will never disgrace her memory.' And Willie would draw up his slight form, lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother, and say, 'Never fear, mother, I will make a good man, and a great one too.'"

Rap! rap! rap! went the words of the lady at the door in old Bill's heart. Creak! creak! creak! went the door on its rusted hinges.

The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his clasped hands, and while his frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid child-like sobs, "My mother, oh! my mother!" With a silent prayer of thankfulness she approached him:

"But there was one thing my father loved to talk of better than all the rest," she resumed. "It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good to look at them,' he would say, 'as they walked up the old church aisle; he, with a proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and confident William's voice sounded through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and cherish the bright, confiding creature at his side, and I knew he thought, as he looked down upon her, that the winds of heaven would never visit her face too roughly;' and then my father would tell us of your pleasant home, and of the bright-eyed boy, and the fair-haired girl that came after awhile to gladden it, and then you know he removed to another part of the country, Mr. Strong, and lost sight of you."

Once more the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold, and then in a lower tone she thus spoke:—"I did not forget the promise I made my father previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native place, I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a desolate and broken home.

They spoke of a boy that a father's heart might so well delight in, who had left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless waters; of the gentle, suffering wife, who, faithful to the last, went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave, and of the fair-haired orphan girl, who followed her mother in a little while. Oh! it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! it was I that did it! I killed them!" cried the old man, lifting his bowed head, and gazing on the lady, every feature expressive of such wild agony, and helpless remorse, that she shuddered at the despair her own words had caused. (Wide, wide open stood the door then!)

A soft hand was laid soothingly upon old Bill's arm, and a voice full of hope murmured, "Even for all this, there is mercy. There is redemption through the atoning merits of Jesus, and you well know your first step towards it. Sign the pledge. In the name of the last prayer of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps by her side, I ask you, as your friend, Will you do it?"

"I will," said old Bill, while he brought down his closed hand with such force on the rickety pine table, that it rocked beneath it; and a gleam of hope lighted up his features, as he seized the pen and paper the lady placed before him which paper contained a declaration, binding all who signed it, to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages; and he returned it to her, signed—in bold, legible characters.

He never passed the threshold of the grog-shop again.

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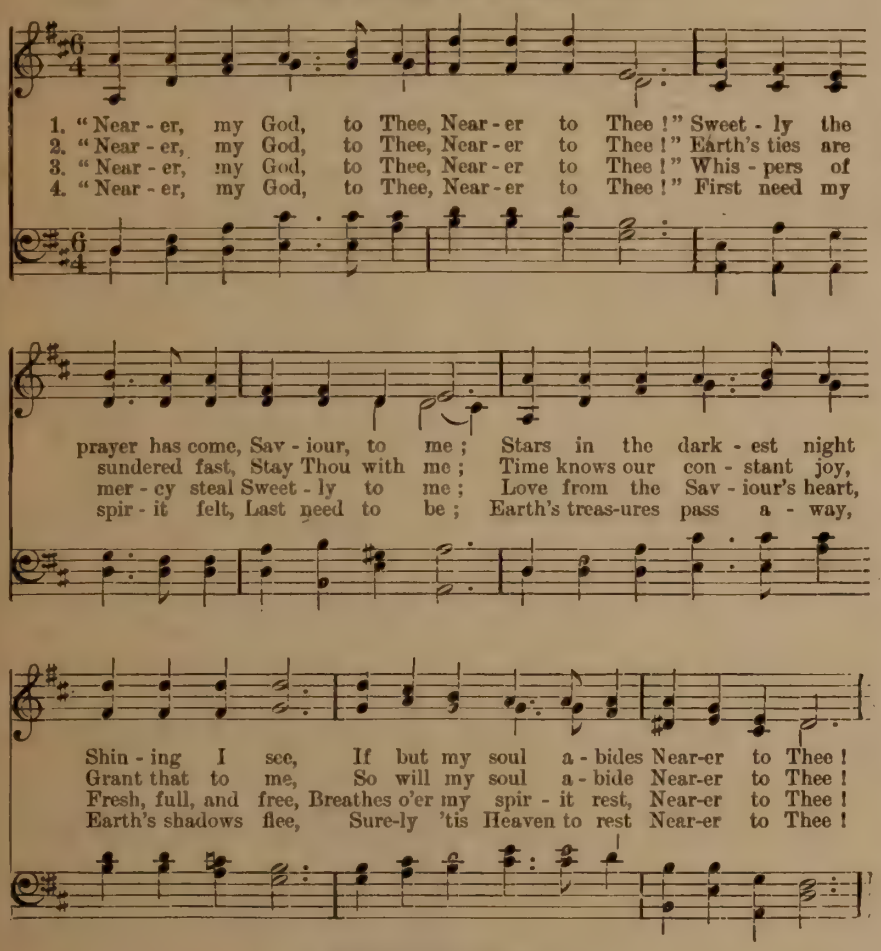

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CHINESE SUFFERERS FOR CHRIST.

A STORY of fidelity under cruelty and persecution comes from a missionary of the China Inland Mission. He says: Twice over we attempted to plant a mission within the walls or in the district of Kiong-Ning. After we were convinced that the work if done at all must be done by a native Chinaman, an experienced Chinese catechist, Ling Sing-Sing, and four assistants were set apart to plant a mission there. After eleven months of work, in which they had gathered a little congregation of inquirers, a storm of persecution burst upon them. The chapel was pulled down. A band of hired persecutors seized the catechist and three Christian students and hung them up to the branch of a tree by the hair. They flogged them, bidding them "Call now upon your Jesus, and see if he will come to save you." After attempting to suffocate them with a sort of incense, they opened their mouths with a knife, and stuffed a mixture of vinegar and human hair from a barber's shop down their throats. In all this persecution, and in the mockery which followed their being taken down half dead from the tree, these Christians never lost patience or courage.

THE NEED IN JAPAN.

The Japanese in considerable numbers have made a discovery which is not new, though it is new to them. They find that education alone does not tend to the moral progress of the country. An educated villain is only the more dangerous a villain. He is not improved in morals by his learning. A typical illustration of this general conviction is given by Rev. J. B. Hall of Osaka, Japan, in a letter to the *Spirit of Missions*. A police magistrate who had formerly been a Confucianist, but had given up that faith without becoming a Christian, was overheard talking with an atheist physician. He said: "At the restoration I thought that what Japan needed to put her morally abreast of the western world was education. I labored hard for the establishment of schools. Now there are good schools in every district of every town and village throughout the empire. We are an educated people. Comparing our list of illiterate people with that of any country of the world, we have as small if not a smaller percentage of persons unable to read than any other nation. But as we have grown more learned our morals have grown worse. I am now thoroughly convinced that more than education is needed. We must have a religion that has life in it, or our country will sink into corruption."

A SURE CURE FOR WEARINESS.

"There is nothing which will give a chance for rest to over-tired nerves" says Annie C. Brackett in an able paper in *Harper's Magazine* on "the Technique of Rest, "so surely as a simple religious faith in the over-ruling, wise, and tender Providence which has us in its keeping. It is in chafing against the conditions of our lives that we tire ourselves immeasurably. It is in being anxious about things which we cannot help that we often do the most of our spending. A simple faith in God which practically and every moment, and not only theoretically and on Sundays, rests on the knowledge that he cares for us at least as much as we care for those who are the dearest to us, will do much to give the tired nerve the feeling of the bird in its nest. Do not spend what strength you have, like the clematis, in climbing on yourself, but lay hold on things that are eternal, and the peace of them will pass into your soul like a healing balm. Put yourself in the great everlasting currents, and then you can rest on your oars, and let those currents bear you on their strength."

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A FUGITIVE LADY'S LETTER.

THE anxiety naturally caused by the cable reports of rioting in China has been in some measure relieved, so far as the Presbyterian Mission is concerned, by a letter from Mrs. Leaman who, with other Missionaries, was in the district where the rioting was worst. The following is an extract from her letter which is published in the *Church at Home and Abroad:* Over one month since, the people of Woo-hoo, a city forty miles above us on the Yangtz, became enraged at the Roman Catholic Mission and burned all their buildings. Then the cry was, "Burn all the Romanists," and threats were at once made on Nanking. Soon the threat included all foreigners. We did not feel for a time that the threat meant much, but we wrote to our different consuls and they in turn wrote to our Governor General to take special care of us, which he promised to do. Two weeks of unrest passed by, as we knew not what a day might bring forth.

A kind-hearted Chinaman here and there warned us to fly, as there was great danger. These men were not Christians, but men from whom we had been buying supplies. They told us secretly and as real friends; still we remained on, not willing to leave our beloved work and our dear Chinese Christians. But on Sabbath, May 24, word came to us from semi-official sources, telling us that the women and children ought to be taken away, as a riot was sure to come in a day or two. Oh, what a sad and trying time that Sabbath afternoon was! Mr. Leaman met with a few of the gentlemen of our mission community to decide what to do. We went on with our regular Sabbath School service, but with great fear and trembling, for I did not know what moment we might be attacked.

After the service Mr. Leaman came home and said the gentlemen had decided that all the ladies and children had better go early in the morning. I sent away my dear school-girls to their homes; gathered a few articles together and left our home in the early light of the morning. We did not dare to take much for fear we would attract attention. We were eighteen missionary ladies and fourteen little children. Three of the gentlemen went with us—one of them a physician—as there were a number of sick and weak ones among us.

It is five miles from our home to the steamer landing and often when we get there we have to wait a long time for the steamer—often twelve hours. So we felt anxious for fear an attack should be made upon us before the steamer came. But God stilled the rage of the heathen and kept us in quietness, and the steamer came and carried us away. We did not know that even then the mob was around our homes. They began their work of riot and pillage before we were an hour away from the Mission.

DO THOU THY WILL.

DO Thou Thy will, O God;
Too long, alas, too long have I done mine,
And wrought disaster only; now do Thine!
Thy patient love thus far has born with me,
And taught my heart Thy better will to see;
Now would I strive no more to do or be
Aught that I may not have, O Lord, in Thee.

Do Thou Thy will, O God:
I ask not now how long or hard the way,
If only I may walk with thee alway;
Nor care I what the pain, the shame, the loss,
Or what the burden of my daily cross,
If only I may see Thy radiant face,
And know thy constant love and saving grace.

Do Thou Thy will, O God;
Though to my shrinking heart and failing sight
Thy ways seem danger-full and dark as night;
I would not choose my lot, nor seek again
To turn aside and shun the path of pain;
Let me but restfully abide in Thee,
While Thou dost work Thy perfect will in me.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER,

East Northfield, Mass.

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HELPFUL ANECDOTES

A BACKSLIDER RESTORED.

THE following incident was related in the course of a recent address by Dr. S. M. Jackson, a Christian physician, who is practising and working for Christ at Brandon, Manitoba: "A gentleman who was formerly in business in London, England, and a member of a Congregational Church there, met with business reverses and came to Canada to try farming. He went out to the far West and took up land a hundred miles beyond Brandon. There, for ten years, he and his wife and children lived a lonely prairie life, and drifting away from God, lost their faith and hope. Not many months ago, the father was afflicted with a malignant disease, and with his wife, went to Brandon seeking medical advice. There he came to us and we earnestly sought to lead him back to God. Returning to his home with the sentence of death professionally pronounced upon him, he could not long rest. He said, 'Wife, I must go back to Brandon, I must see the minister, I can't let it go.' So they journeyed that hundred miles once more to meet the minister, and before he died he found perfect peace in Christ. It was only about two months ago that his widowed wife went back alone to her shanty home on the wide prairie. And yet not alone, for before she left she visited the missionary to tell him that she, too, had found peace in the Saviour. Now, on each Sabbath Day she is gathering together a little Sunday School in her humble abode."

A STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

IN pressing upon Christians the duty of not only watching for their Lord, but of keeping alive by faith and prayer their love and consecrated zeal to him, a singular practice was quoted recently by a returned missionary. The speaker was the Rev. W. G. Lawes who has been laboring in New Guinea. He said: Once a year the men of New Guinea set out on a trading expedition. It is an enterprise of great peril, for they are liable to shipwreck on that terrible coast and are also liable to encounter hostile tribes who may attack and murder them and capture their boats and property. There is a prevalent belief that their mothers, wives, or daughters who remain behind have much to do with their safety. If during the absence of their loved ones they keep the fire constantly burning on the hearth the men will return in safety. If through the neglect of the women the fire burns out, the men will suffer loss and probably lose their lives. All the time the expedition is away, the women take no rest, fearing that their fire should go out while they sleep and fearing to commit the duty of watching it to any one else, lest the deputy, not having the same affection for the loved one whose welfare is supposed to depend on the fire being kept up, should drop asleep and allow it to go down. Thus they neglect their personal appearance, their work and all else to attend to that fire, until the shouts of the villagers give the glad news that the expedition is returning. Then they wash themselves, put on their best attire and go forth to meet their husbands and sons. Any woman who during her husband's absence suffered the fire to go out would be held by her neighbors to have proved that she did not love him.

THE LIMIT OF ANGER.

Two men had a quarrel one morning. In the course of the day one of them remembered the Bible command, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Towards evening he knocked at the door of the man whom he had offended, who opened the door, and when he saw who stood there he drew back surprised. Then the first said: "The sun is just going to set." The allusion was understood, the second man's heart was softened, and he replied: "Come in, my dear friend; let us be at peace. Do we not hope to pass eternity together with him who has pardoned us both, and who has taught us this prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us?'"

AN EXORCISM.

A CLERGYMAN had among the members of his church a man whom he had frequently asked to engage in Christian work. The man always declined. He would not pray in the prayer-meetings nor teach in the Sunday School nor do anything for Christ. One Sunday the clergyman preached a sermon on the miracle of the healing of the demoniac (Luke 11: 15.) The idle Christian heard the sermon and described it afterward to a blind woman who belonged to the church but had not been present. "I wonder," he said in conclusion, "that the day of miracles has gone by, they must have convinced many people." The blind woman said how glad she felt at the visit and asked him to pray with her before he left. He was surprised and a little confused, but he did not like to refuse. He knelt and prayed with her. "It is almost a miracle," the woman said as they rose from their knees. "The dumb devil is cast out of *you* at last. Don't let him come back."

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6—YES IT WILL SUPPORT LIFE SINGLE-HANDED (LONDON ENG. TIMES.)
7—NO; IT IS USED FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS, CONVALESCENTS AND THE AGED, AS A DAILY DIET.
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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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FORTY YEARS AFTER.

How the Notorious "Five Points" was Morally Transformed—A Glorious Record of Mission Work—Women and the Gospel.

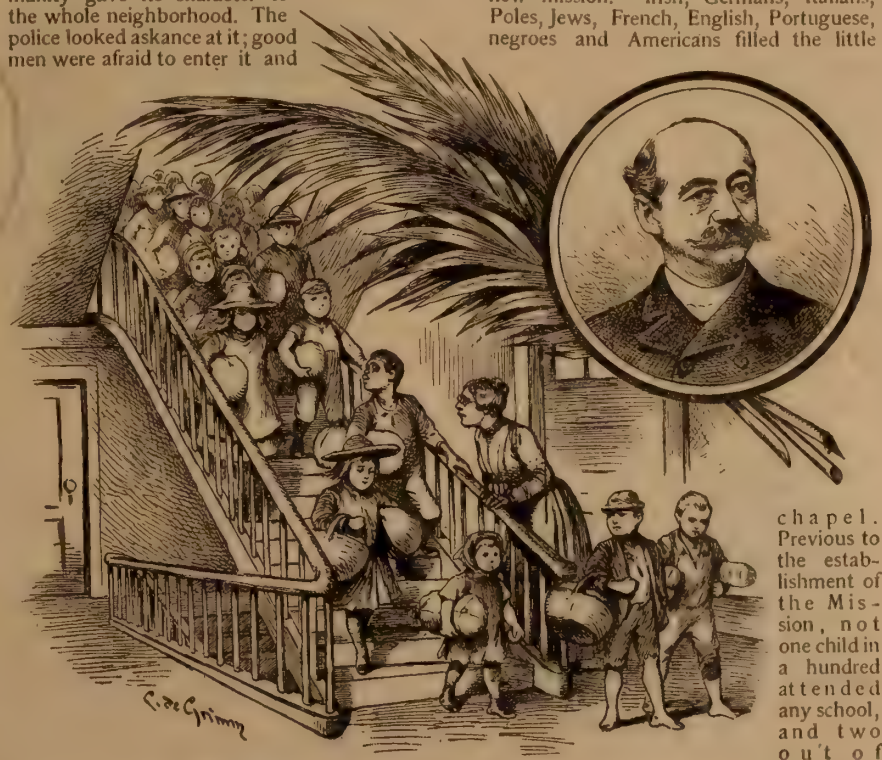
WHEN the complete history of mission work in this country comes to be written, the women of America will be credited with a glorious record. There is hardly a single mission of prominence, whose operations in the Gospel field have been marked by success, which has not been sustained, if not indeed established, by generous-hearted Christian American women.

One of the most remarkable missions in many respects is that founded forty-one years ago in New York City, and known as the Five Points Mission. In the year 1850, a number of members of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who were interested in aiding the destitute poor, met for consultation as to the best methods of doing missionary work on a more extended scale than they had hitherto attempted. One of them suggested the opening of a mission at the Five Points. At that time "The Points" was a distinctly dangerous locality, full of vile characters and the resort of thieves, burglars and desperadoes. There were in the neighborhood dark, underground chambers where murderers hid, and where even the police never dared to enter unarmed. Brawls, robberies, and assaults were of daily occurrence; the buildings were of the most wretched and dilapidated sort, and the whole neighborhood teemed with drunkenness, wretchedness, and suffering; yet all this sin and misery were within a stone's throw of Broadway, with its palatial buildings, magnificent stores and almost regal wealth. It was only a few blocks north of the City Hall and the Courts of Justice; and here, in this populous and swarming section, were eighty thousand poor and destitute children, familiar with almost every form of wickedness and crime. The place was full of five and ten-cent lodging-houses, narrow, smoky, ill-smelling alleys, bordered by rooms that rented at from two to ten dollars a month; dark dens where human beings herded together like brutes, where children were born amid surroundings such as heathen degradation could scarcely equal.

It was a brave thing for these Christian ladies to thus undertake to attack sin in its own stronghold. In selecting Five Points (which is located at the junction of what then were known as Little Water, Anthony, Orange, Cross and Mulberry Streets), they could not have chosen a better ground to open the war on vice. In the centre of this swarming focus was a plot surrounded by a rickety fence and called, in derision, Paradise Square. After being thoroughly looked over, it was decided that the "Points" was essentially good mission ground.

The whole Missionary Society took an active interest in the matter and an Advisory Committee was appointed to cooperate. A room was selected on the corner of Little Water and Cross Streets, twenty by forty feet in extent and capable of accommodating two hundred persons and here the Five Points Mission was started. The first Sabbath, the mission-room was filled with a very motley gathering indeed—one which a spectator afterward described as "a more vivid representasion of hell" than she had ever imagined. Ragged men and women, children in an apology for garments and guiltless of soap and water, bleared faces along side of the childish ones. It was altogether a strange service that was held on that Sunday, but the mission grew steadily and the Sunday School quickly filled up.

The Rev. Mr. Luckey was assigned to the new mission field and he and his excellent wife began their labors there in the following year. With the little mission room as a centre, they worked and visited in Cow Bay, Murderers' Row, the Den of Thieves and other notorious haunts in and around the Five Points. At that time the worst of all these plague spots was a forbidding structure known as the "Old Brewery," a veritable Bastille of Satan. Built in 1792 and transformed from a brewery to a low-class tenement in 1837, it had gradually become known in that part of the city as the abode of a swarm of criminals of both sexes. There the name of the Saviour of men was never heard save blasphemously, and heaven and religion were unknown. This seething hive of swearing, rum-drinking, sodden humanity gave its character to the whole neighborhood. The police looked askance at it; good men were afraid to enter it and the Rev. Mr. Pease, a clergyman who had done much missionary work in and around the Five Points, after repeated attempts to secure a hearing inside its grimy walls, abandoned the effort as hopeless.



DISTRIBUTING DAY AT FIVE POINTS.
Happy Children Laden with Supplies — Portrait of Rev. J. R. Boughton, Superintendent.

But these gentle women were not to be daunted by common obstacles. The Cerberus of the Old Brewery was a rum-seller, who also acted as agent for the building and who had stubbornly resisted all previous attempts at missionary work there. He opened the door to the women of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society and was himself one of the first converts to Christ, giving up his vile business and declaring his resolve never to touch or sell another drop of liquor as long as he lived!

Soon the mission quarters in the single room became too small for the crowds that gathered there to hear the glad tidings, and the ladies began to cast about for better accommodations. The sum of $16,000 was raised and the Old Brewery was purchased in 1852, Messrs. Skidmore, Cornell, Worrall, Curtis, Kirby and Smith, all well known patrons of the Society, being among those who were foremost in supporting the new departure. Mr. Luckey's first experiences, on beginning to visit there, were almost startling. Carrying the Gospel into the enemy's camp, he was met at every turn by volleys of oaths and threats of personal violence from drunken revelers. It was at the same time extremely hazardous for ladies to visit in the neighborhood and attempt to gather in children for the school. But even the Old Brewery and its hardened inmates yielded to the influences at work and ere long the missionary and the ladies were warmly welcomed.

A year later, the old Brewery was demolished and in its stead was erected a handsome and commodious mission building which has been a blessing to the lowly. It cost $36,000 and is a substantial brick structure of five stories with accommodations over the Mission for a number of sober industrious tenants at low rents. It contains a school room, a chapel where service is held daily, and a parsonage. The people of the Five Points flocked to the new mission. Irish, Germans, Italians, Poles, Jews, French, English, Portuguese, negroes and Americans filled the little chapel. Previous to the establishment of the Mission, not one child in a hundred attended any school, and two out of every three adults there could neither read nor write. The groggeries were open Sunday, as on week days, and were patronized by boys and girls as well as by adults.

God blessed the Mission and under its influence, the barriers of sin were broken down. Since 1852, its progress has been steady and uninterrupted. Thousands of persons have been rescued from the depths and led to better lives; peaceful homes have taken the place of brawling dens; happy children are seen where waifs, homeless and hungry, abounded. Forty years of evangelization have metamorphosed Five Points. Cow Bay and Murderers' Alley have vanished, the rookeries have almost disappeared, and industry and sobriety are the successors of idleness and drunkenness.

But the results of this transformation are more than merely appear on the surface. The army of neglected children have been made clean, and taught to sing the songs of the Saviour, from sin and degradation, and helped to live noble and useful Christian lives. Among the swarm of feminine waifs who were brought to the Mission in infancy, there are many who have since graduated with honor from seminaries and who are now the wives of prosperous citizens and active helpers in the rescue of others. One poor baby waif who was brought in by a drunken mother is a famous soprano in a leading City church and the wife of a rich merchant. No one takes a livelier or more enthusiastic interest in the mission than this excellent lady.

A glance at the work accomplished every year by the Mission will afford some idea of the progress it has made and of its wondrous Christianizing and civilizing influence. During 1890, enough clothing had been distributed to equip a small-sized army. Nine hundred aprons, nearly 2,000 hats and caps, 3,500 dresses for women and girls, 2,100 pairs of shoes, and a great quantity of other miscellaneous garments have been donated by good-hearted people and given to the poor, half-clad dwellers of the Five Points and their children. Vast quantities of food, sent in by generous dealers in different commodities, have also been shared among needy households, many of which would have fared ill at times but for the kind people who remembered their wants and supplied them from their own abundance.

Our artist has caught the scene at the Mission rooms on a day when the children are trooping down stairs after receiving flour, shoes and other supplies. On such occasions the rooms are well worth a visit, if only to see the delight of the little ones on being the recipients of substantial gifts that will keep the hungry wolf from the family door for some days to come at least. They almost roll over each other in the exuberance of their joy.

A feature of the Five Points Mission is the Shoe Club, which was organized five years ago. Its object is the fitting out of shoeless children. Last year it expended over $400 for this purpose. Any person contributing one pair of shoes a year is entitled to membership.

Nearly a million dollars worth of property have already been consecrated to this gracious work in the Five Points—all voluntary offerings. The Mission wholly relies upon the generosity of Christian men and women. Its doors are open day and night to all comers. Its has been to New York what the experiment of the celebrated philanthropist and devout Christian, Dr. Chalmers, was to the West Port of Glasgow—only the work of evangelization here has been on a much broader scale. There are thousands scattered all over the country who rise up and call the Five Points Mission blessed, for it has brought to them true happiness, and light and life. Its Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, at which hundreds of the waifs are feasted, are seasons of rejoicing for many more than the waifs themselves. Its Fresh Air Fund, Ragged School, House of Industry and other branches of missionary work, have exerted an influence that has made itself felt all over Manhattan Island.

Friends of missionary work everywhere will regret to learn that the Rev. O. R. Bouton, who has been for many years Superintendent of the Mission, is seriously ill. He has been identified with the progress of the work and personally has greatly contributed, by his unflagging zeal and Christian devotion, to its growth and wonderful success. Among the poor of the district he is greatly beloved and the regret at his prostration is general. The desire is universal that the Superintendent (whose portrait we give in this issue) may long be spared to continue the Master's work in the field where he has labored so faithfully in the past.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

Dr. Talmage's Text is: "*Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*" Matt. 6 : 37.

THE life of every man, woman, and child, is as closely under the divine care as though such person were the only man, woman, or child. There are no accidents. As there is a law of storms in the natural world, so there is a law of trouble, a law of disaster, a law of misfortune; but the majority of the troubles of life are imaginary, and the most of those anticipated never come. At any rate, there is no cause of complaint against God. See how much he hath done to make thee happy; His sunshine filling the earth with glory, making rainbow for the storm and halo for the mountain, greenness for the moss, saffron for the cloud, and crystal for the billow, and procession of bannered flame through the opening gates of the morning, chaffinches to sing, rivers to glitter, seas to chant, and springs to blossom, and overpowering all other sounds with its song, and overarching all other splendor with its triumph, covering up all other beauty with its garlands, and outflashing all other thrones with its dominion—deliverance for a lost world through the Great Redeemer.

I discourse of the sin of borrowing trouble.

First: Such a habit of mind and heart is wrong, because it puts one into a despondency that ill fits him for duty. I planted two rose-bushes in my garden; the one thrived beautifully, the other perished. I found the dead one on the shady side of the house. Our dispositions, like our plants, need sunshine. Expectancy of repulse is the cause of many secular and religious failures. Fear of bankruptcy has uptorn many a fine business, and sent the man dodging among the note-shavers. Fear of slander and abuse has often invited all the long-beaked vultures of scorn and backbiting. Many of the misfortunes of life, like hyenas, flee if you courageously meet them.

How poorly prepared for religious duty is a man who sits down under the gloom of expected misfortune! If he pray, he says, "I do not think I shall be answered." If he give, he says, "I expect they will steal the money." Helen Chalmers told me that her father, Thomas Chalmers, in the darkest hour of the history of the Free Church of Scotland, and when the woes of the land seemed to weigh upon his heart, said to the children, "Come, let us go out and play ball or fly kite," and the only difficulty in the play was that the children could not keep up with their father. The M'Cheynes and the Summerfields of the Church who did the most good, cultivated sunlight. Away with the horrors! they distil poison; they dig graves; and if they could climb so high, they would drown the rejoicings of heaven with sobs and wailing.

You will have nothing but misfortune in the future if you sedulously watch for it. How shall a man catch the right kind of fish if he arranges his line, and hook, and bait to catch lizards and water-serpents? Hunt for bats and hawks, and bats and hawks you will find. Hunt for robin-redbreasts, and you will find robin-redbreasts. One night an eagle and an owl got into fierce battle; the eagle unused to the night was no match for an owl, which is most at home in the darkness, and the king of the air fell helpless; but the morning rose, and with it rose the eagle; and the owls, and the night-hawks, and the bats came a second time to the combat; now the eagle, in the sunlight, with a stroke of his talons and a great cry, cleared the air, and his enemies, with torn feathers and splashed with blood, tumbled into the thickets. Ye are the children of light. In the night of despondency you will have no chance against your enemies that flock up from beneath, but, trusting in God and standing in the sunshine of the promises, you shall "renew your youth like the eagle."

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it has a tendency to make us overlook present blessing. To slake man's thirst, the rock is cleft, and cool waters leap into his brimming cup. To feed his hunger, the fields bow down with bending wheat, and the cattle come down with full udders from the clover pastures to give him milk, and the orchards yellow and ripen, casting their juicy fruits into his lap. Alas! that amid such exuberance of blessing, man should growl as though he were a soldier on half rations, or a sailor on short allowance; that a man should stand neck-deep in harvests looking forward to famine; that one should feel the strong pulses of health marching with regular tread

THE TWO ROSEBUSHES.

though all the avenues of life, and yet tremble at the expected assault of sickness; that a man should sit in his pleasant home, fearful that ruthless want will some day rattle the broken window-sash with tempest, and sweep the coals from the hearth, and pour hunger into the bread-tray; that a man fed by him who owns all the harvests should expect to starve; that one whom God loves and surrounds with benediction, and attends with angelic escort, and hovers over with more than motherly fondness, should be looking for a heritage of tears! Has God been hard with thee, that thou shouldst be foreboding? Has he stinted thy board? Has he covered thee with rags? Has he spread traps for thy feet, and galled thy cup, and rasped thy soul, and wrecked thee with storm, and thundered upon thee with a life full of calamity? If your father or brother come into your bank where gold and silver are lying about, you do not watch them, for you know they are honest; but if an entire stranger come by the safe, you keep your eye on him, for you do not know his designs. So some men treat God; not as a father, but a stranger, and act suspiciously toward him, as though they were afraid he would steal something.

It is high time you began to thank God for present blessing. Thank him for your children, happy, buoyant, and bounding. Praise him for your home, with its fountain of song and laughter. Adore him for morning light and evening shadow. Praise him for fresh, cool water, bubbling from the rock, leaping in the cascade, soaring in the mist, falling in the shower, dashing against the rock and clapping its hands in the tempest. Love him for the grass that cushions the earth, and the clouds that curtain the sky, and the foliage that waves in the forest. Thank him for a Bible to read, and a cross to gaze upon, and a Saviour to deliver.

Many Christians think it a bad sign to be jubilant, and their work of self-examination is a hewing down of their brighter experiences. Like a boy with a new jack-knife, hacking everything he comes across, so their self-examination is a religious cutting to pieces of the greenest things they can lay their hands on. They imagine they are doing God's service when they are going about borrowing trouble, and borrowing it at thirty per cent., which is always a sure precursor of bankruptcy.

Again: The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because the present is sufficiently taxed with trial. God sees that we all need a certain amount of trouble, and so he apportions it for all the days and years of our life. Alas for the policy of gathering it all up for one day or year! Cruel thing to put upon the back of one camel all the cargo intended for the entire caravan. I never look at my memorandum-book to see what engagements and duties are far ahead. Let every week bear its own burdens.

The shadows of to-day are thick enough, why implore the presence of other shadows? The cup is already distasteful, why halloo to disasters far distant to come, and wring out more gall into the bitterness? Are we such champions that, having won the belt in former encounters, we can go forth to challenge all the future?

Here are business men just able to manage affairs as they now are. They can pay their rent, and meet their notes, and manage affairs, as they now are, but what if there should come a panic? Go to-morrow and write on your day-book, on your ledger, on your money-safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting-desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. The God who has taken care of your worldly occupation, guarding your store from the torch of the incendiary and the key of the the burglar, will be as faithful in 1891 as in 1881. God's hand is mightier than the machinations of stock-gamblers, or the plots of political demagogues, or the red right arm of revolution, and the darkness will fly and the storm fall dead at his feet.

So there are persons in feeble health, and they are worried about the future. They make out very well now, but they are bothering themselves about future pleurisies, and rheumatisms, and neuralgias and fevers. Their eyesight is feeble, and they are worried lest they entirely lose it. Their hearing is indistinct and they are alarmed lest they become entirely deaf. They felt chilly to-day, and are expecting an attack of typhoid. They have been troubled for weeks with some perplexing malady, and dread becoming life-long invalids. Take care of your health now, and trust God for the future. Be not guilty of the blasphemy of asking him to take care of you while you sleep with your windows tight down, or eat chicken-salad at eleven o'clock at night, or sit down on a cake of ice to cool off. Be prudent and then be confident. Some of the sickest people have been the most useful. It was so with Payson, who died deaths daily, and Robert Hall, who used to stop in the midst of his sermon, and lie down on the pulpit sofa to rest, and then go on again. Theodore Frelinghuysen had a great horror of dying till the time came, and then went peacefully. Take care of the

THE EAGLE AND THE OWLS.

present, and let the future look out for itself. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Again: The habit of borrowing misfortune is wrong, because it unfits us for it when it actually does come. We cannot always have smooth sailing. Life's path will sometimes tumble among declivities, and mount a steep, and be thorn-pierced. Judas will kiss our cheek, and then sell us for thirty pieces of silver. Human scorn will try to crucify us between two thieves. We will hear the iron gate of the sepulchre creak and grind as it shuts in our kindred. But we cannot get ready for these things by forebodings. They who fight imaginary woes will come, out of breath, into conflict with the armed disasters of the future. Their ammunition will have been wasted long before they come under the guns of real misfortune. Boys, in attempting to jump a wall, sometimes go so far back in order to get impetus, that when they come up they are exhausted; and these long races in order to get spring enough to vault trouble, bring us up at last to the dreadful reality with our strength gone.

Finally; The habit of borrowing trouble is wrong, because it is unbelief. God has promised to take care of us. The Bible blooms with assurances. Your hunger will be fed; you sickness will be alleviated; your sorrows will be healed. God will sandal your feet, and smooth your path, and along by frowning crag and opening grave sound the voices of victory and good cheer. The summer clouds that seem thunder-charged really carry in their bosom harvests of wheat, and shocks of corn, and vineyards purpling for the wine-press. The wrathful wave will kiss the feet of the great storm-walker. Our great Joshua will command, and above your soul the sun of prosperity will stand still. Bleak and wave-struck Patmos shall have apocalyptic vision, and you shall hear the cry of the elders, and the sweep of wings, and trumpets of salvation, and the voice of Hallelujah unto God for ever.

Your way may wind along dangerous bridle-paths, and amid wolf's howl and the scream of the vulture, but the way still winds upward till angels guard it, and trees of life overarch it, and thrones line it, and crystalline fountains leap on it, and the pathway ends at gates that are pearl, and streets that are gold, and

temples that are always open, and hills that quake with perpetual song, and a city mingling for ever Sabbath, and jubilee, and triumph and coronation.

Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me:
To weeping it will turn e'er long,
For this is heaven's decree.

But there's a song the ransomed sing,
To Jesus their exalted king,
With joyful heart and tongue,
Oh, that's the song for me!

Courage, my brother! The father does not give to his son at school enough money to last him several years, but, as the bills for tuition and board, and clothing and books come in, pays them. So God will not give you grace all at once

THE KISS OF BETRAYAL.

for the future, but will meet all your exigencies as they come. Through earnest prayer, trust him. Put everything in God's hand, and leave it there. Large interest money to pay will soon eat up a farm, a store, an estate, and the interest on borrowed troubles will swamp anybody. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

THE JEWISH PROBLEM.

New difficulties have, it appears from recent cable despatches, been placed in the way of the Russian Jews. Compelled to leave Russia by harsh restrictions and seeking an asylum in England, America, or some other land, they have been stopped at the Polish frontier by German officials. There, they have been subjected to a rigid examination. Those who have a railroad ticket in their possession, and sufficient money to pay their passage to America are allowed to proceed, care being taken that they do go on and do not remain in Germany. All others are sent back to Russia.

Their condition is most pitiable. Even in nations where they are allowed to settle, they are regarded with suspicion and aversion. There is no nation in Europe that has not at some time persecuted this much-suffering people, but better things might have been hoped in this enlightened age. This perpetual hostility breaking out now in one place, now in another, is a remarkable fulfilment of the prophecy: "Among the nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest; but the Lord shall give thee there a trembling heart and failing of eyes and sorrow of mind. And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee; and thou shalt fear day and night and shalt have none assurance of thy life." (Deut. 28:65, 66.)

INNER SIGHT.

I THINK soul love is never blind,
But rather gives an added light,
An inner vision, quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever truly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And living wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On Him who fills my soul with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb,
You but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul unharmed, sublime,
You but the garment and the clay.

CHINA AND THE GOSPEL.

An Imperial Decree for the Protection of derful Change.

EVERY year witnesses new triumphs for the Gospel in foreign lands. The latest and one of the most notable in a generation is that which has just been accomplished in China. For many months past, the missionaries and the native converts had been relentlessly persecuted. Finally, after a futile effort to stem the tide of anti-foreign agitation, it was decided to appeal to the Chinese government. Before such an appeal could be made, however, the storm broke and riots occurred in many of the seacoast cities, towns and villages. Missionaries were driven away, and several were cruelly murdered. Many native converts also suffered.

This sanguinary climax claimed the attention of the civilized world and an emphatic protest was entered by the European powers and the United States. France, England and Germany warned the Imperial Chinese government that unless measures were taken to secure foreign residents from persecution and personal violence hereafter, the foreign powers themselves would act in the matter. The Imperial Regent, Li Hung Chang, urged the punishment of the offenders in the fatal troubles at Wuhu and Wusuch, and a number of the culprits were apprehended and summarily decapitated. These facts were published in The Christian Herald several weeks ago.

But a still more important step remained to be taken and this was done voluntarily by China, whose ruler, on June 12 last, issued an Imperial decree guaranteeing protection to the missionaries and virtually *commending the doctrines of Christianity to the population of the Empire.* This remarkable document is one

LI HUNG CHANG.

that marks a new and liberal era in the Celestial Empire, that augurs well for the future of its people and for the Christian cause. We give below some of the more important portions of the decree:

The Tsungli Yamen (Counsel of Ministers) has memorialized us in regard to the missionary cases that have occurred in the various provinces, asking that we issue stringent instructions to the Governors-General and Governors to lose no time in devising means for a settlement thereof.

The propagation of Christianity by foreigners is provided by treaty, and imperial decrees have been issued to the provincial authorities to protect the missionaries from time to time. For years peace and quiet have prevailed between Chinese and foreigners. How is it that recently there have been several missionary establishments burned out and destroyed, and all happening at about the same time? This is decidedly strange and incredible.

Let Governors-General and Governors of the Liang Kiang, Hu Kwang, Kiang Su, Auhui, and Hupek issue without delay orders to the civil and military officers under their respective jurisdictions to cause the arrest of the leaders of the riots, try them, and inflict capital punishment upon them as a warning and example to others in the future. The doctrine of Christianity has for its purpose the teaching of men to be good. Chinese converts are subjects of China and are amenable to the local authorities. Peace and quiet should reign among the Chinese and missionaries. The local authorities must protect the lives and property of foreign merchants and missionaries and prevent bad characters from doing them injury.

Let this decree be universally promulgated for the information of the people.

This pronouncement has naturally been received with great satisfaction by the friends of Christianity, and nowhere more so than in the United States. Three American naval vessels, the *Charleston*, *Marion*, and *Alert*, are under orders to sail for Chinese waters. A portrait of Li Hung Chang, the actual ruler of China, (the Emperor being a minor) is given above.

AN ECCENTRIC BEQUEST.

THE French correspondent of a New York journal reports the recent death of a lady at Lyons who has left a remarkable will. Among other curious legacies was one to her medical attendant. To this doctor she bequeathed an old-fashioned bureau which stood in her bed-room. The physician was to have the bureau and all that it might contain at the time of her death, as a token of the testator's appreciation of his skill and care during the ten years of his attendance upon her. On opening the bureau the doctor found, untouched, all the medicine and pills he had prescribed for his patient. It was a strange freak to pay the doctor for advice she did not mean to follow and to buy medicine she never intended to take. Many persons show similar folly in spiritual matters. They contribute to the support of churches and are even regular in their attendance; yet disregard Gospel teaching and neglect the remedy God has provided for sin-sick souls. (Ezekiel 33: 31.)

A TEST FOR DIAMONDS.

The statement that a genuine diamond may be distinguished from a counterfeit by trying if it will shine in the dark, which the real gem ought to do, has often been contradicted. In proof, diamonds unquestionably genuine have been exhibited which were as dark as other stones when excluded from the light. A celebrated New York expert, however, publishes an explanation of the statement, and its contradiction. He says that the genuine diamond will always emit light in the dark if it has previously been exposed to the sunlight or to a strong electric light. As no counterfeit nor any other precious stone possesses this power of retaining light and emitting it afterward while genuine diamonds of every grade and color do possess it, the test is reliable. True piety will bear a similar test. While the hypocrite is disconcerted in the darkness of adversity and abandons his profession, the true Christian exhibits the light of his faith and reflects the glory of God. (Job. 2: 10.)

AMERICAN NOBLES.

Few people are probably aware, says the New York *Epoch*, how many native born Americans are wearers of titles and orders of nobility, in spite of the Constitution. Many American ladies have been raised to the peerage by marriage, but beside these, many men have been decorated by the direct grant of foreign monarchs. Edison has been made a Count, and Pullman, of parlor-car fame, a Marquis, by King Humbert, but neither of them cares to assume the title, and it is only alluded to in a jocular way by their friends. The Pope has conferred the order of Chevalier on several Americans, the most notable being the millionaire Joseph Brannigan, of Providence, R. I. The father of Edgar Saltus was knighted by Queen Victoria and has the right to call himself Sir Francis Saltus, but has never exercised that right. Marmaduke Richardson of New York was made a Count by King Humbert, but he also makes no use of the title. These men show their good taste as citizens of the Republic in not wearing their titles, but it is matter for regret when men who have been really ennobled by becoming through Christ sons of the King of kings do not confess their sonship before men and live up to the privileges it confers. (1 John 3: 1–3.)

AN IMPRISONED RAT.

The keeper of a drug store at Putnam, Conn., is in possession of a living curiosity. He has been in the habit of storing bottles in the yard at the back of his store. Reeently, having occasion to replenish his current stock, he had a number of them washed ready for use. To his astonishment, he found that one of the large bottles, the neck of which was about large enough to admit a man's thumb, contained a live rat whose body was three times the size of the orifice. When the bottle was taken up the rat made frantic efforts to escape, but was, of course, unable to get out. The druggist who has studied the ways of rats believes that the rat entered the bottle when very young and finding some kind of nourishment there, remained until it was too fat to get out. Then as rats are known to help each other in trouble, it is probable that the animal's mother visited it daily and in some way contrived to force food into the bottle. The imprisoned rat was well nourished and evidently had not suffered from lack of food. It is now, however, much alarmed and has injured itself in the efforts it has made to escape, since the druggist removed it to his store. Some men have made similarly futile efforts to escape from a position into which they were tempted in their youth by a desire for gain. When late in life they would turn to the Saviour they find that, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God." (Mark 10: 25.)

CHOCTAW BRIDES.

A despatch from Arkansas to the *Times-Star* of Cincinnati, reports a number of attempts to evade the law in that State. Some time ago an order was given to expel white settlers from the lands of the Choctaw nation. Many were driven out, and a search was being made for others, when an order was sent from Washington suspending the work of expulsion. Recently another order was sent to resume operations and complete the ejectment of intruders. During the interval, however, many of the squatters have married Indian girls. It appears that they discovered that such marriages made them members of the tribe and gave them the right to remain on the lands they had unjustly seized. In some localities as many as thirty marriages had been celebrated in a day, and the husbands are now resisting ejectment on the ground that their wives have a legal right to the lands. It is a crafty device and one that will probably lead to much misery. The men who have married simply to gain possession of land are little likely to regard their marriage as sacred and binding. There is reason to fear that many seek union with Christ from similarly sordid motives. Much of the inconsistency of nominal Christians which brings reproach on the Church arises from the fact than the wrongdoers entered the Church, hoping to secure a place in heaven, rather than to be saved from their sins. (Matt. 16: 24, 25.)

A SURGEON'S HEROISM.

In the Manhattan Hospital of New York a patient has been lying ill for two months. He is a trainman on the Hudson River Railroad. He was hurt in a railroad accident in June last and it was at first supposed that one of his legs would have to be amputated. The man pleaded hard that the surgeons would not do it if they could save his life without. They now believe it will be possible. The present difficulty is a large wound on the thigh from which a piece of flesh was torn away. That wound will not heal and there is no hope of its doing so in any other way than by grafting skin upon it. When this conclusion was reached, Dr. Bates, the senior surgeon of the hospital, offered his own skin for the purpose, as the man appeared to have no friends. The heroic doctor submitted to the painful operation last week. A large piece of skin was taken from his body and applied to the patient's wounded limb. It adhered at once and is now growing healthily. More skin will be needed and the doctor stands ready to give it whenever it is required. It would appear that the patient needed a friend as much as he did a doctor, and a friend, too, who loved him well enough to suffer for his sake. He has found both in the devoted surgeon whose skill and kindness have been united in the treatment. It is to such a union in the person of the Great Physician that the Christian owes his salvation. The power to save, and self-sacrificing love tor the sufferer were alike necessary and both are found in Jesus. (Phil. 2; 6–8.)

CHRIST AT THE FEAST.

S. S. Lesson for Aug. 30. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 7 : 31-44. Golden Text, John 7 : 37.

THE Feast of Tabernacles was at hand. His brethren, acting just like numbers of our families act in the present day, gave him reasons why he should go into Judæa; he would be better known, his disciples would rally round him, etc. O how foolish in the eyes of the world are those who are guided by God! They cannot explain or justify themselves. The answer of Jesus was characteristic of his whole life.

"My Time is not yet Come,

but your time is alway ready;" as though to say: "I live to please another; you, only to please yourselves; I have to wait his will; you wait for no one." "The world cannot hate you but me it hateth, because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil. Go ye up unto this feast; I go not up yet unto this feast; for my time is not yet full come." The world hates that which condemns it, the whole bearing of Jesus was condemnatory of the world. Possessing a power which was felt by every one, he was above the patronage of those who would have flattered him, for he received not honor from men. He was independent of its criticisms, free from its influences, in every word and action going counter to its spirit. He sought nothing from man but his willingness to be blest. Utterly disinterested, there was nothing within by which the world could get a hold. Wherever he went he acted as a wet blanket to the self-assertion, conceit, self-indulgence, and unreality of the world; and without saying a word, they felt him to be their superior.

About the middle of the feast, which lasted seven days, Jesus appeared in the temple and taught. During the days of the feast which had already elapsed, his name had been in everyone's mouth, everyone had something to say about the great Teacher and Healer. Now, as he taught in the temple many expressed surprise, saying, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" Jesus had not, like Paul, been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, or any other great scholar of the day, he had lived like a peasant all his life. He himself answered their inquiries, always speaking as one under authority, and testifying of his Father: "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me." And then he gave a very practical test of the truth of his teaching,

"He that will do His Will

shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." It was impossible then, it is impossible now, that any one who honestly desires to do the will of God should be unable to recognize Jesus as his Saviour, or his teaching as divine. God is greater than man. "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth" (Eccl. 5 2); "the fear of the Lord," the recognition of the relation which we hold to God, "is the beginning of wisdom." Let us bow before him, and yield to him as our God and he will reveal himself. "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him." Who that has any reverence for the majesty of his God could conceive of his making known a truth which deeply concerns his name and his glory, to one who would hold it only in theory, and by his indifference, sin against it?

In his teaching, Jesus did not mince matters; his aim was to bring man to reality. Alluding to the healing of the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda on his last visit to Jerusalem, Jesus said, "Did not Moses give you the law, and yet none of you keepeth the law? Why go ye about to kill me?" This was strong: "None of you keepeth the law." It was their pride that they kept the law to the very letter. But alas! it was the "letter," and not the Spirit; and the very question, "Why go ye about to kill me?" was a direct accusation of a breach of the Sixth Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill." The very fact that this was true (ver. 25), made them all the more angry. Jesus appealed to them on the very point of their observance of the law, if they, to keep the law, circumcised a man on the Sabbath day, how could they prove that Jesus broke the law in making a man every whit whole on the Sabbath day? The contention concerning Jesus grew hotter, and many were the discussions on his account which took place; some were sure that he was the Messiah, and wanted to convince the rulers of the fact. They marvelled that there should be thoughts of executing such a Teacher; and yet they were puzzled, because his antecedents did not tally with their conceptions of the Messiah. But all this was speculation; if only they had come as inquirers to do the will of God they would have known of the doctrine. In the midst of this controversy concerning him, Jesus, in his teaching, gave utterance to a remarkable assertion, which brought things to a crisis: "Ye both know me, and ye know whence I am; and I am not come of myself, but he that sent me is true, whom ye know not. But I know him: for I am from him, and he hath sent me."

A warrant for his apprehension was issued; but God's time was not yet,

"No Man Laid Hands on Him."

Why? The restraint which was upon them was not of human origin, "His hour was not yet come," and no man could take the Son of Man until the Father permitted. Envy and jealousy were working in the hearts of the Pharisees, and when it was reported to them that the people were saying, "When Christ cometh, will he do more miracles than these which this man hath done?" they joined with the chief Priests in sending officers to take him. Jesus knew it all, but he went on teaching. He knew how safe he was in his Father's hands, and he needed not to escape, nor to make plans for his own safety. It was just then, while the officers were on their way to apprehend him that he said: "Yet a little while I am with you; ye shall seek me and shall not find me; and where I am, thither ye cannot come." Where was he going! Into death, and through death to resurrection, and none could follow him until he had passed through death!

The last day of the feast dawned, and still Jesus was at liberty, and still he taught in the temple. It was fourteen days after the great day of atonement; the types and shadows had all been observed, the sins of the people had been confessed over the head of the scapegoat on that day, but Jesus saw those sins still upon the people. He saw them acting only a farce in this observance, because they were not willing to do the will of God. The people were dwelling in booths in remembrance of God's deliverance when he brought them out of Egypt, but Jesus saw them as deeply rooted in earth and earthly-mindedness as though no such observance were held.

All their Worship was External,

and his heart grieved, for he saw the life wanting, and in the depth of his soul stirred the question of the Lord to Ezekiel, "Can these bones live?" (Ezek. 37: 3.) O, it was life, the life of God, they needed, "Jesus cried saying: If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." It was the old word of Isaiah 55: 1. But he added, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this he spake of the Spirit, which they that believed on him were to receive: for the Spirit was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified." (R. V.) Those Pharisees, with all their religion, never brought man nigh to God, or God nigh to man, they could not minister life, but were ready to deal out death, even to the Son of God! But here again, everything must wait until Jesus had suffered and risen again. While Jesus was in his flesh which had not yet passed through death, he could not impart the Holy Ghost, it is the crucified, risen and ascended Jesus who gives the Holy Ghost. "The Spirit was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified."

Unable to understand his words, the people yet felt their power. Some said: "This is of a truth the Prophet, (Deut. 18: 15-18); others said: "This is the Christ." O how near some were to salvation and the Saviour; but they began to strive about words, instead of coming to him direct. Why not, like Andrew, Philip, Peter and Nathaniel, (John 1: 35-51) come straight to him? These people, in his very presence, began to argue, "Shall Christ come out of Galilee? Hath not the Scripture said that Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?" O if they had only asked him, he could have told them he was David's seed, that he was born in Bethlehem, that all the proofs of his Messiahship they asked for were present. But instead of this, they persevered in arguing one with another, "So there was a division among the people because of him." Jesus never left the people as he found them; something happens wherever Jesus comes; men are either converted or offended, they cannot remain neutral. "Some of them would have taken him; but no man laid hands on him." It was no easy thing to take Jesus: it was not possible except the Father permitted. The unsuccessful officers returned, and in answer to the question of the chief priests and Pharisees, "Why have ye not brought him?" they answered,

"Never Man Spake like this Man."

It was impossible to bind a man whose words conquered them, they were powerless in the presence of their Master. The bitter irony of the Pharisees, "Are ye also deceived?" did not recall courage to the officers; and their further appeal, "Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him?" had no more weight; the officers were unequal to their task. Their last appeal was similar in its effect, "This people who knoweth not the law are cursed."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

YET a little while I am with you. Eternal destiny frequently depends upon present decision. The Scriptures earnestly urge us to be wise and seek salvation while it may be found. Opportunity does not always abide. "My Spirit will not always strive with man," is but another way of expressing the same idea. Every day we defer definite decision for Christ increases the awful risk and almost before we are aware of it our light becomes dim, then goes out in eternal darkness, and hope has fled and fled forever.

A boy at Sunday School was urged to give his young heart to God. He replied that he intended so to do but not just yet. At college the wee, small voice again urged him to immediate action, but again he deferred — he would wait until he had finished his studies. He entered business and yet the Spirit strove with him, but so engrossed was he that he put the day of salvation off until he should be married and settled in life. In course of time a family of children grew up round about him, and often sang at home the sweet hymns taught them in the Sunday School, thus unconsciously admonishing him of his duty to his God. But now he had a family to provide for, and soon hoped to have enough to retire upon when he would devote himself to the care of his soul. Years passed on. The call was never repeated. When he did retire, he retired from the scenes of this world unprepared, unreconciled, unforgiven, unsaved forever.

Shall flow rivers of living water. A little girl who had found the Saviour was full of joy and gladness. Christ had put a new song in her mouth and she went singing it all about the house. Somehow or other she could not help it. Her mother took her out to call at the house of another lady and when the conversation finally turned on religion our little convert sang from a full heart. Her mother looked at her reprovingly, but she sang the sweet song of Zion which she had commenced, through to the end. When she had finished she ran to her mother, kneeled down and burying her face in her mother's lap, burst into tears. "Oh mother," cried she, "I cannot help singing. You may whip me—you may do anything to me—but it keeps singing in my heart all the time and *it must come out.* Blessed child! How different from multitudes who are shrinking from Christ's Cross, and hiding the joy of their salvation within their hearts. Oh! that they but knew the joy of God as felt by the little child and they, too, soon would feel that it must come out,—and when it does come out it will continue to spring up from within the soul as from a never-failing fountain, and day in and day out the burden of their story would be:

Oh help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of Him who would redeem us;
The Lord of life and glory.

So there was a division among the people because of him. And if the children of our heavenly King but did their duty there would be to-day a division much more marked and much more decided than that in days of old. But we deny our Master and try to hide our religion from the eyes of our worldly friends. The fact is that we are ashamed of Christ. We dare not confess him for fear of ridicule—and we keep ourselves miserable by vain efforts to effect a satisfying compromise. What a sad mistake we are making. The world wants Christ and we, who could serve our Saviour and our friends by confessing him, keep silent. Who is on the Lord's side, who will serve the King? Come out boldly, own Jesus as your Saviour, and the friends that you now think will laugh at and ridicule you will be among the first to honor and respect you for the manly cause you pursue. After Henry Wilson was elected to the United States Senate he gave his friends a dinner at a noted Boston hotel. The table was set with not a wine glass upon it. "Where are the wine glasses?" asked several, loud enough to remind their host that some of his guests did not like sitting down to a wineless dinner.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, rising and speaking with a great deal of feeling, "you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget 'the rock whence I was hewn, and the pit whence I was dug.' Some of you know how the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape, I fled from my early surroundings and changed my name. For what I am, I am indebted, under God, to my temperance vow and my adherence to it. Call for what you want to eat and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming. But wines and liquors cannot come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the paths of another the snare from which I have escaped." Three rousing cheers showed the brave Senator that men admired the man who has the courage of his convictions.

STARTLED BY A TEXT.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Aug. 30. John 7 : 37: "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink."

WHAT a preacher might say from the pulpit, George Willard might generally be trusted not to apply to himself. He had the habit — by no means an uncommon one — of noticing points in a sermon which suited other people, when he noticed any points at all. But on this bright Sunday morning his attention was arrested at the very outset of the clergyman's discourse by words which seemed to suit him exactly. "If any man thirst," began the preacher. Why, if there was one thing more than another of which George was sure at that moment it was that one; he was thirsty. Not that he ought to have been in that condition for the fact was that just before coming to church George had secretly slipped around the corner, unknown, as he hoped, to his wife, and finding a side-door open, went in and had a drink. But he was thirsty again. In fact that was his normal condition. Everybody about the bookbinder's-shop where he worked and all his neighbors, knew that if they wanted to stand treat to some one, there was no need to look further if George Willard was near; George was sure to be thirsty.

The next words, too, struck him as peculiar, coming from the pulpit. George was not a Bible scholar, though in days long gone by he had read chapters, a verse at a time in turn with his brothers and sisters, as they sat around their mother's chair. But he did not recognize the preacher's words as a Bible text. If he had ever read them in the Book, he had forgotten them, as he had forgotten much else that the Book contained. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink;" that was the clergyman's text. George's first irreverent thought was that something like that would be a good motto for a saloon. Words of that purport he had often heard fall from the lips of a boastful man who owned the saloon where George spent a good deal of his money. But to hear them uttered by a clergyman and in church, that was strange indeed.

The clergyman was talking about the Being

whose words they were. He spoke of his power to make good the invitation. He reminded his hearers of the miracle of turning water into wine at the marriage at Cana of Galilee. George knew at once he was speaking of Jesus, for he had often quoted that miracle in his arguments with a Prohibitionist in the same shop with him, who was anxious to make a temperance man out of George.

George listened intently. His wife, his wife's father, and good church people who knew him had upbraided him with his habits and with good reason. They did not know what such thirst as his was. But here it was recognized. The preacher went on to speak of the feverish thirst for wealth and power and fame. Appetites of the soul which were as unappeasable as the thirst of the body. In his limited way George knew something of these, too. In his earlier years, before this thirst of the body mastered and absorbed all other cravings he, too, had meant to rise, had been dissatisfied with his dependent position, his slow progress and his dull prospects, and had struggled, though unsuccessfully, for a place on the next step of the ladder. For every kind of thirst the preacher had one unfailing supply. Christ alone could satisfy; in Christ alone was there the means of assuaging thirst of mind and body.

It was very mysterious, far above George's comprehension, but he listened to the end, and his pulses quickened when at the close, the preacher described the victim, not only satisfied himself, but the medium of satisfaction to others. From him would flow rivers of water for those around him. This was what the poor man wanted. He was often reproached for his indifferance to the welfare of his wife and family. But he was not indifferent; he was only weak. He wanted to help them but could not. The preacher evidently believed there was a way out, and George thought that perhaps he might understand it, too, if he knew more.

That was a very sincere inquirer whom the preacher received in his study after the service. George did not spare himself in stating his case. "I am so weak," he said. "I know I ought to hold up but I have given way so long that I am like a child."

"Yes," was the reply, "that is what Jesus perceives. To those who trust him and are ready to make the effort, believing that he is going to help them as he promised, he gives strength. We do not know how it comes, but it does come. You go on trusting and you reach a higher level. You cease to care so much for these lower appetites; you live a higher life. Christ becomes to you all you need."

"I do not see it," George admitted, "but I am ready to try. I know I am not right and I'm going wrong farther and faster every day. I'm sure I cannot reform myself. I've tried too often not to know that. If I can get saved this way I'm ready to try."

"You will succeed," was the cheerful rejoinder. "You have reached a point that many do not reach for a long time. When you know you cannot help yourself and are ready to trust it all to Christ you are safe. He can save you and he will."

"God bless you, sir, for the assurance. He shall have his way with me. I have some hope now."

AN OLD CHURCH IN DANGER.

ONE of the historic landmarks of New Orleans is the fine old church on Camp Street. It is the first building the traveller sees when approaching the city from either up or down the river, as the tower is nearly 150 feet high; but the old church is now in danger of falling. A few years ago an ice manufacturing company began operations in the same square as the church and just behind it. The water is not properly drained off the property, and the result is that it has attacked the brick and mortar of the foundations of the church. An injunction has been obtained by the trustees requiring the Company to stop the flow of water but the Company has not obeyed. The President says there is no way to stop the water without suspending the working of the factory, and so it has bonded the injunction and in consequence the water continues its attacks on the foundation and lower walls of the church and threatens the building with destruction. It may be hoped that the pastor and the officials will not relax their efforts to compel the company to properly drain its factory, and so the old church may be saved. There are many other churches in danger through the spiritual foundations and outer walls being attacked, but the most common and deplorable feature of those cases is that the pastors are the leaders in the sad work and are most active in undermining the foundations by preaching false doctrine. (Gal. 1: 6-9.)

THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

STUDENTS of the Word who believe that Jerusalem will yet be the centre of the world's traffic and "the joy of the whole earth," are often confronted with the objection that it is geographically impossible. It is near no harbor and is on no river. A recent traveller in a letter to a contemporary says: "That is so now, but it is known to many, that the Dead Sea is some 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean; (a small atlas that lies on my table gives the depression at 1,292 feet. The same atlas gives the depression of the Sea of Galilee as 682 feet.") The idea of making a canal from the Mediterranean to the Valley of the Jordan, which was some years ago much discussed (should it one day become a fact) would be the means of bringing "Jerusalem within measurable distance of a seaport."

"Concerning this depression Professor Edward Hull, LL.D., thus writes, on his return from taking command of the expedition sent out by the 'Palestine Exploration Fund' in 1884: The Ghor, or hollow, in which the Dead Sea lies is terminated on the south by cliffs of marl and gravel about 600 feet high, which form the floor of the Arabah southwards as far as the Ain Abu Werideh, a distance of forty miles from their northern margin. The level of these marls at Ain Abu Werideh is a little over that of the Mediterranean, and, as there can be no doubt that they were formed over the floor of an inland lake, which must have stood at this level, it is concluded that the great Jordan Valley Lake once stood at a level of 1,300 feet above its present surface, and occupied the whole valley from the Ain Abu Werideh and the Lake of Huleh (Merom), a distance of 200 miles from north to south.

"Now, does not the "sure word of prophecy" indicate the means whereby this grand Jordan Valley lake will be restored, bringing life to the, at present, Dead Sea, and fertility to the desert Arabah? Two sources of life and fertility are distinctly foretold by Ezekiel and Zechariah—a river flowing east and west from the watershed of the restored Temple area, and a "very great valley" opened up from Azel (Ascalon), on the Mediterranean shore, and the Salt Sea. "And it shall be in that day that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem half of them toward the former sea and half of them toward the hinder sea." (Zech. 14: 8.)

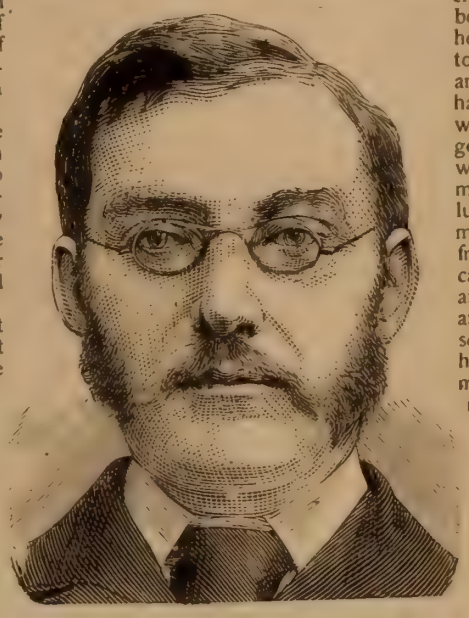
"May I add that when these predicted changes have taken place, a canal through the obstruction referred to by Dr. Hull at Ain Abu Werideh in Arabia would afford a water-way from the Mediterranean through Palestine and Arabia to the Red Sea? Then Jerusalem would indeed be situated favorably to be the centre of the world's traffic and commerce."

A WAYSIDE CONVERSATION.

THE following incident is related by a Christian worker who has made it a habit to avail himself of every opportunity which comes in his way to testify of Jesus: I was setting out for a lonely journey one dark night, when I heard the sound of voices coming close behind me, and thinking I might find a companion I slackened speed. Presently I heard the shaking of hands and a farewell, and then someone ran on to overtake me. But my heart was soon grieved, for he at once began using bad language. I lifted up my heart to God in prayer for wisdom to speak and use this opportunity to witness for him, and reprove the blasphemer. No sooner asked for than it came, for he began talking about his dog as a "plucky" one, "good as they were made," etc. Now was my time to speak. "How strange it is," I said, "that dogs, horses, birds and all the creatures God has made should fulfil the purpose he had in making them except man and he the highest of all and the most intelligent, goes his own way in opposition to his Maker." The man reflected for a minute and then said decisively "That's so; I know, for one, I am all wrong." And then he told me about his godly father now dead and his pious mother far away, who, he had no doubt, was praying for him at that moment. "Have you found your own way a pleasant and profitable one?" I asked him. "No;" he said, "I have been always in trouble. My brother was a good boy and stayed home, and he is keeping my mother, and I am doing nothing for her, dearly as I love her. I wish to God I was a different man.' As we walked on I told him how his life could be changed, and he listened intently. Coming to a thick wood, where I knew we should not be disturbed, I proposed that we kneel down and pray together for strength. I belive that prayer will be answered. When he left me he said with tears in his eyes, "I have often tried to reform and failed, but now I have hope. I did not know before that Jesus was willing to help me. I thought I had to get right first. I've more heart how."

LIFE IN HANKOW.*

HANKOW, the city to which Dr. Mackenzie had been appointed, is a field of labor large and grand enough for the ambition of any man whose heart is fired with an intense desire to proclaim the glad news of salvation to large numbers of his fellow-men. This great mart, with the adjoining cities of Wuchang and Hanyang is known in the language of the "Flowery Land" as the heart of the Empire. It is situated in the middle of the central province of Hupch, at the point where the two great rivers, the Yang-tse and the Han unite. Hankow is the great commercial city of Central China, and the export tea trade is above the enormous figure of fifteen million dollars a year. The channel of the two rivers is at this point usually covered by a perfect forest of masts, the number of vessels of all sizes being estimated at from eight to ten thousand. The Yang-tse is here more than a mile in breadth, and deep enough at the summer season to allow of the passage of the largest vessels of war and steamers of all trading companies.



THE LATE DR. KENNETH MACKENZIE.

The commencement of mission work at Hankow dates from the year 1861, when the port was opened for foreign trade and the Rev. Griffith John, with his colleague the Rev. R. Wilson settled with their families in two Chinese houses, and commenced the daily work of tract-distribution and preaching, both on the streets and within the walls of their homes. Toward the end of 1866 it was decided to commence medical work in connection with the mission. A hospital and dispensary were erected and the lame, the blind, and those who were stricken with various diseases which the medical skill of Chinese doctors could not heal, came in crowds to the foreign physician. Such was the field of labor to which Dr. Mackenzie had been appointed; and a grand opening it seemed for one desirous of consecrating his medical skill to the Lord's service.

Attacked by Rioters.

IN a letter to his brother, some months afterwards Dr. Mackenzie wrote: "At two o'clock on the afternoon of Monday last, we started for Hiau-kan, the native place of our helper Wei, who had often urged us to visit it. The party consisted of Mr. John, myself, Siau, our hospital preacher, Wei and his brother, with another Christian named Chia. . . . About nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, we reached the villiage which was the end of our water journey. I had crept out of our little cot to get some fresh air and while standing the people caught sight of the foreigner. They began assembling along the water's edge, forming by the time our boat came to a standstill, a crowd of several hundred men and boys. . . . We walked on from this village with our coolie carrying our bedding. We were within two or three miles of Wei's home when we found the behavior of the people begin to change. From being simply curious they began to be rude, rushing alongside of us in the ploughed fields, and shouting in great excitement. The farther we advanced the worse it grew; from shouting it came to treading on one's heels, and pushing. We turned and faced the people several times and Mr. John expostulated with the seniors in a way that usually has the desired effect; but on this occasion they rather encouraged the boys, and were all evidently bent on mischief. Presently pelting began; there were fortunately no stones at hand, but the earth being dry, the ploughed fields were covered with hard clods and these soon began to fly about our heads. At this stage I took off my spectacles, and pulled my soft felt hat well over my ears, which protected me a good deal. Mr. John was struck on the mouth with a hard lump of clay, which made the blood flow freely, and almost caused him to faint; and soon afterward another piece cut his scalp at the back of his head. I guarded my face with my arms, my hat well protected my head, and I received most of the blows on my body. We still went on, following Wei, who walked like a prince, calm and fearless, with his head up, and apparently not a bit troubled.

"A little way in front of us was a creek which we had to cross by means of a small plank bridge; as we approached it, we saw that the opposite bank was lined with people. We stopped for a moment to consider whether we should go on, but the leaders of the attack were evidently determined that we should proceed, wishing to get rid of us over the creek, which formed the boundary of their district. Seeing our hesitation, they began to drag us down to the water's edge; and at this moment we might have been killed for we were the centre of a howling, infuriated mob of about a thousand men and boys bent on mischief and dragging us about in every direction. We were several times separated. I was pushed down once, but Mr. John and the native Christians kept the crowd off me. The people's conduct was explained by their shouts of 'Go back to Hankow and preach your Jesus doctrines there; you shall not come here.' We felt no desire to use force in opposing them, and we had good sticks with us; but had we used them it would have been the signal for our instant destruction, for the mob was just ready to take advantage of any such action on our part.

"When they had succeeded in dragging us down to the water's edge, Mr. John set his foot on the bridge, but as he did so the crowd on the opposite bank sent a shower of missiles upon us showing that they were determined that we should not cross. So our native friends uniting, we made a rush backward, and reaching the top of the bank, made our way across country, and the people did not follow us very far. The Christians behaved nobly all through, one man standing in front of Mr. John, trying to ward of the blows."

*From the Biography of the late *John Kenneth Mackenzie*, Medical Missionary to China by Mrs. Bryson, missionary at Tien Tsin, China. The publication of this volume, by one who knew the devoted young physician intimately, is very welcome. It contains many interesting facts and details which were not accessible when this journal published Dr. Mackenzie's portrait and life immediately after his death in 1888. pp 404. Price $1.50. Published by Fleming Revell, 30 Union Square, New York.

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T. de Witt Talmage
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HAPPINESS.

A COMPANY of gentlemen together were asked whether any of them was happy. A merchant of very large resources said: "I thought if I gained a certain amount of money I should be thoroughly contented. I have gained that amount—I have gained three times that amount. I have my lands, and my storehouses, and everything that the world can give me; but somehow I am not happy." And there was a poet there, in the group, who said: "I have won the favor and applause of the world. I have written a great many things that met with the admiration and approval of men; yet, amid all my literary success, I am very far from being happy." There was a Christian physician in the group, who said: "I thought that, in the success of my practice, I might get all I needed. I have had very large success, but I found out, amidst all this success, that I was a sinner, and, in the wretchedness of my soul, I went to Jesus Christ and got his pardon, and I feel happy."

THE TRUE "HIGHER LIFE."

WE are discussing the questions of holiness and consecration. Some of us use one class of terms and similes, and others a different phraseology. The most common is called the "Higher life." There are two kinds of "Higher life" people—the one we like and the other we dislike. Those who boast much of the possession of it, who run about with a Bible conspicuously in their hand, forcing their ecstatic experiences upon people on all occasions, ever on the search for meetings and Bible-readings, impatient with ordinary Christians, are to us more and more distasteful. We do not find them engaged in Sabbath Schools, or regular at prayer-meetings, or to be depended on for help in church movements. It is their religion to feel good and to tell others how good they feel. We would not give the shoes of one of the old-fashioned Christians for fifty of these religious gad-abouts. For the most part, their head is as soft as their heart. Their coming is to us a grief and their departure a rapture.

The "Higher life" which we admire is that which, putting full trust in God, goes out to work for him; does not talk much about itself, but a great deal about Christ and the attractiveness of his religion. We know scores of them, hard at work. You may always depend on them. They are always to be found at the devotional meetings. They contribute liberally of their money, instead of taking their service out in talk and prayer. The enthusiasm and perpetuity of their Christian doing tells their elevated experience more than though their lips announced it. That is the kind of "Higher life" that we admire—yea, that is the highest. We have but little interest in Christian people who go about telling how much they have of the love of God, yet doing nothing or little to evidence that fact. We have heard of half-grown school-boys who boast of how many slices of bread they have eaten—some of them ten, some of them twenty-four. We have more admiration for a man who will eat two or three slices and put the strength derived therefrom into practical effectiveness. There are many persons in this day advocating what they call the "Higher life." We advocate the highest.

THE NEGLECTED SWORD.

THERE is a sword that never wears out. Its edge is never blunted. On its blade no rust ever yet has gathered. It cuts to heal. It smites to save. It kills to make alive. It is the sword of the Spirit. Now is the time when it calls for strong hands and brave hearts to wield it. It has the property of giving skill to the untaught and valor to the once fearful and unbelieving. It can be held by a child and do execution. It may be thrust into the right place, when love directs, and made to flash with the light of its own brightness, even when there be the darkness of an almost despairing eye to trace its pathway to its object. This sword, however, can do nothing while left in its scabbard. It is for use and not for ornament. Soldiers of Christ, Knights of the Cross, what is the world waiting for? Is it not for aggressive action? The battle-cry is sounding. Bugles are blowing. Trumpets call. The Great Captain gives the word "Forward." The Church has been cold, timid, compromising. Religion has degenerated into a sentiment. It has lost in part the power of conviction. Ministers and newspapers claiming to be orthodox and religious have surrendered to a false liberality. They have yielded up the very ark of salvation to the Philistines. They have mumbled a pleasing rhetoric as a substitute for the old Faith of Calvary. They have betrayed the Master. Is it not high time, when the land is fainting under its heavy burdens, and the people are lost in the tangled wilderness of worldly disappointment, and corruption reeks in high places and in dark places, to bring back the power of the Bible to bear on personal character, on family training, on political morals, and on the Church of the Living God? History has its lessons. When nations have apostatized from faith and lost their way, the Bible has restored and delivered. That has the sovereign virtue. That and that alone can work reformation where all true reformation must begin—in the hearts of the people. Let the sword of the Spirit descend on our land, and our worst foes will retreat.

FAMILY RELIGION.

THE first thing to do with a lamb is to put it in the arms of the Great Shepherd. Of course we must observe natural laws. Give a child excessive meat diet and it will grow up sensual; catechism three times a day, and sixty grains in each dose won't prevent it. Talk much in your child's presence about the fashions, and it will be fond of dress, notwithstanding all your lectures on humility. Fill your house with gossip, and your children will tattle. Culture them as much as you will, but give them plenty of money to spend, and they will go to destruction.

But while we are to use common sense in every direction respecting a child, the first thing is to strive for its conversion, and there is nothing more potent than family prayers. No child ever gets over having heard his parents pray for him. We had many sound thrashings when a boy, but the most memorable scene of all was father and mother at morning and evening prayers. We cannot forget it, for did we not often squirm around on the floor, and look at them while they were praying? Your son may go to the ends of the earth, and run through the whole catalogue of transgression but he will remember the family altar, and it will be a check, and a call, and perhaps his redemption.

Family prayers are often of no use. Perhaps they are too hurried. We have so much before us of the day's work, that we hustle the children together. We get half through the chapter before the family are seated. We read as if we were reading for a wager. We drop on our knees, and are in the second or third sentence before they all get down. It is an express train, with amen for the first depot. We rush for the hat and overcoat, and are on the way to the store, leaving the impression that family prayers are a necessary nuisance, and we had better not have had any gathering of the family at all. Better have given them a kiss all around; it would have taken less time and would have been more acceptable to God and them.

Family prayers often fail in adaptedness. Do not read for the morning lesson a genealogical chapter, or about Samson's setting the foxes' tails on fire. For all the good your children get from such reading you might as well have read Chinese almanac. Rather give the story of Jesus and the children climbing into his arms, or the lad with the loaves and fishes, or the sea of Galilee dropping to sleep under Christ's lullaby. Stop and ask questions. Make the exercise so interesting that little Johnny will stop playing with his shoe-strings, and Jenny will quit rubbing the cat's fur the wrong way. Let the prayer be pointed and made up of small words, and no wise information to the Lord about things he knows without your telling him. Let the children feel they are prayed for. Have a hymn if any of you can sing. Let the season be spirited, appropriate and gladly solemn.

Family prayer also fails when the whole day is not in harmony with it. A family prayer, to be worth anything, ought to be twenty-four hours long. It ought to give the pitch to all the day's work and behavior. The day when we get thoroughly mad, upsets the morning devotion. The life must be in the same key with the devotion.

BETTER THINGS AHEAD.

DR. MUHLENBERG wrote the beautiful hymn: "I would not live alway." Some say that in his old age, he regretted having written that hymn. We do not know why he should regret it. We do not believe there is a man who has not sometimes the same expression breathing through his soul in one shape or in another. We would not want to live always here. The world does very well for eighty or ninety or a hundred years, residence; but who could bear to think of an eternal residence in this world as it is? of 3,000 summers, of 3,000 winters? We know there are some Christians—and many of the best Christians—who suppose this world is to be heaven, only it is to be remodelled and entirely changed through the fires of the last day, and go through such a reconstructing process as God, with his almighty hand, may effect; but we cannot realize it. We have not very much faith in it. The summers would need so much cooling off, and the winters so much warming up, and so much sharpness would have to be taken out of the north-east winds, and so many things that are wrong or hostile in the atmosphere would have to be changed, that we have no idea that this world will ever be fixed up for spiritual and eternal residence. But there is a land of light and joy and blessedness for all those who seek after God and are at peace with him. The ancients used to think that on the western border of the earth there were Elysian fields and islands of the blessed, and heathen poets wrote many beautiful things about them. But it is not a mere guess with the Christian; it is certain faith with him as he sings:

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. John L. Scudder, pastor of the People's Tabernacle in Jersey City, N. J., expects to have four sections of his People's Palace ready for occupation this Fall.

President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic recently refused to give his patronage to a public ball on the ground that dancing was Baal worship. He is a sturdy Presbyterian.

The Methodists of Washington have provided for the entertainment of three hundred of the five hundred delegates who are expected to attend the approaching Æcumenical Council.

Rev. B. Fay Mills hopes to commence his evangelistic work this Fall with a series of services at Terre Haute, Ind., on September 1, in which all the evangelical Churches in the city have agreed to unite.

The Presbyterians of Louisiana and Mississippi who have been protesting against the lottery have been taunted with going into politics, but, as they justly contend, their action is founded not on politics but morality.

The International Medical Missionary Society, of which the eminent Dr. Dowkontt is Medical Director, has now a woman's branch regulary incorporated. It will have the oversight of the female students preparing for foreign mission work and will organize branch sociefies for the collection of funds.

The new President of the Wesleyan Conference in England is the Rev. Thomas Bowman Stevenson, D.D. He is an ardent philanthropist and has been engaged for more than twenty years in laborious work in London, rescuing the young, providing nurses for the poor and carrying the Gospel to the slums. He is also one of the ablest and most eloquent preachers in the denomination.

The Bethany Institute, New York nas just issued its nineteenth annual report. Its object is the training of women for Christian work at home and abroad. During its history nearly four hundred workers have been prepared there for Christian service. Some of them are now laboring in Japan and other lands and others in New York and other large cities. A copy of the report may be obtained from Rev. A. G. Ruliffson, 107 East 17 Street, New York.

Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, England, who has many friends among our readers, has been prostrated by serious illness. He overtasked his strength in the management of the affairs of the International Congregational Council, recently held in London. His physicians insist on a period of complete rest and on his curtailing his pastoral and literary work after his recovery. Dr. Dale is best known among us by his famous course of lectures at Yale in 1877.

Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., delivered the opening address at the Summer School of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy on August 8. He contended that the rapid progress which Rationalism and open infidelity made in former days was due to the fact that no well organized school, such as that of the Institute, was in existence to meet the attacks of scientific men on the truths of Christianity. The sessions of the Institute are being held at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is reported to be making slow, but steady progress toward recovery. His physicians dread another relapse, but speak more hopefully now than they have done at any time since his seizure. Mr. Spurgeon is profoundly touched by the expressions of sympathy which have been reported to him. Hearing how many people of all creeds and on both sides of the Atlantic were sympathizing with him and praying for his recovery, he said, with deep solemnity, "God bless them all."

The International Christian Worker's Association will hold its Sixth Annual Convention at Washington, D. C., Nov. 5—11. This early intimation is given to enable the many readers of this journal who will want to attend, to make arrangements. Former conventions of the Association have been exceedingly helpful to Christian workers, affording opportunities for consultation and comparison of methods of work. The meetings will be held in the First Congregational Church. Further information may be obtained by addressing the Secretary Rev. John C. Collins, First National Bank Building, New Haven, Conn.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

A Mormon Secession—Earthquake in California—The Hot Wave—Russia's Famine—The Negro Question—The World's Fair Progressing—General News Notes.

SINCE the movement of the Mormons toward Mexico, the attention of the leaders of that sect has been directed to negotiations with Joseph Smith, Jr., the present head of the Church, for the removal of the Mormon headquarters to Ogden, Utah. Since the abandonment of plural marriages, the Mormons see no great difference between the two branches. The Josephites, as the new branch which favors single marriage, is called, finds favor with most Mormons for the reason that by pronouncing for single marriage, all trouble with the Government is avoided. It is said there are now thirty thousand monogamous or single-marriage Mormons in the United States, half the number being in Iowa. The Josephites propose to erect a great tabernacle at Ogden, and expect to stem the stampede to Mexico by bringing over many of the polygamous Mormons to their standard. They also expect to save the church property, valued at $500,000, which was confiscated by the Government.

* * *

The Cabinet on Vacation.

THE National Capital is for the time being without a single Cabinet officer. Attorney-General Miller was the last to leave. He has gone to Bennington, Vt., as the guest of Secretary Proctor. Secretary Blaine is still at Bar Harbor; but in the early fall he will join President Harrison as the guest of Stephen B. Elkins in West Virginia. The Presidential party will spend the time in deer-hunting on Cheat Mountain. All the other members of the Cabinet are passing their vacations at different watering-places.

* * *

Progress of the World's Fair.

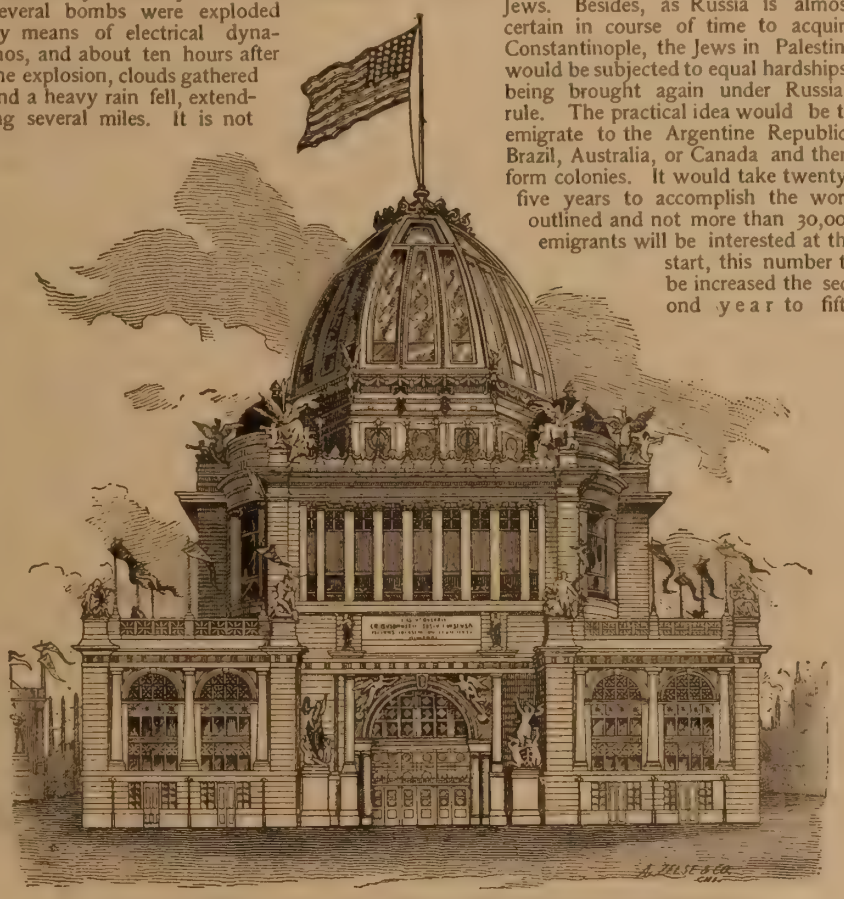
RAPID progress is being made in the construction of the buildings for the World's Exposition. To-day we give an illustration of the Administration building, which is the gem of all the architectural jewels of the Exposition. Constructed of material to last but two years, it will cost $650,000. Although it covers a space but 250 feet square, yet it is one of the noblest achievements of modern architecture. It will occupy the most commanding position on the Exposition grounds. The building consists of four pavilions, 84 feet square, one at each of the four angles of the square of the plan, and connected by a great central dome, 120 feet in diameter and 260 feet high. In the center of each facade is a recess, 93 feet wide, within which is a grand entrance to the building. The first story is of the Doric order, of heavy proportions. The second story, with its lofty colonnade, is of the Ionic order. Externally, the design is divided into three principal stages. The first stage consists of the four pavilions, corresponding in height with the buildings grouped about, which are 65 feet high. The second stage is of the same height, and is a continuation of the central rotunda, which is 175 feet square. The third stage is the base of the great dome, 40 feet high and octagonal in form, and the dome itself rising in graceful lines, richly ornamented with heavily molded ribs and sculptured panels, and having a large glass skylight. The interior effects will be even more gorgeous than the exterior, resplendent with carvings, sculptures and immense paintings. The new Secretary of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair, Mrs. Susan G. Cooke, (whose portrait we publish on this page) is the daughter of one of the leading surgeons of Vermont. She is a lady of much intellectual ability and the widow of a New York merchant. For the last seven years she has lived in Tennessee and has been one of the Managers of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum, besides being engaged in other charitable work. Mrs Cooke is a patient and sweet-tempered woman, qualities that will unquestionably prove useful in her new office.

MRS. COOKE.

* * *

Bringing Rain Artificially.

A "RAINFALL expedition" from the Department of Agriculture made two experiments at Midland, Tex., last week with the apparatus invented by Secretary Rusk for bringing rain. Several bombs were exploded by means of electrical dynamos, and about ten hours after the explosion, clouds gathered and a heavy rain fell, extending several miles. It is not claimed that the explosions actually produced the storm, but that they were instrumental in precipitating the moisture and greatly increased the storm's intensity, and the quantity of the rainfall. It was the first good rain in that section for several months.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

* * *

A Great Hot Wave.

THE Eastern and Middle States were visited by a torrid wave, accompanied by great humidity on the tenth and eleventh insts., causing widespread suffering, and largely increased mortality. In New York, Boston, Providence, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other eastern cities, the mercury averaged ninety-five degress with eighty-three per cent of humidity. The records of the Signal Service Bureau show that the wave was the hottest that has come at this season in ten years. In some parts of New England, work was suspended in the fields and villages, the mercury indicating over 100 in the shade. In the larger cities there were many deaths from sun-stroke, and the hospitals were crowded with cases of prostration.

* * *

Earthquake in California.

A SEVERE earthquake occurred in the rocky region at the head of the gulf of California last week. This territory is owned by the Cocopah tribe of Indians. The first symptoms of seismic disturbance were the appearance of nearly a hundred mud volcances in an active state of irruption. The atmosphere became dense and stifling and many infants were suffocated. Then came a thunder-storm at the close of which a tidal wave rushed upon the coast, inundating farms and sweeping away cattle, horses and grain. Five rapid earthquake shocks followed and the air was darkened with dust. Every shock was accompanied by a terrifying rumble. The frightened Indians fled to the interior of the country, many perishing from fright on the way. Those who arrived in Arizona say the tidal wave was fully a hundred feet high. In Sonora on the Colorado river, a great change has appeared on the face of the country since the earthquake. A small stream has become a mighty river, the rocks have sunk out of sight and high eminences are levelled. The Indians predict another earthquake soon, and say all the natural signs indicate it.

* * *

Baron Hirsch's Colonization Project.

BARON HIRSCH'S chief lieutenant, Mr. Arnold White, now in London, has been interviewed concerning the colonization scheme of the millionaire philanthropist, whose chief ambition now is to help the persecuted Hebrews. Mr. White says that the Baron is strongly opposed to any emigration to Palestine, and believes that the Jews will find it another Poland. The climate is unsuitable for Russian Jews. Besides, as Russia is almost certain in course of time to acquire Constantinople, the Jews in Palestine would be subjected to equal hardships, being brought again under Russian rule. The practical idea would be to emigrate to the Argentine Republic, Brazil, Australia, or Canada and there form colonies. It would take twenty-five years to accomplish the work outlined and not more than 30,000 emigrants will be interested at the start, this number to be increased the second year to fifty thousand. $20,000,000 have been set aside for the carrying out of the plan.

* * *

A Frightful Excursion Disaster.

ON Wednesday, August 12th, the steamer *Crystal Stream*, and the excursion barge *Republic*, went from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Cold-Spring on the Hudson River, with a large party of workingmen and their wives and children. Coming home, a squall loosened the roof of the barge and it fell on the dancing deck upon the hundreds below without a moment's warning. Thirteen persons were killed outright and over forty wounded. It is claimed that the timbers of the barge were rotten. Some of the dead victims were found clasped in each others arms. There were fully a hundred imprisoned under the fallen roof when help came to rescue them. The dead and injured were conveyed to Oyster Bay village. Most of the victims were Germans.

* * *

Famine in Russia.

ALTHOUGH it seems to have been the policy of the Russian government to conceal the fact, there is now no doubt that a very serious famine exists in that country. In many districts, peasants are dying of hunger, while the survivors attempt to sustain life on grass, boiled in water. Cases have come to light, where the poor laborers have tried to sell their children for food. The grain reserve in the country has been used up, and the present harvest is less than half a crop, wheat being 100,000,000 bushels short, and rye 300,000,000. Instead of being a great export country, Russia, this year, must import 250,000,000 bushels of grain, to avert wholesale destitution and plague. One point that militates against Russia's ability to do this is the fact that the government credit is in a wretched condition. Not since 1840 has such a threatening state of affairs been known in the Czar's dominions, and the situation is greatly aggravated by internal agitation and discontent.

* * *

The New Diplomatic Mission.

Richard Cotts Shannon, of New York, has been appointed U. S. Minister to Costa Rica, Nicaraugua and Salvador. This is the last new South American Mission created by Congress. Mr. Shannon is a native of Maine, and during General Grant's administration was Secretary of Legation in Brazil. He is considered an authority on South American affairs. He served through the civil war with distinction and afterwards went to South America, where he now has extensive business relations. Mr. Shannon recently gave to Colby University, Me., a fine building for an observatory and scientific laboratory.

COL. SHANNON.

NEWS NOTES.

The British East African Company is about to place a regular line of steamers on Lake Victoria Nyanza.

J. C. Wynn, the manager of the Georgia Farmers' Alliance Exchange, is a defaulter to the extent of $20,000. An investigation is now in progress.

George Jones, editor of the New York *Times*, died at Poland Springs, Me., on Wednesday, Aug. 12, of a complication of diseases. He was eighty years of age.

Fred. Douglass has retired from the Haytian Mission, as was foreshadowed in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD several weeks ago. His indecision during the recent massacres by Hyppolite gave rise to much comment.

The Post-Master-General is considering the expediency of extending the free Postal delivery system to country districts all over the Union, and may submit a proposition to that effect to Congress when it meets.

The National Capital Savings Building and Loan Association of North America, after having received $200,000 from confiding patrons and turned most of it into the pockets of its officers, has been exposed by the Post Office authorities as a fraud, and its president and vice-president arrested. It had victims all over the Union.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Democratic Clubs in New York, last week, it was made clear that the Democrats South and West are resolved to make the fight next year on the tariff question and to subordinate the silver issue. The Western Germans particularly are strong in opposing any departure in favor of free silver.

A wonderful underground cave, said to rival in extent and beauty the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has been discovered on a farm belonging to Geo. Unangst, West Mansfield, Logan County, O. One of the stone chambers is 40 x 50 feet in height, and a hall in the cave is 600 feet long and lined on each side by recesses that look like rooms, and with a lake at either end.

The remains of Pizarro, the Conqueror of Peru, have been removed from a vault under the altar at Lima, Peru, to the chapel of the Viceroys in the same building. They are in an excellent state of preservation although it is 350 years since Pizarro died. The hands and toes have been carried of by relic-seekers. The body bears the marks of the wounds Pizarro received in battle. He was about seventy years old when he died.

A tornado in Iowa did considerable damage to crops and other property at Ottumwa, Leon, Hanocton, Davis City, and other places. A camp-meeting in progress at Davis City was broken up by the furious gale; the grove became dark as night, many trees fell, and the air was full of broken branches; the Tabernacle was crushed under the weight of two giant oaks and all the seats and stands were demolished. Fortunately no one was killed. Tornadoes are reported from several points in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Pennsylvania with great damage to property.

HELP TO THE CONVERT.

"And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go."—John 11: 43, 44.

IN many things our Lord Jesus stands alone as a worker. No other can unite his voice with the fiat which says, "Lazarus, come forth." Yet in certain points of gracious operation the Master associates his servants with him, so that when Lazarus has come forth he says to them, "Loose him, and let him go." In the raising of the dead he is alone, and therein majestic and divine: in the loosing of the bound he is associated with them, and remains still majestic; but his more prominent feature is condescension.

Beloved, our Lord Jesus still delights to associate us with him as far as our feebleness and folly will permit. In his present work of bringing sinners to himself, he counts it a part of his reward that we should be laborers together with him. In his working people he beholds the travail of his soul as well as in the sinners whom they bring to him; thus, he has a double reward, and is as much glorified in the love, and pity, and zeal of his servants as in the harvest which they reap. Jesus is glad to save sinners at all, but most of all glad to save them by the means of those already saved. Thus he blesses the prodigal sons and servants of the household at the same moment. It is more honorable to save a soul from death than to rule an empire. Such honor all the saints may have.

I. First, then, this chapter records

A Memorable Miracle.

Perhaps that writer is correct who speaks of the raising of Lazarus as the most remarkable of all our Lord's mighty works. There is no measuring miracles, for they are all displays of the infinite; but in some respects the raising of Lazarus stands at the head of the wonderful series of miracles with which our Lord astonished and instructed the people. Yet I am not in error when I assert that it is a type of what the Lord Jesus is constantly doing at this hour in the realm of mind and spirit. Did he raise the naturally dead? So doth he still raise the spiritually dead. Did he bring back a body from corruption? So doth he still deliver men from loathsome sins. The life-giving miracle of grace is as truly astounding as the quickening miracle of power.

I notice the memorableness of this miracle in the subject of it, because the man had been dead four days. Probably the sisters had perceived the traces of decay upon the body of their beloved brother before they buried him, for it is more than supposable that they delayed the funeral as long as possible under an undefined hope that perhaps their Lord would appear upon the scene. In that warm climate

The Ravages of Decay

are very rapid, and before many hours the loving sisters were compelled to admit, as Abraham had done before them that they must bury their dead out of their sight. It was their full conviction that the terrible devourings of corruption had commenced. What then can be done? Surely it were an easier task to make a new man altogether out of the earth than to take this poor corrupted corpse which has turned to worms' meat and make it live again. This was the stupendous miracle of divine power which our glorious Lord performed upon his friend Lazarus.

Now, there are some men who are symbolized by this case: they are not only devoid of all spiritual life, but corruption has set in; their character has become abominable, their language is putrid, their spirit is loathsome. The pure mind desires to have them put out of sight; they cannot be endured in any decent society. They are so far gone from original righteousness as to be an offence to all, and it does not seem possible that ever they should be

Restored to Purity,

honesty, or hope. When the Lord in infinite compassion comes to deal with them and makes them to live, then the most sceptical are obliged to confess, "This is the finger of God!" What can it be else? Such a profane wretch become a believer! Such a blasphemer a man of prayer! Such a proud, conceited talker, receive the kingdom as a little child! Surely God himself must have wrought this marvel!

The next notable point about this miracle is the manifest human weakness of its worker. He who had to deal with this dead man was himself a man. I do not know of any passage of Scripture wherein the manhood of Christ is more frequently manifested than in this narrative. When our Lord had seen Mary's tears, we read that he groaned in spirit and was troubled. Thus he showed the sorrows and the sympathies of a man. We cannot forget those memorable words, "Jesus wept." Who but a man should weep? Weeping is a human speciality. Jesus never seems to be more completely bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh than when he weeps. Next, our Lord made an inquiry—"Where have ye laid him?" He veils his omniscience: as a man he seeks information—where is the body of his dear departed friend? Even as Mary in after days said about himself, "Tell me where thou hast laid him," so does the Lord Jesus ask for information as a man who knows not. "Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave." When he has reached the spot he sees a cave whose mouth is closed by a huge stone, and now he

Seeks Human Assistance.

He cries to the crowd, "Take ye away the stone." Why, surely he who could raise the dead could have rolled away the stone with the self-same word! Yet, as if needing help from those about him, the man Christ Jesus reminds us again of Mary at his own sepulchre, saying, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" That done, our Lord lifts up his eyes to heaven, and addresses the Father in mingled prayer and thanksgiving.

How like a man is all this! He takes the suppliant's place. He speaks with God as a man speaketh with his friend, but still as a man. Did not this condescending revelation of the manhood make the miracle all the more remarkable? The time came when the flame of the Godhead flashed forth from the unconsumed bush of the manhood. The voice of him who wept was heard in the chambers of death-shade, and forth came the soul of Lazarus to live again in the body. "The weakness of God" proved itself to be stronger than death and mightier than the grave. It is a parable of our own case as workers. Sometimes we see the human side of the gospel, and wonder whether it can do many mighty works. When we tell the story, we fear that it will appear to the people as a thrice-told tale. We wonder how it can be that truth so simple, so homely, so common should have any special power about it. Yet it is so. Out of the foolishness of preaching, the wisdom of God shines forth.

Raised by a Word.

Let us consider for a few moments the instrumental cause of this resurrection. Nothing was used by our Lord but his own word of power. Jesus cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" He simply repeated the dead man's name, and added two commanding words. This was a simple business enough. Dear friends, a miracle seems all the greater when the means used are apparently feeble and little adapted to the working of so great a result. It is so in the salvation of men. It is marvellous that such poor preaching should convert such great sinners. Many are turned unto the Lord by the simplest, plainest, most unadorned preaching of the Gospel. They hear little, but that little is from the lip of Jesus. Many converts find Christ by a single short sentence. The divine life is borne into their hearts upon the wings of a brief text. The preacher owned no eloquence, he made no attempt at it; but the Holy Spirit spoke through him with a power which eloquence could not rival. Thus said the Lord "Ye dry bones live"; and they did live. I delight to preach my Master's Gospel in the plainest terms. I would speak still more simply if I could. The power to quicken the dead lieth not in the wisdom of words but in the Spirit of the living God.

The Result.

The result of the Lord's working must not be passed over, for it is a main element of wonder in this miracle. Lazarus did come forth and that immediately. He quitted the close air of the sepulchre and returned to know once more the things which are done under the sun; and that at once. To me it is one of the great glories of the Gospel that it does not require weeks and months to quicken men and make new creatures of them; salvation can come to them at once. The man who stepped into this Tabernacle this evening steeped in rebellion against his God, and apparently impervious to divine truth, may nevertheless go down those steps with his sins forgiven, and with a new spirit imparted to him, in the strength of which he shall begin to live unto God as he never lived before. Trust ye in God, my brethren. In all your work of love, trust in the unseen power which lay at the back of the manhood of Christ, and still lies at the back of the simple Gospel which we preach. The everlasting word may seem to be weak and feeble; it may groan and weep, and seem as if it could do no more; but it can raise the dead, and raise them at once. Be ye sure of this.

II. Secondly, I beg you to observe

A Singular Spectacle.

A notable miracle was unquestionably wrought; but it required a finishing touch. The man was wholly raised, but not wholly freed. See, here is a living man in the garments of death! That napkin and other grave clothes were altogether congruous with death, but they were much out of place when Lazarus began again to live. It is a wretched sight to see a living man wearing his shroud. Yet we have seen in this Tabernacle hundreds of times people quickened by Divine grace with their grave-clothes still upon them. Such was their condition that unless you observed carefully you would think them still dead; and yet within them the lamp of heavenly life was burning. Some said, "He is dead, look at his garments;" but the more spiritual cried, "He is not dead, but these bands must be loosed." It is a singular spectacle: a living man hampered with the cerements of death!

Moreover, he was a moving man bound hand and foot. I have seen souls bound and yet moving; moving intensely in one direction, and yet not capable of stirring an inch in another. Have you not seen a man so truly alive that he wept, he mourned, he groaned over sin; but yet he could not believe in Christ, but seemed bound hand and foot as to faith? I have seen him give up his sin determinedly, and crush a bad habit under his foot, and yet he could not lay hold on a promise or receive a hope. Lazarus was free enough in one way, for he came out of the tomb, but the blinding napkin was about his head; and even so it is with many a quickened sinner, for when you try to show him cheering truth he cannot see it.

Strong but Helpless.

Moreover, here was a man strong, and yet helpless. He was strong enough to come forth from his grave, and yet he could not take the napkin from his own head, for his hands were bound, and he could not go to his house, for his feet were swathed, Unless some kind hand unbound him he would remain a living mummy. He had strength sufficient to quit the grave, but he could be quit of his grave-clothes. So have we seen men strong, for the Spirit of God has been in them, and has moved them mightily; they have been passionately in earnest even to agony in one direction, yet the newborn life has been so feeble in other ways that they seemed to be mere babes in swaddling clothes. They have not been able to enjoy the liberty of Christ, nor enter into communion with Christ, nor work for Christ. They have been bound hand and foot: work and progress have alike been beyond them. This seems a strange sequel to a miracle. The bands of death loosed, but not the bands of linen; motion given, but not movement of hand or foot; strength bestowed, but not the power to undress himself. Such anomalies are common, in the world of grace.

III. This brings us to consider

A Timely Assistance

which you and I are called upon to render. O for wisdom to learn our duty, and grace to do it at once. Let us consider what are these bands which often bind newly regenerated sinners? Some of them are blindfolded by the napkin about their head;—they are very ignorant, sadly devoid of spiritual perception, and withal the eye of faith is darkened. Yet the eye is there, and Christ has opened it; and it is the business of the servant of God to remove the napkin which bandages it, by teaching the truth, explaining it, and clearing up difficulties. This is a simple thing to do, but exceedingly necessary. Now that they have life we shall teach them to purpose. Besides that, they are bound hand and foot, so that they are compelled to inaction; we can show them how to work for Jesus. Another hindrance is the band of fear. "Oh," says the poor soul, "I am such a sinner that God must punish me for my sin." Tell him the grand doctrine of substitution. Unwrap this cerement by the assurance that Jesus took our sin, and that "by his stripes we are healed." It is wonderful what liberty comes by that precious truth when it is understood.

Bonds of Prejudice.

Souls are very often bound with the graves-clothes of prejudice. They used to think so and so before conversion, and they are very apt to carry their dead thoughts into their new life. Go and tell them that things are not what they seem: that old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new. The days of their ignorance God winked at, but now they must change their minds about everything, and no more judge according to the sight of the eyes and the hearing of the ears. Some of them are bound with the grave-clothes of evil habit. It is a noble work to aid a drunkard to unwind the accursed bands which

prevent his making the slightest progress toward better things. Let us tear off every band from ourselves that we may the more readily help them to be free. The bonds of evil habits may still remain upon men that have received the divine life until those habits are pointed out to them and the evil of them is shown and so they are helped by precept, prayer, and example to free themselves.

Why the Bonds Remain.

But why are these bandages left? Why did not the miracle which raised Lazarus also loosen his grave-clothes? I suppose that those bands were left that those who came to unwind him should be sure that he was the same man who died. Some of them may have said, "This is Lazarus, for these are the grave-clothes which we wrapped about him. There is no trickery here." For some such cause our Lord permits the quickened sinner to remain in a measure of bondage, that we may know that the man is the same person who was really dead in trespasses and sins. He was no sham sinner, for the traces of his sins are still upon him. You can see by what he says that his training was none of the best; the relics of the old nature show what manner of man he used to be. Every now and then the smell of the sepulchre meets your nostril; the mould of the grave has stained his grave-clothes; his was true death, and no imitation of it. So, too, we know that he is alive, for we perceive that his experience is that of a living child of God.

Moreover, I still think that the main object was that these disciples might enter into rare

Fellowship with Christ.

They could each say, not proudly but still joyfully, "Our Lord raised Lazarus, and I was there and helped to unloose him from his grave-clothes." It is most sweet to hope that we have done anything to cheer, or to teach, or sanctify a soul. Not unto us can be any praise, but unto us there is much comfort concerning this thing. Brothers and sisters, will you not earn a share in this dear delight?

Ere we leave this point of seasonable assistance, let us ask—why should we remove these grave-clothes? We should do this because it is very possible that we helped to bind those grave-clothes upon our friend. Some of the people who were at Bethany that day had assisted in the burial of Lazarus, and surely those should loose Lazarus who helped to bind him. Many a Christian man before his conversion has helped to make sinners worse by his example, and possibly after his conversion he may by his indifference and want of zeal have aided in binding new

Converts in the Bonds

of doubt and sorrow. At any rate, you have said of many a person, "He will never be saved!" Thus you have wrapped him in grave-clothes; the Lord never told you to do that—you did it of your own accord; and now that he bids you remove those grave-clothes, will you not be quick to do it?

I remember when somebody lent a hand to take the grave-clothes off from me, and therefore I desire to loose the grave-clothes of others. If we cannot repay what we owe to the precise individual who wrought us good, we can at least repay it by working for the general benefit of seekers. "There," said a benevolent man, as he gave help to a poor man, "take that money, and when you can pay it back give it to the next man whom you meet who is in the same plight as yourself, and tell him he is to pay it to another destitute person as soon as he can afford it; and so my money will go travelling on for many a day." That is how our Lord does: he sends a brother to loose my bonds; then I am helped to set another free, and he releases a third, and so on to the world's end. God grant that you and I may not be negligent in his heavenly service. Amen.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Friend, New York City. I would like to ask your opinion in regard to card-playing and the habit some young men have of carrying packs of cards in their pockets?

A similar question to the above has already been answered in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of July 29.

E. M. S. M., Norwich, Ont. What preparatory education does a person need before entering the University of ——, supposing he wanted to study law?

The requirements differ and we would advise you to address the University itself on the matter.

A. A. A. East Killington, Conn. Can a Christian at any time exercise faith for the healing of bodily diseases for himself or others?

There have been many instance of the kind since apostolic times, but so far as we have been able to learn, the diseases were functional, and not organic.

J. S. M., Alton, Kan. Is a Secret Society necessary to promote mutual welfare?

A somewhat similar question has already been answered in No. 29 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Many of the most noted secret societies have darkened the pages of history. For all ordinary purposes of mutual benefit, an oath-bound secrecy would seem to be wholly unnecessary.

F. R., Sr. Sandusky, O Is General Booth's Industrial Colony in England in actual operation?

Partially. Two farms on the banks of the Thames River, of about one thousand acres each, have been purchased, and buildings erected to shelter five thousand persons. Dairy, truck-farming and cattle-raising are among the employments. Similar industrial colonies are to be established by General Booth in South Africa and Australia.

C. F. K., Philadelphia, Pa. When a master commands a servant to tell a falsehood, who will have to answer for it at the Day of Judgment? It says in the Bible, "Servants, obey your masters."

Both will have to answer for the falsehood at the bar of God. The master is guilty, in using his influence to coerce the servant into lying; the servant is culpable in yielding and in preferring to commit a sin to please his master, even though in so doing he offend his Maker. The Bible injunction to obedience of servants refers only to matters that are lawful. Sin is never lawful in the sight of God.

P. L., Trenton, N. J. What country has the greatest number of electric railroads at the present time?

Data is not at hand to make the full comparison. The United States has less than some of the countries of Europe. There are now 325 electric railways known to be in operation in different parts of the world, using 4,000 cars and running 7,000 motors over 2,600 miles of track. They carry 750,000,000 passengers annually. In this country alone, $50,000,000 of capital are invested in such lines.

G. W. G., Pittsburg, Pa. Is it wrong for a church to have a kitchen in the basement, and to hold oyster suppers and festivals, and to use the room for a dining-room?

There are circumstances in which it would be distinctly wrong to do so, and *vice versa*. If nothing be done that would detract from the sacred character of the building, then such uses might be considered permissible. There is a social side to church brotherhood that may be upheld without offence. The good sense of pastor, elders and managers should be exercised to prevent the use of the church rooms for anything that savors of levity or disrespect, or that has not for its object the furtherance of God's purposes and the spread of the Gospel.

Inquirer, Chautauqua, N. Y. (1) Is loving God above all else the same or equal to loving him with the whole heart? (2) Can we love God without having his love in our hearts? (3) Could any one have a spark of God's love in his heart, and yet desire to see any soul fall, even if it be that of an enemy? (4) If any church or society should join hands for the trying of a soul, would it in that act be representing the religion of Jesus Christ?

(1) The heart is mortal and susceptible to mundane passions and influences, while the soul is immortal. With our hearts we can love one another; with our souls we comprehend the love of our heavenly Father and his Son. It is therefore possible to love the Lord with all our "heart and with all our soul and with all our strength," but the soul-love is a flame holier than all else. With the soul alone can we love and desire God above all else. (2) No, (3) A heart that is filled with God's love would never desire the fall of any soul, but would rather try to assist its rise. (4) No church or society would assume to try the soul; this is God's prerogative. Persistence in sin may result in exclusion from the pale of the congregation, but man cannot exclude from God's mercy nor limit his forgiveness. Such an assumption would be as impious as the selling of so-called indulgences from heaven by the Church of Rome. Man alone can exclude himself, and not another.

E. D. G., New York City. In your answer to "Subscriber" last week, you place the numerical strength of the Baptists at 1,458,441. At the close of 1890, they had a regular numerical strength of 3,164,227.

Our correspondent rightly calls attention to a mistake of the types in a former issue. The latest figures which we find in a recent article in *The Independent*, give the Baptists 4,078,589; Methodists, 4,723,881. We do not know of any more recent source of information on the subject.

G. R. L., Althorpe, Ont. How shall I strengthen a defective memory?

Assuming that there is no organic defect, we would advise a trial of the system you mention in your letter. The simplest system is to study the "association of events." Thus: you wish to remember what you did at a certain hour yesterday. By thinking back—recalling one event after another and fixing in your mind the time of its occurrence—you will after a time become adept at recalling any specific event or act you desire to remember. With some persons, however, memory is a gift that comes almost without cultivation, but the dullest memory can be cultivated successfully in the way indicated.

Rev. H. P., Grand P. O., Man., Can. Should a speaker drink water or beverage of any description while speaking? If this be necessary, what should he take? Is there any beverage that helps to strengthen the voice?

A teacher of elocution or a physician would be likely to give the most practical advice on this matter. Water is usually placed before a speaker on a public platform. With many it becomes absolutely necessary to moisten the lips while speaking. Some prefer lemonade which clears the throat of phlegm. Others keep on hand a supply of troches, which answer the same purpose. There is no beverage that will strengthen the voice, although those mentioned will *clear* it and thus make enunciation better. It is a mistake for anyone to imagine that alcoholic beverages help a speaker. They make the voice husky, cloud the brain and befog the whole man. Their use is therefore inexcusable on physical and intellectual as well as on moral grounds.

M. McD., Chicago, Ill. I have retired from business and am now 63 years of age. I am not rich, having just about $10,000, and I feel it my duty to consecrate a tenth of it to the Lord. I wish to do it in some way that will be of practical service to his cause, and by which the Gospel may be scattered. How shall I proceed about it?

You might establish a mission in some neglected part of your own city, and thereby bring the Gospel to many who are in ignorance and darkness. The heathen are not all abroad. We will be glad to cooperate with you in any plan with such a purpose in view, and will undertake to contribute a sufficient number of copies of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (which is now very widely distributed in work of this character) to assist you in the work at the outset. Such missions afford the most practical and direct method of reaching the masses outside of the churches.

A. K., Trenton, O. What proof have we outside of the Bible that man has a soul and that there is a hereafter?

Man's conviction of immortality, even outside of the Bible, is world-old and world-wide. He is the only being who desires a hereafter or who has conceptions of another life. Wherever man is found, he has the inborn conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being and another world. He feels within him an influence that is not mortal or material. No other being on earth can rise above the mere allurements of sense; no other aspires to a future. Man feels that his state here is a preparatory one; that it is a step to a higher education. The soul, in all its aspects, is its own prophet of immortality and has been so in all ages. From the days of the earliest philosophers, from Socrates and Cicero down to Baxter and Liddon, this fact has been stamped upon the history of the world, and despite materialists and sceptics, it is stronger and more universal than ever. Read *Butler's Analogy*.

A FOCAL SEASON.

Remarkable Events Associated with the Celebration of the Jewish Passover.

HOW slight is the difference of time in the dates assigned for the termination of the prophetic periods by various expositors of prophecy, has already been pointed out in these columns. Professor Totten of Yale, from an elaborate astronomical calculation believes (as was explained in this jonrnal on July 8), that the termination will be on Passover Day, 1899. The Rev. M. Baxter, of London, by a train of reasoning outlined in this journal at various times, believes it will be on Passover Day, 1901. They, with others, are thus agreed as to the season, though differing as to the year. In a recent address, Dr. Grattan Guinness, also a well known writer on prophecy, who has always refrained from expressing any opinion as to the year, though believing it to be near at hand, also appears to concur with them in thinking that it will be at the Passover season. He said:

It was Gabriel that announced the great prophecy of the Seventy Weeks to Daniel—that same Gabriel who was sent to announce to Zacharias the approaching birth of John the Baptist, and then again to Mary to announce the birth of Christ himself. It was this evangelical angel, Gabriel, who brought with swift wings

This Wondrous Prophecy.

I have sometimes pondered over this. I have seen Daniel in prayer with his windows open towards Jerusalem, his head bowed, the tears streaming from his closed eyes, his hands clasped, unconscious in the presence of the angel. He has been praying for hours. The sight of Jerusalem is before him—the city in its ruins, the ruined temple, the cessation of sacrifice, the dishonor to the name of God—Oh! a wreck had been made of the Jewish people, and of religion, and of the glory of God. His soul is in an agony. He prays, now that the seventy years of Jewish captivity, have almost expired that God would restore Judah, rebuild Jerusalem, rebuild the temple. While this prayer begins to ascend, the answer begins to descend. Do you not remember, it says, "At the beginning of thy prayer the commandment came forth, and I am come to show thee;" so that we are justified in saying that when his prayer began to ascend, the answer began to descend, and as his prayer continued to ascend, the answer continued to descend. Before the prayer was ended, the universe had been traversed by the swift evangelical angel, who, five hundred years later, was to come upon a second and similar mission to Zacharias, and to say, "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God;" and, later, to announce to Mary the accomplishment of those things which he had been privileged to foretell.

Daniel's thoughts had been occupied with the restoration of Jerusalem; the angel's thoughts are occupied with the redemption of the world. Daniel wanted the temple rebuilt and his people taken back. God's design was vaster, more glorious, infinitely more important. The angel comes to tell him of a decree

To Restore Jerusalem.

and then of an act by which it should be destroyed a second time, its temple laid in ruins, and the Jews scattered throughout the world; but he came to tell him of something which was to be accomplished before this, the advent of the Messiah, and the time of that advent he places before the destruction of Jerusalem. Oh! how important. Lead us, then, thou blessed angel—where wilt thou lead us? To that spot and to no other; to these years and to no other; to that period just before the destruction of Jerusalem which took place eighteen hundred years ago. He leads us then, to that period before these eighteen hundred years began, before the year 70, in which the temple and the city were destroyed, and the people dispersed. And to what particular group of years wilt thou lead us, O blessed angel? "From the going forth of the commandment to restore and build Jerusalem unto Messiah, the Prince, shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks. And after threescore and two weeks shall Messiah be cut off" (Daniel 9: 26.)

Whither are we being led, then, but to the very time and to the week of years, to the

Cross of Christ? But canst thou, O blessed angel, lead us to the month? There is no need. Moses is here to do that. "This month shall be to you

The Beginning of Months,"

says the law through Moses to Israel on the fourteenth day of the Passover month; "present the sacrifice, sprinkle the blood of the Passover victim." And thus we are led to the month and to the day, and then to the very hour—the ninth hour of the day, for it was in the after part of the day that the Passover sacrifice was to be offered between the two evenings, and those two evenings were measured thus: from noon till three the first, from three till sunset the second, and sunset at the time of the vernal equinox, which was the time of the Passover, is thus in the evening, the time of the Redeemer's death.

Thus, led by the prophets and by the law, we are guided to the period in human history before the destruction of Jerusalem to the group of years, to the central year, to the month, to the day, to the hour of crucifixion and of the death of Jesus Christ, and as we look we see him there, we seem to hear that sentence, "Thus it is written"—written in Moses, written in Daniel, in the law, in the prophets—"and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and then to rise from the dead the third day."

"Passovers" in the Life of Jesus.

Have you ever noted this, that the life of Jesus Christ was regulated by Passovers, and that those Passovers led to the closing Passover, a supreme Passover, and that that supreme and final Passover coincided with the sacrifice of the cross? His whole life was regulated by Passovers. It is difficult to form a clear conception, which you can remember, of the journeys of Christ as far as they are recorded in Scripture. If you remember this principle, it will help you—the law, which commanded the going up three times in the year of the males to Jerusalem, regulated the life of Christ, who became subject to the law. Thus the first occasion on which he appeared to minister in the temple was at a Passover. His ministry commenced too, in Jerusalem with the Passover described in John 2, and 3. There ought to be no division between chapters 2 and 3. In the original manuscripts there are not only no chapters but no verses, and even the words themselves are not divided, but are run into each other; therefore you are at perfect liberty to paragraph the Bible for yourselves. Did you ever notice this? It dawned upon me not long ago as a sort of revelation. I was astounded at it—that the great discourses of Christ in the Gospel of John are all Passover discourses. That great discourse with Nicodemus was a Passover discourse; at the Passover at Jerusalem he said, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted," "for God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son;" and then that great discourse in which he speaks of himself as the Bread which came down from heaven, and says, "My flesh is meat indeed; my blood is drink indeed," was a Passover discourse. It was on his way to the Passover at Jerusalem. And those great loving discourses of his to the Jews and to his disciples in the closing chapters of John are Passover discourses; above all, those from John 13 to 16. Then the great prayer in chapter 17. How large a space, then, in the life of Christ is occupied by the Passover!

THE INVISIBLE WORLD.

The souls of the dead, when they depart hence, live as they lived before, writes Bishop Harris, of Michigan; only they have passed beyond the veil, and are "no more seen." Generation after generation of men comes into the region of the seen, to spend whatever force, and fire, and energy there is in each. Then, one by one, their spirits are recalled; the earthly vesture falls away, and in a moment they are gone. They have re-entered the invisible.

The invisible is all around us. It is our spirit's true home, and we can lift ourselves into its atmosphere upon the mountain tops of praver and meditation. It may not be ours to be transfigured there, as our Master was. It may not be ours to converse there with the loved and forgotten dead, but we may and can hold converse with our Father; for the unseen world, the world of spirits, is not future or distant; it is not above the sky nor beyond the grave; it is now, it is here!

We are taught to look for a day when all the visible world shall perish; but that loss will prove to be the lifting of a vail which hides the unseen, the removal of a screen which, for the present, hides the only true and real world—the world of God and Christ, of holy angels and the souls of men.

PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Beginning August 30. John 7 : 40-44; 11 : 45, 46; 7 : 12; 6 : 66.

How suggestive are the words of the Evangelist: "There was a division among the people because of him!" There were then, as now, many divisions among the people. Divided by race, by nationality, by disposition, by worldly circumstances, but no division, then nor now, so crucial as that division "*because of him.*" In time and in eternity that is the great dividing line. To those who love Jesus he is so precious, is so vital a part of their lives, is so entirely the one supreme source of joy and hope, that they can have no real fellowshlp with those who know him not. In the last great day the same test divides. However close the natural union may have been in the world, whether of husband and wife, or parent and child, this test is supreme. As it was with the imprisoned apostles, "Being let go," they will go to "their own company." Where else can they go? They who live in him can have neither part nor lot with those who live without him. The parting of the ways in that day will be evident and unmistakable; but it will not be so much a judicial decree as a natural development of past conduct. The ways part in this life.

Sometimes the place of parting is passed unconsciously. Looking back at the end of life, the place of divergence may be perceived; but the traveller is often unaware of the crisis at the time. It is seldom a deliberate choice. The downward path looks pleasant and the traveller explores a little way, intending to return. But the way back is toilsome, pleasures beckon him onward and he goes on too far to return. The night comes upon him while he is still pursuing, or when he has sat down weary and disgusted, lacking courage and even inclination to return. But return is not impossible. Invitations, warnings, promises of help follow the wanderer all through. Blessed are they who make the effort and succeed. But even then how much time has been lost! How soiled and bedraggled, how forlorn is the returning one! How bitterly he laments "the years that the locusts have eaten"!

And the ease of the wandering? It was when Jesus explained what his service involved, what a complete union with him was necessary, what an utter dependence on him for spiritual sustenance there must be, that there was "a division because of him." It is so now. If a compromise were possible, if Christ would share his throne in the heart with the world, many would rejoice so "to make the best of both worlds." But not of such is the kingdom of heaven. The decision must be fixed and mnst be defended, with the heart's blood, if necessary. Drifting on the right road is impossible. Effort is demanded, conflict is certain, obstacles are numerous. Christ did not deceive those who came to him, with promises of ease. "Leave all and follow me," was his demand and those who are not prepared to do that now, cannot follow him. Christ and the world are at opposite poles. He who comes to the parting of the ways must turn his back on one or the other.

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FLOWERS IN THE CITY.

Few persons realize how many services are within their reach, which, if done "in his name," would give them pleasure as well as give pleasure to others. The following incident related at a meeting of King's Daughters by Mrs. Lovett, and published in the *Silver Cross*, is an illustration of the fact:

"It would not be worth speaking about," she began, apologetically, "only it was pleasant to do, and perhaps others might try it, if they once thought about it.

"I had to go to Boston last week and the idea came to me the evening before, how I should miss my flowers if I was obliged to live in a city, and that there must be many there who love them as I do and can have no garden. At last I determined to carry some with me to give to the poor 'In His Name.' So, in the morning, I cut a great number and made them up in bunches; so many of them in all, that it quite made my hands ache to carry them.

"Before we reached the city I had given away a spray of honeysuckle to a lady in front, who kept turning to look at my flowers. At last she asked me some questions about them, and I told her why I was carrying so many. She said she had often had the thought but had never heard of any one carrying it out, and wished me success.

"Boston was reached at last, and we had not walked a block from the station before a ragged little fellow ran up to me, and said, 'Please, lady, give me a rose!' 'Indeed, I will,' said I, 'It's for just such as you that I brought them.' He darted around the corner and another one came, and another, until we were surrounded by quite a crowd of eager-faced little ragamuffins, begging me for flowers. Where they all came from, or where they vanished afterward, I couldn't tell. One little urchin pleaded for a rose to take to his little sister who was sick. 'And I want one for my big sister,' chimed in another. 'She isn't sick, but she loves flowers.'

"A working man who passed in the street, saw what I was doing, and smiled. 'God bless you, lady,' said he, 'you could distribute a cart-load in that way.'"

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UNITED OR DENOMINATIONAL.

A correspondent inquires about the action of the denominations as to the union of the Societies of Christian Endeavor. She will find a full statement of the action of the Presbyterian Church Assembly in the *Church at Home and Abroad*. Briefly stated, the discussion which took place in the Assembly revealed a strong sentiment in favor of the movement as already constituted and against any attempt to create a separate Presbyterian organization. There are now 4,019 Societies connected with Presbyterian Churches. On the other hand, the Baptists have organized such of their Christian Endeavor Societies as consent, under the name of the "Baptist Young People's Union." The Methodist Episcopal Church also prefers separate organization in the Epworth League, though it has over 2000 Societies of Christian Endeavor.

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Y. M. C. A. WORK IN ILLINOIS.

Energy and enterprise are as much a necssity to-day in Association work as they are in business. Although this fact is generally realized by the officers, they do not in many cases perceive in what fields the two qualities can be exercised. All such will be thankful for the suggestions contained in the following summary of the work in Illinois which appears in the *Association Notes* of that State:

In our State to-day, the Associations having General Secretaries form one department of work under one of the Traveling Secretaries. Visitation has been greatly multiplied, and through its means the efficiency of these Associations has been very largely increased. The college work, forming another department, has been put into the hands of one of the Traveling Secretaries and, as a consequence, a marked advance has been seen, especially in the increase of organizations and in the increase of Bible study. The work in small towns and in unorganized places has been put in charge of a third Traveling Secretary, with the result that the efficiency of this line of work has also been increased, and a large harvest is being reaped in the fields before neglected. The work undertaken at the militia camp has been so appreciated that it has recently received the unqualified endorsement of every colonel connected with the Illinois National Guard. The work undertaken by the Knox College boys, an entirely new line of effort, has resulted during the last two years in the conversion of more than one hundred young men. Two bands of young men are now engaged in this work. The Corresponding Membership, first started in this state, has been extended to more than two hundred towns, and is to-day one of the hopeful agencies in touching the lives of the young men who are going as strangers into the colleges and large cities. The district work is being more thoroughly organized, in securing more volunteer workers and during the past few months has been so blessed that in nine of the District Conferences held, there have been direct spiritual results. The college deputation work, has been undertaken to some extent. The county work, to which we have been looking forward for some two or three years, at last seems to be taking shape, one man having put his life into this form of effort, opening up a county in which there is not yet a single Association.

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The third Ocean Grove Anniversay of the King's Daughters was celebrated Aug. 6. The day began with an early morning prayer-meeting in Thornley Chapel conducted by Mrs. Bottome. Later, a conference of workers was held in the Yonng People's Temple when reports were read from the leaders of circles. This was followed by a meeting in the Auditorium at which Mrs. Isabella C. Davis presided, and Dr. Ganlon of Pennington Seminary made an address.

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A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR STUDENT.

"About a year ago," says a correspondent of a contemporary "the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of a Church at Seattle, Washington, undertook to raise four hundred dollars for the support of a student in Scotia Seminary for one year. Mr. Ovid A. Byers, when sending the last hundred dollars, wrote as follows: Enclosed you will find New York draft for one hundred dollars, being the final payment of the support of the teacher in Scotia Seminary, by the Y. P. S. C. E. of the First Presbyterian Church of Seattle, Washington, Presbytery of Puget Sound. This fund has caused some sacrifice on the part of our members, but *it has done us so much good* that we are going to try it again next year. Our Society sends with this money many prayers for God's blessing on the work." It is significant that nothing was said about the good done to the student. The Society was blessed in giving which was a fulfilment of the Scripture promise that they who water shall be watered themselves. (Prov. 11 : 25.)

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THE WORLD'S CONVENTION.

On Wednesday last the twelfth International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of all lands assembled in Amsterdam. There were about three hundred delegates in attendance at the first meeting. Later arrivals increased the total number of delegates to about five hundred. There were one hundred delegates from the American associations, and nearly a hundred from Great Britain, with large delegations from Holland, Germany, Switzerland and France.

There were ten delegates from the Paris Association and two from the association in Rome. There were also delegates from Sweden, Italy, Russia, India and other countries. The Committee on Credentials issued credentials to all regularly accredited delegates as they arrived. Entertainment in private families was provided for such of the delegates as wished to be entertained. The Convention met at Maison Strouken, on the Leidsche Plein, a large hall in the centre of the city, which, with two smaller halls and several committee rooms, were retained for the use of the Convention. Among the topics discussed at the earlier meetings were the following: "Spiritual Life in Our Associations; the Dangers that Threaten It in our Actual Development; the Best Means for Maintaining and Increasing It, and for Constantly Recruiting Active and Truly Converted Members." "The Association and Its Attitude with Regard to the Social Question." Each paper after being read was translated and published in Dutch, French, German and English.

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"THE KING'S DAUGHTER."

No garb of royal hue she wears,
Her robe of daily service bears
The soiling touch of common cares,
Yet she is fair,
With grace her heavenly kindred share.

She needs not costly signet gem,
Nor light of regal diadem,
Whose hand hath touched his garment's hem,
Whose heart reveals
The rich life-current which it feels.

Yet since her king 'mid scoff and scorn,
Wore for her sake a crown of thorn,
Some radiant day his hand will set
On her a thornless coronet,
While angels sing,
"Be crowned, O Daughter of The King!"

—Flora A. Harris in *Silver Cross*.

A LITTLE WAY.

A LITTLE way, I know it is not far
To that dear home where my beloved are,
And yet my faith grows weaker as I stand,
A poor, lone pilgrim in a dreary land,
Where present pain the future bliss obscures:
And still my heart sits like a bird upon
The empty nest, and mourns its treasure gone,
Plumed for their flight
And vanished quite,
Ah, me! where is the comfort, though I say
They have but journeyed on a little way!

A little way! This sentence I repeat,
Hoping and longing to extract some sweet
To mingle with the bitter. From Thy hand
I take the cup; I cannot understand,
And in my weakness give myself to Thee,
Although it seems so very far,
To that dear home where my beloved are,
I know, I know
It is not so.
Oh! give me faith to feel it when I say
That they are gone—gone but a little way!

—*Selected.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About the Donkey-Boys of Cairo, and Their Patient Little Animals.

WHEN the children returned from the seaside, one day last week, they were brimming over with experiences which they were eager to impart to Uncle John. That patient relative smiled as he listened to their prattle and heard about the donkey they had been riding upon the sands.

"Ever ride donkey-back, Uncle?" inquired Ted, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"The last time I sat astraddle one of them was in Cairo," said the traveler. "He was a quiet, sturdy little brute, but so wofully low-set that I found it necessary to hold up my legs to prevent my feet from touching the ground. I know I've got rather long legs, Tom," he added, as his twelve-year-old nephhew gazed attentively on these extremities.

"Was it smaller than our donkeys here?" Tom interrogated.

"Some of the Egyptian donkeys are indeed very small," said Uncle. "But what they lack in size they make up in willingness. They never refuse a burden, I have been assured.

"The donkey-boys in Egyptian towns are regarded pretty much the same as we look upon hackmen in American cities. A boy or man stands in the market-place alongside his donkey and hires it out at a sum per hour which would be about twenty-five cents in our currency. If you want to go to market, or to pay a visit, you strike a bargain with the keeper and then, jumping upon the animal's back, off you amble. There's nothing very imposing or romantic about it, but its safe and comfortable.

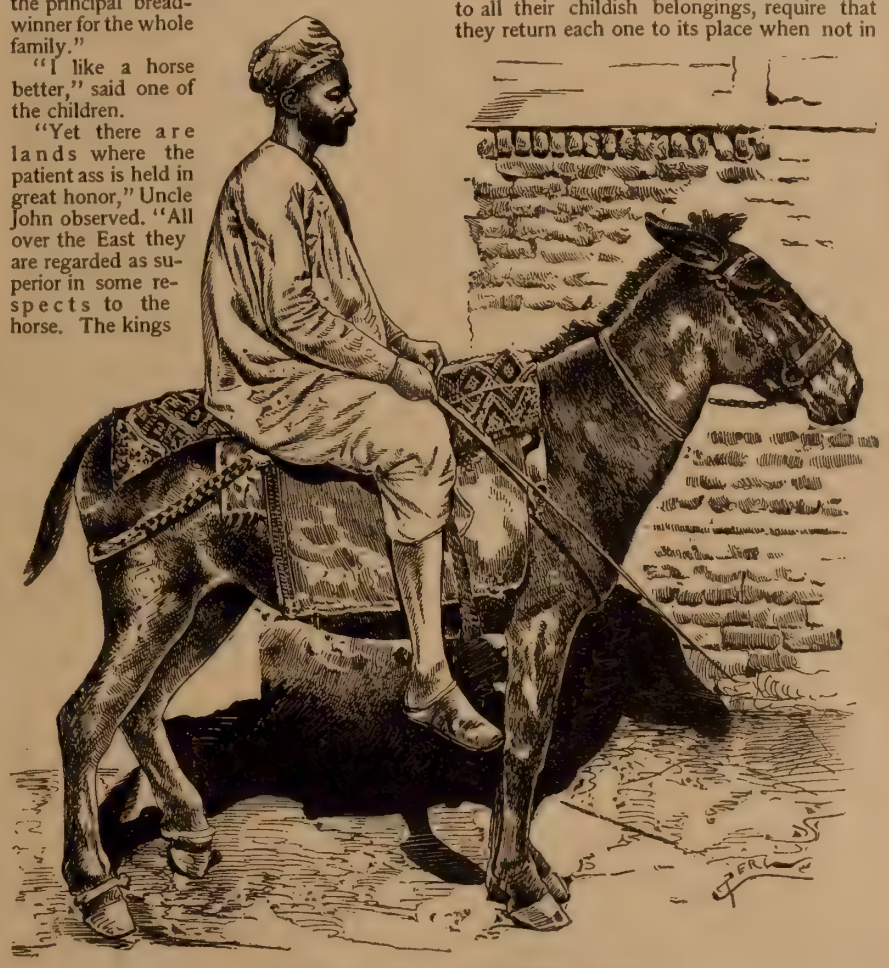
"They are very knowing too, these donkey-boys. When they see a person approaching whom they judge to be an American, they cry out: 'N–i–c–e Yankee Doodle donkee!' or perhaps: 'N–i–c–e telefon donkee!', as their fancy may suggest. You see, they know our peculiarities. If an Englishman comes along, they change their cry to 'N–i–c–e Jon Bool donkee!' A person hearing such cries for the first time, is so struck with the ludicrousness of the thing that he cannot help laughing, so serious are these donkey-men in their endeavor to impress you with the good qualities of their brutes. Then, when you are mounted, and the donkey starts, the owner runs along behind you at a dog-trot."

"Why does he follow you?" asked Milly, in vague astonishment.

"Because he wants his donkey back, little one," said Uncle. "When you are through, he mounts it himself and makes it carry him back to the place of hire again."

"But our donkeys here are very stupid, observed Tom.

"Well, so probably are they all the world over, my boy; yet I remarked that those Cairo beasts seemed to possess more than average intelligence. They know the city and seem to seek their destination instinctively. I used to patronize a donkey owned by a Moslem named Abdallah, and he had a dozen different names for the animal, dependent upon the customer, of course. His little girl Ghemiana, the daughter of a Turkish woman married to an Egyptian father, was a particularly bright-looking child and was always nicely dressed, for her mother made embroidery for ladies of rank and loved to have the girl look attractive. Ghemiana, dressed in Turkish style—short jacket and print trousers, with her hair cut short in front, parted on one side, and bound with a little silk fillet—would sometimes come out to see her father and would chat with his patrons. She was very fond of Bobo, the donkey, and would slyly feed him with sweets and nuts. Bobo was the principal bread-winner for the whole family."



ABDALLAH AND HIS DONKEY, BOBO.

(*See "Uncle John's Talks."*)

"I like a horse better," said one of the children.

"Yet there are lands where the patient ass is held in great honor," Uncle John observed. "All over the East they are regarded as superior in some respects to the horse. The kings of Persia had cavalry mounted on asses, and they used them in fighting with the Scythian barbarians, the latter using horses. The Parthians, too, once a very powerful nation, had their mounted soldiers on dappled asses, and they bred a race of fine white asses that were so highly esteemed that they were reserved for the use of great officials alone. They also raised orange and crimson-colored asses. Some of the old nations even worshipped the ass and had their gods carved in that form. It is held by some scholars that the ancient Centaurs (a race of mounted warriors who lived about the time of the Israelitish Judges), were mounted on asses when they invaded and overran part of Central Asia. The *onager* or wild ass, which you may remember reading of in your Bible, is a beautiful high-spirited animal, strong and swift, yet easily tamed. It is found in Northern Asia and Central India.

"Among the Jews," he added, "the ass was greatly respected. You remember that Christ rode into Jerusalem 'sitting on an ass, even a colt the foal of an ass,' as Matthew in the thirty-first chapter and fifth verse, tells us. With the Hebrews, this animal was the type of peace and humility—a universal servant. The story of Balaam, whose ass rebuked him for his persistence in disobeying God, shows that even the humblest of living things may be chosen as the divine instrument for man's repentance.

'Remember," added Uncle John, in conclusion, "whenever you see a poor, burdened, despised and abused donkey, that it belongs to a race that was once honored above all others in the burden it bore and that, for once in the world's history at least, it was not dumb, but was the mouthpiece of its Creator."

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Order in the Home.

"ORDER," says a thoughtful writer, "is the key to comfort in the home, and has more to do with the happiness of the family than many suppose. If things can never be found in their right places when wanted—if house linen, street garments, children's playthings and the old magazines, are jumbled promiscuously into one closet—if the napkins and table-cloths repose among the china, and the knives and forks have no settled abiding-place—depend upon it that fretfulness and ill-temper will be provoked continually. One of the first and easiest lessons for a child is orderliness, and if rightly taught, it soon becomes a confirmed habit, as well as a source of pleasure. But if we would make our children orderly, we must see that they have a place in which to put everything, or all our teaching will be thrown away. Then, having allotted a proper niche to all their childish belongings, require that they return each one to its place when not in use, and you will save yourself many weary steps, besides laying the foundation of methodical habits, which, once formed, will never be forgotten."

To such useful hints we would add another: Order your prayers aright and the rest will be easier. Pray in the morning, before your day's talk is begun; at noon, while hands, head, and heart are full of work; in the evening, after toil and struggle are over; at night, as you lie awake and reflect upon the past. It was the sage, Pythagoras, who wrote the "Golden Verses," beginning:

> Let not soft slumber close thine eyes
> Before thou recollectest thrice,
> Thy train of action through the day.
> Where have my feet found out their way?
> What have I sought that I should shun?
> What duty have I left undone?
> Or into what new follies run?
> These self-reflections are the road
> That leads to virtue and to God.

A life so regulated cannot fail to be well-ordered and pleasing to its Maker.

LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THERE are compensating advantages on both sides, which make life in the town and the country about evenly balanced. The best results could possibly be attained by living in each in turn and thus dividing the year between the two, as Mr. M. E. Sangster, in a recent article, suggests. But to many this is an impossibility. There are hundreds of thousands to whom life in the country has become a species of imprisonment, and there are others—and they are even more numerous than the latter class—to whom city existence is a life destitute of more than half its joys, since it deprives them of the rural delights about which they read and hear so much, yet know so little.

Both cases have their limitations. If one lives in the country, there is less worry about money, since there is very much less inducement to extravagance, and opportunities for spending are restricted. The economical habit grows more quickly in a country-bred individual than one who has grown up amid town surroundings. Yet, with all its limitations, it is to the country we look for the power that regulates the pulse of the nation; for that healthy, inspiring atmosphere whch sends anew a sturdy moral current coursing through the veins of the people. Thns the country is a check on the morals of the town.

The country home may be a very simple and unpretentious place and yet to our minds, very beautiful. The skies about it are bluer, the air sweeter, and the flowers, somehow, seem to bud and blow more generously and to freight the air with richer perfumes, than anywhere else. It may be that fashion has no hold there, and that all the furnishings were new not less than half a century ago; that the curtains are only muslin and the carpets home-made; that our garden has neither costly orchards nor other floral rarities but only the dear, old-fashioned roses, the lush honeysuckle and woodbine, the aromatic thyme, and blue forget-me-nots. These, with the other simple attractions of the home, added to the gentle kindness of good Christian parents, are enough to keep the heart from straying. The children are not apt to run after wicked pleasures if they have such a home. One does not always find happiness in conjunction with a fine dwelling, noble surroundings and expensive habits.

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Vacation Piety.

IT is a rather curious article in its way, and in a majority of cases, quite a contrast from the piety that prevails at other seasons. There is need for both mental and physical relaxation in the summer, but why the well-earned holiday should involve a moral relaxation is not so easily explained. In the country, particularly at the seashore and mountain resorts, the Sabbath is largely neglected, and pastimes forbidden at home are freely indulged on the Holy Day. There is, unfortunately, a growing tendency in our large cities toward what is known as the "European Sabbath," meaning a Sabbath almost devoid of the worship of God and of those sacred duties that Christians have loved from immemorial days. Noisy mirth takes the place of calm and thoughtful quiet, and the frivolous gossip of the godless usurps the hours that should be devoted to meditation. One good clergyman tells of a wise member of his congregation in whose summer cottage, when Sunday morning came, all the secular reading disappeared and instead there appeared, as if magically, a supply of good Sunday reading on the tables and lounges. The neglect of Sabbath duties in the summer is a growing one, and one that every parent should strive to guard against. Here is what a lowly poet sings of the Holy Day:

> The poorest peasant 'neath the azure sky,
> Who spends his Sabbath with a holy zeal,
> Far greater happiness is sure to feel
> Than the rich recreant who would God defy.

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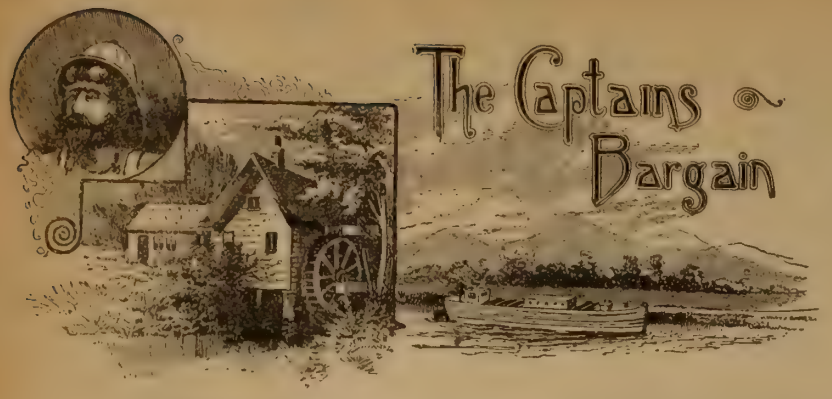
Are All the Children In?

The darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round raindrops dash—
Are all the children in?

If He should call us home before
The children land on that blest shore
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait
Till he, the Keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 508.*)

IT was a novel position both for the father and the son. The father during many years had possessed abundant money but had never had near him any one to love him. The son loving and loved had known the straits of poverty and seldom possessed a nickel of his own. When the two were brought together there were likely to be strange developments.

Well, whatever Mr. Murray saw he wanted to buy for Robert, a scarf-pin, sleeve-links—whatever he could do to make of this sturdy, simple, honest boy, a ridiculous young dandy, Mr. Murray was ready in his folly to do. Not that he would be willing to change this decent, generous, unselfish, humble spirit, into a vain, self-conceited, lazy trifler. He took means to that end without a thought of that end. It was a true blessing of heaven, that ten years of hard work, humility, self-sacrifice, and sound training had made Robert hard to spoil.

"Wine, sir? Wine for you and the young gentleman?" said the brisk waiter at dinner.

"No!" cried Mr. Murray. "Why don't you go about saying arsenic, prussic acid, strychnine, if you must vend poisons? Try them for a change."

"Oh, sir!" remonstrated the waiter, "our wines are the very best."

"Warranted to kill at sight—like the rest?" said the irascible Mr. Murray.

The waiter went off smiling. "Temperance crank," he confided to the other waiters.

After dinner Mr. Murray asked Robert to wait in their rooms for him. He went off, and came back with a roll in his hand. He sat down, and wiped his face, with a long sigh.

"Robert, you understand, you know, how it was that I lost you? I was—drunk. By that drinking I broke up my home, caused your poor mother's most unhappy death, lost you, blackened all my life. Robert, you can see how I love you—but—I would far rather see you dead than given to wine or strong drink. Robert, have you ever signed a pledge?"

"No, sir. But I've heard plenty of temperance. Mother was great on that. They called me 'The Captain's Bargain' because father bargained he would never drink a drop more, If I stayed with him."

"I wish I had made such a bargain with myself, when God gave you to me first," said poor Mr. Murray, "then I should never have heard you, my only child, calling strangers 'father and mother.' Well, Robert, I want you to sign a pledge. I want to feel safe about you—to make you safe. I know you will keep to what you pledge and promise. I went out and bought a pledge—here it is. Read it over, my son. Read it and think about it, and then sign it, if you mean to keep it to the very last letter, in the fear of God."

"Of course I'll sign it," said Robert; "lend me your pen, please, father. I know what it means. I should keep it without signing. My mother made a temperance man of me long ago. I never thought of anything else."

"Well, I'm glad she did." said Mr. Murray. "I see, I must owe everything to these Allens."

"Why not?" said Robert, frankly. "I'd have been in a poorhouse only for them. There, it is signed, father."

"I see I have forgotten to buy you a pen, Robert; come out, and I will buy you a gold pen, and a writing-desk. You will not owe them to any one but me,"

That writing-desk was a true treasure, for it was well stocked, and had, among other things, postal-cards and letter-stamps. That evening, while his father talked to some friends, Robert managed to send off a card to the Captain. In the morning, while his father was yet asleep, Robert rose, and wrote a long letter to his mother, Eliza, telling how good his new-found father was, and how lavish in gifts, and how fond of him. And then he wrote, that he knew he should never be happy anywhere but at the mill; he would be glad to give up all his new possessions, to go back to be "their boy" once more. All the things in the world would not make up for his mother, and dear Pink. They might be sure he thought of them every hour in the day. Eight pages of clear boyish writing did Robert mail to his mother. Over that letter the entire Allen household cried again and again. The schoolmaster read it, proud of his pupil's head and heart; the Britts read it, all the district read it, and agreed that Robert deserved all the best that the Superintendent could do for him, and that "the Allens had had a dreadful loss."

"But he'll never get back here. Mr. Murray will not let him out of his sight again," said Deacon Britt.

But Mr. Murray's pride and ambition for his son were equal even to letting him live apart from him for a time. A week after he had carried Robert off in triumph from the mill, he said to him: "My dear boy, it would be very pleasant for us to go on living here, at the hotel, buying things, and seeing sights all day long; but at that rate you would become an idler, and after idleness comes mischief. I must not spoil the industry and uprightness that have always been so beautiful in you, to me. You must go to school."

"I like to go to school," said Robert.

"But this will be a very different affair from the red school-house up on the Mountain. You must apply yourself to Latin and French and German. I have been to see the master of a school, about ten miles from the city. He says, as you have had so few advantages, and are so far behind other boys, you had better board at the school. You will be able to give closer attention to your studies. I will go and see you every Saturday afternoon, and once a month you shall come here Friday evening, and stay until Monday morning. I wanted you to have a room by yourself, so that I could furnish it up handsomely, but the master says he has the boys in dormitories, six or eight in each, and that it will be far better for you to be with the rest, as you have seen so little of other boys."

"But I have seen a great deal of other boys," said Robert; "I have always known plenty of boys."

"I mean the boys of your own station in life,—young gentlemen,—nice boys."

"I don't think there could be nicer boys than those I knew on the Mountain," said Robert. "They knew all kinds of games; they could ride, and swim, and dive, and fish, and shoot, and climb. They minded what was said to them, told the truth, learned their lessons, were all teetotalers, and were never ugly or saucy to the girls. You don't know, father, what nice boys were at our red schoolhouse."

"Yes? Well, no doubt you will be just as pleased with your new schoolmates. I hope you will be happy at the school. Even if you do not like it there, you know school-life is necessary for you, and the more diligent you are, the sooner it will be over, and I will take you to see all the famous countries of the old world."

Robert made no answer. He did not say what he might have said truly, that he was full of a deadly home-sickness for the mill and the dear faces there. The reverence which Eliza had inculcated for parents and elders restrained him, and to it was added Lal's Mountain respect for the great man,—the Superintendent. As yet, Robert had not been able to lose the Superintendent in the father.

"They will be rather strict at the school," said Mr. Murray. "I meant to give you ten dollars a month for pocket-money, but the master only allows two dollars."

"That will make no difference to me," said Robert; "for I have never had any money to spend."

"Still, you should be accustomed to the use of money. I think I shall give it to you just the same, and you can take two dollars of it to school. What will you do with the rest? How will you spend it?"

"I shall not spend it," said Robert; "I shall put the whole ten dollars in a bag every month and keep it in my trunk. Ten dollars a month will be a hundred and twenty dollars in a year."

Mr. Murray shook his head.

"Early poverty makes of some men misers, of others spendthrifts. One extreme is about as bad as the other. Money hoarded, money wasted, alike curse the world. Money is valuable only for what good it will secure for us. What good will money do in a trunk?"

"In two years," said Robert, "I shall have two hundred and forty dollars. Then I shall send Pink for a year to school where she can learn music. You don't know how Pink loves music. She sings just like a bird. I heard mother ask the master once about schools where Pink could learn music, and the cheapest was two hundred dollars a year. The forty dollars would pay her car-fare and buy her some shoes and frocks. Mother said a music-school was far out of Pink's reach. But it will not be if I pay for it."

"And you would save up every penny for two years for that?" cried Mr. Murray, in a vexed tone.

"Of course," said Robert. "I never have had money to spend. And you are so kind to me, father, and give me so many things, that there is nothing left for me to buy."

This planning for the benefit of the Allen family did not stir up Mr. Murray to consider his own obligations to them. It rather stirred up his wrath that the Allens had so large a share of his son's heart. In his paternal feelings he was so unreasonable that all whom Robert loved seemed his father's rivals and enemies. He told himself that it was quite time Robert went to school, where hard study, a new phase of life, and the sports of boys who were used to the city and the boarding-school, and had nothing in common with mills, barges, country schools, and little red-headed maids in calico gowns, would wean Robert's thoughts from the Allen household. Pink and Eliza seemed to Mr. Murray the especial foes of his peace. He pointed out to Robert one of the ladies who lived at the hotel and came down to breakfast daily in a splendid silk morning-robe.

"Now, Robert, there is a lady; the kind of lady you will see in society when you are a man. What do you think of her?"

"She looks very well, but not—very useful," said the boy, "and I don't think her face is half as nice as my mother's—my mother Allen's, I mean—for I never saw any face half as nice as the one in my real mother's picture."

"I'm glad you have sense to appreciate that," said his father. "And what do you think of those two little girls in dark blue, at the other end of the hall?"

"They don't begin with Pink," said Robert, scornfully.

"Pink has red hair. I don't like red hair."

"Oh, father! Pink's hair is the most beautiful gold color! Sometimes you cannot tell it from the color of mother's wedding-ring! And Pink's eyes are just as blue as the sky, or as violets. And Pink is so kind to the twins, and so nice to her mother. I heard that biggest girl say, 'Indeed, I won't' to her mother yesterday; and that other one gave her little brother a slap for getting some candy on her dress. Pink and mother are worth the whole lot in this hotel! If you'd only go up there, and get acquainted with them, father, you'd see———"

Robert's eyes shone with eager pleading. But Mr. Murray was an obstinate and a jealous man. He shook his head again.

"No, no you've seen quite too much of them, Robert."

Robert and his father were sitting in their room reading, the next evening, when Robert, hearing a deep sigh, looked up, and saw that his father had sunk back in his chair, his face very white, and that he seemed quite unconscious. He sprang to him, wheeled his chair to the window, which he threw open, then bathed his face, and rubbed his hands, and loosened his necktie and collar. Presently Mr. Murray revived a little.

"Give me that bottle of medicine from my dressing-case, Robert. There, help me to the sofa. No, don't ring—I'm used to this."

He lay for a time quietly. Then he said, as Robert kept close by him, and looked distressed:

"You were frightened, my boy?"

"Oh, yes! I thought you were dead! I never saw any one faint before, except Mrs. Britt, once. Are you better now?"

"Yes. Ever since my troubles in losing you and your dear mother, I have had these attacks. You felt badly to see me so, did you?"

"Indeed I did," said Robert, resting his head on Mr. Murray's prematurely gray hair.

At the sight of Mr. Murray, lying as if dead, the boy's heart had recognized, as never before, the filial tie. He knew he loved this late-found father.

"Robert," said Mr. Murray, presently, "what would you have done if I had died?"

Robert was silent.

"Tell me, my son, suppose that I had died, what then?"

"Why—I suppose I should have gone back to the mill. Where else could I go, father?"

"And what would you do with all your money, my son?"

"What money, sir? I would not have any money, would I?"

"Of course, you would have all mine. Are you not my only son and heir? You would have many thousands, Robert. What would you do with your money? Speak up."

"I should do with it—just whatever my mother told me to," said Robert. "I should make father—Allen—take all that they need, and I should do as mother advised with the rest. Every one says mother is a business woman, and has such a good head. But, don't ask me things like that, please, father. You won't die, shall you? Are you sure you are better? I couldn't bear to have you die,"

This assurance gave some consolation to poor Mr. Murray in the midst of his jealous suspicion of the Allen influence.

That night while Robert slept soundly, Mr. Murray, in the next room, spent many wakeful hours. Since finding his son, Mr. Murray had thought of nothing but the joy of the present hour. He seemed to have a new lease of life, and to see, in prospect, many happy years spent with his boy. Robert should become all that his father's most ambitious dreams forecast for him; he should escape the moral rocks and quicksands whereon his father's life had come to wreck; his father would renew his own youth, and live a new and better life in the son. But the fainting fit in the evening, and the short conversation after it, had filled Mr. Murray with new fears. If he should die, his son would return to the Allens, and soon forget the father who had been so short an episode in his life. All the Murray fortunes would be bestowed on the Allens, who, as poor Mr. Murray insisted on believing, had robbed him of his boy, usurped his place in the child's heart, refused to give him his own son!

Mr. Murray resolved at once to perform two neglected duties. He would go to a physician of eminence, and have a thorough examination of his physical state, and learn what were his probable prospects of life. Then he would go to a lawyer, and have a will drawn up, leaving his property to Robert, in the hands of a Trust Company, and appointing two guardians of his person, so that he should not go back to Lal's Mountain. Moreover, as Allen influence was strong in the lad's heart, Mr. Murray concluded to give him more time to outgrow it, and determined to set not twenty one, but twenty-four, as the time when Robert should come into possession of his property. He was determined not to allow Robert to throw himself and his money away on "those people at the mill."

Therefore, when breakfast was over, Mr. Murray said, "I have business, Robert, which will keep me away from you until our six o'clock dinner. I suppose you know your way about the city, and can entertain yourself. I will give you some money to spend."

He handed Robert a ten-dollar bill. They went out upon the hotel steps and Mr. Murray signalled a carriage for himself.

"Enjoy yourself, Robert. Go to Fairmount Park or somewhere. But, stop. A ten-dollar bill will be large to change; here is a two, also, in case you need car-fare or some small thing."

He stepped into the carriage and drove off, leaving Robert with the open pocket-book in his hand, and the two bills looking out of the Russia-leather pockets. Oh dear, how very glad he would be if he could put that money in Eliza's hand and beg her to use it for the family. But he knew the sturdy independence of Eliza and her family. She would not take a gift of money,—that money being Mr. Murray's gift to him. She had not refused Robert's earnings; she took them freely when he gave them, just as she freely shared her earnings with him. But this money would be different; she would not accept it. Then came the happy thought: she would not refuse; she could not return a present purchased as a token of his love with this money. He had the whole day before him. Why should he not go shopping?

(To be Continued.)

THE CRASH IN THE HALL.

A Service where God's Love is not, will Never Satisfy.

PITY it is that masters and servants don't always agree! Good servants will be crossed by bad masters, and good masters will be plagued by bad servants, until both masters and servants are influenced by the same principle of love to Christ, and guided by the same rule of obedience to God's law.

Mr. Holt wanted a footman, and two persons applied for the situation. Ralph was recommended to him as a plain, honest, pious servant; and Reynolds as a sharp, shrewd fellow. Ralph was ignorant of many things that Reynolds knew. He did not know how to tell an untruth, to wear a mask of deceit, or to rob his master But if there were many things known to Reynolds which were unknown to Ralph, there were some things familiar to the latter, to which the former was an utter stranger. He had an acquaintance with his Bible and his own heart; and, more than all, he knew him, whom to know is eternal life. Mr. Holt saw the applicants for five minutes only. "No Ralph for me," he said; "I will take Reynolds."

"Sign this," said he to Reynolds, putting a paper before him; "I like every one to know what he is doing. I agree to take you for a quarter, at the rate of thirty pounds a year."

Reynolds signed the paper without so much as reading a line of it, believing that no master could make him do anything that he had not a mind to do. The paper was witnessed by the butler. The Squire had chosen Reynolds rather than Ralph, because he was the better-looking of the two, and quicker in his movements; but a man may pay too dear for his whistle.

Not long had Reynolds been in his place before he began to find out his master, and his master to find him out. The Squire had put down in the paper that Reynolds signed many things which the latter had never been accustomed to do, and this made him half mad with vexation. He was determined to have his revenge.

The end of the quarter was near at hand, and Reynolds, who well knew that his services would then be dispensed with, began to cast about in his mind how he should spite his master.

Mr. Holt had a few hobbies, and one of them was a set of china which had cost him a high price; it was his delight to launch out in praise of his "Pekin porcelain."

Mr. Holt's set of china, though it afforded him much pleasure, occasioned him no small degree of solicitude, for well he knew that if by any accident a single piece were broken, he should never be able to get its place supplied. On high days and holidays, and then only, it made its appearance.

Adorned profusely with metallic hues,
With golden purples and cobaltic blues.

As it was quite the intention of the Squire to send off Reynolds when he had completed his quarter, he invited a large party the day before, that he might have his services on that occasion, instead of those of the fresh footman, who might at first be a little awkward. Now, then, was the time for Reynolds to secure his revenge. A word or two of concert with Haycroft the housemaid, who hated her mistress quite as much as Reynolds did his master, was sufficient.

All things went off well at the party, and the Squire, as usual, launched out eloquently in praise of his "Pekin porcelain." At length Reynolds had to carry out the tray containing a great part of the china, and this he seemed to do with particular care. Of course it was quiet accidentally, (at least he so afterwards represented it to be), that he met Haycroft midway on the stairs carrying up a small table to an upper chamber; and of course it was nothing but an accident when Reynolds, as he raised the tray for a moment over the banister to let Haycroft pass, happening to lose his hold, down fell the tray into the hall with a terrible crash, taking with it a part of the glass chandelier which was suspended there.

The crash told its tale too loudly not to be heard and understood by all from the drawing-room to the kitchen. From the latter ran cook and scullion, and from the former ran Squire Holt, with a face red with rage, while his lady, followed, accompanied by half a dozen of her guests. The rage of Squire Holt when he saw on the stone floor of the hall the wreck of his china knew no bounds. Forgetful of his company, he broke into the most violent language, declaring, with an oath, that his "Pekin porcelain" had been wilfully demolished, while the wicked and exulting leer in the eye of Reynolds, which he too well understood, almost drove him to madness. That day was to Reynolds a day of inward exultation. He had executed his plan, he had spited his master, he had had his revenge.

On the morrow, Reynolds demanded his wages, seven pounds ten shillings; but now it was the Squire's turn to take the lead. True, he had irrecoverably lost his china, but half his vexation was taken away in the malicious joy of having overreached his "villain of a servant." With a malignant smile he produced the paper which Reynolds had signed without reading, one article of which was, that the full amount of his breakages should be deducted from his quarterly wages. If before the Squire had turned red, Reynolds now turned white with rage and disappointment. To sum up all in a few words, by that crash in the hall, Squire Holt had lost his china, and roguish Reynolds his wages and character.

There is no real cure for these sinful doings on the part of masters and servants, but that of getting Bible principles instilled into the head and heart. Then, and not till then, will servants be obedient to their masters, "Not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but as the servant of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." (Eph. 6: 6.) And then masters "will do the same things unto them," forbearing threatening; knowing that they have a Master in heaven, and that here is no "respect of persons with him." (Eph. 6: 9.)

CHURCH BUILDING IN SAMOA.

WHEN the Rev. Charles Phillips reported the building of a church in Samoa, where he was laboring there was some surprise expressed that he had made no appeal for funds. He thus explained the mystery. "This is the way we manage," he said. "When a village has resolved to build a new church, all the people unite together in the work. The first thing is to make an oven for the lime. A great hole is dug near the site of the new building. Trees are cut down, dried, and placed in position in the hole. Then men, women, and children go to the beach and collect blocks of coral, as heavy as they can carry, and place them upon the logs in the lime pit. The coral is then burnt through and becomes lime, from which they make their mortar. Again, all will unite in collecting suitable stones for the walls of the church. When this is completed the men will seek out, often on the mountains, suitable trees for the pillars and beams of the new church. These are prepared, as a rule, on the spot, and then pulled with singing and rejoicing to the site of the new church. In the meantime the women go to the sugar-cane plantations and collect the leaves, which they prepare for the thatch of the church. With few exceptions these native-built churches have no seats, as the worshippers are accustomed to sit cross-legged on the matted floor. In this way the people are able to build their own churches without seeking for any external aid. Churches built in this way are dear to every one who helped in the building and there is no difficulty about keeping them in good condition. Every one is ready to lend a willing hand in beautifying and repairing them." This is more than can be said of the members of churches in all lands.

OVER THERE.

JUST beyond the shadowy valley,
Where the dreaded billows roll,
There awaits a glorious future,
For the weary earth-worn soul.

Just within the shining portal,
On the other, better shore,
We shall meet our own beloved ones.
Not one lost, but gone before.

Where the flowers, sweet and vernal
Crown the never-fading years,
There our hopes will bloom eternal
All undimmed with doubts and fears.

Glory! glory! God will guide us,
Safely through the icy tide,
Till we stand with the immortals,
Hand in hand and side by side.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

RUINED BY A BET.

IN a recent sermon to young men, Dr. Thain Davidson mentioned a sad case which had come to his knowledge a few days previously. A lad about 18, who was tempted to bet, made six hundred dollars at one stroke. He became perfectly wild with excitement. Accustomed to possess little more than half a dollar at one time, he was almost crazy with joy.

He filled his breast pockets with bills, he stuffed his waistcoat and trousers pockets with silver; and going up to his room literally rolled himself round and round upon his bed, revelling in the thought of the money that encircled him. Of course, the passion for gambling was created; he was no more fit for quiet work in an office; he gave up or lost his situation; went deeper and deeper into betting transactions; ultimately lost every penny he had, together with character and health; and his distressed brother who told Dr. Davidson the story wept as he added to it that he had just come from the room in which the young gambler lay dead. The only ground for a shadow of a hope for his salvation lay in the fact that a book of Gospel sermons by Dr. Davidson had been read to him during his last illness, and he had begged to have one particular sermon in which the way of salvation was plainly stated, read to him again and again.

Almost his last words to his brother were a request that he would go to Dr. Davidson and thank him for that sermon.

SECRET DISCIPLES.

THE figures which appear in the missionary reports often seem but a meagre return for so much labor. Only a few converts after efforts arduous and protracted. But they do not represent all that has been accomplished.

The Rev. C. W. Thorn, of Poona, Western India, writes that his first year of missionary life has been a very happy one. "All during the rains," he says, "the Divinity School students conducted open-air preachings, and we had some splendid times. On one occasion we noticed two Brahmins in the crowd who seemed specially interested. One was an old man with white hair and a pleasant face. One of the men took him aside, and they had a long talk. He said that he had been convinced of the truth of the Gospel for many years, but had been afraid to give up his old religion. Now he felt another loud call in his heart to believe in Jesus, and he had almost decided to do so. He would come in a couple of days, he said, to the mission-house and have a further talk; but we have not seen him yet. This is often the way. The other was a tall young Brahmin, and, as his way lay in our direction, we came along together. Then he told me that a little while ago he had written a tract to prove that Christianity was the only true religion.

'Then you are a Christian, I presume?' I said. 'Oh, no,' he replied; 'a Hindu. I should like to be different, but I am afraid of my friends, for they would persecute me if I turned my back on their religion.'"

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A NATIONAL LOSS.

James Russell Lowell the Famous Poet, Humorist and Diplomatist Passes Away.

OUR country is poorer this week in the kind of wealth it can ill afford to lose. One of her famous sons, whose fame has spread wherever the English langnage is spoken, lies dead. The pen, which has written so much and so well, is laid down forever, and the delicate satire and shrewd humor which have taught the public truths it was averse to learning, will never more point the lesson of the hour. James Russell Lowell, the poet, the diplomatist, the cultured gentleman, is dead, and while we mourn for him, we chiefly, if selfishly, deplore our own loss.

Mr. Lowell was taken sick about five weeks ago, though for some months before that time he had not been in his usual health. His physician seems to have been aware that an internal tumor had been developed, the removal of which was beyond surgical skill. He did not inform his distinguished patient of the nature of the trouble, but he told him sufficient to inspire caution as to diet and exercise. When Mr. Lowell was taken seriously ill the physician was away from home, but he was consulted and he directed the system of treatment. It was impossible to save his life and all that could be done was to smooth the passage to the grave. Two weeks ago the sufferer became delirious. He thought he was

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

away from his home, imagined himself among the royal personages with whom his diplomatic experience had brought him in contact, and was evidently living over again some of the important events of his life. On Snnday, August 9, he recovered consciousness, but was excessively weak owing to the pain he had endured. On the following day the intense heat of the weather tried him severely, and the slightest movement caused him agony. To his attendants who tried to give him relief by changing his posture, he said, "Oh, why don't you let me die?" Those were his last rational words. He soon became unconscious again, finally sank into a comatose condition and passed away on Wednesday morning, Aug. 12.

He was seventy-two years of age. Born at Cambridge, Mass., on Feb. 22, 1819, the son of an eminent Unitarian minister, he passed his early years in an atmosphere of piety, learning and invigorating mental activity. The family has long been a distinguished one. It is descended from an ancient English family, a representative of which—Percival Lowell came to America in 1639, and settled at Newbury, Mass. The town of Lowell takes its name from one of his descendants, Francis Cabot Lowell, a .d the famous Lowell Institute of Boston owes its existence to another of them, John Lowell, Jr., who paid $250,000 for it and gave it to the city. The future poet entered Harvard in his sixteenth year and graduated in 1838. After a short interval, part of which he spent at Concord, where he began that friendship with Emerson which continued until the death of the latter, he returned to Harvard to study law and was called to the bar. But by that time Lowell had discovered that literature, not law, was to be his occupation. He had already written several poems and the next year 1841, his first volume appeared.

From this time forward the events of his life are well known to the public. He entered journalism, and among many other contributions published the Biglow Papers in the Boston *Courier*. He also started the *Pioneer*, which ingloriously failed after the issue of three numbers, though it numbered among its contributors men so eminent as Hawthorne, Whittier and Poe. In 1857 he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was assisted in establishing it as a power in literature by Holmes, Emerson and Longfellow. Subsequently he became joint editor of the *North American Review*, and also accepted a professorship at Harvard. In 1877, President Hayes appointed him minister to Spain and on the accession of Garfield he was transferred to London. There he was cordially welcomed and much liked by both the court and the people. Since his return he has lived quietly at the family mansion of Elmwood at Cambridge, Mass., where he was born. Most of his time has been spent in literary work and especially in preparing for the press a revised and complete edition of the forty volumes which he had written during his busy life.

Mr. Lowell was twice married. In 1844, he was married to Miss Maria White, a lady of remarkable culture and refinement, but of delicate constitution. She was the author of some beautiful poems and some strong abolitionist articles. It was mainly due to her influence that her husband espoused the cause. She died in 1853. Longfellow, who was one of her warm friends, refers to her death in his poem of *The Two Angels*. Four years afterward Mr. Lowell was married to Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Me. She contributed greatly to her husband's social success as United States Minister at the English court. She died in 1885 when his term was near its close. Of several children the only survivor is Mrs. Edward Burnett who devotedly watched her father during his sickness.

A GRUFF VISITOR.

In the East End of London a little money was collected to establish a hospital for sick children. It was not much, and but little could be done with it. An old wharf warehouse was bought and fitted up as far as the money would go. But it was a very dilapidated place, utterly unsuitable for the purpose. Still, it was a great blessing to the neighborhood, which, until the warehouse was opened had no place at all where a sick child could be sent. The work went on, many children were cured there and many a life saved. There were also some remarkable cases of moral reformation during the time the sick children were removed from the contamination of the streets. If so much could be done under so many disadvantages, how much might be done in a better building and with better appliances! But the managers were powerless. There were no funds nor prospect of obtaining any.

One day a gruff, shabbily-dressed old man called and asked if he might look over the institution. He was conducted up the rickety stairs, at the side of which a rope was stretched to serve as a balustrade. He expressed his disgust and indignantly asked the Secretary if he considered that a fit place to be called a children's hospital. The official replied that it was not, but that it was the best they could do and better than nothing. "Well," said the stranger, I will give you something to get the stairs put right, anyway." He asked for a pen and taking a cheque-book from his pocket he filled in the blank and put it back in his pocket. Having gone through the rooms talking with the children and examining everything carefully, he asked for a pen again and said he would write another cheque. Then he returned to the room used as an office and looked over the hospital records of receipts and expenditures. "Does not seem to cost you much for management," he said. "That is right. Let the money go to the children. That is what I believe in. I think I'll write another cheque." He did so and handed all three to the Secretary. The official looked at the three strips of paper and found that each was for a sum equivalent to five thousand dollars. He could scarcely find words to thank the donor. "Never mind," said the latter, and buttoning up his shabby coat he walked away, leaving behind him fifteen thousand dollars wherewith a new building could be obtained.

THE SONG OF FAITH.

YET Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
Since He who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must,
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who has not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

—*Whittier.*

Do not put off taking a medicine. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

PRISCILLA spinning, long ago, sighs as she thinks how soon her linen
Will lose its glossy luster, when the wash it once or twice has been in.
She does not know that in the *soap* the evil lies that makes her suffer.
Its great excess of alkali, which cuts the fiber, makes it rougher.

Our modern maidens need not sigh since IVORY SOAP has been invented,
Containing no free alkali—by which the ruin is prevented.
For linen washed with IVORY SOAP in snowy beauty'll ne'er diminish,
But always, while it lasts, preserve its pristine gloss and lustrous finish.

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"Manitou and the Mountains" have become household words, and when one nowadays contemplates a summer trip, the popular point, Manitou, at once comes to the front in the minds of all, and the decision in nine cases out of ten is, "Yes, to Manitou we will go."

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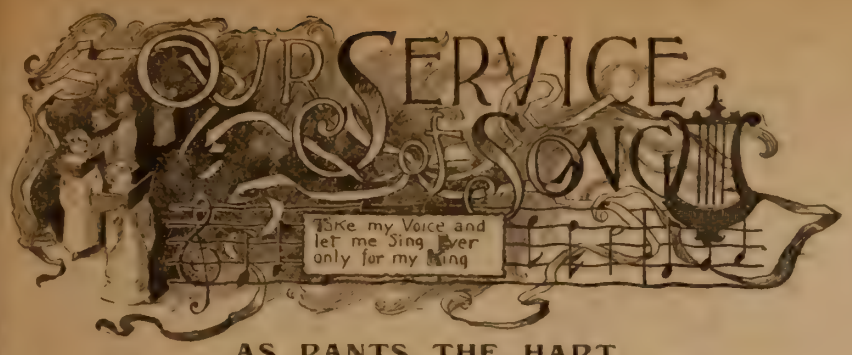
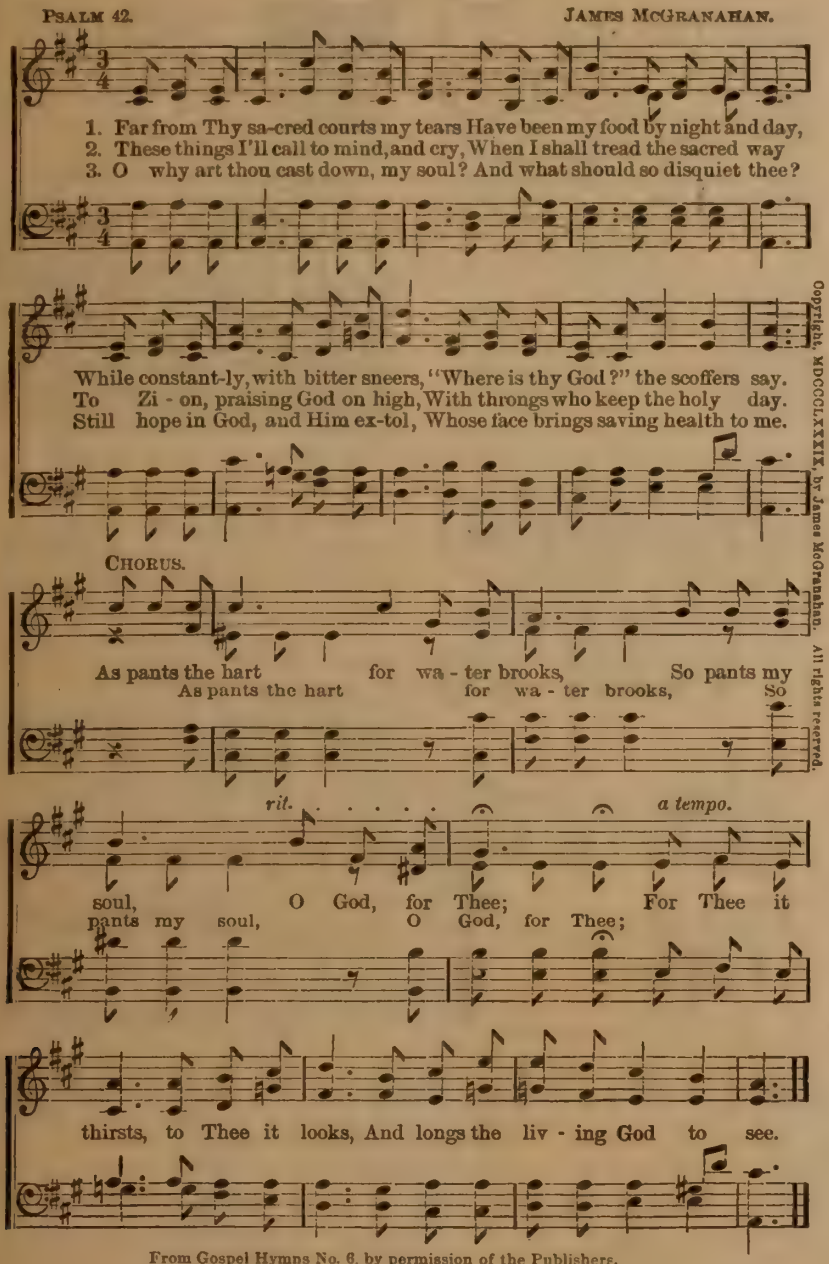


AS PANTS THE HART.

(Metrical Version.)

PSALM 42. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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AMONG THE SHEAVES.

"REAPER," I asked among the golden sheaves,
Toiling at noon amid the falling leaves,
What recompense hast thou for all thy toil,
What tithe of all thy Master's wine and oil?
Or dost thou coin thy brow's hot drops to gold,
Or add to house and land, or flock and fold?"

The reaper paused from binding close the grain,
And said, while shone his smile through labor's stain,
"I do my Master's work as He has taught;
And work of love with gold was never bought,
He knoweth all of which my life hath need;
His servants reap as they have sown the seed.
With all my heart I bind my Master's grain,
And love makes sweet my labor and my pain."

A HELPING HAND.

A helping hand we all may give,
If but a pleasant word to say,
And something find each day we live
To help another on the way.

A helping hand may sow the seed
From which the fruits of goodness grow
And to the right may gently lead
The erring from the path of woe.

A helping hand to all mankind,
Among the rich, the poor, and low,
In every state of life can find
An act of kindness to bestow.

A helping hand where'er we go,
A ray of sunshine may impart.
And but a deed of kindness show
A noble and a generous heart.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.

A WONDERFUL story comes from Eypt of the discovery of papryrus manuscripts which date back to three centuries before Christ. The value of the manuscripts will be realized best by Greek scholars, but the discovery excites hopes of further finds which will be of inestimable value to every soul in Christendom, for it furnishes a clue to a whole storehouse of literature among which may be found portions of the new Testament far older than any now known.

The discovery is due to the ingenuity of the well-known explorer, Mr. Flinders Petrie. The 'find,' consists of portions of a lost play of Euripides, of passages from the Phædo of Plato, and some other literary fragments. The manner of the 'find' was remarkable. Mr. Petrie had noticed that certain mummy cases at Gurob, in the Fayoum, were not made of wood, but of layers of papyrus gummed together. Some of them bore faint traces of writing, and this writing turns out to be nothing less than these Greek texts. "And now" says an enthusiastic member of the exploring party "investigation is turning to Hellenistic Egypt—to that region which was for centuries the focus of the civilization that most concerns us of the modern world; and Mr. Petrie has proved that the mummy-cases, made up of scraps and shreds of old waste-paper, may contain almost the very autographs of the great masters of Greek literature, What is to come next? If a bit of Euripides has leapt to light, why not some of the many lost plays of Sophocles and Æschylus, or some songs of Sappho, or the lyries of some of the Greek poets whom Horace copied or translated? And why not—greatest treasure of all—why not, in that centre of Hellenistic Judaism, a Gospel papyrus of the first century?"

GENERAL BOOTH'S TOUR.

General Booth embarked at Southampton on July 25 for a six months' tour in South Africa and Australia. He has received more than £120,000 for his Social scheme. At the same time, he has just issued a fresh appeal for £10,000. He will build a headquarters for the Army in London to cost £175,000.

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LEARNING CHINESE.

THE Chinese language is as difficult to read and pronounce as it is to understand. Each word is represented by one character and the characters are not placed side by side but one under the other, in columns. How the missionaries are taught may be seen by the following letter from the lamented young man whose portrait appears on page 517.

"I had my first lesson in Chinese this afternoon," Dr. Mackenzie wrote. "My teacher, Yang by name, is a very happy, light-hearted fellow, a Christian. I like him exceedingly. He assists Dr. Reid in the Hospital, so we are brother medicals. He teaches me thus: We sit down together with the same book, he calls over a word, and I try to imitate him; my mouth is forced into all sorts of odd shapes, and I struggle on. The idea is first to get the proper sound, the meaning afterwards, and then, (probably the most difficult) to learn the characters. We go on for about three hours, until I am tired of repeating sounds after him."

A CRITICAL CASE.

"You have heard" Dr. Mackenzie wrote to his brother, shortly after his arrival in China, "something of the tremendous prejudice which the Chinese have for everything foreign. A marked instance of this has just occurred. One of the deacons of the native church, a very good, devoted Christian, was taken ill; he got worse, and then Mr. John told him of the new doctor who had just arrived. But the man would not send for me and told Mr. John they had doctors and remedies of their own. For twenty days he was very ill, getting worse and worse, during which time he had five Chinese doctors. One afternoon I received a note from Mr. John, written at this man's house, asking me to come down, as the people had consented to my seeing him. I went down at once and found the man dying; they had sent for me only when they thought all hope was gone. He was in a burning fever with a temperature of 103 degrees, with a very rapid pulse and dreadfully emaciated for he had only taken rice-water for twenty days. I saw that he could not live long, unless the fever was stopped, as he had no strength; and, believing that malaria was at the bottom of it, I determined to give him a large dose, twenty grains, of quinine right off. The only objection was that if it failed they would say I had hastened his death, so Mr. John told me. However, I did what was right, and gave him the dose, but I was not allowed to give him food. In the evening they sent to say he was much worse. I went down and found the small room crammed with his friends, waiting to see him die, while his own family were pulling him about, thinking to prevent his going off. The man was delirious from the quinine. I turned all the people out, except his wife and son, and managed after very great persuasion from Mr. John to get them to leave him alone. Before we left he had fallen off into a sound sleep. In the morning on our way to the house we met his son coming to tell us that he had slept all night. We found him dreadfully weak but without a trace of fever; still his weakness was very dangerous yet. His friends were willing now to give him anything I ordered, and so we poured in milk and eggs, beef tea and quinine. Now he is able to walk about his room and enjoy his rice.

A CHANGE OF TACTICS.

An evidence of alarm is manifested among the followers of the False Prophet. Missionaries of the Free Church of India report a remarkable movement among the Mohammedans of Madras. There has been founded what has been called a Preachers' League. Two men, White Khan and Monlavi Hassan Ali, have begun to preach the gospel of Islam, with a view to the conversion of Hindus, and, if possible, Christians, to the faith of Mohammed. "The young men," writes a missionary, "are on the whole very friendly towards us, and try to live, at any rate as far as we can see, lives akin to those of Christians. They are free from the prejudices of the old-fashioned Mohammedans, and preach a Mohammedanism which is nearer Christianity than was preached by their co-religionists heretofore. To say the least, the sword has been cast aside for the word, though not the Word of God. They claim to be at one with the Unitarians of America."

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 14. | NUMBER 34.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor.
Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1891.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR OF '92

How it may be Made a Blessing to the Nations—A "Christian Herald" Pavilion—Magnificent Exposition Buildings.

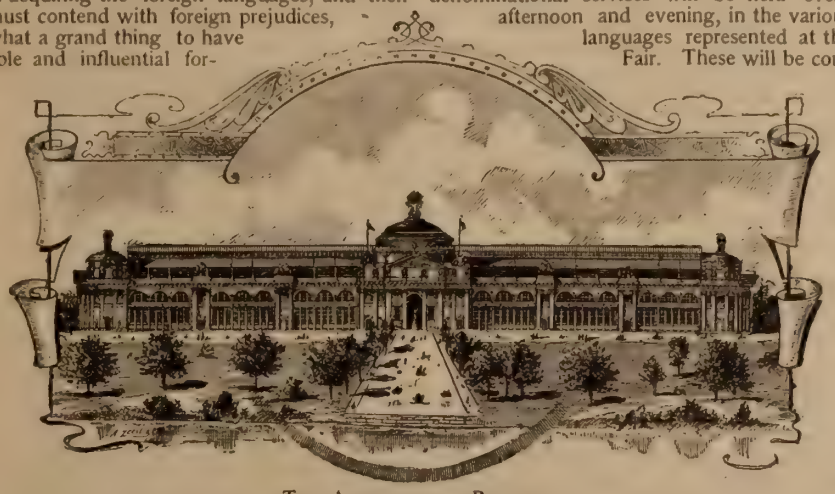
HOW shall the World's Fair of 1892 be made a blessing to our own nation and to the world at large? This is a problem that demands the attention of every Christian in the United States. In a recent sermon on the coming Fair, the Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, deprecated the tendency to permit the materialistic and monetary idea to overpower the moral and religious. "During that Exposition," he said "Christian civilization will confront barbarism. We shall have a greater opportunity to make an evangelizing impression upon foreign materialities than would otherwise be afforded in a quarter of a century. Let the churches of the city where the Exposition is held be open every day and prayers be offered, and sermons preached, and doxologies sung. In the time between this and the world's convocation, let us get a baptism of the Holy Ghost, so that the six months of that World's Fair shall be fifty Pentecosts in one, and instead of three thousand converted, as in the former Pentecost, hundreds and thousands will be converted. . . . . Instead of the sixteen or eighteen tribes of people reported at that Pentecost, all the chief nations of Europe and Asia, North and South America, will be represented at our World's Fair in 1892, and a Pentecost here and then, would mean the salvation of the world.

"Instead of the slow process of having to send the Gospel to other lands by our own American missionaries, who have difficult toil in acquiring the foreign languages, and then must contend with foreign prejudices, what a grand thing to have able and influential foreigners converted during their visit in America and then have them return to their native lands with the glorious tidings. Oh for an overwhelming work of grace for the year 1892!"

The World's Fair will have a special interest for the readers of this journal, as its publisher is now perfecting arrangements for the erection of

A "Christian Herald" Pavilion,

with a seating capacity of over twelve hundred, in which interesting international interdenominational services will be held every afternoon and evening, in the various languages represented at the Fair. These will be continued while the Exposition lasts. The entire expense will be borne by the publisher of this paper. We expect to have the plans for this pavilion completed at an early date, and will then take pleasure in laying before our readers illustrations of the interior and exterior, together with the full programme regarding the services. Rev. Dr. Talmage has kindly consented to conduct the opening service at THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Pavilion.



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

From time to time THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has published illustrations of some of the Fair buildings, and to-day we give a representation of the largest of all—Machinery Hall. Although not as rich in ornamentation as the Administration Building (which was portrayed in our last week's issue) it is more imposing. The main Machinery building measures 850 by 500 feet. It is spanned by three arched trusses, and the interior will present the appearance of three railroad train houses, side by side, surrounded on all the four sides by a 50-foot gallery. In each of these three long naves there is to be an elevated travelling crane, running from end to end of the building. These will be useful in moving machinery, and when the Exposition opens, platforms will be placed on them, and visitors will view from these the entire exhibition.

Steam power will be used throughout this main building, and this steam will be supplied from a main power house adjoining the south side of the building. The exterior toward the stock exhibit and the railroad, is to be of the plainest description. On the two sides adjoining the grand court, the exterior will, however, be

Rich and Palatial.

All the buildings on this grand plaza are designed with a view to making an effective background for displays of every kind, and in

(*Continued on page 533*)

THE WORLD'S FAIR EXPOSITION OF 1892 — GENERAL VIEW OF MACHINERY HALL.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

GREAT EXPLOITS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon Preached Last Sunday at Ocean Grove, N. J., before a vast audience.

"The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Dan. 11: 32.

ANTIOCHUS EPIPHANES, the old sinner, came down three times with his army to desolate the Israelites, advancing one time with a hundred and two trained elephants, swinging their trunks this way and that, and sixty-two thousand infantry, and six thousand cavalry troops, and they were driven back. Then, the second time, he advanced with seventy thousand armed men, and had been again defeated. But the third time he laid successful siege until the navy of Rome came in with the flash of their long banks of oars and demanded that the siege be lifted. And Antiochus Epiphanes said he wanted time to consult with his friends about it, and Popilius, one of the Roman ambassadors, took a staff and made a circle on the ground around Antiochus Epiphanes, and compelled him to decide before he came out of that circle; whereupon he lifted the siege. Some of the Hebrews had submitted to the invader, but some of them resisted valorously, as did Eleazer when he had swine's flesh forced into his mouth, spit it out, although he knew he must die for it, and did die for it; and others, as my text says, did exploits.

An exploit I would define to be a heroic act, a brave feat, a great achievement. "Well," you say, "I admire such things, but there is no chance for me; mine is a sort of hum-drum life. If I had an Antiochus Epiphanes to fight, I also could do exploits." You are right, so far as great wars are concerned. There will probably be no opportunity to distinguish yourself in battle.

Neither will you probably become a great inventor. Nineteen hundred and ninety-nine out of every two thousand inventions found in the Patent Office at Washington never yielded their authors enough money to pay for the expenses of securing the patent. So you will probably never be a Morse or an Edison or a Humphrey Davy or an Eli Whitney. There is not much probability that you will be the one out of the hundred who achieves extraordinary success in commercial or legal or medical or literary spheres. What then? Can you have no opportunity to do exploits? I am going to show that there are three opportunities open that are grand, thrilling, far-reaching, stupendous, and overwhelming. They are before you now. In one, if not all three of them, you may do exploits. The three greatest things on earth to do are to save a man, or save a woman, or save a child.

During the course of his life, almost every man gets into an exigency, is caught between two fires, is ground between two millstones, sits on the edge of some precipice, or in some other way comes near demolition. It may be a financial or a moral or a domestic or a social or a political exigency. You sometimes see it in court rooms. A young man has got into bad company and he has offended the law, and he is arraigned. All blushing and confused, he is in the presence of judge and jury and lawyers. He can be sent right on in the wrong direction. He is feeling disgraced, and he is almost desperate. Let the District-Attorney overhaul him as though he were an old offender, let the ablest attorneys at the bar refuse to say a word for him, because he cannot afford a considerable fee; let the judge give no opportunity for presenting the mitigating circumstances, hurry up the case, and hustle him up to Auburn or Sing Sing. If he live seventy years, for seventy years he will be a criminal, and each decade of his life will be blacker than its predecessor.

Why don't his father come and help him? His father is dead. Why don't his mother come and help him? She is dead. Where are all the ameliorating and salutary influences of society? They do not touch him. Why did not some one long ago in the case understand that there was an opportunity for the exploit which would be famous in heaven a quadrillion of years after the earth has become scattered ashes in the last whirlwind?

So there are commercial exigencies. A very late spring obliterates the demand for spring overcoats and spring hats and spring apparel of all sorts. Hundreds of thousands of people say: "It seems we are going to have no spring, and we shall go straight out of winter into warm weather, and we can get along without the usual spring attire." Or there is no autumn weather, the heat plunging into the cold, and the usual clothing which is a compromise between summer and winter is not required. It makes a difference in the sale of millions and millions of

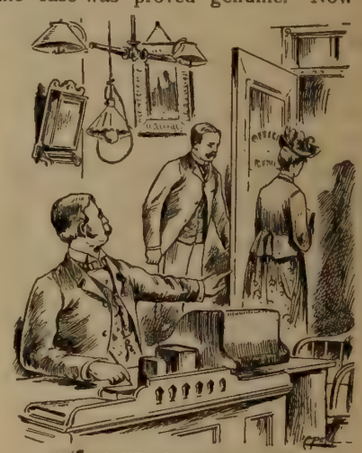
A FRIEND IN NEED.

dollars of goods, and some over-sanguine young merchant is caught with a vast amount of unsalable goods that will never be salable again, except at prices ruinously reduced. The young merchant with a somewhat limited capital is in a predicament. Sheriff's sale! Red flag in the window: "How much is bid for these out-of-fashion spring overcoats and spring hats, or fall clothing out of date? What do I hear in the way of a bid?" "Four dollars." "Absurd: I cannot take that bid of four dollars apiece. Why, these coats when first put upon the market were offered at fifteen dollars each, and now I am offered only four dollars. Is that all? Five dollars, do I hear? Going at that! Gone at five dollars," and he takes the whole lot. The young merchant goes home that night and says to his wife: "Well, Mary, we will have to move out of this house and sell our piano. That old merchant that has had an evil eye on me ever since I started has bought out all that clothing, and he will have it rejuvenated, and next year put it on the market as new, while we will do well if we keep out of the poor-house." The young man, broken-spirited, goes to hard drinking. The young wife with her baby goes to her father's house, and not only is his store wiped out, but his home, his morals, and his prospects for two worlds—this and the next. And devils make a banquet of fire and fill their cups of gall, and drink deep to the health of the old merchant who swallowed up the young merchant who got stuck on spring goods and went down. That is one way, and some of you have tried it.

But there is another way. That young merchant who found that he had miscalculated in laying in too many goods of one kind, and been flung of the unusual season, is standing behind the counter, feeling very blue, and biting his finger-nails, or looking over his account-books, which read darker and worse every time he looks at them, and thinking how his young wife will have to be put in a plainer house than she ever expected to live in, or go to a third-rate boarding-house where they have tough liver and sour bread five mornings out of the seven. An old merchant comes in and says; "Well, Joe, this has been a hard season for young merchants, and this prolonged cool weather has put many in the doldrums, and I have been thinking of you a good deal of late, for just after I started in business I once got into the same scrape. Now, if there is anything I can do to help you out I will gladly do it. Better just put those goods out of sight for the present, and next season we will plan something about them. I will help you to some goods that you can sell for me on commission, and I will go down to one of the wholesale houses and tell them that I know you and will back you up, and if you want a few dollars to bridge over the present, I can let you have them. Be as economical as you can, keep a stiff upper lip, and remember that you have two friends, God and myself. Good-morning!" The old merchant goes away and the young man goes behind his desk, and the tears roll down his cheeks. It is the first time he has cried. Disaster made him mad at everything, and mad at man and mad at God. But this kindness melts him, and the tears seem to relieve his brain, and his spirits rise from ten below zero to eighty in the shade, and he comes out of the crisis.

About three years after, this young merchant goes into the old merchant's store and say: "Well, my old friend, I was this morning thinking over what you did for me three years ago. You helped me out of an awful crisis in my commercial history. I learned wisdom, prosperity has come, and the pallor has gone out of my wife's cheeks, and the roses that were there when I courted her in her father's house have bloomed again, and my business is splendid, and I thought I ought to let you know that you saved a man!" In a short time after, the old merchant who had been a good while shaky in his limbs and who had poor spells, is called to leave the world, and one morning after he had read the twenty-third Psalm about "The Lord is my Shepherd," he closes his eyes on this world, and an angel who had been for many years appointed to watch the old man's dwelling, cries upward the news that the patriarch's spirit is about ascending. And the twelve angels who keep the twelve gates of heaven, unite in crying down to this approaching spirit of the old man; "Come in and welcome, for it has been told all over these celestial lands that you saved a man."

There sometimes come exigencies in the life of a woman. One morning a few years ago I saw in the newspaper that there was a young woman in New York, whose pocketbook containing thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents had been stolen, and she had been left without a penny at the beginning of winter, in a strange city, and no work. And although she was a stranger, I did not allow the 9 o'clock mail to leave the lamp-post on our corner, without carrying the thirty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents; and the case was proved genuine. Now I



"WE HAVE NO ROOM HERE."

have read all Shakspere's tragedies, and all Victor Hugo's tragedies, and all Alexander Smith's tragedies, but I never read a tragedy more thrilling than that case, and similar cases by the hundreds and thousands in all our large cities; young women without money and without home and without work in the great maelstroms of metropolitan life. When such a case comes under your observation, how do you treat it? "Get out of my way, we have no room in our establishment for any more hands. I don't believe in women anyway, they are a lazy, idle, worthless set. John, please show this person out of the door." Or do you compliment her personal appearance, and say things to her which if any man said to your sister or daughter you would kill him on the spot? That is one way, and it is tried every day in the large cities, and many of those who advertise for female hands in factories, and for governesses in families, have proved themselves unfit to be in any place outside of hell. But there is another way, and I saw it one day in the Methodist Book Concern in New York, where a young woman applied for work and the gentleman in tone and manner said in substance: "My daughter, we employ women here, but I do not know of any vacant place in our department. You had better inquire at such and such a place, and I hope you will be successful in getting something to do. Here is my name and tell them I sent you." The embarrassed and humiliated woman seemed to give way to Christian confidence. She started out with a hopeful look that I think must have won for her a place in which to earn her bread. I rather think that considerate and Christian gentleman saved a woman. New York and Brooklyn ground up last year about thirty thousand young women, and would like to grind up about as many this year. Out of all that long procession of women who march on with no hope for this world or the next, battered and bruised and scoffed at, and flung off the precipice, not one but might have been saved for home and God and heaven. But good men and good women are not in that kind of business. Alas for that poor thing! nothing but the thread of that sewing-girl's needle held her, and the thread broke.

I have heard men tell in public discourse what a man is; but what is a woman? Until some one shall give a better definition, I will tell you what woman is. Direct from God, a sacred and delicate gift, with affections so great that no measuring line short of that of the infinite God can tell their bound. Fashioned to refine and soothe and lift and irradiate home and society and the world. Speak out, ye cradles, and tell of the feet that rocked you and the anxious faces that hovered over you! Speak out, ye nurseries of all Christendom, and ye homes, whether desolate or still in full bloom with the faces of wife, mother, and daughter, and help me to define what woman is. But as geographers tell us that the depths of the sea correspond with the heights of the mountains, I have

"MOTHER, I MUST GO!"

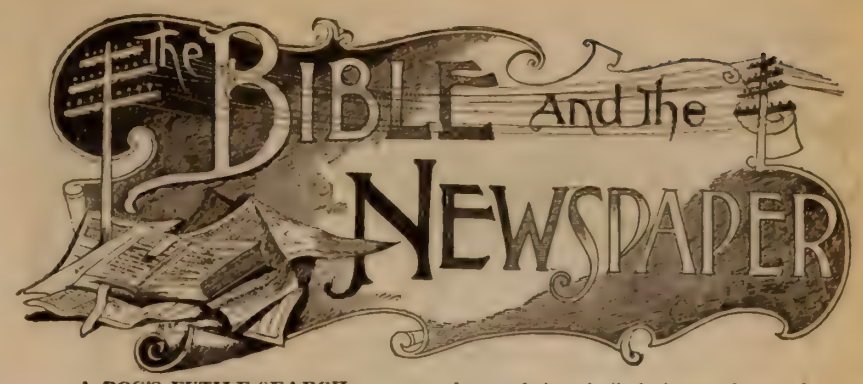
to tell you that a good womanhood is not higher up than bad womanhood is deep down. The grander the palace, the more awful the conflagration that destroys it. The grander the steamer *Oregon*, the more terrible her going down just off the coast. Now I should not wonder if you trembled a little with a sense of responsibility when I say that there is hardly a person in this house but may have an opportunity to save a woman. It may in your case be done by good advice, or by financial help, or by trying to bring to bear some one of a thousand Christian influences. If, for instance, you find a woman in financial distress and breaking down in health and spirits trying to support her children, now that her husband is dead or an invalid, doing that very important and honorable work—but which is little appreciated—keeping a boarding-house, where all the guests, according as they pay small board, or propose, without paying any board at all, to decamp, are critical of everything and hard to please, busy yourselves in trying to get her more patrons, and tell her of divine sympathy. Yea, if you see a woman favored of fortune and with all kindly surroundings, finding in the hollow flatteries of the world her chief regalement, living for herself and for time as if there were no eternity, strive to bring her into the kingdom of God. There may be in this audience, gathered from all parts of the world, there may be a man whose behavior toward womanhood has been perfidious. Repent! Stand up, thou masterpiece of sin and death, that I may charge you! As far as possible, make reparation. Do not boast that you have her in your power, and that she cannot help herself. When that fine collar and cravat, and that elegant suit of clothes comes off and your uncovered soul stands before God, you will be better off if you save that woman.

There is another exploit you can do, and that is to save a child. Some people have contempt for children. They are good for nothing but to wear out the carpets and break things and keep you awake nights crying. Well, your estimate of a child is quite different from that mother's estimate who lost her child this summer. They took it to the salt air of the seashore and to the tonic air of the mountains, but no help came, and the brief paragraph of its life is ended. Suppose that life could be restored by purchase, how much would that bereaved mother give? I am glad that there are those who know something of the value of a child. Its possibilities are tremendous. What will those hands yet do? Where will those feet yet walk? Toward what destiny will that never-dying soul betake itself? Shall those lips be the throne of blasphemy or benediction? Come, chronologists, and calculate the decades on decades, the centuries on centuries, of its lifetime. Oh, to save a child! Am I not right in putting that among the great exploits?

But what are you going to do with those children who are worse off than if their father and mother had died the day they were born? There are tens of thousands of such. Their parentage was against them. Their name is against them. The structure of their skulls against them. Their nerves and muscles contaminated by the inebriety or dissoluteness of their parents; they are practically at their birth laid out on a plank in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, in an equinoctial gale, and told to make for shore. What to do with them is the question often asked. There is another question quite as pertinent, and that is, what are they going to do with us? They will, ten or eleven years from now, have as many votes as the same number of well-born children, and they will hand this land over to anarchy and political damnation just as sure as we neglect them. Suppose we each one of us save a boy or save a girl. You can do it. Will you?

How shall we get ready for one or all of these three exploits? We shall make a dead failure if in our own strength we try to save a man or woman or child. But my text suggests where we are to get equipment. "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." We must know him through Jesus Christ in our own salvation and then we shall have his help in the salvation of others. And while you are saving strangers you may save some of your own kin. You think your brothers and sisters and children and grandchildren all safe, but they are not dead, and no one is safe till he is dead. On the English coast there was a wild storm, and a wreck in the offing, and the cry was: "Man the lifeboat!" But Harry, the usual leader of the sailor's crew, was not to be found, and they went without him, and brought back all the shipwrecked people but one. By this time, Harry, the leader of the crew, appeared and said: "Why did you leave that one?" The answer was: "He could not help himself at all, and we could not get him into the boat." "Man the lifeboat!" shouted Harry, "and we will go for that one." "No," said his aged mother, standing by, "you must not go. I lost your father in a storm like this, and your brother Will went off six years ago, and I have not heard a word from Will since he left, and I cannot let you also go, for I am old and dependent on you." His reply was: "Mother, I must go and save that one man, and if I am lost, God will take care of you in your old days."

The lifeboat put out, and after an awful struggle with the sea, they picked the poor fellow out of the rigging just in time to save his life, and started for the shore. And as they came within speaking distance, Harry cried out: "We saved him, and tell mother it was brother Will." Oh, yes, my friends, let us start out to save some one for time and for eternity, some man, some woman, some child. And who knows but it may, directly or indirectly, be the salvation of one of our own kindred, and that will be an exploit worthy of celebration when the world itself is shipwrecked, and the sun has gone out like a spark from a smitten anvil, and all the stars are dead!



A DOG'S FUTILE SEARCH.

AN instance of the fidelity of a dog is described by the Baltimore *American*. It states that a deceased lawyer of York, Penn., owned a fine little Scotch terrier, which was almost his inseparable companion wherever he went. Since his owner died the little animal has sought for him at all of the accustomed places where his master used to visit. Among other places visited by the dog is the old Court House, which his master used to frequent. Here he will go from office to office, and not finding him, trot off to some other familiar place, after which he returns to his home, only to resume his search the next day. It is a pathetic illustration of the fidelity of the canine race. Neither the comforts of home nor plenty of food content the faithful creature while it cannot find its master. Its persistence is a reproof to many backsliding Christians who are contentedly living lives of separation from God. The separation is a consequence of their own wrong-doing, yet they do not return, nor seek him in the places where in former days they used to meet him. (Isa 1; 3.)

A TEXT SUGGESTED.

THE Pan-Republic Congress Executive Committee calls the attention of ministers and teachers throughout the world to the fact that this year, Discovery-day (October 11), falls on a Sunday. It asks that the fact should receive notice in their sermons which might be on "The discovery of America, its results to the world and its promise for the future," and suggests that an appropriate text would be the words cast in the bell which was rung in the steeple of Independence Hall on July 4, 1776: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." (Leviticus 25: 10.) The committee asks that copies of the sermons and addresses delivered on that day shall be sent to the Secretary of the Committee, William O. McDowell, 20 Spruce Street, Newark, N. J. These copies will be bound and preserved. As ministers often take two texts for a sermon and as it is desirable that all sermons should contain Gospel teaching, an appropriate companion text on this occasion would be the words of the Master: "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8: 36.)

AN IMMIGRANT SWINDLED.

A REMARKABLY heartless trick has been played on a Polish immigrant woman, who, with her child, landed in New York on August 15. She had very little money but she had a ticket to Hartford, Conn., where her friends are living. While waiting at the Barge-office a man addressed her in her own language and inquired about her destination, her friends and her prospects. As he seemed to take an interest in her, the immigrant told him all about herself and showed him her railroad ticket. He shook his head when he saw it and told her it was worthless. The woman was much distressed, but was relieved when the man offered to take her into the city and get it exchanged for a good ticket. She accompanied him and as she did not understand English the man had no difficulty in foisting on her a worthless piece of paper in exchange for her ticket. Then he took her to the Grand Central Depot and left her there to wait for her train. On presenting her paper the gateman refused to let her pass. Concluding that she was an immigrant, though he could not understand what she said, he wrote the words, "Barge Office," on a piece of paper and started her downtown. By dint of showing her paper to car-conductors, she at last reached the Barge-office, only to find it closed for the night. Then she sat down on a bench and wept bitterly. A little later, a kind-hearted policeman found her and hunted up an interpreter, who discovered how she had been swindled and took care of her until she could hear from her friends. She bitterly regrets now being so easily persuaded to give up the ticket by which she might have reached her destination. Some unlearned people in our day are being similarly imposed upon by men who tell them that their Bibles are worthless. Their trouble, if they yield, will be infinitely worse, when they discover their mistake. (Psalms 119: 95.)

A NEW COMMUNITY.

THE conception of life embodied in Bellamy's famous book, *Looking Backward* is to be tried in a modified form by twenty-five families in Pennsylvania. A plot of land, sixty acres in extent, has been purchased on Mount Penn, the hill overlooking Reading. The centre of the plot and spaces for carriage drives are reserved as common property. The remainder which is circular in form is divided into twenty-five parts, each of which is a segment of the circle. A dwelling house will be erected on each according to the taste and circumstances of the owner, but the plans must be submitted to the whole community and approved before election. In the centre, on common ground, and built and maintained out of the common funds, will be the public buildings, consisting of laundries, kitchens, a common dining-hall, an amusement pavilion, a library and reading-room. The families will have their laundry-work and cooking done in common and will thus be relieved of two domestic burdens. The lots are sold on condition that they can be transferred only to families unobjectionable to other members of the community. The Bellamy plan is not to be carried out, at first, in its entirety, but it is expected that if the specified features of common life are found to be agreeable, others will be added. One would have been glad to notice that provision was to be made in the settlement for public worship. We may hope that it is not the intention of the families to dispense with religion in the community. The project is a step in the direction of realizing the common brotherhood, which was so beautiful a characteristic of the Apostolic age; but it will fail if the community does not lay the basis of brotherhood as the Apostles did in the recognition of a common Fatherhood. (Acts 4: 32.)

A MEDICAL IMPOSTOR.

AMONG the prisoners at the Essex Market Police Court, New York, on Aug. 18, was an imposing personage who represented himself as a physician with many diplomas. For some weeks past the German papers published in New York have contained an advertisement announcing that: "All diseases of the flesh that male or female are subject to can be quickly cured. Patients not able to pay will be treated free or charge. The best and most efficient physicians in attendance. Apply at the Institute of European Staff Physicians." Impressed by the philanthropic tone of the offer, hundreds of Germans called at the address to consult the "President of the Staff Physicians." They were questioned, and those who had no money were informed that their diseases were incurable. The others were supplied with a box of pills and a bottle of mixture, for which two dollars was charged and they were told to come again in a week. The man did a thriving business until two weeks ago, when a patient suffering from inflammatory rheumatism who had bought several lots of medicine, consulted a regular physician and showed him the pills and medicine she had been taking. The doctor found that the pills were made of bread, coated with sugar, and the "mixture" contained nothing but Epson Salts. Then he gave information and the "President of Staff Physicians" was arrested and has been held for trial. He admitted that he gave the same medicines to all patients, as he knew they were harmless and as he knew nothing of medicine he dare not give anything else. There is reason to fear that many sin-sick souls are being treated in the same way by men who profess to be teachers yet who know nothing of the true remedy. It is not a new business, this of preaching for a livelihood; the prophet Jeremiah complained that it flourished in his day with fatal results to the people. (Jer. 6: 13, 14.)

TRUE CHILDREN OF GOD.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 8 : 31-47. Golden Text, John 1 : 12.

WHO are the true children of God? Men have no hesitation in saying whether they are Romanists or Protestants, whether Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, etc., etc. It is far less common to hear a man say: "I am a child of God." Our beloved Lord never concealed his relationship to his Father; but his direct claim to a heavenly parentage roused the wrath of the religionists of his day. It was bringing in an authority beyond appeal for all he did and said; and this forced them into a decision either to accept him as the Messiah or to treat him as an impostor. The former their pride would not allow; the latter was their only alternative.

Jesus had just won one of his wondrous victories. First by silence, and then by a word whose power brought the guilty adulteress to his feet, broken; and emptied the temple of her self-condemned accusers,

Jesus had Conquered.

A soul was won, a life was cleansed, and enemies were subdued without an argument beyond that irrefutable one, "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her." Jesus had taken occasion to affirm, "I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Alas! these Jews knew not their darkness, they perceived not their want of light. They were Abraham's seed, this satisfied them, it was a superiority to the Gentiles in which the flesh could glory, but all the while, although they knew it not, they were but lost sinners, who had never "passed from death unto life," from darkness to light. They retaliated, "Thou bearest witness of thyself; thy witness is not true." And Jesus, to whom the unseen presence of his Father was more real than the seen and self-presence of any human being, declared, "I am not alone, but I and the Father who hath sent me." Jesus knew well enough that they, living in the flesh, and judging after the flesh, could not see the unseen presence which to him was so real. But he did not therefore hold back his testimony. Always, on every occasion, he was the Father's witness, the proof, both by his own word of mouth, and by the power of his words and deeds, that the living, unseen God was with him. Such was the Son of God! such must, in his measure, every true child of God be also, a witness to the presence and the reality of God.

Our blessed Lord never, for a moment, forsook his position as being under authority, "He that sent me is true; and I speak to the world those things which I have heard of Him . . . I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things. And he that sent me is with me: the Father hath not left me alone; for I do always those things that please him." Thus practically he taught what a true child, a true son should be.

"While he spake these words, many believed on him," and then arose the great, crucial controversy between the false and the true, the real and the unreal. Jesus commenced by an appeal to these new believers, "If ye continue in my word then are ye my disciples indeed, and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." "We be Abraham's seed, and were never in bondage to any man: how sayest thou, ye shall be made free?" "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is

The Servant of Sin."

Sin and holiness! these were elements which had not before entered into the religion of these Jews; they were proud of their father Abraham, and having been humbled in their government, by subjection to the yoke of Rome, their carnal pride sought refuge all the more eagerly in the externals of their religion. There they were at least the superiors of other men; none but Jews could lay claim to be pure descendants of Abraham. They had not yet learned the clear, uncompromising declaration of the Baptist in the desert, "Begin not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able, even of these stones, to raise up children unto Abraham." (Luke 3 : 8.) They were being taken out of their depth: it was not a customary thing in the synagogue to attack sin. None perhaps were living just as they should live, but did not the very prestige of their birthright, as children of Abraham, secure for them a kind of amnesty from justice, so that they had a position apart from the common order of sinners? Such was perhaps the feeling, of many of these men, and this kind of unreasonable and unrighteous sophistry blinds many in this day who think an external profession may excuse sin, instead of rendering it the more heinous. They had now ventured, in a measure, to believe on Jesus, but their faith in him could not stand unless

The Question of Sin

were settled. There is no climbing up some other way; the only entrance to the sheepfold is by the Door, "by the blood of the Lamb," "the blood of Jesus Christ" . . which "cleanseth us from all sin." "The servant abideth not in the house forever." Thank God, through Jesus, man may be set free from sin. "But the Son abideth ever." When the Son of man has taken the place of sin in our hearts and lives, it is indeed blessedly forever. "His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." (Dan. 7: 14.) God's Son dwelling in us makes us true sons of God. "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them which believe on his name; which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of men, but of God." "Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba Father. Wherefore thou art no more a servant but a son, and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." (Gal. 4: 6, 7.) A true child of God is not simply a forgiven sinner, but a representative of the Father, as Jesus was.

"I know that ye are Abraham's seed, but ye seek to kill me because my word hath no place in you. I speak that which I have seen of my Father, and ye do that which ye have seen with your father." It is not the pedigree which declares the true parentage; it is the life. All the life of Jesus spoke God, all the life of these Jews spoke self. "Abraham is our father," they retaliated, and Jesus responded by an infallible test, "If ye were Abraham's children, ye would do the works of Abraham." Abraham was "the father of all them that believe:" we which are of faith are the children of Abraham. His true life was not in the flesh and blood from which the Jews were descended, but in that undying faith which made him a beacon light to all generations of men. In this true everlasting life of Abraham, these Jews had no part; their earthly genealogy could not touch the inner life: they were outwardly children of Abraham, but strangers to his spirit; just as many may be outwardly Wesleyans, but strangers to the spirit of John Wesley; many may be outwardly Friends, but without the spirit which animated George Fox and William Penn. Many, how many? call themselves Christians, but where is the spirit of Christ? If ye were Christians, ye would do the works of Christ. A true Christian is a Christ-filled man.

"Now ye seek to kill me, a man that hath told you the truth, which I have heard of God: this did not Abraham. Ye do the deeds of your father." Goaded by conviction, which was pressing upon them, these religionists, to escape from their position claimed one which only compromised them yet more: "We have one Father, even God." "If God were your Father," persisted he who saw them through and through, "ye would love me, for I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me." But these men had made a claim which could not be ignored or passed over; Jesus went on to tell the awful truth: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in truth, because there is no truth in him." Truth has its source, and lying has its source. Life has its source, and murder has its source. As God is the source of life and of truth, so surely is the devil the source of murder and of lies. "He that doeth righteousness is righteous even as he is righteous. He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning." (1. John 3: 7, 8.) "The tree is known by its fruit," nature will manifest itself: where God is, he cannot be hid, and where Satan is, he cannot be hid. The spirit which actuates a man, not the profession he makes, is the guarantee whose child he is; whether the child of God or of the devil. It is not his external conduct, but his spirit which manifests whose he is.

"Because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not.

Which of you Convinceth me of Sin?

And if I—whom no man can convict of sin—say the truth, why do ye not believe me? He that is of God heareth God's words, ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God." The challenge remained unaccepted. These bitterest enemies could not attempt to substantiate a charge of sin against Jesus, even while he brought against them the distinct charges of lying and murder in their hearts against him! All they could do was to use hard words, and this they did: "Say we not well that thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil?" Their words were spoken at random, in the heat of their anger. The words of Jesus were received in measure from his Father, and were spoken for future generations. "I have not a devil, but I honor my Father, and ye do dishonor me. And I seek not mine own glory"—the very thing which was the chief aim with them——"there is One that seeketh and judgeth. Verily I say unto you, if a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death." It was a wonderful word, utterly incomprehensible to those who heard it; but it was the pledge beforehand that through death Jesus should overcome him that had the power of death, that is the devil.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

IF ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed. Knowledge is not acquired by the act of joining a school, nor success achieved by entering on a business career, nor true discipleship attained by having your name inscribed on a church register. These are but the preliminary steps that afford us greater facilities for the achievement of success than we otherwise would enjoy. After this step has been taken the real work must begin. There are many who, mistakenly, suppose the Church to be a sort of a Pullman sleeper, which they may enter when they join, then fall asleep spiritually and finally at the end of an easy journey, get off just inside the pearly gates. But when they learn that continued abiding in his Word is really essential to Christian discipleship they display a lack of staying power and are soon disappointed and the train is apt to start without them. Or, if on board and at ease while feeding on the sincere milk of the Word, they are quickly upset and promptly jump off when they get to the station where the strong meat of the Gospel is taken on board. To enjoy religion and possess that peace and assurance which the Gospel is designed to afford, we must continuously abide in Christ. Not only to-day, to-morrow, this week, month or year, but continuously, for how can the branch prosper, flourish and bring forth fruit, unless it abide in the vine?

The Psalmist beautifully exclaims, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." And so should it constantly be employed by the disciple of Christ. As the mason at frequent intervals applies the plumb and the level to the structure he is rearing to assure himself that the wall is straight and true, lest it fall and bury the workmen, so must we who are lovers and followers of our Lord frequently consult his Word in order that we may clearly understand his will concerning us and seek grace, guidance and wisdom from on high that knowing it we may be enabled ever to do it acceptably in his sight.

We were never in bondage to any man. Human nature was just the same nineteen centuries ago as it is to-day. The Jews then boasted of their liberty and resented the insinuation of slavery and cried with a loud voice, "We were never in bondage," altogether unmindful of Egypt and Babylon and of the fact that even at that very moment they were under the Roman yoke. And so to-day we cry, "We be American citizens" and point with pride to our citizenship and claim to be a free people when every year one hundred thousand newly-opened drunkards' graves significantly attest our bondage to rum, while suicides, embezzlements, and wrecked lives, without number, emphasize our bondage to unholy ambition, and money, and the gambling-table, and love of display beyond our means. Here is a slavery more galling and more terrible in its eternal results than that endured in former years by the colored race of the South.

But we do not become drunkards, or embezzlers or great sinners of any kind in a single day. Satan first deludes those whom he would finally destroy and leads them on gradually and gently to certain and everlasting destruction. They boast their will-power and their ability to resist and actually imagine themselves free from all bondage, but ere they are aware of it the chain becomes too strong to be broken and too late they discover that he alone *whom the Son makes free is free indeed.*

A father warning his son, who every now and then would yield to evil appetite, of the terrible risk he was running, took a number of silken threads to illustrate the lesson. He first wound one around him and bade him break it. This was easily accomplished. Then he took several threads, but now the boy found it more difficult to release himself. Finally he took fifty and the boy confessed his inability to break them. "Thus, my son," said he, "the occasional desire from which you now may yet break loose, will eventually form a habit from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver you. Be warned in time. Your feet are treading a dangerous and destructive path, but soon it may be too late and then in vain will you cry for deliverance."

Ye do the will of your father. Christ said he that is not for me is against me. We are either children of God or children of Satan. We cannot be both. But whether we are the one or the other our deeds must determine. Not all who attend Sunday School are the children of God. We sincerely wish they were. They may know the language of the children of the King, yet they may not belong to him. A Chinaman may speak English fluently yet you could tell at a glance that he is a Chinaman and not an American. Not the lips but the lives tell the story, for *ye do the deeds of your father.*

SEEKING FOR PARTNERS.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Sep. 6. "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become sons of God." John 1:12.

FEW wholesale houses in the provision trade were so well know as Moore & Sons. It was a great house with wide ramifications. It had customers in every city and from some of its departments goods were sent beyond sea. A house that stood high in the trade, with whom the retail grocer was proud to deal. "I have an account with Moore & Sons," was always the reference he would give, if he could. It was an evidence of respectability and of regular payments, for Moore & Sons could afford to choose their customers and never tolerated any who were remiss with their accounts or tried tricks to gain time. Any such who were inadvertently accepted as customers were promptly notified, on the first irregularity, that the account was closed.

The house employed a large number of men in the various departments, but all were well organized, every department having its responsible head. Two of these chiefs, old men with white hair, older by some ten or fifteen years than the two cousins who now constituted the firm of Moore & Sons were travelling homeward one evening after the day's business was over.

"What new plan do you think the firm have in contemplation?" one of them asked the other.

"I don't know," was the reply, "but evidently some change is contemplated. They don't spend nearly so much time in their private offices, but are always roaming through the building, watching all that goes on."

"Yes; and whatever it is, it is coming to a

head. I suppose you have to furnish a report like this?" He produced a paper marked "confidential" on which there were blank spaces for the names of every one in the department with their respective records and an estimate of ability and character.

"Yes; I have one to fill. It is very mysterious. I have been in the house over thirty years and I remember when these bosses came in under the old firm, and I never had such a form to fill before."

There was a remarkable peculiarity about the employees of the house at this time. Scarcely any of them had any parents living. The Moores had always been liberal givers, and among the institutions to which their contributions went, none received so much as the large Orphan Asylum which was located some ten miles from the chief warehouse. The merchants visited it frequently, as their fathers did before them. Every year, when their education was finished, and the time had come for the boys in the highest class to make a start in the world, some were sure to make it in the employ of Moore & Sons. It was the goal of their ambition through their school life, to be of the number whom the firm would take. And they could have had no better lot, for the firm watched over their interests, protected them from the temptations of the city, maintained a boarding-house for them and placed a truly consecrated man in charge of it, who knew how to win their confidence and keep them from the evil. Many of these orphans were now grown to manhood; some were in business for themselves and some still in the firm's employ.

These orphaned young men were the key to the mystery which had so perplexed the elderly chiefs of departments, as above mentioned. It was explained by Mr. Samuel Moore at the annual supper, which it was the firm's custom to give to the employees. "I have something," he said, "of unusual interest to tell you this year. My partner and I have been much concerned about the future of the house, in view of the fact that neither he nor I has a son to succeed us and maintain the great name of Moore & Sons after we are dead. We should deplore the extinction of the house which has cost so much toil and thought to establish. But there is something we should deplore still more, and that is to have the business pass into the hands of men who would ignore the principles of honor and honesty for which it is famous. Better that Moore & Sons should pass from the roll of mercantile houses than that it should become identified with principles abhorred by ourselves and our fathers. We want to avoid both contingencies and we have a plan which we think will do it. We propose to take five young men from among you and associate them with ourselves, so that they may familiarize themselves with our principles and policy while we live, and be ready to take up the work when we die. We have been looking among you for some time past for young men of the right kind—young men of character and ability. The men who are now at the head of the departments would, of course, have been our choice, as they are all men of the highest character, but being all elderly men they are not adapted to our purpose, as in the course of nature they will not outlive us. We have therefore been obliged to pass them over, but they will find that we have not forgotten their long and faithful service. We have made a very critical and careful scrutiny of the other employees and, unknown to you, we have applied tests which convince us that the five we have chosen are men who govern their own lives by the same principles as those on which the business is carried on, and who will, when the honor of the house is in their hands, prove equal to the responsibility. We shall ask them to take the name of Moore and, if they consent, they will from this day be partners in the house. They will represent the 'Sons' in the firm of Moore & Sons.

"Now, a few words more," the speaker continued, "on a subject which must always form part of any public speech I make and that is personal religion. I want every one of you to decide for Christ, and I may use the plan I have just outlined for an illustration. The five young men we have chosen will naturally be envied by all of you. It is a great boon that has fallen to their lot, but an infinitely greater boon is within reach of every one of you. It is an inheritance that will endure for all eternity, and as these young men have gained their fortune by their having the principles of the house, so the greater boon of which I speak, is to be gained by your having the spirit which was in Christ. The promise is explicit and is freely offered. 'As many as receive him, to them is given power to become Sons of God.'"

THE WORLD'S FAIR OF '92.

(*Continued from first page.*)

order to conform to the general richness of the court, are enriched with colonnades and other architectural features.

The design follows classical models throughout, the detail being borrowed from the renaissance of Seville and other Spanish towns as being appropriate to a Columbian celebration. An arcade on the first story permits passage around the building under cover. The ceilings of the porticoes will be emphasized with strong color. A colonnade with a cafe at either end forms the connecting link between Machinery and Agricultural halls, and in the centre of this colonnade is an archway leading to the exhibits. From this portico there will be a view nearly a mile in length down the lagoon, and an obelisk and fountain placed in the lagoon between the two buildings, Agriculture and Machinery, will form a fitting southern point to this vista.

The Machinery Annex will be placed in the rear of the Administration building and in the loop formed by the railroad tracks. It will be entered by tunnels or subways, as well as by bridges. Within the inner circle will be a park in which visitors, fatigued by the hum of machinery, may rest.

A Circuit Electrical Railway

will run continuously around the entire main nave, and passengers in it can thus see the entire exhibit without leaving the cars; and machinery can be easily moved by this means. The power will be transmitted by shafting crossing the building at each bay, with a motor at each shaft. The electrical power will be used in the annex, and the steam power in the main Machinery building.

Attached to this great annex will be the power house, convenient to the tracks for coal supply, etc., containing an immense display of boilers, while in the adjoining portion of the annex building will be established the enormous plant of engines and dynamos. This will probably be the largest and most interesting display of electrical power ever made. Gas may be used instead of coal beneath the boilers.

Another noble structure (which is also illustrated in this issue) is

The Agricultural Building.

With the exception of the Administration building, the Agricultural building will be the most magnificent edifice on the exposition grounds. In size it is 800 by 500 feet, severely classic in style. It is almost surrounded by lagoons. The features of this building are its five pavilions, one at each corner and one in the center. The corner pavilions are 64 by 48 feet square. The grand entrance is on the north. It is 60 feet wide, leading into a vestibule 30 feet deep and 60 feet wide. At the entrance are Corinthian columns 5 feet in diameter and 40 feet high. Beyond these massive columns is the rotunda, 100 feet in diameter, surmounted by a glass dome 130 feet high. There are eight minor entrances 20 feet wide. The roof will be principally of glass.

The question of opening the Exposition buildings and grounds on the Sabbath is one that is just now being widely discussed throughout the length and breath of the country. Already the Sabbath Observance League has put itself on record as opposed to any violation of the Holy Day, and it is almost certain that this sentiment will grow as the time for the completion of the buildings approaches. Whether such remonstrances will have the desired effect on our national government remains to be seen. The mercantile spirit, which would turn even the hours set apart for worship and meditation into a time of trade and barter, has a powerful hold upon us as a nation, but it will be a matter of serious regret to many thousands of Christian people in every state of the Union should this spirit prevail.

HOW FEW!

Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. (Matt. 7 : 14.)

How few there be that travel on the road
That leads to glory and to Christ and God.

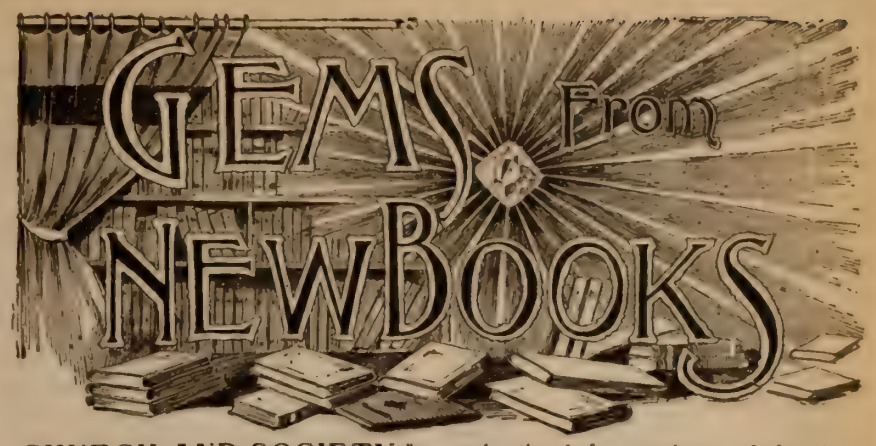
How few there be that enter at the gate
Whose path is narrow and its portals strait.

How few there be who 'mid all earthly care
Pour forth their soul to God in fervent prayer.

How few there be who in prosperity
E'er think of God, or on eternity.

How few! How few!
Dear Saviour, oh, how few.

JAMES E. THOMAS,
S. S. *Tyrian*, at sea.



CHURCH AND SOCIETY.*

THE social side of religion, of politics, of economics, is becoming more prominent. We find men laboring in different fields and with no consciousness of a common end,—men like John Henry Newman, Karl Marx and Otto von Bismarck, —for the introduction of a new era. The present truth, as our fathers called it, the truth demanded by the needs and cravings of the day, is the proclamation of the kingdom of God—the revelation of God to men in social relations and social duties—the presence of God in the perplexities, the problems, even in convulsions of society. I was much struck with what Professor Drummond and the other delegates from Edinburgh told us two years ago, when they came on their visit to our American universities to speak to us of the good which God had bestowed on their own University, that it might incite us to similar efforts. They said it was this truth of a divine kingdom, of religion as a thing of social relations, which had taken hold of the Edinburgh students. It was not a doctrine, nor a document, nor an emotion, but a new order of life, which met its deepest needs, and seemed to open a gate of new existence to them.

So I believe the Master is forcing us to go back to the primitive Gospel, the proclamation of a kingdom of heaven, of a preparation for it, of the new birth as the entrance into it. The *ordo salutis* which John Wesley learned from the Moravians and the Pietists of Germany, repentance and faith as an escape merely "from the wrath to come," is being found too narrow, too individual, too spiritually selfish.

The Time to Marry.

As a bright writer of our day says, God brought Eve to Adam. Wait till he brings Eve to you. And he brought her after Adam was made and finished, not while he was still in the making. The virtue of waiting until the man or woman is fit to choose and to prize the gift God brings him, is not characteristic of American society, although it never will be missing from really strong characters. The principal of a great school for girls once told me that directly in proportion to their development in firmness of character and their practical insight into life was the length of the interval between their graduation and her getting their wedding cards.

I am speaking, thus far, of and to persons of at least ordinary discretion. But what shall we say of the foolish marriages between persons who have little more than a ball-room acquaintance, and that measured only by months or even days? Is it wonderful that marriages thus begun end so often in the divorce court? It would not be unwise or unfair if the State were to require every marriage license to be taken out three months before it was needed, as a "declaration of intentions" which would prevent hasty and ill-considered unions of persons who know nothing of their fitness to make each other happy.

Oh the other hand we must not forget that even the best marriages are not unattended with a certain amount of disparity in tastes and temper, which time and wisdom are needed to overcome. As Theodore Parker says, "it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well assorted." It is so because young people of opposite temperament are likely most to attract each other before marriage, and then to require the most of mutual toleration and gradual adaptation afterward. And, as Mr. Parker says, "The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself; and she will be a nobler woman for having beside her, manhood that seeks to correct her deficiencies, and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their heart to begin with." It is evidence how profound the union which true marriage produces, that with the lapse of years husband and wife often come to resemble each other, not only in disposition and temper of mind, but even in face and features.

The Clerical Husband.

To restore the family and the state to their rightful position in the Christian order, God chose as his instrument one who had renounced both family and citizenship, and had spent his best years in a monastery. We never shall appreciate the greatness of Luther's work until we give this side of it fuller recognition. The monk, who had become such of his own free will, who had given himself up to the austerities of that life in one of the severest orders, and who had aided Staupitz to fasten the yoke on other shoulders, was led to hate monasticism with the hatred of one who saw how it had come between men and their God. He detested it, he said, because it unfitted men to bear rule either in the household, the nation, or the church and all three are dear to him as God's gifts to men. The family he declares, is the true monastery for the perfection of mankind,—full of crosses in plenty for our purification, but also full of joys and blessings such as a monk cannot even imagine. So this monk at his mature age of forty-three, took to wife one who had escaped from the same monastic bondage, and became a house-father, and a model of such to his countrymen. Thus he may be said to have laid the foundation of the household life of the Protestant ministry, although he was not the first of them to marry.

We need no better argument against clerical celibacy than is furnished by the record of what the pastor's household has done for the moral and intellectual elevation of Christendom. It has given to the world more great ministers of the word, more men of eminence in public life, in scientific pursuits, in literary and artistic production, and in philanthropic enterprise, than have the households of any other class or profession.

The Father's Place.

The father who lives up to his privileges is prophet and priest as well as king of his household. As such he can do more for his boy's moral training than can a schoolmaster, who has fifty or more to look after, without the parental interest in any of them. And that teaching as Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamilton well says, must come to the boy with the authority of personal influence, if it is to come home to him at all. Professor Seeley strongly stigmatizes the neglect of this parental teaching as immoral and often disastrous to the young. "The father he says, "has not time to do all that is necessary to be done for his children; part he will do himself, but part must be intrusted to others. He hands over to others the child's education, his mind, his soul. He reserves to himself the finance department. It is not easy to estimate the mischief produced by this division of labor. I know scarcely any cause from which the community suffers so much." "I have met with young men who have been suffered to grow up in an incredible intellectual barbarism, the father working conscientiously for them all the time, but delegating to others the particular work of education." I have heard an eminent business man of our city say that if he had his life to live again, he would probably accumulate less wealth, but his relation to his sons would be more intimate, and their characters different."

* From *The Divine Order of Human Society*, by Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, S.T.D. A series of lectures delivered in Princeton Theological Seminary. Both the Church and its enemies would find much sound reasoning which concerns them in this book. Taking account of the movements of modern thought the author shows the Church in what elements of its work it is lacking and how the teaching of the Bible can be used with effect in our present Nineteenth Century life. On the other hand it defends the Church against prejudiced assailants and shows how much of our modern progress is the product of religion. Pp. 274, Price $1; Published by *John D. Wattles*, Philadelphia.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

CALLING NAMES.

PERSONALITIES may generally be included in the list of those things defined as "pleasant, but wrong;" yet in all ages and circumstances they have proved one of the most powerful levers to stir popular sympathy. Every successive political campaign, every fresh theological dispute, every new social quarrel, finds in them the most effective weapon. It is a natural instinct. Who teaches the boy to pithily label his school-fellow with a nickname which—being the essence of all his salient points—sticks to him through all his life? By what magic do school-girls light upon just the disagreeable syllable expressive of their comrade's weak point? How do the lightning-pointed words which spread like wildfire and draw the masses like a talisman spring into existence? They are the natural outgrowth of certain conditions, from which they are thrown off just as the tree throws off leaves and fruit.

The habit begun in childhood does not desert the full-grown man and woman. It is still natural. When the passions are roused, and the interests involved, calling names is a much easier thing than dispassionate, reasonable argument. This is especially true in political campaigns. Every one of them seem to take as a rule the old English proverb, "Throw plenty of dirt, and some of it is sure to stick." Theological disputes, unfortunately, are too often flavored out of the same bottle. No new offence either. The early Christian fathers said very hard things of each other when their "views" differed. Luther was called bad names, and proved an adept in returning them. And it is to be deplored that the spirit which caused these rude but intensely earnest men to invent Scriptural aliases for their opponents, and make very positive prophecies as to their future destiny, still in some measure tips the well-trained tongues of our modern divines. There is a diluted form of this offence which labels men by the thousands, and invents an opprobrious but cleverly distinctive name for whole classes which cannot be blamed. What should we do in social life without such expressions as "snob," "prig," and Matthew Arnold's coinage, "Philistine?" They express so pithily such a variety of complex ideas that would otherwise involve us in tedious and irritating particularizing, that we cannot help feeling grateful to their inventors. Their use, however, must be very carefully watched. Perhaps the best test between name-calling that is allowable, and that which is unchristian and ungentlemanly, is to be found in the presence or absence of personal malice.

There are men, however, who feel unable properly to fight either a fault, or an opponent till they have given it an opprobrious nickname; and one old theologian defends himself on the ground that even Christ called his enemies "vipers." But no one can claim to have Christ's power of reading the heart, and Christ's infallibility of judgment. Christ knew the sinfulness and malicious cruelty of the men he called "vipers." No man will pretend that his utterances carry the authority of Christ's words. Then it was man against God. In all our differences both sides are probably equally confident of their position; and since we cannot know our opponent's heart that charity, which "thinketh no evil," ought to lead us to hope that the error is a mistake rather than a crime. Christianity is designed to make us the most forbearing and polite creatures in the world. Good manners are a part of good morals, and the shadow of great virtues. Who was so careful not to offend even "the little ones" as Christ? The Jew Asaph restrained his angry language lest he should "offend against the generation of the upright." Paul urges us "because Christ pleased not himself" to bear the infirmities of the weak and erring, and adds, "Let us not, therefore, judge one another any more." It is indeed our duty to reprove wrong wherever we see it; but we must remember the excellence of the "word in season," and try to avoid that decisive and dictatorial manner which we dignify with the name of "faithfulness,"—the easiest thing in all religion to do, because it falls in so naturally with our own temper. Nothing is so easy as to imagine we say disagreeable things on "principle," when, if we rigidly examined the motive, it would be found to have a very different origin. At best they are apt to be cold, shivery half-truths, for which no one is much better, and some are decidedly worse. So we say to you all, keep back the sarcasm as it springs to your lips for utterance. A drop of strychnine will make bitter a reservoir of water; and one hasty word has often embittered a whole lifetime.

CONSISTENCY.

THERE are in the store, in the shop, in the office, in our worldly surroundings, so many things to perturb and annoy and perplex us, that it seems almost impossible to live an earnest, consistent, and persistent useful life. But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, we do not find the Church of God occupied by a majority of the inconsistent. We do not find any of them perfect. We find some of them who do not seem to be living up to the Christian standard; but in looking over the great Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, we think the vast majority of the men and women in it are living a consistent life, all the time trying to square their character and their example by the precepts of God's Word, growing in grace, reaching out to a greater elevation of Christian character. We know there are those in the house of the Lord who are not an honor to it. We have seen a woman with almost queenly apparel, when the missionary box came around take a twenty-five-cent piece, and hold it very severely, and feel if, before she gave that, she could find a five-cent piece, and failing to find a five-cent piece, at the very last moment, with a goneness of soul, drop the twenty-five-cent piece into the box, ever after regretting it. But that is not the character of the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ; in general, there is charity and generosity and largeness of spirit and kindness of heart which we are not ashamed of. The grandest eulogy of the Christian religion is a Christian. If you were a pomologist and you talked to some one about the richness and beauty of a certain pear that you had planted, you would not succeed half so well in your disquisition upon the beauty and lusciousness of the fruit as if you should take a pear from your pocket and say: "That's the kind of fruit I want you to 'plant.'" And all our eulogies of the Christian religion are tame things in comparison with the fruit of a Christian life, the fruit of the Holy Ghost—love, joy, peace, patience, charity.

CHURCH KITCHENS.

THE religion of Jesus Christ will produce a revolution in our churches. The non-committal, do-nothing policy of the Church of God will give way to a spirit of bravest conquest. Piety in this day seems to me to be salted down just so as to keep. It seems as if the church were chiefly anxious to take care of itself; and if we hear of want and squalor and heathenism outside, we say: "What a pity!" and we put our hands in our pockets and we feel around for a two-cent piece, and with a great flourish we put it upon the plate, and are amazed that the world is not converted in six weeks.

Suppose there was a great war and there were 300,000 soldiers, but all of those 300,000 soldiers, excepting ten men, were in their tents, or scouring their muskets, or cooking their rations. You would say: "Of course defeat must come in that case." It is worse than that in the church. Millions of the professed soldiers of Jesus Christ are cooking rations or asleep in their tents, while only one man here and there goes out to do battle for the Lord.

"But," says some one, "we are establishing a great many missions, and I think they will save the masses." No; they will not. Five hundred thousand of them will not do it. They are doing a magnificent work; but every mission chapel is a confession of the disease and weakness of the church. It is making a dividing line between the classes. It is saying to the rich and to the well-conditioned, "If you can pay your pew-rents, come to the main audience room." It is saying to the poor man, "Your coat is too bad and your shoes are not good enough. If you want to get to heaven, you will have to go by way of the mission chapel." The mission chapel has become a kitchen where the church does its sloppy work. Hundred and thousands of churches in this country—gorgeously built and supported—that even on bright and sunshiny days are half full of worshippers, and yet they are building mission chapels, because by some expressed or implied regulation the great masses of the people are kept out of the main audience room. Now, I say that any place of worship which is appropriate for one class is appropriate for all classes. Let the rich and the poor meet together, the Lord the Maker of them all. Mind you, I say that mission chapels are a necessity, the way churches are now conducted, but may God speed the time when they shall cease to be a necessity. God will rise up and break down the gates of the churches that have kept back the masses. And woe be to those who stand in the way! They will be trampled under foot by the vast populations making a stampede for heaven.

I saw in some paper an account of a church in Boston, in which it is said there were a great many plain people. The next week the trustees of that church came out in the paper and said it was not so at all; they were "elegant people and highly conditioned people that went there." Then I laughed right out. Those people, I said, are afraid of the sickly sentimentality of the churches. Now, you have good things in this life. Whatever may be your future destiny, you have had a pleasant time here. But those dying populations of which I speak, by reason of their want and suffering, whatever may be their future destiny are in perdition now; and if there be any comfort in Christ's Gospel, for God's sake, give it to them.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind Chaplain of the House of Representatives, has been delivering some exceedingly able sermons each Sunday this month at St. Andrew's M. E. Church, New York.

The American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions reports that the receipts during the eleven months of the financial year were $630,590. During the corresponding period of last year they were $547,801.

A requisition to Mr. Moody asking him to hold evangelistic services in Scotland is in circulation in that country. It has already received five thousand signatures including those of 250 ministers of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Dr. W. W. Eddy sailed last week for the East to resume his labors at Beirut, Syria. It is forty years since Dr. Eddy first commenced his labors in that land and during that period while he has been representing the American and Presbyterian Boards there, he has found time to publish several important works in Arabic, which have been very helpful to the missionaries in their labors.

During the services held by the Christian Alliance, Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, leader, at Old Orchard Beach, Me., on August 17, the interest in foreign missions became so intense that those in attendance pledged $27,000 in a half-hour after the morning sermon. Subsequent collections and pledges brought the total of the day nearly up to $30,000. Many of those present contributed valuable jewels.

Rev. W. T. Lambourne, the London Baptist minister and philanthropist, has been preaching to large congregations at the First Baptist Church of New Brunswick, N. J. His plain and earnest presentation of Gospel truth, has had a marked influence in the city as it did among the people at Bayonne. Like Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, in whose college Mr. Lambourne studied, he finds that wherever the gospel is preached in its simplicity and purity men hear it gladly and souls are saved.

The Ocean Grove Meetings this year have surpassed, in attendance and interest, all that have gone before them. Dr. L. W. Munhall's Bible Conference was especially profitable and largely attended. The Children's Meeting which this year has been conducted by Mr. Louis Klopsch, the publisher of this journal, will never be forgotten by the thousands of children who have been there. It has been bright and vivacious and thoroughly spiritual throughout, the children being evidently intensely delighted. The enthusiasm of Camp meeting week culminated with last Sunday's service when Dr. Talmage preached in the Auditorium to a vast multitude the sermon which appears on another page of this issue.

Mr. Charles E. Furman has again been holding outdoor services in Brooklyn, N. Y., as he did last summer. He and a few friends go to suitable places on the streets and sing and pray and give gospel addresses. On Sunday three of these services are held at different places and much good has been done. Men who have not been to a place of worship in many years have listened and by God's blessing have been brought to repentance. Mr. Furman receives no pay for his work. He earns his livelihood as a machinist and engages in this service from a love for souls. His preaching has proved so effective that he has been induced to conduct Evangelistic services for a week at Woodhaven, L. I., commencing August 24.

Rev. Orville J. Nave, U. S. A. Chaplain at Fort Niobara, Neb., presents an earnest appeal for public intercession with Congress for bettee regulations in the army. He says that at present there are few accommodations for religious services at the scattered posts, there are less than a third chaplains than there are garrisons and there are no libraries nor reading rooms. In many cases the men of a garrison live in one common room and as there are always among the enlisted men some of depraved character the work of corruption goes on unchecked, and the younger men are receiving an awful training in vice. Mr. Nave is anxious that Christian influence be exerted to secure such legislation from Congress as would check the evil by providing better accommodations for the men and some kind of church building in which instruction in morals and religion could be given.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

The Bennington Dedication—A Fatal Cyclone—China Again Warned—A Remarkable Woman—The New York Disaster.

MARTINIQUE, the beautiful island in the Caribbean Sea, has been visited by a cyclone which wrecked twenty vessels and caused the loss of over 200 lives. Meagre details have thus far been received of the disaster. Until fuller information comes, the families and relatives of the ships' crews must suffer from anxiety as to their fate. Fort De France, the chief port of Martinique, and the seat of the Government, was visited by a cyclone in 1817, in which sixty persons perished. By the recent storm over 20 lives were lost at Fort De France, 34 are known to have perished at St. Pierre, at Francois 22 were killed, and many injured at Riviere Pilote, La Trinite, and other places. Coffee, sugar, cacao and other plantations are said to have been entirely destroyed, while houses, barns, stables and granaries were also demolished. Martinique is famous as the birthplace of the beautiful but unfortunate Josephine, afterward Empress of France. It is said that the first coffee brought to Europe, came from this island.

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Leading Events Abroad.

THE visit of the French fleet to England has been marked with an enthusiasm quite equal to that on the occasion of the arrival of Emperor William's fleet. Admiral Gervais's warships were received at Portsmouth with a tremendous display. The squadron included the *Furieux, La Lance, Le Marceau, Marengo,* and the Flagship. On reaching the Isle of Wight they anchored opposite Osborne before proceeding to Portsmouth. On Friday August 21, Queen Victoria reviewed the fleet, and there was a great naval, military and civic demonstration.—There is renewed talk of trouble between Russia and England over Egypt.—A new Parisian version of the trouble on Emperor William's yacht the *Hohenzollern,* is that the Kaiser attempted to throw one of his officers overboard and in the struggle fell and broke his knee-cap. He was placed in a straight-jacket and confined to his cabin three days.—It is rumored in London that Chancellor Caprivi and Emperor William have become estranged, and that the former will shortly resign.—Spanish manufacturers held a meeting at Barcelona and protested against the new treaty with the United States.

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A Remarkable Woman.

ENGLISH scholars are just now making much of a very remarkable young woman, whose portrait we give in this column. Victorine Jeans is a native of Manchester, born of poor parents, and is the first of her sex to bear away from a host of competitors a great prize from the British Universities. The Cobden Prize for the special study of Political Economy is offered in rotation at Oxford, Cambridge, and Victoria Universities. The two first-named do not admit girl students to any competitions that carry money prizes, but Victoria University does not adhere to this rule of exclusion. Miss Jeans took her degree of B. A. at the Victoria in 1889 and has ever since been studying political economy. The Cobden Club gave as a subject for competition: "The Industrial and Commercial Effects, Actual and Prospective, of Factory Act Legislation." Miss Jeans, in discussing it, was aided by a personal knowledge of the conditions under which English factory girls live, more than by the information to be found in books. She has lived in Manchester all her life and taken an active part in organizing clubs among the factory girls; therefore, when the subject came up at the Victoria College, she was able to show a complete mastery of the question in all its ramifications. There were many competitors, but this girl's native talent and perfect knowledge of the subject easily made her a winner. She deserves to be classed along with Miss Irene W. Coit, the bright American girl, who a few weeks ago was granted a certificate of admission to Yale University, the first ever issued to a woman.

VICTORINE JEANS.

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China Again Warned.

INTELLIGENCE from Shanghai is to the effect that the foreign ministers have again warned China of the necessity of protecting foreigners and missionaries. A joint naval demonstration, in which French, American, British and German squadrons will take part, will be ordered in the near future, unless speedy reparation be made for the recent outrages. Meanwhile the Imperial government is straining every point to afford ample protection, and to bring the rest of the offenders in the recent disturbances to justice. The revolutionary movement is spreading.

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The Bennington Battle Shaft.

THE celebration last Wednesday at the dedication of the battle-monument at Bennington, Vt., was one of national interest. This monument (of which we give an illustration on this page), was erected in honor of the grand old Revolutionary soldiers, who, under General John Stark, triumphed over the British troops one hundred and thirteen years ago. One of the famous passages of history relates to an incident in the battle. At the onset, Stark leaped on a rail, and steadying himself by a post, addressed his men. Pointing to the enemy, he cried: "Yonder are the Hessians; to-night the American flag floats over yonder hill, or Mollie Stark sleeps a widow." At the close of the battle two hundred of the enemy were found dead on the field, and it is to their memory, as well as to the bravery of the heroes who slew them, that the Vermonters have erected this shaft. It is the highest battle-monument in the country, being 308 feet from base to top, and nearly one hundred feet higher than the monument of Bunker Hill. At the dedication, the old town of Bennington was gaily decorated with flags, and a triumphal arch was raised, beneath which a procession of military and civic bodies passed. Addresses were made by Hon. W. G. Veazey, Ex-Commander of the G. A. R., and several others. President Harrison attended the celebration.

THE BENNINGTON SHAFT.

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The Negro Emigration Question.

ONE of the ablest colored men in America is ex-United States Senator Bruce, whose short career in Congress was marked by unusual intelligence, and the ability to grasp questions of national legislation. Senator Bruce has placed himself on record as having no faith whatever in the proposed wholesale emigration of our colored population to Liberia. He says this is the fifth effort since the war to induce them to emigrate to Liberia; but they are not even yet in sympathy with it. Bishop Turner, of the American Methodist Church, is the only prominent man who favors the scheme. Mr. Bruce says that the American negro is African in color only; in all elements of civilized manhood he is American. He has practically a monopoly of the agricultural labor of the South. There are 24,000 colored teachers, and 1,300,000 colored pupils in the public schools, 75 educational institutions, with 7,000 colored students training for teachers, while hundreds are studying for the bar, the pulpit and other professions. Any general emigration movement among the colored population would paralyze the industries of at least eight great States.

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The President of the Big Fair.

EVERYTHING is bustle and preparation in Chicago in view of the approaching Exposition. W. T. Baker, the new President of the Board of Directors of the Fair is a New Englander by birth and a resident of Chicago, where he has made very large profits out of the grain trade. He possesses wonderful executive ability, and his career on the Chicago Board of Trade has shown him to be possessed of a width of view, tenacity of purpose which should render his services in behalf of the coming Fair of the highest value. It was Mr. Baker who, as President of the Board of Trade, wiped out the "bucket shops," or small grain gambling concerns, by ordering every telegraph wire to be removed from the floor of the Exchange. This swiftness of attitude, decision and action is the keynote of his whole career, and marks his course in every function he is called upon to perform. A portrait of the new president is given above.

W. T. BAKER.

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Disasters of the Week.

THE week has been marked by disasters, more particularly by fire. In Jacksonville, Fla., sixty-five buildings were burned, involving a loss of $1,000,000; at Cambridge, Mass., the Damon Iron Works were destroyed, loss $500,000, the workmen losing $10,000 worth of tools. In Prussia, two trains ran into each other near Ostrowo and Loswitz, killing and injuring many passengers, and setting fire to the wreck. A frightful railway accident occurred at Zollikofen, near Berne, Switzerland, on the Jura-Simplon railway. An excursion train which was conveying a large number of villagers back from a fete at Berne, was demolished by the Paris express, which came upon it at full speed. It is believed that nearly twenty persons were killed outright. Twelve corpses were taken from the debris immediately after the accident. Several of the victims are said to be American tourists.

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More Rain Experiments.

THE rain-making expedition, under Gen. Dyrenforth, which has been experimenting during the last week at Midland, Tex., has succeeded in producing remarkable results. On a clear, cloudless day, a oxy-hydrogen balloon was sent up and exploded at an altitude of about one and a-quarter miles. Kites with dynamite attached to their tails were exploded shortly thereafter at a great height, and then a quantity of powder scattered over the ground was set off electrically. Before the smoke had fairly lifted, it was driven to the ground by a torrent of rain. The barometer fell ten minutes after the balloon exploded, and rain fell over an area of 1,000 square miles. Further experiments in the evening brought copious rain which lasted nearly all night.

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President Harrison on Money.

ON his way to Bennington, Vt., to attend the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument, President Harrison stopped over at Albany, N. Y. He had previously made brief speeches from the car platform at Newburgh, Troy and Kingston. At the Empire State capital, he was greeted by Gov. Hill and Mayor Manning and, in speaking to a considerable gathering, said among other things:

I do believe that the general Government is solemnly charged with the duty of seeing that the money issued by it is always and everywhere maintained at par. I believe I speak that which is the common thought of us all when I say that every dollar, whether paper or coin, issued or stamped by the general Government, should always and everywhere be as good as any other dollar. I am sure that we would all shun that condition of things into which many peoples of the past have drifted, and of which we have had in one of the great South American countries a recent example. I am one of those that believe that these men from your shops, these farmers remote from money centres have the largest interest of all people in the world in having a dollar that is worth 100 cents every day in the year, and only such. If by any chance we should fall into a condition where one dollar is not so good as another, I venture the assertion that that poorer dollar will do its first errand in paying some poor laborer for his work. Therefore, in the conduct of our public affairs, I feel pledged for one that all the influences of the Government should be on the side of giving the people only good money and just as much of that kind as we can get.

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A Frightful Disaster in New York.

THE most appalling accident in many years occurred in New York on Saturday, August 22d, when four large five-story buildings on Park Place collapsed, burying a number of workmen and other occupants in the ruins. The different floors were occupied by a large number of printing and manufacturing firms and the ground floors and basements as warerooms and a restaurant. On some of the floors were heavy printing-presses, and it is probable that the weight of these and the vibration of the building from their running, caused the collapse. Some persons declare that an explosion was heard before the collapse. Whatever may have been the cause, the wreck was a most complete one. All four stores fell in together, leaving a huge gap in the side of the block and burying the workmen, who were preparing to enjoy the Saturday half-holiday. The entire mass fell in a moment, and death must have come to the victims almost instantly. Flames then shot up from the debris and soon the firemen were at work on the ruins. It was hours before an effort could be made to recover the bodies. All Saturday afternoon and night, and all day Sunday the streets were packed with thousands who watched the search for the dead. Over a score of poor charred and mangled bodies were uncovered in the first twenty-four hours, but many were yet in the ruins. Among them were men and women, boys and girls. In one corner five girls were working on bronze leaf powder when they were overwhelmed by the bricks and mortar. In a restaurant, which was fairly crowded, few escaped. Thirty-three lithographic workers, eight printers, ten or twelve girls, blank-book makers, and many others, in like employments, perished in a moment. No disaster has stirred New York so deeply in years. The scenes at the ruins, where the search goes on, and at the Morgue, where the charred and blackened corpses are taken, are heartrending.

NEWS NOTES.

Count Von Moltke, shortly before his last illness, wrote a brief memoir in a popular and succinct style, and this will now be published by his nephew.

James Buckingham, a balloonist, fell from a parachute car into Onondaga Lake, at a point near Syracuse, a few days ago, and was drowned.

Great floods have caused heavy damage in different parts of Colorado last week. Some of the railroads are washed out and traffic temporarily blockaded.

President Balmaceda of Chili has issued $12,000,000 of scrip in fifty cent paper money, to carry on the war. He is now forcing men into the army.

Queen Kapiolani, of the Sandwich Islands, is suffering from paralysis. There is a strong annexation movement, which will probably take active form in the event of her death.

The Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, in session last week in Washington, D. C., adopted resolutions asking Congressional action for the protection of public forests.

Rev. Mr. Massiah, a colored preacher of Springfield, Ill., occupied the pulpit at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Sunday, August 16. This is the first occasion on which a colored man has ever spoken there. He had a large and interested audience.

The Association of Economic Entomologists, in session at Washington, last week, discussed the ravages of crops by the various species of bugs and insects. It was declared that no less than $30,000,000 worth of crops were destroyed annually by this cause.

An ordinary army tent has been set up as a lazaretto on North Brother Island, New York Harbor, and in it are confined two Chinese lepers, Ong Moy Toy and Tsang Ding, who were lately found to be afflicted with the incurable disease. They are carefully isolated, so as to prevent the spread of the contagion.

The Illinois Humane Society has decided to prosecute the parents of two-year-old Leonard Turner, a baby, whom its brutal father and mother taught to smoke tobacco. Ever since it was two months old, the father has been teaching it to smoke and the infant became at last so accustomed to the pipe that it actually cried for it. When found by the officers it was suffering from acute nicotine poisoning, and heart, brain and eye trouble.

IDLE HEARERS.

"The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets."—Proverbs 22: 13.

"The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets."—Prov. 26:13.

THIS slothful man seems to cherish that one dread of his about the lions as if it were his favorite aversion, and he felt it to be too much trouble to invent another excuse. Perhaps he hugs it to his soul all the more because it is a home-born fear, conjured up by his own imagination.

I am not about to speak of slothful men in general, albeit when a man does not diligently attend to his business he is committing great wrong to himself and to others.

When a Man is Slothful

as a servant he is unjust to his employers, and when he is in business on his own account idleness is usually a wrong to his wife and family. I know one who is the cause of poverty and want to those whom he ought to provide for; and all because honest labor and himself have long since fallen out. He would not move an inch if he could help it, nor even open his eyes if he could manage to live and sleep all his life away. When a man is thoroughly eaten up with the dry rot of laziness he generally finds some kind of excuse, though his crime is really inexcusable. "There is a lion in the way," and therefore the man judges it to be quite right that he should keep his bed, or that he should sit leisurely indoors and should not give himself too much trouble or run any risks; but all this is a mere make-up to screen his loathsome vice.

No Christian ought to be slothful in his ordinary work: the apostle describes the good man as "not slothful in business"—of whatever kind that business may be. If you have a right to undertake it, if you have a right to continue in it, you have no right to be a sluggard in it. There should be as wide a division as between the poles between the thought of a Christian and the idea of a sluggard. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."

An Idler is a Disgrace

to himself, and if, unhappily, he professes religion he is a dishonor to it. Paul would starve him, for he says, "If any would not work, neither should he eat," and that is as near starvation as well can be. Lions or no lions, men must work, or find disease and death in sloth.

But we have many spiritual sluggards, and it is to them that I speak. They are not sceptics, they are not confirmed infidels, they are not opposers of the gospel; perhaps their sluggish nature saves them from anything like energetic opposition to goodness. They claim that they are not averse to the gospel; on the contrary, they are rather friendly to it, and one of these days they intend to be obedient to its great commands, and to yield themselves as servants to Christ; but not just yet, the good time has not fully arrived. They have a very comfortable bed of sloth upon which they lie, and they do not want to rise in a hurry and exert themselves too much. They want to take this matter very leisurely and turn to Christ when it is quite convenient,—when it will not require so much self-denial as at the present moment. "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep," is their continual cry; and although God's watchmen disturb them terribly, and cry aloud that they may wake them, yet they sleep so heavily that they just turn over when they are most disturbed and drop into their slumbers again. I want to cry aloud under the windows of such sleepers to-night with the hope that peradventure some of them may be wakened. What meanest thou, O sleeper? Wilt thou sleep thy soul away?

I. "The slothful man saith, There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets." That is to say, it is time for him to get to the vineyard to work, but he does not get up, and he pretends that he is best in bed, for there is

A Lion Outside the Door.

He means, I think, that there is a great difficulty—a terrible difficulty, quite too much of a difficulty for him to overcome. Are there not many here who say much the same? "Oh," they say to the preacher, "you do not know our position, or the peculiar circumstances and special trials under which we labor. We would gladly be saved, but we cannot live as Christian men: our trade is a difficulty, our poverty is a difficulty, our want of education is a difficulty, and the whole put together make up an impossibility; there is a lion in the way." Yes, I know, that is what your relative said many years ago, and as long as there is any of your family left there always will be lions about.

What can this lion be? Perhaps if I were to examine a little closely it might come out that

You are a Great Coward,

and the lion a wretched cur not worth noticing. Your lion is a mere mouse: where is your manliness to tremble at so insignificant a trial? Perhaps you have an acquaintance who would be parted from you if you became a Christian. Is this your lion? It is a very young one. Or else you are following a bad trade, and a bad business, and you know that you would have to give them up. Is this all? Your shop would have to be shut on Sunday,—is this the secret of the matter? You know that the tricks that you now practise, and that you find so profitable, you cannot practise if you become a Christian. Perhaps that is your lion. I tell you that you are trying to make yourself believe a lie, for your difficulties are no greater than many of us have surmounted by God's grace. Your difficulties are not half as great as were those of Paul, and of those who lived in his day, who had to carry their lives in their hands, and seemed every day given over to death for Jesus Christ's sake, and yet bravely followed their Lord's will, notwithstanding all.

Observe, again, that this sluggard said that he should be

Slain in the Streets,

It is rather a novel thing for people to be killed by lions in the streets. It has not occurred within my recollection, and I do not think that it is ever likely to occur; but still this man professed that he expected to be slain in the streets. In an age of liberty like this he is afraid to be a Christian because of persecution, for persecution would be the death of him. Oh, dear! In a time like this, when to be honest, to be upright, is, for certain, the best thing for this world as well as for the world to come, yet men still tell us that they would lose by being Christians; it would ruin their business, they could never make a living; they would be slain in the streets. It will not do for you to talk so. It is idle talk; you do not believe it yourself though you whine like a coward. "I shall be slain in the streets." If you were half a man you would never fear the streets, or think it at all probable that a wild beast would pounce upon you there. And then look at

The Base Conclusion

—"There is a lion without, *I* shall be slain in the streets," as if the lion would be sure to look for him if it did not meddle with anybody else, as if he was the only man in the street, and not one among hundreds equally in danger, if such danger there really were. The lion, for certain, would kill him, he was quite sure of it; "I shall be slain in the streets." This is how sluggards talk, as if all the troubles and trials that ever fell upon men that are decided for Christ would fall upon them; and whereas many of God's Daniels have lived in dens of lions and have been none the worse for it, they cannot look to Daniel's God, and they do not expect Daniel's rescue. They are sure that they shall be torn in pieces, though there be but one lion and that lion in the streets, where there would be protection near and shelter at hand. Now, look ye, you that talk about the difficulties of being Christians. Are there no other Christians besides you? Will you be the only believers? When you are converted to God will you be all alone? Will there be none to help you? Is there no Christian brotherhood left among us? Are there no advanced saints who will help you as a young man to struggle against your doubts, and against the temptations that are in the way? Why, you know that you will not be alone in the streets of the Jerusalem of God. The real lion after all is sluggishness itself, aversion to the things of God.

The Fear of Falling.

But says one "If I did come to Christ, I am persuaded that after a little while I should fall back." Be not so sure of that. If you give your heart to Christ, has he not promised to keep you? Is it not written, "I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand"? Do you think that you are to keep yourself from falling? If so, read this doxology, and try to sing it—"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence with exceeding joy—unto him be glory both now and ever."

"Oh," says another, "but I know that a great many Christians are hypocrites." This is your lion, is it? Well, if there are so many hypocrites it is time that there should be one honest man; and why should not you be that one? Besides, what have you to do to call God's people hypocrites? You know that they are not. The reason a hypocrite passes in society is because there are so many genuine Christians to make him go down, and it is so good a thing to be a Christian. Instead of judging others, it is time that you sat and judged yourself, and that lion would soon be dead.

The Lion Within.

I have this to say to you before I pass to my second head. If there is a lion without, is there no lion within? That is to say, if you come to Christ and perish, you will most surely perish if you do not come to him. If you live as you are, what must become of you? If you die as you are, what must be your lot?

II. We leave our friend, the sluggard, for a little while in the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs, and we turn on three or four pages, till we come to the twenty-sixth chapter, at the thirteenth verse, and there we find the gentleman again. The slothful man is still talking, and he says, "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets." Is there any difference between this verse and the first one that I took for my text? Yes, I think there is this difference—there are two lions instead of one. He waited because of that one lion, and now he fancies that there are two lions. He has made

A Bad Bargain

of his delay. He said that later in life he would have a more convenient season, but where is it? It was inconvenient then because there was a lion. Is it more convenient now? Not at all, for now there are two lions. "There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the street." That is always the result of waiting: procrastination never profits; difficulties are doubled, dangers thicken. The countryman who had to cross the river foolishly determined to wait until the water had all gone past, for, at the rate it was going, he was quite sure that it must run dry; but when he had waited long, to his surprise he found that a flood had come down from the upland country, and the river was much deeper then it had been before: the river was not dried, but swollen. Those who think, when they are young, that it will be so much more easy to seek and to find the Saviour when they reach manhood are greatly deceived. Those who think that they will wait till their family has grown up, or till they retire from business, for then they will be able to attend to it so much more easily, may live to discover that hardness of heart has come upon them as the result of delay. Life is like an evening; the longer you wait the darker it becomes.

A Worse Case.

You see in the second text that there were two lions, and, according to the Hebrew, they were quite as bad as the other lion, for one of them was a young lion. "There is a young lion in the way." And the second Hebrew word implies a great lion. "A strong lion is in the streets." So now there were two active enemies—two unconquerable difficulties—instead of one; and, as an old Puritan observes, the first time when the sluggard looked down the street, and saw a lion lurking on the left, he could have gone the other way; but now when he looked out there was a lion to the right as well as to the left, and he could not go either way without facing a foe. With a lion at the front door and a lion at the back, there seemed to be no way of escape for him, and this was the wretched result of waiting. And do not some of you who, years ago, hesitated over the difficulties of being a Christian find more difficulties now, instead of less? When you were one-and-twenty you were deeply impressed, and conscience was aroused; only you said, "No; not just now. It will be easier soon." Certain cords of sin held you. But now you are forty. Well, what about it?

Are those Cords Weaker?

You can hear a sermon now, and hear it without prickings of conscience. The tears used to flow in years gone by, and you have gone out of this place feeling as if you never dared come into it again, for the preacher had cut and torn you to pieces. He tries to preach just the same, and he hopes that he does, but his words have not the same effect upon you now as in other days. You are Gospel-hardened, and that is the worst kind of hardening. You have heard the Gospel so long that there is no novelty in it; and you know the excuses so well that you have got to be one of the devil's old soldiers, a veteran inured to war. You know how to get over the Gospel somehow; like an old fox, you know all the traps, and cannot be caught in them. You are sticking to the old trick about the lions; but now there are two lions, so you say. Thus you have a double-barrelled excuse. How can I be so unreasonable as to expect you to come out often to a week-night service? You have three or four shops. How can you come out of a Sunday evening, some of you? You have half-a-dozen children. How is it possible that you should give much time to prayer? You are here, and there, and everywhere in your worldly calling!

"Oh!" say you, "do not talk to us. Years ago it might have been possible for us to be Christians, but now, how can it be?" Therefore, I say to you young people, hasten to be blest. I beseech you do not delay. An old man took a little child up into his arms, and put his fingers into the abundant curls of his sunny hair, and he said, "Oh! dear child, while your mother sings to you, and tells you about Jesus, think of him, and trust him." "Grandpa," said the little boy, "don't you trust him?" "No, dear," he said, "I might have done so years ago, but my old heart has got so hard now, nothing ever touches me now." And the old man dropped a tear as he said it. "I wish," said he, "that I had a curly head like yours, and was beginning life like you." Oh! old man, are you here to-night? Let me tell you a secret. You may become a boy again. I am sure you may, for you may be born again; and he that is born again is but an infant, and starts on a new life with freshly given strength. But do not delay, you that are yet young.

III. That brings me to my last point:

No Lion at All.

If there be here a man who would have Christ, there is no lion in the way to prevent his having Christ. "There are a thousand difficulties," says one. If thou desirest Christ truly, there is no effectual difficulty that can really block thee out from coming to him. You notice that Solomon does not say that there were any lions in the way: he only tells us that the sluggard said so. Well, you need not believe a lazy man. The sluggard said it twice; but it did not make it true. Everybody knew what a poor fool he was, and that it was only in his own imagination that there were any lions at all. Do not believe your sluggish self, then, and do not believe the slnggish speeches of others. There are no lions except in your own imagination.

I believe that some will never come to Christ until another and a real lion shall get at them, and then they will run to Jesus for shelter, lions or no lions. I mean if the lion of their sin should ever wake up and roar upon them terribly, then they will not say that there are lions in the way.

I Used to be Terribly Afraid

to come to the Saviour until I came to be more afraid of my sin than of all things else in the world. And Mr. Bunyan, in one of his books, says that he pictured Christ in his own mind as standing with a drawn sword to keep him away, "but at last," says he, "I got so desperately worried by my convictions of sin that if the Lord Jesus had really stood with a pike in his hand, I would have thrown myself upon the point of it, for I felt that I must come at him or perish." Let such desperate resolve impel you to his feet. Throw yourself on the very point of the pike, for it is but in seeming that there is either pike or point. Hasten to Jesus, even though he seem to frown, for there is more love in a frowning Saviour than in all the world beside.

Oh, come along with you. Come, you that are afraid of lions. There are no lions. The way is clear and open, for Jesus says, "I am the way," and "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Why do you still say that you will come by-and-by? Do not trifle so. I had almost rather that you cried, "I will not come at all"; such perversity might end better than feigned promises and base delays. I pray God to give you a better mind han that, and may you say, "Yes, this very night, please God, I will be saved. The sun has gone down, but there is a little twilight left, and I will yield ere darkness quite sets in, I will now trust my Saviour, and hasten to him, and seek him on my knees in prayer." May the Spirit of God sweetly lead you to do this; and oh, our heart will be so glad of it. The Lord grant it, for his dear name's sake. Amen.

TWO ROYAL CONVERTS.

Kings Whreabo, of the Bassas and Massala of Vivi—A Christian Negress as Missionary and Peacemaker.

NEWS has been received of an African monarch—Whreabo, King of all the Bassas,—dying at his capitol in the interior of Grand Corah, a trading section of Liberia, several weeks ago. The Bassas are among the most intelligent of the tribes along the West Coast and are very numerous. Whreabo's father was King Boyer, a warlike potentate, who used every effort to prevent the American negroes from settling at Grand Bassa. These negroes belonged to the bands of civilised blacks who had come from this country for the purpose of permanently dwelling in Liberia.

King Boyer died in battle and, after his demise, Whreabo and a brother named Taipu, each claimed the throne. A sanguinary war was the result of this contest, Taipu (who was friendly to the Liberian emigrants), winning the principal towns in Bassa-land and Whreabo taking to the bush. Soon afterward, Taipu was murdered and Whreabo at once assumed control. His first attitude was that of confirmed enmity to the Liberians. He looted their factories, slew their traders, and after many atrocities, prepared for a grand descent on the coast towns with the purpose of driving the Liberian settlers into the sea.

At this critical juncture, a providential and well-nigh miraculous event occurred. There arrived on the Liberian coast an English vessel, on which was a negress who called herself Jacinto Boyer. She was at first refused permission to land; but, somehow, she contrived to come ashore and, with the help of two Kroo boys who acted as guides, started for the interior to visit the Bassa king. She found that monarch in the heat of preparation for war.

It seems that Jacinto had been taken from Bassa-land to England when a mere child and there brought up in a good family. In childhood she had been the playmate of Whreabo and King Boyer had betrothed them. Since that time the girl had been partly educated and had become a Christian. She had not, however, forgotten her savage home and the playmate of her youth, now the monarch of her nation.

Her arrival changed the entire programme. The fiery king welcomed her, made her his wife, discarded all his other wives, and at her suggestion, made a compact of peace and friendship with the Liberians. Some time afterward he, too, embraced Christianity. The influence of this woman over the savage chief was such that he became an exemplary monarch and a stanch friend of the Liberians and the whites. He went to war no more and lived a patriarchal life to a green old age, finally dying among his own people, greatly beloved by all.

Thus it will be seen that there are good influences at work in the far interior of that savage continent which the people of civilised countries like our own know not of. The conversion of this negress, thousands of miles away, ultimately proved the means of turning a kingdom from darkness to light. After so striking an illustration of the far-reaching power of Gospel truth, who shall say that the smallest effort at teaching that truth to others is ever made in vain?

There are other kingdoms in Africa, but little known, where the light of the Gospel has already begun to shine; not strongly as yet, but with promise in its rays. On this page we give an illustration showing an African king at home. Massala, the ruler of the people of Vivi, on the Congo, is in some respects a monarch to be envied. Coming early under Christian and semi-civilizing influences, he has governed in a peaceful patriarchal way the people of his nation. In the picture the stalwart monarch is seen standing beneath the shade of a tropical tree, and surrounded by his family and attendants. In the background, in a small clearing, are the royal residence and the dwellings of the king's near relatives and officers—primitive yet well-built huts of bamboo and straw, strong, clean and far above the average of equatorial dwellings. Vivi lies along the eastern bank of the Lower Congo, between the territory of the Banza-Manteke and the Lukungas, and it has been for several years a seat of missionary activity. The American Baptist Mission Union, Congo Balolo Missions, English and Swedish Missions and Bishop Taylor's mission stations are all grouped along the same river, from Banana, at the Coast, to Equatorville, 400 miles northeast, in the wild interior. King Massala's subjects, like their sovereign, have yielded to missionary influences and put aside the old love of war and bloodshed for the peaceful pursuits of agriculture.

KING MASSALA OF VIVI, AT HOME.

STUDY OF PROPHECY.

Some Useful Hints on the Interpretation of Prophecy by Pastor D. F. Lamson.*

IN the first place, prophecy should be interpreted, "not only in harmony with Scripture in general, but especially in agreement with other prophecy." "No prophecy is of any private interpretation;" or as the meaning of the passage may perhaps be better given, "no prophecy is of self-interpretation;" *i. e.*, no prophecy is to be treated as isolated and independent of other parts of the prophetic Scriptures, and interpreted by itself alone. Prophecy is not mere unorganized matter from which a portion can be removed without changing except in bulk or shape the whole mass; but a living organism, of which every part is vitally dependent upon the other, so that "if one member suffer all the members suffer with it." Each prophecy is part of a system, and bears some relation to every other part, and is essential to the proportion and perfection of the whole.

Much of confusion and incongruity in prophetic interpretertion has been caused by a want of understanding and recognizing of dispensational truth, of what belongs to different spheres or eras of prophetic revelation, of a proper distinction between what relates to "the Jews, the Gentiles and the Church of God," of the difference between the "Church" and the "Kingdom," between the "Coming" and the "Day" of the Lord.

There is a grand trend to prophetic truth, which if it is once discerned and afterward followed, will keep the interpreter from going off at a tangent, misled by the sound of words, or warped by traditional exegesis, beguiled by the *ignis fatui* of an exuberant imagination.

It must be borne in mind, secondly, that the language of prophecy is often highly figurative, symbolical and poetical. This is not saying that prophecy does not make known literal truth, but that literal truth is often communicated through the medium of symbol, type and figure. Such a use of language is especially marked in the Old Testament, particularly in the writings of Ezekiel and Daniel, and among the so-called Minor Prophets, as Hosea; while all prophecy seems naturally to take on a poetic, and therefore more or less figurative form of expression. A forgetfulness of this obvious fact has resulted in some strange and absurd interpretation, and has often needlessly shaded the lamp of prophecy and placed stumbling blocks in the way of simple souls. Such figures as those of the dying Jacob's prophecy, of Joseph as "a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well, whose branches run over the wall;" and of Judah "binding his foal unto the vine, and his ass's colt unto the choice vine;" present little difficulty; so with Jeremiah's girdle and Nebuchadnezzar's image; but there are other figures which are confessedly more obscure, and some which may need the actual roll of events to make plain. Under the garb of figure, some of the greatest truths are set forth without any explanation at the time, but subsequent developments have furnished the key to the solution. There are magnificent and yet shadowy delineations in the book of Revelation, amidst which the devout and humble student will walk with unshod feet and bated breath; but certainly there are others in regard to whose meaning there can be no question. Common sense and devout spirit will help wonderfully in understanding the "dark sayings" of prophecy. But only "The Spirit of truth" who first indited the prophetic word, and who still presides over it, can prevent the interpreter from falling into mistake, and often grievous if not fatal error; can make the crooked place straight, and darkness light before him. The promise is good for all the ages: "Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all the truth, and he will show you things to come." (John 16: 13.)

It must be considered, thirdly, that there is often an absence of what may be called perspective in prophecy. We are familiar with the productions of Japanese art, and of Oriental art in general, which is often evidently the result of vast patience and painstaking, but which ignores the effect of distance, and groups figures with a ludicrous disregard to position and effect. We seem often in the prophets to be looking forward, as doubtless did the prophets themselves, in a straight line. We lose the effect of proportion and distance; we cannot judge of the relative nearness of events;

* From his excellent article in *Primitive Paths* which contains also articles on Prophecy by Dr. A. J. Gordon and others. May be obtained for seventy-five cents from Rev. George C. Needham, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

those which are just at hand and those which are remote are seen along the same line or on the same plane. The near and the distant are not separated by any sharp line of distinction, and the one sometimes passes into the other, after the manner of the photographer's dissolving views. Thus in Isaiah, 10th and 11th chapters, we have the Fall of Assyria, and immediately following the rise of the "Branch," with no hint that centuries were to intervene. In the 51st of Jeremiah, there is a prophetic portraiture of the first siege of Babylon and of its final destruction, in a continuous narrative, although a hundred years actually separated these two events. In Joel, we have a prediction of the outpouring of the Spirit (2 : 28) which Peter declares (Acts 2 : 16–17), was fulfilled on the day of Pentecost. But with the prophet, words having reference to events still in the future follow without a break : "And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth . . . before the great and terrible day of the Lord come."

This indeed may be said to be a general law of prophecy. Words called forth by some temporary occurrence are continually rising into eternal signifiance. In the Psalms and the prophets saints of God so pour forth their sorrows as to foreshow the deeper mystery of our Lord's passion. The language of David in celebration of Solomon's glory swells onward to the universal reign of Christ. "One increasing purpose" is thus seen to run through the ages, and the "broken lights" of time merge into a golden apocalypse. Thus, in many cases, the prophetic vision seems to pass beyond the immediate object of vision, and to rest upon another immeasurably far away.

It may be added in this connection, that the prophets do not always seem to have understood the meaning of their own prophecies. "Unto whom it was revealed, that not unto themselves but unto us, they did minister." Thus the inspired seer often "builded better than he knew." The near event and not the distant often chiefly, if not exclusively, filled the horizon of his vision. Thus, Isaiah in writing the 35th chapter of his prophecy, may have had in his own mind simply the return of the Jews from the captivity ; while the Holy Spirit, in making the prophet his organ and mouthpiece, had in view also the transcending glories of Messiah's times.

The voice of prophecy has long since been hushed. In closing up "the volume of the book," the seer of Patmos put on record the solemn warning, "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." (Rev. 22 : 18.) Prophecy has "failed," in the sense that "tongues" have "ceased," as spiritual endowments intended for a special and temporary purpose. But it may well be that "God has more truth still to break forth from his holy word," especially along the lines of yet unfulfilled prophecy, awaiting the labors of diligent and devout delvers in the mines of Inspiration, to be brought forth as it is needed, to quicken the faith, sustain the courage and brighten the hope of believers, to furnish warmth for days of coldness when the ice age of rationalism shall sweep over Christendom, and light to relieve the deepening gloom of the declining days of apostasy, "until the day break and the shadows flee away."

The fabled golden age is in the past ; the true is yet to come ; through clouds and darkness, through pain and weariness, through defeat and loss, it is hastening on. It is an inspiring thought, brethren, that before we meet again in conference, it may be already here.

THE BIBLE IN ITALY.

Rev. Alexander Robertson, of Venice, affirms that of the families in Venice who can read, there are now few who do not possess a copy or at least a part of the Scriptures. The issue of the illustrated Bible in one cent parts by Signor Sonzogno, editor of a Milan newspaper, has done much to popularise the book in Italy, and to create a hunger for the Word. Mr. Robertson believes that more copies of the Bible were sold in Italy last year than of any other book. Similar testimony is borne by the colporteur of the Bible Society of Scotland at Lecce. The people in various cities are becoming interested readers of the Scriptures, and many have a family Bible. There appears to be a general religious movement in the district. A priest noted for his superstition and hatred of Protestantism has passed through a great change since he read the Scriptures, and is anxious to become a preacher of the gospel. The bishop refused to visit one town at a high festival, because it was given up to Protestantism ; but he sent a substitute who called on the colporteur, and twice had serious conferences with him.

CHILDREN OF GOD.

Suggestions for the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 6. John 8 : 31; 15 : 1-8.

How can we show that we are God's children ? This question is the Christian Endeavor topic for the week. "Please teach me how to play with expression," said a lady to her music-teacher. "Ah mees," said the Teutonic professor, "you must mit your heart play." The spirit of that answer is the spirit of the true answer to our question. We need not be concerned *to show* that we are God's children so much as *to be* God's children. True, he has some naughty, disobedient children; but the trouble in their case needs correction within rather than without. When the branch *abides* in the Vine it will bring forth fruit. The conscious effort after appearance is apt to produce only veneer, which may cover a very inferior wood. The unconscious influence of the child of God must be felt if he is living near his heavenly Father. Men will take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus. His life as well as "his speech betrayeth him." The concern about what men will think or say of him is unworthy of the Christian. He should, as Oliver Wendell Holmes says of one of his characters, "be careful only to report at Headquarters." "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If he is impure of heart, he needs converting and purifying grace, even though, through concern for his own reputation, he so restrain himself that his life is without reproach.

There are certain visible characteristics which should distinguish a child of God. The world expects to see them in him. If it does not see them, it brands him as a hypocrite, or, worse still, concludes that the boasted power of religion is a myth. Deeply as this is to be deplored, it is not the characteristics he should seek, but the root of which these characteristics are the outgrowth. The faith which does not manifest itself in the life is worthless. "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered." The child of God should bear the family likeness, should love his brethren, should love all men, should be pure, patient, meek, longsuffering, thinking no evil—in a word should be Christ-like. He will be all these in proportion as he loves God. The divine life implanted within him will grow daily, will crowd out the evil natural and acquired, will increase in strength while the evil becomes weaker and loses its power of control. "What would Jesus do?" becomes the law of life in all doubtful circumstances; in all perplexities and in all temptations. We imperceptibiy grow like our ideals. "We . . . beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image . . . even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

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FOR USE, NOT ORNAMENT.

An inquiry which perhaps many other King's Daughters would like to make is answered by Mrs. Bottome in the *Lady's Home Journal*. Here is the question and the reply:

"Do you think it is much of a help to wear the cross ? I find that, after wearing it awhile, I became accustomed to seeing it just like any other article of jewelry; and it does not seem to help me at all. Then there are so many girls who have sent for it as simply being a pretty little thing; that seeiug a girl with a cross does not always mean that she is a real 'Daughter' of the King. I wish the cross would serve as a reminder when I am impatient and cross."

"Do I think it is of much help to wear the cross. It may be or it may not be. You will never get any more out of it than you put in it. You can wear it as a sacred symbol that all you do or bear is to be 'In His Name ;' that your life is to be of service to others as his life was. This you do consciously; but much of the good we do is done unconsciously.

"A young girl that I met one day in a car will never know how much good she did by acting out what the cross stands for. She was with her mother and younger sister, and baby brother. The little brother was cross and fretful, and I expected to see her hand the child over to the mother who sat opposite : but she didn't. She tried in every way to interest and amuse the little fellow, and finally she succeeded, and at last he fell asleep in her arms. And I watched her. O, how lovely the cross looked on that young girl !"

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THE Y. M. C. A. JUBILEE.

The next World's Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations will be held in London in 1894. So the Amsterdam Convention decided before separating. It was probably influenced in making the selection of that city, from many rival claimants for the honor, by the fact that the year 1894 will be a jubilee year in London. In 1844, just fifty years prior to the date fixed for the convention, Mr. George Williams, a prominent dry-goods merchant in London called a few Christian friends together and formed the "Society for Improving the Spintual Condition of Young Men" which subsequently took the now familiar name of Young Men's Christian Association. When such a convention as that which has just assembled in Amsterdam, with its five hundred delegates representing associations of Christian young men of many lands, meets in 1894, the first subject on the paper may well be, "What hath God wrought."

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CHRIST-LIKE WORK IN THE SOUTH.

A singularly beautiful address to the King's Daughters of South Carolina, was made recently by the State Secretary Miss Mary T. Lawton in presenting her report. The address, which is published in full in the *Silver Cross*, deserves to be read by every King's Daughter who is longing to realize fully what is really signified by the badge she wears. The following is an extract which is typical of the whole :

Think what it would have been to meet the members of Circles from the many counties I am going to report. Add to these the hundreds in our own city [Charleston], and we should have present this afternoon more than two thousand women, in South Carolina alone, who have linked themselves together hand and heart *to make the world a little brighter and better for Christ's dear sake.* Their deeds of love are no more to be reckoned than the sands of the sea.

In my capacity as State Secretary, which has been a personal privilege and joy for four years, I have tried to emphasize *the power of personal contact* rather than alms-giving without investigating the merits of cases to be relieved. As the result, beautiful letters come to me through the year, bringing messages that tell in the simplest and humblest way of work among the sick, the aged, strangers, work in the hospitals, of teaching, such deeds acceptable surely to the King. Often letters like this come to me : "We collected and expended $190 for rents, medicine, clothing, fuel, and have made regular visits, relieving where best we could from our small means. Have no special line of work, but try to do each day every little thing that we find to do 'In his name.' Each member wears the cross and tries to do better and greater work for the King." Tears well to my eyes, and I think, dear women, what more definite line of work could you do than this Christ-like work of going about like him to relieve distress ?

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ONE PASTOR'S SYSTEM.

In an address at the recent Convention of Christian Workers, reported at length in the *Golden Rule*, the Rev. Henry N. Kennedy, of Winsted, Conn., made the following remarks on the value of the Christian Endeavor work, and the plan he has adopted for solving the difficulty experienced by other pastors as to the question of age : He said "I advocate a Christian Endeavor college in every church. If a pledge is good for young men and women between the ages of thirteen and thirty, why is it not good for children from seven to twelve, or for maturer people of from thirty to ninety ? This idea is at the basis of what I call the Christian Endeavor College in my church, which is now entering on its third year of successful operation. It consists simply of a freshman class, or Junior Endeavor society, a middle class, and a "senior" class, or senior Endeavor Society, or the pledge applied to the regular church prayer meeting. A regular system of graduation from one class to another is secured by limiting the age of continuance in the Junior society, and by a natural process of evolution and education in the regular Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor."

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THE SOLVENT OF THE SECTS.

In a report of the great Minneapolis Convention, a correspondent of the London *Christian World* has this to say of the auguries which he drew from the spirit prevalent in the wonderful gathering :

After attending nearly all of the sessions of this great Convention, I am led to believe that in this new movement among the churches, we have the solvent of the sects. An Episcopalian Bishop addressed one session, and was well received. Congregationalists and Baptists, sects that outside that hall were mutually conflicting in principle, the Quakers and the Disciples of Christ, the steady 'wheel horse' denominations, whose histories are monuments in the ages, and those that sprung up but yesterday ; all these met for once together, and they will meet next year, and next, and always ! The remarkable thing was that from the speakers of all the churches barely a hint was given of any difference in opinion, and one came away feeling that there is only one Christianity in the world, and that these surface divisions will be somehow defeated by these young people whose religious enthusiasm has been harnessed to this new work. There is no other growth in religious societies like that of this new movement among American young Christians. It will have been noticed that the Christian Endeavor movement is entirely undenominational. To this fact it undoubtedly owes its phenomenal success. Your readers know something of the bitterness that drives apart the sects. The religious history of the Christian centuries is marred with the unfortunate division and strife among the 'followers of the Cross. It is only in later years that much 'common sense' has mediated between the sects. But even to-day the different branches of the church are far apart, and there are few religious platforms on which all do gladly stand. But one such platform is here.

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THE Y. W. C. A. IN SUMMER.

It is gratifying to notice that the Young Women's Christian Association of New York, is not limiting its efforts for the benefit of young women to those who can avail themselves of the Association home by the sea. There are some girls who must stay in the city, however scorching the days and sultry the nights. And these days and nights are all the more hard to bear by their loneliness. So many of the girl's friends are away in the mountains or at the beach for their vacation that she naturally feels desolate. She feels the time pass slowly. Many churches are closed and nearly all the religious work connected with them is suspended. Recognizing this fact, a number of members of the Society connected with the Association who bear the name of "United Workers" have organized several circles for entertainment and instruction. On one evening the circle is literary, and pays its attention to some standard author, one member reading a brief sketch of his life and the others reading extracts from his works. Another evening is devoted to the needle. The members are deep in the mysteries of millinery and learning how to trim their own hats and bonnets, how to embroider, crochet, etc. Another evening the circle is musical and still another is devoted to Bible study. This latter has been made unusually interesting by a judicious selection of subjects such as the life, character and times of some one of the Bible authors Beside these circles there is another, specially for the young girls under sixteen, which is occupied with music and games.

Very hearty commendation does the Association deserve for undertaking work of this character which is cheering many girls who must otherwise find the summer in the city a very dull and weary time.

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We shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

REST COMETH AFTER ALL.

BEYOND the toil, the burdens of the day,
Beyond the tempests and the storms of life;
Far from the tumult of the weary way,
Beyond the longing and the ceaseless strife;
Out of the darkness and the gloom of night,
Beyond the hills where shadows never fall,
And far beyond the range of mortal sight,
Rest cometh after all.

After the fever and the restless pain,
After the waiting and the weary years,
After the conflict and the loss and gain,
After the sorrow and the useless tears:
Far, far beyond the lofty heights of Fame,
Beyond the hills where shadows never fall,
Beyond the fear of censure and of blame
Rest cometh after all. —*Selected.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

Dinner-Bells and Church-Bells—The "Muezzin" and his Call to Prayers.

DINNER was over and the children gathered in the cosy sitting-room for their evening chat.

"I was thinking of the dinner-bell and the alacrity with which you respond to its ring," said Uncle John, in answer to a question by Tom, who noticed the traveller in deep thought, on a low settee. "The ready response was proof of a healthy appetite," he added with a smile. "Our Saviour, you remember placed hunger among the beatitudes—not hunger for food from the table but for the soul. You cannot live and grow spiritually without food, any more than you can support the body without eating. Now tell me, do you listen to the ringing of the church-bell with the same delight?"

The little ones hung back, silent.

"We do love to go to church," said Tom, bravely speaking for the others; "but I think, Uncle, we don't answer the bell quite as quickly as we ought to. Sometimes I'm not quite ready, and then—there's the others, too; well, we often don't get there till service is just begun."

"There is no such languid response to the dinner-bell, eh?" quizzed Uncle John.

"No, sir," said the children in chorus.

"In some parts of the East," he continued, "there are no bells used to call the worshippers to service or prayers. In Mohammedan countries, the *muezzin*, an official connected with the mosque, goes up five times every day and night to a tower called a minaret and, spreading out his hands over the city, calls aloud to the faithful to come to prayer."

"In the middle of the night, too?" asked Ted.

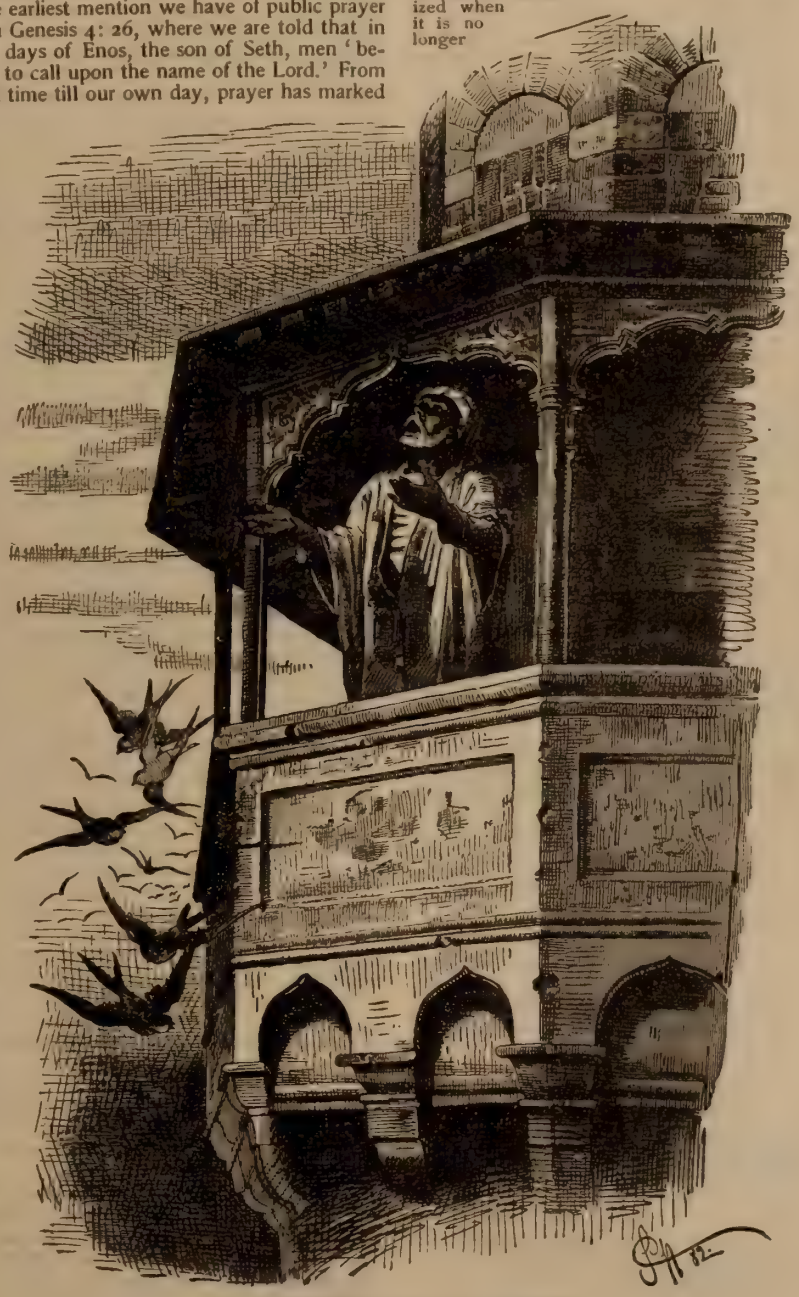
"Yes, and they respond very promptly," was the reply. "When the good Moslem hears the call '*Allah! Allah! Achbar!*' he instantly rises from his couch and begins his devotions. To him it is a sacred duty. The *muezzin*, who is often a blind man, so that he may not be distracted from his devotions by the sights around him, lifts up his voice in a chant which is called the *Adan*, and cries, 'Allah is most great! There is no God but Allah. I testify that Mohammed is the apostle of Allah. Come to prayer.' In the morning chant he varies these words somewhat and adds, 'Prayer is better than sleep.' The night-calls are not intended for the entire population, but for those who wish to perform special nightly devotions. The first night-call is named *Ula*, the second *Ebed*. Here is a photograph of one of these *muezzins* uttering the morning call to orisons. The loud crying of the blind old man has startled the birds from their nests under the minaret.

"All over the East," continued Uncle John, "religion is characterised by an earnestness and enthusiasm such as is unknown in other parts of the world. The Hebrew is a devout and untiring worshipper, never failing in his sacred duties. The Moslem is never ashamed to sound forth the praises of Allah. He will spread his carpet wherever he may happen to be at the moment, and no matter who looks on, will kneel down and pray. This same enthusiasm is peculiar to most Oriental faiths. These people in this respect furnish a good example to Christians, who are often too indifferent and faint-hearted in their duties, when they, of all others, should be the most zealous and earnest. But the Gospel of Christ is spreading hopefully among these people in the East, for it is the glory of our religion that it is adapted to all manners and conditions of men."

"When did men begin to pray?" inquired one of the children, thoughtfully.

"Man prayed from the very beginning of time," said Uncle John. "He must have realised his dependence upon God from the first. The earliest mention we have of public prayer is in Genesis 4: 26, where we are told that in the days of Enos, the son of Seth, men 'began to call upon the name of the Lord.' From that time till our own day, prayer has marked the distinction between the wicked and the righteous.

"Family prayer was a daily event in the households of the patriarchs. Jesus, when on earth, devoted himself specially to prayer, even when his life was full of work and excitement. When he had not time to eat he still found opportunity to pray. Martin Luther, whenever he had any special business on hand, always allowed himself a longer time than usual for prayer. It is the soul's best preparation for the trials of life, and smooths over troubles that else would overcome us. Do you remember how Moses was supported by Aaron and Hur, when he prayed on the mountain during the battle with the Amalekites? So, when you have any difficulty to face, do not forget to take it to God in prayer, for no matter what it is, he will give you help to master it, if you go to him in the right spirit."



THE MUEZZIN'S CALL TO PRAYERS.

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People who Worry.

ONE of the most cheerful of women, yet one who has experienced much affliction, is Mrs. Amelia A. Barr, the famous authoress. Her life for years was a battle against difficulties that would have overwhelmed most women; yet an admirable Christian courage enabled her to surmount them. Here is a piece of advice she gives to other Christians who, like herself, have been victims of worry:

Worriers live under a low sky. They are such cowards that they will not trust God except upon good security. Now, faith casts a kind of honor upon God; it shows that we believe in his goodness, and trust in his care; but worrying tells him to his face that either his will to do us good, or his power is wanting. Yet to argue with worriers is little use; convince them at every point, and they will settle down the next hour into the old vaporing, aggravating belief.

What remains for them? They must pray to God and help themselves. No one is justified in encouraging a fussy, tormenting anxiety about trifles. Egotism and selfishness are at the bottom of it. If they will remember that there is no cause why they should be exempt from the little vexations common to humanity, and which are part of the universal scheme of things relating to the great circumstance—life—they will get at once on to higher ground. For even if their depression continue, it is humanized when it is no longer selfish and personal. Those who have known great calamities, real heart-breaking losses and griefs, are not worriers. The presence of a great sorrow hushes all fretful complaining. Little things "don't signify" when the home is breaking up, or the grave is open.

Here is a good verse for worriers to consider:

I think not of to-morrow,
Its trials or its task;
But still, with child-like spirit,
For present mercies ask.
With each returning morning,
I cast all things away;
Life's journey lies before me—
My prayer is for to-day.

A LEGEND FOR LISTLESS ONES.

THE world is full of them, alas! that it should be so. They would be very worthy people and excellent members of society, if they could summon up a little energy and begin to do something. It is told of Lady Holland, an English *grand dame*, that she was forever lamenting that she had nothing to do, and did not know how to pass the time. One day, the good poet Rogers gave her a shock.

"Try something new," said he, very gravely. "Why don't you try to do a little good?"

The advice opened her eyes and it is recorded that she adopted it.

In this age of Christian activity, there is no room for do-nothings, certainly not in the church, and not even in the home. Listlessness is the foe of spiritual progress. The sooner the children learn the value of energy the better. And nowhere can it be expended to more advantage than in the service of the Master. Listlessness is like the rust that eats away the precious treasure unless speedily rubbed off.

It is told of an Arabian princess that she was presented by her teacher with a beautiful ivory casket, and enjoined not to unlock it for a whole year. She wondered what it could contain and many times she was on the point of turning the key in the tiny lock, but she refrained. At last the year expired and the princess unlocked the casket when she was surprised to behold nothing but a little heap of rust; the form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever. She saw a slip of paper containing these words:

May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when inclosed, had upon it a single spot of rust, by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold; only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been.

So the rust of listlessness will destroy whatever is beautiful in us, if it be not brushed away and the character kept bright and shining by a life of activity and godly usefulness.

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A Lesson from the Birds.

THE domestic affection and intelligence of some members of the feathered race are quite remarkable. A wren built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farmhouse saw the mother teaching her young to sing. She sat in front of them and sang her whole song very distinctly. One of her young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice, broke and it lost the tune. The mother recommenced where the young one had failed, and went distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able, and when the notes were again lost, the mother began again where it had stopped and completed it. This done the mother sung over the whole series of notes the second time with great precision, and again a young one attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first, and so on with the third and fourth, until each of the birds became a perfect songster. The loving patience of the mother-bird furnishes an example that might well be remembered by ourselves in dealing with our children. We are apt to be out of temper with their childish failures, forgetting how gracious our heavenly Father is in bearing with our own shortcomings.

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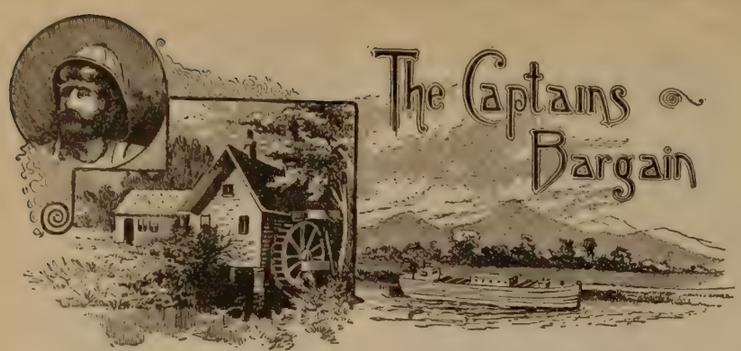
A Boy King and his Mother.

LITTLE ALFONSO XIII., the boy King of Spain, is intensely fond of his mother. Since his late illness, during which she tended him day and night, the youthful monarch has shown a love and admiration for his devoted parent that are much commented on in Madrid. She is first in his prayers and his thoughts, and she always sits at his right hand. His pictures are common in Europe, and all of them are pleasing. In one he is in the chair of state. On a footstool, before him, are two sisters, and at his right sits his mother. Standing before him, in a rich uniform, is one of the officers of Spain, who is reading a long address to his sovereign as solemnly as if he were in the presence of a monarch of ripe years.

It is especially fortunate that his mother is a woman of good sense, high character, and an exceedingly king heart. She has greatly endeared herself to the people of her adopted country by her wisdom and benevolence. Lately, the eloquent leader of the Spanish Republicans, Senor Castelar, explained the quiet condition of his party by saying:

"One cannot make war upon a baby and a woman."



The Captains Bargain

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 524.*)

EXPECTING to have some time at his disposal Robert thought he could not do better than put his project into execution at once. He had in his pocket the twelve dollars his father had given him and he determined that he would go that morning and buy some suitable present for every one of the family and send it to them to show them that his heart was with them, though in bodily presence he might not be with them for years! There was a store where Eliza had liked to trade, and where she had been wont to say that goods were cheap and well-selected, and the young girl-clerks were very good and attentive. There Robert would go and do his shopping. But what should he get, and how much would twelve dollars buy? Who could tell him? He would throw himself on the mercies of a girl-clerk.

Now, as it was early in the day, before the tide of shopping began to flow fast and furious through the big store, when Robert, a very handsome and winsome fifteen-year-old boy, most faultlessly arrayed, put his face inside the door of the huge establishment, he saw behind a counter, standing at ease, a very smiling and pretty maiden, with rosy cheeks and golden hair,—a kind of eighteen-year-old Pink. To her, as to a tutelar angel, did Robert turn for counsel and direction.

"If you please, Miss, I want to buy a present—for my mother—and sister."

"Yes? Fancy goods? laces? albums? Which department of the store will you go to?"

"I think—I had—better get dresses."

"Oh," said the damsel, taking in Robert's fine linen, bottle-green cloth, and tan-colored kid gloves. "Something in silk, then?"

Robert was quick-witted enough to see the situation.

"No, if you please," he said, sitting down before the counter and bending over to intrust his confidences iu the maiden. "They are my adopted mother and sister, and the rest—they live in the country and they are poor. I want to send them all presents, and I have twelve dollars, and I want to make it go as far as I can. I wish you would help me pick out the things. I never went shopping before. I can sell things but I don't understand buying."

"I see," said the damsel.

So she slipped from behind the counter and had a short interview with a stout "floor-walker."

"I may go with you and help you do your shopping," said the girl, coming back to Robert. "We have some excellent bargains in dress-goods, if you don't mind last winter's goods instead of this fall's patterns. How old is your sister?"

"She is thirteen, and she has blue eyes and yellow hair."

"Is your mother a big woman?"

"No; she is a little woman. She is thin, and not as tall as you are. She is dark."

"Now, I know about the colors and the number of yards you will want," said the obliging girl, "so let us go to the bargain counter. But tell me, first—how many other presents must you get out of the twelve dollars?"

"There is the little sister—the twin—she is ten. I would like to get her a calico dress. Besides these, are father, Bop, Jerry, and the other twin,—the boy. I want to get them all something, and I must save out enough to pay for sending the package up to Lal's Mountain."

The girl consulted a book.

"We can send the parcel for you for fifty cents. Will you get handerchiefs and neckties for your father and the boys? We have some very good bargains in those things just now. Or stockings,—we have a very cheap line of stockings."

"Pink knits all the stockings."

"She must be busy, then, to knit for such a lot of them."

"She is busy. She always has her knitting in hand. But then, for Jerry, one stocking is a pair; for you see he has one wooden leg, and that saves him one stocking."

"I hope none of the rest are so unlucky," said the girl, laughing.

"No, they are not. And then, too, Jerry has only one eye. But for all he has only one leg, and one eye, he can run the mill."

"Ah! a mill, is it? That accounts for the one leg and the one eye. Mills are terribly dangerous places. I wonder they leave any one alive that goes near them."

"Our mill is not dangerous. And, then, it was not the mill that hurt Jerry. Whiskey did it!"

"Oh! Well, I hope Master Jerry has reformed. He had better have left whiskey alone. Let it alone, I say, and it won't hurt you."

"I think you make a mistake there," said Robert. "Jerry let it alone; he never touched a drop in his life, and yet he lost a leg and one eye because other folks touched it. It seems we are never safe from whiskey, as long as any one uses it. A drunken carman lost Jerry a leg; and a drunken shoemaker lost him an eye."

They had been treading the mazes of the store, and turning over a great pile of woolen dress-goods during his chat. The pleasant girl now fixed on a piece of goods of small blue-and-black plaid.

"There! This is nice, and very cheap, and just enough for a girl of thirteen who does not use many furbelows. I should take that, if I were you. And this dark-brown serge is a remnant, sold cheap. I am sure your mother would like that. Come over to the calico counter. Here is a very nice dark piece, with violets on it. That is going at about half-price."

Robert agreed to the young girl's taste, and then followed her to the baskets where were bargains in handkerchiefs, neckties, and other small wares. He bought a pair of chamois-skin gloves for Captain Allen, and a leather pocket-book—alas! that it was doomed to be so empty—ties and handkerchiefs for Jerry and the boys, and buttons and other material for making up the dresses. He was overjoyed to find how far the maid made his money go, and had not been so happy since he was torn from his home and the family therein. At last, eleven dollars and a half, to the very last cent, were spent.

"You will write out the address for me," said the girl, "and I will have the parcel sent, prepaid."

"Will you give me a card to write a line on, to put in the bundle?" said Robert.

And, taking out his new pen, he wrote on the card: "A token of my true love." As he wrote, the observant shop-girl wondered how it was that the hand from which Robert had pulled the fine kid glove was evidently the hand of a boy that had worked hard, and she also wondered how it was that the relatives of a boy with so fine a watch, so nice a suit, and so elegant a pen, should be poor enough to need and use the simple gifts that the lad had just purchased. But girls who clerk in stores see many curious things.

After the shopping was done, Robert bade his fair helper good-bye, and walked off to Fairmount Park. He had not left himself a cent for car-fare, nor to bny a biscuit for lunch. But in thinking how pleased Eliza and the others would be with their presents, he forgot to be tired or hungry. He sat on one of the Park benches and counted up the years before he should be done with school, and be a man, and be earning money for himself, which money he should share with those who had shared their little all with him. Would old Mr. Wick live until then, and the mortgage on the mill escape foreclosure? He realized his father's hostility to the Allens; he wished he could make them friends, but he felt that at present the less he said about them the better. It was a long walk back to the hotel. He happened to reach there just as his father returned in the carriage. As they went up to their room to make ready for dinner, Mr. Murray said:

"You look tired, my son. Where have you been?"

"To Fairmount Park."

"But you never walked home from there?"

"Yes, sir. I—had spent all my money," said Robert, embarrassed.

"Did you get your dinner there?" asked his father. "No? Why not?"

"I had spent all my money, sir. I am afraid you will think me a spendthrift now. The other day you thought I was going to be a miser, and Robert laughed in a hesitant fashion.

"I gave you twelve dollars this morning," said his father. "I hope, my dear boy, you have not fallen in with sharpers. However, whatever it is, I beg that you will not fear to speak out, and say just what you have done with it."

"I went up to the store, sir, and I spent eleven dollars and a half in buying presents, and fifty cents in sending them. I got my mother and Pink and the little one dresses; and handkerchiefs and ties and so on for the rest. I enjoyed it very much. A very nice girl-clerk helped me buy the things. I hope you are not angry with me, but I could not keep money in my purse and not send a present to them, when I have so much and they have so little, and they have always shared and shared alike with me." Robert's big brown eyes were fixed on his father, with that steadfast look which Mr. Murray knew so well.

"Of courae I am not angry," said Mr. Murray, coldly. "You can do as you please with your own. And," he added bitterly, "I fancy they will be ready to take whatever you give them."

"No, sir," said Robert, quick to catch the tone of imputation of greed; "oh, no. They are very independent. They will not send me back my presents, because they will know that would hurt my feelings, but they would not take money from me, and they would not let me keep on sending presents. They would feel that the money was yours, not mine."

"Well, well, son, they have a vigorous defender," said Mr. Murray, laying his arm over Robert's shoulder. "Come to dinner. You must be half dead with fatigue and hunger. Hereafter, never spend your last cent. Remember that."

Mr. Murray could not feel irritated long that evening. He was in a very happy mood. The report of the doctor had been far better than his fears. He had no chronic disease. A long nervous strain had worn and weakened him, but now that he was satisfied and happy, with proper care there was no reason why he should not live for the next twenty years. He could see his boy grow up to manhood! He could hope to see him prospering in business, happily married, his family about him! His heart glowed at the thought of having years to live with his beloved son. And then his mind was relieved about the matter of the will. The future of Robert was secured. He had arranged all for him with care. He had seen two of his most trusty friends, men of tried integrity, and he had obtained their consent to be appointed Robert's guardians. Now, if left an orphan, Robert would not go back to Lal's Mountain to lavish his all upon the Allens. Until he was twenty-four years old, and therefore had had time to forget his early friends, the boy's fortune was secure. This was a good day's work. Mr. Murray rubbed his hands, ordered turtle soup and roast venison for himself and Robert, and talked cheerfully through the meal. There was a lecture that evening on India, illustrated with stereoscopic views; he took Robert to hear and see it.

"There," he said, as they walked home, when it was over, "when you have finished your school-days, you and I will travel, and see those far lands for ourselves."

When they were back in their room, Mr. Murray lay on the sofa, and told his plans.

"Robert, I will give you this first year in school to decide on what you wish to be. If you choose to go to college, in two years you will be well fitted. If you prefer the Polytechnic, and the Mining Engineer's course, you can enter upon it next year.

"I mean to buy a lot near the city and build a house and furnish it. You shall furnish your own room to suit yourself. I want you to have some place to call home, and think of as home. That house shall be headquarters. We will bring there the treasures we collect. You can invite your boy-friends there for vacations. We shall have a garden, a small conservatory, a stable, a carriage, and a pair of riding horses. And at school—wherever you are—at college, at the Polytechnic, you will work very hard and not distract your mind with other things. Tell me, Robert, do you like these plans?"

"Yes, sir," said Robert, sincerely.

What boy would not like to hear of a plan for a room furnished to his own taste—of a riding horse always at his service?

"I don't want you to be without a business, a regular occupation, an aim in life, Robert. I have money enough to keep you without labor. But I have seen enough of these Golden Youth who do nothing but spend the money their fathers have earned by toil and care. What right, in this busy world, has a young man, full of bodily vigor and mental power, to spend his years yachting, dancing, giving dinners, playing tennis and polo, day in and day out, and riding forth at times to exhibit before the ladies his fashionable clothes and his horsemanship? I say that such a life is contemptible and unmanly. As the French say, we should all of us show the *raison d'etre;* that is, the reason of our existence. A man has no right to live merely to eat up the proceeds of other men's labor. That is the curse of the Old-World system of hereditary aristocracy, and it bids likely to be the curse of the New World with its plutocracy.

"Mind you, my lad, I have worked and made my money. I expect you to work and make money. And as the money rolls up, we can use it well. I like to see men found libraries or hospitals; present public-gardens or picture-galleries in their cities; help on all great philanthropic enterprises. It is grand to have enough money of your own earning in your hand, to be enabled to respond liberally when you are appealed to to help on good work. If there is a man I envy it is Peabody, who has written his name in golden letters around the civilized world. When I was a young man the five letters in the name Dodge represented to me a man who was never deaf when a cry for help was lifted. When I myself was giving way to sin,—when I was suffering untold agonies because the penalty of my sin had fallen upon me,—I honored the man who with other men was battling the curse under the power of which I had fallen. Be a man, my son,—a good man, a useful man, a great man,—such a man as I should have been but was not."

Robest, whether he would or not, could not fail to see the mingling of noble and foolish ambitions in his father's wishes for him. It occurred to him that justice should first be served, and justice demanded a grateful recognition of the kindness of Captain 'Zekiel and his family. To stand shoulder to shoulder with such a family and pull them through their adversities seemed to Robert as good a work as could be done, and if his father was inclined to love temperance people for their work's sake, where was there a stauncher little temperance woman than Mistress Eliza? He felt inclined to put these pertinent propositions to Mr. Murray, but abstained, remembering that the same Eliza had carefully taught him a lesson, now nearly out of date, but none the less valuable, namely, that young people are not particulary commissioned to criticise their elders. The day of right feeling between the Superintendent and the Captain might come all the quicker if Robert maintained a respectful silence. All this passed in his mind while his father was talking, and he said heartily:

"I think you are a good man, father. When a person has done wrong and is sorry for it, and does wrong no more, we think other people should not be throwing up the past to them. God does not cast it up against them, for I remember once the schoolmaster gave us a lesson on that, and his text was, 'His sins which he hath committed shall no more be mentioned unto him.' And so I think we should not be bringing up the past in hard words against ourselves. There is no need of our doing what God would not and our fellow-men should not, is there?"

Mr. Murray smiled, and patted Robert's hand. "You are a great comfort to me, my son." Then added, sadly, "But my sins cost us your mother."

"I believe," said Robert, "that as soon as my mother got to heaven, an angel was sent to tell her that all would turn out right for you and me, and so she at once forgot the sorrow she had had, and has been perfectly happy ever since. It must be so, you know, since no trouble can get into heaven."

Mr. Murray at first took some present comfort from these suggestions. Then, as he belonged to the human variety "self-tormentor," he began to think that Robert was such a wise, good boy, he must be going to die early. While he made himself miserable over that, Robert began to tell him a certain episode of his life, wherein he had brought down on himself the wrath of the schoolmaster by painting a boy's face with walnut juice. This recital revived the spirits of Mr. Murray, who realized that there was nothing alarmingly angelic in his progeny.

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. G. Miller, Fort Wayne, Ind.—The writing you submit has the general characteristics of Arabic but you should refer it to the principal of the Taylor University of Fort Wayne.

J. Gething, W. J. Estabrook and others, Cleveland, O.—Which is the right day to be observed as the Sabbath, the first day of the week or the seventh?

This question has already been answered in No. 28 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

J. B. Galloway, Vernon, Wis.—Is it right for a Christian to swear, or promise, to obey and keep secret a Code of laws which at the time is unknown to him?

This question has already been answered in No. 29 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

M M, Burlington, Ia.—Where do we get the word "picnic"? How did it originate?

Open-air entertainments first became known as "pick-and-nick" parties about 1802, in England. The custom was that those who were to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables; each person "picked" out what he or she was willing to furnish and the articles so selected were "nicked" or checked off.

P D., Waterbury, Conn. What is the proportion of illiteracy in the different countries of the world?

According to the most recent estimates, from census and other sources, the percentage of population over ten years of age, who can neither read nor write, is as follows: Russia, Roumania and Servia, 80; Spain, 48; Hungary, 43; Australia, 30; Ireland, 21; France, Belgium, 15; England, 13; Holland, 10; United States (whites), 8; Scotland, 7; Switzerland, 2 1-2; Germany, 1.

Geo. V. Nelson, Chester, Ark.—(1) What evidence is there that the twentieth year of Artaxerxes was B. C. 445? (2) Is the Greek word translated "world" in Matt. 24:3 more correctly translated "age."

(1) The evidence of the historians Diodorus (11:69; 12:64) and Thucydides (4:50) who give the date of his accession as the year corresponding with B. C. 465. We believe Plutarch confirms them. (2) Yes. If you look in the Revised Version of the New Testament you will find the words rendered in the margin: "The consummation of the age."

Maria B., Dorchester, Mass.—From what nation do we inherit the word "dollar"? I know it is not an American word. What is it?

There is a German legend to the effect that a very honest tradesman, named Joachim, who lived some hundreds of years ago, was commissioned by the king to make a quantity of coin for the royal treasury. He did this so satisfactorily that whenever his mark was seen on any coin it was at once regarded as sure to be full weight and sound metal. Joachim lived in a "thal" or valley, and his pieces were called "thalers," because made in his mint in the valley. Gradually the word became metamorphosed into "dollars," having the same meaning, and to-day the "thaler" or "dollar" of Germany is the relic of the honest tradesman. The sign on the dollar—the two upright bars and the "S" across—is said to be of still more ancient origin, representing the two pillars of Hercules, united by the gracefully curving banner of Spain. The mark is undoubtedly of Spanish origin.

H. H. G., Turnerville, Tex. (1.) How do we know that every book of the old and New Testament is inspired and when and by whom compiled? (2.) To what object of mercy can $25 or $50 be given that will yield the most? (3.) Who can give me a Constitution and By-laws of the Christian Endeavor Society? (4.) How long from the Creation of the World to the Birth of Christ?

(1.) The internal evidence of the Scriptures is accepted by most Christians as conclusive of their inspiration. For fuller reasons we would refer you to the works of Cumming, Salter, Marton, and other authorities. The identity of the authors of the various books of the Bible is established partly by written records, partly by tradition. The Jews have been unanimous in their belief that the Pentateuch was written by Moses, most of the Psalms by David, the Proverbs by Solomon, and in acknowledging the authenticity of those books whose writers' names are now lost. The successive councils of the Christian Church and secular historians have made the same admission. The nature of the inspiration claimed for the Scriptures is that conferred by an influx of the Divine Spirit, guiding the writers as to the *substance* of what is written and recorded. The *thoughts* thus inspired are clothed by the writers in language of their own. It is not contended that every word and phrase is literally dictated or inspired. (2.) Deserving Christian projects are set forth in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD from time to time, and from these you may be able to select one that enlists your sympathies. (3.) Address Rev. F. E. Clark, 50 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. (4.) About 4,100 years.

C. H. C. J., Quincy, Mass.—Does the Bible teach the baptism of infants?

Your question has been debated by every generation for centuries and on each side have been many learned, sincere and godly men. The Baptists contend that the Bible does not teach infant baptism; their opponents reply that it does not forbid it, but implies that it was practised by the early Church as when the jailer was converted "he and all his" were baptized. (Acts 16: 33.)

Alice R., Live Oak, Ala.—What are the duties of a bridesmaid and why is it considered unlucky to serve in that capacity more than once?

A bridesmaid's duties are to attend the bride-elect for some time previous to the wedding and at the ceremony itself. She formerly used to go shopping with the bride and help select the wardrobe and to send out the invitations; she also helped to make the bridal toilet and to entertain the women guests. She is generally the recipient of a handsome gift from the groom or some wealthy relative of the principal parties. We do not know that it was ever considered unlucky to act as bridesmaid more than once, though there is an old proverb which says: "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride."

A. W. Folsom, Bennington, Blue County, Choctaw Nation—I wish to know something about the Indian people; who they are, where they came from and how they came to America.

According to some of the very highest authorities, the language of the American aboriginal races corresponds with certain languages found in Asia, Australia, Europe and even Africa. The preponderance of testimony of this character, however, points unmistakably to Malay, Mongol or Tartar origin. The similarity consists in complexion and general physique and monosyllabic speech. This refers to the North American Indians alone. The Aztecs, Peruvians and Mexicans are believed to be descended from an earlier civilization. Behring's Straits, the Aleutian Isles and the Polynesian Archipelagoes were probably the routes by which the distant progenitors of the North American Indians found their way to this continent. It does not appear that, previous to the discovery by Columbus, any civilized race ever came to the eastern or western shores of America, and attained a foothold.

G. A. Perkins, Rocky Ford, Otero Co., Colo.—(1) By what authority do we get the name of *Dives* for the rich man at whose gate Lazarus died? (2) What countries constituted the Roman Empire in the time of Christ? (3) Whom does the brother of the *Prodigal Son* represent? (4) Whom do the five foolish virgins represent?

(1) The story of *Dives* and *Lazarus* is a parable. In some old traditions the name of the rich man is given as *Dobruk*, and in others as *Nimeusis*. *Lazarus*, according to the best commentators, is the representative of the regard which God exercises to those of his saints whom the world spurns, as *Dives* is of the unfeeling and heartless rich, who take their pleasure in this life, thoughtless of the sufferings of others and of the future world. By some *Dives* has been regarded as a real personage. (2) When the Emperor Augustus died (14 A. D.) the Empire was bounded as follows: On the north (from Germany) by the Rhine but including Friesland and Holland; from Lake Constance along the Danube to Lower Moesia; its eastern boundary was the Euphrates; in the south it included Egypt, Libya and the whole of Northern Africa, as far west as Morocco and inland to the Sahara. (3) Like all Christ's utterances, this Parable had an application for every age. In his time, and that immediately subsequent, the elder brother, doubtless, represented the Jew objecting to the reception of the Gentile. In our day the elder brother represents the Christian of a like spirit, who witholds a hearty greeting to the converted reprobate. (4) They represent careless, worldy Christians, whose souls have not been replenished with the oil of grace by the Holy Spirit. When Christ appears to summon those who are expecting him to meet him in the air, these sleeping Christians will be left behind to suffer under Antichrist in the great tribulation, and will enter into blessedness only after severe affliction.

PARABLE OF THE SEEDS.

An eminent Sunday School worker recently held a large gathering of children rapt in attention by telling them a parable of the seeds. As children of larger growth often need to learn the lesson it teaches, the following extracts are given:

A gardener was giving directions to a young lad who had come to be taught that good business. "This mustard and cress," he said, "you will scatter on the ground—there's no need to cover it at all. This onion seed you must cover lightly. Here is some parsley seed—that you will sow at least an inch deep. The watercress you must put in pots and the pots into a pan of water; I will see to them later myself. These cucumber seeds you must sow under the frame yonder at once—there's a nice warmth there now." When the gardener and his apprentice had gone, the seeds broke out into talk. The mustard and cress gave themselves airs because they thought that it was a fine thing not to be covered with dirt. Then the onion seeds growled because it was not to have the same fate as the mustard and cress. "Why," they asked, "should we be covered with soil, when the mustard and cress are to have the air and daylight?" Then the parsley began to grumble. "What sense is there," they asked, "in sinking delicate seeds like us deep into the ground?" The watercress seeds did not like what the gardener had said about them. "Why should we be placed in damp earth?" they wanted to know. "Why should not we have a nice warm place like the cucumber seeds? What have they done that they should have glass over them and hot soil beneath them?" And so they went on grumbling or boasting, but mostly grumbling. They did not understand, poor things, that the gardener knew what was best for them, and that some of them would grow best near the surface and some more deeply sown, that some of them needed moisture, and others needed heat. But you know that the gardener was not favoring some and despising others, but favoring all according to his knowledge and experience. And you know that the great gardener, who sows souls, has his own good reasons for what he does; and he sends some of us to mansions and some to cottages; lets some of us begin work while we are children, and allows others to have a longer time at school and colleges, puts some of us in poverty and some in wealth; not because he has favorites, but according to his knowledge of what is best for us. We cannot expect to understand why he does things so, but by-and-by we shall know, when his garden is in its summer fulness and autumn ripeness. In the meantime let us neither grumble nor boast, but do our best to be cheerful and grow.

THE BEST

protection
against sudden
changes in the weather
is to purify
the blood
with

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It vitalizes
and enriches
the life-current, and
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strong.

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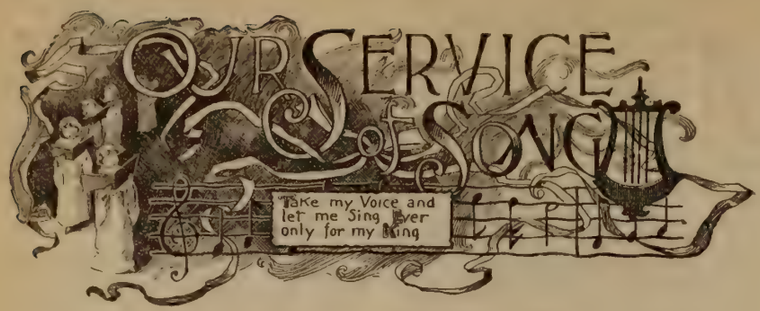
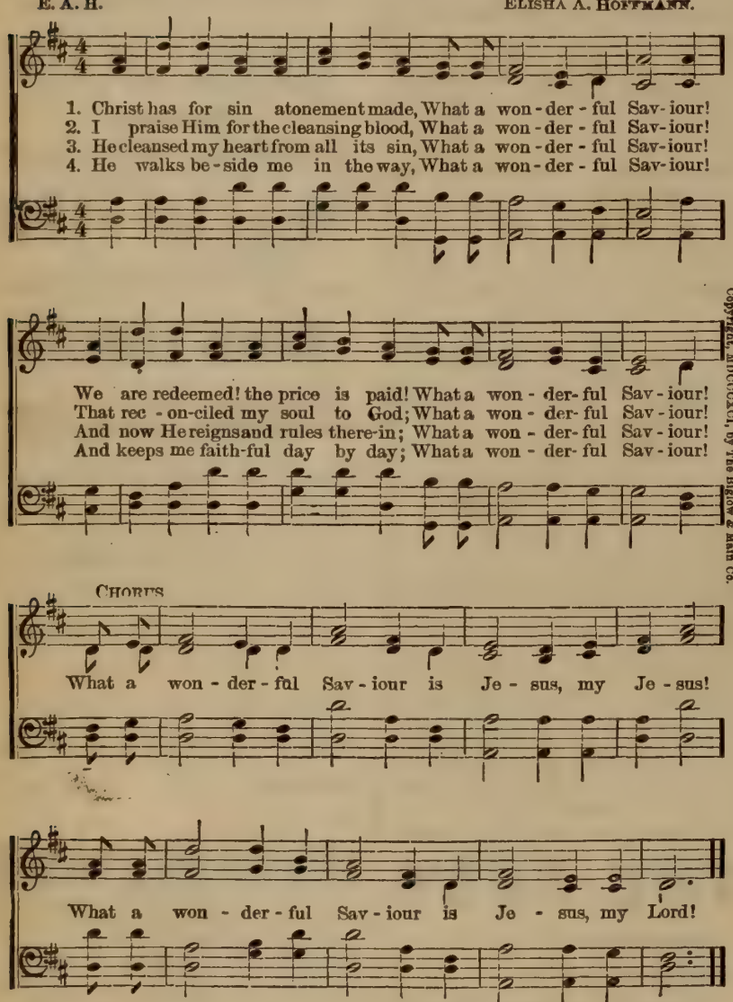


Selected for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by IRA D. SANKEY.

What a Wonderful Saviour!

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. 9: 6.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



5 He gives me overcoming power,
What a wonderful Saviour!
And triumph in each trying hour;
What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
What a wonderful Saviour!
The world shall never share a part;
What a wonderful Saviour!

From Gospel Hymns No. 6, by permission of the Publisher.

A DREAM OF BEULAH.

EARTH'S jar and din, her strife and sin,
Are passing by forever;
Her minor plaint, now far and faint,
The winds shall bring back never.
Supernal skies beam on our eyes,
And up the echoing glory,
Divinely float, on silver notes,
The old, old blessed story.

The lily fair in a garden rare,
The royal rose in beauty;
The gardener true hath planted new
For his King in loyal duty.
The spicy trees perfume the breeze;
The odorous fruit hangs golden;
While filtered light hath banished night
To eyes now unbeholden.

Narrow and low the stream doth flow,
The wavering waters glisten;
There's music here in the rippling clear,
Be still, my soul, and listen.
The shimmering strand of Morning Land,
Her softened radiance sifting
Adown the tree of life we see
And the green leaves waving, lifting.

The angels bright, from the Heavenly Height,
A loving service render;
O'er shining hills and leaping rills
Their white wings wave in splendor.
On pinion strong they sweep along,
Their princely orders wearing;
They hold a seal—their smiles reveal
The message they are bearing.

They near the shore—our day is o'er,
We know the blessed token,
And summons sweet our Lord to meet
Though not a word be spoken.
Where Jesus trod, up to our God
We'll tread with anthems ringing;
Though clouds enfold the City of Gold
The pearly gates are swinging.

We'll soon be there in a mansion fair—
The trumpeters are sounding
The stirring strain from plain to plain
From hill to hill resounding.
The tuned harp swells, the golden bells
Chime out a joyous greeting,
In royal state a glad throng wait
And sweet will be the meeting.

Chicago, 1891. ORITHIA E. FREEMAN.

Yes, Hood's Sarsaparilla is really "peculiar." Prepared by a combination, proportion and process unknown to other medicines, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures hitherto unknown.

"A new theory has been started with regard to the use of soap on the face. Women who for years have been careful of their complexions, would never, under any circumstances, wash the face in soap, as it was said to roughen and coarsen the skin. Now, that Ivory Soap has been invented, this idea is exploded, and a well-known physician in the metropolitan profession recommends his women patients to use it freely every day, lathering the skin well. He states that none but the most beneficial results will be effected by this method of improving the skin.

He holds—with considerable plausibility—that the pores of the face become as much clogged by grease and dirt as the hands or any other portion of the body. And if soap is considered a necessary purifier in the bath, its needs must be felt equally on the face. By an abundant and regular lathering the facial pores, he claims, are kept open, clean, free from the clogging matter that produces unsightly blackheads, acne, pimples, and a pure, healthy, fresh and brighter complexion is the resultant. Not mincing matters, he says that the trouble with most women who have sallow, pasty skins is, that from year's end to year's end they never have a really clean face."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

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THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

A Vacation Trip TO THE ROCKIES.

"Manitou and the Mountains" have become household words, and when one nowadays contemplates a summer trip, the popular point, Manitou, at once comes to the front in the minds of all, and the decision in nine cases out of ten is, "Yes, to Manitou we will go."

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R'y runs Through Car Vestibule Trains from Chicago to Colorado Springs, and on fast trains are Through Day Coaches, Through Chair Cars, Through Pullman Sleepers and Dining Cars.

At Colorado Springs, which is virtually at foot of Pike's Peak, there is an electric line to Manitou (six miles away), and one can leave the Springs at any quarter hour interval. There are steam roads also from Colorado Springs to Manitou.

An excellent plan is to take carriage at Colorado Springs and drive to Manitou, taking in en route the Garden of the Gods, so widely advertised, and in which are such wonderful sights, and the detour on this route is but little, and the tourist is well repaid the time and trivial increased expense.

But on arrival at Manitou the climax is reached in delightful drives, babbling brooks, lovely lakes, and cool corners in the shady parks that abound at this foot-hill village.

We can not begin to tell you of the wonders and beauties of this popular resort, but just mention another feature that overtops all. It is the new railroad built from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak, and in a Railway Car you can now be Carried to the Clouds—Cheaply, Speedily and Safely.

Take a trip via the Rock Island Route to Manitou, Colorado, in your summer vacation.

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In Mr. Spurgeon's Preface he says: "I believe all the promises of God,—but many of them I have personally tried and proved, I have seen that they are true, for they have been fulfilled to me. . . I commenced these daily portions when I was wading in the Surf of Controversy. Since then I have been cast into 'waters to swim,' which, but for God's upholding hand, would have proved waters to drown in.....The waters rolled in continually, wave upon wave. I do not mention this to exact sympathy, but simply to let the reader see that I am no dry-land sailor—I know the roll of the billows, and the rush of the winds. *Never were the promises of Jehovah so precious to me as at this hour.*"

N. Y. Christian Intelligencer: "When it is stated that this well-named book contains a Scripture Promise for each day in the year, commented on, in his best vein, by the prince of practical and experimental preachers, enough has been said to commend as first in its class. It is most admirably adapted for daily reading either in the family or the closet, and wherever used will be found spiritually stimulative."

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MR. WEBSTER'S SAVINGS.

He Put Them in the Lord's Bank and They Drew Good Interest.

H! He put them in the 'Lord's Bank,' and they drew good interest, too."

"Yes, I suppose it's true. Let me see, what did he say? I'm getting too old for the work."

The speaker was an old man, bent of frame, and with head polished and bright as a mirror, where, forty years ago, a crop of luxuriant dark hair had been. He was busy with his plane in the one room that served him for workshop, sitting-room, and bedroom. The delicate walnut shavings fell about his feet as the plane went briskly along for a few minutes, and then ceased, and the old man leaned back against the wall and began muttering to himself again.

"It will be hard work to live, I expect. I think the boss might have found me something to do. I don't want much, but I must have something to keep me alive. Nothing after next Saturday, and I've only four dollars left now, and the pay I shall have for this job. That'll be all I shall have to keep me next week. Rather a dull lookout for you, George, my boy."

A few turns more at the plane followed this summing up of his worldly position; but the work dragged to-day, and the old man's mind reverted to the conversation which troubled him.

"What did the boss say? 'Retire on my savings?' Yes, that was it, 'and live like a gentleman.' Wonder if I ought to have saved. I've had plenty of money in my time, but I never saved. Not I. Mary used to say, 'We'll put it in the Lord's bank. It'll be safe there.' God bless her, she was a good wife and a good Christian, but I'm almost thankful she did not live to hear that Wace won't give me any more work. Wonder what she would have said. I don't believe that she would have lost heart. She would have said 'God won't desert us in our old age.' What was it she used to sing?

> E'en let the unknown morrow
> Bring with it what it may,
> It can bring with it nothing,
> But he will bear us through;
> Who gives the lilies clothing,
> Will clothe his people, too.

The old man's voice quavered a little as he sang the familiar words, but there was a note of conviction and joy and fervor that would have astonished any listener who happened to know that only four dollars stood between the old man and starvation.

"The Lord's bank," he soliloquized, as he stopped to take breath; "well, I don't know that there's much in it. Not much of my putting in, though the capital's enormous. We've had our interest all along in the pleasure it gave us. After the boys died and then little Fanny, it was very lonesome, and we took little Willie when he was left an orphan, and we brought him up, and he's doing well now. And then we took Freddy Bertram when the widow died, and we brought him up, too, and he learned the trade. It cost us a deal of money, but it brightened the house like, to hear the children's voices, and there's no saying what might have happened to both of 'em if we hadn't seen to 'em. Then there was the money we gave Joe Brown when he broke his leg, but then we should have done that anyhow, because we were sorry for him. And then—but what's the use? It was all the same. We gave the money, and it was good to see how happy it made 'em. I can't say it's in the Lord's bank. I've no claim on him for it. He'll take care of me now, I know, because he is so good. But I've no claim—no claim."

The old man shook his head with an air of conviction. He seemed satisfied that his case was bad, but he was not dispirited now. God was good, and he was not afraid. The work went on again, this time with a whistle of a cheerful hymn tune. It was getting too dark to see, and after awhile the tools were laid aside, and the old man stood by his window enjoying the brief interval of twilight.

"I'd like to see Freddy's wife," he said presently. "He must be getting on well to get married. Fred was a smart boy, and I've no doubt his store in Montreal is a good-sized place. I'd like to see him again. He said in his letter he and his wife were going on their marriage tour. I wish they'd have come this route. I'm real glad, though, the boy's doing well. The money I spent on him has done good, and I shall manage, somehow. It was better spent than put in the bank to keep me. David was an old man, and he said he'd never seen the righteous forsaken. Neither have I, and I'm over seventy."

Again the old man sang his wife's favorite hymn, and the words "will clothe his people too," came forth with a roll of triumph. They were scarcely uttered, when the door of the workshop was pushed open without ceremony, and the old workman, turning round, saw a gentleman and lady enter. His first thought was that God was fulfilling his promise by sending him a customer, and he bent deferentially before his visitors.

"You don't know us, Mr. Webster," said the gentleman.

"No," said the old man, "no, I don't know you, but there's something familiar in the tone of your voice. I think I must have met you somewhere."

"Yes, you have, and if you had not met me I might have been in some state's prison now or lying dead in a drunkard's grave. I am a respectable tradesman now, with a good bank account and the best wife in the world. Fred Bertram's name is respected on the other side the frontier, but all he is, and has, he owes to a good old Christian named George Webster, who was a father to an orphan boy."

"Fred, my boy, is it really you? God bless you," said the old man, his voice thick with tears of joy. "God bless you and your wife, too. I'm glad to have seen you both before I die."

"Oh, don't you talk of dying yet; I have something else for you to do. I am coming in the morning to give away everything here but your old arm-chair and your old Bible. I am going to take you and them away with me to my home. I always said when I had a home I would not sleep in it until you were there, and I am going to keep my word."

"No, Fred, my boy. It's good o' you to say so, but I can't go to be a burden on you and your wife."

"Look here," said Mr. Bertram, "my wife knows all about it, and we're agreed on this, so, you obstinate old man, you may consider yourself booked north, and you are going to live in a house that is a good deal more yours than mine."

"Well," said the old workman, when his visitors were gone, "I guess I'm provided for, after all. I wish Mary was alive to see it. I know what she would say. She was quite right. The Lord's Bank was the best place for our savings."

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Once tried, used always."

THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

JUST before the dawning bright,
The darkest hour may be,
Ere the rays of golden light
Shall bid the shadows flee.

Darkest clouds of angry hue
May sweep across the skies,
Hiding, for a time, from view,
Light behind that lies.

Longest night will have its day;
Its glorious sunrise, too.
Earthly storms will pass away,
When heaven comes in view.

Short will seem the longest road,
And mild the keenest pain,
Which led us to that blest abode,
Where peace and love doth reign.

—L. A. N.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

MR. PICKWICK.

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a2.

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in cases of affections of the nervous system, complicated with **Bright's Disease** of the **Kidneys** or with a **Gouty Diathesis.** The results have been eminently satisfactory. Lithia has for many years been a favorite with me in like cases, but the

Buffalo Lithia Water Acts Better than any Extemporaneous Solution

of the Lithia salts, and is moreover, better borne by the stomach. I also often prescribe it in those cases of cerebral hyperæmia resulting from over mental work—in which the condition called **Nervous Dyspepsia** exists—and generally with marked benefit."

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A PARISIAN PERSECUTOR.

A RECENT visitor to the French capital tells a remarkable story of the conversion at one of the McAll mission stations of a woman who had been a bitter and relentless opponent of the work. He says: "One of the latest converts is of a woman at the Gare d'Ivry, Paris. She was the wife of the Janitor at a building which had to be entered by those who attended the mission-hall. She manifested the most vindictive hatred to the evangelists and the people who attended the services. She even used to let a savage dog loose upon the people, several of whom were bitten. The devoted evangelist, M. Sagnol, bore wonderfully with her, and persisted, in spite of her rude treatment, in often paying her short visits, though, to use his own expression, he could not succeed in putting in a word for Christ. Several of his friends, however, agreed with him to make the woman a special subject for prayer. One day she surprised the evangelist by saying, 'You cannot imagine how wicked I am.' 'That is a good sign; when we begin to know ourselves, there is hope of amendment.' 'Ah! sir, you mistake. I shall never be changed; the evil is too old, it has taken too deep root.' For a long time she seemed hopeless. After some appropriate passages of Scripture had been read to her she only cried, 'I am lost, I am lost!' M. Sagnol then asked her to attend the hall, which she had never once entered for any meeting. 'Come in,' he said, "I will pray with you, for the Good Shepherd is seeking to save you." She wept much. On his next visit, a week afterwards, a mighty transformation had taken place. 'All is well,' she said, 'I am in peace. He has found me.'"

A PICTURE SERVICE IN ARMENIA.

THE missionaries in the territories under the government of the Sultan of Turkey are following in a scriptural way the Apostle's example of being "all things to all men." Some inveterate opponents of the Gospel who would on no account attend the preaching, have been induced to listen to the explanation of pictures. A description of one of these services held at Chomakiu in Eastern Turkey is sent to the *Independent* by Rev. J. L. Fowle, a missionary of the American Board. The following is an extract from his letter:

Of the 300 present at least one-half were Gregorians (Armenians of the old church). Through ignorance and bigotry many of these latter had never set foot inside our Protestant chapel in all the years that the Gospel has been preached there. But that night curiosity got the better of bigotry; in spite of priestly protest they crowded in, and as most of the pictures were on Bible scenes, the explaining of them gave us a good chance to preach the Word. Abraham sacrificing Isaac; The Judgment of Solomon; Daniel; The Prodigal, and some of those regarding the Christ were especially useful in this line. They kept very quiet, but exclamations of surprise could not be restrained; some were moved to tears, and many of the devout made the sign of the cross and repeated the formula, "God is blessed!" This was especially true on Saturday evening when more than 400 were present, at least 250 of them being Gregorians. We had arranged for an examination for candidates for admission to the church on Saturday at 5 P. M., and a sermon at 8 o'clock. But the brethren begged so hard on behalf of the Gregorians who had not seen the pictures that I consented to show the lantern again after the sermon. To prevent any one's saying we had inveigled them into listening to a sermon we told them that, by appointment, there would be a sermon, and that any who did not want to listen were at liberty to go. Not a soul stirred, and for more than an hour they listened to a simple Gospel sermon preached by my companion, Karmi Effendi. Then the lantern was brought in, and they listened eagerly to a series of short sermons, with the pictures as texts. On Sunday large numbers of these same persons—men and women formerly bitterly opposed to us—were present, both morning and afternoo .

A SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE.

WHILE curious superstitions are encountered in all lands and many of them exist even among ourselves there is no land in which they exercise so much influence as in Ceylon. Mr. W. S. Howland gives a long list of these strange notions which, it appears, often survive after the Ceylonese native has learned from the missionary the truths of the Gospel. "A whole code of signs" he says, "are connected with lizards. In general their chirping is regarded as a warning. I have known a large company to be listening apparently with great interest, and the word seemed to have power over their hearts, when suddenly a lizard chirps, and all the interest is gone, they are uneasy, and one after another leaves. One family I knew were just starting out to attend a festival, when a lizard chirped, and they felt themselves obliged to stay at home. The flight of crows, hawks, and other birds, has various meanings. A new house has a white flag put on its roof, to prevent crows from alighting on it, which would be ill-omened. It is unlucky to see a deformed person first in the morning. A conch shell is buried by the door-sill, so that its white surface may be the first thing seen in the morning and bring good luck. Above all, they are afraid of the evil eye. A child's good looks, if praised, will cause it to waste away and die. A good crop must not be commended. Often we see a hideous scarecrow, as we should call it, in a tobacco field—a stuffed man with a bow or gun; but it is only there to keep off the evil eye, by attracting attention to itself rather than to the crop. Moreover, evil spirits are everywhere, and up to all sorts of mischief, and must be warded off. Mystic figures and diagrams on a scroll, in a gold or silver case, are bound on the arm or neck. Devil drivers with all their arts are employed. Certain trees are considered haunted."

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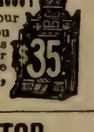

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

The Rev. T. B. Stephenson, the new President of the Wesleyan Conference in England, and His Noble Work for the Master.

AT its recent session in Wesley Chapel, Nottingham, England, the 148th Conference of the Wesley Methodist Body elected as its President the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, D.D., to succeed the retiring President, Rev. Dr. Moulton. The selection of Dr. Stephenson for this high office brings into prominence one of the most eminent and devoted of God's servants in the Methodist ministry, who has given abundant proof of his deep and earnest sympathies with the poorer classes and those whom it is difficult to reach through the usual channels of church organization. Dr. Stephenson has, by his evangelistic ardor, his zeal in the temperance cause and his unceasing efforts in behalf of the fallen, succeeded in accomplishing so great a moral work in a number of English cities, that we are justified in presenting his portrait and a sketch of his career to the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in the present issue.

PRINCESS ALICE ORPHANGE.

Origin of the Home.

Born in Sheffield and educated at the London University, he received his preparation for the ministry at the Richmond Theological Institution, and was afterward stationed successively at Norwich, Manchester, Bolton and London. While laboring in the latter city as a Wesleyan minister, his field being in the neighborhood of a notorious quarter known as the "New Cut," he was impressed with the wretchedness, vice, and crime which infested that locality, and longed to do something practical in the way of rescuing the children from the inevitable career awaiting, them if left to such surroundings. Calling to his help a few friends like-minded with himself, a little house in Lambeth was taken, and transformed into a refuge for a few poor and needy boys and girls. A stable at the rear was transformed into a dining-room, and a hay-loft over it into a dormitory. Such was the small beginning. Presently another house was taken until at length the home was moved to Bonner Road, Victoria Park, and from that time it rapidly developed, till to-day

There are Over 800 Children

in the various branches of it. Though under the direction of the Wesleyan Conference, no question of sect or creed influences the selection of its inmates, the most pressing and needy cases being invariably dealt with. Strange histories are attached to many of the children thus rescued and nourished.

The principle on which this institution is based is to supply these children with a home. It is not a mere institution where the children are gathered together, fed, clothed, taught in a mass; but it is a collection of families, each having its own house, its "house-mother," and distinct family life. There can be no doubt this home life is the secret of the success which has attended Dr. Stephenson's work. A child is brought from the vilest surroundings, unaccustomed to control, vicious, dishonest, profane and filthy; but in the course of a few weeks it may be seen playing amongst other children

Singing the Songs of Zion,

clothed, and in its right mind. What has wrought the change? The same divine power of love, which brought the Son of God into the world to seek and save the lost.

In a little book, entitled *The Story of the Home*, Dr. Stephenson points out the distinctive features upon which the work is based. 1. It is a religious work, a mission for Christ Jesus to his neediest little ones. 2. It is industrial, for the children are trained to habits of industry, and put upon the lines of industrial progress. 3. The idea suggested by the title "Home," is admirably carried out by the system adopted of placing the little ones not in barracks, but in homes.

In addition to the London Homes there are others near Bolton in Lancashire, at Ramsay, Isle of Man; at Milton, near Gravesend; and at Erdington, near Birmingham, several of which are illustrated in this issue. There is also a branch

In Canada

where the children who emigrate there are lodged until situations are found for them. Before their arrival the resident governor has advertised their coming, and received applications for them, making inquiries as to the character and suitability of the applicants. Within a few weeks most of the children are provided with situations in Canada, but they are by no means lost sight of. By correspondence, inquiries, and personal visits, the agent makes himself acquainted with their condition and circumstances.

In 1880, the Wesleyan Conference testified its appreciation of Dr. Stephenson's labors by electing him into the "Legal Hundred," and the following year he received from an American university the honorary degree of LL.D. He served as a member of the London School Board and took an active part in philanthropic and social movements. It is now thirteen years since, owing to the great development ment of philanthropic work, he relinquished other duties and devoted himself exclusively to the oversight of the Home and its varied branches.

REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON.

ISLE OF MAN BRANCH.

Upward of $75,000 annually are required to sustain these organizations. The London branch is situated on Bonner road, near Victoria Park, and consists of a square block of buildings with gymnasium and playgrounds, and having workshops in the rear, where the children are taught the rudiments of the useful trades. Each individual building has its distinctive name, being called after the donor; thus: "Laleham House," is the gift of a lady and her wealthy pupils at Laleham, Clapham; the "Sunday School House," is the result of contributions by Sunday School teachers and scholars during two years; the "Walton Memorial House" was the gift of a gentleman in memory of his deceased wife. The "Home Chapel," where services are held, is a simple yet beautiful structure, and is always open to the public for worship. The other branches at Edgeworth in Lancashire, Milton, near Gravesend, at Ramsey, in the Isle of Man, and in the city of Hamilton, Ont., Canada, are also the outcome of similar generosity on the part of

HAMILTON, ONT., BRANCH.

Christian Benefactors

some of the donors being in South Africa, India and Australia. Among the interesting features at these branches are a model farm, ragged schools, and self-regulated workshops, besides libraries and abundantly equipped schools. The Wheatsheaf Farm, connected with the Bolton branch, has a beautiful building (which was formerly a whiskey-shop) and 100 acres of land.

Soon after the "Home" was founded its promoters had their attention directed towards emigration, inasmuch as many of the boys and girls began to approach the age at which it was right to earn their own living, and two difficulties had to be faced. The labor market was not in a condition which promised much aid to them in their struggle, and, on the other hand, many of them were taken from associations which would be certain to cling around them with a most disastrous effect. Hence it was an absolute necessity that they should be enabled to commence their active career in some place to which their relatives could have no easy access, and from which, during the first years in which their judgment was to grow to independence, it would not be easy for them to return to their old haunts. At that time the late and deeply lamented Dr. Punshon was resident in Canada. He took, from the very first, a deep interest in the work of the "Home," and suggested that that great and enterprising country would afford peculiar advantages to the children. At his suggestion Dr. Stephenson paid a visit to Canada, in order to make the necessary inquiries, and at length it was determined to send out parties of children to that country. Through the liberality and influence of Dr. Punshon, aided by many generous Canadian friends, the committee were able to establish the Canadian Branch, which is a commodious house, with eight acres of land attached, and conveniently situated near the city of Hamilton, Ont. A Canadian farmer will take a boy of ten or twelve into his house, and treat him as a member of his own family. When a party of young emigrants are thus sent out an officer of the "Home" goes with them, and on their arrival they proceed direct to the Canadian branch, where they pass into the hands of the resident governor. Almost all of those so provided for have prospered and done credit to the excellent Christian training received at the Home.

The Princess Alice Orphanage.

One of the latest extensions of Dr. Stephenson's plans is the Princess Alice Orphanage, which owes its origin to the liberality of Mr. S. Jervis, a wealthy gentleman of Birmingham, who gave $50,000 as the nucleus of a fund for the purpose. It is situated at Erdington, near Birmingham, on an estate of eighteen acres, and accommodates 300 orphans. It is established for the destitute orphan children of Christian parents. Like the other branches of this far-reaching moral and benevolent enterprise, it is not endowed, but is entirely dependent upon the voluntary offerings of practical Christian people who sympathize with those helpless little ones and are willing to stretch forth the helping hand of mercy. The cost of maintaining the Homes is great, and the financial pressure is often severe, but thus far God's people in many lands have not failed to respond nobly to these deserving charities, remembering the risen Saviour's injunction: "Feed my lambs."

LANCASHIRE BRANCH.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE CORN-CRIB OF EGPYT.

Dr. Talmage's Text is: *Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.* Gen. 43: 3.

THIS summer, having crossed eighteen of the United States, North, South, East and West, I have to report the mightiest harvests that this country or any other country ever reaped. If the grain gamblers do not somehow wreck these harvests, we are about to enter upon the grandest scene of prosperity that America has ever witnessed. But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations threatened with famine, and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will I fear be uttered, the cry for bread. I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table, and so little appreciated; the product of harvest field, and grist-mill, and oven; the price of sweat, and anxiety, and struggle, —Bread! Jacob the father, has the last report from the flour-bin, and he finds that everything is out; and he says to his sons: "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt, and get us something to eat." The fact was, there was a great corn-crib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between seventy and eighty per cent. of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corn-crib, and it was full.

The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot, and burst into tears. The fact was, that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the corn-crib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview: "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money—even your younger brother Benjamin." Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son —a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart-break. "Why did you tell them you had a brother?" said the old man, complaining and chiding them. "Why, father," they said, "he asked us all about our family, and we had no idea he would make any such demand upon us as he has made." "No use of asking me," said the father, "I cannot, I will not, give up Benjamin." The fact was that the old man had lost children; and when there has been bereavement in a household, and a child taken, it makes the other children in the household more precious. So the day for departure was adjourned, and adjourned, and adjourned. Still the horrors of the famine increased, and louder moaned the cattle, and wider open cracked the earth, and more pallid became the cheeks, until Jacob, in despair, cried out to his sons, "Take Benjamin and be off." The older sons tried to cheer up their father. They said: "We have strong arms and a stout heart, and no harm will come to Benjamin. We'll see that he gets back again." "Farewell!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-l!" said the old man; for that word has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young.

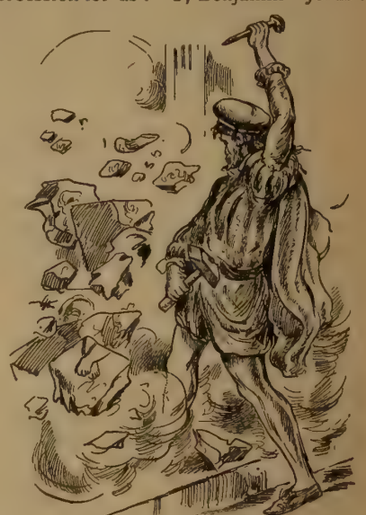
Well, the bread party—the bread embassy—drives up in front of the corn-crib of Egypt. These corn-cribs are filled with wheat, and barley, and corn in the husk, for those who have travelled in Canaan and Egypt know that there is corn there corresponding with our Indian maize. Huzza! the journey is ended. The lord of the corn-crib, who is also the Prime Minister, comes down to these arrived travellers, and says: "Dine with me today. How is your father? Is this Benjamin, the younger brother whose presence I demanded?" Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to Canaan to old Jacob, that "Benjamin is well; all is well; he is faring sumptuously; the Egyptian lord did not mean murder and death; but he meant deliverance and life when he announced to us on that day: 'Ye shall not see my face unless your brother be with you.'"

Well, my friends, this world is famine-struck of sin. It does not yield a single crop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It

"IS THIS BENJAMIN?"

is hunger-bitten. The fact that it does not, cannot, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did everything for him that the world could do. He was applauded in England and applauded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satiating his soul, he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat, that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep in-doors, that the sun did not burst forth in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow-bone broken, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making his instead, than in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds, and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a baker, every one in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All unhappy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he asks a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appropriate to his case, the story of "The Bleeding Heart." Torrigiano the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." The royal family came in and admired it. Everybody that looked at it was in ecstacy; but one day, after all that toil, and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great corn-crib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase, that corn-crib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad, and fifteen hundred high; and it is full. Food for all nations. "O!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment; for from the keeper of that corn-crib there comes this word, saying: "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon, and comfort, and eternal life, unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the corn-crib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul, and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the King and at the table; and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own table to other tables he will not forget us; and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive blessing, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power."

I want to make three points. Every frank and common-sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a bar for the admission of all, without respect to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the corn-crib of heavenly supply; and a voice from within says: "Are you alone?" The sinner replies: "All alone." The voice from within says "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." O, that is the point at which so many are discomforted. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him we are accepted. Coming without him, we are rejected. Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests, when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O, anxious sinner! O, dying sinner! O, lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this Divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the store-houses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? O, yes. Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was "Son of my Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers was nothing compared with the struggle of God when he gave up his only Son. The omnipotent God in a birth throe! And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand?" Did not Stephen look into heaven and see him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us? O, Benjamin—Jesus!

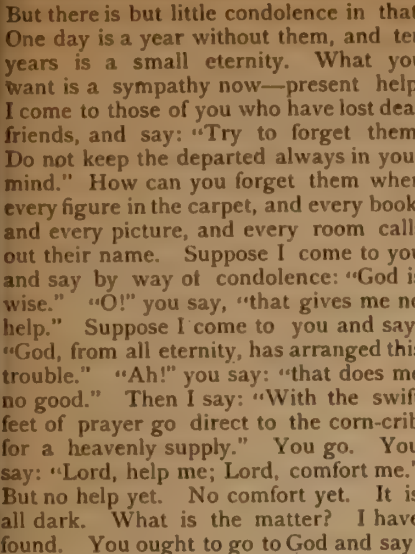


TORRIGIANO'S SACRIFICE.

Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows and his death. If you refuse to do it, all the corn-cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement: "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

My text also suggests the reason why so many people do not get any real comfort. You meet ten people; nine of them are in need of some kind of condolence. There is something in their health, or in their state or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib, or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted themselves to death, and yet it did not stop the plague. And all the music of this world cannot halt the plague of the human heart. I come to some one whose ailments are chronic, and I say: "In heaven you will never be sick." That does not give you much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet those

loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in that. One day is a year without them, and ten years is a small eternity. What you want is a sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every figure in the carpet, and every book, and every picture, and every room calls out their name. Suppose I come to you and say by way of condolence: "God is wise." "O!" you say, "that gives me no help." Suppose I come to you and say: "God, from all eternity, has arranged this trouble." "Ah!" you say: "that does me no good." Then I say: "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the corn-crib for a heavenly supply." You go. You say: "Lord, help me; Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? I have found. You ought to go to God and say: "Here, O Lord, are the wounds of my soul, and I bring with me the wounded Jesus. Let his wounds pay for my wounds, his bereavements for my bereavements, his loneliness for my loneliness, his heart-break for my heart-break. O, God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ—the God, the man, the Benjamin, the brother—deliver my agonized soul. O, Jesus of the weary foot, ease my fatigue. O, Jesus of the aching head, heal my aching head. O, Jesus of the Bethany sisters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave." That is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you are getting no help at all, for the reason that there is in your soul, perhaps, a secret trouble. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is now gone away, and that great sorrow is still in your soul. After Washington Irving was dead, they found a little box that contained a braid of hair and a miniature, and the name of Matilda Hoffman, and a memorandum of her death, and a remark something like this: "The world after that was a blank to



PETER AND THE PRIESTS.

me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night and by day, and I am afraid to be alone."

How many unuttered troubles! No human ear has ever heard the sorrow. O, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this solace; and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than take the Divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." O, that you might understand something of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and immensity, and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further, and find in my subject a hint as to the way heaven opens to the departing spirit. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a monetary condition. There is nothing to be paid at that door for entrance; but the condition of getting into heaven is our bringing our Divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the prayer offered more than all the other prayers put together—"Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." One of our congregation, when asked in the closing moments of his life, "Do you know us?" said: "O, yes, I know you. God bless you. Good-by. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and he was gone. O, yes, in the closing moments of our life we must have a Christ to call upon. If Jacob's sons had gone toward Egypt, and had gone with the very finest equipage, and had not taken Benjamin along with them, and to the question they should have been obliged to answer: "Sir, we didn't bring him, as father could not let him go; we didn't want to be bothered with him," a voice from within would have said: "Go away from us. You shall not have any of this supply. You shall not see my face because your brother is not with you." And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all luxuriance and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance, and it is found that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the bread-house, saying: "Depart, I never knew you." If Jacob's sons, coming toward Egypt, had lost everything on the way; if they had expended their last shekel; if they had come up utterly exhausted to the corn-cribs of Egypt, and it had been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store-houses would have swung open before them. And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though we may be weak and exhausted by protracted sickness—if, in that last moment, we can only just stagger, and faint, and fall into the gate of heaven—it seems that all the corn-cribs of heaven will open for our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the king shall pass a portion from his table to ours, and then, while we think of the fact that it was Jesus who started us on the road, and Jesus who kept us on the way, and Jesus who at last gained admittance for our soul, we shall be glad if he has seen of the travail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be at all jealous if it be found that our Divine Benjamin's mess is five times larger than all the rest. Hail! anointed of the Lord. Thou art worthy.

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and to one of them, only, you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If it were a choice between oratarios, you might say: "I prefer the 'Creation,'" or "I prefer the 'Messiah.'" But here it is a choice between eternal harmony and everlasting discord. O, will you live or die? Will you start for the Egyptian corn-crib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanitish famine? "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

A CHILD'S PLEA.

REPROOF delicately given by a child recalled her mother recently to a neglected duty. The mother, says the *Youth's Companion* in relating the incident, is a lady of wealth and much occupied with social and charitable duties. Every day some engagement connected with philanthropic enterprises in which she was an energetic worker took her away from home. One day as she was dressing hurriedly while her carriage waited at the door, her little daughter came to her and asked her to show her how to play a new game. The request seemed trivial to the mother, who answered sharply, "Nonsense, this is Board day at the Hospital and I am late now." The child's countenance fell and she said wistfully, "I wish there was a day sometimes you could call my day, Mamma." The words went home, and from that time the little girl has had one day every week which her mother spends with her, and to which the child looks forward all the week. It was well that the reproof was given and accepted, or the mother might some day have had occasion to utter the lament which so many parents have uttered: "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." (Cant. 1: 6.)

A NEW MINERAL.

REPORTS of the discovery of a new mineral in Texas are arousing intense interest among electricians and scientific men. It is a substance resembling asphalt, and it is said to be unaffected by water, heat, acid or alkalies, and therefore the most perfect insulator yet discovered. Numerous tests have been made. Prof. Hamilton, the electrician of the Western Electric Company, certifies that under tests executed in the most exhaustive manner wire prepared with a covering of the material showed a resistance sevenfold greater than that offered by any other wire. The supply of this material is said to be practically unlimited as it is found in veins ranging in depth from two to forty feet. The world of science and mechanical industry will wait with interest further investigation, which is needed to prove the utility of the new discovery beyond peradventure. Electricians will not be slow to appreciate the value of this discovery if the material possesses all the qualities claimed for it. One of their chief difficulties has consisted in finding an insulator sufficiently pliable and durable, as the wires must be protected from the weather and other influences or they would soon cease to perform their functions. The Christian, too, sometimes ceases to perform his functions through imperfect insulation. When the trials and temptations and worries of the world are able to disturb his spirit he cannot carry the message of God to men nor give the light that Christ expects him to give. (Matt. 5: 16.) Such protection God provides for all who seek it. (Eph. 6: 13.)

A MARRIAGE ON A MOUNTAIN.

AN unexpected difficulty delayed a marriage in Pennsylvania last week. A press dispatch from Lewistown, Pa,, says that a minister at Milroy was about to unite in marriage a couple who had come fifteen miles across the Seven Mountains to be married in his church, when he discovered that the ceremony could not be legally performed there. The bridegroom had procured his licence in Centre County, while Milroy is in Mifflin County. The couple were grievously disappointed, and thought the clergyman was unnecessarily scrupulous, but he went out and consulted a lawyer, who confirmed his opinion. It was already late in the day snd the couple feared that if they returned to Centre County they might not find anyone to marry them, besides missing the pleasure on which they had set their hearts of being married by this particular minister. After further consultation the suggestion was made that the minister return with them, and he agreed to do so. They climbed the third of the Seven Mountains which marks the exact boundary of the two counties, and having crossed the line at the top, the ceremony was performed by the wayside. The minister assured them that the ceremony, in that strange and solitary place and amid those sublime natural surroundings, was just as binding and sacred as if it had been performed in a cathedral. That it was so there is no question, though the parties needed his assurance of the fact. The same assurance may be given to those who imagine that union with Christ, of which marriage is a type, must necessarily be a matter of church ceremonial. Much sorrow and many mistakes might be avoided if less stress were placed on admission to church-membership, confirmation and the rite of baptism, and more on the personal consecration, which should precede all that, and which should take place in private. (II. Cor. 8: 5.)

A WOLF IN THE BOWERY.

SOME alarm was caused among parents on the East side of New York last week by the news that a real live wolf was at large in the city. It was a large powerful animal, which, with two others, had been in one of the Bowery shows, in the play of Red Riding Hood. When they were first put on the stage, the wolves were young and harmless, but as they grew older and stronger, the owner noticed that they were rough with the child, who acted with them. Fearing that they might hurt her, he substituted a large doll for the child, but the public could see no piquancy in a doll being worried by the wolves and the show no longer drew good audiences. The manager therefore decided to get rid of the animals, as their appetites were ravenous and their temper uncertain. He presented them to the Central Park Menagerie, but in conveying them there, one of the wolves broke loose and escaped. Every mother who heard of it was in terror about her children and it was not until two days afterward when she heard that the wolf had been found and secured that her fear was allayed. The alarm was natural and reasonable, but it is not always exercised when there is greater cause for it. If parents only realized that their children were exposed to the assaults of a more deadly enemy, who devours body and soul, they would show more concern about their safety than is common. (I. Peter 5 :8).

AN UNNATURAL CHOICE.

A PATHETIC story is related by the Atlanta *Constitution*. It states that an aged citizen, who has been all his life a hardworking mechanic fell sick some time ago and has not been able to work. He became involved in debt and being pressed for security if payment was impossible, he gave a chattel mortgage on an organ. The instrument had been purchased by his wife and their daughter, who were both fond of music and the latter a skilled performer. The man was iuduced to make the organ the subject of the mortgage by the fact that it was the most valuable article in the house. He expected to discharge the debt before the mortgage matured, but was unable to do so. When the creditor went to seize the organ, he was stoutly resisted by the mother and daughter, who proved their ownership. He then warned them that unless they yielded he would have to arrest the man. They told him that he might do as he liked, but he should not have the organ. Thereupon, he had the man arrested and imprisoned. To a friend, who visited him in jail, the prisoner sorrowfully declared that he suffered less from his imprisonment than he did from the thought that his wife and daughter cared less for him than they did for their music, that having to give up him or the organ, they had decided to give up him. It is not surprising that the man felt hurt for it showed how little they loved him. Crises sometimes come in the lives of professed followers of Christ, which similarly test the sincerity of their devotion to him. When they must give up some cherished sin, or some business advantage, or violate his commands they show by their decision whether, they are really his disciples. (Matt. 19 :29.)

THE BLIND MAN.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 13. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 9 : 1-11 and 35-38. Golden Text, John 9 : 25.

"AS Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth." Jesus had spoken of himself as "The Light of the World ;" now light and darkness were to come in contact. The disciples, ever ready to speak, even in the presence of him, the power of whose words ought to have always commanded silence, lest one of them should be lost, spoke out the thoughts which were working within them. "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Oh, the unkind, condemnatory spirit of the natural mind of man; how unlovely and unloving is the flesh! The first thought of man on seeing distress was, whose fault is it? the first thought of Jesus, how can it be cured? Jesus answered, "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." The disciple looked on what he was, the Saviour on what he could make him; and he continued: "*We* must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work. When I am in the world, I am the Light of the world."

"*We* must work;" O how lovely the fellowship just when the disciples had shown a spirit so unlike his! Jesus always carried out in deed what he uttered in word. "When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay." Out of the dead, dark, earthly thing his creative power brought sight and life! It is so ever. Let Jesus come with the most unlikely things, the most unlikely circumstances, the most unlikely hearts, and all is changed. The blind man had nothing to do but to yield. Made doubly blind with the clay upon his sightless eyeballs, he had nevertheless a clear direction from him whose word was life and power, "Go to the pool of Siloam, and wash." If he reasoned, he would easily see that there was no power to give sight to such as he in the mere waters of Siloam; if he recognized the authority of the word of Jesus, he would not reason, but obey. This he did, and came seeing.

Faith Does not Ask How

God will work, by what process he will do this or that; faith takes him simply at his word, and sees a mightier logic in the fact that he who made the world must understand and rightly rule his own creation, than in all the reasonings of created creatures. The Jews could talk, and nothing came of it; Jesus, the Son of God, could *do* mighty works, and always to help the helpless.

The restoration of sight to this well-known blind man caused a great sensation; the neighbors began to talk about it: "Is not this he that sat and begged? Some said; this is he, others said, he is like him." The object of all this discussion, carried on apparently in his presence, gave his own testimony, "I am he." "How were thine eyes opened?" was the natural interrogation which followed. "A man that is called Jesus made clay, and anointed mine eyes, and said unto me, go to the pool of Siloam, and wash: and I went, and washed, and I received sight." "Where is he?" they inquired, "I know not," was the rejoinder. It was entirely outside the bounds of their experiences; the fact was patent; a man born blind, whom they all knew well, had received power to see; but there was something wrong about it in their eyes. The chief priests had nothing to do with it, the elders had nothing to do with it, nor yet the physicians. It was against all their ideas that such things should be done outside the medical and ecclesiastical professions; where would all this end?

It was Preposterous;

who gave this man Jesus of Nazareth his diploma to act as a physician? Who gave him authority to teach and gain such an influence over the people? This thing must be stopped. So said man; so says man to this day. Nothing so angers the natural heart as to be forced to bow before an unseen God, and to acknowledge his working; while the failure of man and especially of men in honor is made apparent.

While the poor man was blind, no one troubled about him; a little alms, more or less reluctantly given, and he went out of sight and out of mind: his blindness was a matter of no consequence to any other than his parents, himself, and the Lord Jesus. But the busy neighbors, now that he could see, thought it necessary to bring him before the Pharisees that they might judge of the propriety of the cure, and they at once laid their fingers on a flaw: it was the Sabbath day when Jesus made the clay and anointed the blind man's eyes; even if it was right for him to be cured at all, he was cured on the wrong day. So after putting the blind man again through a catechism, and receiving the same answers as the neighbors, they pronounced their opinion, "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day." Others, who were less prejudiced, argued, "How can a man who is a sinner do such miracles?" And, as so frequently was the case, "there was a division among them." But they could not let the matter rest; they must account for it some way, just as every real conversion of a man from sin to holiness, from selfishness to unselfishness and Christlikeness, from things of time to those of eternity, is a fact which unconverted men have to explain some way; and just as every healing by the Lord in answer to prayer, where medical science has failed, is a phenomenon which must be accounted for by the intervention of God, so was it with the case of the blind man. These unbelievers, who were unwilling to give God credit for what was done, took for granted the man was an impostor, just as many now-a-days will not believe that one who is now a Christ-like and unselfish, heavenly-minded man was once as fleshly and carnal and selfish as those around him; and these Pharisees would not believe the blind man's story until they called his parents, who fully corroborated his statement that he was born blind, but left him to state the circumstances of his restoration, fearing that if they acknowledged Jesus to be Christ they would "be put out of the synagogue," and they would rather have Jesus misjudged even when he had healed their son than suffer the reproach themselves of being excommunicated!

Making no way with the parents, they sought to destroy the influence of Jesus with the poor blind man, and said: "Give God the praise, we know that this man is a sinner." "Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not," said the man,

"One thing I Know,

that whereas I was blind, now I see." Nothing could rob him of this fact. From darkness he had been brought to light, no one could persuade him that he did not see, the great fact was a new life to him, and he knew the author of the change; it was not for him to judge or reason, but to give thanks. There was strong common sense in his position but there was more: there was true loyalty to Jesus. But even now the enemies of the Lord were not silenced; they questioned the man once again, and he retaliated: "I have told you already, and ye did not hear; wherefore would ye hear it again? will ye also be his disciples?" It might have seemed to him utterly impossible that they should seek to know so much about Jesus without having the intention to become his followers. His followers or his enemies they must be, for they were not indifferent. Then they reviled him, saying, as their hardest accusation, "Thou art his disciple, but we are Moses' disciples. We know that God spake unto Moses; but as for this man, we know not whence he is." It was the unreal who were dealing with the real. The man was in a new world, he had come into possession of a new sense, of which he began to see marvellous possibilities. "Why, herein is the marvel, that ye know not whence he is," that ye who have possessed sight have never used it to discover all that is to be known about Jesus, "and yet he," this marvellous man about whom you are so callous, opened "mine eyes! We know that God heareth not sinners, but if any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth. Since the world began it was never heard that any one opened the eyes of a man born blind. If this man were not from God, he could do nothing." The fact speaks for itself, God has heard him, he does do things such as no other has done.

The man had to pay dear for his honesty, "they cast him out" of the synagogue, as a heathen unfit to worship with the Jews. It is a law of the true divine life; "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus

Must Suffer Persecution."

Now, as of old, he that is born after the flesh persecutes him that is born after the Spirit; the friend of the world is always the enemy of God. Whenever a child of God is not persecuted in some way or other, he is in danger. "Woe unto you when all men speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets." Every man who is really converted has to face the question whether he will follow Jesus at a cost, or whether he will follow the ordinary run of dead alive Christians who are a drag upon the Church of Christ and no glory to God. It is just when we have accepted the vocation of denying ourselves and taking up our cross daily and following Jesus that he reveals himself more fully to us. It was when the once blind man was cast out of the synagogue that "Jesus found him." He had been seeking him. O the love and care of the good Shepherd. He asked him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "Who is he, Lord, that I may believe on him." (R.V.) "Thou hast both seen him, and it is he that talketh with thee." This man was prepared for a revelation of Jesus. In the first place, he obeyed unquestioningly when Jesus had anointed him with the clay, and sent him to Siloam. Then he had acted in all sincerity of heart in his answers to the neighbors and the Pharisees, without any double motive, and at the cost of being excommunicated, even before he was an intelligent disciple of Christ. Nothing else and nobody else filled the place in his heart and life which Jesus sought for, and immediately when he revealed himself, the man "worshipped him."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

I MUST work while it is day. Yes, Jesus was a busy man. He had no time for the foibles and follies of this world. He must be about his Father's business. He came to seek and to save the lost and when he ascended to heaven he commissioned us to carry on the good work. Are we proving faithful to our Lord and Master or do we permit the trifles of life to engross our attention? Do we find time to match colors but none for prayer? Time to read foolish novels, but none for the Bible? Time for picnics, time for balls, time for theatres, time for idle gossip, time for everything except to do the work of God? Are we money blind and money mad, devoting ourselves to money making? Purchasing conveniences and comforts for these poor mortal bodies, utterly neglecting our never-dying souls? Discarding the precious gem and jealously guarding the casket? O, let us stop right here, and ask divine pardon for past omissions, reconsecrate ourselves and diligently apply our time and our attention to the service of our blessed Immanuel.

Mr. Moody tells us that when in London, he heard a man speaking with wonderful power and earnestness. His curiosity being excited he inquired "Who is that man?" "Why that is Dr. ——, he is blind." At the close of the meeting he sought an interview and then learned that he had been stricken blind when very young. His mother took him to a doctor and inquired about his sight. "You must give up all hope," said the doctor gravely. "Your boy is blind, and will be so forever." "What! Do you think my boy will never see," asked his mother. "Never again." The mother took her boy to her bosom and cried, "Oh, my boy! who will take care of you when I am gone? Whom can you look to?" Forgetting the faithfulness of that God she had taught him to love. He became a servant of the Lord and was permitted to print the Bible in twelve different languages, printed in raised letters; similar to those recently published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, so that all the blind people could read the Scriptures themselves. He thus secured a congregation of three millions of people, and it seemed to Mr. Moody that that blind man was the happiest man in all London. He was naturally blind, but he had eyes to his soul and could see a bright eternity in the future. We naturally pity those who have not their natural sight, but how much more will we pity ourselves in the day of judgment that we who had eyes to see, were so wilfully blind as to lose sight of heaven while so keenly awake to our earthly interests.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted,
The Lamp of Life deny?
Salvation! Oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation,
Has learned Messiah's name.

Is not this he that sat and begged. Yes, indeed, it is the very same man, but what a wonderful transformation has been wrought by Jesus! Yesterday a beggar—to-day the child of a king. Yesterday, poor, miserable, helpless—today exulting in Jesus, his strength and his salvation. Yesterday, blind, sitting in darkness—to-day with open eyes walking in the light. Oh! what a wonderful Saviour is Jesus my King! Since last you saw this man he has made the acquaintance of the Prince of Peace, and has opened his heart to receive his Saviour. And when once Jesus enters the human heart, drunkenness and lust, sin and misery, speedily give place to thrift and purity, happiness and peace. His presence in the household, like the Ark of the Covenant in the home of Obed-Edom, brings peace and plenty. Listen to this testimony:

"The other day there was a nice job of work to be done in our shop, requiring very careful management. I heard the boss call out, 'Give that job to Lew, he is the best hand in the shop.' I finished the job, and when I went home that night, I told my wife about it. 'Why Lawrie' said she, 'the boss used to call you the worst hand in the shop. You've lost your bad name, haven't you since you joined the church?'

"'That's a fact, wife,' says I, 'but that isn't all I've lost since then. I used to have poverty and wretchedness, and I've lost them. I used to have an old ragged coat, and a shocking bad hat, and some India rubber boots, that let the water out at the toe as fast as they took it in at the heel. I've lost them. I used to have a red face, and a trembling hand, and a pair of shaky legs, that gave me an awkward tumble every now and then. I've lost them. I used to have a bad habit of cursing and swearing, and I've lost that. I used to have an aching head sometimes, and a heavy heart and worse than all the rest—a guilty conscience; but now, thank God—I've lost them all!'

"And then I told my wife what she had lost.

"'Mary,' said I, 'you used to have an old ragged gown, but you've lost that. And you used to have trouble and sorrow and a poor, wretched home, and plenty of heartaches, for you had a miserable drunkard for a husband, and you've lost all of them. O, Mary, Mary, let us thank the Lord for all that you and I have lost since I signed the pledge and gave my poor wayward heart to God.'"

Hallelujah! Jesus does save!

NEVILLE'S BLINDNESS.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Sept. 13. "One Thing I Know, that, Whereas I Was Blind, Now I See." John 9:25.

DARKNESS was closing in earlier than usual one summer evening. It had not been very light anywhere that day owing to the dark and dense clouds behind which the sun was hidden. It had been a dull day, especially in those poor streets where high tenement houses reared their heads skyward and shut out the rays of the sun except at noon, when it was over head.

In the rear room on the highest floor of one of those high houses a man of some twenty-six years was at work. His high table or bench was close to the one window in the room, for his was the kind of work which needed all the light he could get. He was bending over a block of light yellow wood and looking through a powerful magnifying glass at the lines his tools were tracing on its surface. He worked rapidly as a man does who is working against time. Now and then he would look up and rub his eyes as if they ached. Presently he rose with a sigh and lighted a small

oil lamp which he placed near his work. But there was something wrong with it. He trimmed the wick and polished the chimney and tried again, but he could not see. "I wonder what is the matter?" he said; "I suppose I must have stuck to the work too long." He threw himself on the bed in one corner of the room, previously extinguishing the lamp, with the thoughtfulness of a man to whom every cent was precious. After a short troubled sleep he rose and re-lighted the lamp and set to work again. But after an hour's steady application he was obliged to desist and went back to bed, where he slept soundly.

As he lay there, traces of refinement came out in his face, which were not visible when he was awake. The man looked younger by five years. If his portrait could have been taken then, his mother could have recognized it, as she scarcely would have done the waking face with its lines of care and sorrow. This was the face of Gilbert Neville, the brilliant young artist whom his sisters almost idolized, whom scores of friends loved and of whose success such great things were prophesied. An hour ago, while he was bending over his work, he was George North, the poor, anxious, haggard, shabby wood-engraver, whom none of them would know. Such changes had been made in the four years which had elapsed since he left home, after a quarrel with his father, declaring that he would never return. Dissipation and trouble make havoc of a face in a short time as a tornado changes the face of a country.

It was several hours later when the sleeper awoke and stretched his tired limbs. He groped his way to his bench and lighted his lamp. He could just see a faint glimmer of light from it and no more. A church clock was striking and he counted its strokes. Eight o'clock! Why it must be broad daylight! What was the matter? He staggered back into his chair with a deep groan as the awful truth entered his mind. He was blind!

Neville could not see the faces of the doctors in the hospital to which a fellow-lodger led him for treatment, or, among the young students in the room with the physician, he would have recognized an old friend. "I am sure I know that man," said the student to one of his companions, "yet I cannot place him." He looked at the book in which the patient's name was entered, but "George North" was a name unfamiliar to him. Late that night, however, his memory supplied the link and Neville's identity flashed upon him. By the next mail a letter went to Neville's home reporting the facts.

"We have come to thank you for sending to us," said a dignified gentleman, who with his wife called on the student a few days later. "We have been to the hospital to see our son, but they will not admit us at this hour. We shall see him to-morrow."

"Do tell us about him?" said the lady. "I cannot wait till morning. You do not know how we have grieved about him. There was a misunderstanding, you know. Gilbert was always high spirited and he thought his father was harsh. He was not that, he was only anxious to save him from ruin. Gilbert was being led away. He could not understand that his father loved him when he was trying to restrain him. Oh, it was a dreadful mistake; it has made us all so sad."

"Take him home," was the physician's advice, when the next day the father and mother consulted him in the hospital." Perhaps rest and quiet may do something for him. At present, we can do nothing. It is quite hopeless so far as medical skill is concerned. After a time an operation might be performed, but it would do him no good now.

They took him home, unresisting, though he had vowed he would never enter those doors again. But who could resist the mother's tenderness and the father's manly sympathy! No allusion was made to the past, but Gilbert knew that he was forgiven.

"This is a new note for you to sing," said one of Gilbert's old associates to whom he had been speaking in praise of his father's kindness and of the attention all the family lavished upon him. "You used to resent the old man's arbitrary ways. I suppose you find it necessary to be meek now your blindness has made you dependent on them."

"No, it is not that," Gilbert answered. "I think I might do pretty much as I used to do, without reproof now. They are so sorry for me, they would indulge me in any way. But I seem to have gained mental eyesight when my physical eyes were blinded. I see more than I did before. It was then that I was really blind, or I should have seen that my father could not have given a better proof of his love than in acting as he did. And it was so noble of him to come to me in my trouble and take me back without a word of reproach and without any expression of contrition from me. I tell you he is a good man and I should be a brute to grieve him."

"It is a good thing you take it that way, but you must be having an awfully dull life. I hope you will get cured and come among us again and see some life. Is there any chance, do you think?"

"I don't know; I hope so. But I should never see life, in your sense of the word, if I were cured to-morrow. That is another thing my eyes have been opened to. There is nothing but trouble comes of that kind of life. I wonder I did not see it so before, but I see it now. It is the most unmitigated folly."

"Why you are quite changed; next thing we shall hear I suppose, will be your turning religious and joining the church."

"Perhaps so. I might do worse. There's more real happiness in that way of life than the other. I am sure of that. I have had time to think since I have been in the dark, and I see things in a clearer light."

"Well, old man, you surprise me, but I expect when you can use your eyes again you will see things as you used to."

"Never. I see them in their true light now. I shall never go back to the old life whatever happens." And he kept his word although he recovered his sight and was once more able to see the light of the sun.

A JEWISH MISSIONARY DEAD.

MR. N. CORAL, the Domestic Superintendent of the Enquirers' Home, and Spanish Scripture-reader in Jerusalem, is dead. Mr. Coral has been in the employ of the Society for thirty years, and during that period has rendered valuable service by the consistent character of his Christian life, and the faithfulness with which he preached Christ and him crucified to his brethren of the House of Israel. Mr. Coral belonged to one of the rabbinical families in Jerusalem, and it often required no small courage and Christian fortitude for him to preach the Gospel among those who had known him from boyhood. Happily his is not the only instance in the annals of the Society in which a spirit of love, and gentleness, and patience, with purity of life, have overcome prejudice and enabled converts to proclaim the truth of Christ even in their own country. His end was peace. The Rev. A. H. Kelk, writes:—"He simply fell asleep. His testimony was clear and decided. When I was talking to him, a few hours before his death, he said, "Jesus is my only Saviour. I rest simply on him;' and he repeated again, 'Jesus is my only Saviour.'"

SAVED FROM A BABY TOWER.

AN intelligent Chinawoman was recently pointed out by Mrs. Adams, a missionary of Kin-hwa as having had a remarkable experience in childhood. When seasons of poverty and famine occur in China, as they frequently do, infanticide is common. The infant is killed at birth, and formerly, so callous were the feelings of the parents, that they would fling the bodies on the roadside where they were devoured by dogs and birds of prey. To prevent such hideous sights as this practice caused, "baby-towers" were erected. They were merely four walls roofed over, enclosing a deep pit or well. There was a hole in one of the walls and Chinese parents would take the body of their child after killing it and thrust it through the hole, when it would fall into the pit. When the woman referred to above was a child of four years of age, her mother was in abject poverty. One day, passing the baby-tower, on a sudden impulse she seized her child and thrust her alive through the hole into the horrible pit. The child was not killed by the fall and she raised a pitiful cry which she continued at intervals for two days. On the second day a woman passing the baby-tower, heard the child wailing and besought the authorities of the village to have it taken out. They treated the matter with unconcern, telling her that the child would soon die from the effluvia of the many dead bodies in the pit, that it would probably be dead before any one could go down, and moreover, that no one would be willing to venture into such a dreadful place. The woman could not be so satisfied. She returned to the pit and listened. The poor girl was still wailing pitifully. Then the brave woman borrowed a ladder to make the descent herself. She bound some sweet scented leaves over her mouth and nostrils, and crawling through the hole dragged the ladder through after her. Then descending into the pit, she took up the child and ascended the ladder again. She adopted her and brought her up as her own child. A very good and dutiful daughter she was too, and a great help to her foster-mother.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

What Prayer Should Be.*

FIX it firmly in your minds that you have the privilege of laying before God your wishes about the more important concerns of your lives. It cannot be superfluous, in these times, to strengthen ourselves in this belief. Those who would like to banish everything belonging to religion from the minds of men, by allowing no room for the exercise of it in daily life, do not fail to represent such a prayer as an offence against the Most High. It is irreverent, they say, to express a wish arising out of the narrowness of our intellect and heart, about something which his decree has long ago settled; it is an ill-timed curiousity to say, I wish it might be so and so, when we shall presently learn how he has willed it. Do not be perplexed by such words. Christ did it, therefore we, too, may do it. It is one of the privileges that belong to our position as children of God. That would be a slavish family in which the children were not at liberty to express their wishes in the presence of their wiser father. And is anyone able all at once to suppress his desires? If we cannot do so, let us always speak them out when our heart is moved to do so; for even if we do shut them up within us, they are not hidden from him. Do not listen to those who tell you that, before you approach God, you must have your mind composed and your heart at peace; that it is unseemly to appear before him in this agitated state, while the dread of pain and disappointment, the clinging to some good thing which you are on the point of losing, still tosses your heart to and fro, and leaves no room for submission to the holy will of God. If you waited until submission had won the victory, you would feel neither the need nor the inclination for such a prayer, and the privilege of offering it would be useless to you. If the feelings that stir your heart are sinful emotions; if these emotions are kindled by the fire of passion; then the thought of God and prayer to him can have no place beside them. But that is disquietude, so altogether natural to man as God has made him, which agitates us at the touch of loss and misfortune, or when threatened by a check laid on our activities, or with separation from those we love—such disquietude should not keep us back from God; for only thus will our hearts not condemn us, and we shall have confidence toward God. (1. John 3 : 21.) Christ himself, as you see here, used no other means to allay this so unusual agitation in his holy soul.

Disappointed Admirers.

WHAT is expressed by the jubilation of that multitude at the entry of Christ but the hope that he would redeem Israel? They believed that the time was come, or would presently be, when he would come forward publicly, and announce himself with authoritative credentials, as God's ambassador; everything would bend before him, and they, reminding him at the same time of the way in which they had even now professed their faith in him, would then renew their profession, and would not only obtain from him deliverance from their troubles, but would also share in all the glory of his kingdom. But now they saw Christ himself in trouble; and if they meant to be loyal to him, they must have felt called on, instead of merely receiving help and deliverance from him, to help him, as it were, in the first place, by making their voices heard in opposition to the demand of the angry crowd. You see here, my friends, how it is not unfrequently with many people. Some prospective undertaking of an individual or of a community appears to us in the highest degree desirable and profitable, perhaps even necessary, to prepare the way for, and to support what most concerns ourselves. We long for the moment when they will begin their operations, we receive the first indications of it with rejoicing and exultation, we set ourselves in readiness to apply the hoped-for help to our own houses, and then we join in the cause itself with all our might. But if, meanwhile, the enterprise itself come into danger; if those in whom we hoped meet with difficulties and opposition, and seem to be themselves in need of help; then we become doubtful, and think that in those who are themselves in need of our help there cannot surely be the power that we supposed to help us; we think we must have been mistaken, and we are quite rejoiced that we have been warned at the right time and have discovered our mistake. But is not this a very strange way of thinking, opposed to universal experience and to the first principles of all human action? Is there any power in human affairs except by the union of human faculties? Is there any kind of help that should not be mutual? Can any one receive help in any way, whether through friendship or through family connections, or by the public authority, if he has not himself without intermission upheld those very powers?

Uncongenial Marriages.

Alas, how often among Christians does marriage assume, even from this earthly point of view, a truly *dreadful* aspect! How often we see the two who should be one giving way to anger against each other, separated by dissension and strife, and sometimes so embittered against each other that, instead of trying to avoid quarrels, they wilfully seek occasions for them. In such cases it need not be said that two have not become one. Again, how often has the married state a *troubled* aspect, when, for want of any glad assurance of being one in heart, both parties keep watchful guard over themselves, seeking by the most obliging and compliant manner and behavior, and by self-denying sacrifice, to avoid all occasions for dispute, and trying by the most tender considerateness to make up, if possible, for the absence of true love. And here also, even if only one of the parties is obliged to exercise this self-constraint, while the other is in the right position, it is easy to see that the two have not become one—that there is no true union, but a carefully maintained contract. Once more, how often has marriage a *repulsive* aspect, when married people live, it is true, in peace and harmony, but only because in course of time they have become accustomed to each other, and because, while they make as little demand as possible on each other, both find real satisfaction in other relations of life and in other companionships! That in a connection so indifferent and dead the two are not one flesh is certain, for *that* implies a living union; and it is equally certain that in this case there has been no heart impulse constraining to leave father and mother and cleave to husband or wife, and that therefore even then the earthly side of a Christian marriage is wanting. But why should I go on to multiply these illustrations? Let me rather say in a word that in so far as each has separate joys and sorrows (even supposing that they have much more regard to the interests of each other than to their own); in so far as the wife needs to remind herself to be submissive, and the husband remind himself to give honor to the weaker vessel; however faithfully they may obey these admonitions of conscience; and in short, wherever there are opposing wishes and aims to be adjusted, fully and generously as those mental concessions may be carried out: just so far as these conditions exist, the word of the apostle is not yet fulfilled,—the love that makes truly *one* has never been enthroned there.

*From *Selected Sermons of Schleiermacher*. Translated by Mary F. Wilson. This notable preacher and famous author is frequently referred to in the theological discussions of the day, but few now know anything of his teaching or the style of his literary work. The publication of this volume is therefore very welcome to those who are unable to read Schleiermacher in the original. Pp. 451. Published by *Funk & Wagnalls*, Astor Place, N.Y.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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WHO IS TO BLAME?

WHEN two rail-trains collide, or steamships strike in a fog, or a boiler explodes, we all go to work to find out who is to blame. In our avidity to find an author of recklessness we sometimes pitch on the wrong man. We shall yet have to admit, in our discussion of accidents, that sometimes no one is to blame. God may decide that three hundred souls shall go up from the deck of a foundering steamer, and neither captain nor sailor on the lookout be culpable. When the time comes for such a tumultuous vanishing from life, no accuracy of log-book and chronometer can hinder. Because a great many may perish, do not let us be indiscriminate in our assault of ship captains and railroad conductors. While vigilant in bringing to justice those who trifle with human life on land or sea, let us recognize the fact that sometimes no one is responsible. And yet when the stories of culpable carelessness or neglect are put before the world let the cases be thoroughly investigated, and the offenders brought to justice, and we shall have fewer heart-rending scenes to sicken the world.

THE WANDERER WELCOMED.

IF a man does not get to heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all, his joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in his heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all height, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, it outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a King, who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people, and sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but when a soul comes back, God is so glad that to express his joy he flings out new worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlastling gates, he cries: "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again." At the opening of the Exposition in New Orleans, I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.

OUTSIDERS.

WE need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world, and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hardly bestead that they will not be welcomed. "No!" says some fastidious Christian, "I don't like to be crowded in church. Don't put any one in my pew." My brother, what will you do in heaven? When a great multitude that no man can number assembles they will put fifty in your pew. What are the select few now assembled in the Christian churches compared to mightier millions outside of them, eight hundred thousand in Brooklyn, but less than one hundred thousand in the churches. Many of the churches are like a hospital that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or "run-arounds," but no broken heads, no crushed ankles, no fractured thighs. Give us for treatment moderate sinners, velvet-coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as though a man had a farm of three thousand acres and put all his work on one acre. He may raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre, and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure; but the field is the world. That means North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa and all the islands of the sea. It is as though after a great battle there were left 50,000 wounded and dying on the field, and three surgeons gave all their time to three patients under their charge. The Major-General comes in and says to the doctors: "Come out here and look at the nearly 50,000 dying for lack of surgical attendance." "No," say the three doctors, standing there fanning their patients, "we have three important cases here and we are attending to them, and when we are not positively busy with their wounds, it takes all our time to keep the flies off." In this awful battle of sin and sorrow where millions have fallen on millions, do not let us spend all our time in taking care of a few people, and when the command comes: "Go into the world," say practically, "No, I cannot go, I have here a few choice cases, and I am busy keeping off the flies!" There are multitudes to-day who have never had any Christian worker look them in the eye, and with earnestness in the accentuation, say: "Come!" or they would long ago have been in the kingdom.

BORROWING MONEY.

THERE is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money. Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right, the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is the servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken-hearted at Abbotsford. Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiselled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not." The trouble is, people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debt which you cannot meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store, and I buy sugars and coffees and meats, with no capacity to pay for them and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham. In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him. In other words a sneak thief is not as bad as a man who contracts for debts he never expects to pay.

REIGN OF LAW.

THERE is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the dead letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders. and that it fs possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future.

THE UNIVERSAL PILL.

IT seems that in olden time, as well as now, there were naughty people abroad. In seventeen hundred and eighty-eight, Dominie Rubel, of Flatbush, was deposed from the ministry for various irregularities, and went to doctoring the body instead of the soul, and advertised, "It has pleased Almighty God to give me wisdom to find out the universal pill that will cure most diseases."

We are afraid of the descendants of Dominie Rubel, who are attempting with some universal pill to correct the world's disorders. Look out for the quacks in all departments, and the country grocery which has on its shelves patent medicines for the extirpation of all complaints from run-around to catalepsy. A potion that proposes at the same time to rejuvenate liver, spleen, brain, nerves, and cuticle, is a lie on the face of it. A gunner trying to shoot in ten directions at once will hit none of the targets. We believe in specialists. The anatomy of the human ear is enough to employ a man's genius for a lifetime, likewise the eye. He who professes to know everything knows nothing. When you get sick you had better call in a doctor who does not make extravagant pretensions. Beware of the universal pill.

Sometimes a good and talented man will go off on a tangent. He has found out something in the educational, mechanical, or scientific world that will renovate and reconstruct everything. It will make the earth over again. He is crazy to have everybody take it. "Down with this pill," he says, "it is a corrective for everything." But the prescriptions are apt to get mixed.

BRIEF NOTES.

The International Sunday School Executive at its recent meeting at Chautauqua adopted plans for a Sunday School building to be erected at the World's Fair.

Col. Elliot F. Shepard, of New York, has just given to the First Church of Jamestown, N. Y., his childhood's home as a parsonage. The property is valued at $20,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell P. Johnston, formerly of the Margaret Strachan Home in New York, are now assisting Rev. John Dooly of Albany, N. Y., in the tent work of the City Tract and Missionary Society.

The Bible has recently been translated into Sheetswa, a language spoken by 250,000 people in South-Eastern Africa. The translator is a colored man formerly a slave owned by a brother of Jefferson Davis.

Evangelists Bliss and Clark have been holding very successful meetings at Truro, Ont. Canada. The Halifax *Herald* says that they are very largely attended and much good is being done. After leaving Truro the Evangelists have promised to go to Picton, New Glasgow, and other towns.

Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost has been doing excellent work at Simla, India. During the summer all the high government officials are in the city and many of them attended the meetings. On one occasion the Viceroy of India and Lady Lansdowne were among the Doctor's hearers. The city hall was freely placed at the evangelist's disposal every evening for a month.

The Board of Managers of the American Bible Society at the recent stated meeting made grants of Bibles, Testaments and Scripture Portions, to the value of about $1,555, for distribution and sale in the United States, in South America and in Africa. The issues from the Bible House in the month of July were 78,372 copies; issues since April 1st, 320,116 copies.

The centennial anniversary of the First M. E. Church of New Rochelle, N. Y., was celebrated on August 23. Methodism was introduced into the town in 1771 by Joseph Pilmoor and Robert Williams, and twenty years later the church was incorporated. It was the third in New York State. The congregation propose to further celebrate the centennial year by buildiug a new church.

Rev. Sam W. Small has arrangeo to commence permanent work in Atlanta, Ga. His hope is to secure the erection of a People's Tabernacle for distinctively Gospel work similar to that conducted in London by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. His opening sermons will be in Prohibition Hall in East Alabama St. next Sunday and he will continue to preach there until funds for the erection of the Tabernacle can be secured.

The American Sabbath Union has now thoroughly organized its work. Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts has resigned the office of Field Secretary and the three districts into which the country is now divided are respectively placed under the charge of Rev. J. H. Knowles, D. D., and Rev. Wm. J. R. Taylor. D. D., who have the East; Rev. James P. Mills of Chicago who has supervision of eighteen Central States; and Rev. Edward Thompson, D. D., of San Francisco, who has charge of the work in the West.

The Southern Presbyterian Church is sending out many missionaries this fall to labor in the foreign field. On Aug. 26, Rev. Rockwell Smith and Rev. D. G. Armstrong, sailed from New York for Brazil. On Sept. 2, a party sails for China, consisting of Rev. H. C. Dubose, Rev. J. M. Sykes, Rev. B. C. Patterson, Rev. R. A. Hayden, Rev. George Hudson and Misses Annie R. Houston and Ella G. Davidson. For the work in Japan the following are preparing to sail: Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Graham of Winchester, Va. and Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan of Richmond, Va.

Cable reports of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's condition last week were somewhat discouraging. Despite the best medical skill and the tenderest nursing he makes very slow progress toward recovery and seems, indeed, to be growing weaker. Two prayer meetings are held in the Tabernacle every day to pray for his restoration to health and the most kindly solicitude is manifested about him by all classes, from the Prince of Wales and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who have repeatedly sent to inquire after him down to the humblest people. Mrs. Spurgeon writes that her husband "is very desirous that friends every where should know that he is full of gratitude for their prevailing prayers and loving sympathy and that from his sick-room he presents heartfelt petitions that rich blessings may be bestowed upon all of them."

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

A Great Battle in Chili—Emin Pasha at Wadelai—Gen. Edmunds' Successor—The Building Disaster—The Late Mrs. Polk.

ANOTHER series of successful experiments in conquering the stubborn clouds and compelling rain to refresh the parched earth, has just been reported from Midland, Tex., where General Dyrenforth's government expedition is at work. Texans seem to be now convinced that these experiments are a practical success. Nine showers and one very heavy rain in three weeks are the net result thus far, in a section where there has been practically no rain for three years. The grass is springing up beautifully, the ranchmen are delighted and so are the farmers. On the night of the 25th of August the air was perfectly dry and the cattle-men predicted a week's drought. Gen. Dyrenforth sent up five dynamite balloons and exploded them in succession. Then he exploded rackarock powder and dynamite, in packages of from ten to twenty pounds. The bombardment lasted several hours, and five hours later there was a heavy thunderstorm and a perfect deluge of rain. It lasted several hours, not ceasing till sunrise next day. At 8 a. m. more dynamite was exploded and down came another pour of rain. Every time it stopped, a fresh explosion of dynamite would start a torrent afresh from the heavens. When there was apparently no more rain to be shaken out of the clouds the cannonading ceased. The next experiments will be conducted at El Paso.

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Senator Edmunds' Successor.

GOVERNOR PAGE, of Vermont, has officially notified Hon. Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, that he has decided to appoint him to fill the unexpired vacancy in the United States Senate, caused by the death of Mr. Edmunds. This news has naturally turned attention at Washington to the question of a successor to Secretary Proctor. There are many who believe that Judge Veazey, of the Interstate-Commerce Commission, and Governor Cheney of New Hampshire, are the two candidates who will be most favorably considered. Judge Veazey is the ex-Commander of the Grand Army and is exceedingly popular. Governor Cheney is a strong representative of New England interests, and should these be considered, he will very likely be taken up seriously. Gen. Byron McCutcheon of Michigan, and ex-Senator Gideon C. Moody of South Dakota, are also mentioned prominently as among the possibilities.

SEC'Y PROCTOR.

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Emin Pasha in his Old Capital.

NEWS has reached Europe of the arrival of Emin Pasha at his old capital of Wadelai, the seat of government in the African province he wrested from barbarism several years ago and from which he was conducted by Stanley under very perilous circumstances. For eleven years, Emin ruled his province as the appointee of General Gordon, the hero of Khartoum; but now that he has returned, he is the representative of Germany and not an independent ruler. He has entirely recovered from the effects of his unfortunate fall from a window at Bagomayo. His arrival and settlement there gives Germany a very marked advantage in the race for African conquest and will greatly facilitate the operations of General Wissmann, or any other commander who may be sent out to that part of the "Dark Continent." Germany will now have a vast extent of territory in Eastern Africa, extending from Lake Nyassa to the Zanzibar Coast and thence to the east of Victoria Nyanza and Lake Albert and north to Khartoum. Emin had with him in his journey to the Equatorial Province five hundred native porters, six hundred Soudanese troops, five German officers, and his beautiful daughter, who was born in the province.

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The Death of Mrs. Polk.

ONE of the most popular women of her time, and one who most gracefully filled the trying position of mistress of the white House, was Mrs. Polk. She died at Nashville a few days ago. The daughter of a distinguished Southern family and married at nineteen, she passed the best part of her life in that activity which was the result of her husband's public career. In 1844, when her husband was elected President, Mrs. Polk made the White House very attractive by her dignity, her fine conversational powers and her graciousness as a hostess. Forty-two years of her life have been spent in widowhood and retirement in her home at Nashville, in which city her childhood and early married life were also passed. She was 87 years of age. A portrait of Mrs. Polk is given above.

MRS. POLK.

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Another Battle in Chili.

AN engagement, which does not seem to have been decisive, took place between the forces of President Balmaceda and those of the Chilian insurgents near Valparaiso, lately. The Congresss troops landed 10,000 men at the bay of Quinteros north of Valparaiso, and, accompanied along the coast by six men-of-war and eight armed transports, besides all the boats of their fleet, endeavored to surprise the city by a rear attack. A government force of 5,000 men was detached from Valparaiso and prevented the fleet from crossing the mouth of the Aconagua River, while 15,000 more troops were moved by rail to protect Valparaiso. A fight followed with heavy firing on both sides, by land and water. Although Balmaceda's force was nearly double that of the insurgents, the latter kept the field for seventy-two hours, expecting reinforcements. Finally the insurgents were hemmed in by two Balmacedist armies and compelled to surrender. The victors claim that this will end the war, but the insurgents deny this, and declare they will continue the struggle.

* * *

A Geological Congress.

EMINENT geologists from all parts of the world were in session in Washington last week, the occasion being the fifth International Congress of these scientists. All the great scientific institutions in both hemispheres are represented. Prof. Le Conte was chosen to preside and Secretary Noble made an address of welcome. A number of very interesting papers, touching on the geology of various countries and more especially our own land, were read before the Congress. It was shown that while the old structures and other evidences of an ancient civilization were rare in this country, it was probably richer in natural wonders than any other part of the globe and was believed to be the oldest continent of all.

* * *

The New York Building Disaster.

AFTER five days digging in the ruins of the collapsed buildings on Park Place, New York, the scene of the frightful disaster briefly described in the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, sixty-one bodies of victims were recovered. There are probably no more bodies in the ruins. Relays of longshoremen, firemen, and Public Works laborers worked incessantly, getting out the bodies and the heavy machinery. The morgue was crowded and the undertakers in the vicinity were unable to meet the demands upon them. Aid will be extended to the widows and families of the victims. The Mayor has ordered an investigation to fix the responsibility for the calamity. It has been discovered that there were in the cellar of the wrecked building thirteen barrels of benzine and naphtha, and the supposition now is that some of them did certainly explode. The Superintendent of Buildings admits that the building was overloaded with machinery.

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China as a Menace.

A SIGNIFICANT passage occurs in a letter received in New York a few days ago from a prominent member of the American colony in Amoy, China. At a banquet given by the United States Consul, Edward Bedloe, at the Consulate there was present among other notable guests, Tsin Chun Ching, the Governor of the Province. In a speech responding to a toast he said:

"It is difficult for a European to appreciate the breadth and depth of the meaning of this toast to the Chinese mind. It includes the family, language, race, nation and the crown. It includes literature, law, morals and a history of fifty centuries. China, having followed its own principles of advancement during more than 5,000 years, is now compelled to change and move along European channels. It has begun to own steamships and railways. Its telegraph now covers every province. It has at last mills, forges, and foundries, like those of Essen, of Sheffield and of Pittsburgh. China is to-day learning that lesson in education which Europe has obliged her to learn, the art of killing, the science of armies and navies. Woe, then, to the world if the scholar, profiting by her lesson, should apply it in turn. With its freedom from debt, its inexhaustible resources, and its teeming millions, this empire might be the menace, if not the destroyer of Christendom. No matter what happens, it needs no prophetic gift to know that the twentieth century will see at the forefront of the nations of the world China in the East and America in the West. Well may we pray that for the welfare of humanity their purpose will be as peaceful and upright as it is to-day."

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Explorer Peary Heard From.

LIEUTENANT PEARY, who set out several months ago to circumnavigate and explore Greenland, with a large well-equipped party, has been heard from. The steamer *Kite* reach her destination at Whale Island safely, but her commander had the misfortune to break his leg. However, as eight months must elapse before the party at Whale Island can hope to set out with their sledges, he will have time to recuperate. He had hoped to test the character of the inland ice travelling this fall. Only one member of the party is an experienced snow-shoe traveller. Professor Heilprin, the famous paleontologist, with a small party of men, has left Lieutenant Peary, and is now on his way home, having accomplished what he desired in the way of securing specimens of plants and fossils.

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Trying a Giant Gun.

THE biggest of Uncle Sam's big guns—the new twelve-inch steel cannon, carrying a one-thousand pound projectile with one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, was tested at Sandy Hook last week. The test was mainly as to the velocity afforded by the powder, which was found to be only 1875 feet per second, as against 1975, the acquired standard. At the last discharge the gun was disabled.

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The New Swiss President.

THE little Mountain Republic of Europe has had unusual prominence this year owing to its recent celebration of its sexcentenary, referred to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in a former issue. The newly-elected President of the Federal Council and consequently the principle functionary of the Republic, is Dr. Welti of Glarus, whose portrait appears in this column. Although nominally President of the Republic, his power is by no means as extensive as that of our own Executive. Supreme Executive power rests with the Bundesrath or Federal Council, which consists of seven members, holding office for three years, while the President and Vice-President are for one year only. The President appoints no Cabinet, but simply carries out the will of the Council.

PRESIDENT WELTI.

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A Train's Fatal Plunge.

ON Thursday, Aug. 26, the regular mail train on the Western North Carolina R. R. jumped the track on a trestle near Statesville, and the engine and train rolled to the bottom of an 80-foot creek. Twenty-one passengers were killed instantly and many injured. Among the victims were many passengers enroute to the mountain pleasure resorts. State Auditor Sandoelin, and Col. Cameron of the Governor's Staff were among the North Carolinians injured. Several of the injured were drowned in the creek before aid could reach them. Rev. J. M. Sykes of Clarksville, Tenn. was among the killed. He was a graduate of the Southwestern Presbyterian University of Clarksville, and had just been assigned to missionary work in China.

NEWS NOTES.

Colored leaders in the South are again planning an exodus to Oklahoma.

It is now known that 340 persons perished during the recent cyclone at Martinique.

The President has ended his tour through Vermont, making speeches, some humorous some patriotic, at different stopping-points.

Jacob Steel, the oldest man in Pennsylvania, died last week, aged 108 years. His first ballot was cast for Jefferson for President.

Emperor William has stated his belief that the people of France are too excited to preserve peace and that an early war is inevitable.

Heavy floods have caused much damage to farms and cattle pastures in England and especially in the Westmoreland district.

A large wolf escaped from the Central Park menagerie in New York a few days ago, and was afterward caught by a newsboy in the streets.

Enormous areas of forest in British Columbia and Washington are being destroyed by farmers and others who wish to clear the land for the plough.

Herbert Mapes, a student of Columbia College, N. Y., and a noted amateur athlete, was drowned in the breakers at Fire Island, N. Y., a few days ago.

England's Postmaster-General, the Right Hon. Henry Cecil Raikes, died last week. Mr. Raikes was a descendant of the founder of Sabbath Schools.

The Czar of Russia last week paid a friendly visit to Denmark in his yacht, convoyed by an ironclad squadron. He was cordially greeted by King Christian and Court.

Miss Bessie Wanamaker, a niece of Postmaster General Wanamaker, sustained a compound fracture of the leg in an accident on a switchback railway at Atlantic City last week.

The World's Fair Commissioners, who were in St. Petersburg last week, secured from Russia the pledge that she would cooperate in the heartiest manner in the approaching exhibition.

A Brunswicker, named Roth, and his guide, named Michael, have perished on Mont Blanc. An avalanche dashed them into a crevasse, where both were found next day frightfully mangled and dead.

A cloudburst at Pottsville, Pa., flooded the town and drove over 400 families to the upper stories of their houses to escape drowning. The damage in Pottsville and neighborhood is estimated at $100,000.

The Irish National League of America has issued an address calling for a meeting in Chicago on Oct. 1 and 2, next, to arrange for a Convention to consider the relations between the League in this country and the leaders in Ireland and to amend the constitution.

President Sacasa, of Nicaragua, planning to secure his own re-election next November, has taking the opportunity to expel his political enemies from the country. Among his victims are several leading citizens, and the principal paper, the *Diario Nicaraguense*.

A mob at Thompsonville, Conn., attacked a circus, wrecked the tents and released the animals, when they found that the performers had struck for payment of back wages. The proprietor fled with the cash. The mob then set all his belongings in a pile and applied the torch.

The present is the greatest season ever known among the grain elevators of New York. Europe wants all the wheat and rye we can send there and the big ocean steamers as well as the freighters are carrying grain this year. So vast is the business that the elevators are blockaded and there are not half enough cars to transport the grain.

Astronomers are all anxiously awaiting the return of Wolf's comet, which is expected to be visible as it passes through the constellation of the Pleiades next month. This will afford a much-wished for opportunity to decide by observation the disputed question of the density and mass of cometary bodies.

The new and rich Forty-Mile Creek gold diggings, which have attracted a large number of expert miners from all parts of the country have been found to be over the frontier line. They therefore belong to Canada. Alaska is greatly worked up over the new diggings which are declared by old miners to be the richest they have ever seen.

THE EXILES' RETURN.

"In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping: they shall go, and seek the Lord their God. They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten." Jeremiah 1: 4-5.

THE previous part of this chapter declares the overthrow of Israel's cruel oppressor: "Babylon is taken, Bel is confounded, Merodach is broken in pieces." The Assyrian and Babylonian power had been the great tyrant of the ages, and the Lord had employed it for the chastening of his people, until at last Israel and Judah had been carried away captive to the banks of the Euphrates, and the land of their fathers knew them no more. This was the mournful song of the exiles, "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." What a turn would come! In the day when God would reckon with Babylon, and punish the haughty people for their cruelties, then should Israel and Judah come to their own again.

I will not talk much with you concerning the Chaldeans and the Jews, but I would speak concerning ourselves. We, too, by nature are in banishment, far off from our God and the abode of his glory. We are not what we ought to have been, for the Lord did not make us to be sinners, but to be his happy and obedient creatures: our present lost estate is not our true state,

We Are Banished

through coming under the power of our adversary; sin has carried us into captivity, we are in the far country, away from the great Father's house. It is a great blessing when the times come, and they have come, when there is an opportunity and an invitation to return. To-day the power of the adversary is broken, and we may flee out of the Babylon of sin. A greater than Cyrus has opened the two-leaved gates, and broken the bars of iron in sunder, and proclaimed liberty to the captives. We may now return to our God and freely enjoy the holy and happy associations which belong to the City of our God.

At such times, when the Lord is leading men to seek his face, questions arise, anxieties abound, and difficulties multiply. The lost tribes could not come back from Babylon by merely thinking of it: the way was long and dangerous, the paths were unknown and difficult, and they who came back to Zion found the journey to be no promenade of pleasure or parade of pomp. It is so with the Lord's banished when he gives them a heart and a will to return to him; they are not, therefore, restored to the Father's house at once: they may have to persevere through months of weary pilgrimage before they come to their desired abode. As I have said, returning times are anxious times; men wander thoughtlessly, but they do not return without grave thought and serious consideration. I earnestly desire to be the means in the hand of God of answering questions, removing fears, and clearing the way for those who have begun to seek the Lord. They mourn, and I would fain comfort them; they ask the way, and I will gladly direct them; they long to join themselves unto the Lord, and I would help them.

I. To begin at the beginning, the Lord's restored ones during the processes of grace were first of all *mourners*: "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together,

Going and Weeping:

they shall go, and seek the Lord their God." Oh, my hearer, after all your sins I will not believe that you are truly coming to God if there is not about you a great sorrow for sin and a lamenting after the Lord. Some seekers are made to drink of this bitter cup very deeply; their sense of sin is terrible, even to anguish and agony. I know that there are others who do not taste this bitterness to the same degree; but it is in their cup, for all that, only the sweet love of Christ is revealed to them so soon and so fully that the healthful wormwood of penitence is veiled beneath the exceeding sweetness of gracious pardon, There must be a shower in the day of mercy, not always a long driving rain causing a flood, but the soft drops must fall in every case.

Observe that this mourning in the case of Israel and Judah was so strong that it mastered other feelings. Between Judah and Israel there was an old feud. They were brethren, and it ought not to have been so; but they had become bitter adversaries of each other. Yet now that they return unto the Lord, we read, "The children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together." O happy union in

A Common Search For God!

When we are reconciled to God we are reconciled to men. I have seen those who had been fired with mutual hatred loving each other when they have been alike under the power of the Spirit of God, and bowed down with contrition. I am sure if you were to go forward as a sincere inquirer to ask the way to heaven, if you met your worst enemy at the door, and he said to you, "I am seeking mercy of God for my transgressions," you would grasp each other's hands and weep together. If a man, professing to be a penitent, drew back at the sight of another who also came penitently to Christ, and said, "I can have nothing to do with him," I should unhesitatingly declare him to be a hypocrite; or even if he were sincere, I should have to tell him that to a certainty the Lord could not and would not accept his repentance.

Keeping close to the text, we notice again that the exiles on their return were mourning while marching. Observe the words—"going and weeping," We might have thought, perhaps, that when they began to go to their God, so much light would break in upon them that they would cease to weep: but no, it is "going and weeping." A true heart that is coming to God takes

The Road By Weeping-Cross;

it feels its sin, its guilt, and its undesert, and it therefore mourns. The closet is sought out and prayer is offered; but in the supplication there is a dove's note, a moaning as of one sorrowing for love.

Turning the text round, we read not only of "going and weeping," but also of weeping and going. The holy grief here intended does not lead to sitting still, for it is added "they shall go." The word "weeping" is sandwiched in between two goings—"going and weeping; they shall go and seek the Lord." To sit down and say, "I will sorrow for my sin, but never seek a Saviour," is an impenitent pretence of repentance, a barren sorrow which brings forth no cleansing of the life, and no diligent search after the Lord. When the prodigal cries, "I will arise and go to my Father," then a work of grace is certainly begun, but not till then. It is not enough to say, "I perish with hunger"; but when there follows upon it, "I will arise, and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned," then we have reached

The True Turning Point.

True mourning for sin leads the sinner to the Cross. When thou talkest about repentance, if thy repentance be with thy back to the cross, away with thy repentance. If thou art trusting to thy tears, and sorrows, and griefs, and not trusting to the blood of Jesus Christ, thou art trusting in a vain show.

We must not pass over that last word, "They shall go and seek the Lord their God." This, dear hearer, shall be a guide to you as to whether your present state of feeling is leading you aright. What is it you are seeking? "I am seeking," says one, "I am seeking peace." May you soon obtain it, and may it be real peace; but I am not sure of you. "I am seeking," says another, "the pardon of sin." Again, I pray that you may find it; but I am not sure of you. If another shall reply, "I am seeking the Lord; for I desire above all things to have him for a friend, though to him I have been an enemy"; then I have good hope of him. I rejoice over the heart which is crying, "I want to see my Father's face, and hear him say, 'I have blotted out thy sins;' I want to dwell with God, to serve him cross line, to obey him, to grow like him.

There Has Been A Quarrel

between him and me, and other lords have had dominion over me, but now I desire that he shall be my Lord and King, and myself his loyal humble servant, and his beloved child. I hunger and thirst after God!"

You see, brethren and sisters, we require a great many things in order to be saved, and yet one thing is needful. I would represent it in this form:—Here is a little child, picked up from the gutter, diseased and filthy, unclad, unfed; and if you ask me to make out a catalogue of what the child wants you must give me a sheet of foolscap paper to write it all down, and then I fear I shall leave out many things. I will tell you in one word what that poor infant requires—it wants its mother. If it gets its mother it has all it needs. So to tell what a poor sinner wants might be a long task; but when you say that he wants his heavenly Father you have said it all. This was what the prodigal needed, was it not? He needed his father, and when he came to his father all his necessities were supplied. Oh, souls, you are seeking aright if you are seeking your God. Nothing short of this will suffice. This may greatly aid you to judge whether you are in the right way or no.

II. Secondly, these mourners became *inquirers*. We read in the second verse of our text, "They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." They knew something, that is clear, for they turned

Their Faces in the Right Direction;

but having been born and nurtured in Babylon the road to Jerusalem had never been trodden by them, the route was strange and new. They knew within a little the quarter in which Zion lay, and they looked that way; but they did not know all about the road: how should they? The saving point about them was that they were not ashamed to confess their ignorance. Minds that the Lord has touched are never boastful of their wisdom. There are many persons in the world who would be converted if they could but consent to be taught by God's word and Spirit; but they are such wise people, they know too much to enter the school of grace. A sense of ignorance is the doorstep of wisdom.

It is clear from their asking their way that these inquirers were teachable. They not only yielded to be instructed, but they were eager to be taught; and therefore they asked for information. It is a hopeful sign when children ask questions; if we can get them to desire knowledge, the desire will be more valuable than the knowledge itself. The way nowadays is to cram the memory; but if our youths could be brought to hunger for knowledge, and to ask questions, their minds would be much more effectually benefited. It is a great mercy for a poor seeking sinner to have a teachable spirit, so as to pray, "Lord Jesus, write thy Gospel upon my heart. Here it is, ready to be written on.—Only tell me what thou wouldst have me to do. I make no reservation—I am willing, by thy help, to do it; or if there be nothing to be done but to sit at thy feet, tell me that, and I will do this as thy grace enables me."

Anxious To Keep Right.

More than this, they will be anxious although they are right: "they shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward"—they are travelling in the right direction, and yet they ask the way. They have looked westward from Babylon towards Jerusalem: they have taken up the westward position, which in their case had a hopeful meaning in it. They are setting out for the land of Canaan as their father did when he left Chaldea; and as they have no map of the road they ask for the way which leads from banishment to the city of their God. They are right, for their faces are Zionward, and one proof of it is that they are anxious to keep right. or to be set right. You who are certain that you are right are very liable to be wrong, but those who make every inquiry of the Word of God, of the servants of God, and of their fellow-travellers are in all probability pursuing the right road. He that has never raised a question about his condition before God had better raise it at once.

Though they ask the way, we may remark further that they know whither they are going. They ask

Their Way To Zion.

not to some imaginary blissful shore that may be or may not be, but they seek God's own dwelling-place, God's own palace, God's own sacrifice. They ask boldly too, for they are not ashamed to be found inquiring; and when they are informed, their faces are already that way, and therefore they have nothing to do but to go straight on. May God grant us myriads of such inquirers! Observe the right order: first they sought the Lord, and then they asked their way to Zion. First God, and then God's people; first the Master of the house, and then the house of the Master; first that you may become his child, secondly that you may be put among the children.

III. Now we come to the last matter: these inquirers become *covenanters*, for they said to one another, "Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in

A Perpetual Covenant

that shall not be forgotten." Oh, that word "covenant"! I can never pronounce it without joy in my heart. It is to me a mine of comfort, a mint of delight, a mass of joy. I rejoice in those old Scotch books about the covenant; covenant truth was so inwrought into the Scotch heart that Scottish peasants as well as divines talked about it perpetually. You remember the good old cottager's grace over her porridge. I cannot repeat it in pure Doric, but it ran like this:—"Lord, I thank thee for the porridge, I thank thee for an appetite for the porridge, but I thank thee most of all that I have a covenant right to the porridge." Only think of that, a covenant right to the porridge. Does not the promise say, "Thy bread shall be given thee and thy waters shall be sure"? and here was the promise fulfilled.

Returning to the text: these inquirers

become covenanters, for we read that they seek to be joined unto the Lord—"Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord." The mischief of our fallen state arose from our

Trying To Be Distinct

independent of our God. The younger son said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." See, he has received his share in ready-money and off he goes to the far country. What does he do when he penitently returns? Why he joins himself to his Father. Nothing in the house is his, and he has had his portion of goods long ago; but he lives at home because he is one with his Father, and cannot be shut out from the house of his Father. "Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord." Now, dear hearts, are you willing to be one with Christ, and so to be one with the Father? Next, notice for how long a time this covenant is to be made—"Let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant." In the English army of late they have enlisted "short time" men. A good brother came to join the church last week who is in the Reserve, and I said to him, "You are not coming to unite with us for two sixes, the first six with the colors and the other six as a reserve man,—you have come, I hope, to fight under the colors as long as life lasts." "Ay, sir," he said, "I give myself up to the Lord forever." No salvation is possible except that which saves the soul for ever. It must be

An Everlasting Salvation

or no salvation. And yet some professors try to be off and on with God: they are wonderfully good on the Sabbath; but they slip their regimentals off on Sunday night, and there is no accounting for them during the week. I do not know where these double-faced people are to be found on a Monday night, but I fear they are up to no good. These chameleons change their color according to the light they are in. Their religion is a sort of play-acting, a kind of masquerade.

Note, further, that this joining to God these covenanters intended to carry out in a most solemn way; "Let us join ourselves to the Lord in perpetual"—agreement? or promise? No. "Covenant" is the word. It is a profitable thing for the soul to covenant with God. Dr. Doddridge gives a form of personal covenant in his *Rise and Progress*, and I have been told that some persons have written it out and even signed it with their blood. I believe that such a formal transaction may lead a soul into bondage. This covenanting is not to be performed quite so literally, but that it should be done *really* I do believe. That a man should give himself to the Lord in set and solemn form at some time in his life I believe to be a great help to his after perseverance: and if he will renew his covenant every now and then it may greatly help to his keeping it.

The Source of Strength.

One word more remains to be spoken: those who came mourning and inquiring, when they became covenanters felt that they had a nature very apt to forgetfulness of good things, and so a part of what they desired in their covenanting with God was "a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten." God will never forget, yet you may pray, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The fear is lest *you* should forget. What is your view of that possibility? Would it not be terrible? Think it over and say, "If I should ever forget the Lord Jesus, if I should ever forget my obligations for his great salvation, and for the good hope of eternal life which he has given me, it would be infamous! God grant I may die sooner than deny my Lord! Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe. I would be thine living, thine dying, and thine for ever and ever." Thus desiring and pleading, all will be well with you. May the God of the everlasting covenant bless you. Amen.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Bartley Smith, M. D., Neola, Kan., and others—The answers to "Merchant's" question, which attracted very wide attention, were published in No. 30 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

S S Teacher, Newburg, Cumberland Co., Pa. Were the Jews permitted to bury their dead on the Sabbath in our Saviour's time?

All works connected with religious ceremonials were lawful on the Sabbath.

A. M., Buffalo, N. Y. At what rate does a storm travel that has sufficient force to level trees and destroy property?

An ordinary storm moves at the rate of 36 miles an hour; a hurricane 80 miles an hour, while a cyclone has been estimated to reach a velocity of 120 miles.

B. W., San Antonio, Tex. I was much interested in your statistics concerning illiteracy. Can you inform me which language is the most widely spoken at the present day?

English is spoken by nearly 100,000,000, Spanish (as claimed) by over 50,000,000, (this includes all the South American Spanish-speaking nations), German by 60,000,000, French by 45,000,000, Chinese in its various dialects by over 300,000,000 and Hindu in its many dialects by fully 200,000,000.

W. C. Tarver, Crockett, Tex. Were there any Sabbath Schools before Christ came to this world?

The Sunday School is a comparatively modern development of Christianity, but there may have been schools before our Lord's time where little children were taught the Scriptures. Sunday Schools were introduced in the year 1784. Robert Raikes, a printer of Gloucester, England, may be said to be the founder of the modern Sunday School.

Miss Winsor Colwell, Smithfield, R. I. What are the consequences of swearing and cursing and taking God's name in vain?

The moral law (as laid down in Exodus 20: 7), says distinctly that God "will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." See the condemnation and punishment of the swearer and the man of oaths and curses, as declared in Matt. 23: 16; Lev. 24: 16–23; Psalms 59: 12 and 119: 17, 18.

Stranger, N. Y. City. Is it right for one who is striving to lead a Christian life to attend County Fairs and other places where horses strive for a prize?

All games of chance or skill on which money is staked are immoral. Amusement is natural to man, and games and sports may be innocently indulged; but when their tendency is to gambling, they are best avoided. Horse-racing as now practised on the turf would not be supported at all were it not for the gambling connected with it.

W. P. Henrize, Lebanon, Va. A man is arraigned for poisoning his wife with arsenic and is convicted of murder in the first degree. He asked a preacher the other day: "What is the chance of a man guilty of such a charge getting to heaven?" Does the Bible teach that God, in his extreme mercy, will pardon such a case?

Yes; there is no limit to the pardoning power of the Almighty and merciful God, if the repentance be sincere. Pardon is only withheld from the unbelieving, the impenitent, the unrepentant, and those who blaspheme against the Holy Ghost. (See Romans 4: 8; Heb. 10: 17; Luke 13: 2–5.)

M. R. Wright, Wolcott, Wayne Co., N. Y. I wish to ask in regard to Sabbath visiting among relatives and friends. Many professing Christians excuse themselves for visiting members of their own families on the Sabbath, who would not think for a moment of a pleasure visit anywhere else on that day. If parents visit their married children and their families, or if brothers and sisters and their families meet on the Sabbath for pleasure, and to talk over different subjects, is it keeping the Sabbath holy? Are they excusable in the sight of God, merely because they are relatives?

Assuredly not. The act comes under the head of social amusement and is among those things that are distinctly forbidden on the Sabbath day. If the family reunion were for the purpose of worship, it would receive the Divine approval.

W. N. O'Kelly, Lewisville, Tex. (1) Did Adam and Eve literally eat apples in the Garden of Eden? (2) How are we to understand the "everlasting fire" spoken of in Matt. 25: 41? As a literal fire?

(1) Early Church writers considered the narrative of the forbidden fruit as partly fact and partly allegory. During the Reformation period, it was interpreted literally. More recent interpretations make it a combination of history and sacred symbolism, the forbidden indulgence of nature and the violation of a definite prohibition. (2) Doddridge writes that "care should be taken to explain that hell may be said to consist more of mental agony than bodily torture." Other commentators believe that the eternal fire is not a material one kindled by any person, but the combustibles are our sins of which conscience accuses us. To be forever shut out from the presence of God and excluded from the enjoyments of the blessed, with our sins consuming us like a raging fire, the while we are filled with vain regrets, is a torture equal to any bodily punishment.

We have received a large number of answers to the question submitted by G. J. T. Tucson, Ariz,, and which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of Aug. 5. It was as follows:

Does God justify the State in taking a murderer's life? What is the best course from a Christian standpoint, in the interest of society and morality, to adopt in dealing with murderers?

Space limitation forbids the publication of more than a few of the replies called out by this very interesting query. J. H. Ballagh, Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y., writes:

In God's establishment of the principle of the civil government in Noah after the flood (see Gen. 9: 6), we have the law enunciated: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed."

Erasmus A. Garnsey, N. Y. City, writes:

I should like to refer your readers to the ninth chapter of Genesis in which we find a covenant entered into by God with Noah, which distinctly declares that the murderer shall die at the hands of his fellows. That it is binding to-day we have the bow in the clouds as evidence that God has not forgotten his declaration to Noah. Christ came to fulfil the law. We to be faithful must fulfil our part, even though it be to take the life of the murderer.

W. K. Beatty, Washington, D. C., also quotes Gen. 9: 6, and adds

Moreover in Numbers 35: 31 it is stated, "ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death; but he shall surely be put to death." Not only the law of God but the security of human life demands the destruction of one who can deliberately take the life his fellow-creature.

On the other side of the question are a number of exceedingly interesting letters. B. F., Topeka, Kan., writes:

All the principles of Christian doctrine and the dictates of reason and humanity cry aloud against the remorseless deprivation of the life of any human being, even though he may have been guilty of taking the life of another. One wrong was never rectified by the commission of another, and surely there could be no more flagrant violation of God's holy laws than the sudden yet deliberate and methodical taking of life by a community as represented in the brutal order of executions in these days. The true Christian spirit would lead us rather to extend to such lost and wretched beings, a pitying hand, to lead them to true repentance and forgiveness. I know that there are people who are fond of quoting the old Mosaic injunction relating to the punishment of the murderer; but the law of Moses has been superseded by the gentle law of the Redeemer, who stands ready to pardon even the penitent murderer. The taking of a human life is more than an offence against the natural law; it is a violation of a spiritual law, inasmuch as a victim may thereby be forced to judgment unprepared, to the loss of his immortal soul. If such an act, done in passion, be sinful, how can it be sanctioned by a merciful God when done deliberately in the name of the law? Law was made for the regulation of the things of life, not of those that lie beyond the grave. They belong to God alone and a human law that would interfere with his prerogative deserves to be abolished.

Joseph Lewis, 276 Oregon Street, Milwaukee, Wis., writes:

I believe that those who sign the death warrant are guilty of murder in the second degree. I would have murderers cultivate land, improve harbors, manufacture everything for their own use but not for sale outside the walls of the prison. Give them good, religious teaching and the Gospel and good will come of it.

Jos. Mutch, Franklin, N. J., writes:

When Cain killed Abel the Lord said: "Whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him seven-fold." The sixth commandment is "Thou shalt not kill." I think capital punishment should be abolished and life imprisonment substituted. This would give the murderer time for repentance and would prevent besides the possibility of innocent men being hung for the crimes of others.

J. Paxton, DesMoines, Ia., says:

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." Not by death but by a disciplinary process does God punish crime against his laws. Man, still partly savage, indulges the passion of revenge. Clothed in the majesty of man-made law, society stalks about, seeking lives. When we are truly civilized and when the spirit of the Master prevails as it should we will then have learned to emulate God's infinite goodness as far as can be done in this world and that the taking of a life for a life is a relic of a dark barbaric age, that must disappear as the world grows wiser and better. Murderers should be kept in confinement and brought to repent of their crimes. Their labor might be utilized for the support of the relatives or dependants of their victims, or for purposes of charity.

THE WARNING CRY.

An Elmira, N. Y. Clergyman Discusses Prof. Totten's Calculations and their Significance

I HAVE made the subject of prophecy a study, more or less, for the past twenty years. I mean by this that, with other reading and manifold duties in quite a large parish, this study has been prominent.

I. I am very conservative as to periods, dates, times, and seasons. I have great respect for Professor Totten's inferences and deductions, and by no means say that he is not correct. That the "vision in the end shall speak and not lie" is plain enough, and if the end is near, if the Judge is even at the doors, it is certainly possible that Professor Totten is right. It is much easier to call him a "crank" and to stigmatise his teaching as "bosh" than it is to answer him or to refute his argument as to the end of this age being about the end of this 19th Century. Christ himself was regarded by many as a crank and as having a devil, and St. Paul was considered mad; nevertheless, the Word of God was justified and established.

II. I regard Professor Totten's writing at this particular juncture as very significant for these reasons:

A Champion of Faith.

1. That at a time when the world of letters and science is full of scepticism and infidelity, a man of acknowledged learning, scholarship, and ability is raised up to defend and maintain the Scriptures against all adversaries—against rationalists, agnostics, scientific sceptics, and bold and blasphemous atheists, as well as so-called higher critics, who are doing more than all the infidels to destroy the faith of the people in the Word of God. A layman also, and a professor in a college, a man of large scientific attainments and not a one-sided, prejudiced, bigoted, fanatical minister, ignorant of science and a tyro in philosophy. Possibly Professor Totten in this evil and adulterous generation is raised up for this very purpose.

2. It is significant that Professor Totten is in essential agreement with all the great students of prophecy in regard to the Time of the End. Scott, Newton, Luther, Fleming, Faber, Keith, Elliott, Cumming, Seiss, Grattan Guinness, and Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal of Scotland, one and all point to the present epoch as the culminating period, when all the lines of prophecy converge and indicate the end, not of the physical world, but of the age.

A Notable Era.

3. It is again significant that just at this present time the most remarkable event has occurred among the Jews that has taken place since this Christian Era. Another Pharaoh has arisen and another exodus is imminent, and all signs point to Palestine as the refuge of the Jews. The condition of God's ancient people is now exciting the attention of the whole civilised world, and no document of the age is so remarkable as the petition not long since presented to the President of the United States, signed by many distinguished men, asking this Government to call the attention of all the great European Powers to the condition of the Jews, and suggesting that steps be taken to restore them to Judea.

4. It is further significant that phenomena in the natural world, signs in the sun, moon, and stars, synchronize with those in the moral. The terrific electrical storms of the sun, the conjunctions of the planets, unprecedented for two thonsand years, recent discoveries in the moon, the cyclones, floods, and earthquakes, the shaking indeed of the powers in heaven and earth, all harmonize wtth the prophecies of Christ in Matthew 24, and of Daniel and Revelation.

5. It would be a mistake to overlook

Spiritualism,

as one of the most significant signs of the last days. No delusion in the history of the race has spread so rapidly as this; more than 5,000,000 believers are claimed in the United States alone, and it has become world-wide. What is this but the "departing from the faith and giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of deyils," spoken of by the apostle as indicating the last days? No language could better describe this delusion which has shipwrecked the faith of millions in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Whether supernatural or not, it has accomplished the work of the devil and most emphatically fulfilled prophecy.

Finally, to sum up, the widespread commotion in the financial, political, ecclesiastical, and social world, the almost universal unrest, the hurrying to and fro, the increase of knowl-

edge, the general expectation that we are on the brink of some great catastrophe or change, all tally with the prophecies of the end. Politicians, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers everywhere recognize this state of things and are on the *qui vive* for this change. All reiterate the the words of a great statesman who said: "Every aspect of the present times, viewed in the light of the past warrants the belief that we are on the eve of an universal change." And all agree with an eminent bishop who says, "Are not these signs and prognostics of the speedy coming of our Lord to judgment?—the six thousand years are nearing their close; the period of Popery's dominancy expiring; the sixth vial pouring out; the earth exhibiting all the features of the last days; the nations distressed and their leaders tremulous with fear; history closing up; all the old landmarks of society invaded and simultaneously giving way more or less, before resistless innovations; the predicted cry, 'Behold he cometh,' ringing through every land; the whole world becoming like a magazine where a single spark may produce an universal explosion; our great men and devout men and nearly all the thinking men proclaiming the presence of some unknown change, and the book of God telling me that when these things begin to come to pass my Saviour and his kingdom are at hand; would I not deserve to be classed with infidels and scoffers if I did not believe, and merit the condemnation of a hypocritical and faithless watchman if I did not declare that so it is, and that the end of all things is at hand?"

Another Comment

on Lieut. Totten's calculations is that of Prof. Infree who writes: I notice that many persons speak of our Yale Professor as an alarmist; but he need not resent the title. He probably had no other object in view in giving his work to the world than that of causing alarm. As a conscientious man he could do no other, after making his discovery. Worldly Christians need to be put on their guard, and worldings need to be warned that the time of their opportunity is growing frightfully short. We expected that before the Lord's coming, the cry would be raised "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and Lieut. Totten may be the one chosen to give that cry. I would by no means despise such a warning, nor be among those who put it aside as one of the mysteries beyond our province. It deserves, at least, respectful consideration.

I am surprised at the tone which many have taken in regard to the prediction. Some—and they are Christians, too—exhibit a reluctance to believe it may be true, as if they dreaded the Lord's coming and would rather hear that it would not be for a thousand years, than learn that it would really be in their time. To me such an attitude is incomprehensible. To see the Lord—he whom we love above all, ought to be the most supreme joy. It will be that, and surely to hear that the joy will be ours sooner than we hoped should give us pleasure rather than apprehension. Then those who dread the death agony should rejoice that some one is telling them of the probability of their being translated without dying. It means, too, the avoidance of those separations, those grievous partings from loved ones, which embitter the death-bed. All who love him and are looking for him will "be caught up *together*" to meet him in the air. If any waiting Christian has loved ones near and dear to him who are not yet decided for Christ, let him heed this midnight cry lest one should be taken and another left. Let him pray and plead that the unbelieving wife or son or daughter may come at once to Christ and be caught up together with himself.

As to the calculations themselves, I do not consider myself competent to express an opinion. They run on a line parallel to the calculation based on the strict prophetic periods of Daniel, but it is over ground with which I am not familiar. It is very certain that the historical line of argument brings us irresistibly to the conclusion that the predictions given by the angel to Daniel must have their fulfilment about the time indicated by Lieut. Totten. Making all the allowances necessary for differences in the dates of the starting points, and in the measurement of prophetic time, we cannot escape the conclusion that we are on the verge of the events which immediately precede the Great Tribulation. To my mind, therefore, the chief value of Lieut. Totten's studies consists in their corroboration of the historical argument, which is a fact of sufficient importance. It is in itself one of "the signs of the times." Daniel said that he heard but understood not, and he was informed that the words were sealed "*until the time of the end.*" That light should now be falling on the open page is an indication of the presence of that "time of the end."

ARE WE BLIND?

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 13. John 9:40, 41; II. Cor. 4:4; Rev. 3:17, 18.

THE question is not fully answered by our giving proof of the possession of physical eyesight. Blindness is an affliction of many varieties and degrees. Some persons are blind as far as distance is concerned. We call them near-sighted. Others cannot distinguish colors and we say they are color-blind. Aged persons are partially blind without the assistance of their eye-glasses. Then there is a mental blindness, which is aptly illustrated in the old story of *Eyes and no Eyes*, familiar to every school-boy. We say to a persistently foolish man that he is blind—blind to his own interest. We say to a vain man that he is blind—blind to his own defects. We speak of a lover as blind—blind to the faults of his beloved. But the most common form of blindness is spiritual blindness and that is the natural state. The spiritual eyesight is acquired, for the natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit, "because they are spiritually discerned." Bunyan's pilgrims saw "a man who could look no way but downward." He did not look up though there stood one above him offering him a celestial crown. Every converted man knows what spiritual eyesight means. He feels the appropriateness of the description of his former state as "a state of darkness." The transition is emphatically an enlightenment. The good man menaced with danger, yet undismayed is supported by what he sees with his spiritual eyesight, as Elisha's servant, after his eyes were opened saw that the whole "mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." (II. Kings 6:17.)

But are we blind? Let the life testify. Are we concerned chiefly about worldly affairs? That is a sure indication of blindness. He who has spiritual sight perceives that neither wealth, nor position, nor power, is of importance to him who is looking to the things which are eternal. In perplexity, or trial, or sorrow do we seek help and strength and comfort from men? Then are we blind—blind to the wealth of resource at our command in the Divine Treasury on which we may draw freely. Are we content with mere spiritual safety—the safety of the man who through faith in Christ is assured of heaven? Then are we blind to the glorious privileges of grace and to the felicity which may be enjoyed on the higher table-lands by him who, by Christ's help, will climb the rugged path to reach them. Do we make no effort to win souls for the Master? Then we are blind to their danger and our duty. Blind also to the reward which is promised to him "who converteth the sinner from the error of his way and saves a soul from death;" to the glory which we might have with them "who turn many to righteousness," who will "shine as the stars forever and ever."

Oh yes; we may be blind and know it not. And we may see and yet see dimly and indistinctly, needing, as did the Church at Laodicia, to anoint our eyes with eye-salve that we may see more and more, until the day come when "we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF A BUTTERFLY.

A CHEERING suggestion to the King's Daughters is made by their President, Mrs. Bottome, in the course of some remarks published in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. She says: "How can you for one moment think that a God of love has nothing better in store for you? Why did he make you with all your love for the beautiful, and then place you in circumstances where you could not have or cultivate a things you loved? He would not be a good God at all to do that, and God is good. Never shall I forget a sight I saw last May. All the winter a dry and apparently dead thing had hung on the end of the sewing-machine; no one could have dreamed of the beauty that was hidden in that cocoon, and surely the poor creature that after a life of crawling laid down to die, did not think of it; but I saw that marvelous transformation take place. Never shall I forget the first motions it made to use the wings; they seemed so heavy that they moved but a little at first, but each time in moving the strengh came. The wings were very large and very beautiful, and at last I exclaimed, "Oh, he is going to fly! when to my great surprise he used his feet instead, and walked off very fast; and he seemed to enjoy his feet. Ah me! I said, the reason why we use our feet perhaps is we do not feel our wings. Now our wings are Faith and Hope, and we shall feel them. You need not think a sewing-machine is your home forever any more than it was for the butterfly that was in that cocoon that hung on that sewing-machine all last winter."

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A GRAND PROJECT.

(See Illustration.)

THE illustration in this column represents the building designed for the occupation of the North East branch of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association. When completed it will be one of the best arranged buildings

PROPOSED BUILDING OF THE Y. M. C. A. OF PHILADELPHIA.

of the kind in the country. It is to cost $50,000, and the whole of it will be devoted to Association work. The *Monthly Review*, which is the organ of the North East Branch says that in the immediate neighborhood of the site there are 17,000 young men, of whom eighty-five per cent. are mechanics. It is therefore intended to make the Association practically useful to them by arranging classes for technical instruction. It will also include beside the usual gymnasium, a swimming-pool in the basement, sixteen feet by twenty-three. On the first floor will be the reception room and offices, reading-room and coat-room. At the back will be the parlor which will also serve for a lecture-room. The floor above will have the ladies' and boys' auxiliary rooms, and the large hall capable of seating 750 persons. The third floor is to be divided into class-rooms. On the fourth floor will be the janitor's rooms and the Association kitchen, and above all a roof-garden which will be a great attraction in the summer. Plants will be placed there and tables for chess and similar games. Fifteen business men form the Committee in charge of the project and the arrangements are a proof of their sagacity. We most sincerely hope that our Philadelphia friends will overcome the financial difficulty and carry the plans to a triumphant issue. They are adopting the right method in reaching the young men on the practical side.

ONE GIRL'S BADGE.

THE question is often asked, what is the use of wearing a badge such as the monogram-pin of the Christian Endeavor Society or the Maltese Cross of the King's Daughters? It is generally people who have not worn either who ask the question. Those who have, find in their own experience what the use is. Many an aching heart seeking sympathy has found the clue to the object of its search in the sight of the badge glistening on some bosom. A case in point is related as follows in the *Central West:*

A young lady was making calls in one of the most desolate and poverty-stricken parts of the town. She had been on several errands of mercy, and her sensitive heart had been deeply touched by the sight of the suffering with which she had come in contact.

On her way home, as she was passing a large store, her attention was attracted to a girl not much older than herself, and bearing evidences of refinement and good breeding, who hurried out of the store with her head bowed. Her face was full of despair; her mouth wore a mocking smile which was terrible to see in one so young.

The young lady saw her opportunity, and stepping quickly to the girl's side, she said, "Can I help you?"

"No, thank you," was the frigid rejoinder, and then impulsively the girl put out her hand. "You are an Endeavorer, too, I see by your pin. You can help me by praying for me. I have just lost my place at the store, and mother is very ill. I have been her mainstay for two years; now what shall we do?"

"Let me help you as an Endeavorer should help another," was the reply.

After some little conversation the two girls went off together toward the home of the sick mother.

The young lady who prayed for work found it (as is always the case), and she did not cease her attentions to the little family until the mother's health was fully recovered and the daughter had succeeded in finding another and more remunerative position. She herself told me the story, and added, "The blessed little pin, I never will go out without it again, for it was the means of showing me a duty and bringing me a dear friend; for A. would have shaken me off coldly, had she not caught sight of the pin. She told me so afterwards; but as it was, the thought of our motto, "All ye are brethren" came to her; and she told me her troubles, and allowed me to help her, and now I wouldn't take a fortune for her friendship.

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THE WIN-ONE CHAPTER.

AN attractive little pamphlet issued by Miss Belle Hardy, describes the formation of the Win-one Chapter of the King's Daughters and Sons. As its name indicates, it is composed of members who have pledged themselves to use their utmost efforts to win some one soul for Christ. Any King's Daughter or Son may become a member of the Chapter by signing the following pledge and sending it to the Secretary, Miss Belle Hardy, 158 East 42d Street, New York: "In the Name of the King, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, I agree to select one unconverted person, and for one year to do all in my power to win him or her to Christ, and to pray each day for the person so chosen, and for the success of the efforts of all who are engaged in this work." The name will be entered in a book by Col. H. H. Hadley, who is the originator of the movement. It is hoped that circles will be formed in churches, or, at least in towns, and these will likewise be registered, with lists of the members. The circles should meet once a week or once a month to hear reports, to suggest methods of work and to unite in prayer for the soul which the individual members are trying to win. Further advice and instructions are contained in the pamphlet, which may be obtained of Miss Hardy at the address above given.

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A SUGGESTION is made in the interest of the Y. M. C. A., by a correspondent of the *Young Men's Era* which may be useful to some of our readers. He suggests that every Association have some one, or a committee of several members, whose special duty it shall be to look after the indifferent. He has found, as other observers have, that young men come to the Association but making no special friends and seeing nothing to specially interest them gradually discontinue coming. If some one made a point of speaking to such young men, finding out their tastes and introducing them to the gymnasium, the reading-room, or some of the meetings likely to suit them, their interest would be enlisted. What is everybody's business is sure to be neglected, and the way to have it done is to appoint some one to do it.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

THE fire upon the hearth is low.
And there is stillness everywhere
Like troubled spirits here and there,
The firelight shadows flattering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from the further room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there:
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me.
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

Oh! for an hour in that dear place!
Oh! for the peace of that dear time!
Oh! for that childish trust sublime!
Oh! for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that trebled tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

EUGENE FIELD.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells about a Camel-Ride in Egypt—An Odd Experience.

WHEN the children gathered around the table, the other evening, for their usual chat, Uncle John, ever ready to entertain them, took little Elite upon his knee.

"How would you like a camel ride?" he asked the little one.

"A camel ride?" called the children in chorus, "why, Uncle, were you ever on a camel?"

"Yes," he replied, "and a very funny experience it is, to travel on a camel's back, I can assure you. Do you know how a camel walks?"

"Yes," said Tom, promptly, "you know papa reads to us from Dr. Talmage's book, in which he speaks of his travels in the Holy Land, and he tells about a camel ride."

"Indeed," replied Uncle, "and what does he say, pray? I am interested in knowing, for I have ridden on a camel."

Tom presently found the volume in which the well-known divine describes his journey to Memphis, Egypt, and read aloud these words:

On a camel's back I am writing this. How many millions have crossed the desert on this style of beast! Proud, mysterious, solemn, ancient, ungainly majestic, ridiculous-shaped, smiling out of the past. The driver with his whip taps the camel on the hock-leg; but when he rises, mind fast, or you will first fall off backwards as the beast gets his forelegs in standing position, and then you will go off in front, as his hind legs take their place. But the Mohammans are used to his ways, although I find the riders often dismount and walk as though to rest themselves. Better stand out of the path of the camel, he stops for nothing and seems not to look down, and in the street I saw a child, by the impulse of a camel's front foot hurled seven or eight feet along the ground.

"Evidently the good Dr. did not find much pleasure on that lofty perch," said Uncle John smiling. "But I have seen a camel that neither he or any other man unused to such a method of locomotion would have ventured to mount."

"Well," inquired Ted, "did you ride on it?"

"Not for worlds!" replied Uncle John. "You see there are different sorts of camels. The majority are used as beasts of burden in Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Palestine and some parts of Central Asia as far north as China. The Bactrian camel, which is found in Asia Minor, has two hunches on his back, and it used to be the custom among breeders to cut off the foremost hunch while the camel was young, to fit him better for the pack-saddle and load. The Arabian camel, or dromedary, has a single hunch. Some are lightly built and very fleet, travelling at the rate of one hundred miles in twenty-four hours. They are are as different in grade from the ordinary camel, as a thorough-bred horse is from a common hack."

"But tell us about your camel ride."

"Oh yes; strictly speaking, though, it was a dromedary or one-humped camel that I rode. Our party had gone down the Nile, by steamer, to a town called Keneh on the eastern bank, which is the terminus of a caravan road from Kosseir, on the Red Sea. Since the Suez Canal opened, Keneh has lost a good deal of its trade. Most of the traffic is carried on by the use of camels and we could see a number of those animals grazing near by. There were donkeys in plenty, but one can have a donkey ride any day, so several of us decided to try a camel ride. I selected a fine looking young dromedary and calling to the driver, the latter went to the brute's head, while I mounted and took a seat in the saddle which reminded me of a wood-sawyer's horse, covered with a blanket. The driver warned me to hold on tightly, so I grasped the front and rear of the wooden saddle with all my might, and it was well that I did.

"'Hauda! Hauda!' called the driver, and the dromedary rose and shot out with so swift a motion that I was nearly thrown backward. It moved as though there was a small earthquake going on below and it had trouble about keeping upright. The gait was a lurch backward, a plunge forward and then a sort of steadying heave, that brought us both on the level again. I learned afterward that this first extraordinary series of motions was caused by the brute rising first on the fore-legs then on the hind ones, precisely as Dr. Talmage has described in the passage read by Tom. The rest of the ride was a peculiar rocking motion that proved a great strain on the backbone and which I felt more the day after than at the time.

"The dromedary is a race-horse compared with the camel, for while both are of the same species, the one is high-bred and the other the reverse. The dromedary can go longer without food, is more sure-footed and I can personally testify that he is swifter. He can eat his dinner as he goes along, without pausing, for his long neck permits him to crop any herbage within reach. Like all camels, the two-humped Bactrian included, he is rather stupid than otherwise and far from docile or interested in his master, like the horse.

"On the road we met and passed other persons on camel-back, some of them women who were inclosed in a sort of wicker-work frame not unlike a sedan chair."

"Like a howdah that they place on the elephant's back, is it?" asked Tom.

"Yes, but much smaller; a camel's back is comparatively narrow, not much wider than that of a horse. I remember one lady whose remarkable wicker-work inclosure terminated in two long arms stretching on either side for probably five or six feet and commanding almost the entire roadway. From the end of each arm there hung a long leathern strap or belt which passed under the lower curve of the camel's neck, and was trimmed picturesquely with a knotted fringe. It was secured to the neck of the camel by being passed through a ring attached to a leathern belt or collar. This strong and ungainly structure was undoubtedly intended to signify that the occupant of the chair was a personage of rank, and I observed that she was given the right of way by other riders. I need hardly say that after my nine-mile ride," added Uncle John, "I had no further wish to cultivate the camel-back exercise."

"Why don't they have camels in civilized countries?" asked one of the children.

"Because their true home is in the desert; they cannot thrive in any other climate. While the Hebrews in the Patriarchial age led wandering lives, they had camels, but when they settled in Palestine, the ass became their beast of burden. When they came back from the Babylonish captivity they brought camels that had been purchased for the journey. They are used for somewhat similar purposes to-day. I have seen the Arab training the young ones to bend their limbs, to lie down to receive a rider; to lie in a circle and form a rampart for defence against robbers, while the riders grouped themselves within the circle. Some of the more valuable breeds are covered

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON CAMEL-BACK.
From a photograph taken during his tour in Palestine.

with trinkets; many have golden ornaments on the forehead, a circle, a star, a crescent, or some such emblem, while others have neck rings of precious metal. They are as sure-footed as Rocky Mountain goats, and their hardiness and ability to go unfed for days make them dear to the frugal Arab heart."

* * *

About Names.

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written." Rev. 2:17.

This was the text that the minister had preached from in the forenoon and the children, who had heard the sermon, were discussing it at the little family gathering in the evening.

"And shall we not have our own names when we get to heaven, mama," said one little daughter. "Won't Mamie and Nellie and Lottie and little wee Harry have their own names there?"

"Yes, dear," said mother, "but they will also have a new name, as the Bible tells us. You know the names you receive here have significations of their own, and the new name will doubtless have a new signification which will be revealed to God's children."

"I know," said one of the group. "I read that some of the names have very funny meanings, too. There's Priscilla—that means 'a little ancient lady,' and Cornelius 'sun-sighted,' and Sarah a lady, and Jane a willow, and Bridget 'shining bright.'"

"Good for Bridget!" cried the children.

"Whatever their names may mean," said the mother, "you may by your conduct make them loved and respected. In olden times, a man or woman received a name according to the place they lived in, or whether they were dark or fair in complexion, warm or strong, tears or warlike, merry or sad. It is but just to suppose that whatever names we may receive hereafter, they will accord with our character and behavior here. Strive therefore, at all times, to think and act so that you may receive the new name with which God names those who love him here and do his will."

* * *

Home Prayer a Sweetener.

DO you have prayers regularly at home? Are your family accustomed to meet together for that brief period of worship that brings them into closer spiritual communion than at any other hour of their daily lives? If not, you miss much, for prayer in the home is a sweetener of the whole day. We know there are many who allege want of time as an excuse for not having any sort of worship in the home; but this is not a valid excuse. They have business in the store, or on the farm, or perhaps they have an appointment on which money depends, or they have to see the lawyer, or—well, fifty other excuses, all more or less trivial by contrast with the great fact that they have launched out upon the venture of another day, without asking the blessing of God upon their lives.

The truth is that family prayer, unless sedulously maintained from a deep sense of duty, is apt to degenerate into a dry formalism and to be finally dropped. Why not make it—as you can if you will—the most interesting quarter of an hour of the day? Let your sons' and daughters' voices ring out in sacred song; let the father or the mother open the heart to the great Guardian of homes; let all bow at the mercy-seat and there, in silence for a moment, petition for their friends and themselves; let this be done in the spirit of meekness and humility and supplication, and these moments will be golden. We know of many households where anything else would sooner be sacrificed than the daily offering of family prayer, for with it the tasks of the day are more easily done and there is a soul-satisfaction that comes of communion with God that nothing can remove. Family prayer is the golden invisible circle that binds the hearts of the household with a bond above all sordid cares. Remove it and this beautiful and harmonious bond of union is destroyed.

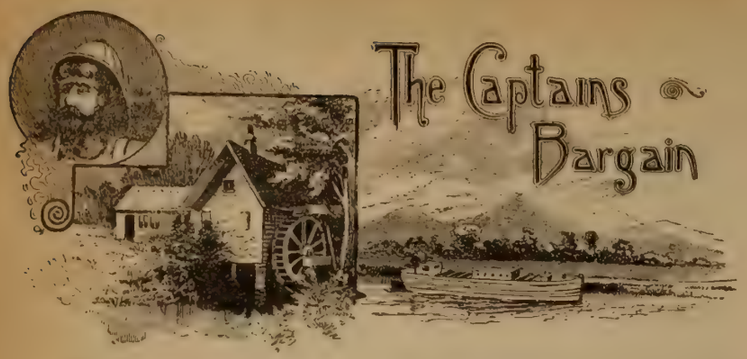
For praise or prayer, it is sure to be,
The beautiful verse, a polished gem,
Culled from the sacred treasury
And fit for a royal diadem.
I like to think that the children dear,
Will know that truth when their heads are gray;
That the hallowed praise their souls will cheer,
Many a time on the pilgrim way.

* * *

Summer Gossip.

IT is a baleful thing, is this summer gossip, at least the kind we find indulged in by languid men and women at some of the so-called fashionable places. It is so easy for criticism of one's neighbors to become coarse and unkind; for tittle-tattle to run into riotous exaggeration, until it finally culminates in slander. Cheap literature and summer gossip are responsible for more evil results than those who indulge in them would believe. How many of you are Christian women? If there is one whose heart is filled with the love of Christ, every other heart will be grateful if, avoiding [illegible] she directs the thought to the beautiful life hidden with Christ in God.

One prolific source of summer gossip is fashion. Girls and women are frequently unable to distinguish between right and wrong fashion. "Wrong fashion," remarks a clever writer, is the world's undertaker. It drives thousands in hearses to the cemeteries. But worse than all, it is the cause of intellectual depletion. The endless study of proprieties and patterns is dwarfing to the intellect." It is worth noting that a man or woman of fashion is rarely known to study much. Their field of thought rarely leads them beyond the cut of a gown or a tie, the color of a cravat or a ribbon. A new style of cloak sends them into ecstacies or a faint. How much better life would be without such a tendency to trifles!



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(Continued from page 540.)

MR. MURRAY felt as if the doors of Paradise closed against him, when he left Robert at the boarding-school, and turned away to go to his hotel. Still, he believed he was acting for Robert's good, and he counted the hours from the Monday morning until he should allow himself to go on Saturday afternoon to see his son. Already he began to consider what he should take to him. The master had explained that novels and candy were tabooed, as well as extra pocket-money. Mr. Murray concluded that he would treat Robert and the school to grapes and peaches.

Meanwhile Robert was introduced to the school-room, and vigorously stared at. The boys estimated the fineness of his clothes and the appearance of his watch. Those who made dress and money a ground of friendship, concluded to be on intimate terms with the new boy.

The tutor began to inquire into Robert's accomplishments. Unluckily, he began with French and Latin, and Robert knew not a word of either. Down he went into the beginning-class, where the boys were younger and much smaller than himself. As this class were also in the rudiments of geography, arithmetic, history, and grammar, Robert was very unequally placed, for he had been well drilled in all these branches, and in them, as reading, spelling, and penmanship, scarcely a boy in the school was equal to him. The schoolmaster in the little red school-house had done his work well, and beside these important branches of education had given Robert and his fellow-pupils a fund of useful general information. Robert was disgusted and discouraged to find himself put back in the English branches, to a place which he had passed two years before. He felt that the tutor and the pupils unjustly undervalued his acquirements, but he did not understand that he should remonstrate against his unpleasant position.

"Put all your time on these grammars, until you catch up with the class," said the tutor, handing him his Latin first books.

The other boys in beginning had had explanations in class, and, for years, had heard other boys reciting in Latin. Robert had had none of these aids, and the pages looked to him a senseless and hopeless maze. Oh, what a hateful school this was! Oh, to be back at the red school-house on the Mountain! Recess came, and the boys took him in hand. Their examination was as ruthless and unsatisfactory as that of the tutor.

"Can you play cricket?"

"No."

"Base-ball?"

"No."

"Can you fence?"

"No."

"Have you been drilled in gymnastics? Can you do this and that and the other, that these boys are doing on the bars and rings and ropes?"

"No." Robert had not been initiated into any of these things.

"Gracious goodness, man!" cried the young leader of the school. "Where have you lived? Have you been brought up in the backwoods?"

"Yes, I have," said Robert, promptly.

"Didn't you go to school?" exclaimed several.

"Yes. Certainly."

"Then why are you not on better? Did you not begin Latin?"

"No. They taught no Latin in my school."

"I wish I'd been there," groaned one boy.

"You're in for it here," said another. "It is nothing but cram, cram, cram at Latin from week's end to week's end."

Poor Robert! He could have crammed anything else with a better heart. He had no natural talent for languages, and his present tutor was not one calculated to inspire enthusiasm for a study. His classmates being younger than himself, and not particularly gifted, Robert found it easy to overtake them in the few lessons by which they were in advance of him. That done, the regular lessons in Latin and French occupied but a little time each day, and the lessons in arithmetic, grammar, history, and geography he did not need to study at all, as his drill on them had been thorough in the red school-house. Thus left to idle time, Robert would fall to dreaming.

Oh, beautiful red school-house on the mountain-side. How good it had been to be there, exchanging dagger-glances of wrath and challenge with his enemy, Jim Long; striving, in generous emulation, with Tom Britt for the headship of the classes; getting peeps at marvellous worlds through the master's microscope; dear Pink on the seat by his side, sharing his blue desk all the years of their school-life, Pink's yellow head bowed over the same Reader with his head; Pink's wide, dismayed blue eyes turned to him in appeal for help over difficult problems, for arithmetic was Pink's terror and Robert's forte. How delightful had been school-life up there on the Mountain! In summer, looking through open door or window, you could see red or gray squirrels whirling around the tree-trunks; or great, splendid wood-peckers drumming for food; in the autumn, the trees in red and gold, made garlands all around the play-ground, and you could hear chestnuts and hickorynuts rattle down among the withered leaves; in winter, how whitely lay the snows about the door, and what fantastic shapes the trees and bushes took under their soft mantles; and, then, in spring, the robins and bluebirds came to the very threshold, or window-seat, and built nests in plain sight! Robert's longing soul would be lost in such dreams as these, the splendid appointments of his present "First-class Establishment for Young Gentlemen" quite forgotten, until the sharp rap, rap, rap of the tutor's ruler on the desk, and the warning voice, "Robert Murray! You are not attending to your lessons!" would bring him to himself. But what lessons had he to attend to?

Robert had no especial talent for drawing; he was no artist in embryo, but he could scrawl or sketch something that was at least recognizable. His hand, following the meanderings of his heart, drew inside the covers, on the fly-leaves, all along the margins of his books, mills and water-wheels; rows of beehives. One-legged Jerrys climbed up along the right-hand margin of his history and travelled down the left-hand margin, and marched across the lower margins, as if one-legged Jerrys were the sole heroes of the historic tales. Over the pages of his copy-book, in and out among maps and Caucasians and Ethiopians and Malays, rolled dripping mill-wheels, and rose trembling little bridges and rude picnic camps. The barge *Fair-Weather* sailed right across the unimpeachable pages of the spelling-book, and Bop's rudely-cropped head and square, honest countenance, looked forth among examples for parsing and graced the interstices of the multiplication-table. Eliza, Pink, and Captain 'Zekiel did not appear in these tracings, they were too sacred to delineate, but none the less did Robert hug their dear images in his heart.

Mr. Murray, intensely proud of his son, had boasted of him much to the Principal of the "First-class Establishment." Too much, the Principal thought. He believed it only right to lower this paternal pride a little.

"The boy is very backward; he is in class with boys two years younger," he said to Mr. Murray.

"That is owing to his unfortunate lack of advantages; he will soon press on and take his proper place."

"Indeed, I fear not. He is not even diligent; he sits and dreams and idles away his time. He is the least attentive boy in school. He seems never to be paying attention to his books."

Mr. Murray, much dismayed, implored Robert to take an interest, to be diligent, to get on quickly.

"I don't know what to do," said Robert. "I know all my lessons. I never make a mistake."

"I daresay not. Well, Robert, apply yourself—apply yourself. You must make up for two or three years that you are behind the rest."

Robert, however, was in the very agonies of home-sickness. His lonely heartache grew upon him; he could not distract his mind from his lost home and friends; his heart hovered over their memory, as a bird hovers over her nestlings. Neither study nor sport attracted him.

"I hope my son is giving you more satisfaction," said Mr. Murray, anxiously, to the Principal.

For answer, the disgusted Principal spread before him Robert's books "with original illustration," none of them belonging to the text.

"That is the way he spends his time in school! I never saw such a sight in my life as those books! How can a boy learn from books scrawled up in that fashion!"

Mr. Murray was about as much dismayed at the sight of these "free-hand drawings" as was the Principal. With these before his eyes continually, Robert would be little likely to forget Lal's Mountain and the Allen mill.

"Get him a new set of books, burn these up, and let him keep the others clean," decided Mr. Murray.

Therefore, Robert found on his desk a complete new set of books, and a card with the legend: "Robert Murray, having ruined one set of books in a few weeks, is provided with another set, and requested not to scrawl on the margins."

Letters came to Robert from the mill. Now and then Captain Allen would labor at a note to "his dear son," a note only moderately well spelled, and very poorly written. Bop wrote a sheet of chronicles of nutting expeditions, and snow-fort building and defending, and besieging. Bap's letter was open to criticism. Bop was not strong in English grammar. But Eliza and Pink wrote most of the letters, and filled them with the simple chronicles of the home, and the neighborhood, and the burden of their longing for their "dearest Robert." These letters Robert seized with eagerness, and read again and again.

"I wonder what Pink put that 'lec' in red ink, over the top of her letter for," he said, absently, one day, as, sitting on his desk, during "nooning," he read a letter. "I wonder where Pink got the red ink."

North, the boy whom he liked best, was reading a letter near him.

"What are you talking about, Murray? That 'lec'? Pink, as you call her, didn't do that. Don't you know anything, boy? The Prex put that there to show that he had read it."

"Read my letter! What right had he to read my letter?"

"The right of might, and, moreover, the right of law. It is a rule of the establishment; the Prex sees all the letters. Haven't you noticed they are all unsealed?"

"So they are. I was so glad to get mine, I never noticed it. I think that is a mean rule. I don't like my letters read."

"It's not pleasant," said North; "but after all, there is some reason in it. I have known of a fearful lot of trash being into school-mails, where they were not looked after. I suppose the Prex only glances at them, though."

"Lec—what does lec mean?" said Robert.

"Why, man, it's a supine. You are dull! Lego, legera, legi, lectum—lectum, read. There, now, that's Latin."

"Lectum? I thought it meant a bed; it does in my book."

"It can mean more than one thing, can't it? Don't we say in English: I may read, and I have read (red) a book."

"But they are parts of the same verb, you know."

"Well, we say a pair of shoes, and we eat a pear."

"But they are spelled differently."

"But, boy, we say you peer into a well, and that one man is another man's peer. Such are some of the beauties of the English language. The Latin has similar beauties, as you will slowly discover."

"Anyway, I am sorry that Pink's letters are read. Still, if it is a rule, I can't help it."

"Since we came here under rules, we might as well abide by them with a good grace; it is only honorable to do so," said North. "But the rules are easily evaded. I often think laws seem only made to be broken. Half of the boys get letters, privately, through that stationer's little shop around the corner. They are sent to the man there, for the boys. There is no rule to hinder a fellow buying pens or paper, and his letters are slipped into his pocket meanwhile."

"But I think that looks very mean of the stationer. He should let the Prex run his school in his own way. He should not help the boys to break rules."

"Bah! he dont care. The boys pay him for it. If it was only the letters, now! But he sells candy by the pounds, secretly to them, and wine and beer. He keeps bottles of those things under his counter. The fellows run in to buy a paper, or a pencil, and swallow a drink. One fellow carried off three bottles, hidden about him, and drank them and got drunk; and we did have work to keep him in bed in the morning, and not let the Tute know what was up."

"I think that is beastly," said Robert, full of disgust.

"So do I. But there is scarcely a big school where there is not near it some place to sell drinks. The law is that no saloons or liquor-selling places are to be near school-houses. I read that once in Boston, two saloons were nearer the school-house than the law allowed. But instead of ordering the liquor-places away, they got the school-houses condemned and moved the schools."

"We never had such doings where I came from," said Robert. "I should think this whiskey-selling to the school-children would be found out."

"It is not, or not for a long time. The boys make a point of honor of not telling. While they are acting as they think so honorably, to a rascal who is breaking the law, they are letting their schoolmates, and brothers, and so on, be ruined with whiskey. These places sell brandy in candy jugs and bottles made of sugar; they keep ale and beer under the counter, and rum and gin and wine in lemonade bottles, or labelled 'lime juice,' or 'fruit syrup.' Or, they have a little den behind the shop, where the boys can slide in and get a 'half and half,' or 'Tom and Jerry,' or some such. There are dozens of city school-houses fixed out just that way, with liquor sold at a newspaper-stand, or a lunch-stand, that looks as if it had only cake and biscuits; or at a stationer's shop. Land! I've known boys to really steal dimes from their mother's purse or their father's cash-draw, to buy julep, or eggnog, or sling with lemon in it."

"I never before heard of such things," cried Robert.

"Oh, well, you're from the country," said North in a superior manner. "Now, some of the fellows are going to have a supper after hours to-night. You see, they smuggle in the things, and, when all the house is asleep, we get up and spread the supper on one of the beds, and sit around in our night-shirts, and feast like Sardanapalus. Perhaps you don't know him, though?"

"Yes, I do know Sardanapalus,—knew him long ago. I've been through Ancient and Modern three times."

"Well, that's the way we do it. To-night the spread is to be turkey stuffed with truffles, pickles, Vienna-rolls, mince-pie, fruit-cake, and some other things. It is in our dormitory, not in yours. I don't mind taking a hand in it myself. It's great fun; only I'm out of this because the fellows have got champagne. I draw a line at champagne. I've no objection to sitting at the head-board or foot-board of the bed in my night-shirt and eating Strasburg patties, or pickled olives, or calves'-foot jelly, or any of the rest, but I don't believe in the champagne. I promised my mother I wouldn't touch any kind of wine, and I'm a man of my word."

"Well, I've signed a temperance pledge," said Robert.

"Signed a pledge, have you? said Crocker, one of the boys, coming in just then. "What did you do that for?"

"Because my father wanted me to, and because I thought I ought to, and because I meant to do it, and so why not say it, and because I believe in temperance."

"Tuts! tuts! Ain't you rich, Murray?"

"No, I am not. I haven't any money at all."

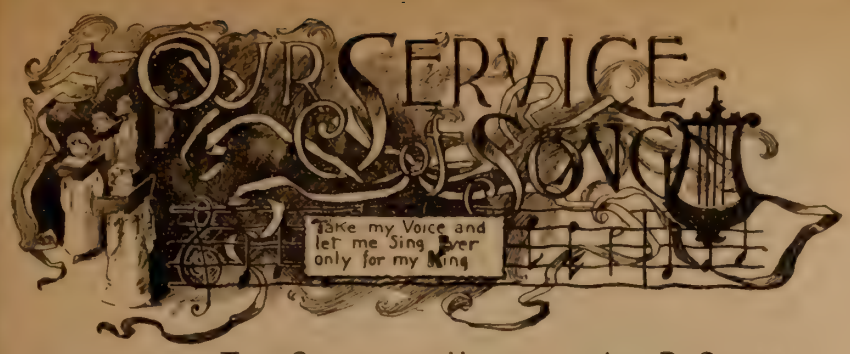
"Then how do you come to be dressed to kill, and have a watch, and a writing-desk, and a dresssing-case, and all such paraphernalia?"

"Because my father is rich and buys things for me."

"Well, man, isn't that all the same?"

"No, it is not. A person is rich if he has money that he has earned, or if he has money that has been given to him out and out—not because some of his friends are rich," replied Robert.

(To be Continued.)

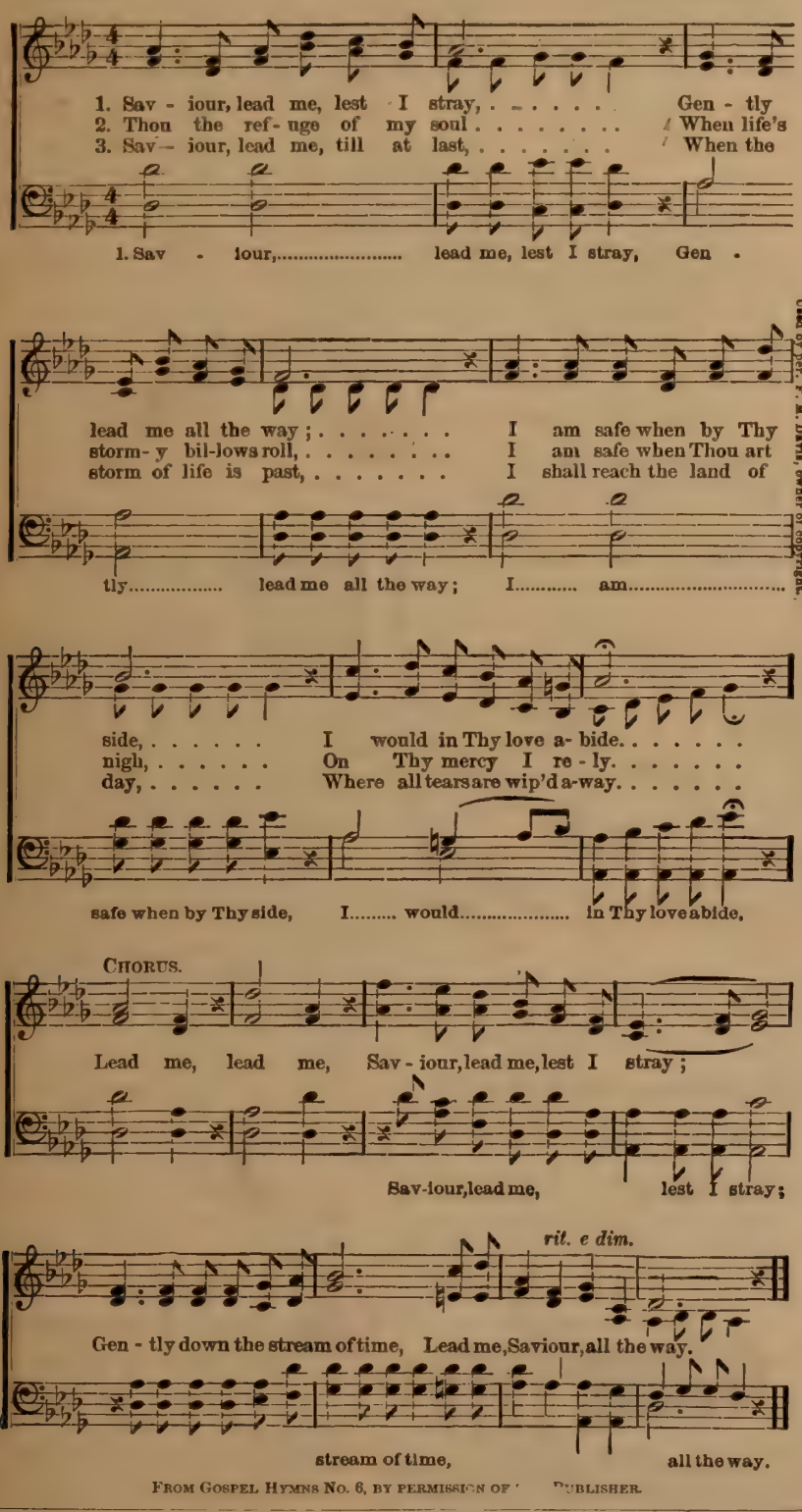


Selected for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by IRA D. SANKEY.

Lead me, Saviour.

"For thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF [illegible] PUBLISHER.

A TOOL THAT COST A LIFE.

IN a recent mining accident in Cornwall, England, a middle aged miner was among the dead. His fellow-workmen told a sad story of the way in which he lost his life. He had come to work on the morning of the accident bringing with him a new pick for which he had given a sum equivalent to sixty cents. He boasted about his pick and the bargain he made in buying it. While the men were at work a sharp crack was heard. The miners did not need to be told what the meaning was. Looking up, they saw a rent in the coal which formed the roof and they fled for their lives. Having reached a place of safety near the foot of the shaft they waited momentarily to hear the crash of the falling roof. Among them was the man who owned the new pick. Remembering that he had left it behind and thinking that he might have time to recover it, he started back at a run for the place where it was lying. Before he returned the crash came. When his body was found afterward, the new pick was in his hand. Like him, many a man has been almost saved, having decided to quit his sins and become a follower of Christ, but returning to the scene of his worldly pleasures for one last indulgence, has been again enmeshed and has lost his soul.

THE CAGED BIRD.

A YOUNG lady once said to Dr. Mackay, "What does all this preaching mean? Why, I feel as happy as a bird, just as happy as the day is long, and I have nothing to do with it." "So, madame," was the reply, "you say you feel as happy as a bird. Of what bird may I ask?" "Oh, as happy as my canary." "Exactly so, and it is a prisoner, but no more a prisoner than you are." "But, Doctor," argued the young lady, "it does not know it is a prisoner." "So much the worse for the bird. It has been so long confined, that it has forgotten how to soar in the air. It has wings but it cannot use them. It scarcely deserves the name of bird, and now you, madame, are exactly like that bird. You are incarcerated in the devil's cage, but you have been so long there that you have become habituated to it and look upon it more as a home than a prison. Your soul has not cherished a yearning for God. It has not been accustomed to fly to God. The tendency has been to sense, sin, and bondage. If you feel that you do not require God's salvation, it is not because you are better than others but because you are worse and further sunk in the stupor of sin."

WITH YOU ALWAY.

UPON my life, one day, at highest noon,
There fell a dark eclipse. Enwrapped in gloom,
With burdened soul, I groped along my way.
The burden heavier grew, and deeper still
The shadows gathered round my faltering feet,
I felt as one who walks unloved, alone,
Forgotten even by that Friend who bore
Alone upon His breaking heart the woe,
The bitter blinding woe of all the world.
I prayed. Up through the darkness rose my cry,
By night, by day; and this was all my prayer:
"Lord, come to me; Oh, come! Lord, come to me!"

My Lord came not! But as I prayed there came,
As from the lips of One quite near, this word:
"Come unto me! Thou heavy-laden heart,
Thou weary, toiling one, come unto me!"
And I remembered then what he had said,
And oft repeated to my listening heart,
In many a lonely walk of years agone:
"Lo, I am with you alway, to the end!"
Then straightway I was comforted in Him,
And knew that warm, sweet Presence in the dark.
Assured that He had never left my side,
At highest noon, or deepest, darkest night.
So will I hold me henceforth to his word,
And trust where I can neither see nor hear,
For He is faithful that hath promised me.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

East Northfield, Mass.

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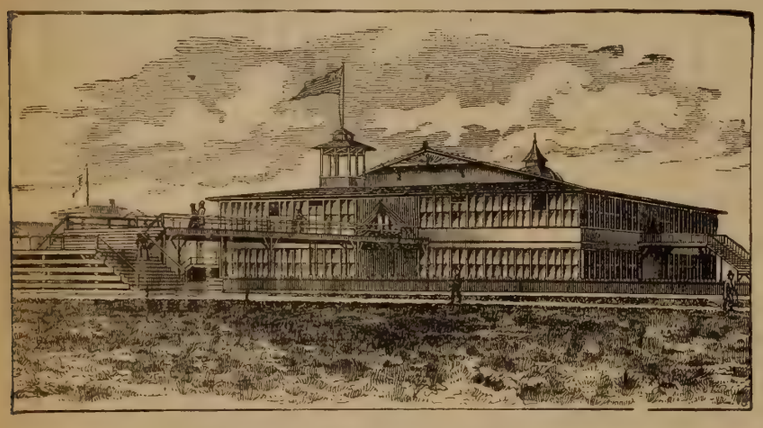
THE GOSPEL BY THE SEA.

Many Thousands at Asbury Park—Preaching by Mr. Frank De Witt Talmage in the New Auditorium.

OVER 5,000 persons crowded the new Auditorium at Asbury Park on Sunday, Aug. 23, to listen to a sermon by Mr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, son of the famous preacher, from John 21 : 3 : "I go a-fishing." The audience was a representative and sympathetic one. After the Rev. Edward S. Young had offered prayer, the preacher was introduced, and delivered a powerful discourse. Among other things Mr. Talmage said :

"In the Delaware Valley where slumbering beauties lie smiling as does a babe asleep, where silent mountains shoot forth waters into brooks, which go murmuring on until they join themselves into a creek and then sing the rest of the way, and within sight of Bushkill Falls where trout drop o'er their noisy waters ninety-six feet into the pool below and then start down the clean brook, and where the river struck by some fever simply crawls to the sea slowly winding as though it would



THE NEW ASBURY PARK AUDITORIUM.

fain go back—how often have I heard this summer the words of my text—"I go a-fishing." And the same characteristics that made Peter a fisherman, made him the chief apostle and spokesman of the twelve, entered into his preaching when the spirit descended and three thousand souls found Christ. Peter's business was to fish, but after his conversion it was to save souls: this is what the pulpit is for. The pulpit is not the place for ecclesiastical scrimmage, but for Christian truths pure and simple. The average man cares nothing for transgression, progression or election, but he does want repentance for his sins: when he stands at the open grave he wants Jesus, and when he comes to die he wants to hear 'I will be with thee and the river shall not overflow thee.'

"Let us throw overboard some of our surplus theology — let us anchor the boat and throw out the gang-plank for Christ — All aboard for heaven! A church may cost a million dollars, may have the most fashionable congregation in the city, have a prima donna in the choir loft and a preacher to whom they pay thousands, but if that church don't save some souls—it's a dead failure. Why? It doesn't catch fish! But if, on some hot August day, you go out into the woods with an old Christian woman and she commences to tell you about your sins and the power of the Holy Ghost descends and you kneel by some log and pray 'Oh, God save me! Oh, God help me!' that sermon is a gem for it saved your soul."

Continuing, he said : "Now my friends what are you going to do with Jesus? You cannot serve two masters but you must serve one. Some people think it is so hard to be a Christian. Why, do you know the hardest taskmaster is the devil? He demands surrender of body of mind and of soul. When going down the street some night and listening to the glad laughter of revellers coming from the places of sin and hear the clash of music, you think: My, what great carnival is this? But stop—is that all? Ten years from now that youth will be worn out, you will see him coming home after midnight, bloated by debauch to some tenement house where sits those to whom he is father and husband. Is that the being she so proudly stepped to the altar to greet? Is that the man friends congratulated her upon marrying? Is that the man who used to go and call with love and lofty ideas? Through this sea of anguish I hear the echo of the revel of ten years back. The devil always pays your wages, and those are the wages of sin of misery and of woe.

"We call that fun. Fun to be turned out of your store, fun to have the sheriff sell the home above your head, fun for your family to be put out in the street, fun to be swindled out of earth and of heaven. Sin is death. In the school of sin, there are many different classes : once you enter the rum shop, once you do that which you are ashamed to tell your mother, wife or child, once you commence to let your breath smell of whiskey—there is a rapid promotion and soon you will be graduated from the senior class. Too late you see the error, to try to feel the right path. Look out, you will tumble from the rock."

THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

HAVE ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have lost their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have you trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The prints of wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay his head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have you guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the "Golden Land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before?

GOSPEL THERAPEUTICS.

AT Urugala, in the Central Province of Ceylon, a woman who is now named Ruth had lost her child and was attracted by the assurance that, if she would trust in the Saviour, she would see her child again. Mr. Garrett, the church missionary in the Island, says : "The mother listened, gradually yielded, and has become a follower of Jesus. Presently her husband came to ask, 'What medicine have you given my wife!' 'No medicine; we give none.' 'Oh, yes, you have given her good medicine. She used to be cross, and now is so kind. She used to be lazy, and now is so willing. She used to speak such bad words, and now is so gentle.' Ruth was baptized in August last.

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A Vacation Trip TO THE ROCKIES.

"Manitou and the Mountains" have become household words, and when one nowadays contemplates a summer trip, the popular point, Manitou, at once comes to the front in the minds of all, and the decision in nine cases out of ten is, "Yes, to Manitou we will go."

THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y runs Through Car Vestibule Trains from Chicago to Colorado Springs, and on fast trains are Through Day Coaches, Through Chair Cars, Through Pullman Sleepers and Dining Cars.

At Colorado Springs, which is virtually at foot of Pike's Peak, there is an electric line to Manitou (six miles away), and one can leave the Springs at any quarter hour interval. There are steam roads also from Colorado Springs to Manitou.

An excellent plan is to take carriage at Colorado Springs and drive to Manitou, taking in en route the Garden of the Gods, so widely advertised, and in which are such wonderful sights, and the detour on this route is but little, and the tourist is well repaid the time and trivial increased expense.

But on arrival at Manitou the climax is reached in delightful drives, babbling brooks, lovely lakes, and cool corners in the shady parks that abound at this foot-hill village.

We can not begin to tell you of the wonders and beauties of this popular resort, but just mention another feature that overtops all. It is the new railroad built from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak, and in a Railway Car you can now be Carried to the Clouds—Cheaply, Speedily and Safely.

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THE SCEPTIC REFUTED.

How a Christian Nobleman Convinced a Visitor Out of His Own Mouth.

IN that beautiful part of Germany which is on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived at that castle a noble gentleman whom we shall call Baron ——. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's farm.

It happened on a certain occasion that this, young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle he began to talk of his heavenly Father, in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the old man reproved him saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he never saw him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about the castle and grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "whoever drew this picture, knows how to use his pencil."

"My son drew this picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," he replied.

The Baron then went with visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and treees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; "he knows every plant, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and happy that the gentlemen was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "what a happy man you are to have so good a son."

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works; he must be good and clever if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge him by his works."

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father. I know from his work that he is a being of infinite wisdom, and power and goodness."

The man felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron further by his sceptical remarks.

AN UNEXPECTED WELCOME.

ONE of the most successful agencies in Missionary work in India is that of a band of young native converts, who are known as the Tinnevelly itinerants. Their labors recently have been rewarded by several converts. One of them was a young man of high caste, whose friends endeavored with various pretexts to entice him away, but were instead induced by him to attend church, with the result that one of them confessed a desire to be a Christian too. This young man joined the itinerating band for instruction, and his father showed no resentment at his joining the Christians. The Rev. E. S. Carr says:—"The young man himself has stood firm, and in October we came to his village in the course of our tour. We were rather afraid of a disturbance, as he was with us; but after we had preached there on two occasions, his father sent a message asking me to go to the house and bring his son to see him. I wondered whether this was some tricks to get hold of the son, but took it as an opportunity from the Lord, and went with our band of catechists. We found a number of his relations, who all live in one street, standing about waiting for us. We were shown into the courtyard of the father's house, and were received with all native respect. They gave me a chair, put a garland of flowers round my neck, and presented me with fruit, sugar, etc. They then asked us to conduct a meeting as we liked. We had prayer, read the story of Zaccheus ('This day is salvation come to this house'), and then I tried, as far as my small knowledge of the language would allow me, to improve the opportunity by pointing out that it was the work of the Spirit of God alone which had drawn the young man to Christ. They listened well, and begged that their son might be allowed to come and see them sometimes. I said the lad was quite free to come whenever he liked. He has since been to see them, and was well received. It is an almost unheard of thing for the relations of those who have become Christians to receive us in that way. They are, as a rule, very bitter."

GOD IN THE HEART.

The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.
PSALMS 53.

THERE is no God! it cannot be,
No Father to remember me?
No shepherd for the wandering sheep
In pastures green their steps to keep?
His hand holds up the weary head
And giveth us our daily bread.

There is a God! we yearning cry.
His Spirit in us cannot die.
For Him our hearts we open wide,
That he may enter and abide.
Abide with us till time is o'er,
Abide with us for evermore.

MRS. J. ELDER.

A Christian 110 Years Old.

BAINBRIDGE, GA., Aug. 14, 1891.

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:—

Sister Millie Brinton of my church, was born in North Carolina, in 1781. She is one hundred and ten years old. She has been a Christian forty years, and up to about three months ago, she attended church, but she is now confined to her bed, quietly, she says, waiting the Master's call. She is a consistent Christian; and, oh, how it would do you good to hear her talk of heaven!

Very truly,
W. A. PIERCE, Pastor M. E. Church

A Memory of Five Points.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., Aug. 20, 1891.

To the Editor of The Christian Herald:—

DEAR SIR:—THE CHRISTIAN HERALD of the 19th, fitly describes the Five Points. As to the date of establishing the Sabbath and Mission School, prior to 1840, the Misses Wilbur, 39 Pearl Street, where I was a boarder, (they being members of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, Rev. Joel Parloes, pastor), invited me to aid them in the work which they had been long engaged in. In 1840 and 1841, I had been a member of the Scotch church, (Rev. Dr. McElroy, Pastor, Robert Castor, Sunday School Superintendent), Mr. Castor placed me on the Visiting Committee, mornings. During two of the three years I was a member of the Scotch church, (1839, '40 and '41), I was engaged in the same work on the afternoons of the Sabbath. There was not a house or room at Five Points, within a mile radius, that I did not visit, being kindly received. I was glad when I heard of the fire destroying most of the houses as it was a blessing to the inmates.

I am now in my seventy-seventh year. Memory, I have thought, never dies.

Respectfully,
A. Z. MUNCASTER.

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It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through,

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

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(*Mention Christian Herald.*) **SAFFORD, ADAMS & CO., 41 Great Jones St., New York.**

THE HEAVENLY FOOT SOCIETY.

THIS quaint title has been taken by the Society recently formed in China to abolish the cruel practice of binding the feet of girls in their infancy. It has long been the custom in China, where small feet are even more highly esteemed than with us, to begin early in life to secure that object, not as in America by the wearing of tight shoes but with bandages which effect the purpose much more surely. The bandages are tightened every morning and evening till in the course of time a full grown woman's foot can be got into a shoe of *three inches in length*. The operation is most painful, and the cries of pain from the poor girls are terribly painful to Europeans who may be in the neighborhood. Wherever the missionaries have established themselves they have endeavored to put an end to this practice among their converts. During a meeting of the Anti-Foot-binding Society, which is now called the Heavenly Foot Society, an old lady, nearly seventy years old, with wrinkled and withered face, but eyes still bright and clear, got up to speak. Her feet were so small that she had to lean upon a long staff which she had in her hand. Whether with excitement or with old age, I know not, but she seemed deeply moved, and her hand trembled as she firmly grasped her staff. "I am very sorry," she said, "that we did not have this meeting twenty years ago. Alas! why did we not have it? We might then have begun our war against this cruel custom long before to-day. I quite believe in all that has has been said to-day against foot-binding. It is a terrible evil, as only we women knew, and something should have been done to put an end to it ere this, but I am thankful for this meeting. The only thing I am grieved about is that I am an old woman, and I have no little ones that I can see shall never have their feet bound. But," she continued, as her eye brightened, and she took a steadier grasp of her staff, "I am going to use all my influence to put a stop to this evil. I have grandchildren, and they shall not have their feet bound if I can help it."

A REBUKE TO A PRIEST.

A CHINAMAN who was converted from the worship of Joss to Christianity, joined the congregation at Woug-pwang in North China. After remaining there some time he left the city to live at Lo-ngwong. The missionaries were greatly concerned about him, for his new home was in a district where the Roman Catholics have many converts. His neighbors were puzzled about him for he would not visit the gambling-houses and yet he would not go to the Catholic church. At last his reputation reached the ears of the priest, a Spaniard, who sent for him and talked with him for two hours, questioning him on both the Old and New Testament history. Astonished at the answers of so rough a man, he asked him how many years he had read in school. 'I never was at school,' said the man. 'Where, then, did you learn all this?' 'From reading my Bible,' was the answer, and the priest was silent. Then he showed him the crucifix in the chapel. It impressed the man, but in an unexpected direction. To some minds his answer would be shocking, but to him, himself recently an idolater, it came quite naturally. 'What a pity,' he said, 'to make an idol of the Lord Jesus for the heathen to laugh at!'"

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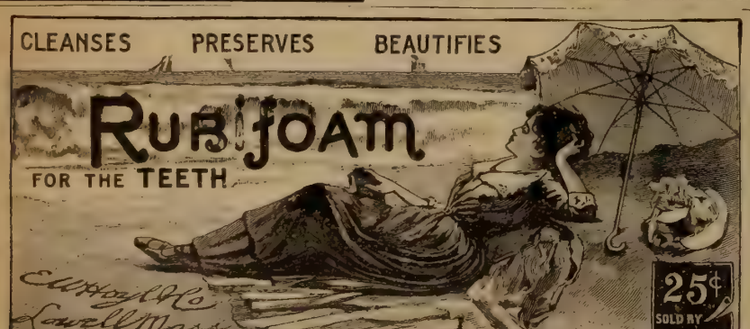
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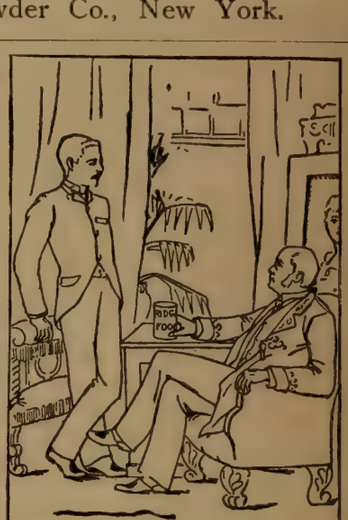

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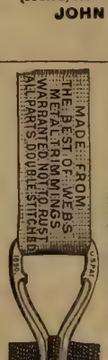

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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THE FELLAHS OF EGYPT.

A Quiet, Contented, Submissive Race, who Till the Soil and Love Their Country—Patriotic but Poor—Egyptian Homes.

SINCE Herodotus' time, many books have been written by travellers and others concerning Egypt, affording a vast quantity of valuable information, yet little is known, outside the land of the Nile itself, about the people who are Egypt's bone and sinew—the Fellaheen. *Fellah* is an Arabic word, meaning peasant or agriculturist, and has been specially applied to the farming and laboring population of Egypt by their Turkish masters, in a contemptuous sense; for the Turk himself distains labor and regards all workers as slaves. The Fellaheen form the great bulk of the population of Egypt and are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, intermingled with Syrians, Arabs and other races, who have been converted to Islam. They are a peaceful and contented race, and despite the exactions of a sordid and unjust government which keeps them forever poor, they are comparatively happy.

To-day we give an illustration of a Fellah family group, taken from a photograph procured by Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, during his recent tour in the East. This photograph, taken near Cairo, represents an industrious toiler surrounded by his household, resting in the grateful shade of the cool palms of an oriental garden after the cares and labors of the day. The simple wants of such a family are easily supplied; the husband cultivates the patch of ground, raising corn which he makes into a kind of course flour or millet that is eaten with the fingers, although spoons are occasionally used. If the season be a prosperous one, the family can occasionally eat wheaten bread or seed cakes, the latter being a special viand used on festive days at the tables of the poor. The usual food, however, consists almost entirely of vegetables, *dhourra* bread and beans. Rice is somewhat of a luxury, and meat is simply unattainable. This modest repast is washed down with a draught of water from the Nile, or with coffee; yet on this diet, the Fellahs are healthy and robust, and capable of severe labor.

The dress of the Fellaheen, who form the fourth or lowest class of the population, is very simple, consisting for the men of a shirt and linen drawers, over which is worn a large garment called the *herie*, which is girdled by a belt of leather or cloth. On the the head is worn the *tarboush* or turban, which may be of almost any color. The women tattoo themselves and marry early, being wives at eleven, mothers at twelve, and grandmothers at twenty-four. It is not unusual for them to intermarry with the Bedouins, whose peculiarities have already been described in recent issues of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Nile-worship and love of country are characteristic of the Fellah. He cannot live away from his native village; he must follow the plough where his father followed it before him, and by their graves he must be laid. Revolutions he holds in abhorrence, and he will submit to any tyranny rather than be driven from his home. He bows his head submissively to affliction and exclaims "*Allah, Kerim!*" He is wholly unambitious and it is seldom, indeed, that one of his race rises to great deeds or fame.

The women, like all Moslems, are slaves in their obedience to the law of their lord and master. Instead of the *yashmack*, they wear a head-dress of dark stuff, covering the entire face and shoulders, and leaving only the eyes and forehead visible. This head-dress is frequently trimmed with strings of coins of sufficient value to buy a handsome outfit for the wearer, but these are held sacred, and would not be touched by the husband, being the marriage dowry of the woman, who loves to display them in this open fashion. Down the centre of the forehead is a light metal tube, formed of rings jointed together, and this is worn by all married women of their race. Through this tube, tradition says, Allah may design to speak. It is probably a modification of the ancient Egyptian head-dress, which sometimes took the form of serpents and other animals, lying prone on the forehead, or curving, with head erect, as if about to strike. For the rest, the women's garments consist of a single wrap enveloping the entire form, and distorting rather than concealing its outlines. Graceful attire is something unknown to them.

The Fellahs live in villages, each governed by a sheik who is little else than a tax collector. They occupy a pitiful position, socially, and are the victims of oppression and extortion almost beyond belief. It is estimated that they scarcely retain one-twentieth of the fruit of their labor, the bulk of it being greedily absorbed by their social and official superiors. They doubtless represent more of the peculiarities of the ancient Egyptians than any other Orientals. In seasons of prosperity, as well as in the days of adversity, they exhibit a philosophical content and indifference to fate that would be remarkable in a more cultivated people. Christianity has made considerable progress among these descendants of the pyramid-builders. In Cairo and several other cities, Christian schools are in operation, the pioneer in this Gospel work being Miss M. L. Whately, whose efforts in behalf of the children of Egypt are known all over the Christian world.

A FELLAH FAMILY GROUP.

From a photograph secured by Rev. Dr. Talmage in the East.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE DROVES AT THE WELL.

Dr. Talmage's sermon preached last Sunday, Sept. 6, at Elmira, N. Y., to an enormous audience gathered at the New York and Pennsylvania Exposition, at that place. His text was:

"And they said, we cannot; until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep." Gen. 29 : 8.

THERE are some reasons why it is appropriate that I should accept the invitation to preach at this great Inter-state Fair, and to these throngs of countrymen and citizens, horsemen just come from their fine chargers, the king of beasts for I take the crown from the lion, and put it on the brow of the horse which is in every way nobler, and speak to these shepherds just come from their flocks, the Lord himself in one place called a Shepherd, and in another place called a Lamb, and all the good are sheep, and preach to you cattle-men come up from the herds, your occupation honored by the fact that God himself thinks it worthy of immortal record that he owns "the cattle on a thousand hills." It is appropriate that I come because I was a farmer's boy, and never saw a city until I was nearly grown, and having been born in the country I never got over it, and would not dwell in cities a day if my work was not appointed there. My love to you now, and when I get through I will give you my hand, for though I have this summer shaken hands with perhaps forty thousand people in twenty-one states of the Union all the way through to Colorado and North and South I will not conclude my summer vacation till I have shaken hands with you. You old farmer out there! How you make me think of my father! You elderly woman out there with cap and spectacles! How you make me think of my mother! And now while the air of these Fair Grounds is filled with the bleating of sheep, and the neighing of horses, and the lowing of cattle, I cannot find a more appropriate text than the one I read.

It is a scene in Mesopotamia. A well of water of great value in that region. The fields around about it white with three flocks of sheep lying down waiting for the watering. I hear their bleating coming on the bright air, and the laughter of young men and maidens indulging in rustic *repartee*. I look off, and I see other flocks of sheep coming. Meanwhile, Jacob, a stranger, on the interesting errand of looking for a wife, comes to the well. A beautiful shepherdess comes to the same well. I see her approaching, followed by her father's flock of sheep. It was a memorable meeting. Jacob married that shepherdess. The Bible account of it is: "Jacob kissed Rachel, and lifted up his voice and wept." It has always been a mystery to me what he found to cry about! But before that scene occurred, Jacob accosts the shepherds and asks them why they postpone the slaking of the thirst of these sheep, and why they did not immediately proceed to water them. The shepherds reply to the effect: "We are all good neighbors, and as a matter of courtesy we wait until all the sheep of the neighborhood come up. Besides that, this stone on the well's mouth is somewhat heavy, and several of us take hold of it and push it aside, and then the buckets and the troughs are filled, and the sheep are satisfied. We cannot, until all the flocks be gathered together, and till they roll the stone from the well's mouth; then we water the sheep."

Oh, this is a thirsty world! Hot for the head, and blistering for the feet, and parching for the tongue. The world's great want is a cool, refreshing, satisfying draught. We wander around and find the cistern empty. Long and tedious drought has dried up the world's fountains, but nearly nineteen centuries ago, a Shepherd, with crook in the shape of a cross, and feet cut to the bleeding, explored the desert passages of this world, and one day came across a well a thousand feet deep, bubbling and bright, and opalescent, and looked to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and cried out with a voice strong and musical that rang through the ages: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

If a herd of swine come to a well they angrily jostle each other for the precedence; if a drove of cattle come to a well, they hook each other back from the water, but when the flock of sheep come, though a hundred of them shall be disappointed, they only express it by sad bleating, they come together peacefully. We want a great multitude to come around the Gospel well. I know there are those who do not like a crowd—they think a crowd is vulgar. If they are oppressed for room in church it makes them positively impatient and belligerent. Not so did these Oriental shepherds. They waited until all the flocks were gathered,

RACHEL AT THE WELL.

and the more flocks that came, the better they liked it. And so we ought to be anxious that all the people should come. Go out into the highways and the hedges and compel them to come in. Go to the rich and tell them they are indigent without the Gospel of Jesus. Go to the poor and tell them the affluence there is in Christ. Go to the blind and tell them of the touch that gives eternal illumination. Go to the lame and tell them of the joy that will make the lame man leap like a hart. Gather all the sheep off of all the mountains. None so torn of the dogs, none so sick, none so worried, none so dying, as to be omitted. Let down all the bars, swing open all the gates, scatter all the invitations: "Whosoever will let him come." Come, white and black. Come, red men of the forest. Come, Laplander, out of the snow. Come, Patagonian, out of the heat. Come in furs. Come panting under palm leaves. Come one. Come all. Come now.

You notice that this well of Mesopotamia had a stone on it, which must be removed before the sheep could be watered; and I find on the well of salvation to-day impediments and obstacles, which must be removed in order that you may obtain the refreshment and life of this Gospel. In your case the impediment is pride of heart. You cannot bear to come to so democratic a fountain; you do not want to come with so many others. It is to you like when you are dry, coming to a town pump, as compared to sitting in a parlor sipping out of a chased chalice which has just been lifted from a silver salver. Not so many publicans and sinners. You want to get to heaven, but it must be in a special car, with your feet on a Turkish ottoman and a band of music on board the train. You will have to remove the obstacle of pride, or never find your way to the well. You will have to come as we came, willing to take the water of eternal life in any way, and at any hand, and in any kind of pitcher, crying out: "O Lord Jesus, I am dying of thirst. Give me the water of eternal life, whether in trough or goblet; give me the water of life; I care not in what it comes to me." Away with all your hindrances of pride from the well's mouth.

Here is another man who is kept back from this water of life by the stone of an obdurate heart, which lies over the mouth of the well. You have no more feeling upon this subject than if God had yet to do you the first kindness, or you had to do God the first wrong. Seated on his lap all these years, his everlasting arms sheltering you, where is your gratitude? Where is your morning and evening prayer? Where are your consecrated lives? All the bright surroundings of your life from him. O man, what dost thou with that hard heart? Canst thou not feel one throb of gratitude toward the God who made you, and the Christ who came to redeem you, and the Holy Ghost who has all these years been importuning you? If you could sit down five minutes under the tree of a Saviour's martydrom, and feel his warm life trickling on your forehead and cheek and hands, methinks you would get some appreciation of what you owe to a crucified Jesus.

Heart of stone, relent, relent,
Touched by Jesus' cross subdued;
See his body, mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood.
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified the eternal Son.

Come, all ye thirsty! You have an undefined longing in your soul. You tried money-making; that did not satisfy you. You tried office under government; that did not satisfy you. There are men here who are perfectly discontented. Unhappy in the past, unhappy to-day, to be unhappy forever, unless you come to this Gospel-well. This satisfies the soul with a high, deep, all-absorbing and eternal satisfaction. It comes and it offers the most unfortunate man so much of this world as is best for him, and throws all heaven into the bargain. The wealth of Croesus, and of all the Rothschilds is only a poor, miserable shilling compared with the eternal fortunes that Christ offers you to-day. In the far East, there was a king who used once a year to get on a scales, while on the other side the scales were placed gold and silver and gems; indeed, enough were placed there to balance the king; then, at the close of the weighing, all those treasures were thrown among the populace. But Christ to-day steps on one side the scales, and on the other side are all the treasures of the universe, and he says: "All are yours—all height, all depth, all length, all breadth, all eternity; all are yours." We don't appreciate the promises of the Gospel. When an aged clergyman was dying—a man very eminent in the church—a young theological student stood by his side, and the aged man looked up and said to him: "Can't you give me some comfort in my dying hour?" "No," said the young man; "I can't talk to you on this subject; you know all about it, and have known it so long." "Well," said the dying man, "just recite to me some promises." The young man thought a moment, and he came to this promise: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and the old man clapped his hands, and in his dying moment said: "That's just the

TREASURES TO BALANCE THE KING.

promise I have been waiting for. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" Oh, the warmth, the grandeur, the magnificence of the promises!

Come, also, to this Gospel-well, all ye troubled. I do not suppose you have escaped. Compare your view of this life at fifteen years of age with what your view of it is at forty, or sixty, or seventy. What a great contrast of opinion! Were you right then, or are you right now? Two cups placed in your hands, the one a sweet cup, the other a sour cup. A cup of joy and a cup of grief. Which has been the nearest to being full, and out of which have you the more frequently partaken? What a different place the cemetery is from what it used to be. Once it was to you a grand city improvement, and you went out on the pleasure excursion, and you ran laughingly up the mound, and you criticised in a light way the epitaph. But since the day when you heard the bell toll at the gate as you went in with the procession, it is a sad place, and there is a flood of rushing memories that suffuse the eye and over-master the heart. Oh, you have had trouble, trouble, trouble. God only knows how much you have had. If I could gather all the griefs, of all sorts, from this great audience, and could put them in one scroll, neither man nor angel could endure the recitation. Well, what do you want? Would you like to have your property back again? "No," you say, as a Christian man: "I was becoming arrogant, and I think that is why the Lord took it away. I don't want to have my property back." Well, would you have your departed friends back again? "No," you say: "I couldn't take the responsibility of bringing them from a tearless realm to a realm of tears. I couldn't do it." Well, then, what do you want? A thousand voices in the audience cry out: "Comfort, give us comfort." For that reason I have rolled away the stone from the well's mouth. Come, all ye wounded of the flock, pursued of the wolves, come to the fountain where the Lord's sick and bereft ones have come.

"Ah," says some one, "you are not old enough to understand my sorrows.

You have not been in the world as long as I have, and you cant talk to me about my misfortunes in the time of old age." Well, I have been a great deal among old people, and I know how they feel about their failing health, and about their departed friends, and about the loneliness that sometimes strikes through their soul. After two persons have lived together for forty or fifty years, and one of them is taken away, what desolation! I shall not forget the cry of the late Rev. Dr. De Witt, of New York, when he stood by the open grave of his beloved wife, and, after the obsequies had ended, he looked down into the open place and said: "Farewell, my honored, faithful, and beloved wife. The bond that bound us is severed. Thou art in glory, and I am here on earth. We shall meet again, Farewell! Farewell!" To lean on a prop for fifty years, and then have it break under you! There were only two years' difference between the deaths of my father and mother. After my mother's decease, my father used to go around as though looking for something; and he would often get up from one room, without any seeming reason, and go to another room; and then he would take his cane and start out and some one would say: "Father, where are you going?" and he

"I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM GOING."

would answer: "I don't know exactly where I am going." Always looking for something. Though he was a tender-hearted man, I never saw him cry but once, and that was at the burial of my mother. After sixty years' living together, it was hard to part. And there are aged people to-day who are feeling just such a pang as that. I want to tell them there is perfect enchantment in the promises of this Gospel; and I come to them and I offer them my arm, or I take their arm and I bring them to this Gospel-well.

Sit down, father, or mother, sit down. See if there is anything at the well well for you. Come, David, the Psalmist, have you anything encouraging to offer them? "Yes," says the Psalmist; "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, they shall be fat and flourishing, to show that the Lord is upright, he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in me." Come, Isaiah, have you anything to say out of your prophecies for these aged people? "Yes," says Isaiah; "Down to old age I am with thee, and to hoary hairs will I carry thee." Well, if the Lord is going to carry you, you ought not to worry much about your failing eyesight and failing limbs. Do you think you will come to want? Who do you think the Lord is? Are his granaries empty? Will he feed the raven and the rabbit, and forget you? But you say: "I am so near worn out, and I am of no use to God any more." I think the Lord knows whether you are of any more use or not; if you were of no more use he would have taken you before this. Do you think God has forgotten you because he has taken care of you seventy or eighty years? He thinks more of you to-day than he ever did, because you think more of him. May the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Paul the aged be your God for ever!

But I gather all the promises to-day in a group, and I ask the shepherds to drive their flocks of lambs and sheep up to the sparkling supply. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth." "Though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I am determined to-day that no one shall go away uncomforted. Yonder is a timid and shrinking soul who seems to hide away from the consolations I am uttering, as a child with a sore hand hides away from the physician lest he touch the wound too roughly, and the mother has to go and compel the little patient to come out and see the physician. So I come to your timid and shrinking soul to-day, and compel you to come out in the presence of the Divine Physician. He will not hurt you. He has been healing wounds for many years, and he will give you gentle and omnipotent medicament. But people, when they have trouble, go anywhere rather than to God. De Quincy took opium to get rid of his troubles. Charles Lamb took to punch. Theodore Hook took to something stronger. Edwin Forrest took to theatrical dissipation. And men have run all around the earth, hoping in the quick transit to get away from their misfortunes. It has been a dead failure. There is only one well that can slake the thirst of an afflicted spirit, and that is the deep and inexhaustible well of the Gospel.

But some one says, in the audience: "Notwithstanding all you have said this morning, I find no alleviation for my troubles." Well, I am not through yet. I have left the most potent consideration for the last. I am going to soothe you with the thought of heaven. However talkative we may be, there will come a time when the stoutest and most emphatic interrogation will evoke from us no answer. As soon as we have closed our lips for the final silence, no power on earth can break that taciturnity. But where, O Christian, will be your spirit? In a scene of infinite gladness. The spring-morning of heaven waving its blossoms in the bright air. Victors fresh from battle showing their scars. The rain of earthly sorrow struck through with the rainbow of eternal joy. In one group, God and angels and the redeemed—Paul and Silas, Latimer and Ridley, Isaiah and Jeremiah, Payson and John Milton, Gabriel and Michael the archangel. Long line of choristers reaching across the hills. Seas of joy dashing to the white beach. Conquerors marching from gate to gate. You among them.

Oh, what a great flock of sheep God will gather around the celestial well. No stone on the well's mouth, while the Shepherd waters the sheep. There Jacob will recognize Rachel the shepherdess. And standing on one side of the well of eternal rapture, your children; and standing on the other side of the well of eternal rapture, your Christian ancestry, you will be bounded on all sides by a joy so keen and grand that no other world has ever been permitted to experience it. Out of that one deep well of heaven, the Shepherd will dip reunion for the bereaved, wealth for the poor, health for the sick, rest for the weary. And then all the flock of the Lord's sheep will lie down in the green pastures, and world without end we will praise the Lord that on this first autumnal Sabbath of 1891 we were permitted to study among the bleating flocks and lowing herds of this Fair Ground the story of Jacob and Rachel the shepherdess at the well in Mesopotamia. Oh plunge your buckets into this great Gospel well and let them come up dripping with that water of which if a man drink he never again shall thirst.

A TITLE DEED AMONG RUBBISH.

NEW ORLEANS newspapers announce the discovery by a young lawyer of that city of a title deed to land in New York worth several millions. It is an old grant dated before the Revolution. It was given to two brothers one of whom was the great-grandfather of the lawyer. In 1776 the two brothers were living in Virginia and in 1786 they removed to a farm in Kentucky. Recently the young lawyer visited the old farm house, which is still standing, and while exploring the garret for relics of his ancestors he found among a quantity of papers, thrown there as rubbish, the old deed which he believes gives him the title to this magnificent inheritance. He has taken it to England to establish its validity. If it proves to be genuine he will return and prosecute his claim in the courts. He acted very promptly on the discovery of the deed, though he found it unexpectedly and in so strange a place. In this he showed none of the indifference which men display when they read in the old Book of the heavenly inheritance given to them and to their fathers by the King of kings. (1. Peter 1: 4.)

A VICTIM'S MOTIVE.

ONE of the witnesses at the Coroner's Inquest, which sat last week to investigate the disaster of August 22, in Park Place, New York, was in the building a few days before it fell. He went to see a friend named Hemmerich who worked there as a pressman. He noticed the vibration of the building and especially the sharp shake given to it when Hemmerich, seeing him enter, jumped off his press to greet him. The witness asked Hemmerich if he was not afraid to work in a building that jarred so easily. He replied that he would not work another day there if it were not for his wife and child. He must consider them, for it was difficult to get another job in the summer. A few days afterward the building fell and Hemmerich was one of the men crushed under the ruins. A man so concerned about the welfare of his wife and child would probably have been much distressed on their account if he had lost his job; yet it would have been a good thing for them and him if he had been discharged. The time will come when the Christian will see that his "misfortunes," which now seem so mysterious to him, were really blessings sent by his heavenly Father to save him from some calamity temporal or spiritual. (Rom. 8: 28.)

A RACE FROM A BEAR.

A THRILLING adventure, which recently befell a lady in Kentucky, is reported in a dispatch to the New York *Times*. She has been teaching school in Bear Creek, and on August 8th she set out, accompanied by her niece, a child three years old, to visit her mother, who lives on the other side of the mountains. The road is a lonely one and lies through woods which were formerly infested by bears, though none of them have been seen of late years. As the lady and child leisurely climbed the mountain path, they were startled by the crackling of bushes behind them. Looking back they saw a huge bear emerge and start in pursuit of them. With a cry of terror the lady snatched up the child and ran. If she could have gone down the mountain she could soon have reached her school-house, which was not far off; but the bear was between her and it. She must go on climbing, and, weighted with a heavy child, there seemed no hope of outrunning her savage pursuer. Her strength was failing rapidly, and the nearest house was two miles away on the other side of the mountain. Soon the bear was so near to her that she could hear his heavy tread and his panting. But there was a pause in that dreadful sound. Looking back, the lady saw that the bear had stopped to worry the child's hat, which had fallen off in the flight. In a little while he resumed his pursuit, but in the few precious moments thus gained, she had increased the distance between them. She was now almost at the top of the mountain. As the bear came nearer she quickly divested herself of her dress-skirt and left it in the path. Again the bear halted and savagely tore it to shreds. Her hat and sacque went next. The garments had cost her much hard-earned money, but she cared not now. They delayed the bear and gave her a chance of escape. She almost flew, for she had passed the top of the mountain, and before her, she could see the house where she would be safe. She pressed on and was soon inside its doors. The men of the house were away at their work, but a Winchester rifle stood in the corner, and the brave girl seized it. Going to the door she faced the savage beast and taking deliberate aim shot him through the heart. She is now the heroine of the township, everyone praising her coolness and courage. She is confident that she owes her life to the sacrifice of her outer garments, for not only did they delay the bear, but relieved her of an incumbrance which impeded her flight. In comparing the Christian's life to a race the Apostle recommends the same tactics. But it is not our garments but our treasures and sins that we are to sacrifice. "Let us," he says, "lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us and let us run with patience the race set before us." (Heb. 12: 1.)

HELPLESS AMONG FLAMES.

A REMARKABLE effect of lightning is described in a press dispatch from New Orleans. It states that a few days ago, during a severe thunder-storm, the lightning struck a farm-house in Iberia parish. The bolt passed down the chimney and into the room where the family were sitting, tearing down pictures and doors, and setting the place on fire. Although the lightning darted around the room and struck several inanimate objects, it did not touch nor injure the lady of the house and her three daughters, who were in the centre of the room. It completely paralyzed them, however. They were conscious and saw everything round them, and were perfectly aware of the fact that the house was on fire, but they were unable to move or cry for help. Fortunately, the son of the family who was some distance off, saw flames rising from the house, and hurried to it. He was horrified to see his mother and sisters seated amid the flames, gazing helplessly around them. He rushed to their assistance, and one by one carried them out of the burning building. But for his timely arrival and brave efforts all four would probably have been burned in their chairs. Their situation was typical of that of the whole human race, when, threatened with destruction and powerless to escape, the Son of God came to their relief and gave his life to save them. (Isa. 59: 16.)

A CORPORATION BIBLE.

ON the desk behind which the President of the Village of Sing Sing, N. Y., sits in the Corporation Room where the Board of Trustees meets lies an ordinary-sized black-bound book. This volume is scarcely ever touched, except on rare occasions, usually at the beginning of a President's term of office, and after that it is allowed to lie there and the dust to accumulate upon it. What is more remarkable about it is the fact that neither the President nor any of the Trustees, nor the officers can read a word in it, as none of them are acquainted with the language of the book. This plain, black-bound book is a Dutch Bible. Once, many years ago, some village officers had to be sworn into office and the President declared that nothing but a Bible would suffice. There was none among the books and archives of the corporation, and the Clerk was sent out to find one somewhere in town. He returned with a Dutch Bible which has ever since been the property of the President and Board of Trustees, and on this Dutch Bible all the village officers have since been sworn. This is making a fetich of the Bible, a practice which, unhappily, is not confined to corporations. In many families who would be ashamed to have no Bible in the house it is merely an ornament, as little used as if it were written in an unknown tongue, instead of being studied as the guide of daily life. (Joshua 1: 8.)

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 20, by Mrs. M. Baxter. John 10 : 1-16. Golden Text Ps. 23: 1.

WE can never know our God theoretically. We only understand the relations which he sustains to us by entering into them. Who has ever known Jesus as a Saviour, until he has, by the Holy Ghost, seen his own utter ruin, and leant the whole weight of his soul's eternal destiny on the faithfulness of him, whose blood cleanseth from all sin? We must know the Saviour to know salvation, and we only know the depths of salvation, "the wells of salvation" (Isa. 12: 3), as we become better acquainted with our Saviour. We can only know our Shepherd as we prove his care, and then the assertion is no rash boast: "The Lord is my Shepherd;

I Shall not Want."

"Whosoever shall drink of this water shall thirst again," said Jesus to the Samaritan woman, "but whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst;" he has found his Shepherd; he shall not want. There was a time when Jesus was in Galilee that the people out of many cities followed him, they were dissatisfied, they wanted something. "And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compasssion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd," they did want. Paul could look forward and say: "Behold I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." (Acts 20: 22-24.) Another was in charge of Paul's life, and he could say in his heart, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." He knew his Shepherd, he did not want.

Jesus, the great teacher, "the Light of the world," must teach and shine, whether men stopped their ears, and barred out the light, or whether they received him. To the needy ones, the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, the poor woman taken in adultery, the man born blind, he was indeed a Shepherd, and each of them, after being made an object of his healing and pardoning grace, could say: "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want." But the time of Jesus on earth was getting short, he must speak not only for

Those Who Heard Him

at the time, but for those who should afterwards hear and read his words in the light of the Holy Ghost. The Pharisees and scribes, galled with the felt superiority of Jesus to themselves, and finding that in every encounter with him they lost more and more ground, while his works spoke with irresistible power to the unprejudiced among the people, continually laid plots for his life. But his hour was not yet come, more home truths must yet be spoken which should be a mine of life and truth to future generations.

The Pharisees had just excommunicated the man born blind whose sight had been restored. These were the recognized shepherds of the people. Jesus said to them, "Verily, verily, I say unto *you*," you teachers, "he that entereth not in by the door to the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber; but he that entereth in by the door is the (or 'a,' R.V.) shepherd of the sheep." What then is meant by the door? "I am the door of the sheep: . . . by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." But how can Jesus be the Shepherd and the Door too? How can he enter in by himself? "By his own blood he entered in once." (Heb. 9: 12.) There was no other way even for Jesus, even for the good Shepherd. These would-be shepherds who knew nothing of the power of the blood of Christ knew no mercy for the blind man. It is only as we know the depth of our indebtedness to the precious blood of Christ that we can have a truly tender heart for others.

Jesus drew a striking contrast between himself, the good Shepherd, and those who had the spirit of a hireling. The Shepherd enters by the door; the sheep hear his voice. There is a perfect understanding between the Shepherd and his true sheep; he calls them by name; he has an individual knowledge of, and interest in, each one. He had his special word for Peter, for Philip, for John, for Thomas, for Mary Magdalene. He

"Leadeth Them Out."

He never sends them anywhere but where he is willing to go himself, and when he putteth them forth "he goeth before them," that they may never have to tread an untried step, or meet an unconquered temptation. "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man;" if no other man has known it, Jesus, the Son of man has, for he "was tempted in all points like as we are." Sorrow, shame, pain, death, he has tasted for us; he never calls us to any step in life where his own feet have not previously trodden. The good Shepherd "giveth his life for the sheep;" his is the way of sacrifice all along.

But the stranger, the hireling? "he climbeth up some other way." By education he claims the place of shepherd, or by the ordination of man, or by virtue of his knowledge of doctrine, or by his eloquence. But this is "some other way," he can never shepherd or feed the sheep of Christ's fold, but according as he values the precious blood. Just in so far as he climbs up some other way, he is "a thief and a robber," he robs Christ of his glory, and the sheep of their true pasture; the true sheep flee from him, he is "a stranger," the life-link which binds to Jesus is wanting, and "they know not the voice of strangers." When a testing time comes, and persecution breaks out, the spirit of the good Shepherd is wanting in the hireling; he gave his life for the sheep, but the hireling "seeth the wolf coming, and fleeth." The good Shepherd lays down his life, the hireling seeks by every means, to preserve his life; his very fleeing is evidence that "he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep."

No man can really take the place of the good Shepherd. Paul's charge to he Ephesian elders at Miletus was, "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock; over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." (Acts 20 : 28.) Peter writes to the elders of the Church, "Feed the flock of God which is among you, not by constraint, but willingly, not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock." But, much as we may thank our God for any true and faithful elders which he may give to his Church, he

Never Surrenders His Own Place,

his immediate leading; "he leadeth me;" he never trusts the rod and the staff which comfort his sheep into any other hands. None but he can know when the green pastures, and when the valley of the shadow of death, is appropriate to the condition of his sheep. He never leaves another hand to prepare the table in the wilderness, and he reserves to himself the right to anoint their head with oil, with the unction which abideth, even his Holy Spirit. There never can be an exchange of poured-out life between any other than the Shepherd and his sheep. He "giveth his life for the sheep," and they present their bodies "a living sacrifice to him" (Rom. 12:1), and are alway delivered unto death "for his sake, that the life of Christ might be manifest in their mortal bodies." (II. Cor. 4 : 10.) And as there is this exchange of life, he for his sheep, his sheep for him, so there is a wondrous mutual understanding which the world knows nothing of: "I am the good Shepherd, and I know mine own, and mine own know me, even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father." (R.V.) It is this mutual acquaintance, being made on earth, to be consummated in heaven, which is the true measuring of the life of those who follow Jesus. What harm is there in dancing, amusements, novels, smoking, etc? does not enter as a question into the intimacy of this acquaintance with our Lord. What is to be gained by giving up the pleasures of the world, its honor and its patronage? Such a question is altogether outside the relation of the good Shepherd, and the sheep who love to follow him.

"And other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd." Selfishness is very exclusive: Peter was very exclusive until the Holy Ghost taught him how God had a heart for the Gentiles as well as the Jews. (Acts 10: 9-20.) The Lord's true sheep can always find room for others. Just as many as the Lord can take into his heart they can take into theirs. It is a proof that they are his true sheep. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." It is a false sheep which does not follow. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his" (Rom. 8: 9), and the spirit of Christ is love. It is to such as hear and follow, to such as have his Spirit, that he gives "eternal life, and they shall never perish, and no man shall pluck them out of his hand." How accords anxiety with the possession of such a Shepherd? How accord disobedience and straying from his ways? The Lord teach us to know our Shepherd ever more truly and deeply. Amen.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

I AM the door. There is no other medium of communication between God and man or of passage between heaven and earth. Jesus is the only mediator and the only door. If we wish to go to heaven, we can only do so through him. "I am the way, the truth and the life." "No man cometh to the Father but by me." No one can get in by his own goodness. There is none other name given among men by which we can be saved, and if any get to heaven it will be simply and solely through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ.

During the late Civil War, a judge who had shown much interest in the suffering soldiers found his time so greatly taken up with appeals for charity and the like that he could not give attention to important legal matters that demanded consideration. He therefore determined not to entertain any further requests for help until professional duties had been satisfactorily adjusted. One day a soldier, miserably clad, with a thin face marked with deep lines of care, entered his office. The judge gave him no encouragement whatever and actually pretended not to see him. The soldier fumbled in his pockets for some time and then said in a tone of evident disappointment, "I *did* have a letter for you." The judge continued writing, smothering his sympathies, and made no reply. Presently the soldier's thin, trembling hand pushed a little note along the desk. The judge was about to shake his head negatively as though to intimate that he had no time to spare for such matters, when his eye caught sight of the handwriting, which was that of his own son, a soldier in the army. He took up the note and read as follows: "Dear father: The bearer is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can for the sake of your loving son, Charlie."

All the tender emotions of the judge's soul were aroused in a moment. He embraced the soldier for Charlie's sake. He placed him at the table where Charlie was wont to sit and made him sleep in Charlie's bed. He clothed him and supplied him with every comfort for the sake of his own son.

Thus does our Heavenly Father deal with us. He grants us his best and choicest gifts for Jesus' sake through whom alone we have free access to the throne of grace.

Other sheep have I which are not of this fold. We are prone to suppose that our "Set" is the only one that will make sure of heaven. There are many Baptists and Episcopalians and Methodists and Congregationalists who are so impressed with denominational prejudices that they actually believe that all the best places in heaven will be reserved for members of that particular denomination. So there are many men and women so exclusively aristocratic in their ideas as to believe that only the "toney" and the wealthy and the cultured and the stylish will be admitted at the Great Reception, when Jesus shall receive unto himself his own. But Christ tells us for our encouragement, "Other sheep have I which are not of this fold." External circumstances have no weight with him in determining destiny, for God looketh not upon the outward man but upon the heart. Your clothes may be very poor, and very unfashionable and you may even be wofully deficient in culture and yet you may be one of the King's own. Not what we wear, not what we know, but what we are irrevocably establishes our fate.

A fashionable young man, who found his sister chatting with a plainly attired and altogether unpretentious woman, called her aside and privately rebuked her for keeping such low company. The sister bore the rebuke meekly, to avoid embarrassment, but when the visitor had retired, she turned to her brother and said to him: "You are evidently mistaken about this good woman. It is a privilege to be in her company for she is the daughter of a King. The plain clothes she now wears are the suit in which she is traveling from earth to heaven, where she will wear the pure and radiant robe of Christ's own righteousness. May the good Lord help us to bear in mind, that in a few years we will all be among those who have passed from time to eternity, and that we will stand shoulder to shoulder with those whom we now despise and consider beneath our dignity, because of circumstances too ephemeral to merit serious consideration.

He goeth before them. And where he leads we may safely follow. He has passed through every trial, every temptation, every hardship we may be likely to encounter, and has come out more than conqueror. If we look to man, we look at a very imperfect copy, and the result will be still more imperfect. But if we fix our eyes on Jesus, we may with Paul "boldly press forward to the mark of our high calling which is in Christ Jesus our Lord," and feel quite sure that he will never lead us astray, nor that by following his example, we shall ever come to grief.

Two school boys undertook to cross a snow-covered field with a view to discover which of them could trace the straightest line. One seemed to have wasted no steps at all, so beautifully straight was the line he pursued, while the other seemed to have followed an irregular, zigzag course. On investigation, it appeared that the one boy had fixed his eyes steadfastly on the point he had determined to reach, and had then gone straight ahead, while the other boy had carefully watched his own feet, and had thus frequently found himself going astray, necessitating constant retracing and a frequent change of course. The straight and sure path to heaven for every Christian lies in the direction of our Leader, and it is our duty and privilege, fixing our eyes upon him, to go on, step by step, the path which he himself has trod before us.

A TATTERED LEAF.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Sept. 20. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I Shall not want. Ps. 23 : 1.

EXAMINING reverently an old family Bible, a boy of some sixteen years came upon a tattered leaf. It was not torn, but worn thin. New strips of paper were pasted on three edges, but he could see the edges of the original paper and perceived that they were worn and frayed. Will was no longer a child or he would not have touched the book. His father came in while he was looking at the Bible and saw how carefully and reverently he was handling it. He went to the table and stood beside his son.

"It is easy to see which were Grandfather's favorite passages," the boy said. "See how some of the leaves are worn. Look here and here. But there is one in the Psalms almost in tatters."

"Ah!" said the father, "I remember how that was worn. I have seen it wet with tears. I have seen a strong man's hand laid upon that page so heavily that it seemed to be literally grasping the words. Your grandfather had it open before him when he died."

"Why was he so fond of this Psalm?"

"It comforted him and it supplied a key to the mystery of his life. When he was in trouble—and trouble seemed to visit him periodically—people would say how strange it was that so good a man should be so unlucky. I have heard my mother say so She used to think that they would surely die in an almshouse and she suffered torture in dwel-

ling on the apprehension. But he was never distressed by it. He felt his losses and his disappointment keenly, but he was troubled by no forebodings. He would have a struggle and then fall back calmly on the assurance, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'"

"How did his losses come, father?"

"Oh, in the ordinary ways. There was nothing extraordinary about them except in their number. If any one failed in the town where he was, my father was sure to be a heavy loser. Burglars visited his store repeatedly, and always with profit to themselves and loss to him. Three times he was driven from his location by the competition of rivals with exceptional advantages. Twice he was burned out. There seemed to be a fatality about everything he undertook. I remember his securing a profitable contract. Everyone who had the contract before had made a pile of money out of it, but he lost. The goods he had to supply were imported, and just as he was expecting his first consignment, a war broke out, the foreign ports were blockaded, the goods became scarce, and the price more than doubled. But there was one strange feature about it all, which was very remarkable, and was a great comfort to my father. In each case of a change of residence—and he had that experience four times—there was some special religious work waiting to be done in the new location, which he was specially fitted to do and which would have been undone if he had not arrived at that particular time."

"Do you mean preaching?"

"No, he never preached; he was in business. At his first removal he was connected with a church in which all the members were men of no education. The town had developed suddenly. It was in the days before public schools. The men were good men earning a great deal of money and were giving their children a thorough education but few of them could do more than write their names, and they had not the slightest notion of keeping accounts. They were in a hopeless muddle. My father became secretary and treasurer to the church and carried them through a crisis which threatened to wreck the church. When he left that place and settled in another town he connected with a church which had a trouble of another kind. It was full of jealousy and faction. The members had formed two sides which were perpetually struggling for predominance. My father was a stranger to both, but his worth was soon recognized and he was put in control and in a short time had both factions working harmoniously under his management. So it was elsewhere. In one case he was able to start a mission church in a place where only a stranger of peculiar tact, such as he had, could have done it. But in every instance when his work was done business reverses came and he had to move elsewhere.

"The last catastrophe was the most severe trial of his faith. He was stripped of every cent he had in the world. 'Now,' said my mother, 'we shall surely come to want. You cannot go into business without capital and no one will employ you, for you are too old and feeble.' She seemed to be right, for the work in that town was work that could be done only by young and strong men. My father knew it and he sat down with the old Book before him a broken, depressed man, with no light on his path. When he rose he said with unwavering confidence, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' That very night the chief banker of an adjacent town came to him and said that he was ordered by his doctor to diminish his duties at the bank and he needed some one to take charge of some routine work he had been doing himself, but which now must be placed in the hands of some one whose qualifications must be strict discretion, honesty and intelligence. My father was just the man for the purpose and the place was at his disposal. No such vacancy had ever occurred there before, or was likely to occur again, but just at the time my father needed it."

"Later, when paralysis disqualified him for that duty I was able to offer him a home. The night before he died he was talking with us over his experience, or, as he said, 'the way in which the Lord had led' him, and showing how his confidence had been justified. 'I never worried,' he said, 'in the darkest hour. I knew the Lord was my Shepherd I should not want, and now I can add, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." The Lord has been very good to me.' The next morning when we went to call him, we found him dead. He had died in prayer and as I told you, his head was lying on this Bible, on the very passage which had been his comfort in the days of trial."

RAIN-MAKING MACHINES.

The Recent Experiments in Texas by the Agricultural Department.

THE recent experiments on the dry, parched prairies of Texas, by the expedition under the auspices of the Agricultural Department at Washington, are attracting wide-spread attention throughout the country. Early in August, General Dyhrenfurth began his experiments near Midland, Tex., for the purpose of demonstrating that rain could be drawn from the clouds artificially. It has long been known that heavy cannonading or other conditions tending to cause atmospheric shock, has the effect of precipitating whatever moisture there might be in the atmosphere; but this Texas experiment was undertaken under phenomenal conditions. The sky was cloudless, and no rain had fallen for many weeks. Indeed, in that immediate section, a drought had prevailed for the greater part of three successive years.

Ex-Senator Farwell, of Illinois, may be said to be the projector of the present rain-making experiment. He introduced a bill into the last Congress, appropriating $10,000 "for rain;" it passed as a clause in the General Appropriation Bill, and Texas was selected as the scene of the initial experiment. On August 10th, General Dyhrenfurth proceeded to the 300,000 acre ranch of Mr. Nelson Morris, which is situated in a notoriously arid section. The ranch is little else than a vast wind-swept prairie. General Dyrenfurth had with him, besides his working corps, Professor Edward Powers of Delavan, Wis., civil engineer; Dr. C. A. O. Russell, chemist; Professor George E. Curtis of the Smithsonian Institute, meteorologist; Mr. J. T. Ellis, secretary; Mr. Paul A. Draper, electrician; Mr. George E. Casler and Mr. Carl E. Myers, balloonists; Mr. F. B. Keefer, statistician.

A little building was constructed, where explosive balloons, filled with oxygen and hydrogen gas were prepared. Then a beautiful, clear day was selected for the first attempt. A wind blew from the west, and there was no sign of moisture in the sky. Five balloons were sent up and exploded at a great height, while two hundred pounds of dynamite rackarock powder, and one hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite were exploded on the ground. Meanwhile, one of the party ascended in an observation balloon, to watch the experiment, which lasted several hours. Within five hours heavy clouds appeared in the western horizon, and an hour later a fierce storm of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, was in full operation. This lasted three hours. Five other rain-storms were produced in rapid succession, delighting the farmers and ranchmen, who had seen no such grateful showers for years.

Within the last two weeks, further successful experiments have been made by Gen. Dyhrenfurth in the same neighborhood, and also at El Paso, Texas, near the Mexican boundary. His method of operations is very simple, involving three lines of attack on the atmosphere. A number of large cloth kites, with heavy charges of dynamite attached to their tails are sent up, the explosives being discharged by an electric current passed through a thin wire; a similar number of balloons, each charged with from five hundred, to five thousand cubic feet of oxy-hydrogen gas, are also sent to a considerable altitude—probably five thousand feet — and exploded in a similar manner. Simultaneously with the these explosions, giant powder and rackarock bombs on the surface of the ground are touched off, the entire combination of explosives perceptibly shocking the atmosphere and giving the impression of a slight earthquake. The balloons are charged by a hose connected with retorts, filled with chlorate of potassium, and binoxide of manganese, together with hydrogen from a large generator. The observation balloon is held stationary by a cable at a height of one thousand feet, until the observer gives the signal, when it rises to a height of two miles, enabling the occupant of the car to view the entire aerial field of action.

THE RAIN-MAKING EXPEDITION AT MIDLAND, TEX.
General Dhyrenfurth and Staff Exploding Balloons, Kites and Rackarock Trains.

Gen. Dyhrenfurth explains his theory of attack very lucidly as follows: Rain-storms originate in the mingling of different currents of the upper air, some warm and moist, others cooler. The effect of this conjunction is to squeeze out the moisture which is precipitated, first as clouds and finally as rain. Sudden explosions at high altitudes produce waves of air, and mingle the currents necessary to the condensation of the moisture, and thus work in line with nature, simply accelerating her processes. Persistent heavy explosions force the precipitation. The experimenters have observed that after an explosion, heavy showers have been drawn from light clouds, unsuspected of rain.

Professor Pickering of Harvard, and certain other scientific gentlemen, are still sceptical about these experiments, believing that no means have yet been discovered to draw rain from an absolutely cloudless sky.

The prophet said, "Are there any among the vanities of the Gentiles that can make rain? Thou hast made all these things" (Jer. 14:22). If these experiments succeed, some will, doubtless, say the challenge has been met. The Christian need not be disturbed. It may be that man has discovered how to use the natural law which produces rain, but of that law, as of all else, we say, "Thou hast made all these things."

THE FLORENCE MISSION IN THE WEST

A DEEPLY interesting anniversary is described in the *Daily Mercury* of San Jose, Cal. It was that of the Florence Mission established a year ago in that city by Mr. Charles N. Crittenton of New York. As was stated in this journal in January, 1889, when we gave pictures of the Florence Mission in New York, and a portrait of its founder, the wonderful success of the Mission encouraged Mr. Crittenton to hope that a chain of such beneficent institutions might spring up across the continent. Mr. Crittenton, it appears, has commenced the work at the other extremity of the chain. In San Jose and Sacramento, in the extreme West and in New York in the extreme East, the name of Mr. Crittenton's beloved daughter, Florence, is now identified with the work of Christian rescue of the fallen.

The results of one year's work in San Jose, as reported in our Western contemporary, prove that God is blessing the effort there as he has done in New York. Eighteen men rescued from debased lives, some of whom had actually been criminals, were present at the anniversary to testify to the change that had been worked in them by the power of God through the instrumentality of the Florence Mission. Some of them said they were hopeless cases, and one who had been in prison several times, but who for six months past has been kept faithful, told how low they had sunk when, to their own amazement and that of all who know them, they were lifted up and kept from falling through Christ. Mr. Crittenton has too much confidence in the principle of his work to need encouragement to persevere, but even he must have felt cheered and stimulated by the testimonies given. He has, it appears, spent a hundred thousand dollars already, in planting and maintaining the Florence Missions, but the expenditure has been blessed to the production of precisely the result for which he was hoping, and he, therefore, considers the investment satisfactory.

It was stated at the Anniversary, which was held in the First Methodist Church of San Jose, that the aggregate attendance at the meetings of the Mission durng last year was no less than 45,625 persons. More than a thousand had been so moved as to ask for the prayers of the workers on their behalf, and more than four hundred fallen women and outcasts had been sheltered, fed and clothed. There is much to hope from the reports which come from rescued ones restored to their homes, or started again in a better life through the efforts of Mr. Crittenton and his helpers. They do not boast of these trophies, but their hearts rejoice over them and they are going forward with fresh energy and confidence in their Christ-like labor.

A DISREPUTABLE FATHER.

"THERE was a strange parting, some years ago in Edinburgh," says Rev. W. Birch, now of New Zealand. "A gentleman, who was visiting the poor in the narrow lanes in the poorest quarter of the city, was knocked down by a frightened horse, and would have been crushed under the wheels of the vehicle behind it if a strong hand had not dragged him aside. Deeply grateful to his preserver, he asked him what he could do for him. 'Nothing for me,' was the reply, 'but if you would take my son and make something of him I should be grateful.' 'Why not for you?' was the next question. 'It's no use,' was the reply. 'I am one of the best known thieves in Edinburgh. I'm too old to reform, but you can save the boy.' Help was offered in money and influence, and he was assured that an honest occupation should be secured for him; but the man said, 'No; I shouldn't keep it. I've got used to this kind of life and I should not be content out of it. Take the boy, there's hope for him.' The gentleman still urged him to make an effort on his own account, but unsuccessfully. Finally he yielded and the boy was brought. In rough words the father bade him go with his benefactor and respect him and obey him in all things. 'I have done with you,' said the father, 'from this time on. If you see me in the street don't you speak to me. We are strangers now. I won't drag you down.' Without another word of adieu the man turned away, slinking off with the peculiar furtive look of the hunted criminal. Neither his son nor the gentleman ever saw him again, but they heard that he died in prison six years afterward. The son is now working as a missionary among thieves."

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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PUBLIC MORALS.

OFFICIALS who wink at fraud, and who have neither censure nor arraignment for glittering dishonesties, always weaken the pulse of commercial honor. Every shop, every store, every bazaar, every factory in your city feels the moral character of your City Hall. If in any city there be a dishonest Mayoralty, or an unprincipled Common Council, or a Court susceptible to bribes, in that city there will be unlimited license for all kinds of trickery and sin; while, on the other hand, if officials are faithful to their oath of office, if the laws are promptly executed, if there is vigilance in regard to the out-branchings of crime, there is the highest protection for all bargain-making. A merchant may stand in his store and say, "Now I'll have nothing to do with city politics; I will not soil my hands with the slush;" nevertheless the most insignificant trial in the police court will affect that merchant directly or indirectly. What style of clerk issues the writ; what style of constable makes the arrest; what style of attorneys issue the plea; what style of judge charges the jury; what style of sheriff executes the sentence—these are questions that strike your counting-rooms to the centre. You may not throw it off. In the city of New York Christian merchants for a great while said, "We'll have nothing to do with the management of public affairs," and they allowed everything to go at loose ends until there rolled up in this city a debt of nearly $120,000,000. The municipal government became a hissing and a by-word in the whole earth, and then the Christian merchants saw their folly, and they went and took possession of the ballot boxes. I wish all commercial men to understand that they are not independent of the moral character of the men who rule over them, but must be thoroughly, mightily affected by them.

MINISTERS TO THE FRONT.

AUTUMN will soon be here and with it will open a new year of ministers' work. We hope that this will be the year when your congregations will either raise your salaries, or pay up what they owe you. Either will do. We do not want you bothered this year with raps at the door for the payment of butchers' bills which speak of meat that months ago turned into bone and muscle and sermons. The congregation had better be called together, and the liberal men called upon to pay for the dead-beats who, though able to help, give nothing to the support of the Gospel, and so are stealing a ride to heaven. The monetary condition of the pastors provided for, let them plan for a twelve-month of hearty work for God. The weather will be cold, and you might decrease your bill for fuel by putting into the stove some of those well-seasoned and dried-up manuscript sermons. Throw away those old mackerel, and catch a fresh shad right out of the river. This may be our last year for preaching. What a glorious thing it would be to die in the pulpit, our faces agleam and our lips warm with the story of Jesus and the Resurrection. But do not mistake us as wanting to get to heaven yet. We want to be alive when the commander-in-chief of all the forces of darkness makes a Yorktown surrender. We want to see him unhorsed from his black charger, and sent spinning to perdition quicker than he came out of it. Come on, ministers of the Gospel, and let us make this a tough year for him!

INCIPIENT GAMBLING.

AMONG the most baleful influences abroad are the gift-enterprises. They have a tendency to make this a nation of gamblers. Whatever you get, in such a place as that, without giving a proper equivalent, is a robbery of your own soul and a robbery of the community. We are appalled to see men who have failed in other enterprises go into gift concerts, where the chief attraction is not music but the prizes distributed among the audience; or to sell books where the chief attraction is not the book but the package that goes with the book. Tobacco dealers advertise that on a certain day they will put money into their papers, so that the purchase of this tobacco in Cincinnati or New York may unexpectedly come upon a magnificent gratuity. Boys hawking through the cars packages containing nobody knows what, until you open them and find they contain nothing. Christian men with pictures on their walls gotten in a lottery, and the brain of community taxed to find out some new way of getting things without paying for them. O, when a young man consents to these practices, he is being bound hand and foot by a habit which has already damned "a great multitude that no man can number." Sometimes these gift enterprises are carried on in the name of charity; and you remember at the close of the late war how many gift enterprises were on foot, the proceeds to go to the orphans and the widows of the soldiers and sailors. What did the men who had charge of those gift enterprises care for the orphans and the widows? Why, they would have allowed them to freeze to death upon their steps. I have no faith in a charity which, for the sake of relieving present suffering, opens a gaping jaw that has swallowed down so much of the virtue and good principle of the community. Young man, have nothing to do with these things. They only sharpen up your appetite for games of chance. Do one of two things: be honest or die.

THE OLD GOSPEL.

THE impression has been abroad in many of the churches that in order to get an audience it is necessary to relax the more rigorous teachings of the Gospel and not say much about man's desperate and dying need, and but little about the necessity of regeneration, but I believe that church will stand longest and mightiest which is planted half way between Sinai and Calvary. The thick August cloud first thunders and then wets and ripens the field, and this Gospel first shadows the heart by conviction, and then brightens it with saving rain. My word is, to those who are about to buckle on the Lord's armor, preach the whole Gospel, hit whom it will, affront whom it may, and you will get an audience. Men may get mad and go away, but they will be so mad that they will keep talking against you and that will send a great many people to see what a desperate case you are; and whether it be in western log meeting-house or city cathedral, your services will be thronged. The plain, unvarnished truth is itself a stir, an excitement, a God-kindled sensation; and when the Lord makes a sensation, it is a healthy sensation. The Church of God is sick of scholastic hair-splitting and didactic sawdust, and "physics and metaphysics, hyperphysics and hypophysics," and wants bread to appease hunger, and salve to cure wounds, and light to lift darkness. Give it a fair chance and the warm-hearted and enthusiastic religion of the Man of Nazareth will be the most popular on the earth. All human inventions to create spiritual light are only unclarified kerosene—explosive and deathful—while this old Gospel is the noonday sun whose smile is the world's illumination and harvest. Why is it that our city dispensaries always have patients? If the doctors sat there day by day and read them treatises on the cause and cure of disease, how few sick men would go there to be healed! It is because every day those dispensaries will treat them, and the people know there will be alleviation and commiseration in those institutions. Now, the church was intended to be a moral dispensary, and if the people find out that every Sabbath there are hundreds of cases of moral ailments prescribed for, there will be no lack of attendance. The apothecary's shelf has on it the magnesia and the belladonna and the morphine and the medicines for all kinds of disease; but this Gospel is the specific for every style of spiritual sickness, and everything else is quack medicine.

THE LOAD OF ZEAL.

"WORK, but don't worry," says the song, but we don't know about the worrying. A little anxiety is a good thing in its way; it is an incentive to work in every department. It is a very pleasant thing to take everything in the serenest way possible, but so far as our observation goes, very serene workers are not always the most efficient ones. While the virtue of patience should not be lost, a freedom from anxiety is not always practicable if desirable. A man who has no anxiety about his business is pretty sure, before long, to have no business about which to be concerned. Are we then pleading for disquiet? No; only that we are not indifferent to things, the accomplishment of which we have at heart; and where we are not indifferent we are anxious; there is no middle ground. And now we come to the question and we ask the reader, are you anxious about your work for Christ? Work is such a different thing spiritually from what it is physically. Spiritual work is not shouting Christ's name in a desert; it is not tying one's self up in a double bow-knot of gesticulation; it is not seizing every man by the collar, whom you take to be unconverted, saying to him: "Be a Christian, sir, or your days are numbered!" There is, we admit, a good deal of this spiritual burglary about; but this is not the right kind of work. But true spiritual work means a cup of cold water to the thirsty, a crust of bread to the hungry; it means a noble example, it means a forgiving spirit, it means the kindly smile, the hearty handgrasp, the encouraging word, the urgent word in the right place and at the right time. We know poor, suffering, bedridden invalids who do more for Christ in one day than some obese Christians who kick the beam at 250, have done in all their lives. "Poor," we said, but we recall it. In the priceless treasure of a heart filled with the love of Christ, they are richer than if they possessed in fee simple all the gold-fields of California and Australia.

Christian brother, work for Christ! Work in the shop, in the counting-house, in the mill, in the factory; work for Christ as you till the earth for its increase and the great canopy of heaven covers you. In a pure life, in an earnest purpose, in service however simple, in careful attention to the little affairs of life, in all that you do, strive to put Christ in everything. The life of the earnest, working Christian should be the jolliest, the joyfullest life in the world; and such yours should be, "For the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof."

BRIEF NOTES.

Our readers will be glad to learn that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has now, for the first time in its history, its own press-rooms and bindery. The machinery is all of the newest manufacture, with all the improvements to date, and it is run by electric power. The present issue is the first that has been produced with these facilities, and we believe our readers will agree with us that the character of the work surpasses in excellence even the high grade to which they have recently been accustomed. Arrangements have been perfected for the production of an issue of 150,000 copies per week and this circulation the publisher hopes soon to attain by the aid of the many friends of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. The new press-rooms and bindery are located on Broadway within easy reach of the publication office which, as heretofore, is in the Bible House.

Major D. W. Whittle has just concluded a course of lectures at the Young Men's Institute at Lake Geneva, N. Y.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Jerusalem says there are now about 100,000 Jews in all Palestine, of which 40,000 are in Jerusalem.

Bishop Thoburn of India received this year from the friends and students at Northfield funds sufficient to support seventy-five native evangelists.

Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost expects to resume evangelistic work in Calcutta about Christmas. The Calcutta Missionary Conference, promises him a hearty welcome.

Evangelist H. W. Brown of Chicago has been holding tent meetings at Gallipolis, O., the churches of the town uniting in the work. Mr. Brown is being urged by other towns in Ohio to conduct union meetings this Fall.

The Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago listened on Sunday last to Rev. John McNeill, the most popular preacher in London next to Spurgeon. He is pastor of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, and is known as "the Scottish Spurgeon."

Miss Frances E. Willard has reluctantly cancelled her autumn engagements to speak and attend Conventions in New England and elsewhere, Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge will probably take her place. It is intimated that the feeble health of Miss Willard's mother has caused this change of arrangements.

Rev. C. H. Yatman begins his fall evangelistic work at Trenton, N. J. Thence he goes to Newton, Mass., and Newburgh, N. Y. His meetings at Martha's Vineyard this summer, were eminently successful. Efforts to secure his services for a whole year, are being made in New England and on the Pacific coast.

The King's Household of Bible Readers, is entering on the sixth year of its course. It was organized in 1885 to encourage the systematic reading of the Bible. Many testimonies to the benefits derived from the course have been received from students. Persons desirous of undertaking the study may apply, enclosing one-cent stamp for reply, to Mrs. E. H. Bronson, Salem, N. J.

The Annual Foreign Missionary meetings of the Congregational Churches, will be held during the week commencing Nov. 27. The American Board desires to encourage this plan of holding the meetings simultaneously and will supply suitable literature to any Congregational Church applying for it. The general meeting of the Board of Managers will be held at Pittsfield, Mass., Oct. 13–16.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon suffered a relapse on September 2, but the following day the cable announced that he had rallied. Reports from the sick room, of earlier date, represent him as making little, if any progress; but he is still confident that God will answer the many prayers offered on his behalf and will restore him to health and usefulness. Prayers are earnestly desired by his family and church from all sympathizing friends.

Princeton University is to have one of the most beautiful parks in this section of the country. The tract of land called the Potter Farm which was recently presented to the University, added to the old College grounds, will be turned by the skill of a famous landscape gardener into an immense pleasure ground with shady drives and promenades winding through it. The new Commencement Hall, the gift of Mrs. Charles Alexander of New York is to be erected on the space between the Gymnasium and Reunion Hall.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Balmaceda's Abdication and Flight—Rev. Orvin Bouton Dead—Canada's Census—The Russian Famine—News from the Arctic Expedition—General Notes.

IN spite of gloomy predictions as to the probable fate of his Arctic expedition, the latest news from Lieutenant Peary shows that gallant explorer to have surmounted the difficulties presented by the ice pack at Melville Bay, and to be now in quarters 800 miles from the pole. His party built a hut on the side of a bleak mountain and surrounded it with an abundance of stores. The steamer *Kite*, Peary's vessel, had a tremendous fight with the ice-floes in Melville Bay for three weeks. The explorers have had the satisfaction of encountering the most northerly people in the world, who live beyond Cape York, at Itah and Ittibu, in the Arctic highlands, and who were not even aware of the existence of other beings. They have kayaks or boats, and are apparently of the Eskimo race. Polar bears and seals, little auks, gulls and ice partridges furnished excellent hunting for the explorers, who are all in good health and spirits. Lieut. Peary's broken leg was caused by a huge cake of ice which crushed it. It will doubtless prove a serious setback to the expedition.

* * *

The Russian Famine Spreading.

FAMINE has already taken hold of Russia, and hundreds of villages are suffering, with no present prospect of relief. In some parishes, the entire population has taken on a gaunt and emaciated aspect and there are families that have gone without bread for weeks. subsisting on the poorest of vegetables, and the leaves of trees. If they get a piece of bread, it is immediately surrendered to the young children. In one village of 145 houses the occupants of less than twenty had the usual supply of food in the house. A clergyman found sixteen persons in another district in the last stages of enfeeblement and exhaustion. There is much excitement among the peasantry, but they are powerless to help themselves, and nobody in the official world seems to care whether they live or die.

* * *

A Railroad Wreck.

FOUR passengers were killed and thirty injured by an accident on the Cannelton Branch of the Louisville & St. Louis Railroad, near Evansville, Ind., on August 31. The midnight train plunged down an embankment, while running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The coaches followed the engine and rolled on top, breaking the steam pipes and scalding the occupants. The death list will probably reach ten or twelve.

* * *

The Five Points Mission's Loss.

FRIENDS of Home Mission work will regret to learn of the death of the Rev. Orrin Bouton, for over seven years Superintendent of the Five Points Mission, New York, a historical sketch of which was published in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Mr. Bouton was a native of New York State, and was sixty-two years of age. He studied for the Methodist ministry and was graduated from Union College in 1857. After several years as Principal at Macon College, Mo., he returned to New York and was stationed successively at Bovina, Windham, Hurley and Stamford. In 1884 he was appointed Superintendent of the famous Five Points Mission. Mr. Bouton, whose portrait appears in this column, was a man of considerable organizing powers. The position he held was an exceedingly difficult one to fill, and several of his predecessors had broken down physically under the strain. His immediate predecessor was Rev. S. I. Ferguson, before whom the position was filled by Rev. J. N. Shaffer, and Rev. C. S. Brown. These clergymen found the work exceedingly laborious. Dr. Brown died at Nyack practically from too close application to the work. Dr. Shaffer, who was a most successful manager, was for thirteen years in charge of the Mission, this period covering the most exciting days of the Civil War. During the Draft Riots, Five Points was a constant scene of turbulence, and it required all the courage and determination of a Christian to remain at his post in these trying times.

REV. ORRIN BOUTON.

* * *

The Chilian War Ended.

THE leading foreign event of the week has been the close of the Chilian War, the Revolution having been entirely successful. In the last issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, it was announced that a great battle was in progress near Valparaiso. Claims of victory were made by the Balmacedists which proved to be totally unfounded, for the Congress party, under Col. Canto, won a great and decisive triumph, capturing several thousand prisoners, a large amount of war munitions, and occupying the city of Valparaiso. The Balmacedist warship, *Almirante Lynch*, after a slight resistance, also surrendered. Balmaceda the Dictator, on learning of the defeat of his forces, turned over the Government to Gen. Baquedano and fled, first taking the precaution to secure 800,000 *pesos* in specie, which he forwarded on the British war ship *Espeigle* to Montevideo. In his flight he took with him his wife and family and several attendants. General Baquedano, has handed over to the Junta, consisting of the Vice-President of the Senate, Speaker of the House and Commander of the Navy, the reins of authority. Balmaceda, it now turns out, instead of being murdered in the mountains, while attempting to reach Buenos Ayres overland, fled by sea. He took passage on the steamer *Condella* for San Francisco, but, if pressed by the insurgent warships, may land in Mexico. Col. Canto (whose portrait is given above) remains in command of the Congress armies, and the country is quieting down. U. S. Minister Egan, after much delay, telegraphed to our State Department announcing the success of the revolution. A new government will be organized on a temporary basis, pending an election for President, and will doubtless be recognized by our own and other governments. The opinion prevails in London that the next President of Chili will be Don Augustin Edwards, who is wealthy and a stanch supporter of the revolutionary cause. He is largely interested in the nitrate trade. The active head of the revolution has been George Montt, who with Waldo Silva and Ramon Barros Luco, forms the Junta or governing body that will administer affairs till a new President is elected. We give on this page a view of the city of Valparaiso, near which a final stand was made by the Dictator's armies. For months past this great seaport has been a sufferer through the war. Its jails have been filled with political prisoners and its wharves have been more or less deserted on account of the blockade by Balmaceda's ships.

COL. CANTO.

THE CITY OF VALPARAISO, CHILI.
(Near which the recent decisive battle was fought.)

* * *

Canada's Census.

CANADIANS are astonished and not at all gratified at the result of the Census which has just been completed. To those statesmen who have been declaiming about the phenomenal growth of the Dominion and the evils that would result from closer trade relations with the United States, it has proved a boomerang. The total population of the Dominion is shown to be 4,823,344, as against 4,324,810 in 1881, an increase of about half a million in a decade. This is 5.79 per cent. below the rate of increase during the preceding ten years. It was generally hoped that the increase would have been at least seventeen per cent. The greatest growth is in the western provinces, while those on the seaboard are almost on a standstill. Toronto is ahead of the cities in development and is now close to Montreal in population. One remarkable result of the Census is that it will cause a reduction of two in the membership of the House of Commons, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island each losing a member.

* * *

The Tennessee Convict Question.

TRADES Unions all over the country are watching with interest the action of the Tennessee legislature, assembled in special session by Gov. Buchanan, to pass a law for the adjustment of the mining troubles in that state. The Governor's message, while it advocates a radical change in the present convict labor system, opposes its abolition although petitions are pouring in from all quarters demanding that it be wiped out. One resolution was introduced in the lower house, which if adopted, would have had the effect of sending back the troops to the mines and provoking still more serious troubles. Thus far no positive action has been taken. Meanwhile, the situation at the Briceville mines remains unchanged, and the miners, though quiet, are determined to keep the convicts away at all hazards. They are well armed and will fight if necessary.

* * *

American Scientists in Session.

VERY general attention has been directed toward the fortieth annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, whose proceedings at Washington were presided over by one of the most distinguished chemists of the age, Albert Berg Prescott, whose portrait is given in this column. Mr. Prescott was born in New York sixty years ago, is of revolutionary descent, among his ancestors being the brave Col. Prescott who commanded the American troops at Bunker Hill and W. H. Prescott the famous historian. Prof. Prescott, after graduating at the University of Michigan, served on the Medical staff during the war. He was afterwards appointed Professor of Chemistry at Ann Arbor and originated the school of Pharmacy in the Michigan University. He was one of the leading revisors of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia ten years ago, and is a standard authority on medical topics.

PROF. PRESCOTT.

NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Blaine will not return to Washington before October, it is now said by his friends.

Secretary of War, Proctor, has accepted the United States Senatorship tended him by Gov. Page of Vermont.

The Gautemalian Government is said to be on the verge of bankruptcy, and the army threatens to revolt unless it is paid.

Parnell, it is now said, will come to this country to attend the Convention of the Irish National League, October 1 and 2.

During a G. A. R. Encampment at Grand Island, Neb., lightning struck a tent, prostrating nine occupants. All will recover.

England threatens to annex Egypt, as an offset to the action of Turkey in granting the freedom of the Dardanelles to Russia.

It is rumored that in consequence of the recent disclosures of official corruption in Canada, Premier Abbott has called upon Secretary of State Chapleau to resign.

France, England, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium and the Congo Free States have all given assurances of fine exhibits at the coming World's Fair.

A heavy frost was experienced throughout Southern Dakota and other sections of the Northwest, on September 3d. Corn, buckwheat and cereals in general suffered considerable damage.

Miss Mary Lincoln, daughter of the American Minister to England, Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, was married in London on the 2nd of September to Charles Isham, a young lawyer of New York.

Ten thousand window glass workers in Pittsburg have struck for five per cent. increase in wages. The strike will last at least seven weeks. The men have nearly $250,000 in the treasury.

Six masked men, by the use of dynamite and Winchester rifles, intimidated the express messenger on the Southern Pacific Railroad, near Samuel, Tex., on Sept. 2, and robbed him of a large amount of money.

George Wood, while assisting at a balloon ascension at the Oswego (N. Y.) County Fair, was caught up a thousand feet in the air, his body becoming entangled in the ropes. He fell to the earth and was instantly killed.

Two more bodies have been found in the collapsed buildings at the Park Place disaster, New York. There is a general movement in the metropolis to investigate the condition of buildings heavily loaded with machinery.

A band of Italian brigands belonging to a society similar to the *Mala Vita*, an organization of robbers and murderers, has been corralled and its leader and twelve members captured near Bari, in the Italian mountain district.

President Hippolyte, of Hayti, has followed the example of Balmaceda, the dictator of Chili, before his fall, and sent his family to a place of safety. Several of his ministers have resigned. He is evidently preparing for the coming revolution.

Ex-Premier Crispi, of Italy, threatens to publish certain documents designed to prove that France, in 1889, wanted to force the Pope to leave Rome, and that he did have such an intention at that time, when the troubles of the Vatican were pressing on every side.

Labor Day, Sept. 7, was observed in New York City by a parade of the different trades, followed in the evening by public gatherings, speeches and merry-makings. In Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Buffalo and other cities similar parades took place.

Congress is to be asked to appropriate five millions of dollars to assist the World's Fair. Twenty legislatures have made appropriations, and thirty states and territories have applied for space at the Fair. This is besides of the large amount of space that will be devoted to the exhibits of other governments.

The Steamer *Dunmurray*, which sailed from New York for Antwerp, on August 26, capsized and sank in a terrific gale, about eight hundred miles out, on the 29th ult. Eight of the crew were drowned and twenty others tossed about in a life-boat for two days, when they were rescued and taken to Halifax.

The Japan mail from Yokohama to New York arrived last week in fifteen days—breaking all records. The steamship *Empress of Japan* sailed from New York Oct. 19th, reached Victoria, B. C., Oct. 29th, two and three-fourth days ahead of schedule time, and the mail was immediately transferred to a special train on the Canadian Pacific road, arriving on Sept. 2d, in New York City.

RECRUITS FOR JESUS.

"And there came of the children of Benjamin and Judah to the hold unto David. And David went out to meet them, and answered and said unto them, If ye be come peaceably unto me to help me, mine heart shall be knit unto you: but if ye be come to betray me to mine enemies, seeing there is no wrong in mine hands, the God of our fathers look thereon, and rebuke it, etc."—1. Chronicles 12: 16-18.

AT this time David was in the hold—I suppose in the stronghold of Ziklag, which the king of the Philistines had given to him. It was in that fortress-town that he received a welcome addition to his band. David was an exile; and it is not every man who cares to cast in his lot with a banished nobleman. He was outlawed, and his sovereign would have slain him with his own hand if he had found opportunity: few care to stake their all with a man in such a condition. The fortunes of David were at a low ebb, and hence when these men came to David they did a valorous action—an action which he would be sure to remember in the after-days of his triumph.

I want to run a parallel between the case of David and that of our Lord Jesus Christ. At the present moment our Lord Jesus, the Son of David, is

Still in the Hold.

Among the men of this world Jesus is not yet enthroned: their hearts go after another prince, and as yet the kingdom has not come to the Son of David. I know that he reigns in heaven, and that he is in very deed King of kings and Lord of lords; but before the eyes of the mass of men he is still despised and rejected. His people, as yet, are but a feeble folk, and often hard put to it; while his kingdom is ridiculed, his claims are derided, and his yoke is scorned. The doctrines which he preached are tossed to and fro like a ball; and men at the present time are glorying in science or tradition, in reason or in speculation; yea, they speak as if human wisdom would soon wipe out the very name of Christianity. It is not so in truth before God; but it is so in appearance before men. I say, blessed are they who, like these men of Benjamin and Judah, are willing to go to the King in the hold, and take up his cause though it be at a low ebb, and stand up for him when the many are ready to trample him down, and are ridiculing his work and his cause. For my own part, I never loved my Lord better than now that he is defamed; and his truth is all the dearer to me because it is flouted by the worldly-wise.

I. First, then, here is

A Very Commendable Example.

Many of these men of Benjamin and Judah, in the first place, went to join themselves to David because they had heard that he was the Lord's anointed. They understood that Samuel had gone down to Ramah, and, in the days of David's youth, had anointed him in the name of the Lord to be king instead of Saul. Therefore they said, "Whom God anoints we will follow," and they came after David. It was fit that they should be loyal to David if they would be obedient to God.

Now, it is within the belief, I trust, of all assembled here, that the Lord God Almighty has anointed "one chosen out of the people" to be his King in Zion—the King of his church for ever and ever; and that one chosen out of the people is Jesus of Nazareth, of the house of David, who is himself, as man, the servant of God, but who is also divine, and counts it not robbery to be equal with God. We have, I trust, all of us drunk in this doctrine, that the Lord Jesus is the Anointed of God, the very Word of God, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Now, it seems to me that if it be so, the next inevitable step for men who fear God is to

Go Forth and Follow

the Lord's Anointed. If Jesus be the Messiah, the sent One of God, in the name of everything that is gracious and right let us follow him. Oh, my dear hearers, I am perplexed about some of you: you call Jesus Lord, and yet you do not obey him; you own that he is the Saviour, and yet you do not trust in him for salvation.

Next, these men, no doubt many of them, followed David because of his personal excellences. They had heard of him—of what he was in his youth, what he had been at home, and at court, and in the army, and in the day of battle. He had behaved admirably everywhere, and these warriors had heard of it. A good soldier should have a good captain: a good captain deserves good soldiers. These men of war argued well when they enlisted under David. But how shall I commend the Lord Jesus Christ to you that are of a noble spirit? Was there ever any like unto him? Who among the good, the great, the brave, the beautiful, can be likened unto him? Oh, could all men know how good he is, how gracious he is, as some of us do know; even if they only went to that partial extent, surely no men would stand out, but the Prince Immanuel

Would Win all Hearts!

There was a third reason why brave spirits resolved to enlist under David, and that was, that he was so cruelly persecuted by Saul—so misrepresented and abused by his enemies. Sadly true is it that the Lord Jesus Christ is still of so little account in this world. His name, ah, I am sick of the way in which they use his name to-day! Shame on some that are called Christian ministers! They believe in Christ, but it is a Christ without his crown, his atonement, his judgment-seat, or even his Godhead. They mock us with orthodox phrases, from which the essential truth is gone. They pretend that they believe in the atonement, and when we listen to their atonement we find that it does not effectually atone for any one. It is a mere fiction, and not a fact. It saves nobody, but is a mere sham. They have eviscerated the gospel, and then they hold up the empty carcase, and claim that they are Christians still. Christians who have murdered Christianity! Believers who doubt whether there is anything to be believed! Yet we are entreated in our charity to hug such traitors to our bosom. We shall do nothing of the kind. We would sooner believe in infidels outright that in those who pretend to be Christians and are

Infidels at Heart.

I loathe to hear our true Lord praised by false lips. They deny the doctrines which he taught, and yet prate about believing him. It is a shallow trick, but yet it deceives shallow souls. Poor, weak minds say, "The man speaks so beautifully of Jesus, surely he cannot be in error." I tell you it is the old Judas trick—the Son of man is betrayed with a kiss. How nauseating their praises must be to him whom they are betraying. Think not that they are honest; their designs are far other than appear upon the surface. They laud him as man that they may dishonor him as God: they cry up his life, and his example, that they may cast his atoning sacrifice into the ditch. They lift up one part of the divine revelation with no other intention than that they may dash down the other: they crouch at his feet that they may stab at his heart.

Future Greatness.

Once more. These men came to David because they believed that David had a great future before him. He was very poor when they came to him, an exile, as we have said, an outlaw, one who could not return to his land because the king himself had a personal feud with him. But they said, "It doth not yet appear what he shall be. This son of Jesse will be king yet, and his enemies shall beg their lives of him." So, looking to the great future that awaited him, they determined to take shares with him in his present low estate that they might be raised with him in his exaltation. Now, I think that I can say to every one here, "I would that ye would come over to David's side—to Jesus's side—for there is a future awaiting him, a glory, a triumph, even here on earth, such as shall make those men gnash their teeth who throw away this opportunity of enlisting in his host." Who does not desire to be with him and to behold his glory? Cast in your lot with him, then, O ye undecided! Let his cause be as it may in the eyes of worldlings, espouse it at once right heartily; for they that are with him in his humiliation shall be with him in his triumph.

II. Now, I have just a few words to say upon the second head:

A Cautious Inquiry.

These men of Benjamin and of Judah came to David, and David met them as a warrior standing upon his guard. The times were not such as to allow of a negligent confidence in all who professed friendship. The Benjamites were of the same tribe as Saul, and it was singular that they should come and join with David, the rival of their own leader. The men of Judah belonged to the same tribe as those men of Keilah who had betrayed David: therefore the hero was cautious and made careful inquiry. My Lord Jesus Christ is never so eager after disciples as to enroll those who cannot bear to be questioned. He did not go abroad sweeping up a heap of nominal followers who would increase his apparent strength and prove a real weakness to him. He said to those who offered themselves, "Count the cost." "Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," says one. Jesus does not there and then enlist him, but calmly replies, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." He wants followers, but he wants them of the right kind; therefore

He does not Delude Them

to enter upon a course which they will, before long, renounce. I would in this matter imitate my Lord: I have pressed you to come to his banner, but at the same time I would cautiously inquire of you.

Now, see what David said to them: he set before them the right way. He said, "If ye be come peaceably unto me to help me, mine heart shall be knit unto you." If you wish to join with Christ's people, and have your name numbered with them, one main question is—Do you come unto *him*? Do not profess to be a Christian if you have not come to Christ, for Christ is the soul of Christianity. To come to Christ is this: confessing your sins, look to him as the sin-bearer, trust him with your future, trust him with your soul altogether. By a sincere, simple, undivided faith, you do really come to Jesus: have you such a faith? If it be so, come along with you, for our host will be glad to have its number increased by your coming. If you do not thus come to our Lord, pray do not come to us.

Then David puts the question, "If ye be come peaceably unto me," and this was needful, for some are captious and quarrelsome. Some profess to come to Christ, but

They Quarrel with Christ

at the very first. They would make terms with him, and they come intending to dispute with his people. From the first they are discontented and fault-finding, rather patronizing Christ and his cause than humbly uniting with him and his people. They do not think half as much of God's people as God thinks of them. When I hear people say, "Oh, there is So-and-So, who is not what he ought to be, and he is a member of the church," and then they begin finding fault with this and with that, I say to myself, "That critic is no true friend." The church is not perfect, but woe to the man who finds pleasure in pointing out her imperfections. Christ loves his church, and let us do the same. If you are a faultless man I do not ask you to join the Christian Church, because I am sure that you would not find anybody else there like yourself. If you are coming to pick holes, and quiz, and question, and find fault, and talk about inconsistencies and so forth, then you may pass on and join some other army; but if you be come peaceably to our Lord and to us, then I offer you a hearty welcome.

Helping and Helped.

Again David puts the question, "If ye be come peaceably to me to help me." Mind this and mark it well: they that join with Christ must join in his battles, join in his labors, join in his self-sacrifice. We must come to his church not only to be helped, but to help. It is of no use your entering the army if you do not mean to fight; and it is of no use your uniting with the host of God unless you mean to take your share in the holy warfare. They that do not labor in the cause of Christ will very soon find that they are not fed in the house of God. Why should they be? I count it no office of mine to carry bread and meat to sluggards and lie-a-beds: I would sooner feed swine. They who never do a hand's turn among us ought to be turned out from us. If ye be come peaceably to help us, then I speak for my Captain, and bid you welcome; but if you do not mean real service, please to march on.

There are the three questions then. Do you come to Christ and accept him? If so, come along. Do you come with a desire to maintain peace among your Christian brethren? If so, come! Do you come with the intent of helping the Lord Jesus Christ to spread abroad his truth? Then come, and welcome, and the Lord be with you and with us!

The Promise.

Do you know what Jesus says to you who come to him aright? "My heart shall be knit unto you." Oh, I think that if I had been Amasai, I should have felt the spirit come upon me to speak just as Amasai did when he so heartily declared that he and his brethren came to join heart and soul with David. With all that loving warmth which was so natural to him, David said, "My heart shall be knit to you." Now when the Lord Jesus Christ says, "Will you espouse my cause? Will you accept me for leader? Will you come and join with my people? Then my heart shall be knit unto you"—do not your hearts leap within you? What a charming promise it is! What union of soul it sets forth!

Notice how David put the other side of it, and set before them the wrong way;—"But if ye be come to betray me to my enemies, seeing there is no wrong in mine hands, the God of our fathers look thereon, and rebuke it." Will persons ever join the church to betray the Lord Christ to his enemies? I say not that such is their present purpose; but a great many

have acted as if they were from the beginning traitors to him and to his truth. Some have proved themselves the enemies of the cross of Christ by their inconsistent lives. People have pointed at them, and said, "Those are followers of Christ, you see. They can lie, and cheat, and get gain as the basest rogues do." They say that they are Christians, and yet you cannot trust them in trade. They are just as gay, and worldly, and false as if they were not Christians at all; why, then I suspect that they are not Christians at all, but like Judas Iscariot, they are children of perdition.

III. But time fails me, and therefore I must finish up, thirdly, by describing from the text

A Cordial Enlistment.

The captain of these brave men felt the Spirit come upon him, and he spoke up as warm-heartedly as David had spoken, saying, "Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse: peace, peace, be unto thee, and peace be unto thine helpers; for thy God helpeth thee." He began thus:—"Thine we are, David." Now, that is the first thing I want of those who are going to join the church—"Thine are we, Jesus. We are not our own; we are bought with a price." Well may that man avow himself to belong to Christ who has been bought with the blood of Christ.

"And peace be to thy helpers." We desire all good for all good men. We pray for the peace of the peaceful. The day that we were converted we felt that we loved every Christian. I used to say of the little village where I first preached, that I had such an attachment to every inhabitant in it that if I had seen a dog that came from Waterbeach I would have given him a bone. Do you not feel the same towards all

The Lord's People?

The proverb hath it, "Love me, love my dog;" and when you love Christ you love the very lowest of his people. Ay, if Jesus had a dog, you would love that dog for Christ's sake. I am sure that it is so. When a man is always cavilling, I fear he has not the spirit of Christ, and is none of his. May those that come among us always be those that can say, "Peace be to thy helpers," Whatever helps Christ I would help. Wherever I see anything of Christ there my heart shall rest. Oh, to have a large increase to this church and all the churches of hearty, loving, peace-making people!

The last word that they said to David was, "For thy God helpeth thee;" and I shall keep that last sentence very much to myself; I want to feed upon it as my portion of meat: you must not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn, and I am that ox at this time. "Thy God helpeth thee." How I do rejoice to think that God is

Helping the Great Son

of David. All the powers of the God of nature and providence are working to aid the Lord of grace. The stars in their courses are fighting for our Immanuel. Everything is being overruled for the advance of Christ's kingdom.

Cast in your lot with "the Leader and Commander of the people," who has God with him. It is the glory of Christ's cause that the Lord God is involved in it. Mr. Wesley's dying words were, "The best of all is, God is with us!" As I repeat the truth my heart cries, "Hallelujah! Blessed be the name of the Lord!" O Anointed of the Lord, thy throne shall endure for ever! To-night thy servants salute thee again, thou Son of David, Wounded Christ, we lay our fingers in the print of the nails, and say, "My Lord and my God." Risen Christ, we look upward as the heavens receive thee, and we adore. Ascended Christ, we fall at thy dear feet, and say, "Thine are we, O Son of David, anointed to be a Prince and a Saviour." Coming Christ, we wait and watch for thine appearing! Come quickly to thine own! Amen and amen.

A FRIEND OF THE POOR.

Rev. F. B. Meyer the Bible Teacher at Northfield and the Apostle of the English Working Men.

WHEN Mr. Moody announced in the spring of this year that he expected to have the assistance of the Rev. F. B. Meyer of England, in the approaching meetings at Northfield, few people could understand why he laid so much stress on the fact. To him, evidently, it was a matter of profound satisfaction and one from which he anticipated great profit, but why it was so, few among us could explain. Some, who had heard Mr. Meyer in London, or at Leicester, understood it and others who had read the two little books of his, entitled respectively, *Christian Living* and *The Shepherd Psalm** had some idea of the singular power and spirituality of the man; but it needed one to be at Northfield where Mr. Meyer seemed to receive fresh unction from his surroundings, fully to realize how great a teacher had come among us. His power as an expositor was astonishing. Favorite texts which had been the subject of so many sermons, that it seemed impossible to say anything new on them revealed unsuspected depths of meaning in his hands. Scripture men and women as he drew them became alive, and delicate shades of character that were unnoticed before, were revealed. His style, too, was a surprise. There was an entire absence of self-consciousness, of oratorical display, or of straining after sensational utterances. His sermons were talks, so simple that a child could understand them yet their diction so chaste that the critic gained as he listened a new idea of the wealth and power of the pure Saxon vocabulary.

Frederick B. Meyer, whose portrait appears in this column is but little over forty years of

REV. F. B. MEYER.

age. He is one of those Christians whose experience should be quoted for the encouragement of some who are troubled by doubts as to their own standing. Though so eminent in service and so truly spiritual in life, he has no recollection of his conversion. He loved the Saviour from a child and in the atmosphere of a godly home, he passed unconsciously from a state of nature to a state of grace. After a brief business experience, he entered Regent's Park College to study for the ministry. He graduated and passed the severe examination by which alone the coveted London University degree of B.A. can be obtained. His first charge was at Liverpool as co-pastor of Rev. C. M. Burrel, pastor of Pembroke Baptist Chnrch. Thence he went to York where he had the happiness of assisting Messrs. Moody and Sankey in one of their most remarkable seasons of blessing. But it was in 1874 when Mr. Meyer settled at Leicester that the great work of his life began. Leicester is a town of hard-headed, studious workingmen. Their condition weighed heavily on the young pastor's heart. They would not come to church and the church was too conservative to approach them, or hold out a hand cordially to them. The Salvation Army reached some, it is true, but the more intelligent, those who were best worth winning, looked with contempt on the tambourine-playing, banner-waving, semi-military companies. Mr. Meyer wanted to win *them* and to do so he resigned his pastorate, quitted the sheep in the sheepfold to go after the straying ones.

The pile of buildings known as Mellbourne Hall was erected for him when the Christian employers of the town discovered what he was trying to do. The central building is a large octagonal hall capable of holding 1400 persons, and the one regret about it has been that it was too small. Sunday and week-nights the men and women who knew that Mr. Meyer had given himself to them, crowded it to suffocation. In a few years eight hundred of them made a profession of faith and were actively working with their pastor for the rescue of others. They confessed that until Mr. Meyer preached to them they had misunderstood Christianity and had opposed it in ignorance of its value. Twenty-three hundred children were gathered in the Sunday School of which Mr. Meyer himself was Superintendent. Lectures and classes were held in the adjoining buildings every night of the week, and a library and reading-room and restaurant occupied another adjunct. Then Mr. Meyer carried the war into the enemy's country by open-air services in other parts of the town, by mission visitors and other agencies, and these too, were much blessed. Another novel feature of the work was the "prison breakfasts." The pastor was a daily visitor at the prison and he was always there in the early morning when the prisoners who had served their terms were discharged. They were invited to breakfast at Melbourne Hall, and after the meal Mr. Meyer gained their confidence in his happy genial way and offered to help them to lead honest lives. The number of men rescued from criminal lives by these means is astonishing. Beside these instrumentalities, Mr. Meyer opened a wood-yard for the temporary employment of men out of work, a home for destitute boys, a home for working boys, and other philanthropic institutions.

It was a mournful day for Leicester when Mr. Meyer, believing that the work so thoroughly organized could be carried on by others, accepted a call to London where a still larger and neglected field was open to him. As minister of Regent's Park Chapel he has been similarly blessed, and the work is still growing. Such is the man whose words were mighty for good at Northfield, and who is now laboring for a brief space in Chicago before returning to his work on the other side the Atlantic.

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PREJUDICE YIELDING.

MEMORIES of help received from China during the terrible famine of two years ago, are operating now in some districts of the country to mitigate the prejudices against foreigners. In a letter to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, the Rev. B. C. Henry of Canton, writes: "I have been attending a large fair held about fifty miles from here, during the past three days. It was with great fear and trembling that I started out on the journey for I had never done work of this kind before, and didn't know how to go about it; besides, I didn't expect to see any immediate results, and I did except harsh treatment and reviling. It reminded me very much of my journey two years ago, when I took with me five cart-loads of silver for famine-relief, and had a guard of several soldiers with me. When we reached the famine region, we were treated with profound respect, persons sitting by the roadside, villagers sitting on door-steps and along the streets, seeing us coming in the distance, would rise and remain standing while we were passing by. If they get over she notion that we are veritable 'foreign devils,' surely something is gained. One intelligent young man told me there were fifty or sixty persons in his neighborhood who are ready to study the Gospel, and thought he could lead that many to a knowledge of the truth. He said they would say to him, 'Now you go and learn this doctrine, and try these foreigners, and if they dont revile you or abuse you, we will go too.' So, as we didn't have occasion to revile him or abuse him while with us, perhaps others will be led to seek light through us."

HOW A FIGHT ENDED.

AT a recent missionary meeting in London, England, a missionary just home from China said: "Two boys were fighting one Sabbath evening, when a little girl on her way to school interfered and tried to separate them. She succeeded, and after they were pacified she invited them to Sunday School with her. They willingly consented, and the three walked off together, the best of friends. That Sunday School proved to be the great turning-point in the lives of those boys. I am one of them, and that little girl has since become my wife." How strangely God works. This little girl by one kind action not only led those two boys to Jesus' feet, but also was the means of one of them preaching the Gospel to thousands of people. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." (Matthew 5:9).

NEARING THE END.

The Prophetic Periods Revealed to Daniel Approaching Fulfilment.

BY REV. E. R. CARSWELL.*

SEVERAL passages of Scripture seem to favor the Sabbatical scheme of the ages. "There remaineth therefore a rest [literally 'a keeping of the Sabbath'] to the people of God." (Heb. 4: 9). In its deepest sense this will be fulfilled, as it is thought by many expositors, when, after six thousand years have elapsed, the seventh thousand will be spent as a glorious Sabbath—the Millennium. And when Peter pauses in the midst of prophecies that relate to the last times to say, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day," he seems to aim at a deeper meaning than is usually assigned to his words. Every thousand years of the era of man in this world counts a day with God. This argument receives weight from the fact that the conclusion thus reached accords so nearly with the argument from fulfilled prophecies and apparent signs.

There can be no doubt that the sixth day of the world's week is near its close, because all careful students of the chronology of the ages agree that 6,000 years have well-nigh rolled out their cycles. Prof. Totten of Yale has done his best figuring along this line. His "Ominous Exegesis" that has so worthily attracted attention of late, and that impresses me favorably, has fallen under my eye too late to be satisfactorily tested before committing these pages to the printer. In a scientific way he has gone over the entire chronology of the world, keeping his practiced and studious eye on the Scriptures all the while, and concludes that March, 1899, will close the sixth thousand years and usher in the seventh day of the world's week of thousands.

Missing the final date which my own calculation, from altogether different figures, has reached, by less than two years, he agrees with me that during the last seven years before this final date and nearer the beginning of the seventh than the end, our Lord will come and lift all the righteous up to meet him in the air, preparatory to the fiery destruction of the wicked of the whole earth.

In harmony with the argument from fulfilled prophecy and the appearance of the signs, the numerical prophecy of Daniel proclaims the early coming of him who is King of Saints and the rightful Ruler of this world. There can be no question that

The Date of Beginning,

which is fixed (Dan. 9: 25) upon "the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem," is the twentieth year of Artaxerxes Longimanus, which corresponds to our 445 B. C. (Neh. 2: 1.) A similar command preceded this in the seventh year of Artaxerxes (Ezra 7: 7-11), but the design was not successfully prosecuted until undertaken thirteen years later by Nehemiah, who, indeed, as the prophecy expressly declared, built the wall in "troublous times" (Dan. 9: 25, and Neh. 4: 1-23), and finished the temple in "seven weeks [i. e. 49] of years," according to the terms of the prophecy. And this term of forty-nine years, allowed for the building of the temple, beginning in 445 B. C., confirms our choice of the above as the chronological starting point of Daniel's mathematical prediction. This prophecy was given to Daniel by Gabriel about ninety years before the first event suspended upon it.

The First Event

was the "command to restore and to build Jerusalem," which was actually published in Nisan (April) of 445 B. C. *The Second Event*, the crucifixion of Christ, was fixed by this prophecy 483 years (69 weeks of years), after the date of the first event, or 483 years counting from 445 B. C., which takes us to 38 A. D., as the date of the death of Christ (Dan. 9: 26.) This harmonizes with the views of leading expounders of our A. D. chronology, that is at least four to six years wrong. This allows for a correction by four and one-half years. So that Messiah was "cut off" in the month of April (Nisan) A. D. 38.

The Third Event, or the "Cleansing of the Sanctuary" (Dan. 8:24), was set for 2300 years from the same prime date, 445 B.C. This takes us to 1856 A.D. And it was on April 11, 1856, that the Crimean Treaty of Peace was signed, securing religious liberty to Jews and Christians in Palestine for the first time since Mohammedanism invested Jerusalem, twelve hundred

* From a new work, entitled, *Jesus at Our Doors*, by E. R. Carswell, editor of the *Review and Expositor*, of Atlanta, Ga.

years before. This was the inchoate cleansing of the sanctuary—or the holy city and temple. The 2300 years of prophecy were completed to a day in this significant event.

The Fourth Event, or the end of this dispensation, when "all these things shall be finished," is fixed 45 years after the last event. Dan. 12:7-12. The 45 years are the excess of the 1335 over 1290. The 1290 are the last of the 2300, and the 1335 are gained by adding 45 to 1290. By adding 45 years to April 11, 1856, we come to April 11, 1901, as the end of this age and the opening of the next.

And now, if the application of this calculation to this last of the four events has been as accurately made as to the former three (which I believe, but would not positively assert) the close of this Gospel Age and opening of the Millennial Age will come on April 11, 1901. As three out of four have come to pass precisely on the date indicated by the prophetic numbers, it is but rational to conclude that the fourth event—the end of this age—will fall on this date. And if this final date—April 11, 1901—be correct, 2345 days before its arrival may be expected an order to rebuild the temple—which, according to the calculation, will be Nov. 8, 1894, or three years from next November. Here is another

Prophetic Double.

It was to be 2,300 and forty-five years from the first command to restore and to build Jerusalem to the end of this age; and 2300 and forty-five days from the second order to rebuild the temple (yet future) to the same concluding date—the end of this age. A fulfillment of the 2345, in years and in days. And if this last come true, then just as it was 483 years from the former order to rebuild the city and temple to the death of Messiah, so it shall be 483 days from the second order to restore the temple (yet to come) to the second coming of Jesus—this time with a sin-offering, as at the first, unto final deliverance. This will be March 5, 1896. Another double—the 483 (69 weeks) fulfilled in years and to be fulfilled in days.

In the midst of the last week of years (or seven years)—the awfully decisive period of this world's history—or 1280 days before the miraculous destruction of Anti-Christ the temple sacrifices shall be abolished by order of the personal Anti-Christ. "He shall confirm a Covenant with many [of the Jews], for one week." [Seven years], and "in the midst of the week." he, who is the prince that shall come," will violate his compact with the Jews.

[The Temple, it seems clear, will be rebuilt at the instance of unbelieving Jews who will reinstate the old sacrificial ceremonies.]

After the destruction of Anti-Christ and of five-sixths of his Confederacy upon the Mountains of Jerusalem it will be yet 45 days [the excess of 45 over 1290, making 1335] to the glorious end. "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh to the thousand three hundred and five and thirty days." All who arrive safe and unharmed to this date participate in all the joys of the Millennial Age.

The author wishes to be understood. He does not affirm that these great final events will certainly and assuredly fall upon the dates respectively assigned them in the above interpretation of the numerals of Daniel. But if no mistake has been made in applying the figures to the last of the four great events suspended upon the calculation, things will come as indicated above; namely, the Order to rebuild the Temple, may be expected to be published Nov. 8, 1894; the Coming of Jesus in the Air for the righteous, dead and living, March 5, 1896; and this Age will give place to the next, or Millennial Age, April 11, 1901. These are the most probable dates.

If these events miss their dates, we will know that our calculation is defective, but our faith in the early coming of Jesus will not be shaken. The truth is, the reader may emphasize these dates more than the writer does. The figures are presented in the honest belief that they are derived from a clear interpretation of God's word, and specially to aid our dull, obtuse faculties to realize more than could be done in view of mere abstract statements that "He is near even at the doors." This is the voice of fulfilled prophecy. This is the announcement of the apparent signs. And with these accord the conclusions reached by interpreting these prophetic figures according to the accepted principles of interpretation that apply to such scriptures.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE SHEPHERD LORD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 20. John 10: 27, 28. Isa 40: 9, 11.

THE Shepherd Lord is one of the most beautiful of the relations in which Jesus stands to those who love him. It implies so complete a recognition of their need. He is their King, their Redeemer, their Intercessor, their Friend, and in each relation he is precious to them; but it is as their Shepherd that they most love to think of him. Conscious of their helplessness, of their defencelessness, of their weakness and proneness to wander, they are aware of their need of support and protection and strength and guidance. All these are combined in our conception of a shepherd. It is he, especially in Oriental lands, who finds pasture for the sheep, who cares for the weak ones of the flock, searches for the straying ones, and watches over the safety of them all. Jesus must have often seen the shepherds of Palestine with their flocks, and have marked their ways and the qualities required of a good shepherd. He saw that he must be faithful and tender and strong and, knowing the character of the men who would follow him and bear his name, he said of himself, as symbolical of the relation he would sustain to them, "I am the Good Shepherd."

His faithfulness. No quality has been more tried. The highest proof known to man he gave to us while upon earth; He was faithful unto death. He laid down his life for the sheep. Since then, how it has been tried by the sheep themselves! He who led Israel like a flock and bore with their murmuring and repining in the wilderness, who loved them and kept them, though they deserted him, rebelled against him and set up the golden calf saying, "These be thy Gods, O Israel," yet who fed them, guided them and led them to the Land of Promise, was above all, a faithful, covenant-keeping God. Our Shepherd Lord has been similarly tried. His early disciples forsook him and fled; his church in all ages has been unfaithful to him, and is to-day, worldly-minded, indifferent to his love, and careless of his honor and glory. Yet still he watches over it and will ever do so, for when John's prophetic eye saw him in the golden future, it was as a Lamb leading his flock to the rivers of waters of life. (Rev. 7: 17.)

His tenderness. A bruised reed he does not break, smoking flax he does not quench. The trembling sinner, the weak, halting follower, the faint-hearted, the repenting backslider are welcomed by him so gently, so kindly, so tenderly that they find rest to their souls. As one whom his mother comforteth so are they comforted. His yoke is easy and his burden light and none that come to him does he cast out.

His strength. "They shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." As strong against the enemy as he is gentle to the flock. "The wrath of the Lamb" is a stupendous wonder, a combination which fills those who witness it with terror. He is strong to support the weak. We go to him in temptations, which are too potent for us, and we gain power from him to resist. We go to him bound by the chains of evil habit, and he is strong to deliver us; we go to him crushed under the burdens of sin and sorrow and he sustains us. To Paul, in his agony, he says, "my grace is sufficient for thee." It has been proved sufficient in all times by all who have trusted in it. And at the last when we meet the mighty conqueror before whom all must bow, we can say, "I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that *he is able to keep* that which I have committed unto him." He who triumphed over death and the grave is able to raise us up at the last day.

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A FLOURISHING SOCIETY.

THAT the Christian Endeavor movement tends to draw Christians of various denominations into friendly relations has always been believed by its friends. An instance is mentioned in the *Church Record* of the Columbia Avenue Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. At one of the recent meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society of that church, the President of the C. E. Society of the Messiah Lutheran Church attended, and brought with him more than twenty members of his society. The friendly visit was a decided success. The visitors were cordially welcomed and their President was invited to lead the meeting. The same society has an active Social Committee, an earnest Lookout Committee, and an energetic Relief Committee. The Chairman of the latter, in concluding the latest report, uses words which show that the Committee is working in true Christian Endeavor Spirit and with gratifying results. The report says: "Could you but know the good that is being done through this committee, you would feel doubly blessed; you would see as I have, that even the gift of a cup of cold water, in His name, can prove a blessing not only to the receiver but also to the giver." The work of this committee is an excellent one, going out of the Society as it does, furnishing the necessities of life to worthy families, clothing a little girl so that she could come to Sunday School, and doing such other acts of mercy and love, as come within their reach.

Work of this character has been done in bygone years by individual members of churches and in some cases there have been agencies connected with churches by which such work has been done; but the Christian Endeavor movement has the merit of having extended it, made it a business and organized the workers in practical co-operation.

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AN INGENIOUS SOLUTION.

AN interesting exhibition of tact is described by our friend Rev. Henry M. Simpson of Paterson, N. J., in a letter to the *Christian Advocate*. It was designed to meet a difficulty which has often been raised by critics. As other pastors who have adopted the Christian Endeavor or the Epworth League movement have probably encountered the same difficulty we give Mr. Simpson's solution a wider publicity.

The objection raised was that there were already so many existing societies that if the Epworth League was added with its various departments there would be more machinery than motive power—"more harness than horse." There was sense in this objection and a real basis for it; but the pastor formed the League notwithstanding. The iron-clad pledge was taken, badges secured and members enrolled. Then the pastor suggested the plan of organization. He had a successful Sunday Afternoon Men's Bible Class; that should be the Department of Bible study. A ladies society was already in existence which in parties of two or more visited homes in every section of the city and reported results; that should be the Department of Christian Work. The pastor's Saturday afternoon class of boys and girls might be constituted a Junior League. All that remained was to organize the Department of Mercy and Help and the League was complete. Thus the League added only one new society to the number already existing, while uniting them all in one strong helpful organization bound to work and labor together for the common good.

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THE WORK OF A LIFT-UP CIRCLE.

A FAMILY at Lindley, Pa., has reason to bless God for the devotion of a circle of King's Daughters in that place. In September of last year the family was in bad circumstances. The bread-winner of the household was sick and there was no prospect of his getting better. That fell destroyer—Consumption, had laid its hand upon him and marked him for a victim. Worse still, the man had no hope beyond the grave. Dire poverty was added to the trial, so dire that there were days when both father and mother went without food that their children might have a little. It would be difficult to imagine a household more sad and miserable.

But that Fall, a Look-up and Lift-up circle of King's Daughters was organized in Lindley. They were chiefly factory girls whose incomes were the product of their own hard work. They found out the situation of the afflicted family and with Christ-like compassion they went to the relief of the suffering. They carried them baskets of groceries and other necessaries, and continued their visits of ministration. They spoke to the suffering man and told him that they came "in His name." It set him thinking. Religion in the guise of ministering angels was a new aspect of it to him. He knew that he had no hope of heaven. How better could he learn about the Saviour than by inquiring of these servants of his, who were, like him, going about doing good. He talked with them and learned the way of salvation. Light broke upon his soul and when he died some four weeks ago he was rejoicing in Christ.

The Circle then interested themselves in the widow and children. A benevolent society, connected with one of the churches in the neighborhood, was appealed to, and a grant of twenty-five dollars was obtained. With this a stock of groceries was purchased and the widow's front-room was turned into a store. This is prospering, for the King's Daughters are enlisting the sympathy of the neighbors in the widow's business. The widow herself has been brought to Christ and has therefore a double reason for blessing God for the Christ-like spirit of these young disciples.

Miss C. Graham, from whom these facts were learned, says that the Circle is prospering and has "a good account in figures to send to the Headquarters of the Order." This we can well believe, and if, as is likely, the incident we have described is a fair specimen of the Circle's work, the girls may be assured that angelic messengers have already carried to Headquarters a report with which He in whose name they are working is well pleased.

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EPWORTH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

A PROPOSAL for a grand national convention of Epworth Leagues is published by the *Epworth Herald* of Chicago. The project is to have the Board of Control of the Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church issue an invitation to the Epworth Leagues in other Methodist bodies to a united convention. The *Epworth Herald* appears to favor the project and recommends Chicago as a suitable place of meeting. Difficulties have arisen at the outset. The *Christian Advocate* of New York reminds the Leagues that the organization has not as yet received the endorsement of a General Conference. It is endorsed by the Board of Bishops and by several powerful societies, each of which is represented on the Board of Control; but it cannot claim that it has the authority of the Church, which only a General Conference can give. This fact precludes it, the *Christian Advocate* contends, from issuing invitations to the Leagues of other Methodist bodies and suggests the propriety of waiting for even its own National Convention until after the General Conference. The same journal appears to think that the project is not only premature but in a sense ill-advised. It holds that while the Leagues of Methodist bodies other than the Methodist Episcopal rejoice in the common history of Methodism and in its spirit and doctrine they contemplate no organization under a common headship. They are content to wait for Methodist Church union before attempting Methodist young people's union. Denominational conventions should in any case precede a general convention.

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THE Johnstown, Pa., Y. M. C. A., has purchased for $9,600 a fine lot for a new building and a convass for funds for the structure is actively going on. A nucleus of the building fund, amounting to $2,000, has already been raised by means of entertainments. A prominent citizen has recently subscribed $1,000, various business houses will contribute the foundation stone, the lumber, the brick and the hardware that will be required for the structure. *Young Men's Era.*

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ACCOMMODATION has been secured nearly a year in advance for some of the delegates to the next International Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies. The *Golden Rule* says that Mr. Holdrege, the Secretary of the State Union of Illinois, has engaged the Park Avenue Hotel, New York, for the use of the Illinois delegation during the sitting of the Convention. There will certainly be five hundred delegates from that State and possibly nearly a thousand.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

LET you and me try, as we journey through life,
Which e'en at its best, has its worry and strife,
With more of the darkness than light,
With far more of cloud than of sunshine bright,
And far more of sadness than song,
To bear well in mind, this advice so trite:
Help one another along,

The path may be rugged, and narrow and steep,
While treacherous pitfalls lie hidden and deep,
And thornbriars 'tangle our feet;
While highly above us the arched bows meet,
And the road seems dreary and long.
Yet e'er may our ears these glad words greet:
Help one another along.

For a hand outstretched may help over a stile,
A kind word whispered enkindle a smile;
E'en a sigh may an echo wake—
Of sympathy true for some dear one's sake,
Adrift in the world's busy throng,
Then ever these words for your motto take:
Help one another along.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells about a Wonderful White Queen and Her Castellated African Capital.

SOME member of the household had been reading about a child, which, straying from its home in the great city, had lost its way, and the young folks were full of sympathy over the incident.

"Yet I have known of creatures very much smaller than any little boy or girl, who lived in a city a thousand times larger in proportion to its inhabitants than New York, and they never lost their way," said Uncle John, jocosely.

The young folks looked incredulous.

"The city I speak of is built in the air, though it's foundations rest on the ground," he added. "It has thousands upon thousands of streets; it is full of very small people, some of them workers, others soldiers, while still others occupy royal station, for this strange city has a king, a queen, and a court. When the soldiers march out they are so numerous that you could not count them in a year. The topmost pinnacle of their city is a thousand times higher than the height of a soldier. If the pyramids had been built as high in proportion, they would reach a mile straight upward, instead of being only ninety-six times as high as a man."

"But where is this wonderful city?" cried Tom, while the others watched for the answer with breathless interest.

The traveller held up his hand to check their impatience.

"Let me tell you first a little more as to what it is like. When the builders start, they first erect true columns, surmounted by a roof or dome. They are skilful architects. These columns are made of clay, and are about two feet high and ten inches wide. They are as hard as our burned brick, hollow and very strong. Within each column is a great number of corridors and little apartments, for the accommodation of the workers. Then for the main structure, a proper piece of ground is selected and soon a conical tower is seen springing up, and another and still another. Their number, size and diameter increase till they touch one another and become cemented together. This rises sometimes as high as 20 to 25 feet and has a dome-shaped summit. It is proof against attacks, the walls being nearly two feet thick, yet the whole interior is hollow. On top stand the sentinel soldiers while the miners and builders labor inside."

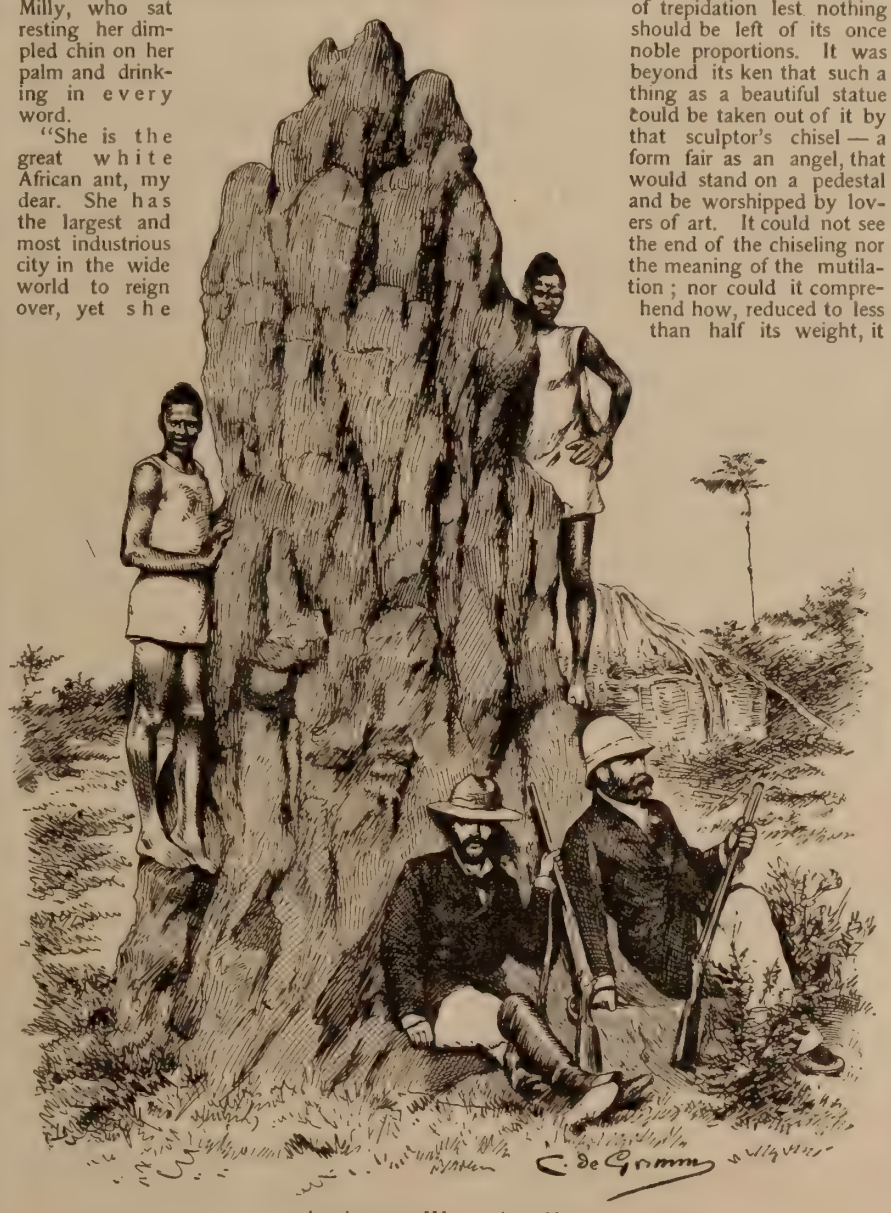
"It's bees!" exclaimed little Ted. "I knew it! I knew it!"

"Twenty-five of these soldiers scarcely weigh a grain," continued Uncle, as Ted's smile died out in new surprise. "They are crushed by the slightest touch, yet they are armed with weapons that can penetrate anything except stones and metals.

"Now as to the city itself. It is surely the most wonderful city in the whole world. It has streets, public squares, well-filled stores with provisions for common use, foundling hospitals, and a palace for the king and queen, who are not only the rulers, but actually the parents of this great population. Galleries run into galleries and many lead to the domes on top, below which there is a large free space. There are cupolas which they reach by cunning little fairy-like staircases. The royal chamber has the appearance of a miniature cathedral, with massive pillars. The queen, who never goes outdoors, is equal in weight and bulk to thirty thousand of her subjects. The king is not given half the attention she receives from her devoted people, who constantly wait upon her."

"And what is her name, Uncle John?" asked Milly, who sat resting her dimpled chin on her palm and drinking in every word.

"She is the great white African ant, my dear. She has the largest and most industrious city in the wide world to reign over, yet she never sees it, nor does she walk through its streets. She cannot leave her own room. But all her people, like good subjects, come to visit her. She gives them life and they, in return, render loving duty and care."



AN AFRICAN WHITE ANT HILL.
From a photograph secured by one of Bishop Taylor's Missionaries.

"Have you ever visited one of those wonderful cities?"

"I have seen many of them in Africa, principally in Guinea, where the hills or cities of the *termites*, or white ants, are common. They are found in Loango, Angola, Mandingo, and Benguela, and all along the Slave Coast. Here is a photograph of one of those structures."

"What's in the stores?" inquired Tom. "Anything good to eat?"

"Well, that depends. If you were an African little boy, you would think so. These chambers of clay are filled with provisions that look like the filings of wood, but which are really the gums and juices of plants kept in little masses. They seem to the eye like the sugar that comes about preserved fruits. Some are transparent, some like gum and still others the color of amber. The natives eat the ants, too, and even white men who have tried them declare them an exquisite delicacy.

"I never looked at one of those insect cities without recalling the advice of the Proverb: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," for surely if the wisdom of littles is anywhere demonstrated, it is there. Industry, intelligence, fidelity, affection, courage, and artistic ingenuity are all displayed by these insect people. So you see, little folks, that go where you will, God's tiniest creatures are full of beautiful lessons for us, which it would be well to apply in our daily lives."

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How Suffering Developes Character.

QUITE lately we came across two very beautiful fables, illustrative of the development of Christian character by suffering. In a sculptor's studio lay a block of pure marble. And as it lay there, it bemoaned its sad lot, telling the articles that surrounded it how it had suffered. The cruel sculptor, who had received it from the quarry a virgin block weighing a ton, had cut and hammered it for weeks and was now mutilating it at such a rate that the poor diminishing marble was in a great state of trepidation lest nothing should be left of its once noble proportions. It was beyond its ken that such a thing as a beautiful statue could be taken out of it by that sculptor's chisel — a form fair as an angel, that would stand on a pedestal and be worshipped by lovers of art. It could not see the end of the chiseling nor the meaning of the mutilation; nor could it comprehend how, reduced to less than half its weight, it would be infinitely more valuable. If it could have foreseen this, how gladly would it have borne the mutilation and welcomed the blows of the mallet upon the steel that brought out the angel in the stone!

The other illustration was of a flute, which one day was overhead complaining that the elegant piece of wood of which it had been formed was totally spoiled by having a number of holes bored in it. But the maker and fashioner knew what he wanted. Rounder grew the holes, and smoother and thinner the tube. The wind sang softly as it crept through the rifts. When the last touch was given, and the poor flute had resigned itself to physical ruin, it was lifted to the lips of the master and there issued forth from the slender pipe so sweet and pure and mellow a note, that the birds stopped their songs to listen. It had received a new life, and it swelled and trilled and sobbed and wept in sympathy with the master. It was no longer a mere piece of wood, unbroken in grain and unvexed by knife or chisel. Its grosser shell had been dropped and it had developed into an instrument with a spirit that could touch the hearts of men. So is the Christian made perfect and fit for the work of his Master through suffering.

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GLADSTONE AS A BOY.

THE boy shows forth the man. On one occasion, many years ago, William Gladstone and his sister Mary disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder, and stood irresolute while the argument progressed; but, as Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered, but when he had done this, he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this.

"Aweel, miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come round to Master Willie's opeenion."

The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resources of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his father, who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust, never failed to encourage him by saying:

"Hear, hear! Well said! Well put, Willie!" if the young debater bore himself well in the encounter. William early learned the value of fair-play even in debate. His Christian training taught him never to take undue advantage of an opponent, and never to misrepresent. If he could not state facts he would say nothing. To these and the other sound religious principles he inherited from his parents, he attributes his success in public life.

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A Sweet, Low Voice.

CHILDREN catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word amongst the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while in many a home where the low firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of the eye, is law, the children never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

O mothers! it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman"—a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low.

Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as for your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows.

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Home Companionships.

THERE is nothing more pleasant than to see a family whose members are thoroughly devoted to each other, and who think that home companionship is the most delightful of all companionships. Yet it is well to remember that even congeniality has its dangers. A case comes to mind of a family so self-centered as hardly to think of outsiders. Their affection has become decidedly selfish, and while their home life is almost ideal, it is purchased at the sacrifice of all social life and church work. The mother has not been in another person's house for months.

"I am so happy at home," she says, "that I have no desire to go elsewhere."

That it may be her duty to go does not seem to occur to her. While such a case as this is rare, we constantly see cliques or groups of people who are thoroughly congenial, and who selfishly enjoy each other, to the exclusion of many who would gladly join their ranks, and who are fully worthy of admittance. A closed circle of acquaintance is hardly the Christian idea of brotherhood.

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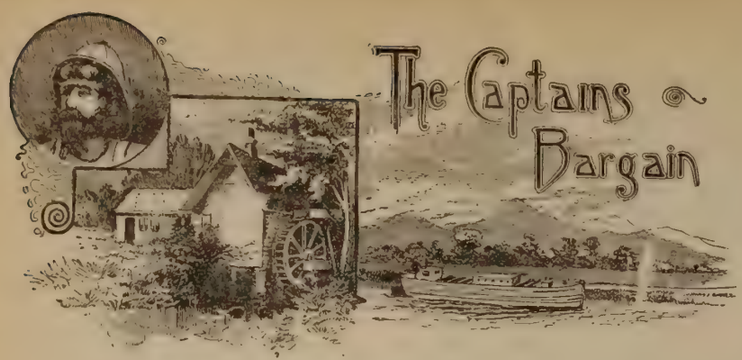
"Thou shalt enjoy again and not alone
Their friendship but the love of every one
Of those blest men and women who both were,
And are and shall be till our Judge appear."



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 556.*)

ROBERT'S definition of riches did not impress his juvenile hearers. They regarded it as a mere quibble. As he admitted that his father was rich they thought he should consider himself as rich and not do anything to curtail the pleasures and privileges of his station.

"What's the use of cutting and drying that way, boy? You'll grow up into a rich young man, and will enjoy yourself, and go to and give dinners, balls, suppers. How will you get on tied up by an old-fogy pledge? Who can have a dinner without wine and toasts and speeches, I say?"

"Then I won't have the dinners. It is not necessary to have them, but I must keep my pledge."

"Don't you suppose temperance people have any dinners, or suppers, or any good time, Cocker?" asked North.

"No. They are a weakly, dull, sickly, short-lived lot."

"Once I knew a man ninety years old," said Cocker, "and he told me that he had lost both of his legs in a railroad accident when he was fifty, and that proves that it is healthy to lose your legs in a railroad accident, and if you want to live to be eighty, you should have your legs cut off."

All the boys who had gathered about laughed.

"See here," said North, "I never saw a merrier, jollier lot of men together than a lot of ministers, and you'll hardly find a minister that drinks. My father is president of an insurance company, and they won't take drinking-men risks. And the rates for habitual abstainers are less than for occasional drinkers. And the assurance societies, you know, have got it all down to a fine point."

"And I know this," said Robert, "the life assurance society called the Sceptic, in London, found that in twenty-four years the average of deaths among teetotalers was only five in a thousand yearly, and that is less than half the average of those who are not total abstainers. So, Cocker, you are all out about the temperance people being short-lived and sickly. Try your wits on another charge."

Sometimes Robert would forget his homesickness and talk in this way, or frolic heartily with the other lads, but too often he withdrew to a window-seat or a corner and sat alone, longing for Lal's Mountain. Nostalgia had seized on him. The daily walks of the boys, two and two in line, a tutor at each end of the procession, were a misery to Robert, whose exercise had been so free of all restraint as he ranged the dear mountain and romped about the mill.

One day in the school session the lads in a class above Robert had a particularly hard problem in measurement. Three failed on it at the board.

"Is there any boy in the school who can do this problem?" asked the teacher, intending to give the algebraists a chance to revive their arithmetical practice.

All the boys looked up, Robert among the rest.

"I can do it," said Robert.

"You! Why, it is 'way at the end of the book."

"Yes. But I have done it."

"Come up, and try it," said the teacher.

Robert went up to the board, wrought the example out, and the Principal came in just as he was explaining the problem and its working in admirable style.

"What, Murray, 'way along there so soon?" he said.

"I was along there a year ago," said Robert. "I went all through that arithmetic and reviewed. I worked out every example in it by myself."

"Then you should be in Algebra. You are very wrongly placed in that class in Interest. What other books have you been through?"

"I have been through all I am studying in now, only the Latin and French. I was in a more advanced Grammar than the one we use here. And I have been through the High-school Geography."

"Why did you not say so, and not be put back in that way?" demanded the Principal.

"No one asked me. I was told to go in those classes because I did not know any Latin."

"We have graded on the Latin generally, but you are an exception. I will revise your classes to-day, Murray."

Great was Mr. Murray's joy when he found that Robert belonged in a higher class, and was not so backward in his studies as his teacher had supposed.

"I knew he had made a mistake," he said. "I knew my boy better than he did. People should not take so much for granted."

But Mr. Murray himself had been at the root of the teacher's error, for he had assured him that "Robert had been at a very poor school, where they taught absolutely nothing, and that he was far behind other boys of his age in all that he ought to know."

"Now, Robert," said the pleased father, "show them what you can do. Let them see how they have underestimated you. I wish you would try and take one of the prizes. How proud I should be of you if you would take all three! You know, there is the prize for good conduct, one for greatest improvement, one for highest class standing. Each is a gold medal, or its worth, twenty dollars. Of course you would not take the money instead of the medal, but I will tell you what I will do. I will give you twenty dollars for each medal that you win."

An idea entered Robert's mind. If he could get sixty dollars and save his ten dollars a month, why could he not make a payment of one hundred and eighty dollars on that terrible mortgage that hung over the mill? If Mr. Wick would live long enough, or his heir should prove merciful, why, in five or six years, might not Robert free the dear home of its incumbrance? A very fury of money-earning and saving seemed to possess the boy at this thought. The mortgage was ever before his eyes, like some huge, hideous debt of his own. The rich man's son was burdened by poverty and cares of money as sorely as any poor man's son. The letters from the mill contained little hints unconsciously dropped, and spaces where Robert read dire poverty between the lines. "Father was so worried. Pink wished she was grown up, and knew enough to teach a school. She could then give poor father all her salary." It "was so good of Robert to send them those dresses. If he had not they could have had none. Now they looked as well at church as other folks." "Poor mother seemed low-spirited. Pink had found her crying." "Mr. Wick had had another attack of paralysis — a slight one —but the doctor said the third would carry him off."

"People said Mr. Wick's nephew was in great want of ready money, and was all the time looking up purchasers to take all his Uncle's property as soon as the old man should die."

Reading such news, Robert felt as if he could not wait for the slow progress of his own accumulations. He ventured to ask his father for help.

"Father, would you give me a whole thousand dollars?"

"That depends upon how you would use it, my son."

"I'd buy the mortgage on our mill, and give it up to mother and father Allen."

"Then I certainly should not give you money to use so."

"But, father, they were so good to me—and you used to like them so much."

"That was before I knew how abominably they were treating me. Think, Robert; for years I begged Captain Allen to give you up to me. I told him all my miserable story. I offered him money; all in vain. He refused to give me my own child."

"But, father, he did not know that I was your own child."

"He kept you after he knew. He came very near keeping you altogether, and letting me go off to die alone of a heart-break. He would have been my murderer. I remember against him my month of heartache, I can tell you. I will do nothing for him, I promise you."

This was on a Sunday afternoon. It was the Sunday of the month which Robert spent with his father. They had been at church in the morning, and the Scripture read had been, "I forgave thee all that debt because thou desirest me. Shouldst thou not have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?" To Robert it seemed that the words fitted this case exactly. Oh! why did not his father so apply them? He dared not make the application himself, but he said, "It was because he was so fond of me, father."

"Yes, so fond that he was willing to keep you in patches, sleeping in a carpetless room, working along with that one-legged fellow, instead of putting you in your right place where you could have whatever you liked. A queer kind of love, that! And, Robert, I am amazed at you that you do not resent Captain Allen's keeping you parted so long from your own father. It is your duty to feel angry that he caused me so much needless sorrow. I wish you would never speak of those Allens to me again."

Poor Robert! if he could have talked of them, could have seen them now and then; could have known that their goodness was appreciated and their burdens were lifted, he could have borne his separation from them better.

That had been a very happy life at the mill. In spite of poverty it had been a life of love and joy, a true home-life—free, genial, innocent. Robert longed for it, as the exile Switzer longs for his mountains, his herds, the chalet perilously hung on the cliff's side. He had no hope of seeing his dear family until he should be grown up. Oh, weary years! He had no hope of relieving their straits but by the slow progress of his own savings. He took up the burden, but it looked a long and hopeless way which it must be carried. And if he tried to pay the mortgage he could not educate Pink. He began morbidly to measure everything by the money which it cost, and that money by the good it might do to the Allens. On Saturdays his father took him to see what progress was made in the house that was being built for them in West Philadelphia. As Robert saw its large proportions and expensive work he counted up how many times it might have paid the mill mortgage and built a good house for his dear, faithful mother Eliza, and he took but little satisfaction in the new structure.

As his father had assured him that progress at school was the high-road to speedy entrance into business and money-making on his own account, as the three prizes represented at least sixty of the dollars which he wanted, Robert entered into a very fury of application to his studies. He studied early and late. The boys called him a "prig," a "muff," and all manner of names because he refused to take a share in their sports. Even the tutor said, "Don't overdo this, Murray; you go from one extreme to the other."

Then, as Robert felt that he must save every penny to aid in averting ruin from those who had saved him from misery, he spent nothing on little treats and gifts as the other boys did; he refused to join in testimonials; he put nothing into the outstretched palms of beggars; he took no share in surreptitious suppers called "spreads." The fellows called him a "cad," a "curmudgeon," a "miser." Robert knew that he was at an immense disadvantage; generous in the extreme, he was especially mortified at being considered selfish. All the consolation he had was in adding each month a clean, new ten-dollar bill to his hoard.

Desperate to help those so dear to him, the boy wrote to Deacon Britt, asking if he would not buy the mill mortgage, and take on it, from Robert, ten dollars a month, and whatever else he could pay. He asked the Deacon to keep his letters secret. The Deacon replied that he had not money in hand for this matter, but that he would look out, and try and avert the fore-closure of the mortgage. That little correspondence with the old Deacon was Robert's one venture through the secret post-office at the naughty stationer's.

At Christmas-time Mr. Murray took Robert to Atlantic City for a fortnight, to see the ocean, the great hotels, the fine cottages, and all the adjuncts of the huge, bustling summer-resort. Still the Allen preoccupation was over Robert's mind. If turned out from the mill, could father 'Zekiel come here, and be a fisherman, or sail pleasure-boats for summer parties? Could mother Eliza come here and keep a boarding-house? He laid all manner of plans, built castles in the air, and down they fell at the breath of common-sense. Father Allen knew nothing of fishing, or of the sea; mother 'Liza had no money to buy furniture for a cottage.

While Robert strolled on the beach and hopelessly revolved such plans as this, Mr. Murray walking by him, too happy to notice the lad's unnatural silence and gloom, built castles also. In truth, Mr Murray knew little about boys, and Robert's staid, quiet demeanor, the result of grief and care, only made him a more orderly listener, and better companion for his father. Thus Mr. Murray suspected nothing wrong. He planned and planned for Robert's almost heedless ears.

"In the summer, Robert, we will make a trip North. We will go down the St. Lawrence; we will see first Niagara, then the Thousand Islands, then Montreal and Quebec. That will be a trip! How would you like that, my boy?"

"Very well, father, thank you," said Robert, indifferently.

"Perhaps you have heard of some other place that you would prefer. Very likely the boys at school have told you of some of their vacation trips."

"No, sir."

"If there is any place you would prefer, speak up, my son."

"Oh, father! What I should prefer would be to go to Lal's Mountain for vacation. We could go to your nice little home there. Pink, and Bop, and the twins could come and see us every day. I could run in and out of the mill, when I liked. We could have a camp, father, as the tourists and artists did. Oh, I should like that."

Robert held up his head; his brown eyes flamed, a glow lit his cheeks, he held his breath, waiting for his father's answer.

Mr. Murray was simply provoked.

"I certainly shall not go back to Lal's Mountain! We have both had too much of that place, and of those people. It is time you were weaned from them, Robert. You are absolutely foolish about them. I'm ashamed of you! It is proper for you to see more of the world. If you are so fond of the woods, boy," he added, relenting at Robert's miserable face, "we will go up and have all the camp you like in the Adirondacks, where you can catch salmon-trout and shoot venison."

Robert said no more. He hung his head, and kicked little shells out of the shingle. Life offered him nothing worth living for except to lift the mortgage and build his mother a white house. But that was not an undertaking for a sixteen-year-old boy! Presently, seeing some quite pretty shells, he thought Pink would like them. Pink had almost never seen shells. So he stuffed his pockets with the best, and as his desk was always kept supplied with postage-stamps, he packed a box of shells while his father was napping after dinner, and sent them off to Pink. Not that he wished to be secret, or do anything underhand; if it had come into question, he would have freely stated what had become of stamps and shells, but he saw that his father was only vexed at being reminded of the Allens, and that iteration of their claims only increased his hostility. Robert wished he could paint pictures, or write stories, or sing in a choir, or do something to earn money. But he was fully conscious of being no genius —only life's most ordinary paths were open to him. By no lofty tumblings could he reach his goal. He must just plod. He was glad when the vacation was over, and he could go back and plod again.

All this was very unnatural for a lad of Robert's age and constitution. He had been full of fun and frolic, given to vigorous out-of-door exercise. Now his life was all work and work and no play, and it began to tell heavily upon him.

"I think, Mr. Murray," said the proprietor of the hotel where Mr. Murray lived, and where Robert spent one Sunday a month, "that school-life does not suit that boy of yours. He is getting very thin."

"He is growing fast," said Mr. Murray.

"And he is pale—and has a worried look and great dark circles under his eyes. I wonder you don't see it. He is a very different boy from what he was when you brought him here last fall. School-life doesn't suit him."

(To be Continued.)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

W. M., Ottawa, Kan. Where can you find in the Bible the name *Dives*, and where do you find mention of the *Seventh Heaven*? I hear them often used by very learned preachers.

We are not aware that either can be found in the Bible.

F. L., Pembina, N. D. What are the necessary qualifications for admission to Mr. Moody's Training School, at Northfield, Mass? What are the course of study, duration and terms, and can students enter at any time?

We would advise you to address Mr. Moody, at Northfield, on the subject.

Wesley Rawlings, Rectortown, Va. Was there any rain previous to the Flood, and is there any record of it in the Bible?

There was no rain in the Garden of Eden but only a mist. (See Gen. 2: 6.) It is supposable, however, that there must have been rain between the Fall and the Flood.

L. Sedgely, Cloverdale, Cal. What was the name of the young lad who had the five loaves and two small fishes that Jesus used to perform the miracle by the sea?

The evangelists who report the miracle do not report the lad's name. There is no tradition that we know of which does give it and if there were, it would not be reliable.

J. D. Fletcher, Chester, Vt. Was Christ immersed or sprinkled in the river Jordan?

It is impossible to tell. The words used by the evangelist were that he came "up out of the water," which might be taken as indicating that he had been standing in the water. (See Mark 1: 10.)

Ira Smith, Odessa, Ont., Can. Was John the Baptist correct when he said he was not Elias nor that prophet? If so, why did the Saviour say he was the Elias that was to come?

Edersheim in his *Life and Times of Christ*, which see), interprets the words of the Saviour to mean that John came in the spirit of Elias, not that he was Elias in person.

T. L. L., Nashville, Tenn. What became of the nations not included in the Covenant made with Abraham and what becomes of the people who do not hear the Word of God preached?

They are in the hands of God. We may be sure that he will deal justly and mercifully with them according to his nature. "He that knew not and did commit things worthy of stripes," said our Lord, (Luke 12: 48) "shall be beaten with few stripes." The matter does not concern us. Our duty is to preach the Gospel to every creature. What becomes of those to whom we do not preach it, God determines.

Young Subscriber, San Francisco, Cal Is it possible to lead a Christian life when those around seem so indifferent? Must we confess Christ no matter how we are situated?

It is quite possible. Thousands have done so. You will find that an open confession of Christ will help you. It is due to him that you take your stand openly. His command is to confess him before men and of them who are ashamed to do so, he will be ashamed at the last. (Mark 8: 38.) If you believe on him and love him and are trying to follow him, make a public profession of the fact by uniting with a Christian Church and bearing any reproach that may result, as he suffered reproach for you.

L. E. D., Blue Earth City, Minn., asks advice under these circumstances: He has a desire to serve God, but has very litte education, no financial means save those he earns by labor, has his mother depending on his earnings and is troubled by many discouragements.

Are you not justified in accepting these circumstances as indications of God's will concerning you? There must be Christian work to be done in your neighborhood such as Sunday School teaching, speaking personally for Christ to your neighbors and unconverted acquaintances. Do that, and if God needs you for a larger sphere he will open the way. You are mistaken if you think, as your letter implies, that there is no way of serving God beside going out as an evangelist.

W. W., Houtzdale, Pa. Did the blessed Jesus die of a broken heart?

That is the general opinion of physicians. It is certain that the crucifixion did not kill him, as that was a death by exhaustion. Jesus was not exhausted, for we are told (Matt. 27: 50) that he "cried with a loud voice" when he yielded up the ghost. The fact that when the soldier pierced his side there came thereout blood and water; (John 19: 34) indicates, according to eminent surgeons, that the heart was ruptured. The most probable way of accounting for the blood and water flowing from a wound in the side of a dead body is that the spear pierced the pericardium—or sac which contains the heart—which would contain blood and water if the heart were ruptured. The severe strain in the garden the night before, the intensity of which was indicated by a sweat of blood, probably prepared the physical nature of Jesus for the sudden collapse, which caused Pilate to "marvel that he was dead already." (Mark 15: 44.)

Wm. Purcell, Passaic, N. J. What evil power tempted the angels to rebel, as the fallen angel, Lucifer, was, I believe, the first evil spirit?

While the Scriptures are explicit as to the apostacy of the angels, of whom Satan was the leader, they tell us scarcely anything as to the time, cause and manner of the fall. (See Rev. 12: 7, 9; II. Peter 2: 4; Jude 6; Matt. 25: 41; Luke 10: 18; I. Tim. 3: 6.) From these and other collateral evidence, it would appear that pride and ambition were the causes. There is, however, a wide difference of opinion among theologians on the matter. Milton, treating the subject from a poetic standpoint, declares that ambition was at the root of the angelic rebellion.

W. P., Lonsdale, R. I. Do you think it is right for women to preach? Paul, in the first epistle to Timothy, is decidedly against it. I have heard women preach and know of them doing a great amount of good and I thought they would not be doing right to keep them silent.

Paul evidently did not think it proper for women to speak publicly, but it is unquestionable that much good has been done through the instrumentality of women, and it is not for us to forbid them to preach. There may have been reasons for the prohibition in the time of the Apostles, that do not exist in our own day. Paul was preaching in Oriental countries, where women were not educated as they are here, and where they were in a state of slavish subjection.

Reader, Pisgah P. O., Ky. Why do writers use so many Latin words, when commonly educated people do not understand them?

The too frequent use of Latin or other foreign languages by writers is regarded as pedantic and objectionable. There are, however, many subjects that cannot be treated without recourse to Latin terms. During the darkness of the Middle Ages (from the overthrow of the Roman Empire in the fifth century, to the fifteenth century) all that remained of art, science and literature were preserved to the world in Latin. It is the universal language of the colleges and of science to-day, and the languages of France, Spain, Germany, England and several other nations are largely based on Latin, a knowledge of which is considered essential to a complete education.

D. W., Hillsboro, O. Do you think it is right to hold entertainments in the church, or house dedicated to the worship of God; such as ice cream suppers?

If the entertainments are decorously conducted, there seems to us no impropriety in holding them in the church. There is no special sanctity in the walls themselves. Churches have often been used as hospitals or for other purposes beside the worship of God and there appears no reason why joyous assemblages should not meet there. The church should not be let out for hire to irreligious people to make merry in, but if the congregation meet together to partake of tea or ice-cream or anything else, in Christian fellowship, there is no sacrilege in it.

E. M. B., Westerly, R. I. Who, according to the Word of God, should have the appointing of the pastor for the church? And how should pastors be supported?

There is no definite system of church government laid down explicitly in the Bible or there would be no divergence between many of the denominations. Do you suppose that Methodists in conference would assign ministers to churches and Congregationalists would give the power to individual churches to choose their own ministers, if the Bible explicitly stated in whom the power of choice should lie? Certain broad principles are laid down from which Methodists and others draw one inference and Congregationalists and others draw a different inference, and both are sincere and anxious to do what the Bible directs.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Best and Goes Farthest."

CHRIST, MY ALL.

(For the Christian Herald.)

CHRIST, the refuge of my soul!
What a blessed, precious thought!
When deep sorrows o'er me roll,
When with danger life is fraught,
To my refuge, Christ I'll flee;
Safely may I hide in Thee.

Christ, my fortress and my tower!
When temptations strong assail,
When dark storm-clouds o'er me lower,
When mine enemies prevail,
To my fortress I will fly;
Naught to fear, when thou art nigh.

Christ, the Lord, my life and light!
When my soul is wrapped in grief,
When around me falls the night.
Of despair and unbelief,
When my trusted watchers flee,
Thou wilt cheer and comfort me.

Christ, my Saviour, strength and hope!
As on couch of pain I lie,
With disease too weak to cope,
Still on Christ I will rely.
Sufficient, thy grace for me;
Strength in weakness, Thou wilt be.

Christ, Redeemer, Friend most dear!
Oh, the joy, the bliss untold,
As I feel Thy presence near,
Sweet communion with Thee hold.
Thou art all in all to me;
Ever will I trust in Thee.

—*A. C.*

TWENTY YEARS FOR A SOUL.

A SCOFFING politician recently endeavored to cast ridicule on the cause of missions by calculating the cost in money of the converts, dividing the expenses of the Missionary Societies by the number of native members. A similar reproach was once made to a devoted minister by a grumbling deacon. "See here, sir, you have been living among us for over twenty years now, and I know of only one person who has been converted through your agency." The aged man regarded him for a moment with tears in his eyes, and then with trembling voice enquired, "Do you know of one?" "Yes," was the reply, "I may say that there is one of whom I am sure; but that is all." The clergyman, unmindful of the presence of the man, clasped his hands, and turning his eyes towards heaven, exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, I thank thee for that one, and with thy gracious permission here goes another twenty years' labor for another." Who but God alone can estimate the value of one soul? "He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

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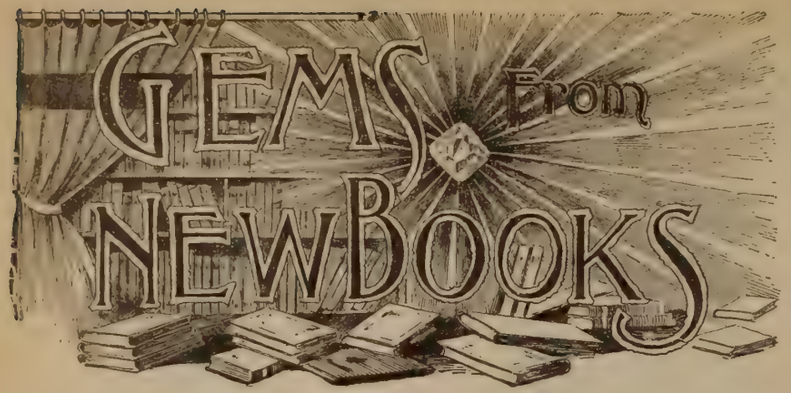

TALKS ON MARRIAGE.*

Wealth not the Chief Object.

DO you regard wealth, and have an eye single to the amount of property to be gained by your wife? Marrying for money is a thing I hold in such contempt that I hardly dare trust myself to speak of it. What language can fitly describe the taking a solemn institution of God and making it a mere means of money getting? The man who sells his vote for money betrays the great trust of his citizenship, and forfeits the respect of all right-thinking people. But what is that to a man's marrying for money and thus selling himself? No matter how much wealth a young lady may have, unless you are man enough to give her a decent support, have too much respect for her and for yourself to ask her to become your wife. The most unmanly and the most contemptible thing in this world, so full of baseness, is to sponge one's living out of his wife or her relatives. The man who does this is an Iscariot who betrays his manhood and barters his soul for thirty pieces of silver.

The Wife Should be Worthy of Honor.

You must honor her, and you have no right to marry a woman whose character you do not honor. You would not for a moment think of marrying a vicious woman, and I would to God that women were as careful in this as men. But you may be in danger of wedding a wife who is vain, and selfish, and frivolous, though she may be rich, and beautiful, and accomplished.

The wife is to be a helpmeet for her husband. In choosing a wife, therefore, God requires that you seek a helpmeet for you—a woman who will devote herself to your highest good here and hereafter, and by whose molding influence you will become nobler and purer as the years go on. Men need wives more than women need husbands.

The Wife the Light of the Home.

It is the wife who makes the home. She gives to it its order, comfort and loveliness. And there are in our language no dearer words, as there are in the world no dearer things, than mother, wife and home. To be a helpmeet for her husband, to make him purer, wiser and nobler; to give him intelligent sympathy and to make his home happy, this is the wife's great obligation. A beautiful and accomplished lady may make an elegant parlor ornament, but only a woman with an unselfish heart and a noble soul, sanctified by grace, can make a true wife; who is neither a servant, a plaything, nor a pet, but a helpmeet as God intended her to be. It was said of one of the truest women and best wives in this century: "Nobody could help loving her, and nobody but was the better for doing so. She had the gift of calling forth the best qualities that were in people."

A Character Worthy of Reverence.

What are the qualities which true women honor in men? Truth, bravery, purity and strength—these four—with all they involve. That firm strength of character which is the foundation of all integrity and steadfastness: who honors a weak minded, weak-souled man? That truth to God, his fellow-men and to her, which is the foundation on which her faith in him can rest. That purity, which she has a right to demand, shall be as stainless in him as he demands in her, and that bravery which quails not before danger, and heeds neither men's sneers nor their threats. These are what women reverence in men, and these our youths must strive to possess ere they are worthy to ask noble women to become their wives.

The Family Altar.

First, after marriage, erect a family altar, and pray to God together for his blessing and guidance. The great Robert Hall is credited with saying that family prayer "is the hem and border that prevents wedded life from unraveling;" and the hem should be there when the garment is first made. It can never be so well put on after the unraveling has progressed. Do you say, "Yes, but I never prayed aloud in my life?" Alas, that this should be true; but, if true, immediately after marriage is the best time to begin. It will be easier than ever afterward. Many a man who has not maintained a family altar has bitterly regretted that he did not begin at the commencement of his married life. You may answer, "But I do not know what to say." Think of your needs, remember God's willingness to bless, and ask him to enable you to live rightly. You can at least read a selection of Scripture, and then kneel down and repeat the Lord's prayer.

And to you who have been married for years, and for all this time have had no family altar, I would say, set up one at once. You cannot undo the past, but by God's grace you can take care of the future. You can find no greater help to right living and to domestic happiness.

Two Birds of Paradise.

It has been said that marriage and the Sabbath are the two birds of Paradise that flew over the walls of Eden, and have, through all the centuries, blessed the world by their presence. In these two institutions lies the hope for the future of the world. The family is the one government God established in the earth, and whose perpetuity he decreed. In these days it is fiercely attacked by infidelity, as in the cases of Hume and Strauss; and by false religion, as Mormonism and Mohammedanism. It is also assailed by lax laws concerning divorce. The family is the foundation of all that is good in government and all that is worth saving in society. Nothing is more plainly written in the records of history and on the pages of revelation. A true home is the fairest flower Christianity has planted in the garden of the world; a place where the husband loves and honors the wife, while she reverences him with true devotion, and the children are dutiful and obedient to both, as they are being trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." "There is no place like home," we are fond of singing; but, thank God, there is a place which home is like—a place of which our brightest and happiest home on earth is but the shadow and symbol—the home of "Our Father in Heaven."

Love the Great Lubricator.

The longest and closest companionship known to man is that of husband and wife in marriage. Therefore it is of the highest importance that those who walk together "till death do them part" should be agreed. The greater the agreement the more harmony and peace will there be in the home. Some friction there will be, for two human beings will never be in such accord as angels would have; hence the necessity for securing the greatest amount of agreement possible. Love is the great lubricator. Love is essential to the smooth working of mental and moral machinery everywhere, and it is needed most of all in the family. Yet no amount of love between husband and wife can make up for the want of harmony in character and in the purposes of life. In choosing a companion regard must be paid chiefly to these points, and woe to who ever neglects them.

"Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Losing sight of all human relationships, which, at longest, will vanish in a few years, fix your thoughts on the great question: How can you walk with God? If you do not, if you walk contrary to him, he has said he will walk contrary to you. Think what that means.

Talks on Getting Married, by T. T. Eaton, D. D., LL.D., Author of *Talks to Children*, etc., Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky., Publishers.

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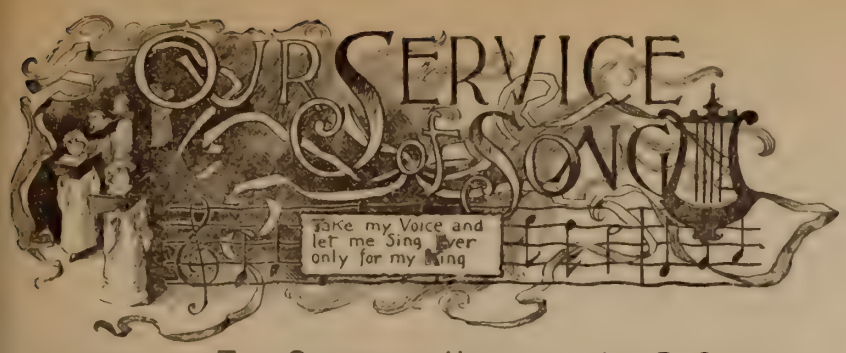

Selected for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by IRA D. SANKEY.

In Heavenly Pastures.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—Ps. 23: 2.

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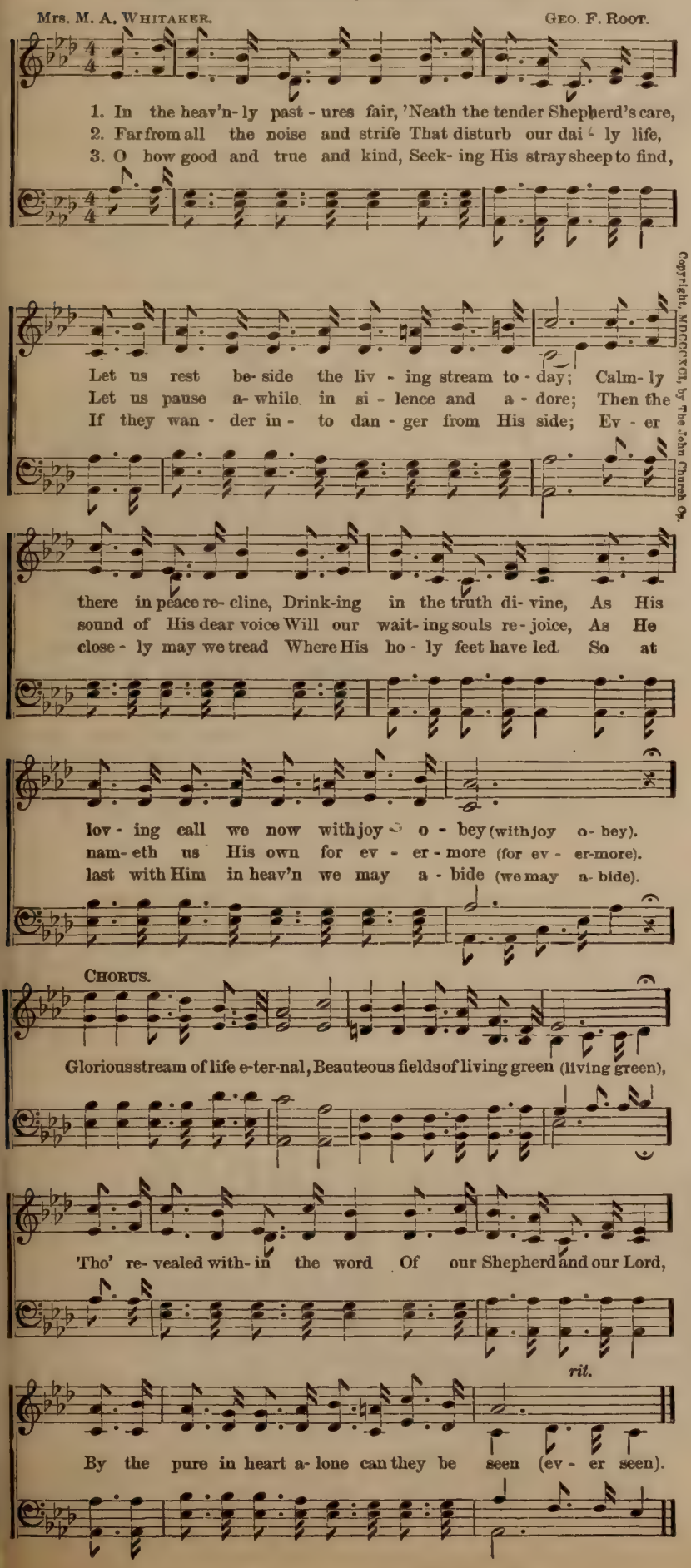

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FROM GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE ACT OF PRAYER.

THE act of prayer includes three separate forms of activity; an exercise of the understanding, an exercise of the affections, and an exercise of will. And first, to pray is to direct the understanding to the highest object to which it can be addressed. He who prays with the understanding engages in an educating exercise more edifying and instructive than all the studies of the schools. Next, to pray is to put the affections in motion by opening the heart; and the affections are ennobled by their worship of the king in his beauty, and exalted by their vision of the land that is very far off. As a man's heart thrills in the presence of his friend, so prayer, which lifts us to the presence of infinite love and loveliness, expands the heart and fills the soul with rapture; and as love transforms and beautifies, so the rapture of prayer does not merely fill the soul with tenderness and joy, but irradiates the very countenance and lends a new grace to the outer man. Lastly, to pray is to put the will in motion. That sovereign power which we call the will enters into the very action of prayer. It is the will which presses the petition. It is the will which strives against its own sluggishness and encounters the antagonism of passion. This matter of prayer, believe me, is no child's play; it demands all our energy of mind and heart and will. Therefore, we ought to learn to pray while we have the strength and nerve for it. When sin shall have smitten the spirit into nerveless decrepitude, it may be too late. It may be too late when death shall have begun to enfeeble the mind and palsy the heart. The hour of death is an ill time to begin to spread the eagle pinions of prayer. Sad is the condition of that man, who, enfeebled by suffering and about to enter the presence of God, knows not how to pray.

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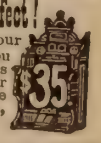

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CONVERTS IN UGANDA.

SPECIAL interest attaches to missionary effort in Uganda on account of its being the scene of the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington six years ago, and of the cruel persecution of native Christians. A very cheerful letter has now come from that land from Rev. F. C. Smith, who is laboring there. He reports the kindly feeling of the King—the very man who killed the Bishop and speaks hopefully of the interest of the people. "One chief," he says, "now wishes to be taught, and so twice I have sent a teacher who has slept at his place for one or two nights, and he is quickly learning to read. The boy referred to in my letter is now afraid to go home, for when he last went his father said, as he had begun to read, if he came back again, he would kill him. This is no mere threat, they assure me, so his home is henceforth with us, for he will not go back again.

"We have a piece of pretty, good, healthy ground, and near plenty of water. This he (the Wakoli) gave me last Saturday, and sent his chief man to show me the boundaries clearly. Upon this he built me a good house, and it is exactly the same as the natives themselves live in. Near to this I have had permission to use a vacant piece of ground, and have myself had built upon it a substantial good kitchen, a good "summer-house," deliciously cool, and now I am putting up a good house for breeding fowls, so that eggs and agreeable meat may be at hand. You must understand the Wakoli gave us willingly the bare site for the houses when I came with Gordon, but no plot; now we have both, and now we only want workers to come up with all speed, and go on with the work that God so plainly promises to bless."

A HINDOO TRADITION.

In a recent letter from Calcutta the Rev. H. Whitehead of Bengal says: "Before I leave this city for my own field I should like to tell you of a remarkable tradition I have heard during my visit here. On February 8th last there was a great Hindoo festival. It occurs at rare intervals, only when certain conjunctions of particular planets happen to fall on Sunday at this season of the year. The last one took place twenty-six years ago. On this festival all the Hindoos who can possibly do so try to bathe in the Ganges, whose waters, at all times sacred, then are supposed to acquire an extraordinary sanctity, so that they do not only wash away the sins of all who bathe in the river, but also release from torments the souls of three millions of generations of ancestors. So on that Sunday the pilgrims flocked into Calcutta by the thousands. It was calculated that there was as many as 100,000 in the city. And during the whole of Sunday the river bank presented an extraordinary spectacle, being simply packed with men and women going through the various ceremonies with the utmost devotion. But what gave a special significance to this particular festival was the fact that there is an ancient tradition which says that 'before the next similar festival the waters of the Ganges will have lost their sanctity.' If, therefore, as some of the Hindoo pundits have said, the sanctity of the Ganges will be a thing of the past in about ten years, we may see a great blow dealt from within at Hindooism as a popular system of religion within the next ten years. A Hindoo pundit (learned man) was asked the other day by a friend of mine what the Hindoos would do when they could no longer wash away their sins in the Ganges. His answer was, 'Oh! then we will pray to God like the Christians.' God grant that it may be so."

A CONVERT'S FAITHFULNESS.

CABLE messages from Calcutta report a more discontented condition of the people as existing there than at any time since the mutiny in 1857. This is due to the fact that the Government, at the suggestion of the missionaries, is endeavoring to break up the cruel custom of child-marriage by raising the age at which a girl may consent to be married, from twelve to fourteen years. Great indignation has been manifested by the people against the Christians both foreign and native, as they rightly conjecture that the innovation originated with them. A missionary writes: "One of our students, a married man of about thirty years of age, and the very meekest and mildest man imaginable, walked down to the Maidan and came across a crowd who had been discussing the change. Some of his old Hindu acquaintances (he is a convert) happened to see him, and came up and began to taunt him with being a Christian. Some rascals in the crowd then suddenly cried out, 'A Christian, kill him, crucify him!' and in a moment, before he could escape, they fell upon him and knocked him down. They then told him to renounce Christianity and say he was a Hindoo. He stood firm, however, and replied, 'I cannot do that, I am a Christian.' Then they all rushed upon him again and kicked him and beat him. He told me afterwards that he quite despaired of his life, and was kicked till he became insensible. However, fortunately there were two Sikhs close by who came up and rescued him and took him off to the house of a Hindu gentleman, where he remained insensible for three hours. Happily no permanent injury has been done and he is now all right again. But I think that his firmness, under what actually was to him the immediate prospect of death, reflects the highest credit on him."

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1891.

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LAZARUS AT THE GATE.

The Beneficent Work being Done by the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital.

"THERE was a certain beggar named Lazarus," said our Lord in that most thrilling of all his parables, "who was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table." Whether his desire was gratified we are not told. The only attention paid to him that is recorded, he received from the dogs. Lazarus is at our gates to-day in the shape of numberless afflicted mortals, some of whom could be cured by the skilled hands of the surgeon, but the majority are without hope in this life, and are only waiting until death mercifully ends their sufferings. What is

DR. L. DUNCAN BULKLEY.

our duty toward them? Can we afford to be indifferent? Many of the sufferers are in abject poverty. The excruciating pains which tear their bodies might be mitigated in many ways could their friends afford the expense. The tedium of the weary days and nights might be relieved by pleasant cheerful surroundings, books, pictures or flowers, but in many cases the sufferer must lie almost uncared for, in a room ill ventilated and bare of all luxuries. We boast of the national wealth and prosperity, and on all hands there is a prodigality of luxury and display; shall it be said of us that Lazarus who lies at our gate full of sores does not get the crumbs that fall from the table?

For many years the reproach might justly have been brought against us. Men, women and children were stricken with the terrible cancer, or the skin-disease scarcely less loathsome or hopeless, bore their affliction with what fortitude they could, and passed away without regard from Dives and without any effort on his part to have them cured; or if incurable to have them waited on and cared for during their sorrowful journey to the grave. In 1882, there were in New York alone no less than 731 deaths from cancer, and in the fourteen years immediately preceding that year 6,843 died of that disease in the city. There was no public place where they could be treated, nor any institution where such as were incurable could be nursed and skillfully tended. But in 1882, a few noble-minded Christlike men and women were moved with compassion for these pitiable sufferers and secured a small home in which, at least, a few could gain some relief. It contained accommodation for only twenty-nine patients, not half a tithe of those who were suffering from the disease in the city at the time; but it was an effort, though a small one, in the right direction. The house, which is in Thirty-fourth Street, New York, was economically furnished, subscriptions were raised to provide nurses, resident surgeons and the medical appliances necessary. Eminent physicians were interested, who with the generous self-sacrifice more common in their profession than in any other, undertook to serve gratuitously as consulting physicians, to give up a portion of their valuable time to examining and treating cases of the special varieties to which they had devoted special study. Prominent among these was Dr. Duncan Bulkley, the world-renowned dermatologist, whose portrait appears on this page, and who has been from the beginning one of the most devoted and useful of the medical friends of the hospital.

The value of the institution was speedily realized and it appeared in unexpected ways. Some of the patients who had been informed by busy practitioners, after hasty examination, that they were afflicted with cancer, learned with glad surprise from these skilled specialists, that their disease was not cancer, but some variety of skin disease so closely resembling it as to deceive any but a trained and practiced eye. Medical treatment without operation could cure them, and they were cured. The physicians, too, became more skillful in treating cancer itself, and discovered new curative agents and new ways of relieving the disease. The one grievous and distressing feature of the institution was its incapacity to meet the demand. The twenty-nine beds were continuously occupied, and the operations were performed in a small hall-room, so that no room suitable for the occupation of a patient might be withdrawn from that use. But day by day patients came begging for admission, whom the surgeons sorrowfully turned away, though they knew that if there had been room in the institution to receive them they might have been cured or, at least, relieved. Not less distressing was it to refuse admission to the incurable cases, which no hospital would receive, and which were so sorely in need of such mitigation of suffering as science could give.

In the presence of such an extent of pain and misery which the existence of the institution revealed, the necessity for a new and further effort to relieve it lay like a burden on the hearts of the noble men and women who were supporting the hospital. At the first annual meeting, Dr. Bulkley, having reported that "the accommodations were totally inadequate for the needs of the service," went on to say: "The object of our thought is the means of extending the capacity and efficiency of the hospital, that it may approach somewhat to the size and requirements demanded by the large number of sufferers who call for our sympathy and aid." He advised that instead of enlarging their present building or securing another in the city, a site in the country should be acquired. His reasons were that it would be less costly, would be more healthy for the patients, and would give an opportunity for the erection of convenient, detached pavilions, so that the patients could be classified according to their disease and the various stages it had reached. His suggestion was accepted and developed into the present institution on Fordham Heights, which was opened in February, 1886.

THE PAVILIONS AT FORDHAM HEIGHTS.

The site contains about seventeen acres in a most salubrious neighborhood at an elevation of nearly two hundred feet above the level of the Harlem River. It contains a large central stone building, a picture of which is here given. This is used for administrative purposes and the general purposes of the hospital. The unique and most successful feature of the institution is the seven wooden pavilions picturesquely grouped around the central building. In these the patients are accommodated. There, trained nurses minister to their wants, the resident Medical Superintendent, Dr. Amos C. Lewis, visits them frequently, and Dr. Bulkley and the other physicians come periodically to advise and prescribe. Two of these pavilions are shown in the accompanying illustration. On fine days, such of the patients as can leave their beds, are drawn in invalid chairs about the grounds to be cheered and invigorated by the bracing air. Everyone who visits the place is delighted with the excellent arrangements, and is impressed with the gratitude of the patients for the benefits they receive. The greater part of them are of the class most in need of such aid. For their board, nursing and medical attendance they can pay nothing, but their treatment is the same as that of the few who contribute in whole or in part the cost of their support.

THE CENTRAL BUILDING OF NEW YORK SKIN AND CANCER HOSPITAL, AT FORDHAM HIGHTS.

The visitor naturally inquires how the funds are obtained to support so beneficent an institution. The answer is that the dependence of the managers is almost wholly on voluntary gifts. Wealthy friends have done much for the permanent work. Mrs. Anson Stokes Phelps gave $5,000 to build the Phelps Pavilion and endow a bed in perpetuity. Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave $2,500. The same amount was given by Mr. John D. Archbold, the President of the institution, and $1,403 came from the Hospital Saturday and Sunday collections. But for the current expenses of the work the funds have come in small sums from those of the public who know how noble is the mission the hospital is engaged in, and how large are its needs. Some of these gifts are in stores, clothing and food. Every Friday a hospital wagon calls at the residence of Mrs. George Lewis, 411 Fifth Avenue, and carries away the fruit, flowers and delicacies which have been sent there for the patients. Thence the wagon goes to 12 West 36th Street, the residence of Mrs. Richard Irwin, who receives donations of linen, clothing, books and papers with which it goes back freighted to the sufferers at Fordham. Several Tens of King's Daughters sew for the institution and contribute to its stores and funds. Contributions of small amounts come from long distances, for patients from every State in the Union have been received and treated there and have spread abroad its fame.

But the work of the Hospital and the demands for its help grow faster than its resources. Dr. Lewis, the Medical Superintendent says that although every bed is occupied in the original institution in Thirty-fourth Street, which is now used as a receiving hospital for patients whose cases have not been pronounced incurable, and although the pavilions at Fordham ar filled, if there were a hundred more beds available they would be speedily occupied by incurable patients. Especially help is needed for the maintenance of the patients. Mrs. Elseffer of the New York Flower and Fruit Mission, who takes an active interest in the Hospital says, "It is now in especial need of sympathy and support. It never dismisses its chronic cases however poor they are, and new patients are constantly coming. It needs sheets for the beds, pillow-cases, night-gowns and blankets. Old linen (which is not purchasable) is at all times required. Contributions in any of these departments or in money are sorely needed." They may be sent direct to the Hospitals at Fordham Heights, N. Y., and 243 East 34th Street, New York, or to the Secretary Mr. Frederick Haas, 60 East Twenty-first Street, New York. Work of this kind will commend itself to every follower of the Master. It has his special blessing, a blessing which includes also the helpers It belongs to the category of those whom he especially commended to our care—the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind and to every one of his followers who would relieve their wants he said: "They cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

KINDNESS.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached at the Brooklyn Tabernacle last Sunday morning, Sept. 13, 1891, from the Text: "*The barbarous people showed us no little kindness.*" Acts 28 : 2.

HERE we are on the Island of Malta, another name for Melita. This island, which has always been an important commercial centre, belonging at different times to Phœnicia, to Greece, to Rome, to Arabia, to Spain, to France, now belongs to England. The area of the island is about one hundred square miles. It is in the Mediterranean Sea, and of such clarity of atmosphere that Mt. Etna, one hundred and thirty miles away, can be distinctly seen. The island is gloriously memorable, because the Knights of Malta for a long while ruled there, but most famous because of the apostolic shipwreck. The bestormed vessel on which Paul sailed had "laid to" on the starboard tack, and the wind was blowing east-northeast and the vessel, drifting probably a mile and a half an hour, she struck at what is now called St. Paul's Bay. Practical sailors have taken up the Bible account and decided beyond controversy the place of the shipwreck. But the island which has so rough a coast is for the most part a garden. Richest fruits and a profusion of honey characterized it in Paul's time as well as now. The finest oranges, figs and olives grow there.

When Paul and his comrades crawled up on the beach, saturated, and hungry from long abstinence from food, and chilled to the bone, the islanders, though called barbarians, because they could not speak Greek, opened their doors to the shipwrecked unfortunates. Everything had gone to the bottom of the deep, and the barefooted, bareheaded apostle and ship's crew were in a condition to appreciate hospitality. About twenty-five such men a few seasons ago I found in the life station near Easthampton, Long Island. They had got ashore in the night from the sea, and not a hat or shoe had they left. They found out, as Paul and his fellow voyagers found out, that the sea is the roughest of all robbers. My text finds the ship's crew ashore on Malta, and around a hot fire drying themselves, and with the best provision the islanders can offer them. And they go into government quarters for three days to recuperate, Publius, the ruler, inviting them, although he had severe sickness in the house at that time, his father down with dysentery and typhoid fever. Yea, for three months they stayed on the island watching for a ship, and putting the hospitalities of the islanders to a severe test. But it endured the test satisfactorily, and it is recorded for all the ages of time and eternity to read and hear in regard to the inhabitants of Malta: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! What a great word that is. It would take a reed as long as that which the apocalyptic angel used to measure heaven to tell the length, the breadth, the height of that munificent word. It is a favorite Bible word, and it is early launched in the book of Genesis, caught up in the book of Joshua, embraced in the book of Ruth, sworn by in the book Samuel, crowned in the book of Psalms, and enthroned in many places in the new Testament. Kindness! A word no more gentle than mighty. I expect it will wrestle me down before I get through with it. It is strong enough to throw an archangel. But it will be well for us to stand around it, and warm ourselves by its glow as Paul and his fellow voyagers stood around the fire on the Island of Malta, where the Maltese made themselves immortal in my text by the way they treated these victims of the sea. "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Kindness! All definitions of that multipotent word break down half way. You say it is clemency, benignity, generosity; it is made up of good wishes, it is an expression of beneficence, it is a contribution to the happiness of others. Some one else says: "Why, I can give you a definition of kindness: it is sunshine of the soul. It is affection perennial, it is a climacteric grace, it is the combination of all graces. It is compassion. It is the perfection of gentle manliness and womanliness." Are you all through? You have made a dead failure in your definition. It cannot be defined. But we all know what it is, for we all felt its power. Some of you may have felt it as Paul felt it, on some coast of rock as the ship went to pieces, but more of us have again and again in some awful stress of life had either from earth or heaven hands stretched out, which "showed us no little kindness."

There is kindness of disposition, kindness of word, kindness of act, and there is Jesus Christ the impersonation of all of them. Kindness! You cannot affect it, you cannot play it as a part, you cannot enact it, you cannot dramatize it. By the grace of God you must have it inside you, an everlasting summer, or rather a combination of June and October, the geniality of the one and the tonic of the other. It cannot dwell with arrogance or spite or revenge or malevolence. At its first appearance in the soul all these Amalekites and Gergishites and Hittites and Jebusites must quit, and quit forever. Kindness wishes everybody well, every man well, every woman well, every child well, every bird well, every horse well, every dog well, every cat well. Give this spirit full swing and you would have no more need of societies for prevention of cruelty to animals, no more need of protective sewing woman's association, and it would dull every sword until it would not cut skin deep, and unwheel every battery till it could not roll, and make gunpowder of no more use in the world except for rock blasting or pyrotechnic celebration. Kindness is a spirit divinely implanted, and in answer to prayer, and then to be sedulously cultivated until it fills all the nature with a perfume richer and more pungent than mignonette, and, as if you put a tuft of that aromatic beauty behind the clock on the mantel, or in some corner where nobody can see it, you find people walking about your room looking this way and that, and you ask them, "What are you looking for?" and they answer, "Where is that flower?"—So if one has in his soul this infinite sweetness of disposition, its perfume will whelm everything.

But are you waiting and hoping for some one to be bankrupted or exposed, or discomfited, or in some way overthrown, then kindness has not taken possession of your nature. You are wrecked on a Malta where there are no oranges. You are entertaining a guest so unlike kindness that kindness will not come and dwell under the same roof. The most exhausting and unhealthy and ruinous feeling on earth is a revengeful spirit or retaliating spirit, as I know by experience, for I have tried it for five or ten minutes at a time. When some mean thing has been done me or said about me, I have felt "I will pay him in his own coin. I will show him up. The ingrate! The traitor! The liar! The villain!" But five or ten minutes of the feeling has been so unnerving and exhausting I have abandoned it, and I cannot understand how people can go about torturing themselves five or ten or twenty years, trying to get even with somebody. The only way you will ever triumph over your enemies is by forgiving them and wishing them all good and no evil. As malevolence is the most uneasy and profitless and dangerous feeling, kindness is the most healthful and delightful. And this is not an abstraction. As I have tried a little of the retaliatory feeling, so I have tried a little of the forgiving. I do not want to leave this world until I have taken vengeance upon every man that ever did me a wrong, by doing him a kindness. In most of such cases I have already succeeded, but there are a few malignants whom I am yet pursuing and I shall not be content until I have in some wise helped them or benefited them or blessed them. Let us all pray for this spirit of kindness.

PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

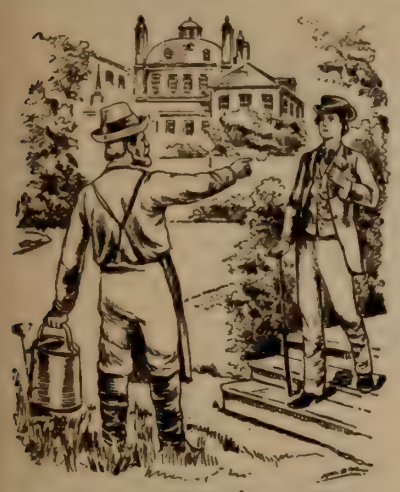
It will settle a thousand questions. It will change the phase of everything. It will mellow through and through our entire nature. It will transform a lifetime. It is not a feeling gotten up for occasions, but perennial. That is the reason I like petunias better than morning-glories. They look very much alike, and if I should put in your hand a petunia and a morning-glory you could hardly tell which is the petunia and which the morning-glory; but the morning-glory blooms only a few hours and then shuts up for the day, while the petunia is in as wide-spread a glow at twelve o'clock at noon and six o'clock in the evening as at sunrise. And this grace of kindness is not spasmodic, is not intermittent, is not for a little while, but it irradiates the whole nature, all through and clear on till the sunset of our earthly existence. Kindness! I am resolved to get it. Are you resolved to get it? It does not come by hap-hazard, but through culture under the Divine help. Thistles grow without culture. Rocky Mountain sage grass grows without culture. Mullen stalks grow without culture. But that great red rose in the conservatory, its leaves packed on leaves, deep-dyed as though it had been obliged to fight for its beauty and it were still reeking with the carnage of the battle, that rose needed to be cultured and through long years its floral ancestors were cultured. Oh, God! implant kindness in all our souls, and then give us grace to watch it, to enrich it, to develop it!

The King of Prussia had presented to him by the Empress of Russia the root of a rare flower, and it was put in the royal gardens on an island, and the head gardener, Herr Fintelmann, was told to watch it. And one day it put forth its glory. Three days of every week the people were admitted to these gardens, and a young man, probably not realizing what a wrong thing he was doing, plucked this flower and put it in his buttonhole, and the gardener arrested him as he was crossing at the ferry, and asked the king to throw open no more his gardens to the public. The King replied, "Shall I deny to the thousands of good people of my country the privilege of seeing this garden because one visitor has done wrong? No, let them come and see the beautiful grounds." And when the gardener wished to give the King the name of the offender who had taken the royal flower, he said, "No, my memory is very tenacious and I do not want to have in my mind the name of the offender, lest it should hinder me granting him a favor some other time." Now, I want you to know that kindness is a royal flower and blessed be God, the King of mercy and grace, that by a divine gift and not by purloining, we may pluck this royal flower and not wear it on the outside of our nature but wear it in our soul and wear it forever, its radiance and aroma not more wonderful for time than wonderful for eternity.

Still further, I must speak of kindness of word. When you meet anyone do you say a pleasant thing or an unpleasant? Do you tell him of agreeable things you have heard about him, or the disagreeable? When he leaves you, does he feel better or does he feel worse? Oh, the power of the tongue for the production of happiness or misery! One would think from the way the tongue is caged in we might take the hint that it has a dangerous power. First it is chained to the back part of the mouth by strong muscle. Then it is surrounded by the teeth of the lower jaw, so many ivory bars; and then by the teeth of the upper jaw, more ivory bars. Then outside of all are the two lips with the power of compression and arrest. And yet notwithstanding these four imprisonments or limitations, how many take no hint in regard to the dangerous power of the tongue, and the results are laceration, scarification, and damnation. There are those if they know a good thing about you and a bad thing, will mention the bad thing and act as though they had never heard the good thing. Now there are two sides to almost every one's character, and we have the choice of overhauling the virtue or the vice. We can greet Paul and the ship's crew as they come up the beach of Malta, with the words, "What a sorry looking set you are! How little of navigation you must know to run on these rocks! Didn't you know better than to put out on the Mediterranean this wintry month! It was not much of a ship anyhow, or it would not have gone to pieces so soon as that. Well, what do you want? We have hard enough work to make a living for ourselves, without having thrust on us two hundred and seventy-six ragamuffins." Not so said the Maltese. I think they said: "Come in! Sit down by the fire and warm yourselves! Glad that you all got off with your lives. Make yourselves at home. You are welcome to all we have until some ship comes in sight and you resume your voyage. Here, let me put a bandage on your forehead, for that is an ugly gash you got from the floating

timbers, and here is a man with a broken arm. We will have a doctor come to attend to this fracture." And though for three months the kindness went on, we have but little more than this brief record: "The barbarous people showed us no little kindness."

Oh! say the cordial thing! Say the useful thing! Say the hospitable thing! Say the helpful thing! Say the Christ-like thing! Say the kind thing! I admit that this is easier for some temperaments than for others. Some are born pessi-



STOPPED BY THE KING'S GARDENER.

mists, and some are born optimists, and that demonstrates itself all through everything. It is a cloudy morning. You meet a pessimist and you say: "What weather to-day?" He answers, "It's going to storm," and umbrella under arm and a water-proof overcoat show that he is honest in that utterance. On the same block, a minute after, you meet an optimist, and you say: "What weather to-day?" "Good weather; this is only a fog and will soon scatter." The absence of umbrella and absence of water-proof overcoat show it is an honest utterance. On your way at noon to luncheon you meet an optimistic merchant and you say: "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" and he says, "Glorious. Great crops must bring great business. We are going to have such an Autumn and Winter of prosperity as we have never seen." On your way back to your store you meet a pessimistic merchant. "What do you think of the commercial prospects?" you ask. And he answers: "Well, I don't know. So much grain will surfeit the country. Farmers have more bushels but less prices, and the grain gamblers will get their fist in. There is the McKinley bill; and the hay crop is short in some places, and in the Southern part of Wisconsin they had a hail storm and our business is as dull as it ever was." You will find the same difference in judgment of character. A man of good reputation is assailed and charged with some evil deed. At the first story the pessimist will believe in guilt. "The papers said so, and that's enough. Down with him!" The optimist will say: "I don't believe a word of it. I don't think that a man that has been as useful and seemingly honest for twenty years could have got off track like that. There are two sides to this story and I will wait to hear the other side before I condemn him." My hearer, if you are by nature a pessimist, make a special effort by the grace of God to extirpate the dolorous and the hypercritical from your disposition. Believe nothing against anybody until the wrong is established by at least two witnesses of integrity. And if guilt be proven find out the extenuating circumstances if there are any. Kindness! Let us morning, noon and night pray for it until we get it. When you can speak a good word for some one, speak it. If you can conscientiously give letter of commendation, give it. Watch for opportunities for doing good fifty years after you are dead. All my life has been affected by the letter of introduction that the Rev. Dr. Van Vranken, of New Brunswick Theological Seminary, wrote for me, a boy under him, when I was seeking a settlement in which to preach the Gospel. That letter gave me my first pulpit. Dr. Van Vranken has been dead more than thirty years, yet I feel the touch of that magnificent old professor. Strange sensation was it when I received a kind message from Rev. Thomas Guard of Baltimore, the great Methodist orator, six weeks after his death. By way of the eternal world? Oh, no, by way of this world. I did not meet the friend to whom he gave the message until nearly two months after Thomas Guard had ascended. So you can start a word about some one that will be on its travels and vigorous long after the funeral psalm has been sung at your obsequies. Kindness! Why if fifty men all aglow with it should walk throught the lost world, methinks they would almost abolish perdition.

Furthermore there is kindness of action. That is what Joseph showed to his outrageous brothers. That is what David showed to Mephibosheth for his father Jonathan's sake. That is what Onesiphorus showed to Paul in the Roman penitentiary. That is what William Cowper recognized when he said he would not trust a man who would with his foot needlessly crush a worm. That is what our assassinated President Lincoln demonstrated when his private Secretary found him in the Capitol grounds trying to get a bird back to the nest from which it had fallen, and which quality the illustrious man exhibited years before when having with some lawyers in the carriage on the way to Court passed on the road a swine fast in the mire, after awhile cried to his horses "Ho!" and said to the gentlemen, "I must go back and help that hog out of the mire." And he did go back, and put on solid gound that most uninteresting quadruped. That was the spirit that was manifested by my departed friend Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, (and lovelier man never exchanged earth for heaven), when at Washington. A senator's wife who told my wife of the circumstances, said to him: "Mr. Stephens, come and see my dead canary bird." And he answered, "No, I could not look at the poor thing without crying." That is the spirit that Grant showed when at the surrender at Appomattox he said to Gen-

OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST.

eral Lee, "As many of your soldiers are farmers and will need the horses and mules to raise the crops to keep their families from suffering next winter, let each Confederate who can claim a horse or a mule take it along with him." That is the spirit which last night ten thousand mothers showed to their sick children coming to give the drink at the twentieth call as cheerfully and as tenderly as at the first call. Suppose all this assemblage, and all to whom these words shall come by printer's type, should resolve to make kindness an overarching, undergirding and all-pervading principle of their life, and then carry out the resolution, why, in six months the whole earth would feel it. People would say: "What is the matter? It seems to me that the world is getting to be a better place to live in. Why, life after all is worth living. Why, there is Shylock, my neighbor, has withdrawn his lawsuit of foreclosure against that man, and because he has had so much sickness in his family, he is going to have the house for one year rent free. There is an old lawyer in that young lawyer's office, and do you know what he has gone in there for? Why, he is helping fix up a case which is too big for the young man to handle, and the white-haired attorney is hunting up previous decisions, and making out a brief for the boy. Do you know that a strange thing has taken place in the pulpit and all the old ministers are helping the young ministers, and all the old doctors are helping the young doctors, and the farmers are assisting each other in gathering the harvest, and for that farmer who is sick the neighbors have made a 'bee,' as they call it, and they have all turned in to help him get his crops into the garner. And they tell me that the older and more skilful reporters who have permanent positions on papers are helping the young fellows who are just beginning to try and don't know exactly how to do it. And after a few erasures and interpolations on the reporter's pad they say: 'Now here is a readable account of that tragedy; hand it in and I am sure the managing editor will take it.' And I heard this morning of a poor old man whose three children were in hot debate as to who should take care of him in his declining days. The oldest son declared it was his right because he was the oldest, and the youngest son said it was his right because he was the youngest, and Mary said it was her right because she better understood father's vertigo, and rheumatism, and poor spells, and knew better how to nurse him, and the only way the difficulty could be settled was by the old man's promise that he would divide the year into three parts, and spend a third of his time with each one of them. And neighboring stores in the same line of goods on the same block are acting kindly to each other. It seems to me that those words of Isaiah are being fulfilled when he says, 'The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smoothes with the hammer, him that smote the anvil, saying, it is ready for the soldering.' What is the matter? It seems to me our old world is picking up. Why, the millennium must be coming in. Kindness has gotten the victory."

My hearers, you know and I know we are far from that state of things. But why not inaugurate a new dispensation of geniality. If we cannot yet have a millennium on a large scale, let us have it on a small scale, and under our own vestments. Kindness! If this world is ever brought to God that is the thing that will do it. You cannot fret the world up although you may fret the world down. You cannot scold it into excellence or reformation or godliness.

The East wind and the West wind were one day talking with each other, and the East wind said to the West wind: "Don't you wish you had my power? Why, when I start they hail me by storm signals all along the coast. I can twist off a ship's mast as easily as a cow's hoof cracks an alder. With one sweep of my wing, I have strewn the coast from Newfoundland to Key West with parted ship-timber. I can lift and have lifted the Atlantic Ocean. I am the terror of all invalidism, and to fight me back forests must be cut down for fires, and the mines of continents are called on to feed the furnaces. Under my breath the nations crouch into sepulchres. Don't you wish you had my power?" said the East wind. The West wind made no answer, but started on its mission, coming somewhere out of the rosy bowers of the sky, and all the rivers and lakes and seas smiled at its coming. The gardens bloomed, and the orchards ripened, and the wheat fields turned their silver into gold, and health clapped its hands, and joy shouted from the hill tops, and the nations lifted their foreheads into the light, and the earth had a doxology for the sky, and the sky an anthem for the earth, and the warmth and the sparkle and the gladness and the foliage, and the flowers, and the fruits, and the beauty, and the life, were the only answer the West wind made to the insolence of the East wind's interrogation.

Kindness to all! Surely it ought not to be a difficult grace to culture when we see towering above the centuries such an example that one glimpse of it ought to melt and transform all nations. Kindness brought our Lord from Heaven. Kindness to miscreants, kindness to persecutors, kindness to the crippled and the blind and the cataleptic and the leprous and the dropsical, and the demoniacal characterized him all the way, and on the Cross, kindness to the bandits suffering on the side of him, and kindness to the executioners while yet they pushed the spear, and hammered the spikes, and howled the blasphemies. All the stories of the John Howards and the Florence Nightingales and the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises pale before this transcendant example of him whose birth and life and death are the greatest story that the world ever heard, and the theme of the mightiest hosanna that Heaven ever lifted. Yea, the very kindness that allowed both hands to be nailed to the horizontal

LINCOLN AND THE BIRD.

timber of the Cross with that cruel thump! thump! now stretches down from the skies those same hands filled with balm for all our wounds, forgiveness for all our crimes, rescue for all our serfdoms. And while we take this matchless kindness from God, may it be found that we have uttered our last bitter word, written our last cutting paragraph, done our last retaliatory action, felt our last revengeful heart-throb. And it would not be a bad epitaph for any of us if by the grace of God from this time forth we lived such beneficent lives that the tombstone's chisel could appropriately cut upon the plain slab that marks our grave a suggestion from the text: "He showed us no little kindness." But not until the last child of God has got ashore from the earthly storms that drove him on the rocks like Mediterranean Euroclydons, not until all the thrones of heaven are mounted, and all the conquerors crowned, and all the harps and trumpets and organs of heaven are thrummed or blown or sounded, and the ransomed of all climes and ages are in full chorus under the jubilant swing of angelic baton, and we shall for thousands of years have seen the river from under the Throne rolling into the "sea of glass mingled with fire," and this world we now inhabit shall be so far in the past that only a stretch of celestial memory can recall that it ever existed at all, not until then will we understand what Nehemiah calls "the great kindness," and David calls "the marvellous kindness," and Isaiah calls "the everlasting kindness" of God!

GOD'S FEW.

S. S. Lesson for Sept. 27. By Mrs. M. Baxter I. Cor. 1:21-31. Golden Text, II. Chron. 14:11.*

"LORD it is nothing with thee to help, whether with many or with them that have no power." (II. Chron. 14:11.) Such is the language of faith. "Woe unto them that go down to Egypt for help: and stay on horses, and trust in chariots, because they are many, and in horsemen because they are very strong" (Isa. 31:1); such is the practice of unbelief. Through the prophet Isaiah, God warns the nation, "Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; . . . gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. . . . Take counsel together, and it shall come to nought;" and immediately after, the prophet writes these remarkable words, "The Lord spake thus to me with a strong hand, and instructed me, that I should not walk in the way of this people, saying,

Say Ye Not, a Confederacy,

to all them to whom this people shall say, a confederacy, neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid.—Don't take the world's way of overcoming by mustering all the human resources which are available.—Sanctify the Lord of Hosts himself, and but "let him be your fear, and let him be your dread." And the prophet's response was, "I will wait upon the Lord." (Isa. 8:9-13, 17.) The prophet counted him for more than all that associations could be. It is true that the Church of Christ is an association but it is God-made; it is not man combining with man to strengthen himself: it is not a multitude of divided interests in which each seeks his own, and combines with others because it is the best way of securing his own interests. The Church of Christ is a combination gathered by Christ, to himself, and in himself, for his interests, and not their own. The principle of numerical power and of combination is creeping into the work of God, the Church is imitating the world, and quantity rather than quality is the result. The power and resources of man are gathered against the powers of the enemy, and yet how little is accomplished! Christian countries are overcrowded with churches, missions, open-air services, until the difficulty has come to be, not missions to which to invite the people, but people enough to justify the keeping open of the missions! There is quantity, but what about the quality? Why do so few comparatively attend the churches and the missions? Listen for a few moments to an open air service. Somebody is praying; the tone may be very fervent, but the words are familiar; you have heard these sentences again and again, and you feel it has become

A Mechanical Thing.

It is not like that grip which commands one's attention when a man is holding a real, deep communion with his God, and when all one's soul goes out with his prayer, for a solemn conviction lays hold of one that his prayer is begotten of the Holy Ghost. You go into a mission hall; somebody is speaking; it is a kind of general discourse which the people present know as well as church-goers know their liturgy; there is no freshness in it, nothing to arouse the indifferent; nothing to meet any special needs of those present. Some thousands of such meetings are held every day. If all these speakers spent the whole evening alone with God, asking for his own love to those souls, and drinking in his Word, they would come on the morrow anointed afresh for the service of their Lord. Everywhere these powerless, lifeless meetings are being carried on, yet drunkenness and immorality do not decrease, Sabbath observance does not increase, there is no general power of God upon the people.

Whenever God has undertaken to do some great thing, he has never sought for anything of human strength or greatness to accomplish his purpose. Before Moses, the man "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in word and deed" could be an instrument such as God could use, he had to send him to Midian, that during forty years, his learning might grow rusty, and his mighty words and deeds be forgotten, and that as a man who knew more about keeping sheep than of the recognized science of the day, he might give room to his God to manifest himself. Then Egypt and Egypt's king could not stand before him; the sea, the dry rock, the very heaven above him, became, through God, subservient to the man

Whom God had made Little!

God did not need thousands, one man who understood him was enough. There was quality, not quantity. When he had fully trusted his God, and brought out the people from Egypt, *then* God could use numbers; and he put his spirit upon the seventy elders: but those elders could never have done what God did by the one Moses. There are plenty of second class men and women amongst us, but where shall we find a Moses? When will men understand that, while the command is to all, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," it is not the fact of numbers going out that we may count upon to accomplish great things. One Jonah, a very imperfect prophet, but one who believed in the power of the message he carried, was used of God for the conversion of the mighty city of Nineveh. The heathen were as unspiritual then as now, and as difficult to convince, and God did not send an army of preachers who should make a thorough onset upon the place, but one very foolish man, who should confound the wise, one especially weak man who should confound the mighty, one man, base and despised through his selfishness, and yet believing in the conquering power of a message from God, and Nineveh bowed before the message!

When God wanted to bring back Israel from Baal worship, he did not seek for numbers, and institute schools of the prophets; this came about afterwards,—but he took one Elijah, who did not count it waste of time to spend three and a half years learning the lesson he was to teach the people on Mount Carmel. When God would overcome the Midianites, he could not use the hosts of Abiezer and those which joined them; by the three hundred, the few and not the many, he wrought the victory. (Judges 7.) Again, God used quality rather than quantity.

That which we need in our day is depth; fewer missions, but more of the power of God; less work, but that which is done more effectual. Many of the modern workers have never really graduated from the school of Christ. How many there are who attempt to lead souls to Christ, and pray in meetings that God will break the hard hearts of sinners, while their own hearts are so hard in their home life, and so selfish, that their own relations do not believe in their profession, and their words fall powerless upon their hearers! There is something about the preaching of those whom God leads through deep waters, and who prove daily his power to deliver from their own will and choice, that penetrates the hearts of the hearers, and makes men conscious that God is with his child, and they cannot but have a sense of awe at his nearness.

The Lord is at hand, the time is short; how may it be best economized? Surely by getting the mind of the Master. He has declared that by the cross of Christ God has "made foolish the wisdom of this world." Man's wisdom says, "the more men there are in the field the more work will be done." The testimony of past history says to this, a thousand times, No. "It is nothing with God to help, whether by many, or by them that have no power." In Elijah's day, the majority were on the side of Baal;

One Man with God

won the day. The wisdom of man says; The more highly men are educated, the more power they will gain over the minds of others, but it was not the educated Paul, but the unlearned and ignorant Peter, who was the Holy Ghost's instrument when three thousand souls were converted. "We preach Christ crucified," says the once learned Paul; his cross crosses out our wisdom—"unto them which are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ *is* the Power of God and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."

One Elijah, weak enough and foolish enough to do nothing in public, nothing which men could mark for three years and a half, counted for more with God, and accomplished more for him in one day than all the schools of the prophets in a generation! Are we not needing Elijahs now? If, in the providence of God, numbers are going out amongst the heathen, and we thank our God for sending them, let us not trust in them "because they are many," but rather pray that God will raise up from amongst them some whom he can trust like these men of old. And let us not forget how much time these men of God spent in learning the mind of God. Moses was essentially a man of prayer; his power was that he knew God face to face. Elijah was a man of prayer more than anything else; the few recorded acts of Elijah are only the consequence of his real inner life with God; his history, were it written in all its details, would be more the history of a soul's communings with God than that of a prophet's utterances. Paul, busy man that he was, became, more especially in the end of his life, when he was "the prisoner of the Lord," a man of prayer. This he was all through, all his life shows it, but the last few years, out of which issued his epistles, were times of special dealing with God. Evangelists and missionaries who live the chief part of their life in "the secret place of the Most High," (Ps. 91: 4), cannot fail to carry the atmosphere of heaven with them into their meetings, and wheresoever they go. No flesh can glory in his presence who is in them, but the glory of God rests upon them, and he "is made unto *them* wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

*Mrs. Baxter suggests this lesson for use in schools where the choice of a subject is optional with the teachers. The International Lesson for the day is Review of the Quarter's Lessons; or Temperance, Prov. 4:13-19; or Missions, Acts 10: 25-35.

A DESPERATE ATTACK.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Sept. 27. "It is nothing for thee to help whether with many or with them that have no power," Etc. II. Chron. 14: 11.

ONE of the most thrilling stories ever told of adventure in Africa is that related by a famous writer concerning the savage Masai tribe in the Galla country. It was the Masai warriors, as will be remembered, who, in the spring of 1886, murdered the Rev. John Houghton, the missionary, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on January 7, 1887. Briefly summarized the story is as follows:

A party of three white men with one Zulu and a few native carriers arrived at the missionary's house and were hospitably entertained. On their way thither by boat an attempt had been made by the Masai tribe to rob them, but the white men had beaten off their assailants and severely wounded some of them. Unknown to the white men the Masai followed them and saw them safely lodged within the stockade which surrounded the mission buildings. The missionary's daughter, a child of some twelve years of age, took her usual ride on her little pony on the morning after the arrival of the party but did not return. The missionary was somewhat anxious as the hours passed, but thought she must be safe as she was accompanied by a faithful native convert who worked on the farm.

The sun set, and still the child did not come back, but as night closed in, terrible news of her arrived. A Masai warrior presented himself at the entrance to the stockade and demanded speech with the missionary. He said that the child had been captured by his tribe and was held prisoner. A ghastly proof of the fact he produced in the head of her attendant who had been killed in trying to defend her. The Masai warrior announced that the child would be killed at daybreak if the missionary did not surrender the three white men who were then his guests. If the white men were sent down to the camp in the valley below, the child would be released unharmed. The Masai messenger having delivered his message, departed.

A consultation was held and the three white men decided to surrender themselves, resolving that as soon as the child was safely out of the Masai camp, they would fight for their lives. There was no hope of their succeeding, for the Masai numbered more than a hundred men, but the thought that otherwise the girl would be slaughtered seemed to leave them no alternative. The missionary, however, protested. It was giving three lives for one, he said, and his child, young as she was, had given her heart to God and was fit to die.

The discussion had continued for nearly half an hour when the Zulu interposed. "How many men have you at your command?" he asked of the missionary. The latter said that most of his people were away conveying a quantity of produce to the coast. He could not count on more than ten. "And you are one, there are three white men and myself—fifteen. Let us attack the camp and rescue the little one."

The odds in a fight of fifteen men against a hundred seemed too great, but the Zulu insisted that the chances of success were good and finally his proposal was adopted. The missionary went out to summon his ten retainers and returned to the house with them and they were informed of the service required and were asked if they were willing to help. They spoke together for a few moments and then one of them answered for the rest. The missionary had been their friend, he said, he had told them of heaven and had tanght them things which had changed their hearts and lives. They loved him and all his, and they would gladly fight for the life of the beautiful white child.

"Let us pray," said the missionary solemnly. All knelt and the good man pleaded with the God who had enabled Gideon to overthrow the Midianites, to be with the litttle band in its perilous expedition. He prayed for any who might be killed in the fight and with a shaking voice asked God's protection for his child. It was a touching prayer which brought tears to the eyes of the white men who listened. After it was finished there was a council to decide on the mode of attack and that being settled, all retired to rest for an hour or two, as they were not to start until an hour before daybreak.

At the appointed time the little band sallied forth, halting when they came within sight of the camp-fires. There they separated into three parties each under the command of a white man. All were armed with guns and there hope was that the Masai had no firearms. They crawled noiselessly through the brush, one party making for the edge of the camp nearest the mission, the other parties moving, one to the right and the other to the left. They silently clasped each other's hands at parting, not knowing who might die within an hour. The suspense was almost intolerable. Not more than twenty minutes passed before the note of a bird was heard. It was so like, that the white men thought it was really a bird, but the missionary's retainers recognized it as the imitation of the Zulu. It was an intimation that his party had reached the station assigned to it. It was answered from the opposite side of the camp.

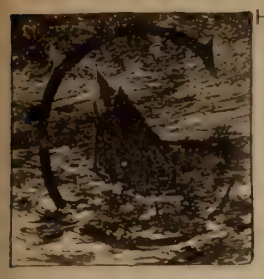
All was silent again for a minute and then the cry was heard again. At that instant every man was on his feet and was firing into the Masai camp. The Masai warriors who had spent the evening feasting on one of the missionary's oxen, were still heavy with sleep, but they sprang to their feet, terrified and confused by the sudden roar on each side of their camp. Before they could collect their thoughts, a second volley was poured upon them. They saw the flashes of fire from the guns in the darkness, but could not see the number of their assailants. A general panic seized them and those who had not been hit rushed from the camp like stampeding cattle. As the day broke, the three bands advanced cautiousiy into the camp and the missionary had the joy of clasping his daughter in his arms and carrying her safe to his home. There he gathered the whole party together and with glad hearts they gave thanks to God who had given them the victory.

MR. SPURGEON'S WORK IN AN ALMSHOUSE.

A MAN of some education, who had held important situations, became so utterly impoverished, and so infirm, that he was compelled to seek admittance into the county almshomse. A lady who knew him sent him Mr. Spurgeon's "Around the Wicket Gate." He was delighted; and after pouring over its pages again and again, he, like Bunyan's Christian, saw "Yonder shining light." It has gladdened his saddened life. He shared his treasure, and thinks he must have read it aloud to other inmates of the house at least forty times.

PROPHETIC PROGRAMME

An Outline of Future Events Connected with the Lord's Coming by the Rev. J. Dawson.



CHRIST'S Second Advent will consist of two parts or stages. The first, his coming to the air *for* his Church. The second, his coming to the earth *with* his Church. Let us for a moment look at each of these separately. In the first place, what are we taught respecting his coming to the air for his Church? In the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, St. Paul not only declares that there will be a resurrection, but he details the very steps by which it will be accomplished, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order. Christ the first-fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." The teaching of this passage is very plain: "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept." And then, after a long and uncertain interval, to be terminated by the appearing of the Lord, the righteous dead shall also rise when this "corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal shall put on immortality."

Resurrection and Translation.

But what about the saints who are living at this blessed time? As the Apostle has in 1 Corinthians 15 only been treating of the resurrection of the bodies of the righteous dead, he has naturally omitted all reference to those who are alive at the coming of the Lord. But he does not leave the question unanswered. In his first epistle to the Thessalonians, the 4th chapter and in verses 15, 16 and 17, he writes respecting both the living and the dead: "The dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

The Second Stage of Christ's Advent.

And now what does Scripture teach us respecting our Lord's coming on earth with his Church? In II. Thess. 1: 7, 8, St. Paul says, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." St. Jude gives similar testimony. He declares that Enoch prophesied, saying, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all." In accordance with this is the vision of St. John, given in Rev. 19: 11, 12, 13: "I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse, and he that sat upon him was called faithful and true, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war." We can have no doubt that the rider of this horse was our blessed Lord. And who are the armies that follow in his train? Not the angels, for they are clothed in fine linen, white and clean; and in the eighth verse, this linen is explained as being "the righteousness of saints." The Lord's followers therefore are his people.

Now in the above-quoted prophecies and in the Apocalyptic Vision, our Lord is represented as coming not *for* but *with* his saints; not to the air, but to the earth; not for the purpose of receiving and rewarding, but to take vengeance and punish.

The Interval.

Between these two stages of our Lord's Advent an interval will take place. How long it will endure it is, of course, impossible precisely to say. But that there will be such an interval and that it will continue for some considerable time, is, I think, clear from some of the earlier visions of St. John. In the 7th chapter St. John says he saw "a multitude whom none could number, of all nations and kindreds and people," they "stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands." Now the fact brought out here is that at a period of the Church's history which St. John desired to delineate, the saints, the redeemed ones, were with Christ, living in his actual presence, and so entirely delivered from all the powers of evil that they are no more to be subject to hunger and thirst, and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." But they are in heaven, that is to say Jesus had come to the air, taken them to himself, and returned with them to heaven, previous to the opening of the seals, the sounding of the trumpets, and the pouring forth of the vials of God's wrath. In other words, the Lord's people, at least the hundred and forty and four thousand of the pre-eminently holy Christians, who are watchful and waiting for his coming, are then safe in their eternal home, before the appearing of the personal Antichrist and the establishment of his kingdom, and before the accomplishment of that event as foretold in Zach. 14.

In Acts 3: 19, 20, 21, we find St. Peter addressing the following exhortation to the Jews who were filled with wonder at the miracle he had wrought on a lame man at the gate of the temple, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord, and *he shall send Jesus Christ*, who before was preached unto you, whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things." From these inspired utterances we gather that when the Lord appears a second time in glory. He will come as

The Restorer.

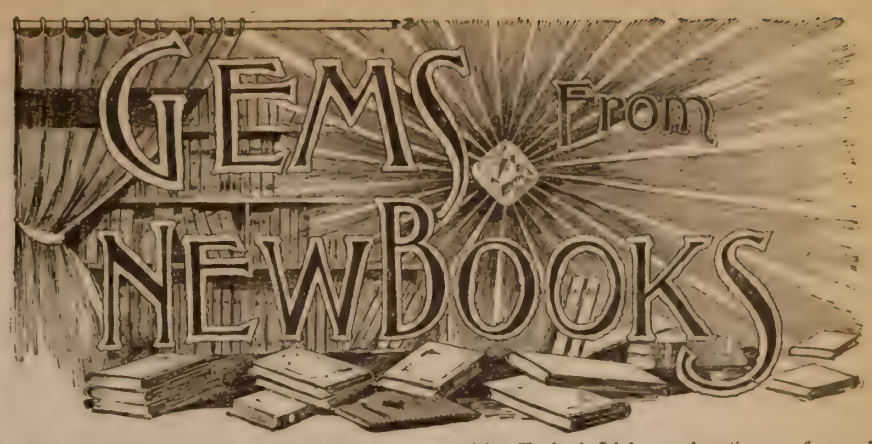
He will deliver groaning creation from the usurped dominion of Satan. He will set up the throne of righteousness and peace, and he will reign as King of kings and Lord of lords. But in that kingdom, he will not reign alone. His saints will share the inheritance and partake of the glory. Seated upon thrones and wearing crowns of gold they shall rule the nations. Then shall be fulfilled the master's loving promise: "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also.

With such a prospect as this before us, well may we "look up and lift up our heads." The very signs, so full of terrible import to unconverted men, are to us the sweet echo of the approaching footsteps of our Lord. He comes to deliver and to bless and to exalt. He comes to bestow on us the full privilege of redemption. We shall, then, in its widest sense, be the redeemed of the Lord—redeemed from sin and all its attendant evils, redeemed to God and now altogether his. Now, no more sorrow and suffering, no more weakness and decay, no more sickness and death; and best of all, no more temptation and sin.

But I speak not only of our own exaltation, wonderful and glorious though that will be. I would rather regard that aspect of the Lord's approach which was prominent in the apostle's mind, when he summed up the blessings of the Advent day in these words, "and so shall we be ever with the Lord." Here is the accomplishment of our heart's desire. Here is the answer to our constant cry, "we would see Jesus." We shall see the king face to face in all his beauty, in the full radiance of his glory; we shall see him robed in his infinate perfections. We shall hear him, too, listen to his voice, and as he looks upon us our joyful hearts will prompt the loud song which bursts from our lips, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." (Rev. 5: 12.) Surely, then, "when these things begin to come to pass," announcing that we are drawing nigh the Heavenly Zion, we may well "look up and lift our heads," assured that our "redemption draweth nigh."

ONE PATIENT'S WORK.

THE value of Medical Missions in China and other dark lands is not yet fully realized. Patients who are cured there go back to their native towns carrying the good seed with them. The missionaries hear nothing of it for a time but when they are passing through a strange town years afterward they find to their surprise that Christ is already known there and when they come to make inquiries as to the origin of the work they find that it was started by some man who had been a patient in a Christian hospital. One such case is reported by Dr. Lowe, who says that twenty years ago a man from an unevangelised part of China came to the Amoy Dispensary. While undergoing treatment for his disease, he received spiritual instruction, with the result that, as soon as he regained his health; he went back to his native district as a home missionary. At first he was mocked and persecuted, but his earnest persistence won for him a hearing in the end. Some hearts opened to his message. The number of converts grew until a congregation was formed. Then a request was sent to Amoy for an English missionary and a man was sent. And now, to use the words of the Rev. Mr. Macgregor, of Amoy, "there are seven congregations, each numbering from thirty to upwards of a hundred persons, all the outcome of God's blessing upon the good seed sown in one patient's heart while in the mission hospital."



AN OFFICER'S DIARY.*

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MAN WHO HAD ONLY A MONTH TO LIVE.

"A Regular Facer."

FOUR p. m.—A regular facer. . . . Is it any use keeping a diary longer? After doing it for twenty years may as well finish it out. What a fool I was to go and see Tintern! Why could I not let matters alone? If I have lost twenty odd pounds of flesh, many a man would have given his eyes to do the same. It began in June, and here we are in October, and I can't say I feel bad. Tire perhaps a bit easier than I did. However, it is just like my luck. I never thought for a moment there was anything serious the matter, till Tintern asked me if I had any near relatives—after my telling him I was a widower without children—and when I said, "Not a soul," I half began from his face to guess. But a month! If he had said a couple of years it would have been different. What can a fellow do in a month? Fact is that I fancied I had taken it rather well. Wished him good-day, and paid him his two guineas for his first visit, as if he had recommended me to have a tooth out. Yes, I really believe I should not have taken it so well if he had simply told me I must go for the winter to the South of France, and give up this season's hunting! But a month more only to live! Well, I am glad I took it so well before Tintern. It was not really till I got into a hansom, and was asked "Where to?" that I began to realize it. I was going, of course, to have said "Bank," but what is the use of investing money for a month? Then I thought of Tattersall's but no man in his senses would buy a hunter for a month. If only I had never gone near a doctor, I should have gone down to Market Harborough as usual, and gone off, I suppose, on a sudden without any warning. I wish with all my heart I had been left in the dark about it. Never mind, John H——, you have taken a good many awkward fences, and you will have to take this, the last, like a man. The only question is, What is to be done to prepare? First, I must make a will. To whom am I to leave my money? Second, I must make the best use of my month as regards the future. I cannot say that I fear death. At least I thought not. That time in Afghanistan, when I was so nearly put out jumping over that wall, and had to defend myself with an unloaded revolver and a broken sword, I cannot say I funked. Or, again, when that tiger so nearly got me—but meeting death in a certain time, by yourself—well, it is unsettling. I suppose the proper thing to do would be to buy a Bible?

Groping for Light.

OCTOBER 7TH.—I have found it. I am not so certain. Let me put on paper what has occurred. I went this morning to hear a well-known Mission preacher.

* * * * * *

OCTOBER 8TH.—I found last night that I could not describe what had happened. Is it worth while trying to do so? As to that, what is the use of keeping a diary at all? The game is so nearly played out that I might as well finish the job. So here goes.—Well, I went to the place I mentioned to hear a well-known Mission preacher. I had heard Annie, in time past in India, talk of missions and bewail her fate that there were none in India, and that set my mind thinking. I got in pretty late, and the fellow had begun to speak.

By-and-by a man came to me, sitting down alongside, and asked if I was a Christian. I said, of course, that I was. He asked me why I thought I was one. I replied, that I was neither Turk, infidel, nor heretic, as far as I knew, nor Mussulman nor heathen either. That did not satisfy him, so he asked how I became one. I said I was born one.

While speaking to me, he opened his Bible in a mechanical manner—by the bye, it was marked all through, and I did just covet it—and I saw the 3d chapter of St. John scored all over. So as soon as I got to my rooms I sat down to have a look at it in my own Bible. But before I began to read I asked God to make me understand it. And I half believe he answered that prayer; if I had written this last night I should not have written "half," but this morning I am hardly so certain. Yet the chapter is plain enough, and the last verse plainer than all.

"He that believeth on the Son hath life." I do believe in one sense; I believe Christ came to save the world, and I believe in his intentions, so to speak, to save all that he can; but what I do not quite see is how about my past life. Can I tell God that I do really believe that Christ is the Son of God, and that he died to save sinners, of which I am one? The Bible says, "He that believeth hath this life;" can I claim the promise? That's the point.

"Believe! Believe!"

OCTOBER 18TH.—Awake half the night. Believe! believe! believe! kept ringing in my ears. What is it to believe?

10 p. m.—Made a discovery to-day. There's a poor wretch of a man who comes in to clean boots and do all sorts of odd jobs, and passing him in the passage I happened to see a Bible in his side pocket—at least, it looked liked it. I might have spoken to him there and then, but it only struck me later that it must be a Bible, for people never carry any other book about till it is nearly worn through. That's strange.

I had begun by asking him if that was a Bible he carried in his pocket. "Yes, it was." Read it? "Should think he did." "Would try his best to answer a question. What was it?" I hardly knew how to put it, but said at last, "What does the Bible mean by saying 'believe?' I can't believe." "Yes, he could answer that; it meant to trust Christ." "How about our past sin?" I asked. "'If we confess our sin, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sin,'" he said slowly. "Did I believe Christ was faithful?" "Yes." "Did I believe God was just?" "Yes." "Then he could not punish both me and Christ for my sin." "Believe in my heart and confess with my mouth—is that it?" "That's it—nothing else."

Opened the book once more. John 6: 47. "Verily, verily,"—that's pretty positive, certainly—"he that believeth on me hath everlasting life." Why not believe on him this very moment? Can I? He that believeth on the Son hath life. I do believe that he died for my sins, took my punishment, my death, and so I am acquitted. That's clear. I do believe on the Son of God. Have I eternal life? What shall I write? Let me look at the book. What does it say? "Hath everlasting life?" Then I may write yes.

"I Have Found Him."

OCTOBER 20TH.—Thirteen days ago I wrote "I have found it." Now I write, "I have found HIM." A stupendous difference. Then I thought I had found a thing; now I have found a Person. Then the thing slipped from my grasp; now I am held by Christ. The boot-cleaner advised my going to call on the Vicar of St. John's, where it appears he goes to church. He met me warmly, but said I had little need for his help. He put the matter much as my previous informant had. That evening I took the communion at his church, to commemorate my Saviour's death and resurrection. I came home walking on air.

Dr. Tintern, you have opened the door of heaven to me. This week I am walking the streets of London. Next week I may be treading the golden streets of Zion.

*From *The Last Pages of an Officer's Diary;* author's name not given; published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago. A personal record of spiritual progress, written by a man who had only a month to live.

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Letters should be addressed

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

HEALTH AND RELIGION.

SPIRITUAL condition so mightily affected by the physical state! What a great opportunity this gives the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven. Ah, that is the right kind of doctor I want at my bedside when I get sick, one that cannot only pour out the right number of drops but one who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting-room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households. And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the Gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body.

CHEERFULNESS A DUTY.

I ENJOIN upon all those whom these times find in comfortable circumstances two things: First, helpfulness to the helpless—and the next, cheerful talk. This experiment has been made by medical scientists. A dozen men conspire to tell a well man he looks sick. They are to meet him on a journey and by the time the fourth man is giving him melancholy salutation, he feels he is doomed, and the twelfth man comes up with his melancholy salutation just in time to help carry him home on a stretcher. Then twelve men conspire that they will meet a man in uncertain health and tell him how well he looks. By the time the fourth man has met him with a cheerful salutation, his nervous system is all toned up, and by the time the twelfth man has met him with his cheerful salutation, he says to his wife: "Throw out that apothecary shop from our shelves: I don't want any more medicine." The nation is only a man on a larger scale. If you want to prostrate business and keep it prostrated, talk in dolorous tone and keep on talking. Let all the merchants sigh, and all the editors prognosticate a hard winter, and all the ministers groan in the pulpit. In the great orchestra of complaint those who play the loudest trombones are those who have the fullest salaries and the completest wardrobe. They are only made because they have to fall back upon the surplus resources of other years, or because they cannot make as large investments as they would like to make. Did you have your breakfast? Yes. Did you have your supper last night? Yes. Did you have a pillow to sleep on? Yes. What are you complaining about? The genuine sufferers, those who are really in destitution, for the most part suffer in silence; but the loudest cries against hard times are by the men to whom the times are not hard. Artists tell us it is almost impossible to sing well on a full stomach, but it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is possible for men to groan well on a full stomach! Now, in these days let all the comfortable classes exchange the Lamentations of Jeremiah for the exultant Psalms of David. "Praise ye the Lord, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord," and we will have a different state of things in this country. I wish there might be a conspiracy formed—I would like to belong to it—a conspiracy made up that all the merchants and editors and ministers of religion in this country agree that they would have faith in God and talk cheerfully, and there would be a revival of business immediate and tremendous and glorious. Stop singing Naomi and old Windom, and give us Mount Pisgah and Coronation.

THE EARLY RISING DELUSION.

FOR farmers and those who live in localities where people can retire at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, the old notion about early rising is still appropriate. But he who is kept up till ten or eleven or twelve o'clock, and then rises at five or six, because of the teachings of some old ditty about "early to rise," is committing a sin against God and his own soul. There is not one man in ten thousand who can afford to do without seven or eight hours' sleep. All the stuff written about great men who slept only three or four hours a night is apocryphal and a lie. They have been put upon such small allowance occasionally and prospered; but no man ever yet kept healthy in body and mind for a number of years with less than seven hours' sleep. Americans need more sleep than they are getting. This lack makes them so nervous and the insane asylums so populous. If you can get to bed early, then rise early. If you cannot get to bed till late, then rise late. It may be as Christian for one man to rise at eight as it is for another to rise at five. We counsel our readers to get up when they are rested. But let the rousing-bell be rung at least thirty minutes before your public appearance. Physicians say that a sudden jump out of bed gives irregular motion to the pulse. It takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. It is barbarous to expect children instantly to land on the centre of the floor at the call of their nurses, the thermometer below zero. Give us time after you call us to roll over, gaze at the world full in the face, and look before we leap.

THE JADED QUILL.

THERE are many new kinds of pen being manufactured, but no man has yet been able to invent a pen that will not get weary. We have often had hold of a pen that seemed determined to skip and gambol. It leaped from paragraph to paragraph. It flew from simile to trophe. It made a dash as it went. It slurred unimportant events. It threw interjections of surprise, and interrogations of inquiry, and hour after hour rushed along the line. But after a while it was sure to get weary. It stumbled. It dragged. It blotted. It staggered. And after a while it dropped as though dead. Talk of weary legs and arms; let some one tell us the story of weary pens. They may be found late at night in editorial rooms, and on reportorial desks, and in the hand of poet, essayist, romancist, and historian. For the most part they hunger for more bread, and yawn for more sleep, and, worn out, long for the grave of obliteration. Kept in a fine case at Abbotsford, you may find the expired pen of Walter Scott, and in the venerable Hall of Philadelphia the pen which signed the Declaration of Independence. But post mortem honors are seldom awarded to deceased quills. They are generally thrown away. They drop into the dust and are trod on, and the places that knew them once know them no more. But our chief sympathy is for the living pens, which write and write, and wish they could die. Nothing in all the world has such hard work in making a livelihood as pen and pencil. The one languishes in the picture gallery, the other faints in the study. May the day speed on when literature and art shall come to higher appreciation. That will be the Elysium of pen and pencil.

A SUGGESTION.

WOULD it not be well if all the grumbling of the world could be delegated? Instead of having the spirit of complaint so broadly spread through the world, why not a few do all the fault-finding? When such an arrangement can be made, one pulpit will do all the grumbling for all the pulpits in the town; one newspaper all the grumbling for the journalists; one prominent citizen the grumbling for all the citizens. Such an one becomes the pet growler of the community. All the scandal-mongers carry to him forage. They feed him with all the disagreeable things of the community. His capacity for offal is awful. They rub him down with the ragged edge of a slander. Job describes this wild ass of the forest as snuffing up the East wind. Like others of his kind, he eats thistles. These champion growlers of communities do all that kind of work, leaving others nothing to do but to be agreeable—Delightful arrangement! Let us have the fault-finding in Church and State done by a committee. Take the most powerful "bear" out of Wall Street and let him do the croaking for all the brokers. Take some ecclesiastic, who has swallowed his religion crosswise and got it stranglingly fast in his windpipe, to hunt down all the heresy, real or fancied. Get some one newspaper to do all the work of mauling reputations, exposing domestic infelicities, and reporting divorce cases. Let one female "gad-about," gathering all the gossip, put it up in bottles properly labelled, and peddle it about from house to house in small phials for those who could stand only a little, or in large bottles, as it may be required. Let her be known as the championess of tittle-tattle. So men and women might delegate to one or more the disagreeables of the world. And, as at different times America and England have disputed with each other for supremacy with oar, and bat, and rifle, let the champion American growler go forth to dispute with the champion English growler for the belt of the world. Let the day chosen for the contest be a commingling of Scotch mist and English cloudiness and American drizzle. I think neither would gain the victory. Indeed, I would like to see them both go down together in the contest and both slain. Then would perish from the earth the bickerings and the suspicions, and snarlings, and the backbitings of the world. Bury the two champions in the same grave, their clubs with them, covering them up with a bank of nettles. Read for their funeral service the report of the Stock market just after some great failure. Plant at the head of it a little nightshade, and at the foot of it a little *nux vomica*. For epitaph, "Here lies complaint and hypercriticism. Born in the year 1. Died in the year 1891. May the resurrection trumpet that blows others into light, blow these miscreants deeper down into oblivion."

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. B. Fay Mills is holding Evangelistic services at Terre Haute, Ind.

The Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair in Chicago has voted fifty-six to thirty-six in favor of Sunday Closing.

The next U. S. Teachers' Convention is to be held at Helena, Mont., not at Helena, Ark., as has been incorrectly stated.

Mr. K. Obatu, a Japanese student from Tokyo, has arrived in Baldwin, Kan., to enter Baker University. He has been a student in an Anglo-Japanese School in Tokyo and is preparing for Christian work.

The census returns in England and Wales show that there were in the two countries 3,000,000 more persons in 1891 than there were in 1881. There were, however, not so many paupers by about 20,000 and not so many convicted criminals by about 2,000.

A successful work in Utah is being done by the Presbyterian Church. Work is going on in twenty-eight towns outside of Salt Lake City and Ogden, and there are now twenty-one ministers, fifty-eight teachers, thirty schools in the Territory. In the schools there are about 2,100 pupils, seventy-five per cent. of whom are from Mormon or ex-Mormon families.

Dr. L. W. Munhall is holding united meetings at Birmingham, Conn. It has been found necessary to hold the meetings in a huge tent as no church in the town is large enough to hold the numbers who come. *The Evening Transcript* says that the services so far have exceeded the hopes of the most sanguine both as to the numbers who attend and the number of converts.

Rev. N. B. Randall, D. D., of Long Island City, N. Y., is now ready to make engagements for Evangelistic service during the coming months. He labored during last season in four States and his meetings were successful far beyond his expectations. He has the hearty endorsement of Ira D. Sankey, Rev. Drs. A. B. Earle, E. P. Hammond and others prominent in this field as well as of the pastors with whom he has labored.

Cable reports of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's condition last week were more hopeful. On Tuesday he was so much stronger as to be able to sit in his garden for about half an hour and was not so much exhausted by the effort as might have been expected after so severe an illness. He and his family and church are deeply grateful to American Christians for their sympathy and prayers and beg that the latter especially may be continued.

Rev. E. P. Telford is now laboring at Wakefield, Mass. His work at the Sing Sing and Asbury Grove Camp meetings was much blessed. After the conclusion of his work at Wakefield, the Evangelist goes to Woburn, Mass., for a series of services continuing three weeks. They will be held in the M. E. Church of which the Rev. Hugh Montgomery is pastor. Mr. Telford writes that all the signs point to a great harvest of souls to be gathered in during this fall and winter.

The Christian Alliance of which Rev. A. B. Simpson is President will hold its annual Convention in the Gospel Tabernacle, 692 Eighth Avenue, New York, October 4,-12. Large numbers of our readers are in the habit of attending these Conventions at the Tabernacle, and have found them very blessed and helpful seasons. The coming Convention will be one of unusual interest. Persons coming from a distance may have board, etc., secured for them by remitting to the Secretary, 692 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Rev. C. H. Yatman is having much success in his meeting at Trenton, N. J. On Sunday, September 6th he held six services one of which was a meeting for men only, which was held in the Taylor Opera House. More than a thosand men were present. At the close of the address, when he asked all who desired to be Christians to rise the audience rose in a body, and a great many were converted in all the meetings. If these meetings prove an index to what is to follow, this will be the greatest soul-winning year of the famous evangelist's life. He next goes to Newton Mass., and Newburgh, N. Y.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

England's Labor Congress—The Crops—Chili's New President—"Carmen Sylva," the Poet Queen—An Emperor on Drunkenness—Ex-President Grevy Dead—General Notes.

PROBABLY the biggest Labor Congress ever held in Britain is now in session at Newcastle, where 1,500,000 skilled and unskilled workers are represented by 500 delegates. So important is the Congress in the politicians' eyes that it has been termed the "Workmen's Parliament." Princess Beatrice, Lady Dilke, several members of Parliament and a few prominent officials have watched its deliberations with keen interest. The leading questions to be decided are: the eight-hour day, arbitration by the state, the best means of preventing strikes, organizing the women workers, and the best means for bringing about a more equitable distribution of wealth. The Congress by a large majority, adopted a resolution in favor of an international eight-hour law, and declaring that the British government should endeavor to bring it about, in conjunction with foreign governments. It also demanded that an international conference be convoked for that purpose. On the following day, the Congress reconsidered its action on the eight-hour day and voted that the laws on the subject should be made to conform to the special needs of each trade. This is regarded as ending the eight-hour agaitation in Britain for the present.

* * *

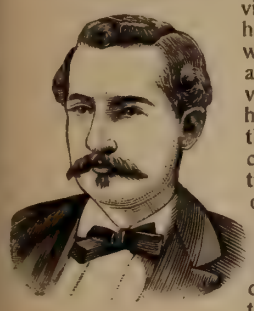
The Crop Outlook.

This year, as in 1890, the crops are exceptionally large, while those in Europe are below the average. As a consequence, grain prices are good and dealings active, the harvest being the largest ever gathered. In Minnesota, and North and South Dakota the wheat crop, according to reliable estimates, will amount to 150,000,000 bushels; the total for the whole country being put at 500,000,000 and the entire grain crop at 3,177,000,000 bushels. The effect of this hopeful prospect has already been to stimulate industry everywhere.

* * *

Chili's New Government.

ON Sept. 7th, Minister Egan telegraphed to our State Department from Chili that a provisional government had been organized, with George Montt as President, and universally accepted by he people. He added that he was in very cordial communication with it. Acting on instructions from Washington he has recognized the new government and opened communication with President Montt to that effect. George Montt has been one of the leading spirits of the revolutionary movement. As Chief of the *Junta de Gobierno*, and as Admiral of the Navy he, probably more than any other representative of the Congress party, became offensive to the Balmacedists, who had tried in every way to destroy his popularity. He is a man of exceptional ability as well as high courage, and is a leader eminently fit to command during the disturbed and unsettled period that must follow the ruinous war into which Balmaceda's cupidity and ambition plunged the nation. A portrait of President Montt appears above.



GEORGE MONTT.

* * *

An Emperor on Drunkenness.

WHATEVER else may be laid to his charge, Emperor William certainly can never be accused of being uninteresting. He has again stirred up Germany, not by donning his student's gown and sitting down at a *kneipe*, as he did not very long since, but by drawing up a law for the regulation of the drinking traffic, which contains features that will prove startling to many of his subjects. The law contains twenty-three paragraphs, and provides, among other things, that no man of immoral character can have a license, nor any one who is connected with gambling in any form; no saloon can be near a church; in cities of over 5,000 inhabitants, the liquor seller must not be connected in any other trade, (a blow at drug-store and grocery saloons); the police can forbid the sale of liquor before 8 A. M., and the sale to persons under 18 years of age is absolutely forbidden. Inn-keepers and others are forbidden to sell to one who has been convicted of drunkenness and they cannot expel a drunken man except by sending him to his home or to a police station.

* * *

A Poet-Queen's Illness.

ROUMANIA'S famous Poet-Queen, Elizabeth, better known in the world of art and letters as *Carmen Sylva*, is dangerously ill at Venice. She has a remarkable history and her career shows to what extent the eccentricities of a beautiful woman, with wealth and influence at command, may lead. Excitable and imaginative, she has almost worn out her nervous system, although her brain is unaffected. For a time her poems were extremely popular all over Europe and even in this country, but the popularity is now dying out. She recently wrote a drama which was produced in Venice, but met with a tame reception. At the age of nine she wrote verses. When still very young she was married to King Charles of Roumania. Her romantic nature and lovable disposition won the hearts of his subjects and she was a great favorite. Her only child—a daughter—died in 1874, and the blow seems to have been a lasting one. She is intensely fond of children, and one of her chief pleasures has been to gather about her the young people of some little Roumanian village, and read to them, or tell them childish stories. Studious, exclusive and disposed to solitude, she could not harmonize with her husband and with the brilliant court life, so she made herself a voluntary exile and preferred a quiet life at Venice to the duties and responsibilities of a throne. A portrait of Carmen Sylva is given above. The poet-Queen is now forty-seven years age and is a beautiful woman, with a strongly intellectual face and a deep religious nature.

CARMEN SYLVA.

* * *

Hayti's New Cabinet.

THE "Black Republic" has a new ministry and the members have united in promises which, if fulfilled, will greatly aid in restoring peace and prosperity to the distracted country. When the new Cabinet appeared in the Chamber of Deputies at Port-au-Prince a few days ago, its policy was outlined in a speech by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It declares that it will be honest, straight-forward and dignified, will respect international relations, and will be conciliatory toward all engaged in the recent rebellion. In return for these pledges, it asks undivided support for Hippolyte as executive. It looks as though the government, fearful of the threatened revolution, were attempting to avert it by fair promises, since despotic practices fail to overawe the spirit of the people of Hayti.

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The Anti-Lottery Crusade.

EXACTLY a year ago, the law excluding lottery matter from the United States mails became operative but not till very lately was it acted upon. Now, however, the energetic attitude of the Post Office Department gives hope that the country at large may have the full benefit of the statute. Post Office Inspector Maynard, in charge of the Louisiana District, recently arrested President Conrad, of the Louisiana Lottery, for violation of the mails, and he also assisted the Mexican government to evidence that resulted in the arrest by Mexican officials of the President of the Mexican Lottery. Mr. Maynard says the Governor of Louisiana is on the side of the people and that the proposed amendment to the State Constitution, which will be submitted to the people next spring, and which would have the effect of renewing the charter of the Lottery Company, will assuredly be defeated.

* * *

Dethroning a Crazy Monarch.

THE little kingdom of Bavaria has had the misfortune to be ruled over by two insane monarchs in succession, for Otto, the present king, like Ludwig the recluse of Hohenschwangan, is a potentate whose eccentricities betray undoubted lunacy. It is an open secret in Bavaria that the visit of Emperor William to Munich is for the purpose of conferring with Prince Regent Luitpold with a view to deposing Otto and elevating Luitpold to the throne. The Kaiser, it is said, has expressed his decided opposition to a continuance of Otto's sovereignty. A Commission of three physicians will make an examination of the afflicted monarch and, should their report confirm the apprehensions of settled insanity, Otto's deposition may be announced forthwith. Under the laws of Prussia governing the succession to the throne, a prince afflicted with insanity cannot succeed, and the next heir assumes the crown. Emperor William has a high regard for Luitpold's ability and believes that that prince, being friendly to Prussia, can do much to soften the ancient feeling of the South Germans against the North. King Otto is now 43 years of age. Before his malady asserted itself he was a handsome, soldierly ruler. While Luitpold may govern as Regent during Otto's lifetime, on the latter's death, the crown will go to Prince Ludwig, Luitpold's eldest son and, failing him, to Prince Ruprecht, the young son of Ludwig. The Bavarian Crown is hereditary in the male line, and there are princes enough to make the prospect of an unclaimed throne very remote indeed.

KING OTTO.

* * *

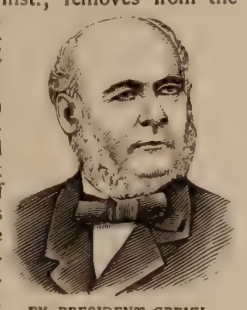
To Close the World's Fair on Sundays.

THE Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair, appreciating the prevailing sentiment among Christian people all over the country in behalf of closing the Fair on Sundays, last week discussed the matter among themselves. A vote was taken, the result being in favor of closing the Fair by 56 to 36.

* * *

Ex-President Grevy Dead.

THE sudden death of ex-President Francois Paul Jules Grevy, of the French Republic, at Paris on the 9th. inst., removes from the scene of active affairs one of the leading statesmen of a stormy political period. M. Grevy was born in 1813 at Mont-Sous-Vaudrey. He studied law in Paris, and at the breaking out of the war in 1848 was appointed by the Provisional Government as Commissioner of the Department of the Jura and afterwards became Vice-President of the Constitutional Assembly. He strongly opposed the expedition to Rome, and believed in limiting the powers of the Executive. When the Napoleonic *coup d' etat* took place in 1851, Grevy was arrested and confined in Mazas prison. On being released he retired for a time from political life and practised law. In 1868 he reentered politics, being elected to the Assembly, and in 1871 he was elected President of that body. This was immediately after the close of the Franco-German war. He was again elected President of the Chamber in 1876, and on the resignation of Marshal McMahon was chosen President of the Republic in 1879 and re-elected in 1885, resigning in 1887. M. Grevy was always considered a conservative and safe leader in French politics. He was a notable worker and an honest, faithful servant, although his administration was distinguished more for its mediocrity than any brilliant achievements. There were many political malcontents who derided the quiet old President and his retiring ways, and who would have preferred as Executive some one who could conduct an establishment with a more lavish expenditure and display. M. Grevy however, retained the support and confidence of the great body of the French people, and his administration must be classed as one during which the new Republic made very great strides toward permanent prosperity.



EX-PRESIDENT GREVY.

* * *

War Talk in Europe.

HARDLY a day passes which does not increase the gravity of the war situation in Europe. M. De Freycinet, President of the French Council and Minister of War, at a banquet on the 10th of September, made a very significant speech in which he declared that France's splendid army was the chief element of her influence, and that "no one doubts that she is strong, and that she will be wise." At the approaching military manœuvres 110,000 soldiers will take part. The German Emperor while in Munich, Bavaria, last week, openly intimated that it would be well for the entire country to hold itself in readiness for war at any moment. All German army horses are being examined, and the general feeling throughout the army is that a collision is not far off. Meanwhile, Russia is manufacturing millions of new rifles hurriedly in France.

NEWS NOTES.

Paris is to have a Russian Exposition next year.

Hundreds of destitute Hebrews are arriving in Montreal.

A heavy frost in Maine did some damage to the crops last week.

It is announced that the Czarina of Russia will visit Paris.

Twelve thousand men marched in the Labor Day Parade in New York.

The Pope is again said to be quite ill, stomach troubles being the cause.

John Fitzgerald, President of the Irish National League, is very ill at Lincoln, Neb.

John Dominis, the husband of Queen Liliokalani of Hawaii, died of pneumonia on Aug. 2.

Minneapolis refuses to unite with St. Paul and thus form one great Minnesota metropolis.

British manufacturers are loudly complaining of the effect on the English industries of the American tariff.

Judge Cooley, Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, has resigned on account of ill-health.

Major Jonas M. Bundy, editor of the New York *Mail and Express*, died of apoplexy in Paris, Sept. 9.

The marketing of the cotton crop has begun and there has been a distinct revival of trade in the South during the last two weeks.

Cholera is raging at Aleppo, and the physicians declare that the arrival of thousands of refugees from Russia aggravates the situation.

Prof. William J. Powell (colored), of the Sixth School District, Camden, N. J., has been tendered the post of United States Consul to San Domingo.

The agitation for a reduction of salaries by the World's Fair Commission continues. It is now proposed to appoint a historian for the Fair, at a nominal salary.

The New York Republican State Convention at Rochester, nominated Hon. Jacob Sloat Fassett of Elmira, Collector of the Port of New York, for Governor, on the first ballot.

Several women were candidates at the school elections in Michigan last week. At Battle Creek, Grand Rapids, and a number of other towns, women were among the successful candidates.

Sarah F. Van Nostrand, aged 103, celebrated her birthday at New Brunswick, N. J., on the 7th. She has eight children, twelve grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren, and has not a wrinkle in her face.

Samoa is still in a troubled condition. Mataafa is endeavoring to raise a party to enable him to secure the kingdom. Three of the tribes already refuse to obey Malietoa, the present king, whom they declare to be extravagant.

The Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature, has adopted a resolution against the Sub-Lease system, under which the lessees of the State Prison hire out convicts. If the Senate takes similar action, the cause of the miners' grievances will be largely removed.

It has just been discovered that a large number of Chinamen have been smuggled across the border at Detroit, from London, Ont., the method adopted to avoid detection being to dress them up in mourning as widows and send them over boldly.

THE TIMID BELIEVER.

"If I may." Matthew 9: 21.

THE woman in the narrative was fully persuaded that if she did but touch our Lord's garment she would be made whole. What she had heard and seen concerning Jesus made her sure of his superabundant power to heal the sick. A touch would do it. Yea, even a touch of his clothes. Her one and only question was, might she touch him? Could she touch him? She would surely be healed if she could touch; but was this allowable? Was this possible? I know that multitudes of sin-sick men and women are vexed with the same question. Oh that I could help them over the difficulty!

This poor diseased woman did not utter this "if" of hers with her lips. Perhaps if she had it might not have troubled her so much; for a silent doubt usually eats right in the heart. But the sufferer now before us had the courage to put the question to a practical issue; she tried whether she might or not. She had the good sense, the grace-given wisdom, not to wait until she had solved that question in her mind, but she went and solved it, as a matter of fact, whether she might or not: she went and actually touched the hem of the garment of the Saviour, and she was made perfectly whole. Oh that those I am now addressing would have the bravery and the earnestness to do the same! I would to God that every unconverted person here would lean forward and say, "God grant that salvation may come to me." I am going, therefore, in the simplest way possible, without any attempt at a sermon, to try to talk so as to meet this rankling question which lies within, festering and irritating many an earnest heart—this doubtful inquiry, "If I may."

Permission in Doubt.

I. First, take it as we have got it here: *If I may be allowed*, or permitted, to touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole." That is your difficulty, is it?—whether you have liberty and warrant to come and trust Christ—whether you, such a sinner as you are, are permitted to repose your soul upon his great atonement and his finished work. Let me reason with you a little.

In the first place, you are quite sure of this—that there is nothing to forbid your coming and resting your guilty soul upon Christ. I shall defy you, if you will read all the Old and New Testament through, to put your finger upon a single verse in which God has said that you may not come and put your trust in Christ. Now, he has bidden you over and over again to seek his face, but he has never said that you shall seek his face in vain. Dismiss that thought. Again I return to what I have said: there is nothing in the Scripture that refuses you permission to come and repose your soul once for all upon Christ. It is written, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Does that exclude you? It is written, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." Does that shut you out? No, it includes you; it invites you; it encourages you.

Furthermore, do you not think that the very nature of the Lord Jesus Christ should forbid your raising a doubt about your being permitted to come and touch his garment's hem? Surely, if any one were to paint the Lord Jesus Christ as an ascetic, repelling with lofty pride the humbler folk who had never reached his dignity of consecration—if any were to paint him as a Pharisee driving off publicans and sinners, or as

An Iceberg of Righteousness

chilling the sinful and sorrowing, it would be a foul slander upon his divine character. If any any one were to say that Jesus Christ is exacting—that he will not receive to himself the guilty just as they are, but requires a great deal of them, and will only welcome to himself those who are, like himself, good, and true, and excellent, that would not be truth but the direct opposite of it; for, "this man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them," was thrown in his face when he lived here below; and what the prophet said of him was most certainly true, if anything was ever true, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." Little children are wonderful judges of character; they know intuitively who is kind. And so are loving women. They do not go through the processes of reasoning, but they come to a conclusion very soon as to a man's personal charater. Now, the children came and clambered our Redeemer's knee, and the mothers brought their infants for his blessing. How can you dream that he will repel *you?* I pray you, then, take it for granted that you may come boldly to him without fear of rebuff.

Abundant Power.

Will you think, yet again, of the fulness of Christ's power to save, and make a little argument of it. Christ was so full of power to bless that the secret virtue even saturated his clothes. If the touch was a touch of faith it mattered not where the contact was made. Well now, you often judge of a man's willingness to help by the power that he has. When a person has little to give he is bound to be economical in his giving. He must look at every penny before he gives it, if he has so few pence to spare. But when a nobleman has no limit to his estate you feel sure that he will freely give if his heart be generous and tender. The blessed Lord is so full of healing power that he cannot need to stint himself as to the miracles of healing he shall work; and he must be, according to the goodness of his nature, delighted to overflow, glad to communicate to those who come. Your question is, "May I? May I?" I answer that question by this: there is nothing to forbid you; there is everything in the nature of Christ to encourage you: and there is such a fulness of mercy in him that you cannot think that he can have the slightest motive for withholding his infinite grace.

Moreover, suppose you come to Christ as this woman came, and touch the hem of his garment,

You Will Not Injure Him.

You ought to hesitate in getting good to yourself if you would injure the person through whom you obtain the good. But you will not injure the Lord Jesus Christ. He perceived that virtue had gone out of him, but he did not perceive it by any pain he felt: for rather do I believe that he perceived it by the pleasure which it caused him. Something gave him unusual joy. A faith-touch had reached him through his clothes, and he rejoiced to respond by imparting healing virtue from himself. You will not defile my Lord, O sinner, if you bring him all your sin. You cannot injure him though all your injurious thoughts, and words, and speeches be laid upon him. You will not be robbing him of anything though your faith-touch should convey a life into yourself.

None Refused.

Might not this also help you? Others just like you have ventured to him, and there has not been a case in which they have been refused. I thought, like you, when I was a child, that the gospel was a very wonderful thing, and free to everybody but myself. Yet, soon after I began to cry for mercy I found it. My expectations of difficulty were all sweetly disappointed. I believed and found immediate rest unto my soul. When I once understood that there was life in a look at the crucified one, I gave that look, and I found eternal life. Nobody ever bears a contrary witness. I challenge the universe to produce a man who was chased from Christ's door, or forbidden to find in him a Saviour. I pray you, therefore, observe that, since others have come this way to life and peace, God has appointed it to be the common thoroughfare of grace. Poor guilty sinners, there is a mark set up, *"This way for sinners. This way for the guilty."* This way for the hungry. This way for the thirsty. This way for the lost, Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Why, surely, you need not say, "If I may."

Now listen, friend: there is no room to say "If I may," for, first of all, you are invited to come and accept Christ as your Saviour—

Invited Over and Over Again

in the word of God. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Jesus Christ invites all those that labor and are heavy laden to come unto him, and he will give them rest. God is honest in his invitations. Be you sure of that. If God invites you, he desires you to come and accept the invitation. After reading the many invitations of the word of God to such as you are, you may not say "If I may." It will be a wicked questioning of the sincerity of God.

"If I may"—why, I think that this questioning ought to come to an end now. Will you not give it up? May the Holy Ghost show thee, poor sinner, that thou mayest now lay thy burden down at Jesus' feet, and be at once saved. Thou mayest believe. Thou hast full permission now to confess thy sin and to receive immediate pardon: see if it be not so. Cast thy guilty soul on him, and rise forgiven and renewed, henceforth to live in fervent gratitude, a miracle of love.

A Doubt of Power.

II. But then there arises in other hearts this equally bitter question, "But can I? I know that I may if I can; but I cannot." This woman, seeing the press, might have said, "If I can touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole; but can I get at him? Can a feeble person like myself force my way through the throng and touch him? Now, that is the question I am going to answer. The will to believe in Christ is as much a work of grace as faith itself, and where the will is given and a strong desire, a measure of grace is already received, and with it the power to believe. I say not that it is all, but I do say this—that if the power of God has made a man will to believe the greater work has been done, and his actually believing will follow in due course. That entire willingness to believe is nine-tenths of believing. I would have said to that woman, had I been there and known then what I know now, "Oh, woman, that faith of yours, that if you can but touch the hem of his garment you will be made whole, is a greater thing than the actual touch can be. It is not at present so operative, but it is a more singular product of grace. You have within you already the greater work of grace, and the less will follow. A thousand persons could press through the crowd and touch the hem of the Saviour's robe, but you are the only person in whom God has wrought the faith that a touch will make you whole.

But mark this, faith in Christ is the simplest action that anybody ever performs. I venture to put it very plainly when I say that faith in Christ differeth in no respect from

Faith in Anybody Else,

except as to the person upon whom that faith is set. Thou believest in thy mother: thou mayest in the same manner believe in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Thou believest in thy friend: it is the same act that thou hast to do toward thy higher and better friend. Thou believest the news that is commonly reported and printed in the daily journals: it is the same act which believes the Scripture, and the promise of God.

The reason why faith in the Lord Jesus is a superior act to faith in any one else lies in this fact—that it is a superior person whom thou believest in, and superior news that thou dost believe; and thy natural heart is more averse to believing in Jesus than to believing in any one else. The Holy Spirit must teach thy faith to grasp the high things of Christ Jesus; but that grasp is by the hand of a simple child-like faith. But it is the same faith; mark thou that. It is the gift of God in so far as this—that God gives thee the understanding and the judgment to exercise it upon his Son, and to receive him.

The faith of a child in his father is almost always a wonderful faith; just the faith that we would ask for our Lord Jesus. As the child never thinks where the bread and butter is to come from tomorrow morning, and it never enters its little head to fret about where it will get new socks when the present ones are worn out, so must

You trust in Jesus

Christ for everything you want between here and heaven—trust him without asking questions. He can and will provide. Just give yourself up to him entirely, as a child gives itself up to a parent's care, and feels itself to be at ease. Oh, what a simple act it is!—this act of faith.

Oh, friend, do not think that faith is some difficult and puzzling thing, for then these senior wranglers and doctors of divinity would have it. It is the simplest act that the mind can perform. Just as a babe lies in its mother's bosom, unconscious of the thunderstorm, or of the rocking of the ship, quite safe and happy because it rests in the bosom of love; all fear and care laid aside because of that true heart which beats beneath: even so do thou just cast thyself altogether upon Christ, and that is all that thou hast to do—just, in fact, to leave off doing. "But shall I not have to do many good works?" says one. You shall do as much as ever you like when you are once saved; but in this matter of your salvation you must fling all self-righteousness away as so much devilry that will ruin and injure you, and come simply to Christ, and Christ alone, and trust in him.

A Doubt of Power.

"Oh," says one, "I think I see a little light. If I am enabled,—if I do but get power enough to trust in Jesus, I shall be made whole." I will ask thee another question. Dost thou not know that thou art bound to believe in Christ—that it is due to Christ that he be believed in? I would not make extensive claims upon your faith for myself. Often have I said to friends who have told me that they could not believe in Christ, "Could you believe in me? If I were to tell you that

I would do such and such things, would you believe it?" "Oh yes, sir." When I receive such confidence from one of my fellow-creatures, I feel that it is cruelly wrong for the same person to say, "I cannot trust Christ." Not trust him? What madness is this! My own conviction is that a great many of you can, and that already, to a large extent, you do; only you are looking for signs and wonders which will never come. Why not exert that power a little farther? The Spirit of God has given you a measure of faith; oh, believe more fully, more unreservedly.

Now, dear hearts, if any of you who have never trusted Christ will trust him to-night, if you perish

I Will Perish With You!

For, though I have known my Lord these nine and thirty years, I have no other hope of salvation than I had when I first came to him. I had no merits of my own then, and I have none now. I have preached many sermons, offered many prayers, given much alms, brought many souls to Christ; but I place all that ever I have done under my feet, and desire, as far as it is good, to give to God the glory of it; but as far as it comes of myself, I would sink it in the sea. I am saved in Christ, by faith in him; but confidence in myself is detestable to me.

Come; we start fair, you see. If we start to-night, you and I will start on the level, with the same confidence in the same Saviour, the same blood to cleanse us, and the same power to save us, and we will meet in heaven. Oh, that you would trust him now, and believe him. "I have no good works," says one. Then for certain you cannot trust in them. You will be forced to trust in Jesus only. "Oh, but I have no good feelings," I am glad to hear you say so. Then you are not tempted to trust in feelings, but will be drawn to trust wholly on your Lord. "Oh, but I feel so unfit." Very well, then you cannot trust in your fitness, but must trust in him alone. It is a blessing when spiritual poverty forces a man into the way of life.

The Test.

III. Here I close with these words. This woman said in her heart, "*If I do touch* the hem of his garment, I shall"—what? "I shall be made whole." It is not "If I may but touch I may be made whole." No; she had got over the maybe's in the first struggle. It is "If I may I shall." If you do to-night actually repose yourself in Christ, as the Lord liveth, you must live and be saved. Unless this Bible is all a lie, unless Jesus was a rank impostor, unless the eternal God can change, you that come and trust yourself with Jesus must and shall be saved in the last great day of account.

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,"

for I shall tell the Lord of his own promise, and how he bade me trust him; and if I am not saved then his word is broken, and that can never be. He is true. Oh, it is this that some of you want to have done with—thinking, and talking, and

Considering and Hoping.

You need now to come and trust, resting yourself fully and wholly on what Christ has done. He loved, and lived, and died that sinners might not die. He wrought a complete work, of which he said as he expired, "It is finished." There is nothing for you to add to it, nothing for you to bring with you to make that work complete; but you yourself, stripped naked of every hope, black, foul, guilty, abominable, the worst of the worst, have only to come and look up to those five wounds, and to that bleeding, thorn-crowned head, and to say, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit," and you shall be saved. It is done. "Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee. Go, and sin no more." Thou art his child. Go and live to the glory of thy Father; and may the peace of God that passeth all understanding be with thee forever and ever. Amen.

A LONG SEARCH ENDED.

A CITIZEN of Newark, N. J., has just succeeded in a long and persistent quest. About thirty years ago he was living with his parents and a brother and sister in New York. The parents died within a few months of each other, and the children were separated. The mother's sister undertook the charge of the girl and the boys were adopted by two of their uncles. One of them went to live at Livingston, N. J., and the other lived in Michigan. The latter grew up in Michigan, but after he was able to support himself, he returned to the East and sought out his brother. He settled in 1871 at Newark, N. J. He frequently spoke to his brother about their sister and made many attempts to find her. Several times he made long journeys West and South on this business, beside exploring New York, Philadelphia, and other cities near home. He seemed never to weary of the search, though nothing came of it but loss of time and money. A few weeks ago he inserted an advertisement in a local journal and then for the first time he had a response. It came from Irvington, N. J., only five miles from Newark. He went thither immediately and had the joy of meeting his long lost sister. She was married, and had been living within five miles of his home all the twenty years that he had been searching for her in distant cities. It was a strange discovery, and his joy in finding her was alloyed with vexation that he had not sooner looked near home. The awakened sinner often makes an analogous mistake. He is apt to think he has a long and difficult journey of self reformation and painful conflict to travel before he can come to Christ, and is surprised to learn that Christ is near to him waiting to receive him. (Rom. 10: 6-8.)

THE PARACHUTE FAILED.

A SHOCKING fatality occurred near Cincinnati on Aug. 15. An immense crowd assembled to witness a daring parachute descent by a young woman who had achieved fame as an acrobat. She was to ascend in a balloon to a height of five hundred feet and thence descend by the aid of a parachute. At the appointed time she stepped into the car of the balloon which was soon rising rapidly. The crowd watched it with eager eyes. The excitement increased when the æronaut was observed making preparations to descend. The parachute slowly unfolded and the figure of the woman could be seen holding to the ring beneath it. Suddenly a cry of horror was drawn from the gazing crowd. The parachute had closed and with its living burden was descending with frightful velocity. Women screamed and fainted and men turned away their faces that they might not see the inevitable catastrophe. In a few moments it was all over; the girl lay crushed on the earth, her gaudy clothing spattered with her life-blood. It was a terrible death and we can well understand how the spectators would be shocked, especially if they realized that they were not free from complicity in the calamity. The æronaut would not have risked her life in that manner had she not been aware that thousands of persons would be attracted to see her risk it. We are not sufficiently careful about encouraging others to the commission of hazardous feats or to do wrong. He who laughs at profane or obscene jests, or who attends the lectures of infidels, or swells the crowd which struggles to get a sight of notorious criminals helps to make the wrongdoer believe that his wrongdoing is popular and so far is a partaker with him in his guilt. (II. John 11.)

A TOWN DISAPPEARING.

THE assistance of the Federal government is sought by the town of Plaquemine, La., under peculiar circumstances. The Mississippi River is swallowing it by degrees. When a low tide succeeds a high one, the people of Plaquemine have noticed great caves in the river banks where the water has undermined the earth. In a short time the undermined portion falls into the river and is carried away. This has been going on for more than five years. Not long ago a tract of land ten acres in extent fell into the river. There has been no loss of life because the danger was perceived some time before the land fell in. In some cases there was time to move the houses farther back. The loss of land, however, is serious. The owners of it and the citizens of Plaquemine are asking the Government to make more spurs in the river to divert the current, and to build a new levee. If this, or some other effective measure is not taken, the time is not far distant when the whole town will be swept away. A man would be deemed very foolish who bought land on the borders of the river and spent money on its cultivation after hearing that a cave had been made under it. Yet, he would not be more foolish than they who devote all their time and thoughts to this world's pleasures and pursuits, making no effort to secure eternal blessedness. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Mark 8: 36.)

A RELIC OF THE WAR.

AT the recent Grand Army reunion at Detroit, a veteran recovered a Bible which he lost thirty years ago. At the beginning of the war he joined a Michigan regiment, as a volunteer. When he was setting out for the front, his godly mother wrote his name in her Bible and gave it to him. He lost the book with his other baggage at the battle of Bull Run. It was found by a Confederate soldier who wrote on the fly-leaf, under the mother's inscription, the date and place where he found it. The finder appears to have carried it with him, for it was in a knapsack, picked up by a Union soldier on the field at Bristow Station, in October, 1863. He added another memorandum to those on the fly-leaf, and carried the volume with him until the close of the war. Since that time he has made many efforts to discover the original owner, but without success. He took it with him to Detroit a few weeks ago and there at last he heard of a comrade, whose name was the same as that contained in the first inscription on the fly-leaf. The Bible was shown to him and he recognized it immediately. The mother who gave it to him has long been dead, so it was with a double pleasure that he regained the long-lost treasure. We may hope that he will value it for its own sake, as well as for its association with his mother. It must have proved useful in the war, or the three soldiers, who had it in turn, would not have carried it with them; but it need not be laid aside with the weapons of war, for there are other conflicts in which it will help him. In his struggle to overcome self and sin and Satan he can have no better weapon than "the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God." (Eph. 6: 17.)

A ROMANCE OF THE WIRE.

AN acquaintance, commenced by two telegraph operators over the wire, has had a romantic sequel. The *Herald* of Los Angeles, Cal., states that about a year ago a young man was appointed telegraph operator at a desolate spot on the desert side of Yuma. There was very little business done there and there were days when the operator saw no one but the ignorant trackmen at work on the railroad that passed his station. In his loneliness he struck up an acquaintance with the operator at Banning, who was, he believed, a very lively and intelligent man. The acquaintance ripened, until the most pleasant hours of the day were those he spent morning and evening chatting over the wire, on a variety of topics, with his comrade at Banning. One morning this summer, he learned, to his regret, that his friend was going away for a vacation and consequently he would be deprived for about two weeks of the pleasant talks. But the Banning man was to pass through Yuma and promised to make his acquaintance in the flesh. The Yuma man was looking forward to this visit when he was suddenly stricken down with fever, and on the day fixed for the visit he was delirious. In the days which followed he was dimly conscious of receiving unusual care and attentive nursing, and as he gradually recovered consciousness, he was surprised to see a lady busy about his room. He was too weak to question her then; but the next day he asked her who she was and where she came from. To his amazement he learned that his devoted nurse was no other than the Banning operator whom he had supposed all along to be a man. She had given all her vacation to nursing him and doing his duties as operator. The patient was overwhelmed with surprise. He lay and thought over all his conversations with the girl over the wire and of her kindness. The next time he spoke it was to ask her if she would marry him when he recovered. The reply was prompt and in the affirmative. The lady considered that she already knew him well and had no hesitation in trusting her future in his hands. In fact she declared that she loved him before she saw him. That such an attachment is possible there can be no doubt, and it is more likely to endure than are attachments aroused by personal beauty, for it is based on character. None know how firm and abiding that basis is so well as Christians who are able to say, "Whom having not seen we love." (I. Peter 1:8.)

A NEW AUTOMATIC SIGNAL.

RECENT railroad accidents in tunnels have directed the attention of railroad men to the necessity of a better system of signalling. One ingenious man at Peekskill, N. Y., has invented a combination which seems to be all that they require. Signal posts are to be placed at intervals through the tunnel, each of which has an arm that may be lowered when an obstruction has occurred and it is necessary to stop an approaching train. When the arm is lowered it will strike a lever projecting from the locomotive. The lever is connected with a large gong, and when it strikes the signal arm, the gong sounds instantly. Thus, if the engineer is not looking out for the signals, the sound of the gong arouses him and tells him of danger ahead. He would then naturally shut off steam and instantly apply the brakes. He would be wiser about his duties than are sinners, who, though they are warned that their course leads to destruction, continue their headlong career. (Prov. 29: 1.)

A NOVEL SUIT FOR DAMAGES.

THE Minneapolis correspondent of a New York daily journal reports the commencement in that city of a strange lawsuit. It is brought by a young man against a young lady on the ground that the plaintiff is entitled to damages for suffering caused by the defendant's flirting. It is not, the plaintiff is careful to explain, a breach of promise suit. The defendant is willing and ready to marry him as she agreed to do. But it is alleged that she has broken her contract. The plaintiff asserts that when they became engaged he explicitly told her that he was strongly opposed to flirting, and therefore he should expect her to be satisfied with the attentions he should pay her during their engagement, and to reject any offer of attention from other young men. If she did not think she should be so satisfied, he asked her to reject his offer at the outset. She agreed, he says, to the condition and they became engaged. Plaintiff now alleges that since the engagement she has repeatedly violated her promise, and he cites specific acts of flirting. He has therefore cancelled the engagement and asks the court to award him damages as compensation for the expense, loss of time and mental torture he has endured. He suggests $5,000 as a suitable sum. He evidently takes a very business-like view of the affair and displays none of the delicacy or chivalry which are expected in a lover. Most young men would have been content with cancelling the engagement. His position, however, is logical. If his allegations are true, the young lady entered into the engagement knowing his aversion and promising to respect it. It was optional to her to reject an engagement binding her to abstain from association with other admirers; but having accepted the conditions she should have observed them. She probably found it more difficult to keep her pledge than she supposed it would be when she made it. The same mistake is often made by young people who join the church during a revival. In their first enthusiasm they think they can cleave to Christ and abstain from worldly pleasures. They understand that Christ wants all their heart, and they promise to give it to him. But afterward, when temptation comes, too many of them yield to it, forgetting their Lord's warning. (Luke 14:26,27.)

ROSE AGAINST SLAVERY.

African Natives Drive out the Arabs and Capture Stanley Falls.

ONE of the most interesting items of news from Africa during the week is that a battle has been fought at Stanley Falls, between the natives and their Arab oppressors, resulting in the total defeat of a considerable force of Arabs and the capture of the settlement by the natives. This is the first occasion in many years of a successful stand by native Africans against Arabs. Stanley Falls, which is about 1400 miles up the Congo river, is one of the principal Arab settlements in the great slave district. It was formerly a headquarters for Tippo Tib, the famous Arab trader and friend of Stanley. Over 150 Arabs are said to have been killed in the fight, and the rest of the party retreated up the river, to the larger fortified station of Nyangwe. It is significant that the natives have been making war, not upon the whites in this instance, but upon the Arabs who have been the chief cause of their misery and suffering for many years. Stanley Falls is by far the most imposing of any slave station in Central Africa. It is composed of well-built clay houses, and the fields of rice and other crops, as well as the cattle, are all scrupulously cared for. The present revolt is thought to have been encouraged by the knowledge that the Congo State desires to protect the natives against the slave trade.

The Congo State will probably have no difficulty in asserting its authority at Stanley Falls. It is worth noting that the only two occasions upon which trouble has occurred at Stanley Falls have been during Tippo Tib's absence. When the Arabs attacked the station in 1886 and drove Deane the explorer and his men into the wilderness, Tib was away at

STANLEY FALLS.

Zanzibar. He is again absent at a time when his own people have met with disaster. Naturally the sympathies of the civilized world will be with the natives, who have suffered terrible hardships in recent years at the hands of their oppressors, the Arabs, whose bands of Manyema warriors have devastated the forests in their hunt for ivory and robbed, slain, maltreated and enslaved such of the natives as opposed them. The usual plan of these armed bands was to surprise a village, capture as many women as possible and then compel the natives to ransom the captives with ivory tusks. By these means the crafty Arabs have robbed the natives around Stanley Falls for years of their stores of ivory. In the encounters unheard of outrages have occurred and hundreds of lives have been needlessly sacrificed by the raiding bands.

Most of these Arabs, like Tippo-Tib himself (whose portrait is given in this column) are not of pure descent, but inherit mixed negro blood and speak not Arabic, but the mixed dialects of Central Africa. They are Mohammedans, however, and despite their wild lives and murderous acts, are very strict in their creed. It was a strange accident that Stanley should have been the means of opening the way to these robber bands to new fields of murder and pillage, for not till the explorer had penetrated the regions of the Upper Congo, did the Arabs or their mercenaries, the Manyemas, ever appear at Stanley Falls to disturb the peaceful lives of the natives of that section. Although of late slave raiding has been greatly decreased, the ivory hunting on the old plan continues and is the means of inflicting untold misery on the natives, who have at last risen and overpowered their masters by sheer force of numbers. The battle at Stanley Falls is one of a series of encounters arising out of raids from Nyangwe, in each of which the Arabs have been beaten by the natives without the assistance of the soldiers of the Congo State.

SOWING THE SEED.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Sept. 27. Isa 32 : 10 ; John 4 : 36.

IT is the Christian's business. Christ expects him to sow. The man of one talent was punished, because he did not use that one. "Go, ye and preach," was not a command to the Apostles only; it is a command to every one who knows in his own soul what the Gospel is. He is to tell others what a blessing it is and, by his life and conduct, show how it has blessed him. The seed in the farmer's own barn is useless. It must be sown before it will bring forth fruit. The seed is committed to us to be used. The next generation, as well as our own, will prove whether we have hoarded it, or wasted it, or sowed it carelessly, or sowed it in the right ground, in the right manner, at the right time. No opportunity is to be neglected, the blessing is to them who sow beside all waters. And it is not to be neglected after it is sown. The sending "thither of the feet of the ox and the ass" spoken of in the first text is an allusion to the Oriental custom of driving animals over the wet land on which the seed has been sown that it may be trodden in. When it is sown on light, sandy soil, the plough follows the sower, serving the purpose of the harrow. Then the result is with God. We cannot make it grow. Our duty is done and our responsibility ceases when the seed is in the ground, but not till then. It may not grow because of peculiarities of the soil. It may grow, yet not in the lifetime of the sower. Another may reap and the sower may know nothing of it.

Pastor Spurgeon who has probably been the means of the conversion of more people than any living man, was himself converted under the preaching of a man whose name he does not know, and who must have died without knowing what a harvest has come from the seed he sowed in the little church that winter morning. God knew and he that sowed and he that reaped will one day rejoice together.

A godly mother gave her son a Bible when he went to college. There was not a Christian young man in the institution when he went there. Religion was ridiculed. Every student was a scoffer. The young man shut and locked his door when he read his Bible lest he should be seen and ridiculed. One day a fellow-student found the book in his room and, learning that the owner read it, asked if he might come and read it, too. Three more students afterward joined those two. They began to pray together over the Word and the meetings grew until numbers of them were converted and some of them are now preaching the Gospel in the South and West and one of them is the President of a college for the training of ministers.

A minister was holding revival meetings in Edinburgh when the president of an infidel society came in, and ridiculed the proceedings, and tried to prevent some persons whom he knew asking for prayer. "Are you a Christian?" he was asked by the minister conducting the meetings. "No," was the reply. "Do you want to be a Christian?" was the next question. "No, I do not," was the answer in a very decided tone. "Will you kneel down and let me pray with you?" the minister asked. "No, it would be of no use; I do not believe in it," said the infidel. "Well I will pray *for* you," said the minister and, then and there, he knelt down and prayed for the man's conversion. "I don't feel any different," said the infidel with a laugh, when the minister rose. "Very likely," said the minister, "God chooses his own time to answer, but he will answer. I am sure of that." "We shall see," said the infidel. Three years afterward, the minister was holding services in the same place and again the infidel was present, but this time it was to say that God had answered the prayer, and now he was seeking the Lord and desired prayer for his salvation.

The harvest is not hap-hazard. The seed has life in it, and often when it falls on uncongenial ground it stays until the ground is changed by its very presence. Then the seed, sowed long before, grows and bears fruit. But whether there is fruit or not, "To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward." (Prov. 11:18.) And there is a law of production here as in the natural world. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." (II. Cor. 9:6.)

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AN ENGLISH CIRCLE.

A CHEERING report of the progress of the Order of King's Daughters comes from over the Atlantic. One circle, which was the first organized there, and is called "The Southport and Birkdale Guild," has sent a set of its papers, which are published in the *Silver Cross*. They show that our English friends have realized the spirit of the Order and are carrying it out in an effective manner. One of these papers is a letter to the children, explaining the principles of the Order. It concludes with these words: "It may be well for you to think in what way you can help some poor and suffering children, for whatever we do for others in their need, Jesus says it is the same as if we did it for him. His words '... Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' We are all brothers and sisters of a large family, and God is our Father and we are to love him as Christ did, and ask him to help us to do right and follow Jesus, who is the Truth and the Life and the Way up to the throne of God."

The members of the Order are making a number of articles, of which they send a list, for distribution among the poor. Among them are: knitted stockings, socks, vests, mufflers, crotcheted shawls, and a variety of small articles of clothing for children, which will be very acceptable in the winter. Beside this they are making up a case of nice things to send to the Evelina Hospital for children where 232 little ones now lie sick. Evidently there will be some people, young and old, in England this winter who will be thankful for the organization of the Order of King's Daughters in that land.

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SUBDUED AY A ROSE.

WHEN, in the day of final account, the King honors those who ministered to him in prison in the person of his brethren, many of the King's Daughters will be rewarded. Many circles make regular visits to the prisons, and if any of the King's brethren and sisters should be there, they minister unto them, and also to some who by the blessing of God may become such, by faith. One of these blessed ministers had a remarkable experience in a prison not long ago. A correspondent of the *Silver Cross*, the organ of the King's Daughters, tells the story, which she vouches for as true. She says that a young lady, beautiful and wealthy, who had been brought to Christ, was led by her love to the Lord to visit the prison. One day, before going on her errand of mercy, she went to the conservatory and bade the gardener fill a basket with flowers. She noticed that he passed a lovely white rose. She asked him to put that too in the basket, but he pleaded to keep it back that she might wear it herself in the evening. She would not hear of it and had it put with the others. "I may need it more where I am going," she said.

"Reaching the prison, she commenced her rounds among the women's wards, giving a few blossoms to each inmate, with a leaflet, a text, or a word of sympathy and Christian hope.

"Have I seen all the prisoners?" she asked the gaoler.

"No; there is one whom you cannot visit, her language is so wicked it would scorch your ears to hear it."

"She is the one who most needs me," she answered. "Can you take me to her?"

Then when they confronted each other on either side of the grated door, the visitor was greeted with curses, and the only reply she gave was the beautiful white rose, which was left in the woman's cell. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice that had breathed imprecations, moaned over and over again the one word: "Mother! mother! mother!"

The next week she went again. The gaoler met her, saying: "That woman whom you saw last is asking for you constantly; I never saw a woman so changed."

Soon the two were alone in the cell, and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her new friend, told, with sobs, her sad story.

"That white rose was just like one which grew by our door, at home in Scotland; my mother's favorite flower. She was a good woman; my father's character was stainless, but I broke their hearts by my wicked ways, then drifted to America, where I have lived a wicked life; is there any hope for me?"

And so the dawning of a better day came, as the two "reasoned together."

Many visits the lady made to that narrow room, until she seemed an angel of light to its inmate. When the time came for the woman's release, the love of Christ constraining her, she went out into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been.

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AN INTERNATIONAL CONFFRENCE.

AN International Conference of Young Women's Christian Associations will assemble in Chicago on October 13, and continue till October 16. The meetings will be held in the Athenœum Building corner of Van Buren Street and Michigan Avenue. All the Associations in the United States and Canada will be represented by regularly appointed delegates and many private members will also attend. Among the papers to be read at the Conference one of the most important will be by Miss Grace H. Dodge who will speak on "Co-operation, Self-Government, Self-Reliance — What do the Three Principles Imply?" Miss Dodge's experience in connection with Working Girls' Clubs abundantly fits her to deal with this subject. Other papers more directly affecting Christian work and the management of Christian Associations will be read. Mrs. James M. Brodie the Corresponding Secretary is preparing a programme which will be issued in a few days. Much good is expected from the interchange of ideas and the comparison of methods of work which will take place at this conference. It is noticed that since the Conference in London last spring, the Associations represented there have become more energetic and efficient. At that assembly, Associations were represented either by delegates or written reports in England, Scotland, Ireland, India and many other countries.

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A SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

FROM New Orleans comes a testimony to the value of the Christian Endeavor movement. Mr. George L. Wagner reports that the Society organized in the Memorial Presbyterian Church of that City a year and a half ago, with about a dozen members has grown until it is necessary to enlarge the room in which the meetings are held. Besides carrying on the ordinary Christian Endeavor work the Society has given a series of entertainments which have given publicity to the work and have brought additions to the membership. To most of these the public has been admitted without charge. About a month ago, however, when a new carpet was needed, the Young People's Society undertook to raise the funds and an entertainment was given, for admission to which a charge was made, and the result was a social and financial success. Similar entertainments are in contemplation for the benefit of the library; for the sick poor of the parish and for other religious and philanthropic purposes. As the members of the Society take part in these entertainments it is evident that the work is having a double benefit in developing their powers as well as helping the good causes directly benefited.

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THE NEW Secretary of the College Association in the Mt. Hermon Boy's School of Northfield, Mass, is Mr. James McConaughy, who has for the past eight years been the most efficient Associate Secretary of the Twenty-third Street Branch of the Y. M. C. A., in New York. His loss from the work in New York is very severely felt, but his friends rejoice in his promotion to this very influential position. Mr. McConaughy has also undertaken to teach the Bible Class at Mt. Hermon.

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MR. KUSSAKA, a young Japanese, who is now in this country was entertained recently at the German Y. M. C. A. in New York. He speaks German correctly and fluently, but knows no English. He has come on a visit here mainly for the purpose of acquiring the English language and familiarizing himself with Y. M. C. A. work in America.

ONLY ONE.

YOU have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night,
For you with delight—
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this,
So love and revere
That mother while here—
Sometime you won't know her kind kiss.

You have only one mother, just one;
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you—
What have you for her ever done?

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

A Market-Day Visit Among the Simple Folks of Central Africa.

AFTER the dinner and dessert had disappeared, the "hopes of the household" once more clustered around Uncle John, as he drew up his big chair by the open fireplace.

"If all the fruits but one were gone out of the world," began Tom, as he finished the last morsel of a luscious banana, "I think the one to be left should be this, Uncle. Don't you?"

"You love the banana, then?" asked the traveller.

"Yes, we all do," said the children, in chorus. "Next to peaches and—and better'n apples and pears," addded Millie, with eager eyes.

"Well, it would sustain life, of course, my dear, but I'm afraid you would soon grow tired of bananas, sweet as they are. The best I have ever eaten were those I bought in Africa.

"Like these of the West Indies, which you had on the table at dinner, they are of different sizes and shades of color, but the fruit is the same. There is an old legend which says that the tree of knowledge of good and evil of which our first parents ate was a banana tree, and that the tree was in Ceylon, which is one of the most delightful islands in the whole world. You remember Bishop Heber's hymn——"

"Yes interrupted Tom, "I know it. It goes:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
And every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

"That's the hymn," said Uncle, approvingly. "I am glad to find you with such an excellent memory, Tom. Well, I was going to say that the banana, while it is a common fruit there, is only one of many native products, which we in this climate regard as something of a luxury. I recall a visit I made in Africa to the market-place at Bissan, the old capital of Portuguese Guinea. The market was held in the square in the centre of the village. Men and women had come in early from the surrounding country with native baskets, woven of fibre and filled with cassava root, corn, kola nuts, picked fowls and an esculent very like the sweet potato. Cassava is somewhat like the West Indian manioca and is very nutritious and palatable. It tastes not unlike tapioca or Brazilian arrow-root. Besides these, they bring many other fruits, hampers of corn and piles of redwood."

"Are these people savages?" asked one of the children.

"By no means. They are a very simple honest race, living a pastoral or farming life. Left to themselves and without disturbance by warlike outsiders, they would pass their existence peacefully. Many years ago, Christianity was brought to their section of the 'Dark Continent,' and there are among them many very good Christians. A rude kind of civilization prevails. Honesty and truthfulness are valued among the highest virtues. The native chiefs are the principal traders and generally control the traffic of a district. Debtors who won't pay what they owe are treated very to be told that, no matter where you travel in severely, their property being seized by the creditors. Formerly a delinquent debtor would have been seized and sold into slavery for what he owed, but slavery is now, happily, a thing of the past in that part of Africa. Much of the trade comes from caravans, but in some places there is quite a local traffic in the way of exchange of products. Native merchants are respected and their goods are generally safe, even in times of feud or actual warfare."

"Don't they sell anything except food?" inquired Tom.

"Yes; they have a kind of native cotton cloth which I must say is of good quality and very durable, although it doesn't look as nicely finished as our own cottons. It will last a good deal longer, though. Their dresses are usually cotton, dyed in different colors. Some of these dresses worn on festival occasions are quite gay in colors. See, here is a photograph of the people at market. You observe how picturesquely they are dressed."

"Why, they're nearly like our civilized folks, only black," remarked Tom.

"You expected, then, that I would speak to you of people who lived in woods and caves or in trees, like wild beasts? There are very few such in Africa, although that was the condition of many of the tribes less than fifty years ago. I know it surprises most people

MARKET-DAY SCENE AT BISSAN, AFRICA.
From a photograph secured by one of Bishop Taylor's Missionaries.

Africa, you can never be off some well-beaten track for more than a day or two at a time. The whole country may be likened to a system of villages connected by paths. No country in the world has more paths. Every village is connected with some other village, and thus all the tribes have relations with each other, and every state with its neighbor. This is a great help to an explorer, for one village directs him on to another, and if he be a man of discretion, he will avoid troublesome tribes by making proper inquiry as he passes along. The truth is that except in rare cases, such as that of Stanley when he crossed the great Congo forest, a traveller need never take to the woods. He would starve, in all probability, if he did. You know a large part of Stanley's command came near starving to death once."

"Then the corn and nuts and bananas don't grow wild?"

"Some few things do, but Indian corn, cassava, *mawere*, beans and bananas don't grow wild, even in Africa. They are all regularly cultivated by the villagers and as one travels through, everything has to be paid for in cloth or beads. You can always buy, if the chief consents, and that gained, the villagers bring out abundance and are only too willing to sell."

"Do they worship idols at Bissan, uncle?"

"No, since receiving the Gospel they have put away their idols. Superstition still prevails, but idolatry is a thing of the past."

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Lincoln's Advice to Boys.

NEVER cultivate the acquaintance of one who sneers at a mother's love or authority. Abraham Lincoln once told a young man to avoid every person who talked slightingly of his mother's apron-strings, and it is a very safe thing to do. It is just such talk that brings many to ruin and disgrace, for they are ashamed not to do as other boys do, when they make fun of mother. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron-strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron-strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man.

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Coolie Mothers of India.

THE last twenty years have wrought a great improvement in the condition of the women of India. "In my opinion," writes Bishop Thoburn," the coolie women are incalculably better off than the wives of well-to-do men or the purdah women, for they do not exist as parasites but work out their own salvation. The consciousness of the power to earn money, the freedom to walk the streets, to exercise their muscles, to breathe pure air, to come in contact with the world about them, all tend to make them strong, well, and comparatively happy, notwithstanding the fact that they occupy the place of beasts of burden, and carry pianos, wardrobes, bureaus and loads of hay and wood on their heads. If the women of the higher castes were allowed to go out of the home, and to work in the mills from sunrise to sunset, their lot would be vastly improved; but unfortunately it is only the lower caste women that can have the blessed privilege of working to improve their condition."

There are in India 97,000,000 women under British rule, and probably ten to twenty millions more under Mohammedan and Hindoo rule. Less than half the number can read and write. When the missionaries ask a husband for his consent to teach his wife, he tells them, with all seriousness, that if she be taught, the gods will be so angry that they will cause his death. Therefore, in self-preservation, he must decline to have her taught anything! There is evidently much yet to be done in the line of evangelization and enlightenment before these Hindoo wives and mothers fill their proper sphere, but they are gradually getting nearer to it every year.

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THE FAITH OF A CHILD.

CHILDHOOD'S faith is very beautiful. In a town of Holland there lived a very poor woman. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, for she had none. The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that he was good; so, with her little ones around her, she earnestly prayed to him for food. On arising from her knees, the eldest child, a boy about eight years old, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied his prophet with food brought by the ravens."

"Yes, my son," the mother answered, "but that was a very long time a o."

"But, mother, what Go has done once, may he not do again? I v ll go and unclose the door to let the birds fly in."

Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of their lamp fell on the path outside.

Soon after, the burgomaster (a magistrate, or one employed in the government of the city) passed by, and seeing the light, paused, and, thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage, and inquired why they left the door open at night.

The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that the ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children."

"Indeed!" cried the burgomaster; "then here is a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had."

So he quickly led the boy along the street to his own house, and then sent him back with food that filled the humble home with joy.

After supper, little Dirk went to the open door, and, looking up, he said, "Many thanks, good Lord!" then shut it fast again; for, though no bird had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent them timely help.

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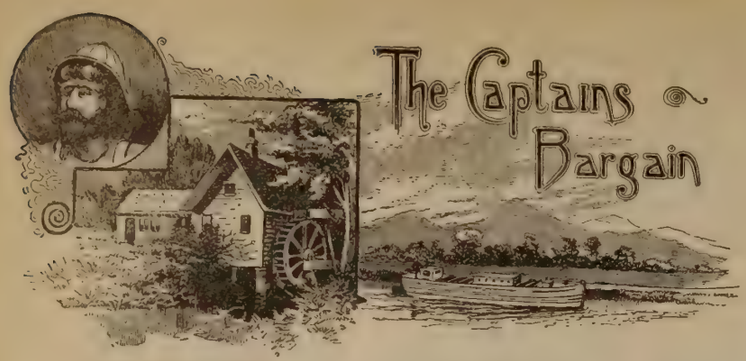
Looking Back to Boyhood.

As years slip by and middle age comes on, we are apt to indulge in retrospective moods. We recall, as though it were but yesterday, the days of our boyhood and the innocent pleasures we then enjoyed, when every day was like a month and every hour like a day. Did you ever think what you would do if you were a boy again? Bishop Vincent writes very charmingly about this, so charmingly that every youth who reads THE CHRISTIAN HERALD ought to read what he says. "If I were a boy with my man's wisdom," writes the Bishop, "I would never touch tobacco, chewing-gum or patent medicines; never once go to bed without cleansing my teeth; never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night unless a great emergency demanded it, never linger one moment in bed when the time came for getting up; I should keep my own secrets, except as I revealed them to my father and mother for the sake of securing their advice; I should never speak a word to any one who might be worried by it; and speak only kind words of others. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights or stories in my memory and imagination, and no foul words on my tongue; give no smiles, but give, the rather, black frowns and prompt and I'll reproof, to any comrade who dared in my presence to utter a filthy speech. I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants. Read the best literature—spend my Sabbaths reverently; try to be a practical, every-day Christian; help on every good cause; never make sport of sacred things; be "about my Father's business," like the boy of Nazareth; and thus I would try to be a Christian gentleman, wholesome, sensible, cheerful, independent, courteous."

Pretty good schedule for a boy to live up to, isn't it? Yet there are many who, with God's help and the advice of good fathers and pious mothers, come very near being the Bishop's idea of perfect boys.



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(Continued from page 572.)

MR. MURRAY, the next Saturday, took Robert to see a physician. The doctor said the boy was outgrowing his strength, and the change from country to school and city life had pulled him down. He ordered cod-liver oil and port wine.

"Port trash, you mean," cried Mr. Murray, "port old leather and logwood and wormy prunes, and drugs *ad libitum*. There is not a quart of pure port in the country, not a quart leaves Oporto, doctor, yet we Americans say we import it, and we drink it yearly by the hogshead! Why do you order what isn't to be had, and if it were to be had I wouldn't touch it, and Robert should not."

The doctor smiled at his irascible patient. He had had Mr. Murray to deal with before. But Mr. Murray was rich, and riches cover a multitude of sins and hard words. As Mr. Murray would have none of the port wine, the doctor said:

"All right, give him an emulsion of cod-liver oil, and as you won't use port, use iron and quinine; that will tone him up. Give him the iron through a glass tube, so as not to spoil those handsome teeth."

Mr. Murray took Robert a long drive up the Wissahickon, and bought him plentiful cod-liver oil, iron, and quinine.

"Port," he growled, "port wine, indeed! a pretty notion, giving that poison to a boy to strengthen him."

And also, Mr. Murray, though you did not know it, a pretty notion, a very pretty notion, to give a boy cod-liver oil and iron and quinine to heal a heart-break, and cure him of home-sickness, and chase dark care away that sits on his shoulder, croaking, "They shared all with you. They gave you a home; you are rich, you have more than all you need, and you are doing nothing for them, and they are to be turned out of the home you shared, the only home you ever knew, and which you loved so well."

No amount of cod-liver oil could exorcise this demon of care—no doses of iron and quinine could change this burthen of misery, this dirge of the fortunes of the mill, into a song of joy. Robert's spirits sank lower and lower in spite of the doctor's nostrums. Mr. Murray began to be astonished at the failure of potions. He did not know that while duly taking his medicine, his son was losing sleep and appetite.

The letters from Lal's Mountain came every week. There were no complaints in them, but much that might be construed into ill news or forewarning of disaster. Mr. Wick was very low. Mr. Wick's nephew had been there with a man valuing property to look at the mill site. A freshet had brought some logs heavily down stream and broken a great piece from the wheel. That dear old wheel! Robert felt as if he had lost a piece of his own flesh in hearing that some of its sodden, mossy buckets had been carried away. What hours had he stood hand-in-hand with Pink gazing with childish wonder at that wheel's ceaseless revolutions, and laughing with glee at the rainbows flashing in its spray!

"Father did not know whether it would be worth while to mend the wheel. Whatever happened, mother said they should all keep together."

Then in February came worse news. There had been a January break-up, and blocks of ice had come down the creek, as on the occasion of that famous voyage when Robert was captain of the *Fair-Weather* and Pink was crew. And a block of ice had cut a fearful hole in the old barge,—had indeed torn a great piece out of her stern, and it was of no use to try and repair it. The barge was too worn-out for repairs. Besides, voyages did not pay now, and none of them felt much heart for taking one since Robert was gone. Even if they got to Philadelphia, they might not be allowed to see Robert.

However, the barge *Fair-Weather* was to be broken up and sold for fuel.

"The dear old barge, Robert, in which we have had such good times. I think we all cried to see it finally ruined."

After these mournful, loving, despairing letters, Robert would be more profoundly sad, and, while no longer neglecting his books to dream, would sit listless in play-hours and fail to eat his meals, and was a very forlorn-looking lad indeed.

All these signs of trouble did the Principal connect with the letters from Lal's Mountain. To these letters he objected *in toto*. He did not believe in much letter-writing for school-boys. A weekly letter to mother, or sister, or father, or guardian, was enough for any reasonable boy. The Lal's Mountain letters were not very praiseworthy or improving specimens of English literature. The Principal resolved that they should be forbidden. But the first of March brought a letter longer and more pitiful than all the rest. The Principal glanced at the six closely-written pages signed, "Your loving Pink." He did not read them; they were not worth it; but Mr. Murray would call that day, and he should order Robert to drop the Pink correspondence.

Robert read the letter,—a most dreadful letter it seemed to him,—full of the anguish of Pink's heart. Old Mr. Wick was dead:

"Buried yesterday, and Jonas his nephew has been here, and says he means to foreclose the mortgage, and we must go in one month. At that time the property will be sold to a man from New York, who means to build a summer hotel here on the mill site. He is going to tear the dear old mill down, and we will not get any money for it. They say the ground will only bring the value of the mortgage. We shall not have a penny, and we do not know where we shall go. In a little while I shall not know where to tell you to direct my letters. Oh, I'm so glad, dear Robert, that you have a home, and are not to be turned out as we are. If we had any furniture, perhaps we could go to Lacy and take boarders. Father says maybe we should get a couple of rooms from the Britts and let him go West to look for something. But, you know, father has no money to go West, and he cannot get along without mother. Father takes after me; he cannot do sums. Since you have been away, Robert, all my sums have been wrong. I am so sorry, for if I could do sums, perhaps I could be a school-teacher sometime, and earn as much as thirty dollars a month to give to poor, dear mother."

This was the heart-rending epistle which Robert read and re-read, until it seemed as if all the letters burned in red fire. While he read it the Principal talked to Mr. Murray.

"It is true, Robert is not looking well. I think he will never feel or look well as long as he keeps up his correspondence with those Allen people. He is perceptibly more listless and moody after every letter. Really, Mr. Murray, you should forbid the correspondence."

"It would make the poor boy so unhappy."

"Only for a little while. He would soon forget. Boys always do. Now his mind is distracted and his attention diverted by those letters all the time. Next thing, he will fancy himself in love with this Pink. I assure you, you do him a great injury when you let him keep this thing up. In school, nothing but school-ideas should be tolerated."

"Well, perhaps so; but I hate to grieve Robert."

"He'll be over it in a week. Take him to Washington for his spring holidays. Show him the Patent Office, the Congressional Library, the Smithsonian,—you can make it as improving as a fortnight in school."

Mr. Murray suspected that this might not be a very enlivening holiday.

"The longer this goes on, the worse and harder it will be. You tell me you want to break the boy away from this family, who are not advantageous acquaintances. Then do it promptly. I understand boys, and I advise you for your son's benefit. Let him have an undivided mind for his books."

"Very well. I'll speak to him about it this afternoon."

"I will send for him to come to you presently," said the Principal. "Meanwhile I wish to tell you——"

Here the Principal was called out to see a telegram that had come for some one of his boys.

Mr. Murray sat dreading his interview with Robert. How could he forbid the letters on which Robert's heart was so set?

Suddenly the door was flung open almost against him as he sat.

"Mr. Mason! Mr. Mason!" cried the excited voice of the tutor, "will you telephone for a doctor for young Murray? He is in an awful way. Quick, sir! I fear he is dying."

By this time the young tutor, pale and at his wits' end, had got fairly into the room and saw—not Mr. Mason, the Principal—but the father of "young Murray."

Mr. Murray rose from his chair behind the door. His teeth chattered, his body shook as with ague, a cold sweat poured over his face. He could not utter a word, but, with eyes wide and full of agony, glared at the frightened tutor, who had just said that Robert was dying.

"Are you there, sir? Come, come to Robert! Where is Mr. Mason? We must have a doctor. This way, sir. The fellows are carrying Robert to the infirmary."

The tutor had lost all his presence of mind. He dashed back into the hall and Mr. Murray followed him. Ascending the stairs, he saw six of the largest pupils carrying an inert form—the form of his son. He saw the boy's hands dangling lifeless,—and what a dead weight he was on his comrades' young arms!

"That's poor Murray's father," said North.

Already it was "poor Murray!"

The tutor had rushed off to seek the Principal, and Mr. Murray, dazed with misery, climbed the stairs after those who carried his son. The boys went on and on, up to the infirmary in the fourth story.

It was a large, light, sunny, well-aired, silent, beautiful room, with great, soft, invalid chairs and two white beds. On one of these beds the boys laid Robert, and began, under North's directions, to get off his shoes, coat, and necktie. Mr. Murray bent over him, too distracted to aid in undressing him.

Robert's face was pallid; his eyelids, half closed, showed that the eyes were set and rolled upward; his beautiful, curly, dark hair was damp with a cold sweat. Mr. Murray wondered to see how thin and white and wan the lately robust boy had become. How wonderfully like his poor dead mother he looked as she had been in her last illness and in her coffin! He could do nothing but clasp and stroke Robert's unconscious head and call him:

"Robert! Robert, My dear son! Robert, speak to me!"

"Robert's governor takes it uncommon hard, don't he?" whispered one lad to another, in the corner of the infirmary. "Looks just as if he was going to die, don't he, poor chap!"

Up came the tutor and Principal and a doctor. The doctor was a very young man, and Mr. Murray eyed him with suspicion, as he drew near the bed, in which the boys, aided by the matron, had now placed Robert.

"Doctor Lee, Mr. Murray," said the Principal. "He is attending a cousin of his here in the next room, young Morgan, who has a slight attack of lung fever. I found Doctor Lee at the door, just coming to see Morgan, and I brought him to Robert at once. We can send for your own doctor presently, if you prefer."

Mr. Murray stepped back a little, making way for Doctor Lee, who begun to examine his patient.

"He seems very much prostrated. Nervous system quite run down; his pulse is very weak and wiry. Brain fever. How was he taken? Did anything happen?"

"We were reading our letters," said North. "Murray read his three times. I noticed him, he looked queer, and all at once began to cry out, not words, but queer little shrieks, and roll his eyes, and then, all in a minute, he fell over against the desk. It was something about his letter, I think. See, here is his letter in his hand now—all crumpled up."

"I told you so," said the Principal, taking Pink's melancholy pages from Robert's unresisting hand, and giving them to Mr. Murray.

"The boy has evidently got into a very low state, and had a nervous shock of some kind. I saw a case just like this, when I was a school-boy,—all came from intense home-sickness and sudden news of a sister's death. It was that case first turned my attention to the study of medicine. Get me these things which I have written down at once, please, Mr. Mason. Have you an ice-bag? Ice? Clear the room, have those curtains drawn. This side of the house must be kept very quiet. Is this the young gentleman's father? Do not despair, sir. Your son is young, and seems to have a very fine physique. We shall pull him through, I hope."

Only hope—when this distracted man wanted certainty, assurance! It had never once entered into Mr. Murray's mind that his son might die. He had lost him for years, and suffered horrible misery. He had found him; he expected to keep him forever. He should not bury Robert,—Robert, a man of middle age, should bury him; and here was this treasured boy, lying near to death. The young doctor seemed to understand the case, and to be very earnest and sympathetic; he toiled over his patient; had a hospital nurse sent for; praised Robert's beauty; encouraged poor Mr. Murray.

Mr. Murray could not be persuaded to leave Robert's bed for a second. He drank a cup of tea that was brought him, and sat by the bed to share the watch of the nurse. Robert moaned, tossed, muttered. During the night, Mr. Murray thought of the letter which had been given to him. He would see what it was that had so disastrously affected Robert. He went into the hall, and read it by the gas.

The simple letter filled him with strange pity and contrition; no wonder that Robert had felt nearly frantic over this, when he loved them so! Early in the morning Mr. Murray went to the bed-room which Mr. Mason put at his service and there he had Robert's things brought, and instead of lying down to rest, looked over his boy's treasures. There were the other letters from the mill. Mr. Murray, as he read them, could trace the progress of Robert's distress. And there, worse than all, was a little journal or book, where Robert had solaced himself by writing down what he wanted to do for his dear "father, mother, Pink, and the rest,"—how much it would cost, how long it would take him to save up the money. There were notes of boyish impossible plans for getting more money, and other notes telling how much he owed those who had been all the world to him. There were words also of regret because the "dear father who was so kind to him would not be friends with those whom he loved best in all the world." These things cut Mr. Murray to the heart. The sorrow of poor Robert was revealed to him, and his own conduct to the Allens stood before him in all the baseness of its ingratitude. He was amazed at himself. Should he now lose his son by the judgment of God?

All that day and night as Robert tossed and raved, Mr. Murray more and more upbraided himself for his ingratitude. He heard Robert in his delirium calling on "father," when "father" meant Captain 'Zekiel, but now he was not angry—only pitiful. But Robert's chief cry was for Eliza.

"Mother, why don't you come to me? Can't you stop my headache? Take hold of my head as you used to do. Don't you care for me any more because I don't belong to you? Are you all dead? Have you gone away and starved? Have they put you all in the poorhouse? Pink, why don't you sing to me? If you'd sing to me, I could go to sleep."

"Why do you not send for his mother?" said Dr. Lee. "A mother would do him more good than all the nurses and doctors put together. You should lose no time. He is very ill, and grows worse. His mother——"

"He has no mother," said Mr. Mason.

"He is calling for his adopted mother," said Mr. Murray.

"Has he lived long with her?"

"Ever since he can remember, until the last few months, and Pink is her little daughter. He is very fond of them."

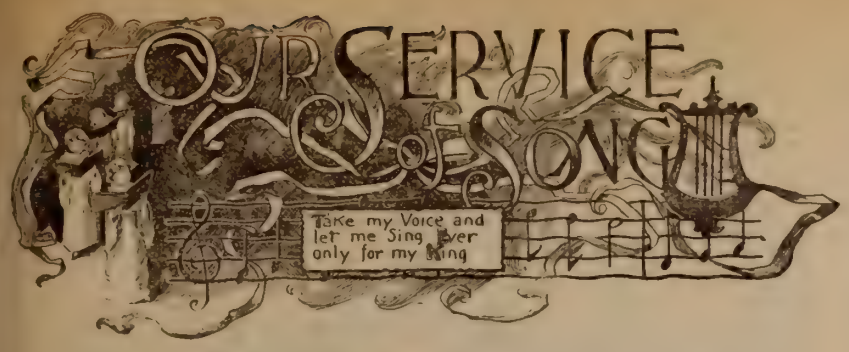
"Such affections are often as strong as ties of blood," said the doctor. "This boy is evidently very sensitive. I should say he had been mourning and fretting for these friends until he has brought on this sickness."

"He is just like his own mother," said Mr. Murray. "She died of grief for a lost child."

"Then you had better take especial care of this lad now, and get the people whom he is calling after, here. It is not in humanity to stand such tossing and raving as this very long. He will wear himself out. He grows weaker. Anything now to quiet him."

Mr. Murray hastened out and sent a telegram to Captain Allen, bidding him bring Mrs. Allen and Pink at once, as Robert was dangerously ill. He also sent a money-order telegram for fifty dollars, so that there should be no delay.

(To be Continued.)

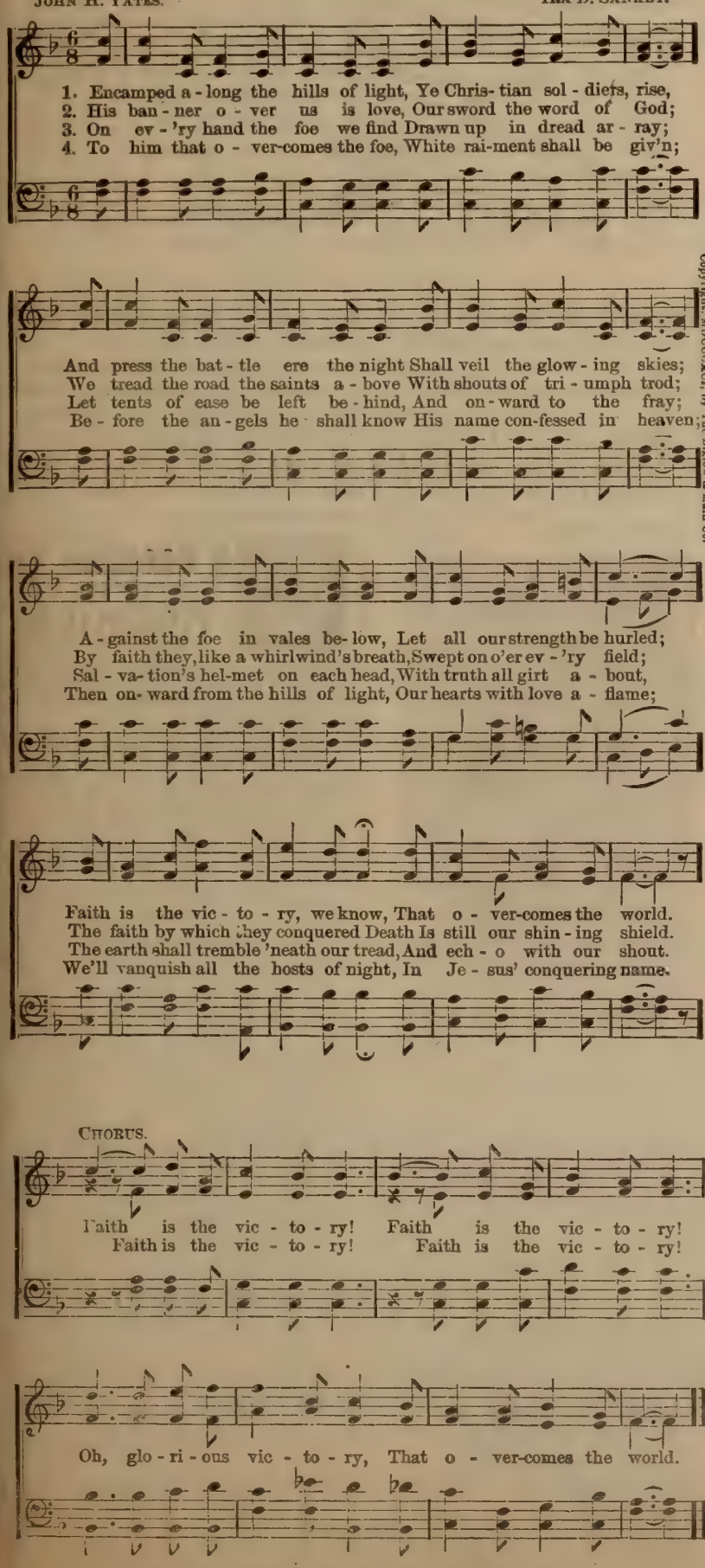


Selected for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD by IRA D. SANKEY.

Faith is the Victory.

"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.



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FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

A LIFE SAVED BY A TESTAMENT.

BISHOP TUCKER of Uganda has returned home to plead for volunteer workers. He needs forty for Uganda and declares that there is excellent prospect of their doing successful work for Christ among the people of that land. In the course of a recent address describing the people, he mentioned their love of books, and related the following incidents in connection therewith:

A man will very readily do three months' work for a New Testament. A sister of the late King Mtesa, for several days came to see me, but sat in my room almost in silence. She was naturally a very taciturn woman, but at last she summoned up courage enough to ask if she could have a New Testament. Happily we had one, and she purchased it — for we believe in selling our books; we believe the people value them when they buy them—and it was remarkable the change that came over that woman as she got her new possession. She smiled, she laughed, she clapped her hands, and I almost thought she would sing; but at any rate she told us that her spirit was singing within her for joy. On another occasion a man came to me with a Testament in his hand, but he asked if I would give him another. I said: "You have one." "Ah," he said, "this one is so injured that I can only read a part of it." I asked to be allowed to see it, and true enough it was greatly injured. I asked how this happened. "Well," he said, "when I went to war against the Mohammedans, I took my book with me, and I wrapped it in my clothes here. In the fight a bullet struck it, and it has pierced it nearly through. It saved my life. I love it very much; but can you give me another?" I told him: "I have only one, and that is my own; but," I said, "if you will give me your book I will give you mine." The exchange was made; I received the shattered book, and here it is, and I need not say that I look on that book as one of my greatest treasures. Verily, it is the sign of God's preserving love, as well as of that man's love for the Word of the living God.

WAITING UPON GOD.

(For the Christian Herald.)

SOMETIMES I'm in a fearful strait!
When that which fills me with amaze
And tries my faith I can but wait
For God to justify his ways.

The hardest problem to my mind,
The mysteries of life untold,
For which I no solution find
In the hereafter shall unfold.

When he shall show me by his hand,
When light and love make manifest
His purpose I shall understand,
That all he does is for the best.

"Shall not the Judge of earth do right?"
To all His creatures He is just;
'Tis hard to cling to hands that smite,
But, though he slay me, I will trust.

O, learn, my heart, to acquiesce
In God the Father's righteous will,
Grieve for thy loss and crosses less,
And find thy peace in waiting still.

—C. E. M.

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may retain
its youthful color,
fullness, and beauty,
dress it daily
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Ayer's Hair Vigor
It cleanses the
scalp, cures humors,
and stimulates a
new growth
of hair.
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Has for a year caused me a great deal of trouble Had soreness in the back, little appetite, a bitter taste in the mouth and a general
Bad Feeling All Over,
That I could not locate. Having been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for the past three months with great benefit. I feel better, the bad taste in my mouth is gone and my general health is again quite good. No longer have
That Tired Feeling
come over me as I formerly did. Hood's Sarsaparilla is certainly a most excellent medicine."
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Dont be induced to buy any other. Insist upon Hood's Sarsaparilla—100 Doses One Dollar.

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

N. P. C, San Francisco, Cal. Do the spirits of dwellers on earth, when they reach heaven, know each other's thoughts, without the medium of speech?

Unanswerable—in this life.

W. G. S., Chicago. Ill. (1.) When did Thomas-a Kempis live? (2.) Was he a Catholic? (3.) What do you think of his imitation of Christ?

(1) Thomas Hammerkein of Kempen, better known as Thomas-a-Kempis, was born in 1379, in the village of Kempen, in the Prussian Rhine provinces. (2.) Yes; an Augustinian (3.) Magnificent, but not without errors.

Old Subscriber, Jordan's Valley, Tenn. (1) How old was Benjamin when he went with his brothers to Egypt? (Gen. 46: 21.) How old was Solomon when he began to reign? (1 Kings 14: 21.)

(1) About 34 years. (2) He was born in 1034 B. C. died 975 B. C. reigned 40 years and therefore was 19 years old when he ascended the throne.

C. A. Daniel, N. Y. City. How many Sunday Schools, Scholars, teachers, Protestant Sunday Schools of all denominations and Catholic Sunday Schools are there in the world?

We have not the material at hand to answer. No census of Sunday Schools is taken in France, England or Germany.

A. B. Fisk, Wessington, So. Dak. When a man has grown old and past labor, and is without means of support, is it a sin for him to commit suicide? Tell me what book, chapter and verse in the Bible speak against it?

The universal commandment: "Thou shalt not kill," (Exodus 20: 13.) applies equally to self-murder and the murder of others. Job so interprets it, when he says: (Job 14: 14.) "All the days of mine appointed time will I wait until the end come." The whole spirit of Christianity opposes it.

Mrs. L. Hatfield, Brookville, N. S. Where is the body of Christopher Columbus buried?

History records that he died in poverty at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506, and was buried there, receiving a pompous funeral and a splendid monument from King Ferdinand. His remains were said to have been afterwards transferred to Havana.

E. O. W., Vassar, Mich. (1) Who owns the Holy Sepulchre? (2) Who wrote the Apostles' Creed.

(1) The Turks. (2) The Apostles' Creed is the earliest summary of the Christian faith on which all Christian churches agree. Many writers of authority hold that the Creed was composed by the Apostles themselves during their stay at Jerusalem and under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. An inquiry on this point has also been received from J. S. Taylor, Chatham, Pa.

V. K. Vandeventer, Dundee, Monroe Co. Mich. What are the probable numbers of the Salvation Army? (2) What are the numbers of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the world at the present time?

(1) The latest Salvation Army statistics can be procured by addressing Ballington Booth, 111 Reade Street, New York City. (2) According to the figures presented before the International Y. M. C. A. Conference at Amsterdam last July, there is a total membership of 225,501. This total represents only those Associations that have reported; but there may be others that did not report to the Conference.

Mrs. ——, Lisbon, Ga. Please state your views on sanctification.

It is the process which is worked by the Holy Spirit in believers who have been justified by faith in Christ. After the new birth, or regeneration, they grow in grace. The divine life implanted increases, makes the believer strong to resist temptation, to restrain the appetites and passions of his own nature and to live and work for God. He is liable to sin, but is ever striving after complete holiness and perfect obedience to the will of God. (See Rom. 7: 14-25.) He is never relieved in this life from the duty of watchfulness nor ever attains such an eminence in holiness as to see no more heights above him to attain. In all his efforts, his success depends on the help of the Holy Spirit.

T. W. M. —— Ohio. What are the duties of a bridesmaid and groomsman, and are they the same at public and private weddings?

They are merely ceremonious attendants at marriages and often dispensed with. The duty of the bridesmaid is to take charge of the dressing and undressing of the bride, while that of the groomsman is to give similar attention to the bridegroom, but the custom has been greatly modified in late years. The groomsman now assumes charge of the arrangements for the wedding, acting as a sort of business manager of the affair, and making all the needful preparations, even to the carriages and favors, while the bridesmaid has charge of the toilet and the wedding cake. At the ceremony it was formerly the custom in many European countries for the groomsman to pull off the bridegroom's right hand glove while the bridesmaid did the same to the bride's left hand glove. All these details are now adjusted regardless of the old customs, and according to the personal tastes of the parties. The groomsman is now simply the confidential friend of the groom. In public weddings, where more style is affected, the old-time usages are more closely adhered to, the bridesmaids carrying the bride's bouquet, fan and gloves, while other attendants support her train.

M. A. H., Braceville, Grundy Co., Ill. What answer would be correct to give to a Roman Catholic who asks why there are so many religious denominations among Protestants?

Protestantism acknowledges no authoritative voice except the Bible, which it regards as the inspired word of God. This is the very basis of Protestantism. It accords to men the liberty of interpretation of the Scriptures and as many differ in the interpretation, hence there are many sects, or denominations. Catholics, on the other hand, unite in accepting the dictum of the Pope, whose interpretation is regarded as infallible. He is said to speak *ex cathedra* (from the chair) and with divine authority which no one in the Catholic Church is permitted to question, thus denying the privilege of free interpretation. The divisions in the Protestant churches are really a sign of life and activity in spiritual matters.

Constant Reader, O. B. L., Adrian, Mich. 1. Can there be more than one Church of Christ? 2. Who are the heretics referred to in II. Peter 2: 1-3? 3. Did not all Christians belong to the Roman Catholic Church before the sixteenth Century?

(1) There is but one Church of Christ which is composed of all who truly believe on him for the salvation of their souls, and love him and follow him. But just as one army may and does contain many divisions—Artillery, Cavalry, Infantry—and each division several regiments so the Church has many sections differing in mode of operation but all owning one head—the Lord Jesus. We do not apprehend that *uniformity* is expected of Christians but *unity* in essential principles. (2) The heretics referred to are, as stated, covetous men who make merchandise of the Church and deny the Lord who bought them. As the differences between Protestants and Catholics seem uppermost in your mind, you may take an illustration from the sale of indulgences by Tetzel which precipitated her Reformation. (3) Yes; but when unprincipled men gained control over it and licentious men were at the head of it, making laws and imposing on the church articles of belief contrary to the Word of God, conscientious men left the Church to follow Christ and some were tortured and burned to death for doing so by the usurpers.

Inquirer, Tabernacle, N. C. 1. Is it right for a Christian when pleading for a special favor to make vows and pledges to God? 2. If a Christian while seeking the fulfilment of a lawful desire pledges a certain sum to be the Lord's and is denied his request is this proof that the offering is not acceptable? 3. According to Matthew 5: 23, to bring our gifts to the altar when seeking a special favor.

1. There is no reason why he should not do so; but if he does he must be careful to fulfil his vow. As the author of Ecclesiastes says, "Better is it that thou shouldest not vow, than that thou shouldest vow and not pay. (Eccles 5: 5.) 2. No it is no proof. It may be an evidence that the petitioner has approached God in a wrong spirit. God does not bargain with men. If the Christian is able to consecrate the "certain sum" to the Lord, let him do so, but he should not make his gift contingent on his getting his favor. Let him pray for what he wants and if it is God's will, he will get it. He is not any more likely to get it by offering God a reward. 3. It is best to do so, but the offering does not entitle the offerer to "the special favor." Do not imagine that God sells his gifts or that you can bribe him to give you what you want. Ask for it in faith and if you do not get it, believe that God knows better than you do what is best for you.

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A GOOD SUGGESTION.

ECONOMY, as wise folks say,
Is wealth pronounced another way,
So while "hard times" the people cry,
The Toilet Soaps they should not buy.
Let all who buy such soaps take care
To weigh the cake exact and fair,
And find they pay in figures round
A dollar, more or less per pound.

What course should people then pursue?
In short, the only thing to do,
Though rich in bonds, or worldly poor,
The "IVORY SOAP" they should procure,
Which may be bought from coast to coast,
At sixteen cents per pound at most,
And does more satisfaction grant
Than all the Toilet Soaps extant.

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We can not begin to tell you of the wonders and beauties of this popular resort, but just mention another feature that overtops all. It is the new railroad built from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak, and in a Railway Car you can now be Carried to the Clouds—Cheaply, Speedily and Safely.

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I WANT to feed on Jesus' word,
I want communion with my Lord.
I want salvation, full and free.
I want my Father's face to see.
I want to prove each promise sweet;
I want to live at Jesus' feet.
I want his mercy every day;
I want upholding all the way.
I want to live as Jesus' bride;
I want in his dear wounds to hide.
I want to prize his fulness more;
I want his person to adore.
I want to hear his heavenly voice;
I want in Jesus to rejoice.
I want to trust him with my all;
I want on his dear name to call.
I want to die to all things here;
I want on him to cast my care.
I want to see his Gospel spread;
I want on Satan's power to tread.
I want my Jesus as my friend;
I want him to my journey's end.
I want him as my Priest and King;
I want his precious love to sing.
I want him as my Rock and Tower;
I want him in each trying hour.
I want him as my brother dear;
I want my Jesus always near.
I want his eyes, his hand, his heart;
I want with all besides to part.
I want him as my husband kind;
I want in him my all to find.
I want him as my daily bread;
I want him as my living Head.
I want him as my hiding-place;
I want him as my God of Grace.
I want him as my life and peace;
I want him as my righteousness.
I want his own atoning blood.
I want to bathe in that dear flood;
I want his Spirit's voice to hear;
I want the love that casts out fear.
I want him now in Achor's vale;
I want him when all Hell assail.
I want him when my flesh gives way;
I want him as my only stay.
I want his smiles, his looks of grace;
I want to see him face to face.
I want his wisdom strength and love!
I want with him to dwell above.

THE PERSECUTION AT PONAPE.

THE persecution of the American missionaries at Ponape by the Spanish governor, who is apparently incited thereto, by the jesuits whom he brought with him, continues and threatens to become still more violent. The *Missionary Herald* publishes a letter from Mr. Rand, one of the expelled missionaries, who says that at the time of the out-break between the Spaniards and the natives, there were seventeen native Christian laborers on Ponape, three of whom were ordained, and three others were licensed to preach. The wives of these laborers, with but one exception, were efficient assistants in the Sabbath-schools.

Mr. Rand at first took refuge at the Island of Ruk, but it was deemed best for him to go on to Honolulu. On his way he stopped at Ponape. This was on April 24, and he writes:— "There had been no fighting since the battle at Japalap, November 22, 23, and 24. The governor was expecting a large Spanish force soon. He said that there would be 'no fooling' this time, and seemed confident that the Metalanim tribe would be annihilated. This is a new governor who came to Ponape in the latter part of February. The mission work on Ponape is in a sad condition, many of our Christians in all of the tribes excepting the Metalanim having returned to their heathenish customs. Still the outlook is hopeful. God seems to help the poor natives. In every battle the Spaniards get more and more involved, and judging from the failure made by the large forces in September and again in November, it seems that they must give up.

Do you know that you can buy a chimney to fit your lamp that will last till some accident happens to it?

Do you know that Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass" is that chimney?

You can have it—your dealer will get it—if you insist on it. He may tell you it costs him three times as much as some others. That is true. He may say they are just as good. Don't you believe it—they may be better for him; he may like the breaking.

Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & Co.

"Turned Upside Down"

Is your home in this sad plight—many are and house-cleaning does it. Cold meals and no comfort, sour tempers and aching backs, hard work and too much of it, tired women and "mad" men—all from house-cleaning. And it's all needless. Don't make such a fuss over it. Take a little *Pearline*, and have it done easily, quickly and quietly. You'll have it done better, too—*you won't have to rub the paint off to get the dirt off.* You can save half your labor and half your time, if you'll clean house with *Pearline*—and everybody in the house will be thankful for it. Millions use nothing but *Pearline* for washing and cleaning

Turn the Key

On the peddlers and grocers who tell you "this is as good as," or "the same as" Pearline. IT'S FALSE; besides Pearline is never peddled. 307 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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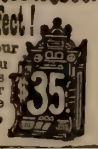

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A RECENT traveller in Syria reports a visit to a remarkable mission at Kerak, a place notorious for vice and crime. The mission is not supported by any of the Missionary Societies, but much good is being done there through the devotion of the man who established it. His name is Lethaby and his trade is that of a printer. Some years ago he was working at his business in the West of England and preaching every Sunday in the neighboring villages. He saved up a little money which he spent in a pilgrimage to Palestine. While travelling there he heard of Kerak as a benighted place, where the people were of the wickedest, and no missionary had ever been. He thought he should like to settle there as a Christian teacher; but the path not at once opening he made his way back to his former home to continue his preaching. At last, some four or five years ago, accompanied by his wife, he visited Palestine. He wrote to the Sheik of Kerak, saying that he and his wife were ready to go to Kerak and to live there with a view of doing good to the people, and would pay for all they wanted, and seek no advantage to themselves, but that they could not give any backsheesh. The old Sheik answered that there was plenty of room in Kerak, and that there were plenty of stones with which to build a house. Hence the devoted couple "established themselves in this den of thieves," as the town is called and fitly bears the name, with its filthy streets and ill-looking inhabitants. Living in a poor house such as we should regard as the poorest hovel, Mr. Lethaby has labored and preached and taught, exerting a marvellous influence on the people, and winning many souls for Christ.

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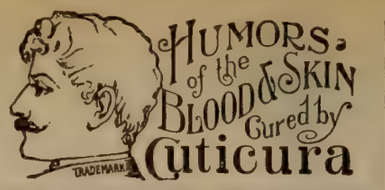
She had been three weeks in town when, at last, what she felt was God's answer was put into her hands. She followed the lady who gave her the card, and before long she had the joy of freely unburdening her soul to one who, she was sure, had been sent to her as God's messenger.

Now her life is changed. Still weak and ill, her face shines with a quiet happiness, and she can bless the day which brought her to this place.



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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 14. | NUMBER 38.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1891.

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A BLIND POET'S MISSION.

Fanny Crosby, the Famous Hymn-Writer, whose Sacred Songs are Sung all Over the Globe—Sightless from Childhood, and now over 70, but still Singing for the Saviour.

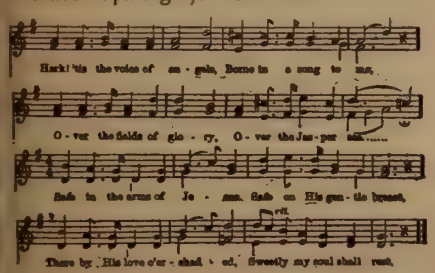
A SMALL woman, with a bright, animated face, slender in person but active in her movements, and cheery in every tone and gesture. The thin, worn frame showing no signs of infirmity as yet; the features a wrinkled sea, across which smiles of happiness and content are continually flitting. A little, lady-like person, neat and prim as a New England housewife, with a motherly voice that makes music in the heart as she speaks; a woman who impresses you at once with the conviction that she has lived for a purpose. Such is Fanny Crosby, the famous blind hymn-writer, at the age of seventy-two. Gifted with extraordinary talent, she has, by God's grace, been the means of bringing home the truths of the Gospel to the hearts of uncounted thousands, all over the civilized world.

Frances Jane Crosby was born in Southeast, Putnam County, N. Y., on March 24, 1820. When six years old she became blind from maltreatment of the eyes; but what to most children would have been an insuperable affliction, only served to bring out all that was strong and beautiful in the young girl's nature. Fanny early developed a love of music and literature, and she received a good education at the Institution for the Blind in New York City, on leaving, which in 1847 she began to teach school. This work was continued for eleven years, and included tuition in English grammar, rhetoric, Greek, and also ancient and modern history.

In 1864, her first hymn,

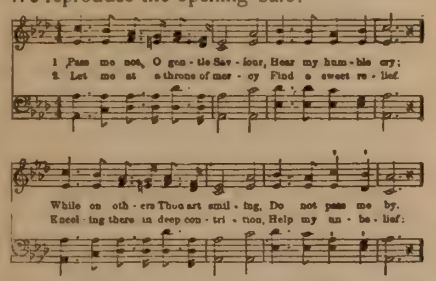
> We are going, we are going
> To a home beyond the skies,

was written at the Ponton Hotel, New York City, for William B. Bradbury. Since that time her labors have been exclusively confined to hymn-writing, and so diligently have brain and pen worked together, that she has composed up to the present time nearly three thousand hymns, many of which have attained world-wide popularity. One of the hymns which for spiritual fervor and peculiar pathos has become a general favorite, is, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." This famous hymn abounds in beautiful passages, one of which is as follows:



It was during a vacation that Miss Crosby first gave evidence of the wonderful talent for verse-writing that afterward made her famous. She wrote the words for several secular songs, the music of which was composed by George F. Root, and many of her simple, affecting verses still retain their popularity. She also wrote a touching little poem of welcome on the occasion of the visit of Henry Clay to New York, at the close of the Mexican War. Even in these early years, her talent had attracted attention in high circles, and she had the honor of being the first woman whose voice was ever heard in the United States Senate Chamber, where she recited a poem by invitation, to a most distinguished audience.

Another hymn which is known and sung in every Christian land, and which has been the means of softening the heart of many a sinner, the words and music both being Miss Crosby's, is, "Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour." This wondrously sweet air is her special favorite. We reproduce the opening bars:



Miss Crosby has a perfect idea of rhythm and a remarkable faculty for composing verses for special occasions. So sensitive and active is her temperament that the ideas frame themselves in fitting rhymes almost involuntarily, and the slightest incidents that touch the heart or feelings furnish the needed inspiration. Sometimes she writes both words and music, for she is an accomplished musician, playing on guitar and piano, and singing in a clear, sweet soprano. One such hymn, both words and music being her own, is,

> Jesus dear I come to thee,
> Thou hast said I may.

This blind and aged singer for Christ is one of the most contented of his creatures. Usually the blind, when not merely stolidly patient, are of a nervous and excitable nature, easily irritated and difficult to please. Not so with Fanny Crosby, however; no one lives who has a keener appreciation of the blessings she enjoys, or who is quicker to note with the eye of the mind, the silver lining of the cloud. Indeed, as she smilingly confesses, her affliction has been to her in a sense a blessing, for it has strengthened her memory, sharpened her intellectual faculties, and enabled her to concentrate her energies upon the Christian work she loves so well. Contentment is the motto of her life, and she points with pleasure to this little verse she wrote at the age of eight:

> O, what a happy soul I am
> Although I cannot see!
> I am resolved that in this world,
> Contented I will be.
> How many blessings I enjoy
> That other people don't;
> To weep and sigh because I'm blind
> I cannot and I won't!

Her mind is so well stored with Scripture, of which she has all her long life been a close student, that passages from the Bible suited to every phase of experience, readily occur to her, and she finds this a great aid to hymn-writing. Besides, she has read many of the standard authors and is an entertaining talker. She knows that her hymns are a power for good and she is happy in this knowledge. Her scope of subjects is very wide, embracing almost every aspect of spiritual life and experience, and every phase of joy or sorrow.

FANNY CROSBY, THE BLIND HYMN-WRITER, IN HER STUDY.

It has been said of Fanny Crosby that, as in the case of all favorite writers, it is the personality—the life behind the words—that makes them attractive. It is a serene and confident soul that breathes through her lines.

An old man had for many years been a Sabbath-breaker. He spent the hours of the holy day fishing in a stream near a school-house. One day, hearing the children singing, he concluded to go and see what it was all about. He laid aside his fishing-pole and basket, and stood in the door of the school-house while the young voices sang:

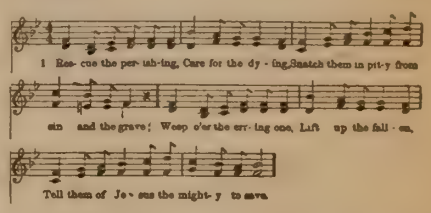
> Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
> Hear my humble cry;
> While on others thou art calling,
> Do not pass me by.

He stood transfixed; the words seemed to have been written for him alone. Would he go in? No, he was was not dressed for service. He waited a little while, to see if they would sing again. As it happened, the same hymn was repeated, and the old man, who had not entered a church for fifty years as he admitted, was touched to the heart. His conversion followed soon after.

Hundreds of similar incidents, all of them absolutely true, are related of the beneficent spiritual influence of these hymns. One lady, on meeting Miss Crosby, ran up to her, with eyes streaming with tears, and thanked God that she had met her, to tell her that the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," had been the means of bringing her to Christ.

"They were the last words my mother spoke before she died," added the lady, as she grasped the blind poet's hand, and bent low to kiss her silvered hair.

One of the best known of her mission hymns, is, "Rescue the Perishing," which opens as follows:



Concerning this hymn, Miss Crosby tells an interesting story. She attended a mission prayer-meeting one evening when the hymn was sung, and at its close a young man arose and told, with faltering words, how it had helped to bring him to the Saviour. He had been leading a sinful and reckless life, and had squandered all his money. Penniless, shabby and hungry, without hope or home, he passed a room where some people were singing a hymn. Retracing his steps, he entered and listened, and from that night he dated his rescue. Shortly afterward he met the author of the hymn and expressed his deep gratification.

These are but a few of the most popular hymns written by this gifted Christian woman, whose whole life from childhood has been an anthem of praise to her Redeemer, and who has kindled the same spirit wherever worshipers meet together. Her age is apparently no barrier to her industry, for the sprightly and happy old lady is still composing. Her favorite attitude while at work, as shown in the illustration on this page, (which is taken from a photograph expressly made for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD), is to sit at a small table with a volume of hymns in hand and dictate to an amanuensis. She is a perfect mistress of rhythm and the facility with which she composes is almost marvelous.

Hardly a hymn from her pen is without its peculiar history, which, if written, would add greatly to its interest. Some of them have sold up into the hundreds of thousands. Among the best known, in addition to those mentioned are: "I am thine, O Lord," written in 1875; "Jesus, I come to thee," 1867; "The bright forever," 1871; "Lord, at thy mercy seat," 1865; "So near to the kingdom," 1875; "O my Saviour hear me," 1875; "Thro' the New Jerusalem," 1864, and "Saviour more than Life to me," 1872. The music of the hymns given on this page is furnished through the courtesy the Biglow & Main Co., New York City.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

ORGAN DEDICATION.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached at the Dedication of the Organ of the New Brooklyn Tabernacle, last Sunday morning, Sept. 20, 1891, from the Text: *"His brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ."* Gen. 4 : 21.

LAMECH had two boys, the one a herdsman and the other a musician. Jubal the younger son was the first organ-builder. He started the first sound that rolled from the wondrous instrument which has had so much to do with the worship of the ages. But what improvement has been made under the hands of organ-builders such as Bernhard, Sebastian Bach, and George Hogarth and Joseph Booth and Thomas Robjohn, clear on down to George and Edward Jardine of our day. The majesty of a great organ skilfully played is almost too much for human endurance, but how much the instrument has done in the reinforcement of Divine service it will take all time and all eternity to celebrate. Last April when we dedicated this church to the service of Almighty God our organ was not more than half done. It has now come so near completion that this morning I preach a sermon dedicatory of this mighty throne of sacred sound.

In it are banked more harmonies than I can describe, and all for God and the lighting of the soul toward him. Its four banks of keys, its one hundred and ten stops and appliances, its four thousand five hundred and ten pipes, its chime of thirty-seven bells, its cathedral diapason, and pedal double diapason, its song trumpet and night horn and *vox humana*, all, all, we dedicate to God and the soul. It will I believe under the Divine blessing lead uncounted thousands into the kingdom. Its wedding marches, its thanksgiving anthems, its requiems will sound after all the voices that follow it to-day shall have sung their last song. To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost we dedicate it!

There has been much discussion as to where music was born. I think that at the beginning, when the morning stars sang together, and all the suns of God shouted for joy, that the earth heard the echo. The cloud on which the angels stood to celebrate the creation, was the birthplace of song. Inanimate nature is full of God's stringed and wind instruments. Silence itself—perfect silence—is only a musical rest in God's great anthem of worship. Wind among the leaves, insects humming in the summer air, the rush of billow upon beach, the ocean far out sounding its everlasting psalm, the bobolink on the edge of the forest, the quail whistling up from the grass, are music.

I propose, this morning in setting apart this organ for sacred use, to speak about sacred music; first showing you its importance, and then stating some of the obstacles to its advancement.

I draw the first argument for the importance of sacred music from the fact that God commanded it. Through Paul he tells us to admonish one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and though David he cries out: "Sing ye to God, all ye kingdoms of the earth." And there are hundreds of other passages I might name, proving that it is as much a man's duty to sing as it is his duty to pray. Indeed, I think there are more commands in the Bible to sing than there are to pray. God not only asks for the human voice but for instruments of music. He asks for the cymbal, and the harp, and the trumpet as well as the organ. And I suppose that, in the last days of the church, the harp, the lute, the trumpet, and all the instruments of music whether they have been in the service of righteousness, or sin will be brought by their masters and laid down at the feet of Christ, and then sounded in the church's triumph, on her way from suffering into glory. "Praise ye the Lord!" Praise him with your voices. Praise him with stringed instruments and with organs.

Many of you are illustrations of what sacred song can do. Through it you were brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. You stood out against the argument and the warning of the pulpit; but when, in the sweet words of Isaac Watts, or Charles Wesley, or John Newton, or Toplady, the love of Jesus was sung to your

JUBAL'S PIPE.

soul, then you surrendered, as an armed castle, that could not be taken by a host, lifts its window to listen to a harp's trill. There was a Scotch soldier dying in New Orleans, and a Scotch minister came in to give him the consolations of the Gospel. The man turned over on his pillow, and said: "Don't talk to me about religion." Then the Scotch minister began to sing a familiar hymn of Scotland, that was composed by David Dickenson, beginning with the words:

Oh, mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?

He sang it to the tune of "Dundee," and everybody in Scotland knows that; and as he began to sing the dying soldier turned over on his pillow, and said to the minister: "Where did you learn that?" "Why," replied the minister, "my mother taught me that." "So did mine," said the dying Scotch soldier; and the very foundation of his heart was upturned, and then and there he yielded himself to Christ. Oh, it has an irresistible power. Luther's sermons have been forgotten, but his "Judgment Hymn" sings on through the ages, and will keep on singing until the blast of the archangel's trumpet shall bring about that very day which the hymn celebrates.

In addition to the inspiring music of our own day we have a glorious inheritance of Church psalmody which has come down fragrant with the devotions of other generations—tunes no more worn out than they were when our great-grandfathers climbed up on them from the church pew to glory? Dear old souls, how they used to sing! When they were cheerful, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to sing "Colchester." When they were very meditative, then the board meeting-house rang with "South Street" and "St. Edmond's." Were they struck through with great tenderness, they sang "Woodstock." Were they wrapped in visions of the glory of the Church, they sang "Zion." Were they overborne with the love and glory of Christ, they song "Ariel." And in those days there were certain tunes married to certain hymns, and they have lived in peace a great while, these two old people, and we have no right to divorce them. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But how hard-hearted we must be if all this sacred music of the past, and all the sacred music of the present does not start us heavenward.

I have also noticed the power of sacred song to sooth perturbation. You may have come in here, this morning, with a great many worriments and anxieties, yet, perhaps in the singing of the first hymn, you lost all those worriments and anxieties. You have read in the Bible of Saul and how he was sad and angry, and how the boy David came in and played the evil spirit out of him. A Spanish king was melancholy. The windows were all closed. He sat in the darkness. Nothing could bring him forth until Faraneli came and discoursed music for three or four days to him. On the fourth day he looked up, and wept, and rejoiced, and the windows were thrown open, and that which all the splendors of the court could not do, the power of song accomplished. If you have anxieties and worriments, try this heavenly charm upon them. Do not sit down on the bank of the hymn, but plunge in, that the devil of care may be brought out of you.

It also arouses to action. A singing church is always a triumphant church! if a congregation is silent during the exercise, or partially silent, it is the silence of death. If, when the hymn is given out, you hear the faint hum of here and there a father and mother in Israel, while the vast majority are silent, that minister of Christ who is presiding needs to have a very strong constitution if he does not get the chills. He needs not only the grace of God, but nerves like whalebone. It is amazing how some people, who have voice enough to discharge all their duties in the world, when they come into the house of God have no voice to discharge this duty.

But I must now speak of some of the obstacles in the way of the advancement of this sacred music; and the first is that it has been impressed into the service of superstition. I am far from believing that music ought always to be positively religious. Refined art has opened places where music has been secularized, and lawfully so. The drawing-room, the musical club, the orchestra, the concert, by the gratification of pure taste, and the production of harmless amusement and the improvement of talent, have become great forces in the advancement of our civilization.

But while all this is so, every observer has noticed that this art, which God intended for the improvement of the ear, and the voice, and the head, and the heart, has often been impressed into the service of false religions. False religions have depended more upon the hymning of their congregations than upon the pulpit proclamation of their dogmas. Tartini, the musical composer, dreamed one night that Satan snatched from his hand an instrument and played upon it something very sweet—a dream that has often been fulfilled in our day, the voice and the instruments that ought to have been devoted to Christ, captured from the church and applied to purposes of superstition.

Another obstacle has been an inordinate fear of criticism. The vast majority of people, singing in chnrch, never want anybody else to hear them sing. Everybody is waiting for somebody else to do his duty. If we all sang, then the inaccuracies that are evident when only a few sing would not be heard at all; they

DAVID PLAYS BEFORE SAUL.

would be drowned out. There are three schools of singing, I am told—the German school, the Italian school, and the French school of singing. Now, I would like to add a fourth school, and that is the school of Christ. The voice of a contrite, broken heart, although it may not be able to stand human criticism, makes better music to God's ear than the most artistic performance when the heart is wanting. I know it is easier to preach on this than it is to practice; but I sing for two reasons—first, because I like it, and next, because I want to encourage those who do not know how. I have but very little faculty in that direction, yet I am resolved to sing. God has commanded it, and I dare not be silent.

Another obstacle that has been in the way of the advancement of this holy art, has been the fact that there has been so much angry discussion on the subject of music. There are those who would have this exercise conducted by musical instruments. In the same church, there are those who do not like musical instruments, and so it is organ and no organ, and there is a fight. In another church, it is a question whether the music shall be conducted by a precentor or by a drilled choir. Some want a drilled choir and some want a precentor, and there is a fight. Then there are those who would like in the church to have the organ played in a dull, lifeless, droning way, while there are others who would have it wreathed into fantastics, branching out in jets and spangles of sound, rolling and tossing in marvellous convolutions, as when, in pyrotechnic display, after you think a piece is exhausted, it breaks out in wheels, rockets, blue-lights, and serpentine demonstrations. Some would have the organ played in almost inaudible sweetness, and others would have it full of staccato passages that make the audience jump, with great eyes and hair on end, as though by a vision of the Witch of Endor. And he who tries to please all will fail in everything. Nevertheless, you are to admit the fact that this contest which is going on, not in hundreds but in thousands of the churches of the United States to-day, is a mighty hindrance to the advancement of this art.

In this way scores and scores of churches are entirely crippled as to all influence, and the music is a damage rather than a praise.

Another obstacle in the advancement of this art has been the erroneous notion that this part of the service could be conducted by delegation. Churches have said: "Oh what an easy time we shall have. This minister will do the preaching, the choir will do the singing, and we will have nothing to do." And you know as well as I that there are a great multitude of churches all through this land, where the people are not expected to sing, the whole work is done by delegation of four, or six, or ten persons, and the audience are silent.

My Christian friends, have we a right to delegate to others the discharge of this duty which God demands of us? Suppose that four wood-thrushes should propose to do all the singing some bright day when the woods are ringing with bird voices. It is decided that four wood-thrushes shall do all the singing of the forest. Let all other voices keep silent. How beautifully the four warble. It is really fine music. But how long will you keep the forest still? Why, Christ would come into that forest and look up as he looked through the olives, and he would wave his hand and say: "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord;" and, keeping time with the stroke of innumerable wings, there would be five thousand bird voices leaping into the harmony. Suppose this delegation of musical performers were tried in heaven; suppose that four choice spirits should try to do the singing of the upper temple. Hush now, thrones and dominions and principalities. David! be still, though you were "the sweet singer of Israel." Paul! keep quiet, though you have come to that crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxter! keep still, though this is the "Saint's everlasting Rest." Four spirits now do all the singing. But how long would heaven be quiet? How long? "Hallelujah!" would cry some glorified Methodist from under the altar. "Praise the Lord!" would sing the martyrs from among the thrones. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" redeemed spirits would cry.

Alas! that we should have tried on earth that which they cannot do in heaven, and, instead of joining all our voices in the praise of the Most High God,

THE WOODLAND CHOIR.

delegating perhaps to unconsecrated men and women this most solemn and most delightful service.

Now, in this church, we have resolved upon the plan of conducting the music by organ and cornet. We do it for two reasons: one is that by throwing the whole responsibility upon the mass of the people, making the great multitude the choir, we might rouse more heartiness. The congregation coming on the Sabbath day feel that they cannot delegate this part of the great service to any one else, and so they themselves assume it. We have had a glorious congregational singing here. People have come many miles to hear it. They are not sure about the preaching but they can always depend on the singing. We have heard the sound coming up like "the voice of many waters," but it will be done at a better rate after awhile when we shall realize the height, and the depth, and the immensity of this privilege.

I forgot to state the other reason why we adopted this plan. That is, we do not want any choir quarrels. You know very well that in scores of churches, there has been perpetual contention in that direction. The only church fight that ever occurred under my ministry was over a melodeon, in my first settlement. Some

CROMWELL'S DOXOLOGY.

of the choirs are made up of our best Christian people. Some of the warmest friends I have ever had have stood up in them, Sabbath after Sabbath, conscientiously and successfully leading the praises of God. But the majority of the choirs throughout the land are not made up of Christian people, and three-fourths of the church fights originate in the organ loft. I take that back and say nine-tenths. Many of our churches are dying of choirs.

We want to rouse all our families to the duty of sacred song. We want each family of our congregation to be a singing-school. Childish petulance, obduracy and intractability would be soothed if we had more singing in the household, and then our little ones would be prepared for the great congregation on the Sabbath-day, their voices uniting with our voices in the praises of the Lord. After a shower, there are scores of streams that come down the mountain side with voices rippling and silvery, pouring into one river and then rolling in united strength to the sea. So, I would have all the families in our church send forth the voice of prayer and praise, pouring it into the great tide of public worship that rolls on and on to empty into the great, wide heart of God. Never can we have our church sing as it ought, until families sing as they ought.

I want to rouse you to a unanimity in Christian song that has never yet been exhibited. Come, now! clear your throats and get ready for this duty, or you will never hear the end of this. May God increase our reverence for Christian psalmody, and keep us from disgracing it by our indifference and frivolity. When Cromwell's army went into battle, he stood at the head of them one day, and gave out the long-metre doxology to the tune of the "Old Hundredth," and that great host, company by company, regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion, joined in the doxology:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

And while they sang they marched, and while they marched they fought, and while they fought they got the victory. O men and women of Jesus Christ, let us go into all our conflicts singing the praises of God, and then, instead of falling back, as we often do, from defeat to defeat, we will be marching on from victory to victory.

Glory to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

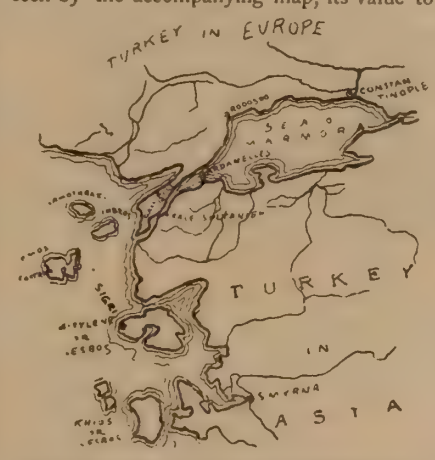
THE MITYLENE INCIDENT

Its Political and Prophetic Significance Considered.

FAR as we are removed from the international quarrels and dynastic jealousies which agitate Europe, the events now taking place there have an interest for every intelligent citizen and especially for every student of the word of God. Christ reproached the people of his day because, though they were quick to notice signs of an approaching change in the weather, they did not observe the signs of the times. (Luke 12:54-56). We should deserve the same reproach if the events occurred which Christ told us would be the signs of his approach and we failed to observe or recognize them. There will come a day when those events will be chronicled among the cable dispatches, and, as the angel said to Daniel, "None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand" (Daniel 12:10). It is therefore, with keen interest that the student of prophecy scrutinizes those dispatches in these days, when so many indications point to the near approach of the close of this dispensation. Among them last week was one which could scarcely have escaped his notice.

On September 15, European statesmen and financiers were startled by the ominous report that England had seized the island of Mitylene, had landed men and guns and was busy fortifying it. An authoritative statement was subsequently issued that the island had not been seized, the maritime demonstration which had given rise to the report having been only a drilling exercise for the troops on the ships of the British Mediterranean squadron; and that after the manœuvre the troops returned to their ships. The statement was of course credited, but an impression prevails that the manœuvre was intended as a lesson, not so much for the troops, as for the Sultan of Turkey, to whom the island belongs, and for his new friend, the Czar of Russia. They might learn from it that if in defiance of treaty engagements, Russian ships of war were allowed to pass through the Dardanelles, England could easily and promptly protect her interests by seizing an island, from which she could operate.

The island of Mitylene is interesting to the Bible student from the fact that the Apostle Paul visited it and passed a night there during his voyage from Assos to Chios. (Acts 20: 14, 15.) It is situated about seven miles from the coast of Asia Minor. Dr. Talmage and his party spent a day there last year on his way from the Holy Land. As will be seen by the accompanying map, its value to



MITYLENE, SCENE OF THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

England, in the event of a struggle with Russia for the possession of Constantinople, would be enormous. At Mitylene, where there is a good harbor, the fleet could wait for the Russian ships to emerge from the Dardanelles, and attack them on the open sea. It is probable therefore that the experimental landing at Mitylene may have been a kind of rehearsal of a future performance.

Unfulfilled prophecy has its local focus in the region in which Mitylene is situated. On the north is Turkey, the dissolution of which is typified in prophecy under the figure of "the drying up of the River Euphrates;" farther north are the dismembered Turkish provinces, Roumelia, Bulgaria and Roumania, which European statesmen regard as the storm-centre of Europe, from which will probably come the provocation of that general war, which will issue in the ten-kingdomed Confederacy revealed to Daniel; on the east is Asia Minor, in which Antichrist is expected to arise; and on the south-east the Holy Land, to which the Jews will return. Austria, Germany Italy, Turkey, Russia and England are all concerned in this central point. "Where the carcase is, there are the eagles gathered together." Each is pursuing its own interests unconscious of divine guidance, and this new movement on Mitylene, tentative as it appears to have been, is an indication that England is presparing to take the part in the fray assigned to her in the Word of God. It is in line with her characteristic policy of acquiring *the possession of islands*, which has planted her flag on Cyprus Malta, St. Helena, the West Indian Islands, the peninsula of Gibraltar, and other points of vantage the world over; by which she is giving additional proof of her identification with that power of which Isaiah so frequently speaks as "The Isles of the Sea," and to which a most important duty is assigned. (Isa. 60: 9.)

"GYPSY" SMITH.

A Noted English Evangelist now Visiting in this Country.

A DARK-SKINNED, black-haired, and exceedingly bright-eyed man of thirty, strongly built and with a remarkably frank and open countenance, has for several weeks past been conducting revival services at the Jane Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, of which Rev. Stephen Merritt is pastor. This young Evangelist, who possesses a natural eloquence that is most effective with an audience, putting the Gospel truths in

"GYPSY" SMITH.

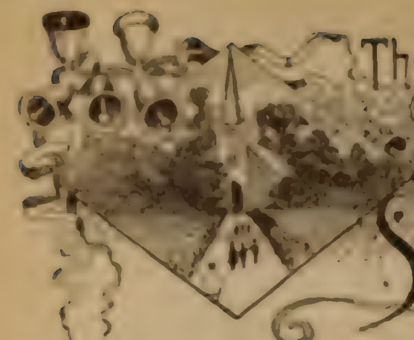
a telling way and giving the message sometimes in song, is Rodney Smith better known as "Gypsy" Smith, the famous English revivalist.

"Gypsy" Smith was born in Woodford Forest, near Epping Forest in Essex, England, on March 31, 1860. His father, Cornelius Smith, and his mother were gypsies. In 1876, when young Rodney was 17, he attended mission meetings in the Methodist Chapel at Cambridge and was converted. For some time previous he had been under conviction of sin. At that meeting he confessed his Saviour and was led forward to the altar.

He worked hard after that and studied industriously, teaching himself, and succeeded in picking up the elements of an education. In 1877 he quitted his forest life forever, and became a teacher in what was then known as the Christian Mission, a small organization having about twenty branches in different parts of the country. Here he was wonderfully successful as an Evangelist. The Christian Mission was afterwards reorganized and became known as the Salvation Army, that far-reaching organization which has its branches in every part of the world to-day. "Gypsy" Smith took service under General Booth and did good work in the army until an incident occurred which severed his connection. At the town of Hanley, where he had been laboring, several persons raised a subscription and presented "Gypsy" Smith with a valuable gold watch. They also gave to his sister and Mrs. Smith, his wife, pocket-books each containing five pounds in money. These presents were accepted, it is said, in entire ignorance of the rule of the army prohibiting the acceptance of all gifts.

This, however, did not daunt the Gypsy Evangelist, and he decided to go on in the good work alone. In 1882, he began an independent mission, which he continued successfully for four years, frequently preaching to audiences of 2,500 persons. In 1886 he began special Evangelical work among all the churches of the Non-Conformist bodies in England. For the last few years, he has been devoting his efforts specially to a Wesleyan Methodist Mission in Manchester, which is widely known as "The Forward Movement."

Letters for "Gipsy" Smith, if sent to this office will be forwarded to him.



CHRIST RAISES LAZARUS

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 4. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 11: 21-44. Golden Text, John 11: 25.

THE [illegible] of Jesus grew more intense [illegible] and not grew [illegible] popular [illegible] the re- [illegible] his dis- [illegible] persecution, [illegible] and contempt was theirs [illegible] at a [illegible] or not at all. Those who sought him could find him, [illegible] behind. The time was at hand when the [illegible] Lazarus was to be [illegible] would bring [illegible] would [illegible] Lazarus was [illegible] the Master saying, "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick." Martha and Mary knew where to find Jesus, and they understood him so well that they did [illegible] touch- ed Lazarus [illegible] what touched them [illegible] instead of [illegible] the real under- standing [illegible] to this dis- [illegible] sent [illegible] not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God may be glorified thereby."

[illegible] Jesus knew all that had been [illegible] y, and announced it to the [illegible] words: "Our friend Lazarus [illegible] but they were yet on earthly lines, [illegible] and the son of the widow of Nain, had not opened their dull [illegible] take in that

Jesus was Mightier than Death;

[illegible] thought he spoke of ordinary sleep, and he had to translate the language of faith into what they could understand: "Lazarus is dead, and I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; neverthe-less let us go unto him." Oh how much Je-sus [illegible] unbelief of the disciples! He had said "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." "I go that I may awake him out of sleep," "Never-theless [illegible] which he would never have spoken of a man's body abandoned to the grave; and yet Thomas could say to his fellow disciples, "Let us also go that we may die with him!" Facts which were patent to his sense were everything to Thomas [illegible] the word of the Master! [illegible] thing? How can our Lord do his mighty works? How can he but be hindered be-cause of [illegible]

[illegible] which was approaching, and there was not one upon earth whom he could count upon to understand all which was [illegible] Mary, who had sat at his feet, could have put aside for this tre-mendous moment the personal feeling which [illegible] at least could have taken in all that was meant [illegible] that the Son of God may be glorified thereby," she might have understood and anticipated with quiet, abso-lute [illegible] necessity, *not* so much for her sisterly heart, [illegible] sym-pathy offered and accepted for the death of a [illegible] Martha, when she heard Jesus was coming, went [illegible] him

the [illegible] his delay in coming. "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it to thee." Jesus [illegible] to the text

"Thy Brother Shall Rise Again."

Poor Martha, she is just where the disciples are: "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day." But his message had concerned the present, and not the last day. *This* sickness is not unto death, *this* sickness is to the glory of God, the Son of God shall be glorified by *this* sickness. But Martha looks on her brother's state as final and so puts off to the future Jesus' declaration; "Thy brother shall rise again." "I am the Resurrec-tion and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?" "Yea, Lord," she answers, and yet without taking in his meaning! But Martha made one step, from the present circumstances to the recognition of the Messiahship of Jesus; "I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

But oh how little did Martha—how little do any of us—understand all which is con-tained in those words of Jesus, "I am the Res-urrection and the Life." All which will make the Resurrection, all the Life which has con-quered death is in him. He was going to make death a mere sleep to Lazarus from which he would wake him. Death is sleep to those who truly believe in Jesus. Death cannot conquer one who is united to Jesus; the life which he lives is stronger than the death which he dies.

Eternal Life,

which death cannot touch, continues through the accident of death; all which makes up the real life, all which is permanent, lives on! And just as far as the glory of God, "that the Son of God" may be glorified becomes the key-note to our life and our physical condition, our family circumstances, our church relations are recognized in their bearing on the purpose for his glory which he has in permitting them, he practically lifts us above the power of them. It is thus that he who believes on him does not look on things seen and temporal, however real they may be, and however pressing, but on things unseen and eternal.

Mary was not so ready as Martha to take Jesus to task, nor was she so ready with the profession of her faith; she "sat still in the house," not understanding, but ready to be taught. It was such an unwonted thing that Jesus should fail to heal, and even to come when called for; that he should say: "This sickness is not unto death," and yet that his word should seem to prove untrue! This woman, who anointed him for his burial (John 12:3-7), who had sat at his feet and heard his word, and had drunk into his Spirit, could not take things lightly. And yet, even Mary was in the midst of the would-be comforters, who little knew what was passing in her heart. When Martha came to her with the message, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," Mary fell at his feet, crushed with the burden on her spirit, and yet with the very same words as Martha, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Mary, too, was on earthly lines, Mary had not risen above per-sonal and family considerations to make the glorifying of the Son of God her first consid-eration.

Jesus was surrounded with unbelief: the Jews were weeping, and Mary was weeping; in all that company there was no heart so [illegible] "He groaned in spirit, and was troubled." After three and a half years of [illegible], of patient teaching and [illegible] had it come to this, that not one, not even the listening Mary, could understand his power over death.

No Wonder Jesus Wept!

The Jews may be forgiven for seeing only human sympathy in the tears of Jesus: "Be-hold, how he loved him." It was impossible that Jesus could have wept for the loss of the man he was now about to resuscitate. "Take *ye* away the stone," it savors of your unbelief. If ye had believed me, ye might have laid Lazarus in the grave, but ye would have plac-ed no stone between him and me." When there is a stone in the life of a man of a church or a [illegible], and Jesus as the Resurrection, is appealed to by believing hearts, it is never he, but always his people, who must remove the barrier to blessing; an unconfessed sin, a mis-giving or a doubt of God's faithfulness, can only be removed by man himself. Now Mar-tha's unbelief [illegible] itself: "Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days." Martha did not know herself when she had declared that she believed; she saw only with earthly sight, and the Messiah she ack-nowledged was in her eyes less powerful than physical death. "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the the glory of God?" Martha had failed him, Mary had failed him, but they took away the stone, and then Jesus was free, turning away from man he could let out his heart to his Father, "Father, I thank thee that thou *hast* heard me. . . And from the presence of his Father, the living God, he turned to the dead man, "Lazarus come forth." It was done; Life conquered, and at his command the accom-paniments of death were stripped off, and Laz-arous stepped with his Lord into a life beyond the grave, a forerunner of a resurrection peo-ple and a witness that Jesus had overcome death.

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

LORD, *if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.* No Martha, you are mistaken; your brother did not die because Jesus was absent. Surely, he who healed at a distance, the centurion's servant could had he been so disposed, have healed the friend he so dearly loved. It is a mistake to suppose that bereave-ments and so-called misfortunes are evidences that God is not nigh or that our prayers are not heard. Quite the very contrary. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Through providential dispensations attention is arrested, interest awakened, investigation en-couraged, consecration promoted, heaven as-sured. We may be the instruments of these dispensations or their objects, but in either case God is mindful of us. Jesus knew that Lazarus was dead, and for good reasons he permitted it so to be. He also knows when our own dear ones are taken from us, and he who sees the end from the beginning doeth all things well. Was father or mother ever more interested in heaven than after the pure soul of their darling had winged its flight to the city of God and of gold?

A minister, who for many years had lived with his children in New York had never cross-ed the river to visit Brooklyn. He had no con-nections there, no friends, no business, no re-lations. He knew nothing about it, nor was he at all interested in it. One day a young man came to court his daughter and in due time they were made man and wife. Then the son-in-law took his bride to live with him in Brooklyn. Suddenly the father became much interested in the city across the river. He read the news items concerning it in the daily pa-pers with great interest. He secured a map of the city and had the home of his daughter dis-tinctly indicated. He inquired the shortest way to get there, what cars to take, where to get off, and in which direction to walk. Brooklyn had become a most important place in his thoughts, and when he crossed over to visit it he was amazed at its magnitude and beauty.

When you and I reach heaven many things that now seem inexplicable will then be clear as the noon-day sun, and then will it be plain that not because of his absence, but because of the presence of the Saviour are these things so.

For he had been dead four days. As though there were limitations to the resurrection power of our Lord! Are there degrees of deadness? Can one dead body be more dead than anoth-er? Was Lazarus more fully dead than was the only son of the widow of Nain. We smile at such an absurd comparison, and then we our-selves go forth and commit a similar blunder, but perhaps much more terrible in its results. We say this man with fine clothes and a good schooling can be saved, but that poor, ragged drunkard is past reform. This boy with polite manners will come out all right, but that rugged, rough-and-ready, awkward fellow, will never do well—only a waste of time to try to save him. "Oh, ye of little faith!" "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the glory of God." In a New England town there lived Old Jim Dray-ton, once a respectable mechanic, but then a miserable drunkard. His little cottage had gone to ruin, his furniture had been sold for liquor, and misery had moved in when happi-ness moved out. His wife sorrowful and bro-ken-hearted, his children covered with rags, Jim himself went reeling about the town with battered hat, tattered clothes and bloated, stupid-looking face.

One New Year's eve he went to the tavern determined to drink out the old year. The bar-keeper being busy, he sat down in a corner awaiting his turn. Presently two young men came in and called for beer. While drinking it one of them said, "Say, Bill, did you hear that Old Jim Drayton had cut his throat?"

"It's good news, if it's true," responded the other. "No one will miss the old sot, not even his family. They'd be better off without him. He is just the lowest drunkard in town."

"Yes, I've often wondered why he didn't jump into the river," said the other. "If I ever get as low and ragged and mean as Jim Dray-ton, I'll shoot myself."

Old Jim heard every word; he leaned his back against the wall, pulled his hat over his face, and pondered what he had heard. "Have I got so low as this?" he said to himself, "would my death be a relief to my family and to the town? Oh God!" said he, with his face toward heaven, "Help me to quit drinking and be a new man."

Just then the bar-keeper sang out, "Oh! Jim, do you want a drink?"

Jim sprang to his feet and said, "No; I'm going to quit drinking from this hour."

"Well, that's a good one," they all exclaim-ed, "Jim Drayton going to quit drinking—Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll do it by the help of God," said Jim.

He went directly home. At the gate he stopped a moment and saw what a wretched-looking home it was. As his wife heard the door open, she turned away to hide herself—afraid to meet him in his drunken wrath.

"Mary, come here," he said, holding out his hand, "I'm not drunk to-night. Mary, I haven't drunk a drop to-night," continued he, clasping her hand.

"Oh! James," she exclaimed, and threw her arms around his neck and sobbed aloud.

"They call me old Jim Drayton," continued he, "and say I'm only a burden to my family and the town, and that I am beyond reform; but Mary, Mary, from this night, if God will hear my prayer, I am going to quit drinking. Wake up the children, Mary, and let us all pray together."

"Is father going to kill us?" they whispered, as their mother woke them up.

"No, no, he's sober now; he's going to be a dear good father again," sobbed she. At mid-night the voice of prayer, broken by loud sobs, was still heard in that drunkard's home, and Old Jim Drayton kneeling in the midst of his weeping family, said, "Oh, God! forgive me for the past, and help me to love and serve thee, and to be a good husband and father in the future."

And he who bade Lazarus come forth from the grave after he had already been dead *four days*, heard Jim Drayton's prayer and resurrect-ed into newness of life a wretched drunk-ard's soul that had lain dead in sin for nearly *fifteen years*. Our Saviour saves from the ut-termost to the uttermost, and,

While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

A STRANGE COMFORTER.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Oct. 4. "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life." John 11 : 2.

HOW a bereaved mother was comforted, is told in most charming manner by Annie Trumbull Slosson, in one of her inimitable sketches pub-lished by Messrs. *Harper and Brothers.* She says that during a visit to a quaint New England village, the denizens of which held little communication with the outside world, she made the acquaintance of a lonely old lady, living in her own cottage on the outskirts of the village. The old lady, whose name was Mrs. Gates, was an ardent lover of flowers and plants and birds and but-terflies, though she knew nothing from books of botany or entomology. She did not know the scientific names of her pets, but had given them names of her own choosing. She amused her educated visitor, who was drawn to her by the same love of nature, by these sin-gular but not inappropriate names. Among her favorites were the beautiful butterflies known to science as the *Vanessa Antiopa*, but, as they hibernate during the winter and are not killed by the cold, Mrs. Gates gave them the family name of "Tough." She showed her

visitor several of them sticking to the rafters of her cottage, and between the stones of her garden wall. She knew them all and had given each a name. One, she called "Lizey," another "Mary," and so on.

As the two ladies became intimate, Mrs. Gates told her visitor how she came to be more fond of the butterflies than of anything else. She had been a lover of nature from girlhood, but this special fondness was the result of sorrow. When Mrs. Gates settled in the village, her constant companion was her boy, whom she almost idolized. He sickened and died, and the mother's heart was nearly broken. She shut herself up and would see no one. Her early religious training seemed to have no effect. If she thought of God, it was with a sullen resentment that he should have taken from her the one comfort of her life. She could not bear to hear the birds sing because they reminded her of her child's delight in their song; nor to look at the different flowers which he used to like. Life was all dark to her. She thought of him lying in his cold dark grave, and had no thought of reunion with him.

One day, going on an errand to the village, her eye fell on a large cluster of fire-weed in full bloom. The sight of it overcame her, for it was the favorite plant of her dear dead boy and she had not seen it in bloom before, since his death. For the first time tears came to her relief. She bent over the pink blossoms and wept freely. As she dried her eyes, she noticed a caterpillar on the plant. It was not eating, nor crawling, but had raised its head as if looking at her in almost a human way. It, too, loved the fire-weed and somehow it seemed by that taste like her lost darling. No one else would have had such an idea, but to this lonely women with her strong love of living creatures, it seemed to crave some of her pent-up love. The tears had relieved her, and she felt drawn towards this strange life.

She pulled up some of the fireweed, with the caterpillar on it and took it home. Setting it in a box of soil in her own room and covering it with mosquito-netting, she watched it daily. It had a way of eating round the edges of a leaf as her boy used to eat around a piece of cake and it had a funny way of holding up its head and looking at her, which reminded her of him. She grew to love it and would talk to it as if it could understand. But after some days it stopped eating and would not stay on the plant. She was worried about it, for it had comforted her and taken her thoughts off her sorrow and she dreaded the loneliness that would come on her if it died.

She watched it now continually. It was burrowing in the soil of the box, and throwing it aside as if it were digging a grave. And that was what it was doing. When the trench was large enough to hold its little body, it rolled around in it till the soil at the side fell on it and it was lost to sight. Mrs. Gates wept afresh. She had nothing now to look at and talk to about her boy. It seemed as if a new blight had fallen on her world. She had harder thoughts than ever of God for taking away the thing that had comforted her. She kept the box in her room still, but it was like another grave to her. She dreaded the time when summer would come and the fire-weed would be in blossom again and her boy not there to see it, nor her little dumb friend to eat it.

Mrs. Gates felt her loneliness more than ever that summer. But one day she was standing near the box of soil with its cover of mosquito-netting, which she had never had the heart to move, when she noticed that the soil was disturbed over the spot where the caterpillar had made its grave. Its little dried-up body was exposed. She was about to cover it over, when she saw a crack come in it, which opened wider as she gazed in wonderment. Her little friend was coming to life again. She could not stir, or speak; her very breath seemed to stop as she watched the new life unfold. It was over at last and out of the dry, unsightly skin emerged a butterfly, big and beautiful and with wings of lovely bright colors.

"I can't put into words," said the old lady as she ended her story, "how I felt when I saw him come out of his very grave, an' spread his wings an' fly around the room; nor how I cried out loud as I see it: 'Why not my boy, too? O Lord, you can do that jest 's easy 's this.' It's a queer kind o' gospel you'll say, but it went to my heart more than some sermons. I saw what the Lord could do and hasn't he said, 'I am the resurrection and the life?' Well, I felt after that I could trust him about my boy and I do."

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

FIVE SIGNS OF THE END.

Indications in the Church and the World of the Approach of the Second Advent.

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON*

THE bride knows the wedding day. So the Church of Christ should be prepared for the Lord's return. He has said, "Ye are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief." He has promised that before the sunrise of the Advent, the morning star will shine for his watching ones, and they shall know that their redemption draweth nigh." There are many such signs culminating.

I. The progress of our times in commercial enterprise, intellectual activity and mechanical invention, is a very remarkable fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy, that "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." This is an age of giants in business, in invention, in literature. The true kings of to-day sit not on thrones, but walk and work among the people, and factories, and offices, and sway the sceptre of the world. Never did the human mind try so hard to build a tower to reach heaven, and human progress cannot go much further without overreaching itself, and making man a god unto himself. (Dan. 12 : 4.)

II. The wickedness of this age was long ago foretold. "The wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand," was another of Daniel's signs of the end. It is a time of stupendous wickedness. Nihilism, socialism, suicide, intemperance, license, bold infidelity, and unnatural crimes fill the world, and leave their vile trail on every page of our literature. "As it was in the days of Noah," "As it was in the days of Lot," will soon be the true photograph of our times. (Luke 17 : 26-30.)

III. It is a time of declension in the Church. This, too, is a sign of the end. The Church of Laodicea, lukewarm and ready to be rejected, is the last form of professing Christianity. "Men shall be lovers of their own selves, having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." This is the picture of the last stage of Christianity. To-day the teachers of the Church are beginning to rob her of her supernatural elements, and reduce Christianity to Rationalism. There is a determined purpose to eliminate the miraculous out of the Bible. (II. Tim. 3 and 1. Tim. 4; Rev. 3.)

There is no sadder and yet more certain sign of the gathernig of the evening shadows than the hostility of a large section of the nominal Church toward the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the doctrine of holiness, the supernatural signs of the Gospel, the separation of the Church from the world, and the Lord's personal coming.

IV. The awakening of the spirit of holiness is a glorious sign of the end. It is the bride putting on her wedding garments. It is the fulfilment of Daniel's promise, "Many shall be purified and made white and tried." It is the realization of John's vision of the bride, "The marriage of the Lamb has come, and his wife hath made herself ready. And to her it was granted to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white." The fine linen is the righteousness of the saints. It is spreading through all the Churches of Christ, and calling together the little flock from every branch of the evangelical Church before the end. And when the bride has on her wedding robes, her Lord is not far away. (Dan. 12: 10; the awakening of the Virgins, Matt. 25 : 7.)

There is a fine suggestiveness in the double picture of the bride's enrobing. Her garments are not only "clean," but also "white." This latter word is used of the Lord's transfiguration garments. The word means lustrous. The clean robes are the clothes you wash, as you take them from the line; the lustrous robes are the same garments when you get them from the laundry. God is not only washing us, beloved, but ironing us. Let us not shrink from the pressure, but so meet him that we can be robed and ready for his appearing. (Rev. 19, 7, 8.)

V. The missionary movement of our own age is the most remarkable sign of the Lord's speedy coming. "When this Gospel of the Kingdom shall have been published in all the world for a witness unto all nations, then shall the end come." There are not wanting some reasons to hope that this may be realized before the century shall close. It is the last sign of the end, and one which the Church really holds, in a sense, in her own power. Mighty responsibility! Thank God, she is beginning to awake to meet it. (Mark 13 :10.)

When the entire evidence of the near coming of the Lord is considered, it leaves no room for doubt that the heavens will soon be illumined with his glorious appearing.

* From his article in *The Christian Alliance.*

WORLD'S FAIR PROGRESS

Still More Beautiful Structures going up--The Electrical and Horticultural Buildings.

PUBLIC interest in the progress of the preparations for the World's Fair of 1893 is increasing everywhere. While the work is being pushed forward rapidly in all departments, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD pavilion, to which we referred in a former issue, is also making headway and it is fully expected that within a very short time the plans will be sufficiently advanced for publication. The Pavilion, when completed, will be capable of accommodating over 1200 persons. International and interdenominational services will be held there every day during the Fair, being conducted by speakers in the different languages, Rev. Dr. Talmage, Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, himself presiding at the dedication service. It is hoped that this effort to maintain daily Gospel services at the Exposition will receive the cordial support of God's people everywhere in the Union, and that it may be the means of accomplishing much spiritual good among the vast multitudes of visitors who will swarm to Chicago in 1893. All the expenses of the project are to be defrayed by the publisher of this journal.

Two magnificent structures designed for erection on the Fair grounds are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The Horticultural hall, designed by W. L. B. Jenney, is situated immediately south of the entrance to Jackson Park. In front is a flower terrace for outside exhibits, including tanks for nympheas and the victoria-regia. The front of the terrace borders the water, and at its centre forms a boat landing. The building is 1000 feet long, with an extreme width of 286 feet. The plan is a central pavilion with two end pavilions, the centre pavilion roofed by a crystal dome, 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high, under which will be exhibited the tallest palms, bamboos and tree ferns that can be procured. There is a gallery in each one of the pavilions, designed for cafes. In this building will be exhibited all the varieties of flowers, plants, vines, seeds and horticultural implements. Those exhibits requiring sunshine and light will be shown in the rear where the roof is entirely of glass. The front under the galleries is designed for exhibits that require only the ordinary amount of light. The exterior is in staff of stucco, tinted a soft, warm buff. The cost of the building is $400,000.

THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

The Electrical building covers a space of 700 by 350 feet. Like most of the others the style is Italian renaissance. It is 60 feet high, and ornamented with suitable designs. It will cost $650,000. There will be four entrances, the main one on the south. It will be built of a material resembling granite in color and a statue of Franklin will rise conspicuously before the south entrance.

THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN COREA

"COREANS," says Dr. C. C. Vinton, of Seoul, in a communication to the *Church at Home and Abroad,* "have unbounded faith in medicines administered in large quantities and in their own system of surgery which has not the slightest basis of anatomical knowledge. They are amazed, however, at the coolness and decision of American practitioners in the use of surgical instruments. I was intensely amused last week by the open-mouthed wonder of a group of soldiers and chair-bearers who stood about the door of my drug-room to see me tie a spurting artery and bring together the gaping edges of a wound incurred by one of their comrades. Equal interest and amazement was displayed upon every use of my pocket-case. Almost every wound brought to me to dress has been previously plastered with mud or with some powder supposed to possess healing properties, and my first step in treatment is to cleanse the part of its filthy incumbrance. The sight of blood for which he is responsible quite unnerves the Corean, and he looks with awe upon the temerity of the foreigner who works coolly amid increasing streams of the red liquid which he himself draws, and which he seems able to stanch at will.

"So it is that the Coreans have unbounded confidence in foreign surgical skill. They believe that they are quite capable of miracles and are amazed when we refuse to perform them. Not long since a man came two hundred miles in order that I might place new eyes in his empty sockets, and would not be put off with the first assurance of its impossibility. I have been asked to restore withered hands, sightless eyes, limbs deformed from childhood, fractured bones united in malpositions, and to remove countless scars and facial blemishes of various descriptions. So much confidence was felt in my surgical skill that I was allowed last month to attempt the removal of a needle broken off in the palm of a woman of rank. The hand was passed through an aperture in a screen, and held by her husband, while I sat on the floor beside him and wielded the scalpel. It was comical to see the puzzled faces of her two sons as they saw me draw blood freely, and heard her declaration that she felt no pain because of the cocaine I had applied."

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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POST-MORTEM REPUTATION.

RECENTLY we have had, by autobiographies and papers pubiished after decease, the attempt made to decide what shall be said after one's departure. But no man ever succeeded in taking care of his name after he is dead. If it live at all, it will, in a few years, come to be taken for just what it is worth, all the panegyrists and defamers notwithstanding. There is swung somewhere between heaven and earth a steelyard which weighs everything just right. though for a little while it may quiver uncertainly. If a man does his best while living, he need not be anxious either about his bones or his after-death reputation. He who has had a full chance at the world for fifty or seventy years ought to be satisfied. After he is dead let him keep still. He who serves God and his country is every day composing his own epitaph, deciding his own biography, and chiselling his own monument. He need not be afraid either of stone-cutter or critic.

CONCERNING CRITICISM.

BE lenient with the fallen. You see a brother fall, and say, "I never could have done that!" Perhaps you could not, because your temptation does not happen to be in that direction; but you have done things in the course of your life that these fallen men would never have done, because their temptation was not in that direction. Perhaps the devil that inhabits you is avarice, a more respectable vice. You grind the faces of the poor. You have an infernal clutch for the throat of the unfortunate. There is no more mercy in your heart than there is grace in a lion's paw or a rattlesnake's tooth; and though your sin does not bring upon you so much of social opprobrium as the conduct of the man whom you condemn, I do not know but that your sin in the sight of God is as loathsome and damnable as his. He surrendered to one temptation; you to another.

Do not say in boasting, "I never could have done such a thing as that!" You don't know what you would do if sufficiently tempted. You have an infinite soul-force. If grace direct it, a force for right; if evil influences seize upon it, a terrific force for the wrong. There are passions within your soul that have never been unchained. Look out if once they slip their cables!

In our criticisms of others let us remember that we we have faults which our friends have to excuse. How much would be left of us if all those who see inconsistencies in us should clip away from our character and reputation? It is an invariable rule that those who make the roughest work with the names of others are those who have themselves the most imperfections. The larger the beam in your own eye, the more anxious are you about the mote in somebody else's eye. Instead of going about town slashing this man's bad temper and the other man's falsity, and this woman's hypocrisy and that one's indiscretion, go home with the ten commandments as a monitor, and make out a list of your own derelictions.

COUNTRY LIFE.

WE congratulate those who can live in the country. Jesus loved the country. We find him among the mountains and sitting by the sea. He pressed a lily in his sermon. He caught a bird for a text. He walked in the garden the night of his capture. So it is a good sign when a Christian finds company, and suggestiveness, and refreshment in the beautiful things of God's world. There may be means of grace in a hyacinth or japonica. It is well when in the small door-yard of a city residence a patch of luxuriant grass is cultivated, or a clematis is taught to climb. A man can preach better of love and faith and heaven when there are camellias on the pulpit. It is no evidence of weak sentimentality when a Christian loves natural beauty. Jesus resorted to a garden. No doubt Christ selected the garden of this country-seat as a place for private devotion. He who has no spot for secret prayer is a starveling Christian. A man has sorrows, temptations, sins and deliverances that are no one else's business. He is a fool who tells the world everything. There are prayers that belong only to God's ear. Better have some place consecrated to private prayer. Choose a pleasant place if possible—not the garret, not the cellar, but a room warm, lighted, cheerful. There is no use in penance.

CONSOLATIONS.

ONE-HALF of the families of the earth sit at this time in dumb amazement at the afflictive providences of God. Bereavement for the most part is inexplicable. Why is the husband taken in mid-life before the children are educated and reared? Why does the mother go away into eternity at the time she is most needed here? Why must the young man die at the close of a collegiate course that was intended to fit him for great usefulness? Why not let us all die of old age after our work is fully done and life has no more attractions? Strike a light, if you can, over this mystery. Analyze, dissect, philosophize, a thousand years, and you cannot by any human device open one shutter. But in the gospel the sun rises. Light gradually breaks in as the morning looks through the cracks of the door and the lattice—not full day, but a promise of high noon.

Heaven must be populated. There is not so much room on the Western prairies and table-lands for more settlers as there is room in the upper country for more people. Heaven has only one want, and that is of greater population. It is sparsely inhabited yet, as compared with its future citizenship. The crowns are not half taken, nor the robes half worn. Heaven is like a house in which a levee is to be held at ten o'clock. At nine o'clock the rooms are all ablaze with lights, and the servants, gloved and vestured, are waiting to open the doors. The rooms of our Father's house are illumined, and the chamberlains are ready, and the table is spread. A few have entered, but heaven is not yet fully begun. They have only sung the opening piece. Now, how shall God fill up his house except by subtracting from this world? The continent of heaven is to be peopled from the surrounding islands.

Why, in almost all cases it is the loveliest one of the family that is transported. Heaven wants the best. Why should not the great capital of the universe have the pick of everything? The half-and-half Christians will get into glory, but they need be kept here a good while yet for polishing. Those who are ready God takes. The earlier inhabitants of a place make the greatest impression upon its future character, and so heaven ought to have the best first. Besides that, if there were a shipwreck, and you went out with a life-boat, and you find some of your friends clinging to the hulk, you would be apt to take them ashore first. God seems to set his special love on some; and when he finds them shivering amid this world's temptations and sorrows, he first lifts them out of the breakers.

MINISTER'S DIET.

THE average salary of ministers in the United States is under four hundred dollars a year. The world wonders that, with such a rousing theme as the Gospel, and with such a grand work as saving souls, the ministry should ever be nerveless. Some ascribe it to lack of piety, and some to timidity of temperament. We believe that in a great number of cases it is from the lack of nourishing food. Many of the clerical brotherhood are on low diet. After jackets and sacks have been provided for the eight or ten children of the parsonage, the father and mother must watch the table with severest economy. Coming in suddenly upon the dinner-hour of the country clergyman, the housewife apologizes for what she calls "a picked-up" dinner, when, alas! it is nearly always picked-up. Congregations sometimes mourn over dull preaching when themselves are to blame. Give your minister more food, and he will have more fire. Next to the divine unction, the minister needs blood; and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and doughnuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. Tea parties, with hot waffles, at ten o'clock at night, make namby-pamby ministers; but good hours and substantial diet, that furnish nitrates for the muscle, and phosphates for the brain, and carbonates for the whole frame, prepare a man for effective work. When the water is low the mill-wheel goes slow; but a full race, and how fast the grists are ground. In a man the arteries are the mill-race, and the brain the wheel; and the practical work of life is the grist ground. The reason our soldiers failed in some of the battles was because their stomachs had for several days been innocent of everything but "hard-tack." See that your minister has a full haversack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the "parson's nose" in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind. Seven or eight hundred dollars for a minister is only a slow way of killing him, and is the worst style of homicide. The damage begins in the college boarding-house. The theological student has generally small means, and he must go to a cheap boarding-house. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on the breakfast-plate, but drowned at last; "The linked sweetness long drawn out" of flies in the molasses cup; the gristle of a tough ox and measly biscuit, and buckwheat cakes tough as the cook's apron, and old peas in which the bugs lost their life before they had time to escape from the saucepan, and stale cucumbers cut up into small slices of cholera morbus, are the provender out of which we are trying at Princeton and Yale and New Brunswick to make Sons of Thunder. Sons of mush! From such depletion we step gasping into the pulpit, and look so heavenly pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon. Many of our best young men in preparation for the ministry are going through this martyrdom. The strongest mind in our theological class perished, the doctors said afterward, from lack of food. The only time he could afford a doctor was for his post-mortem examination.

BRIEF NOTES.

A boycott of liquor dealers has been organized in Chicago, by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. A pledge has been issued the signer of which binds herself to purchase no groceries or other goods from any tradesman, who sells intoxicating liquors.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's farewell services at Trenton, on Sept. 13, consisted of a sunrise Prayer-meeting at 6:30 A.M.; a Fellowship Meeting of young men at 9:00 A.M.; a meeting for girls only at 1:00 P.M.; a song service for men only at 4:00 P.M.; a Young People's meeting at 6:30 P.M.; a Farewell Mass meeting at 9:00 P.M.; and two preaching services at 10:30 A.M.; and 7:45 P.M. All these services were thronged and the presence of the Holy Spirit was clearly manifested.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon was still making progress toward recovery according to the cable reports last week. On Wednesday he had a slight relapse, due probably to a change in the weather to which in his enfeebled condition he is very sensitive. Though these relapses have been numerous he has hitherto made evident progress, and is still fully convinced that in answer to the prayers of God's peopie he will be restored to health. He earnestly solicits a continuance of prayers.

Mr. J. C. Lanphier, the Founder of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, has the pleasure of celebratihg this day the thirty-fourth anniversary of the first of those meetings in the chapel, 113 Fulton Street. Mr. Lanphier is over eightly-two years of age, yet he is always in his place from noon to one o'clock, and is as deeply interested in his work as ever. Probably no living man has seen so many answers to prayers as he. His portrait and an illustrated history of the Prayer Meeting appeared in this journal on Jan. 23, 1889.

Rev. Jacob Freshman, whose work among the Jews of New York has frequently been mentioned in these columns, had the gratification of baptizing two more converts from Judaism, last Sunday evening. We learn that the heavy burden of debt on his church at 17 Street Mark's Place, under which he has so long struggled, has now been reduced to $3,000. Mr. Freshman is hoping for its entire extinction in the near future, when, relieved from the financial anxiety it involves, he will be able to give his undivided attention to his gospel work.

Dr. Munhall's meetings at Birmingham, Conn., have stirred the whole place. The *Evening Transcript* says: "Sunday, Sept. 13, was without doubt the greatest day religiously these villages have ever seen." Over one hundred persons rose in the great tent at the evening service, and publicly made profession of conversion. There was a Christian Endeavor conference with the Evangelist at nine in the morning. Another young people's meeting was held in the afternoon, when the tent was crowded, and at night, numbers remained outside after every available space within had been occupied and strained their ears to catch some portions of the sermon and the singing. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe are as usual conducting the musical parts of the service.

We are in receipt of many applications from colored ministers in the South for participation in the benefits of the fund for supplying them with this journal. Many write that they have not yet had the benefit of the paper and many others, who have been receiving it during the past year, want it for another year. One of the latter, writes that last year he derived more help in his work and more light on the Scriptures from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD than from all other books and papers together. The fund is now exhausted, but we shall be glad to receive contributions to it, which will be used as they come in to fill these applications. The amounts received since our last acknowledgment are as follow: From Denbigh Ont. Canada, $3.50; Springville, Ont. Canada, $5; Mt. Jackson, Va., $1; Villa Park, Cal., $3.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Fatal Floods in Spain—Ex-Minister Loring Dead—The British Trades Union Congress—Calling China to Account—The Western Irrigation Congress—General Notes.

A CONFERENCE between the World's Fair Foreign Commission and the principal officers of the Treasury, as to the modification of the customs regulations, so as to facilitate the free entry of exhibits, was held at Washington last week. One of the principal regulations which it is desired to have adopted, is to give foreign exhibitors the right to consign their invoices of exhibits direct to Chicago, without the necessity of having the contents of their boxes declared and authenticated by a United States Consul. The Commissioners represented to the Treasury officials that this was the wish of the intending exhibitors from foreign nations. No decision was rendered on the application. Marquis Imperiali, the Italian Charge d'Affairs, has informed the Fair Commissioners that Italy will not be represented at the coming Fair. He explains that this declination is not based upon any point of retaliation, or dictated by animosity, but that it is a settled principle with the Italian Government not to participate in World's Fairs in other countries.

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The Trades Union Congress.

LABOR reformers are greatly disappointed in the result of the Trades Union Congress in England. Its failure to take decided ground on the eight-hour question and its general turbulence, owing to the predominance of Socialist influences were surprises to the moderate trades unionists. Had it not been for the firmness and good temper of Thomas Burt, M. P., the Chairman, the Convention would have culminated in as great an uproar as the Brussels body, several weeks ago. Mr. Burt, whose portrait is given above, is the Liberal Member of Parliament for Morpeth, President of the Miners' National Union and has presided over workingmen's congresses at various times. He is a wholly self-educated man and so popular with the miners that they sent him to Parliament and allowed him $2,000 a year to pay his expenses. He is invaluable as a Chairman, and it is related of him that Sir John E. Gorst was so impressed with his ability that he remarked: "If we ever have a Labor Parliament, Burt will be made perpetual President." Burt was a miner and worked 18 years in the pits. He became a teetotaller at 15, a temperance orator at 18, and was naturally studious and a great reader. He is opposed to strikes and has frequently antagonized the miners on that account.

THOMAS BURT, M. P.

* * *

Terrible Floods in Spain.

ONE of the most stupendous diseasters in many years is reported from Spain. Frightful floods have devastated the province of Toledo, causing the death of thousands of persons and the loss of a vast amount of property. In the township of Consuegro alone, it is estimated that three thousand inhabitauts have perished. The scenes are described as appalling. In many places, scores of bodies have been fonnd, on the partial receding of the floods, some of them with limbs torn off by the mighty force of the current. So numerous are the corpses that the officials have telegraphed for lime to prevent an outbreak of plague. Consuegro is thirty-five miles from Toledo, and before the flood, it had a population of about 7,000. It had several factories for the manufacture of woolens. Now, all around are signs of destruction. Hundreds of houses are levelled to the ground; the dead-carts pass through the streets gathering up the flood victims, and the thoroughfares are piled with wreckage. The survivors say there was scarcely a moment's warning. There had been a heavy rain for two days, swelling the mountain streams that feed the Amarguillo, Turia and Jascar rivers, and suddenly the water came in on the doomed town with a mighty rush. People fled in all directions. Many took refuge upon the roofs only to be drowned as the frail buildings fell in, sapped by the current. In one public hall where a wedding had been celebrated, sixty corpses were found. The town of Jaen and the commune of Aubeda were submerged; at the latter point four stone bridges were destroyed, besides twenty mills and numerous houses. Railroads were washed out and travel stopped. At Valencia, the rice crop was utterly destroyed. The Spanish Government has donated $100,000 for the relief of the sufferers and public subscriptions have been opened in all the large cities.

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The Irrigation Congress.

DURING the past week, an Irrigation Congress has been in session in Salt Lake City, Utah, discussing ways and means to redeem the great arid tract of lands in the far Western States. The speeches advocated national action looking to the granting of sufficient lands to the State to justify the latter in undertaking the work of reclamation. There are 55,000,000 acres of arid lands in Utah alone of which 2,000,000 could speedily be utilized. Another suggestion was that Congress should encourage emigration from the East to these lands, by the granting of liberal plots—say 160 to 320 acres to each adult—on terms attractive to the settler, with a water supply at the minimum rate. At the closing day's session, the following resolution was adopted and a Committee appointed to visit Washington and prepare a memorial to Congress:

"*Resolved:* That it is justly due the settlers of Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma, who have paid into the United States Treasury millions of dollars in the purchase of these lands, and have expended other millions in fruitless attempts to farm them without irrigation, that a portion of the funds so paid be expended in securing to such lands the benefit of irrigation."

* * *

Death of Ex-Minister Loring.

DR. GEORGE BAILEY LORING, ex-United States Minister to Portugal and formerly Commissioner of Agriculture, died of heart disease at Salem, Mass., on the 14th inst. Dr. Loring, (whose portrait we give in this column), was born at North Andover, Mass., in 1817 and was graduated at Harvard in 1842 from the Medical Department. After an experience of several years in the medical branch of the U. S. Navy he devoted himself to practical and scientific agriculture. In 1864 he was elected President of the New England Agricultural Society. He was a Centennial Commissioner from 1872 to 1876, was President of the Massachusetts Senate from 1873 to 1877 and served in Congress from 1877 to 1881, when he was appointed Commissioner of Agriculture, which office he held for four years. Of late years failing health prevented him from active participation in public affairs.

DR. GEORGE B. LORING.

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A Soldiers' Monument Unveiled.

YONKERS, N. Y., was the scene of a very brilliant celebration on the 17th inst., when a monumental shaft erected to the memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the Civil War, was unveiled in the presence of 10,000 spectators. Secretary Tracy of the Navy Department sent the United States Cruiser, *Boston*, to honor the occasion and there was a magnificent military display by different G. A. R. posts, and military and naval veterans. A parade and procession were followed by the formal unveiling in the open square near the historic Phillipse Manor House, with prayer, music, singing, and recitations. Charles E. Gorton delivered the dedication address. The monument is of the finest Barre granite, aud cost $13,000. It is 46 feet high, and at the top is the statue of a color-bearer, eight feet high. The pyramidal shaft below is surrounded by four bronze statues seven feet high, representing the cavalry, infantry, artillery, and navy. George H. Mitchell of Chicago, is the designer of the monument.

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A Notable Western Woman Ill.

MRS. THURMAN, wife of Judge Allen G. Thurman of Ohie, is reported dangerously ill at her home in Columbus, O. Mrs. Thurman is one of the best known ladies in the West and is, besides, a very great favorite at the National Capital. She was, before her marriage to Judge Thurman, a Miss Mary Dun, of Kentucky. A noble Christian woman, living a very plain life and employing the wealth at her command in deeds of charity and kindness, Mrs. Thurman has made hosts of friends among the poor of Columbus and elsewhere, and is greatly beloved by many interested in Christian work. She and her husband reside in a remarkably plain homestead which is known as "The Thurman House." Three children, a son and two daughters, were the fruit of the union. Surrounded by her children and grandchildren, Mrs. Thurman has been an active worker in every charity and a Lady Bountiful to a very extensive district. All their lives, she and her husband have been in the habit of walking to church, and even when prosperity came, the old couple could not be persuaded to keep a horse and wagon but continued to walk to service, although the distance was considerable. A portrait of Mrs. Thurman is given above.

MRS. THURMAN.

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Calling China to Account.

IT is now practically settled by the European governments that China is to be compelled to pay suitable damages for the recent outbreaks, and to furnish satisfactory assurances of protection to foreigners in the future. The foreign ministers at Pekin have sent a protest to the Imperial Government, and there is further talk of a great naval demonstration of the European fleets in Chinese waters. Li Hung Chang, the Premier, has been evasive in his replies to England's inquiries about the recent outbreaks, and the fixed impression is that China is not to be depended on to keep any promises she may make. England has submitted an *ulimatum*, and if China does not now give an adequate reply, the threatened naval demonstration will take place. It is not at all certain that the United States war vessels now in Chinese waters will take part in this demonstration. The vessels now there are all old-style ships—the *Marion*, the *Omaha*, the *Palos* and the *Swatara*. Secretary Tracy explains that it is impossible to send any of the new cruisers to China, those already built being incomplete in their equipment.

* * *

Government Crisis in Quebec.

A CONFLICT of authority exists in the Province of Quebec between Lieut.-Governor Angers the representative of the Crown, and M. Mercier, the head of the Quebec government. The latter is charged with being implicated in a scheme to devote $100,000 of Treasury funds to paying the debts of several members of the Ministry. Lieut.-Gov. Angers demanded an explanation of this charge from the accused and insisted upon the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate. He also sent all the correspondence on the subject to the Governor-General of the Dominion and it has since been made public, creating a great scandal. It is understood that the Quebec government will refuse to comply with Lieut.-Gov. Anger's demands and will probably resign. The Cabinet denies the right of the Dominion government to intervene in strictly provincial affairs.

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The Jewish Exodus Extending.

THE cable brings from Palestine a pathetic story of the experiences of a large number of Russian Hebrews who arrived at the port of Jaffa, recently. They were not allowed to land and were compelled again to put to sea. Afterward futile attempts were made to land at different ports, but at all they were met by the same refusal. They were finally conveyed to Cyprus. In the city of Jerusalem, the Turkish authorities are adopting an annoying attitude toward the Hebrew residents and seem to be determined to crowd them out, although there is at the present time enough unused soil for the support of a very large population throughout the Holy Land. One theory of this new phase of the Hebrew persecution is that the Sultan means to exact a large money consideration before granting them the privilege of settling in Palestine. A contingent of Hebrews from Russia, arrived at St. John, N. B., a few days ago, but the Dominion Government absolutely refused to assist them, and they were compelled to beg for food and sleep out-of-doors.

NEWS NOTES.

Emperor William last week reviewed the German troops and witnessed a sham battle at Mullhausen.

Intelligence from Honolulu states that England is about to take forcible possession of the Sandwich Islands.

John D. Rockefeller, the millionaire oil king, is very ill. His physicians say he has no organic disease, but must have absolute rest.

President Harrison and family have returned to Washington. Secretary Blaine and family have left Bar Harbor and gone to Augusta, Me.

Mrs. Peary, the wife of the Arctic explorer, writes to a friend in Richmond, Va., stating that the entire party is very comfortable and not in distress, as reported.

Three thousand mill hands are on a strike in Ottawa, Can., and troops are guarding the mills to prevent riot. The strike promises to be the largest ever known in Canada.

Servant girls are so scarce at Dantzic that the residents have petitioned the Government to allow the importation of Russian women from Poland, with the privilege of a three-years' sojourn.

Russia has successfully negotiated her new loan which has been taken by French financiers in advance. A new issue of twenty-five millions of rubles, in notes, was made at St. Petersburg on Sept. 18th.

The large amount of silver taken by ex-President Balmaceda from the Chilian treasury, is now in the Bank of England, awaiting the decision of the courts. Balmaceda, is at Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic.

The Guion Line steamship *Arizona*, while on the voyage from New York to Queenstown, ran into a timber—laden schooner, inflicting serious damage on both vessels. The schoon- floated and the steamer, with a torn deck, battered plates and 30 feet of her rail carried away, continued on her voyage.

Sherman Cummin, who was supposed to have been one of the victims of the fire disaster in Park Place, New York, has unexpectedly come to life. He went to Canada immediately before the fire. Typographical Union No. 6, and the City Relief Committee both paid out considerable money to his supposed widow.

Several lives were lost by a fire in the *Commercial Advertiser* building, corner of Nassau and Fulton Streets, New York City, on the 15 inst. The building was an old one, and filled with tenants, all of whom, except two men named Adelmann, escaped. No water could be obtained from the hydrants by the Fire Department.

During an experimental trip over the New York Central Railroad, a few days ago, a run of 436 1-2 miles was made in 440 minutes, being at the rate of 61.44 miles an hour, including allowances for stops. This is the fastest time ever made on any American railroad. One straight run of 143 miles was made in 140 minutes.

Charles Adolph Pineton, Marquis de Chambrun and d' Amfreville, died at his residence in New York last week, after a three weeks' illness. He was born in 1831 of a noble French family, and was one of the foremost among the Legitimist leaders for many years. He was an author of considerable repute. After the fall of the empire he came to this country.

Roswell P. Flower has been nominated by the Democrats of New York for Governor, and William F. Sheehan as Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Flower is a Wall Street banker and broker and very wealthy. Ex-Congressman Charles H. Allen has been nominated by the Republicans of Massachusetts for Governor and William H. Haile for Lieutenant-Governor. Henry Cabot Lodge was Permanent Chairman of the Massachusetts Convention.

SUPERFICIAL CURE.

"They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace."—Jeremiah 8: 11.

"Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise."—Jeremiah 17: 14.

THE people among whom Jeremiah dwelt had received a grievous hurt, and they felt it, for they were invaded by cruel enemies, their goods were plundered, their children were slain, and their cities burned. Jeremiah, with true love to his nation, warned them that the cause of all their trouble was that they had forsaken their God. He tried to show them that the only way to be healed of their hurt was to be healed of their sin; that if they would give up their idolatry and all the infamous wickedness that grew out of it, and turn to the true God and obey his commandments, then brighter days would come. Their conscience must have told them that all this was true; but, alas! Jeremiah preached to them in vain. As

The Old Classic Prophetess

Cassandra was doomed for ever to speak the truth and never to be believed, so was Jeremiah: the people heard him, but they regarded him not. Meanwhile, certain pretenders to prophecy opposed Jeremiah, and sought to win the confidence of the nation. They came with "Thus saith the Lord" upon their lips, blasphemously pretending to be speaking in the name of Jehovah when Jehovah had not sent them, nor did they seek his glory. They buoyed up the people's hopes with vain confidences, and took them off from repentance and return to God. No good came of their teachings—they did but film the wound of the nation and left the deadly venom still within. The hopes which they excited lasted but for a little time, and then died out in blank despair. They had not touched the root which bore the wormwood. They had made light of the national sin. They had healed the hurt of Judah slightly, saying, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

To-day, God's servants, who are the true successors of the prophets, have a task before them sterner even than that of the ancient seers. It is not ours to point to smoking ruins and the carcases of the unburied dead—plain evidences of a grievous hurt; but our work is to deal with spiritual sickness, and to come among a people who confess no hurt. Great multitudes of our hearers do not welcome the news of a heavenly remedy because they are not aware that they are sick. A physician who has to commence his practice by convincing his neighbors that they are sick has not a hopeful sphere before him.

Such is Our Work.

When that great labor is accomplished we have yet another remaining, namely, to excite in men a desire after healing. Many there are who confess their disease, but the disease of sin has wrought in them a spiritual lethargy, so that they find a horrible rest in their lost estate, and have no longing to rise to spiritual health, of which, indeed, they know nothing. They are guilty, and willing to remain guilty; inclined to evil, and content with the inclination. Hundreds live and die in this condition.

After these things are done, we have but stormed the outworks of the castle, for there still remains another difficulty. Convinced that they want healing, and made in a measure anxious to find it, the danger with the awakened is lest they should rest content with an apparent cure, and miss the real work of grace. We are perilously likely to rest satisfied with a slight healing, and by this means to miss the great and complete salvation which comes from God alone. I wish to speak in deep earnestness to everyone here present upon this subject.

I. First, then, we assert that it is very easy for us to be the subjects of a

False Healing.

You will kindly understand that I am not going to talk about the inhabitants of Laputa; I am now speaking straight to every one of you. I say, we are all of us in danger of being the subject of a false healing: ministers, deacons, elders, church members, aged professors, and young beginners—all alike. We might infer this from the fact that no doubt a large number of persons are so deceived. If a large number of persons are so, then why should not we be? The tendency of other men is probably in us also. Why not? Are there not many persons who consider that all is well with them because they have been observant of church ordinances from their youth up, and their parents were observant for them before they came upon the stage of responsibility. They are are afraid of digging too deep, and so they are satisfied with having a form of godliness. Though they have felt no change of heart, and no renewal of spirit, they nevertheless believe that all is well with them, at least they hope so, and therefore they are at ease in Zion. This is a poor, slovenly soul-surgery which will end in eternal death. Beware of it, I pray you, while yet a work of grace may be wrought upon you.

Covered, Not Healed.

I am afraid, too, that many who do not rely upon religious forms yet confide in doctrinal beliefs. They are sound in the faith—Orthodox, Evangelical, and Calvinistic. They heartily detest any doctrine that is not Scriptural. I am glad to find that it is so with them; but let them not rest on this. To cover a wound with a royal garment is not to heal it, and to conceal a sinful disposition beneath a sound creed is not salvation. Believe what you may, even though you should know the whole truth of God, yet if your faith never changes your heart nor affects your life you will be in no way superior to the devil who believes; nay, you may not be quite as good as he, for devils believe and tremble, and to believe without trembling is a stage lower down. Oh, my dear hearer, I implore you do not rest content with such a slight healing as this.

Depend upon this, that if there is a chance of our being deceived at all we are always ready to aid in

The Deception.

As a rule, we are all inclined to think well of ourselves. I dare say that if any cautious flatterer will assure me that I am a very wise person, I shall before long come to the conclusion that he is a remarkably sensible and far-seeing individual. If anyone should accuse you of a virtue which you never possessed, if, he would but persevere long enough with his pleasing insinuation, you will begin to smile inwardly, and hint to your conscience that there are latent excellencies about you which this man with prophetic glance has discovered. The devil, who knows the exact bait for poor human nature, finds it easy to pacify an anxious mind by presenting a false salvation, and persuading the heart that all is well, while in fact nothing is well. A little feeling of natural regret flits over the mind, and the false fiend whispers, "It is repentance." "Oh, yes," says the ready dupe, "I am a penitent." A little presumptuous cozening of ourselves into comfort is indulged and the deceiver sings, "Hail, precious faith." How pleased we are when we jump to the conclusion that we have passed from death unto life, and are, indeed, the servants of the living God. We do not look back to see whether there was any new birth, whether there was any change of heart, whether there was any giving up of sin, whether there was any laying hold on righteousness, whether there was any severance from self and

Union to Christ.

Superficial religion also will always be fashionable because it does not require self-denial. A man may be outwardly religious and yet be a private tippler, but he cannot be a true Christian at that rate; such secret defilement he must abandon. Or perhaps he has enmity towards his brother. Now he can go to mass or attend early communion, and yet hate his brother, but he eannot go to heaven and do that, he cannot be a regenerate man and do that. He may be following all the while some secret lust, and yet be a great man in his church, so long as he can keep his wantonness away from prying eyes. A superficial religion suits the unclean gentleman; but genuine godliness will not allow a darling lust to live. Do you wonder that vital godliness is at a discount when it proclaims war to the knife against a lifelong indulgence. It is with Christ as it might be in surgery.

Two Eminent Practitioners

profess to deal with polypus. The first declares that he can work an effectual cure, but it must be understood that he uses the knife freely. He believes no cure to be possible unless all the roots of the growth are taken away. He will not pretend to half measures: the whole thing must be eliminated, or he can work no cure. On the other side of the street another surgeon of great name depends upon an outward application which, in quite a painless manner, acts upon the diseased part, and according to his statement secures the desired result. He says, "My friend goes too deep, and makes too much of the matter. Come in here; the disease is a mere bagatelle. I will end the mischief without cutting and hacking." You can readily guess how popular this last gentleman will be if he can gain public confidence. But what will be the end of it? That is the point. If the sharp and deep cut of the first surgeon ministers to ultimate health, and is absolutely needful to a cure, is it not best? If, in the second case, the end of these honeyed words is but the covering up of a foul loathsomeness, which will breed corruption and hasten death, is it not a wicked deception? Yet the most of men are so foolish as to choose the worse of the two in the affairs of their souls.

Slight healing, also, is sought by men, because it

Does Not Require Spirituality.

There are multitudes of men who, if the kingdom of heaven were to be had by outward actions, no matter how difficult, would at once commence the task. Say, "You must save so many hundreds of pounds and buy heaven," and they would starve themselves until they had hoarded up the money. Anything that could be done by the body would be cheerfully attempted, but true religion is spiritual, and carnal men cannot get at it: it is high above and out of their sight. Hence it is that the slight healing which comes of formalism and ceremonies, seeing it deals with outward manipulations, at once attracts them.

But, my dear hearers, let me warn you with all the energy I possess against ever being satisfied with any of the slight healings that are cried up nowadays, because they will all end in disappointment, as sure as you are living men. I could wish that they might speedily so end while yet you could begin again, and begin aright. Remember that if you pass through this life deceived there will await you an awful undeceiving in the next world. I will not try to depict the man who finds himself lost for ever, though he died in the odour of sanctity. What will be his horror when he finds himself cast out, and hears the Lord Jesus say, "I never knew you." Your minister knew you, the deacons knew you, the members knew you, but the Lord Jesus never did, for you had no heart-fellowship with him and were not in heart a believer in him. O brethren, if there be any error about your profession get it right now. Do not go on under a delusion. Surely you cannot wish to be puffed up with vain imaginations of hopes which are fallacious. Search then, and see.

II. Be it ours to seek

True Healing

But then, as we have already said, this true healing must be radical. Oh, pray to have it so! The healing which we need must go to the root of the business, and work a thorough change. Such a work is described in Scripture as a creation—"created anew in Christ Jesus:" it must be a resurrection.—"And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Now I ask you, my dear brethren, whether you can undertake this? Creation and resurrection, do these lie in your power? You can do nothing of the kind, and so you are driven to my second text, "O Lord, heal me, and I shall be healed, save me, and I shall be saved."

Now go a step further. The healing we want must be a healing from the guilt of sin. My anxious friend, you must be no longer guilty; you must be free from fault. Every offence you have ever committed must be washed right out, even the least stain of it must vanish, and it must be as though it had never been, and you must be as though you never had offended at all.

"How Can That Be?"

say you. It is clear it cannot be by anything that you can do; and this again drives you to the prayer of my text, "Heal me, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved." How can it be? Only by the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ our Saviour. He took the sin of his people upon him; became their substitute and representative, bore their iniquity, and was made a curse for them, and in consequence they are set free, cleared, and justified. The day cometh when the sins of Jacob shall be sought for, and they shall not be found; yea, they shall not be, saith the Lord. Blessed healing this! Who but a divine Physician could work such a cure?

But you must not only be free from sin, you must be freed from sinfulness: a work must be wrought in you, my dear brother, and in me, by which we shall be clean rid of every tendency to do evil. We cannot enter into heaven with sinful tendencies: corruption and depravity cannot be endured before the throne of the thrice holy Jehovah. The very roots and rootlets of sin must come out of the nature which is to share the abode of God. Does not this drive you to despair? In answer to your cry the Eternal Spirit shall come upon you,

Creating You Anew

in Christ Jesus: he shall come and dwell in you, and shall break down the reigning power of sin, putting it beneath your feet. Though this defeated foe shall strive and struggle like a serpent with his back broken, yet it has its death wound, and cannot regain its former dominion. It will struggle so long as you are in this life, but it must ultimately die, and you shall attain perfection. No tendency to sin, no affection towards evil, no fear of relapse, nor danger of apostasy shall remain, but there shall be in us the living

and incorruptible seed, and we shall be the members of Christ's body.

It is most desirable to be so healed in soul as to stand the test of this present life. I have known friends discharged from the hospital as healed of disease who were bitterly disappointed when they came into every day life: a little exertion made them as ill as ever. A person had a piece of diseased bone in the wrist; it was taken out by the hospital surgeon, and the arm seemed perfectly healed, but when she began to work the old pain returned, and it was evident that

The Old Mischief Was There Still,

and some decayed bone remained. Thus some are saved, so they think, but it is only in seemingly, for when they get into the world, and are tried with temptation, they are just the same as they used to be. They have not received a practical salvation; and nothing but practical salvation is worth having. A sham cure is worse than none. If a bone is ill set it is often necessary to break it again, and it sometimes seems to me that certain converts want their hearts to be broken again that they may be truly comforted. If any man here has been healed, but his arm will not work for Jesus and for righteousness, it needs breaking again; and I should not mind if my sermon should break it, so long as he was driven to Christ to get it set in the right fashion. If you cannot resist the temptations of this life, depend upon it your salvation is a mere myth.

We want to have a salvation that will bear the test of sickness, and the strain of death, so that a man may lie back in his bed and say, "I do not fear to die: Jesus Christ has made me

Perfectly Whole,

and amongst the healed ones before his throne I shall shortly stand and sing his praises world without end." Oh, my dear hearers, could you die so? Have you a hope which will bear the light of your last hours? If you have not, do not let this day close until you have found it.

As I turned over my text while coming here I was charmed with the encouragement which it offers to the very chief of sinners, for these may say to themselves, "Is it, after all, God's work to save? Well, then, he can save a great sinner as well as a little sinner." If salvation were of works or of merits then many persons would evidently be excluded from hope, but if it is entirely of grace then none are excluded; and if the power be found in God and not in us, then the same power which can save the most moral young man can save the most dissolute and debauched person; and the same grace which can save the godly matron can save the impious harlot. The power of God is equal to any miracle. The mercy of God can go any length. Tell it; tell it that Jesus Christ is able to have compassion on the ignorant, and to save those who are out of the way. Out of the way sinners, outrageous sinners, black sinners, scarlet sinners: they, too, may pray the prayer, "Heal me, and I shall be healed; save me. and I shall be saved."

Applies to All.

I know while I am preaching that certain of you say, "He does not mean me: I am too great a sinner." On the other hand, another class imagine that they are not sinful enough, so they also fancy that the discourse is not meant for them. Oh that you would give up this wicked perversity, and know that all truth that applies to you is meant for you.

This sermon is meant for those who think themselves angels as well as for those who know themselves to be sinners. Cease from all dreamy confidences; arouse yourselves from proud self-content, and come to Jesus the Saviour, who alone can save from sin ahd death.

Dear friends, if you are saved, pray the Lord that you may be saved indeed; and if you are not saved, get ye to him and pray him to begin his good work within your souls.

The Bible and the Newspaper

SILVER FROM THE SKIES.

MUCH discussion has been caused as to where a meteor fell which was seen by the people of about fifty villages in Maine near the Quebec boundary. It now appears that it fell at South Strong, Me., on the property of Dr. George Hunter, who resides there. Dr. Hunter says that while sitting up after midnight, he was startled by seeing a ball of fire, as large as a bushel basket, fall directly in front of the windows. At the same time he heard a sound as of snow falling from the roof, followed by the rattling of stones against the side of the house, while the building shook so that crockery rocked on the pantry shelves. He first thought that the chimney had fallen and that the house was on fire, but investigation outside disclosed simply a big hole in the snow bank, around which were scattered numerous fragments of what appeared to be coke. As no coal was used on the premises or anywhere for miles around, Dr. Hunter concluded that the fragments were parts of an exploded meteor. By the aid of a magnifying glass, traces of silver were discovered in the coke, and, by a process of his own, Dr. Hunter secured enough of the precious metal to plate a piece of iron, which he shows to visitors as a curiosity. The doctor sets great store by it, not on account of its intrinsic value, which is small, but because it came from the celestial regions. Few if any of us can boast the possession of silver from the skies, but many among us hold as their most precious treasure gifts from the heavens more to be desired than silver or "much fine gold." (Psalm 19: 10.)

STRANGE WORK FOR CONVICTS.

THE state of Tennessee makes a practice of leasing its convicts, and the present lease is near expiration. The company which holds the lease has made a new offer to the State. It offers to build a new penitentiary in the Sequatchie Valley, employing convicts in the work. Stockades are to be built in Marion. There seems a grim irony in compelling the convicts themselves to build a penitentiary for their own confinement. But they are helpless in the matter and if the Legislature accepts the company's offer, they will have to do the work. What the convicts will have to do under compulsion many a young man is doing voluntarily. The evil habits he acquires and the vices in which he indulges are so many fetters which will gall him in old age and involve him in misery after death." Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap." (Gal. 6: 7-8.)

THE EXPLOSION OF A HAT.

AN illustration of the lasting qualities of Nitro-Glycerine is given in a dispatch from Bradford, Pa. It appears that one of the last processes in the production of the potent explosive is to strain it through felt. Old felt hats are often used for the purpose, being convenient and cheap. They are generally destroyed after much using, to do away with the danger which would result from careless handling. At one of the factories an employee resolved to test the life of nitro-glycerine, and he took a hat crown that had been used as a strainer, washed it thoroughly, and then put it through a course of treatment with alkalies. He was about to test it when he was called away on some business, so he laid it aside on a shelf and forgot all about it. In clearing the shelf two years afterward he found the hat and remembered what it was. He felt sure that after so long a time and after so thorough a treatment two years before, there could be no remains of the nitro-glycerine left in it, and to show that the stuff had been annihilated he put the felt on the iron arm on the tinner's bench, where the cans for holding the explosive are soldered, and struck it with a hammer. The result was a surprise to that factory. An explosion followed that broke both arms of the workman, stunned three other men, hurled the iron arm through a two-foot wall, and wrecked the tinning shop. It is not surprising to learn that after such an experience the workmen believe that it is impossible to expel nitroglycerine from any material which has once been saturated with it. Social reformers, who have had much to do with criminals, have often formed the same conclusion about the taint and power of sin. When they have seen reformed men fall away after a period of good behavior they despair of effectually redeeming them. The Christian, however, need never despair of any one. He who promises, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," is able to keep those who trust in him from falling away. (Jude 24.)

LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THE people of Shamokin, Pa., spent a whole day recently searching for a lost child on the mountains. She was only ten years old and had been missing for twenty-four hours before the general alarm was given. The sympathetic citizens divided into parties and thoroughly searched the woods and every place where it was thought possible for her to be. No trace of the child could be found. The next morning a woodsman was met who had seen the child on the previous day playing beside a brook and had asked her name. She told him and said she was going home. He thought it was strange she should be in so desolate a place, but he made no further inquiry and left her. The searchers followed the brook and in a mile or two found the child asleep under a tree. When awakened she showed signs of terror and asked anxiously, "Will mamma whip me?" There was small chance of that. The mother who thought she must have been killed no sooner caught sight of her than she ran to meet her and clasped her in her arms and covered her face with kisses. The child said that at first when she realized she was lost she tried hard to find her way home but afterward she did not try so much, being afraid that when she did get home she would be punished. The same mistake often hinders the sinner and the backslider returning to their heavenly Father. They think they have sinned too deeply to be forgiven, though God assures the penitent of forgiveness and welcome. (Hosea 14: 4.)

NOT IN THE BARGAIN.

UNEXPECTED profit has fallen to the lot of a contractor, who has undertaken some work in Helena, Mont. The *Independent* of that city, says that in making the excavation for the Montana club-building, the contractor has found gold dust in the soil. "Out of the excavation he has already taken several hundred dollars' worth of dust, and it is believed from present appearances that the diggings will be worth $100 a day in dust for some time. Strangers who have heard that the streets of Helena are paved with gold are invited to come to town and see for themselves. It often happens that the owner of a lot finds gold enough while digging the cellar to pay for his house. This is not guarranted to purchasers, but there are several who have had that good fortune." The Christian knows something of an analogous experience. His hopes are centred on a life beyond this and he has been warned that in this world, he may have tribulation, but his labors and trials are attended by spiritual profit and joys which make him happier than worldlings are. (Psalm 36: 8).

A PROTECTOR FOR SALE.

AMONG the visitors to New York on Labor Day was a man from Newburgh, N. Y., who brought his dog, a beautiful Gordon setter, with him. After seeing the procession, the man made a tour among the saloons and before sunset was intoxicated. He continued his visits until he was helplessly drunk, when he lay down on a stoop and slept heavily. His dog kept watch over him and when a policeman came along and approached the man, the dog uttered a low growl and showed his formidable set of teeth. The officer tried coaxing, but the dog would not desert his post, nor suffer his master to be touched. Then the policeman drew his club, but the dog was not to be scared. A crowd collected, but no one dare touch the recumbent figure. At last the sleeping man's hat fell off and rolled into the gutter. The dog ran to fetch it and some one in the crowd slipped a hooked stick under his collar and held him back while the policeman raised the man to his feet. The dog apparently satisfied that no one wanted to hurt his master followed him quietly to the the police station and remained in the cell with him all night. The next morning, the man was fined five dollars for his escapade. He was sensible enough then to be told by the policeman how his dog had protected him. The only effect it had on him was to suggest the thought that the dog was admired and he immediately devoted his efforts to selling him. It was an ungrateful thing to do. Every one who knew of it despised him. Yet the same spirit is all too common in the Church. Every professed follower of Christ who violates his conscience to gain or save money is practically selling the Lord who died for him. (1. Timothy 6: 10.)

MINING BY BALLOON.

INGENIOUS schemes for acquiring wealth have never been so numerous as in our day and new ones are being continually devised. One of the latest is that of a western miner, whose proposal is a revolution in mining methods. Instead of delving down in the earth for precious metals, he is going mining in a balloon. Along the precipitous sides of the deep canons in the Rocky Mountains are many ledges which are known to be exceedingly rich in ore, but which are inaccessible on account of the immense height and sheer sides of the cliffs. The western man intends to reach these ledges in a balloon. He will anchor his large balloon to the bottom of the canon with long ropes, and ascend to the point of the wall of the canon where the ledge is. Then a foot-hold will be worked into the ledge from the balloon, and the mining begun from that point. The novelty in his project is in the method not in the object sought. It is much to be wished that men thought less of that object and more of heavenly riches; in another sense than that of the adventurous miner setting their affection on things above. (Col. 3: 2).

WAITING SETTLERS.

A PRESS despatch from Washington, D. C., gives an interview, on the approaching settlement of Oklahoma, with the Hon. Warren G. Sayre, of the Cherokee Commission. He said that there would be room on the land recently acquired in Oklahoma from the Indians for twenty thousand persons. There were five thousand quarter sections to be thrown open in a few days and they would be occupied by families averaging four to a family. A much larger section nearly four million acres in extent would ultimately be declared open when Congress had ratified the bargains with the Indians, but the former area would be occupied first. The land, he said was excellent, but the settlers would have to work hard at first to bring it under cultivation. He added that so intense was the desire to secure the land that when the President's proclamation declaring the land open for settlement is issued every section will be taken up within an hour. The people are ready and waiting to move in when the signal is given. Would that the same eagerness were shown to accept the offer, God makes to all men of a heavenly home through Christ! Though he died to secure it and though it is an eternal possession, men are indifferent to the offer. (1. Peter 1: 4).

A FRAUDULENT MARRIAGE.

A REMARKABLE case of alleged fraud has been reported to the government. A discharged soldier in receipt of a pension died recently in Baltimore, Md. On his death-bed and within a few minutes of his death, a woman who was nursing him was married to him. She is twenty-two years old while he was seventy-three. Every one in the room knew that he was dying, but his head was propped up and his hand was held by the woman while the questions were asked. The clergyman who performed the ceremony says that the dying man seemed utterly oblivious of what was going on and when asked if he took this woman for his wife he gurgled unintelligibly but was understood to stammer out' "Yes." It is charged that the ghastly ceremony was performed to enable the woman to claim the pension and arrears of increase, which alone will amount to over a thousand dollars. If the charge is true the marriage was a burlesque, the woman, at any rate, knowing that in the circumstances her promises amounted to nothing. It was an empty form to gain money. In too many marriages money is the principal object in view on one side or the other and, unhappily, in these days, when religion is respectable, it is often the motive for joining the church. But in every such case the form is an empty one, there is no true union with Christ and in the end the deceiver is repudiated by him. (Matt. 8: 23.)

A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

Rev. John McNeill of London, "the Scottish Spurgeon," Now Among Us.

VERY cordial has been the welcome given by ministers and churches in our great cities to the eminent London clergyman whose portrait is here given. He has the faculty of making friends wherever he goes, and among us he was sure to do so, for he is of that Scotch-Irish extraction which has given us so many of our most distinguished clergymen, statesmen, lawyers and merchants. During his brief visit he has preached in some of our largest churches and he has accepted the invitation of Dr. Talmage to preach in Brooklyn Tabernacle on Oct. 4.

REV. JOHN MCNEILL.

Mr. McNeill has had a remarkable history. "In the summer of 1872," says a well-known journalist, "we were paying a visit to Great Britain and were travelling on a train in Scotland when a bright alert young man in the ordinary corduroy uniform came to the car to collect our tickets. In 1887—fifteen years afterward—we were again on the other side, and were spending a Sunday in Edinburgh. Special services were being held in a vast building which was built for a circus and we attended one of them. An immense multitude filled the building, and there was a look of expectancy on all faces which melted into one of satisfaction when a powerfully built man in the prime of life, clad in clerical garb, stepped on the platform. We instantly knew him as the young man who had attracted our notice fifteen years ago on the railroad car. The brakeman and the preacher were the same."

John McNeill was born in Renfrewshire, Scotland, in 1854. His father was a native of County Antrim, Ireland. He acquired an ordinary English education in the public schools and then went to earn a living on the railroad. He was a regular attendant at the services of the Free Church of his village and was converted there. He had never been a profligate having been trained from boyhood by his pious father in the fear of God. As he remarks, he was "a converted decent man—a kind hard to convert." When he attained the age of twenty-one the Railroad Company promoted him to a responsible position in Edinburgh and there he came under the influence of the Rev. William Frazer who was quick to recognize his powers.

The pastor found him an invaluable helper in Sunday School and Mission work and after a time advised him to give up his position in the Railroad office and give all his time to the Lord's service. Mr. McNeill took the advice and promptly entered himself as a student in Edinburgh University. In 1886, he was ordained and became pastor of the McCrie-Roxburgh Free Church, Edinburgh. The church at the beginning of his pastorate was described as uncomfortably large for the congregation, but at the end of a year the congregation was uncomfortably large for the church, and he had to hold his Sunday evening services in the great circus. His sermons are so clear and forcible and have been so greatly blessed to the conversion of multitudes that people have given him the name of "the Scottish Spurgeon." Recently, Mr. McNeill has been indnced to leave the Scottish for the English capital and he is now doing as successful a work for the Master in Regent's Park Chapel, London, as he did in Edinburgh. Three volumes of his sermons have been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, Union Square, New York, and have had a large sale.

HE CALLETH THEE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 4. II. Tim. 1: 8, 9; Rom. 1: 6; Eph. 4: 1.

MARTHA'S words to her sister, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," must have gladdened Mary's heart even under its load of sorrow. The Master is come, then she would leave her comforters to go to him. During the days of her brother's sickness how she must have longed for his presence! Now that he was come, she would go to him as a refuge in her sorrow. She could not know what he would say to her, or what would come of his presence, but his coming was comfort in itself and "she arose quickly" and went to him. It is only they who love who respond so promptly.

It was *the master* who called. Obedience was due to him. We often forget this. The world calls and its call is answered by natural inclination. It offers pleasure, wealth, honor, gratification of the senses, ease. Shall the call be obeyed? The promptings of the natural man are in that direction. But the Master calls. He has the right; he knows what is best; he has claims on our gratitude; he has claims on our confidence and claims on our allegiance. The choice between the two rests with us. It must be made for one or the other. "Mary sat still in the house" until he came; but receiving his message inaction was no longer possible. She must obey or disobey. Was he her Master? Then obedience was her duty. If her service was a willing one, obedience was her delight. What he is to us may be inferred from our conduct. If he is our Master then we are obedient, we live as he commands, we work for him, we think not of ease or pleasure but of his will. If we do none of these things then he is not our Master.

"He calleth for thee." The call may come in many ways. A sister brought it to Mary. It may come to us through a Sunday School teacher, through a parent, or a friend. It may come through the Word of God or it may come through circumstances. Christ has many messengers, but if the call can be recognized as his, it is sufficient. We have to discriminate or we may mistake the promptings of fancy or ambition for his call. The call if genuine will be consistent with the Divine character. A boy is at school and a letter comes to him from his father. He can scarcely read, can just manage to spell out the words and cannot grasp his father's meaning. He takes the letter to some bigger boy who tells him that the letter means this or that. "No," replies the son; "I cannot understand the letter, but I know my father and I know he does not mean what you say." Even the Apostle Paul confessed that he had been mistaken as to the call. He said that he thought that he *ought* to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus. Many since his day have made the same mistake and believed that in cruelly persecuting others they were obeying the call of God. Others have made the mistake as to service and have undertaken work for which they were not fitted, bringing injury to the work and humiliation to themselves. The call to "go up higher" is always to be suspected, because it is likely to proceed from our own vanity.

The call is personal. He calleth for *thee*. Nothing short of complete consecration meets the demand. Though I give all my goods to feed the poor and my body to be burned, the Apostle said, that was not sufficient; something more was necessary. In the days before Italian unity, there were some secret societies which exacted no detailed pledges of the members. The member gave himself to the Society. Receiving a command from headquarters he was bound to obey it whatever it might be. He might have to leave his home and live for many years in a foreign land; he might have to undertake a service which would cost his life. Having given himself, there was no sacrifice that he might not be called upon to make. The true follower of the Master is one who so gives himself to him. All that he is and all that he has belongs to his Lord. Happy are they, who when called upon to part with property, or loved ones, or health or life itself, rise quickly and cheerfully, recognizing that the call is from the Master.

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Y. P. C. E. IN CANADA.

IN a long and deeply-interesting letter to the *Golden Rule*, Dr. J.T. Beckley, who has been travelling in Canada, gives a most encouraging report of the progress of the Christian Endeavor movement in the Dominion. Among other facts that he mentions are these:

Twelve months ago there were 160 societies To-day there are 147, with 10,374 members. Last year there was one missionary committee; now there are twenty-five. The largest society is in Sackville. It has 103 active, and fifty-three associate members.

John S. Smith, a merchant of Halifax, is the efficient president of the union of the Provinces. He carries in his pocket with his Testament a little book in which he has recorded the name of every society and its night of meeting. He makes missionary tours. He comes in personal contact with young people. His enthusiasm is one of the forces in the increasing momentum of Christian Endeavor. The field has its own special problems. The work is unique. It differs widely from that of metropolitan centres. There is less of crowded assemblies; there is more of *lonely struggle and personal enterprise.* There are thirty places where there would be no worship except for the work of the Endeavor societies. In Newfoundland there are four societies. One of these last year saved a church from destruction.

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NOT FORGOTTEN.

IT is pleasant to see that King's Daughters who are still at the summer resorts do not forget their less prosperous sisters at home. One circle in Brooklyn, N. Y., which is appropriately named "The Thoughtful Circle" has been carrying on its beneficient work during the summer through the agency of those of its members who remained in the city. On September 16, there was quite a gala display, at the home of the President, Mrs. A. D. Goddard on Dean Street, of gifts from scattered members. Boxes of clothing, bundles of small comforts, baskets of fruit and flowers were there in profusion, besides groceries and money. They were sent to the Church Charity Foundation on Albany Avenue, the Home for the Aged, and the hospitals and orphanage. It speaks well for the Thoughtful Circle that the wants of the poor and afflicted are not forgotten amid new scenes and pleasant surroundings.

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Y. W. C. A. WORK IN BOSTON.

ONE of the most enterprising and best-equipped Young Women's Christian Associations is that of Boston, Mass. It has lately reorganized and developed its work, adding several departments, which are much appreciated. In a review of its present condition, which the Secretary sends to *Faith and Works*, she says that over six hundred girls are now enjoying the advantages of the gymnasium. They show the benefits derived from them in marked improvement in health. "The experiences of many of them show that by this mode of treatment weak lungs may be made strong; dyspepsia cured, imperfect circulation regulated; curved spines made straight; and general good health established." Fifty-four pupils are in the Association work-shop where they learn industrial drawing, clay modeling, sloyd, or manual training in woodworking, carving, and light upholstering, adapted to home needs. Beside these there are classes in which instruction is given in domestic science; including "cooking, chemistry, and botany as related to food, physiology, hygiene, and general household management, together with sewing, dressmaking, millinery, home-nursing, and regular Bible instruction; while a series of emergency talks by a well-known physician, and illustrated lectures, supplement the course."

Another excellent department is that for the training of young women who intend to be domestic servants. These frequently belong to the class which has no home discipline, and who, if left to themselves, in this neglected condition, might develop into worthless and unprincipled women. When under the fostering care of the Association, they are taught in a practical way the various branches of housework, plain sewing, reading, letter writing, and arithmetic, and receive daily instruction in Scriptural truth.

Beside these departments the Association has stenography and typewriting classes, a dressmaking class, and an intelligence bureau. Still more important is the Home where girls who are strangers in the city can obtain board and shelter on very moderate terms in a place where they have Christian companionship and protection from the temptations of ordinary boarding-houses. In another home, permanent boarders are received, and this is always full.

How much the Association is doing in the way of prevention, which is always better than rescue, none can tell. It is a grand work, and the extent to which it is appreciated shows how urgent was the need for such an institution. Its success may encourage Christian ladies who have time at their disposal, to begin the work in other cities where there is no such institution and where the need may be as urgent, but where it is not yet realized.

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A MODEL LETTER.

EVERY Christion Endeavor Society must have been disappointed by the tardiness of Associate Members in becoming active members and there must have been many consultations by Lookout Committees as to the best way of approaching them on the subject. The *Golden Rule* publishes a suggestion which may be of service in these cases. It is in the form of a letter, which has been used with some success in the Society connected with the First Congregational Church of Concord, N. H. It is signed by the Prayer-Meeting Committee and runs as follows:

Dear Friend:—You have signed the constitution of the Endeavor society as an associate member. You have attended the meetings with us for many months. Are you satisfied to remain an associate member?

Down deep in your heart is there not a craving for something better? Do you think of the source of the blessings which daily surround you without a desire to repay, in some measure, the Giver of every good and perfect gift? Will you not resolve to accept Christ as yours and become an active member of the society?

Next Sunday we have our consecration service. The subject will be, "Our privileges: are we using them aright?" (Luke 19: 20-27).

Will you not make an especial effort to be present, and in a true spirit of consecration unite with us that we may all band together in a more earnest Christian service, remembering our new motto, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren?"

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A CIRCLE OF KING'S SONS.

NEARLY two years ago, eleven young men met in Newark, N. J., and organized the United Circle of King's Sons. The circle increased until it numbers now forty members. The organization adopted as its special work the rescuing of the fallen, and in the prosecution of this object the King's Sons' Rescue Mission was opened on May 28th, 1890, at 257 Market street. Meetings are held every night from 8:00 to 9:30 o'clock, and during the year no less than, 300 persons have professed conversion. Nine hundred and seventy-six lodgings have been furnished, besides very considerable donations of food and clothing. Entertainment has been provided on holidays, and employment has been secured for many applicants. The services are conducted by members of the Circle almost entirely, there being a different leader for every night in the month. Though this work has involved an expenditure of $1,273, no collections are taken—a contribution box at the entrance being the only means employed by the organization for raising money at the services. The only salary paid is to the janitor in charge of the rooms, and the undertaking is carried on with strict regard to economy, *the members themselves furnishing most of the funds*, though many kind friends have rendered substantial assistance. Two public meetings in city churches have been held, at which collections aggregating $147 were made, and a generous donation of $100 has been received from the "Gather-Them-In" Circle of King's Daughters. It is rather hard on the King's Sons that the expenses as well as the labor should fall upon them, but they appear well satisfied to have it so if only souls can be saved. Contributions, from outside will, however, enable them to extend their work and they may be sent to the President, Mr. Wm. H. Rutan, or the Vice-President, Mr. Geo. Eesley, 257 Market St., Newark, N. J.

MARCHING HOME.

HARK to an army tramping,
To the beat, beat, beat,
Over the fields and highways,
Of little children's feet;
Hark to the dancing rhythm,
As captain and colonel come,
With rank upon rank of soldiers,
Marching, marching home.

They bring the summer's roses
Set in the dimpled cheek;
In their eyes is the glint of the sunshine,
They marched away to seek;
The sweep of the wild bird's pinion
In their motions glad and free—
Marching down from the mountain,
Marching up from the sea.

They have rocked with birds in the tree-tops
All over the flowery land;
They have raced on the wild sea-horses
Across the gleaming sand;
Now back to the books and duty,
Captain and colonel come,
With all the glad child army,
Marching, marching home.

Mrs. M. F. Butts.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About Oriental Pilgrimages and the Strange Sights that Attend them.

IT was not difficult for Uncle John to surmise, from the expectant glances of the children, that they were waiting for him when he came upstairs to the "young folks' room," a few evenings ago. He had hardly dropped into his familiar chair, when Tom opened his batteries.

"Were you ever a pilgrim, Uncle?" he asked, anxiously.

"I've been on many a pilgrimage in my time," said the good-natured traveller, "although I never ventured forth with staff and scrip and sandals, like the devotees of old. But, you know, Tom, every Christian may say:

I'm a pilgrim, I'm a stranger;
I can tarry but a night."

"Well, but there are great pilgrimages now, aren't there, just like the old ones?" persisted the boy.

"Yes, there's a pilgrimage to Treves, which good people take no stock in, however, and then there are the annual pilgrimages to the 'Kaaba,' or sacred building at Mecca by the Mohammedans, and the Easter pilgrimages to Jerusalem. I have seen the Mecca pilgrims as they arrived at the port of Jeddah—and a wild-looking lot of fanatics they are—these Moslems from every land under the sun. Besides these there are the great Hindoo pilgrimages to the mountain shrines of Upper India, the island of Ganga Sagor and the holy towns of Jumnontri and Hurdwar, some of which that excellent missionary, Bishop Thoburn, describes in his book on India. The Buddhists make pilgrimages to Adam's Peak in Ceylon, where their great Apostle, Buddha, is said to have left the impression of his foot. The Thibetans, Japanese, Chinese and Burmese also have their pilgrimages. So did the ancient Egyptians and so do many modern civilized nations. Ever since the world began, men have undertaken long journeys in seach of truth or in fulfilment of vows. But the greatest of all pilgrimages were those of the middle ages to the Holy Land."

"There are pilgrimages there to-day, too, are there not?" inquired Ted.

"Yes, I have witnessed some of them, and very picturesque sights they are. Jews and Christians alike make pilgrimages to Jerusalem, but for different purposes. The first go to see the city of their fathers, the scene of their nation's glory, and to pray for the speedy coming of their Messiah; the seeond go to see the birthplace of the Saviour and the scene of his glory and death.

"Jerusalem is crowded with pilgrims every year for weeks before the Easter festival. One sees there credulous pilgrims who believe everything they are told; devout pilgrims, who generally make the journey a sacred duty and xpect to profit spiritually by it; sceptical pilgrims who accept nothing except what history and science approve, and enthusiastic pilgrims who wear themselves out with tireless sightseeing and ceaseless prostrations. These pilgrims represent every nationality, Russians, Syrians, Arabs, Armenians, Copts, Greeks and a sprinkling of Western Europeans and Americans. On a festival day, the sight is a grandly picturesque one, the bright colored garments of all shades, the skins from white to black, women carrying babes and old men hobbling along on crutches, and above all, a babel of many tongues. There is a tradition or a superstition that, at Easter, fire descends from heaven upon the Holy Sepulchre and there are many of the more credulous who make their way to the Chapel in the hope of witnessing the spectacle.

"Occasionally there are such vast crowds at these pilgrimages," added Uncle John, "that they are kept in order with the utmost difficulty. The Sepulchre, as you may know, is in the hands of the Turkish officials, though all are permitted to visit it, certain restrictions only being imposed. A guard of Turkish troops is kept in readiness for emergencies and the colonel who commands them carries a stout whip which he plies freely upon the shoulders of any in the crowd who seem disposed to make trouble. I have seen 10,000 persons within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, about 2,000 being in the chapel alone. Sometimes the scene is one of wild confusion and even riot. In 1834, at one of these festivals, the guards outside were told that the Christians were about to attack them and a furious fight followed in which people were bayonetted, others were trampled to death, and many brained with the soldiers' muskets. It is said that 400 persons were butchered and that the piles of dead and dying lay all about the sacred place."

EASTER DAY CROWDS AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.
(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

"What a frightful thing!" exclaimed the children.

"Scenes of violence are fortunately rare, nowadays," said the traveller. "Here is a photograph," he added, "showing the entrance to the Sepulchre on Easter Day. You see the crowds in the bright sunshine flocking in—all sorts of people—while others on the flat roofs and at the windows look on. Many a strange crowd has passed under that ancient archway. There are so many tales and traditions connected with the points of interest in Jerusalem, some of them improbable and others incapable of proof, that one must be careful not to take all he hears for granted. The guides invent many of these stories to please credulous travellers, and multiply the so-called holy places to such an extent as to cast doubt on many of the most interesting among them."

***

When Old Age Begins.

AGE does not always come with years. "Some men," writes the famous Dr. Morrell Mackenzie, who attended the German Emperor in his last illness, "are old at forty, while others may be said to be almost young at eighty.

"The secret of such perpetual youth lies mostly in regular exercise, whether in felling trees or in the humbler form of the daily constitutional? Even when life has at last fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, exercise will keep the furnace of the vital locomotive aglow long after others less carefully stoked have paled their ineffectual fires. To have an object of some kind makes all the difference between wholesome exercise and the listless dragging about of the dead weight of one's own body, which makes walking one of the most fatiguing as well as the dreariest of all forms of motion. To sum up the whole subject, the golden rule for exercise through all the seven chapters of man's strange, eventful history, is to use it that the stream of life shall flow swift and clear, never stagnating like a muddy pond, and, on the other hand, never dashing itself to pieces in mere foam and fury." Others have made a like observation concerning the spiritual life. Inaction brings spiritual decay just as certainly as the lack of healthful exercise produces physical deterioration. The secret of soul-happiness lies in the constant use of the opportunities God gives us for doing good to our fellow-men. Long after all other pleasures have begun to pall, the enjoyment of well-doing remains. And even after death, the memories of kind deeds done for the Master's sake

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

***

"Memory Jars."

DID you ever see a "memory jar"? Has any of your friends got one? One must have sentiment to appreciate it, remarks a writer in *Zion's Herald*, so do not choose this expression of your affection for one who has not.

"Select a *potpourri* or 'rose jar' of any ware you prefer, and as costly as you please, and send with the request that when she desires to keep a souvenir of any occasion—a rose, a violet, a leaf, or even a scrap of the toilet worn by a friend or herself, anything that has for her a happy or tender association—she will drop it into this jar. I know one of these vases that money could not buy. It seems almost animate with the composite soul of varied experiences. A flower from the coffin of a friend, a violet from the baptismal font, are some of the hallowed offerings it contains, and there are tears in it and laughter.

" 'This is my one sentimental indulgence,' said a friend, as she dropped a rose I had given her into the pretty blue jar on her writing-desk.

"It was in memory of the day's visit, the influence of which would pervade our two lives with sweetness, even as the great velvet rose perfumed the urn."

***

CLEVER TALKERS.

THE art of conversation, properly applied, is one of the most useful and agreeable of accomplishments. Yet we sometimes feel that there are people who can carry it too far, and who, instead of amusing and entertaining us, tire us by their persistent efforts to keep on talking. With such, silence is far from golden; it is a state to be avoided. And lest the conversation flag, they keep on relentlessly tossing it up and down, and back and forth, as children toss a shuttlecock with the battledore, afraid to lose the game by allowing it to drop. It is not surprising that some should complain that these people give one the ear-ache. But there are others who make conversation a real art and an agreeable one, too.

They contrive to secure, first, the interest of their hearers and then their sympathy in the subject talked of. For it is half the art to discover just what will interest others. Well-read, observant, judicious, without vanity, and appreciative of the ideas of others, the clever conversationalist is a power in the social circle.

But one can be brilliant in trifles, and if the bright talker be merely a gossip, a consumer of time and a monger of tales, he or she is an influence for evil rather than good; a human chatterbox, who will end by boring instead of amusing. A clever talker, whose heart is as it should be, will never attune the lips to the depreciation of others, but will rather try to discover in friends and acquaintances some lovable traits worth commending. The pith of conversation consists not in exhibiting one's own superior knowledge, or enlarging on trifles, but in correcting and improving the information we possess by the authority of others.

To do this in a lively and entertaining way is the secret of the art.

But sedentary weavers of long tales
Give us the fidgets, and our patience fails.

***

A Girl's Definition of Life.

THERE is a very sweet and beautiful poem by Mrs. M. E. Sangster, one verse of which says:

Who fain would follow Jesus,
A daily cross must bear
With never-ceasing patience,
With watchfulness and prayer;
The daily cross, my brothers,
And then the crown and palm;
Here, loss and many a trial;
There, heaven's unending psalm.

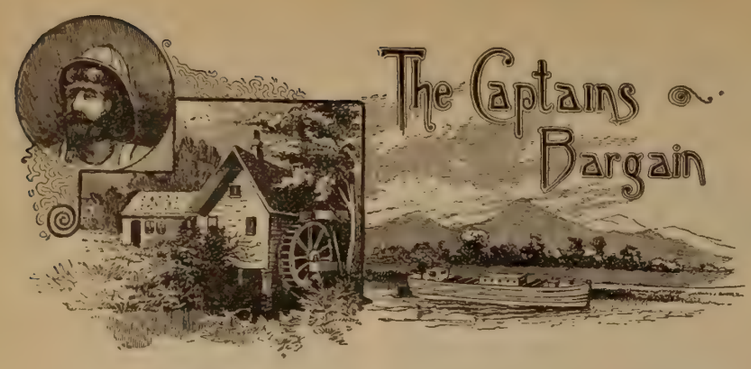
A lady writes to the *Christian Index* that a few days ago the daughter of a friend passed her twenty-first birthday. Until she was nineteen she had tried to find satisfaction in worldly pleasures. Then she was converted and became an active Christian. On the birthday in question, she and her mother were conversing about the past, and discussing the various objects and modes of life. The mother put to her this question:

"Daughter, what is life?"

Reflecting a moment, she replied: "Life is doing the will of God."

Could any answer have been more beautiful and true? She had been a careful, constant reader of the Bible, and had absorbed the thought from the words of Jesus. He said: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me" (John, 4:34). "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." (1 Jno. 3:17). "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 7:21.)

With such a chart as this, there is little danger of shipwreck on the ocean of life.



The Captains Bargain

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 588.*)

THE rest of the afternoon and all the night, getting only brief snatches of sleep, as Robert fell into transient states of stupor, did Mr. Murray watch by his son. He had plenty of time for repenting; plenty of time to think what he might have done, and to plan what he would do if God should restore his boy. How he recalled the piteous pleading in Robert's brown eyes as he begged to go to Lal's Mountain for the summer. A "yes" then, the hope of that return, might have saved all this. Then, too, Robert had asked so wistfully for money to lift that mortgage, which seemed to rest as heavily on his young heart as on the Allen mill, and how harshly he had been refused! Mr. Murray seemed to himself a monster.

But as the gray March morning dawned, Robert's heart-breaking cries, "Mother, mother, come help me!" were suddenly quieted, for the door opened and softly across the room came Eliza Allen. She knelt on a stool by Robert's bed and took his burning head in her arms and stroked and soothed his forehead with those work-worn hands, which were yet so soft and so motherly in touch.

Robert ceased to call, "Father, father, I am falling! Hold me! the mill is whirling about! It is going over the bank!" for Captain Allen took in his strong grasp the gesticulating, dry hands, and his genial, firm voice said:

"Here I am, my son. We are all right. The mill stands firm, Robert."

And there was no longer need for the sick boy to implore, "Pink, sing. Why don't you sing to me? Pink, you sing just like a bird," for Pink sat on the other side of the bed and put her little hand on Robert's thin cheek, and in her fresh voice, untrained but true and sweet, sang the simple things which Robert loved to hear: "Blue Juniata," "Buy a Broom," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and the hymn that they all had sung together at the mill on Sunday evenings, "O Paradise, O Paradise."

And so, soothed, caressed, sung to, feeling the subtle influence of their presence whom he loved, Robert grew quieter and sank into slumber.

Mr. Murray stood at the foot of the bed, and watched his son, as he lay surrounded and ministered to by that family of whom he had been so strangely jealous. But there was no jealousy in his heart now, it was all driven out by a terrible fear. He was willing to share Robert now with all the world, if so be he might have any part at all of him left. His heart blessed those who came with help, and possible healing. Hereafter he would never be able to do enough for them, if only Robert might live. And the Allens, ministering to Robert, seemed to have not the least rancor toward the poor Superintendent, who had dragged Robert from them so furiously, giving them no word of thanks, but calling them hard names instead. Captain Allen nodded encouragement to Mr. Murray, as Robert fell asleep. Eliza sent glances of sympathy and pity to the white, haggard, unhappy parent. Pink tried to give him hopeful smiles, while tears were running down her rosy, dimpled cheeks. At that instant, far from saying that Pink had red hair, and was not a pretty girl, Mr. Murray was ready to affirm that she had locks of spun gold and the countenance of a cherub.

The Allens had travelled all through a stormy March night, and taken no food; yet, as hour followed hour, they never flinched from their post, lest Robert's sleep should be disturbed. Eliza held her boy still in seemingly tireless arms; Captain 'Zekiel stood at his post with the constancy of a caryatid; Pink's voice dropped lower and lower to suit the needs of slumber, but still she sang on. The superseded hospital nurse remembered their necessities. She brought a cup of beef-tea and held it to Eliza's lips, then treated the Captain to coffee in the same fashion, and then Eliza's voice stole into Pink's low song, so that Pink might stop long enough to have something to eat. And then Pink gently left her place, and drew a big chair to just the spot where Mr. Murray could best watch Robert, and made him sit down there and drink some coffee, and lean back his head on a pillow, and have his tired face bathed with cologne, and an afghan tucked all about his knees and hands, for Pink was a capital littte nurse, and then she whispered in his ear, "Mr. Murray, please don't look so miserable; I know Robert is going to get well. See how nicely he sleeps. You sleep, too." And so she went back to her place and her singing, while Mr. Murray thought this little girl in the blue and black plaid, plainly-made gown—poor Robert's gift—was certainly the most delightful creature; why, why had he not carried her, too, off from the mill when he took Robert?

It was noon before Robert roused and moved, and released his willing prisoners. Then he was not in his senses, and seemed to recognize no one, but his cries for "father," "mother," "Pink," were stilled. He recognized their presence in so far as that he would not let the nurse touch him or feed him, but yielded calmly when Eliza bathed his face and arms, combed his hair, and gave him broth. The fury of his fever and restlessness was ended; it only needed the touch of Eliza's hands, or a few notes of Pink's songs, to quiet his tossings and still his mutterings. The nurse had only to wait on those whom the sick tyrant permitted to wait upon him. When he began to talk about Bop and Jerry and the mill, Captain 'Zekiel knew just what to say to him. Between whiles, in the next room, the Captain passed the hours encouraging Mr. Murray, by vowing that "Robert would surely get well, never was there such a master-hand with the sick as 'Liza was." And he told Mr. Murray tales of Robert's childhood. Now, for the first time, did the Superintendent hear the true story of how the Captain had found and brought home his Bargain. All the little anecdotes of Robert's childish goodness, courage, wit, and beauty were detailed by the good Captain, and eagerly heard by the Superintendent. And now that sorrow and fear had opened Mr. Murray's eyes, he learned from these stories that which the Captain had not thought of teaching,—the depth of affection existing between Robert and his foster-parents, and all the generous love and self-denying care which they lavished upon him. He told himself that he had been a demon to abuse these noble people, and to give them hostility instead of gratitude.

Finally the force of Robert's fever was broken but now he lay in a state of exhaustion, near to death, from extreme weakness.

"We must build him up," said Dr. Lee. "Get the best old bourbon or apple-whiskey and give it to him, a teaspoon of whiskey in two tablespoons of rich, new milk. Begin with it once in five hours, then get to once in three."

"But, doctor," said Mr. Murray, "I don't want to give my son any kind of whiskey. I don't believe in it. Is there not something else to strengthen him?"

"Why, Mr. Murray, he is not in a state to know what he is taking. You can't cultivate a taste in him now."

"But I don't believe in alcohol as a medicine."

"I am giving you the best I know, sir; I have done my best in the case from the first," said Dr. Lee, who was full of pride at his successful treatment of Robert.

The great doctor from the city had come out and approved his course, and, after two calls, had left the case with him. The young doctor was elated. Moreover, he was one of those who advocate alcohol as a medicine.

"Doctor," said Mr. Murray, earnestly, "I feel deeply about this. When I was Robert's age I nearly died of typhoid fever, and, in the subsequent prostration, they gave me brandy and whiskey, which begot a taste for drink. I might far better have died. My love of drink cursed my existence, killed my wife, nearly destroyed my child. I cannot have that story repeated in Robert."

"Never fear, it will not be. It was a most unusual case, I should say. They kept up the dose too long, probably."

"Can you not think of something better than whiskey?" said Mr. Murray, appealing to the nurse.

"I never interfere with the physician in charge," said the nurse.

Mr. Murray looked to Eliza.

"What do you say?"

"I never give liquor of any kind," said Eliza, promptly. "I do not think it right. It is against my principles."

"Temperance is a question of morals, and should not be dragged into the domain of medicine," said Dr. Lee. "Those who know nothing of medicine should not handicap a doctor with either whims or moral principles, but let him do his best. Have confidence in me, Mr. Murray. I am more than interested in your son."

But Eliza drew near the troubled father and said in his ear:

"Oh, Mr. Murray, don't yield. Remember Robert is your son, and a taste that was in you may lie in him, and your story may come to be his story. Oh, do be firm. I know there must be some safer treatment."

"If you have no confidence in me, sir," began Dr. Lee in a vexed tone,—"if you question my judgment——"

"I have confidence in you—every confidence; but I beg of you, doctor, consult your reading, your experience, can you not prescribe something else?"

Dr. Lee was angry.

"No, I cannot," he said, sharply.

"Claude, you can."

The voice that spoke was sweet, but imperious. The door into the next room where young Morgan was, was open, and a lady stood on the threshold.

"Claude, how often have you and I fought this battle! You know that I will not allow you to give Paul alcohol. You know I have proved to you again and again that alcohol is not needed in medical practice."

"Aunt!" cried Dr. Lee, between rage and respect.

"Yes, aunt; and a very nice aunt I am, young man, and one for you to be truly proud of, as I know you are. It is cruel of you to try and force this father to give to his son a dangerous poison. You are young and inexperienced, my good Claude, but you do know of other remedies than alcohol for building up prostrated strength. Did I not bring you through nervous prostration and typhoid fever without a drop of distilled or fermented poison? Do you not know that for years the Temperance Hospital of London has had the lowest hospital death-rate on record, and there, nothing alcoholic is used? Why, Claude, will you insist on trying to build up life on a substructure of death?"

"Well, aunt, if you mean to take this case out of my hands, and if Mr. Murray wishes it——"

"My dear Claude, we neither of us wish anything of the kind. We want you to drop for the nonce, at least, your crotchet about the medicinal virtues of alcohol and doctor this pretty lad on temperance lines. You know, Claude, you would have to doctor Paul that way."

"Do me the favor, doctor," pleaded Mr. Murray.

"Well, take your own risk," said the doctor with a half laugh. "When my aunt enters the lists—right or wrong—all her opponents have to fly. There! have that prescription made up; and as for diet, since my aunt and Mrs. Allen consider themselves so well able to dictate and decide, let them take the matter in hand. But, Mr. Murray, if Robert sinks——"

Mr. Murray turned pale.

"He won't sink," said the valiant Mrs. Morgan.

"It will not be my fault if he does, remember."

"And you will not fail to claim all the honors when he goes out bright and well," said Mrs. Morgan. "My dear Claude, if Mr. Murray will allow me to come into this case as adviser on diet, I mean to keep an exact record of the kind, amount, and preparation of all the food and tonics which we use, so that you will have it for a similar case. We shall remember the pendulum principle, Claude, and not stimulate way up one hour to provoke an equal rebound the next hour. We mean to have a steady non-alcoholic rise."

So it was settled. The nurse went away, and Mrs. Allen, Pink, and Mrs. Morgan did the nursing. Mr. Murray and Captain 'Zekiel spent the time walking up and down the school-grounds, or up and down the road, coming in occasionally to see how the invalid was. The two men were in strictest amity. Mr. Murray had forgiven Captain Allen for keeping his son, and Captain Allen had forgotten that Mr. Murray had called him "a villain, a scoundrel, a thief." They went together to see the house Mr. Murray was building.

"If Robert had died, I should have had everything stop, just where it is; and I should soon have died myself," said the Superintendent.

"Keep a good heart," said Captain 'Zekiel, "Robert will not die. You will see him a man in no time, as stout and as strong as I am."

Finally Robert opened his eyes, and was fully conscious. The mists had passed from his brain. There sat Eliza looking at him.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried, holding out both his wasted hands to her, his eyes full of joy.

"Yes, dear boy, here I am," said Eliza, kissing him.

Then a cloud came over Robert's face.

"Oh, mother, is the mortgage foreclosed? Are you all turned out of home, are you all scattered? Has poor father gone West? Is the mill torn down?"

"No, no, my boy," said Mr. Murray, leaning over him. "You have been sick, that is all, and your mother came to nurse you. A pretty lad you are, to make us all this trouble, and fetch her from home to look after you. But, cheer up now, for she will stay until you can go home with her to Lal's Mountain."

"Oh, father, do you mean it? Can I go up there, and see all of them? But the mill—it is to be torn down—father is to lose the mill—and the barge is broken up, and the wheel is ruined by the ice, and—and——"

"And what a pack of nonsense this is that you are talking!" said his father, cheerfully. "Are you dreaming still? Captain Allen leave the mill! No, indeed; why should he, when he owns every stick and timber of it, and all the ground it stands on? The barge broken up! Well, it is, only to make a nice new one. The wheel ruined! Why, the mill is to be put in splendid order, and Captain Allen is going to build a house as soon as you are well enough to lay the corner-stone for him."

"But the mortgage, father, isn't the mortgage to be foreclosed? Is not a New York man to have the mill?

"Come, come, a boy of your age should know nothing about mortgages! The mortgage—do you mean this slip of paper?" and Mr. Murray put a folded paper in Robert's hands—"if that is your nightmare, my dear boy, make an end of it, give it to your mother here to light the fire with."

Eliza heard as if dreaming. Anxiety for Robert had for two weeks kept in the background of her thoughts the imminent ruin of her home. What did Mr. Murray mean?—was this that dreadful mortgage?

"Or let Pink have it for curl-papers," said Mr. Murray.

"Pink doesn't use curl-papers. Her curls are natural," said Robert, laughing. "How is Pink? Oh, I wish I could see Pink."

"So you can," said his father. "She will be here in a minute. She has been singing to you and feeding you for the last two weeks."

"Is Pink here too? But how will father get on if Pink and mother are both gone?" cried Robert.

"He could not get on, so he came too. You seem to be a very important young man, Robert. It takes a whole family to nurse you. I see Captain Allen and Pink coming up the walk now."

"But who is at the mill? Who takes care of the twins?"

"Jerry and Bop and the twins are keeping house together," said the mother.

Then the door opened, and in came Pink and the big Captain.

"Oh, Robert is awake and knows us!" cried Pink, hastening to him. "Robert, are you better? Oh, Robert, I am so glad!"

"I'll be well in no time, and I'll go home with you, and see you build the new house and a new barge and repair the mill. Oh, won't we have a good time!" said Robert, holding both Captain Allen's hands.

The Captain's face fell. In his care for Robert, he, too, had put the home-troubles out of his mind; but now—in two weeks or less—they must go from their home; his hereditary mill would be his no longer.

"There's the mortgage, you know. Mother's got it to burn up,—hateful old paper! Let me see you tear it, father."

(To be Continued.)

STUMBLING STONES

REMOVED FROM THE WORD OF GOD*

The Causes of Discrepancies.

THE so-called 'discrepancies' of Holy Holy Scripture may be classified as follows:

First, *verbal,* or such as concern the words or letters of Scripture;

Secondly, *historical,* or such as concern the names of persons and places, numbers, dates, and historical statements or events;

Thirdly, *moral,* or such as concern ethical precepts and principles, duties and relations; and,

Fourthly, *doctrinal,* or such as concern the direct doctrinal teaching of the Word, especially as to the higher class of spiritual truths. The bibliography of this subject is quite extensive. Some fifty or more volumes have been published, which treat, more or less exclusively, this theme, one of which, by Mr. Haley, covers over five hundred pages. There are probably not less than five hundred other works which contain extended reference to these discrepancies; so that, in the effort to condense what needs to be written upon such a subject into a very brief compass, we find no little additional difficulty.

Errors of Interpretation.

Where no fault can reasonably be found with either the original or the translation, the reader's misapprehension may cause difficulty. We must therefore learn to interpret the language of the Bible intelligently and correctly. Several facts are to be borne in mind.

1. Words often change meaning, and are liable to be misunderstood.

'Prevent' means to go before, or anticipate. 1 Thess. 4: 15.

'Let' means not to let, i. e. to hinder. 2 Thess. 1: 7.

'Conversation' means course of life. Heb. 13: 5.

2. The same word is used in different senses.

Compare Exod. 31: 17, with Isa. 11: 28. Though God "fainteth not neither is weary;" yet "He rested and was refreshed." 'Rest' sometimes means repose after fatiguing labor, or, as in this case, cessation from activity, the arresting of work.

Adam was said to 'hide,' and Jonah to 'flee,' from 'the presence of the Lord.' Yet we are taught that to flee or to hide from his presence is impossible. Ps. 139: 7. There is an omnipresence of God which equally pervades all space; but there is a manifested Presence, such as, in the Garden of Eden or in the Sanctuary of old, was often visible and audible. We are told that God "was not in the wind," the "earthquake" or the "fire;" but the meaning is that he was not specially and personally manifested in these forms, as he was in the "still small voice" which followed them. 1 Kings 29: 11, 12.

The word "covet" is used in Exod. 20: 17, as expressive of unlawful desire after that which is another's; in 1. Cor. 12: 31, of a holy yearning to possess that which will benefit another.

"Christ was made sin for us," though he "knew no sin," 2 Cor. 5: 21, i. e. He was made a sin-offering, accounted judicially as a sinner.

"Tempt" may mean to put to proof, to test: or to entice to sin. Compare Gen. 22: 1, Deut. 6: 16, and Jas. 1: 13.

"Cleave" may mean, to cling to, or to part from, another. Rom. 12: 9. Zech. 14: 4.

"Devoted" means consecrated to holy uses, or, sometimes, doomed, to destruction.

Interpretation of Prophecies.

Prophecy is the language of the future. It is a well-known fact that as we look ahead, in a direct line, certain optical illusions are the result:

First, *Perspective:* objects at different distances are seen in one limited field of vision and lying within the same narrow arc.

Secondly, *Foreshortening:* objects, far separated from us and from each other, appear near and closely related; what is stretched out over vast length, is seen shortened—hence the term "foreshortening," to express the apparent shortening from the fore-view. Only by experience does the mind learn to detect and correct the errors of the eye. Similar illusions pertain to the careless reading of prophecy.

1. In prophecy we often see two or more events of a similar character outlined by a common profile. One outline properly portrays two events, one on a smaller, and the other on a larger scale; one nearer, the other more remote.

E. g., Matt. 24. where the destruction of Jerusalem is the type of the End of the Age, and prophecies concerning both are closely intertwined because one general profile answers for both.

2. Events may appear in a common field of vision, all of which are future, which, and as they occur, will be seen to be marked by many distinct and distinguishing features.

3. Future events, far separated in point of time, may be so mingled on the horizon of prophecy, as to appear like mountains in a range, near to each other.

4. History may be communicated prophetically, i. e. by a backward instead of a forward vision.

The Uses of Discrepancies.

How little all these discrepancies amount to in the aggregate, is amazing. With all these extant manuscripts and all the various sources whence they emanate, the text of the Scriptures is in all vital matters essentially unimpaired.

The variations are numerous but unimportant. They consist of differences in orthography, in the selection and collocation of words, and other minor matters. In the Hebrew manuscripts over three-quarters of a million of various readings may be counted, as to *consonants* alone, and so we may say, in proportion, of the New Testament. But they are of little or no account in the main, and do not affect the sense any more than the different spellings of such words as 'fulfil,' 'plough,' etc.

The Masorites, superstitiously punctilious as they were, became, in the Providence of God, guardians of the text of sacred scripture. They counted, classified and recorded verses, words, and even letters, so that the Bible has come down to us with a text purer and more certain than that of any other ancient book. In the manuscripts of Terence, and within a much less space than our New Testament, Dr. Bentley found 20,000 various lections, and affirmed his belief that upon further search he would more than double the number of such discoveries.

In the manuscripts collated for Griesbach's Testament, 150,000 various readings occur. Yet it is remarkable that, notwithstanding these hundreds of thousands of variations, the substance of Scripture is not, by any of them, or by all of them together, materially affected; not one article of faith, not one moral duty, not one theological doctrine, not one essential truth, is in the slightest degree modified. The variations are mostly trivial, relating mainly to the names, numbers, dates, or to the letters of words. And the general result is that, with the exception of perhaps from a dozen to twenty verses, the text of every chapter, paragraph and even sentence of Scripture, is now so firmly settled that only the meaning is open to doubt or dispute.

* From *Stumbling Stones Removed from the Word of God,* by Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., Baker & Taylor Co., New York, Publishers. A volume showing that many of the supposed difficulties of the Bible are not so in fact and laying down simple rules of interpretation for the aid of the earnest readers of the Word.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Pure. Soluble. Economical.

A PROVIDENTIAL MISTAKE.

Two ladies who are superintending a mission for the Chinese which Dr. Cullis has established at Bakersfield, Cal., have had an experience which began unpleasantly but terminated in joy and thanksgiving. One of them sends the following account of it to *Times of Refreshing:*

Our quietude was disturbed the other day by what at first seemed a very unwelcome visitor in the shape of a young man about twenty-two or twenty-three years old. He rushed into the house without giving us notice, and before I could realize my true position I found myself confronted by what looked like a demon, such a wild devilish look had he on his face. He asked me for the ladies. Of course I soon understood what he meant and told him, he had made a mistake, whereupon he began to swear fearfully. I reminded him that he was in a gentleman's house, and how very ungentlemanly it was on his part. He insisted if I didn't like it I could "do the next best thing." I asked him if he had a mother or any sisters, and whether he was ever brought face to face with the thought that at the end of such a life as he was leading the judgement of God awaited him.

After a few words of straight truth with the assistance of God's Holy Spirit, he was led to see his sins, and after a lengthy struggle with the enemy of his soul, he decided to seek the Lord. He wept bitterly and asked Mrs. B. and myself to pray for him, which we did. He also prayed for himself, but for a long time the poor fellow seemed so bound by the fetters of sin, that he could not break away. Finally, in answer to the prayer of faith the light came, and his poor captive soul was set free. He thanked God for directing him to this house. Although it was a mistake on his part he said he believed that it was God's Spirit that guided him here. We gave him some cool water to wash with, and told him he might stay here and take a rest, but he thanked us and said he had found rest for his soul. He then told us that he had a good Christian mother, also a sister who was a teacher in Sunday school. He came from New York, was on his way to Sacramento, but stopped over at this place for the day. He also showed us the check of his trunk shipped through to Sacramento. He said he had been miserable for the past five years on account of sin, and had prayed to God many times but seemed to get no satisfaction until now. We all knelt down and thanked God for directing him to our house; while he didn't introduce himself very politely we were all very glad he came. What was our joy compared to the joy in heaven among the angels over a sinner returned to the Father's house? We gave him a small Testament, and some nice tracts to read, and told him to give them away after reading them himself. We committed him to God's keeping until we should meet again.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Elder E. E. Adams, Scottsburg, Livingston Co., N.Y. Where can I find the best map of the United States?

Apply to a stationer.

C. P. S., Jersey City, N. J., R. E. Bayard, Catskill, N. Y., and A. B. W., Toledo, Ia.

The questions forwarded are suited to the pages of a secular journal.

A. D., Eau Claire, Wis. What steamer was the first to cross the Atlantic?

The steamer *Savannah*, which made the passage in 1819 in twenty-five days.

Rev. J. W. Eichler, Belmont, O. Did you ever hear or know of any one dying an inmate of an almshouse who gave systematically a set proportion of his income to the Lord's cause?

We never did.

Rider, Philadelphia. Is it right for a Christian girl to ride a safety bicycle?

This is a question of expediency and not of conscience. There need be no impropriety in doing so.

W. H. Howard, Augusta, Woodruff Co., Ark. Is the oft-used proverb "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" found in the Bible?

It is not in the Bible. The phrase is believed to have had an Arabic origin.

E. J. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. Are the Seventh Day Adventists correct in their doctrine? Have we any authority for keeping the first day (Sunday) as the Sabbath? Was the day changed from the seventh to the first by the Roman Catholic Church?

The foregoing was fully answered in No. 28 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Subscriber, Fredericksburg, Va. 1. Is it becoming in a professed Christian clerk to sell intoxicating drinks for his employer? 2. Which one does God hold responsible?

1. Decidedly not. It is a sin to do so under any circumstances. 2. Both.

G. E. Cray, Passaic, N. J. Which has the greater temptation to intemperance, the politician or the society man?

The question is one that must be governed by circumstances. Unfortunately, both politics and society are full of temptations to intemperance, although the active politician is probably more numerously beset than the other.

A Subscriber, N. Y. City. What should be done with an elder who grumbles and growls at everybody, refuses to attend to the duties of his office, opposes any change made within the church, and refuses to attend service because there is a Ladies' Aid in connection with the church, whose members have socials at times?

There is is but one way of dealing with an erring brother. (See II. Tim. 2:24; Titus 3:2; Matt. 18:15-17.) If these fail and he continues an obstructionist, you should consult your church book of rules and discipline and ascertain whether he is not subject to removal.

J. M. B. Linwood, Ark. 1. Who was Melchizedek and had he a father and a mother? 2. How long has an eagle been known to live, etc.?

1. He was the king of Salem and also a priest of God. The passage that has caused so much question about him is found in Hebrews 7:3. Commentators have been puzzled over it for centuries, but it is now generally accepted as typically referring to the priestly office and not to the individual. 2. Consult a Natural History, which you will find in the nearest public library.

Mrs. I——, Ellen Street, Newark, N. J Do you think that Satan is a personal being and that he is prowling around the earth now?

All Scripture and Revelation teach that the devil is a personal being. See his character described in 1. Peter 5:7, and that of his associates in II. Cor. 11:14, 15. It is a favorite argument of the sceptic to assert that there is no devil, but his handiwork is visible throughout the world to-day, and will continue until he is chained during the 1000 years of millennial blessedness. (See Rev. 20:2.)

Richard Ellis, Wylan, Jefferson Co., Ala. 1. Who were the two first disciples of Christ? 2. What was the cause of the hatred between Jews and Samaritans? 3. Is regeneration or the new birth an earthly thing, because it takes place on earth?

1. John and Andrew. 2. After the Assyrian conquest, Samaria was colonized by strangers, only a bare remnant of the original population being left. For this reason the Jews did not consider the Samaritans and their descendants as of their race, and an enmity arose. When the Temple at Jerusalem was to be rebuilt, the Samaritans desired to co-operate, but were refused, and the feud became open. The hatred became traditional and it was in full force even in our Lord's day. 3. It is spiritual, not earthly. Your question echoes the inquiry of Nicodemus. (See John 3:4.) Regeneration is being born again of the Holy Spirit, which produces a change of heart. It is best expressed as being born "from above." (John 3:7.)

Subscriber for many years, Deposit, Mich. In Gen. 1:1. I find "in the begining God *created*," etc. Are *created* and *made* identical in the original? What is the true translation?

The Hebrew word "*bara*" in Gen. 1:1, signifies to *create* out of nothing, according to the ablest commentators, and not merely to *fashion* or *form* out of matter already existent. The opening chapter of Genesis sets forth the world as first created, a rude and unformed mass, and the conformation and elaboration are all recorded in the following chapter. The word "*asah*" (to make), has the latter meaning. Thus Gen. 2:3 speaks of the things that God both *created* and *made*.

S. S. Scholar, Lower Gilmanton, N. H. Did Satan own the kingdoms of the world when he offered them to Christ? If not, was it any temptation to offer him that which the tempter could not give?

No; Satan did not own them. Satan is a liar and he offered that which he did not have. He tempts his dupes with offers of joy, happiness, power and prosperity, but at the end of life, if not long before, they find out that he is the Father of Lies. He tempted Christ because knowing that the Saviour had taken on a human nature ("was in all points tempted like as we are" Heb. 4:15), he believed that he might succeed with so dazzling an offer. The temptation illustrates the assault of worldly ambition upon the spiritual nature, stirring up the lust of power and silencing the voice of duty and the warnings of conscience.

James M. Allen, Newark N. J. Have we any Scriptural authority for responsive reading of the Bible, as a part of our regular Sabbath worship?

Responses were a feature of sacred services in Scripture times. "Let all the people say Amen." (Deut. 27:15; Psalm 106:48.) The services on Mount Gerizim were responsive, and the people were expected to say "Amen" as the curses were pronounced upon Mount Ebal. The custom of responses prevailed to some extent in the early Christian Church. Anciently all the people were asked to join in psalmody and prayers, and make their proper responses.

W. A. Hale, North Brooklyn, Me. I have read about the "Holy Coat" of Treves. Are there any of Christ's garments or any relics of the Saviour preserved? Can any reliance be placed in the statement concerning the "Holy Coat"?

No reliance whatever. The alleged garment is simply one of the innumerable so-called "relics," of which the Romish Church claims the exclusive right of ownership. The only "attestation" the coat received was given nearly 1200 *years after* the death of the Saviour on the Cross. A rival "Holy Coat" has been brought forward by another European city, seemingly instigated by envy at the enormous profit Treves is reaping from the exhibition of the garment.

THE WHITENED FIELDS.

SO many idle, folded hands,
And the harvest-fields are white;
Low droop the heavy heads of wheat
That wait the reaper's weary feet,
The sickle in his willing hands,
For "the harvest fields are white.'

So many here that sit at ease,
While neath yon darker skies
The wretchedness and misery
Even angels well might weep to see.
How can we dare to sit at ease
Beneath these golden skies?

So fleet, so few the moment be
For binding up the sheaves!
The Master calls; do not delay,
But haste some fruit to win to-day;
For soon our only joy shall be
In bringing home the sheaves.

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THE MANAGEMENT OF DOGS.

Editor American Sportsman:

I was much pleased and greatly interested in the article on the dog and their management that appeared in the SPORTSMAN from the pen of Mr. Hugh Dalziel. To advance the growth and beautify the coat, he advises the use of cocoanut oil. Right. But do your many readers and lovers of the dog know that there is within their reach a more simple and easier obtained article and at far less expense, that answers the same purpose of the oil. This is nothing more nor less than Ivory Soap, manufactured by The Procter and Gamble Co., of Cincinnati. I have used it for many years and find it for all practical purposes far superior to anything I have ever used in my kennel. For washing setters I have never found its equal. Its healing properties are wonderful, and for sores and eruptions of any kind invaluable. It leaves the skin soft and clear, furnishes life to the coat, produces a beautiful growth of feather, and leaves it smooth and glossy and free from harshness. I use it with lukewarm rain water, which I find is the best. This forms a rich, oily lather, and helps loosen all stubborn scales and blotches of the skin. To those putting dogs in condition for show purposes it is first-class, and does away with the use of oils, eggs, etc. I have no purpose in advising the use of the soap only for the good of the dog. I have no interest, directly or indirectly, have never met, nor do I know any of the manufacturers. But I must give them credit for giving us the best soap for kennel purposes I ever used.

JOHN BOLUS,
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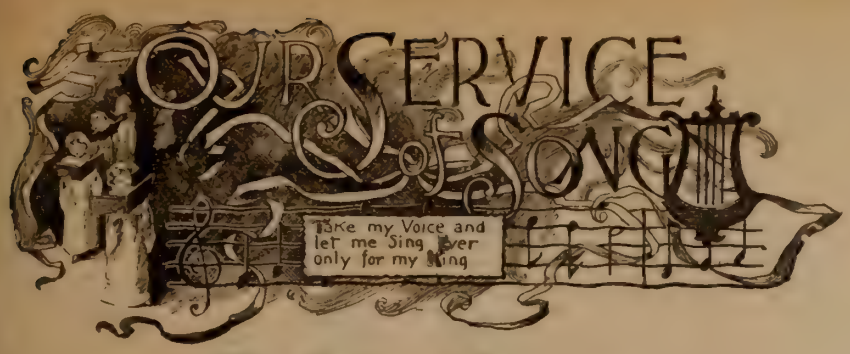
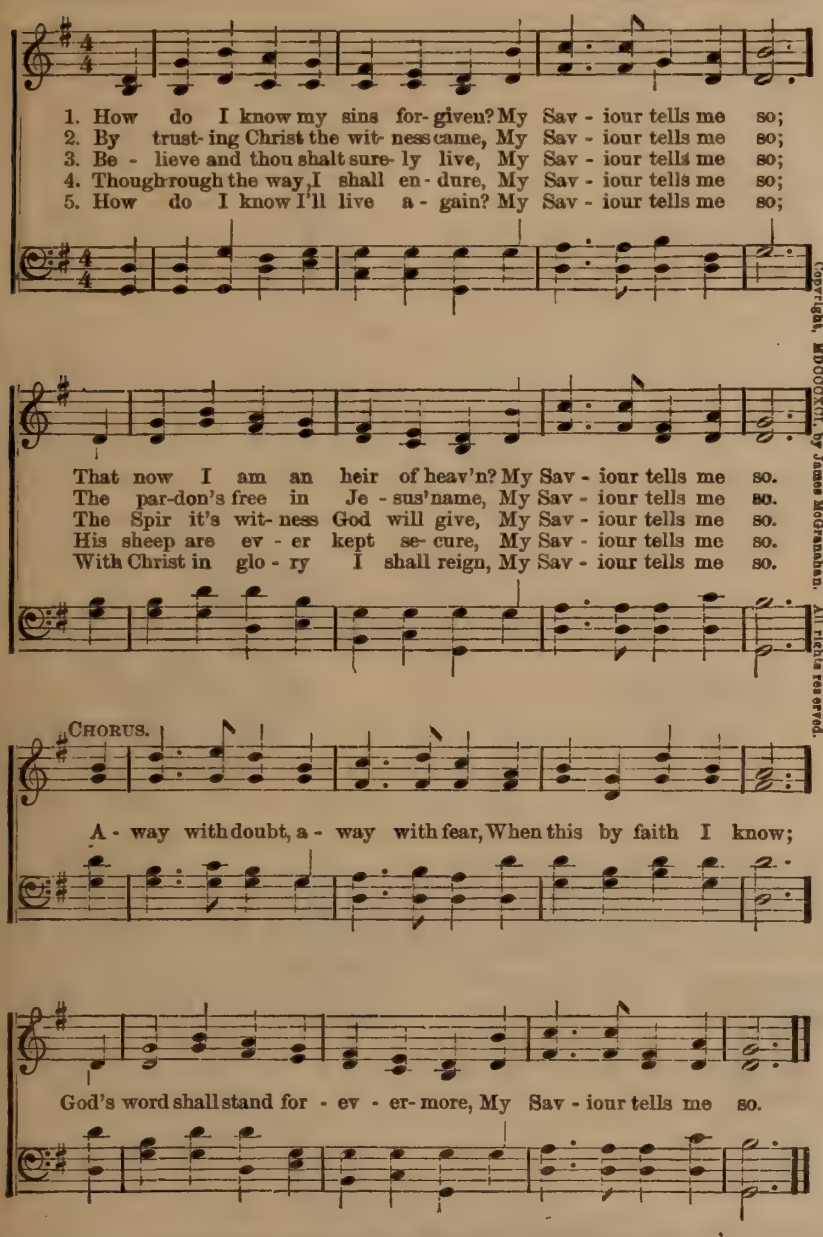


My Saviour tells me so.

"Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out."—JNO. 6: 37.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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FROM GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

STRANGERS IN CHURCH.

How a Little Kindness Led Two Wanderers to the Fold.

"WHO are those two young ladies dressed in mourning who sat in the corner near you?" inquired Mrs. Ashby, of an acquaintance who passed her pew just as the Sabbath morning service was closed.

"They seem to be strangers," she continued, "and I haven't seen any one speak to them."

"They are not exactly strangers," said Mrs. Ashby's friend, "though I dare say they were never in church here before. Don't you remember a small, thin-faced woman who sat in the same corner for a few Sabbaths, some three months ago, and looked so forlorn and timid? She was their mother, and the name of the family is H—— She's dead now, I hear, and better off, I've no doubt. These girls and their father teased her to death, it is said, about her religion and church-going, for she would always come to church as long as she was able. But she's gone at last, and I wonder what sent them here."

"Perhaps the Lord has sent them," thought Mrs. Ashby, as her informant hastened down the aisle and left her still standing at the door of her pew. She recalled the pale face of the mother, to whom she had once or twice spoken a kind word, and whose absence from church after a few Sabbaths' attendance, had been accounted for by her reported removal from the town.

Mrs. Ashby looked again at the strangers; they were lingering, while all around them were fast leaving the house. No one seemed to care for them, and they looked as if almost doubting their right to be there. She felt as if some one ought to welcome them to the sanctuary; and so with a heart full of love, she went and took them by the hand. Calling them by name, she told them that she remembered their mother, and was grieved to hear that they had lost so good a parent. She added that she was glad to see them at church, and hoped they would continue to fill their mother's place. Then she inquired their residence, and giving her own name, said that with their permission she would call upon them in a day or two. They were too much affected to reply.

Sickness in Mrs. Ashby's family prevented her from calling on Sarah and Ellen H—— that week as she intended. But when the following Sabbath came, she was glad to see them again in their mother's seat. She gave them a pleased look of recognition before the services commenced, and as soon as they were ended she went directly to them. Greeting them cordially, she explained the cause of her failure to call upon them, and told them that she particularly regretted it, because she was anxious to secure them as members of a young ladies' class, which met weekly, at her own house, for the study of the Scriptures. She asked them to think of the proposal for a day or two, and she would see them about it during the week if Providence permitted.

To Sarah and Ellen, Mrs. Ashby was the good Samaritan. They had been trained by their father in his own hard and bitter unbelief. The sorrowful and feeble mother whom they had just buried was scarcely a parent to them, she having married their father after they were nearly grown to maturity. She was a Christian, but too timid by nature, and soon too ill, to make her influence for good decided and efficient. The father and daughters laughed at her Bible-reading and psalm-singing, and utterly refused to join her in attendance at church. Finding herself sorely disappointed in the character and temper of the family with which she had too hastily connected herself, she soon sank into the grave.

Not till then did those thoughtless girls realize what they had done. The fear and hesitation of the hitherto timid woman, in her dying hour, gave place to Christian fortitude and even triumph. Her eyes saw truth with gospel clearness; her lips were fearless in declaring and enforcing it. The hitherto deluded daughters were touched at once with conviction and remorse. Under the influence of these feelings, they readily promised their dying mother to attend on public worship.

So it was that they came to the house of God; it was indeed "the Lord" who had "sent them." But the preaching they heard that first Sabbath was little calculated to stimulate or encourage them. The cold, lifeless sermon fell like lead on their awakened consciences. And when they met from those around them in church only an indifferent glance or a curious stare, they were ready to say, "No man careth for my soul." They would have gone home repelled and discouraged, but for the Christian faithfulness and sympathy of Mrs. Ashby. The tender love which glistened in her eye and made itself felt in the pressure of her hand, her unaffected interest in their welfare, and the almost motherly kindness of her manner, went directly to their hearts.

She visited them as she had promised, and soon won their confidence. They joined her Bible class, and diligently studied the word of God. It was not long ere they gave satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion; and now, under the wise training of Mrs. Ashby, who has become their trusted household counsellor, they are seeking, by the beauty and order of a Christian home, as well as by direct prayer and effort, to win their father to the Saviour.

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AT Tavers, near Beaugency, on the high road from Paris to Bordeaux, lived, and may still be living, a small farmer and his wife name Lepage. The ideal that both pursued in perfect agreement with one another as to the means as well as the end was that of doing good to their fellow-creatures. Their hearts were especially touched by the hardships and sufferings of poor artisans and laborers who, journeying in search of employment, frequently passed along the high road, hot and dusty in summer, cold and wind-swept in winter. To such people they gave food and shelter, and their house became known throughout the district and far beyond as the *Hotellerie de la Charite*. The idea of providing a resting-place for wayworn, moneyless wanderers was probably due to Mrs. Lepage, whose heart overflowed with love and compassion for the unhappy. Not a day passed but some one received under this hospitable roof shelter, food, and kindly, encouraging words. And this went on for many years. One day a carriage and pair drew up in front of the Hostelry of Charity. A well-dressed man sprang to the ground, exclaiming as soon as he saw Lepage and his wife: "Oh my dear benefactors! do you not know me?" He was once a workman who, like so many others, had tramped along the road weary and hungry, and who had found food and a night's lodging at the Hostelry. Not only had the Lepages entertained him but they helped him to obtain work at Beaugency, and from this beginning came a complete change of circumstances. He did not remain in the district, but the fresh start that had been given him brought increasing success and eventually fortune. Now a rich man, he had returned to show his gratitude to those whose charity had rescued him from wretchedness, and to whom he attributed all his prosperity.

SO SOON FORGOT.

(*For the Christian Herald.*)

SHE was a wife, a mother, and a friend;
Kind, faithful, true, as any in the land;
The centre of a loving circle fair;
The crown of home, its central jewel rare.

One sweet Spring morning, beautiful, serene,
An enemy appeared upon the scene;
He closed the mother's eyes and pallid lips,
And quenched the light of home in dark eclipse.

The stricken mourners, wailing out their woe,
Around their dead, disconsolate, bowed low;
Then sadly laid the silent form away,
To slumber till the Resurrection Day.

A few bright years have bloomed and passed away,
Since fell the shadow of that woful day;
And now the stream of life flows on serene,
As though that stormy sorrow had not been.

Forgot! So soon the absent dead forgot!
Love scarce can find the sacred burial spot:
The pitying weeds and thorns have crept around,
And laid their humble tribute on the mound!

Ah me! Are there no loving eyes to weep?
Are there no gentle, tender hands to keep
The rose of memory blooming for our dead,
A few brief summers, on their burial bed?

Forgot on earth! Ah me! how soon forgot!
But God our sacred dust forgetteth not!
His sleeping saints are precious in his sight,
And he will wake them at the morning light!

—BY REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

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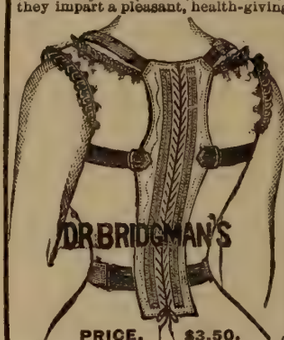

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ORIGINAL. No. 27.

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BY MARION HARLAND.

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Sift flour, baking powder and salt together twice, chop in the butter. Stir the beaten yolks into the milk and add the flour, then the frothed whites. Whip high and light and bake in cups in a quick oven.

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.

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Annual Subscription, $1.50.

THE BETHLEHEM ROAD.

One of the Loveliest of Jerusalem's Suburban Highways—Many Biblical Points of Interest.

ONE of the most beautiful landscapes in Palestine is presented to our readers in the picture which we publish on this page. Standing on the high ground at the Jaffa Gate of the HolyCity, is seen looking south, an ancient roadway, winding between stone walls for a short distance, till it reaches the open country. On the immediate left is the old stone wall of the sacred city. The road, which is fringed here and there with olive trees, traverses field and valley, or curves past wooded slopes and, with many a winding turn, reaches out into the open country until it seems lost in the blue haze of the distant hills of Judea. This is the road to Bethlehem, and the surrounding country is one of the most picturesque in Palestine.

The Jaffa Gate is sometimes called the Bethlehem or Hebron Gate. It is the only western gate of the city, the other three being the Damascus Gate on the northern side, St. Stephen on the eastern, and Zion on the southern. There were other gates in olden times, but they are now closed. One of them—the Golden Gate—has a huge slab of marble laid up against it, and the Mohammedan "faithful" hold the belief that Mohammed will at the last day sit at this gate and judge the nations of the world, who will gather before him in the wide-spreading valley of Jehoshaphat. All the gates still in use are guarded by day and closed at sun-set, to protect the inhabitants from prowling Bedouin robbers.

To the right and just outside the Jaffa Gate is seen in the illustration a potter's shed or work-shop, with a pile of water-jars drying in the hot sun. Farther on is seen a Bedouin tent, with horses and cattle browsing about. On the left is higher land, interspersed with clumps of olive trees. The whole landscape conveys the impression of perfect repose, the silence being in marked contrast to the bustle inside the city walls. This was the route taken by the Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor of this paper, and his party, when they visited the birth-place of the Saviour in December, 1889.

"There were eighteen of our party, and twenty-two beasts of burden carried our camp equipments," wrote the reverend traveller. "We were led by an Arab Sheik, with his black Nubian servant carrying a loaded gun in full sight."

The wall at the Jaffa Gate, which can be seen in the illustration, is a massive structure, being from twenty-five to fifty feet in height, according to the elevation or depression of the soil, and two and one-half miles in length. Probably the greater portion of it is not more than three hundred years old, but there are in it some beautifully bevelled stones of much greater antiquity, some probably dating as far back as the time of Nehemiah. The Jaffa Gate, like the others, is a business focus by day and the customs officials sit there and levy duties.

On the road to Bethlehem many notable Biblical points of interest may be seen. On the right, a little distance aside from the roadway, is the house of the Greek Archimandrite and still further along, on the same side, are a Jewish Hospice and mill, opposite which, on the left of the roadway is a reservoir. Next we pass an English school, attached to which is a Protestant cemetery. On the left, and two miles from the gate, is an ancient wall, passing which the road curves till it reaches El Khamis, and a little way beyond is "Rachel's Tomb." On the right is the *Jabel Deir Abu Tor*, or, "Hill of Evil Counsel," with an ancient ruin on the summit. Here, according to tradition was the house of the high priest Caiaphas, in which the leaders among the Jews consulted together and finally resolved on the death of our Lord. (John 11: 47–52.) Near by the *Hill of Evil Counsel* is pointed out the tree whereon tradition says, Judas hanged himself.

On this beautiful road to Bethlehem one also sees the *Wells of the Magi*, at the point where they first saw the Star in the East. In the Valley of Rephaim is a large monastery called *Mar-Elyas*, surrounded by strong stone walls to protect the inmates against Bedouin attacks. Near the monastery is a rock whereon is shown a depression in which, as monastic legends assert, Elijah slept for a night during his flight from the treacherous Queen Jezebel. Curving again to the right for half a mile the road follows a course straight as an arrow to *Beit-Laham*, or Bethlehem. The scenery is charmingly diversified with hills and valleys along the whole distance.

The country round about Jerusalem is all of lime-stone formation, and not specially fertile; still, the olive thrives abundantly, and orchards and fields of grain are seen in the valleys.

THE ROUTE TO BETHLEHEM, LOOKING FROM THE JOPPA GATE, JERUSALEM.

(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

CHRIST'S MARCH THROUGH THE CENTURIES.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon preached last Sunday morning, September 27, 1891, from the Text:

"On his head were many crowns." Rev. 19 : 12.

MAY your ears be alert and your thoughts concentred, and all the powers of your soul aroused, while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries." You say, "give us then a good start, in rooms of vermillion and on floor of mosaic and amid corridors of porphyry and under canopies dyed in all the splendors of the setting sun." You can have no such starting place. At the time our Chieftain was born, there were castles on the beach of Galilee, and palaces at Jerusalem, and imperial bath-rooms at Jericho, and obelisks at Cairo and the Pantheon at Rome, with its corinthian portico and its sixteen granite columns; and the Parthenon at Athens with its glistening coronet of temples; and there were mountains of fine architecture in many parts of the world. But none of them were to be the starting-place of the Chieftain I celebrate.

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmosphere in which are the moan of camels and the baaing of sheep and the barking of dogs and the rough banter of hostleries. He takes his first journey before he could walk. Armed desperadoes with hands of of blood were ready to snatch him down into butchery. Rev. William H. Thompson, the veteran and beloved missionary whom I saw this last month in Denver, in his eighty-sixth year, has described, in his volume entitled "The Land and the Book," Bethlehem as he saw it. Winter before last I walked up and down the grey hills of Jura lime-stone on which the village now rests. The fact that King David had been born there, had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention. The other fact that it was the birthplace of our Chieftain did not keep the place in after years from special dishonor, for Hadrian built there the grove of Adonis and for one hundred and eighty years the religion there observed was the most abhorrent debauchery the world has ever seen. Our Chieftain was considered dangerous from the start. The world had put suspicious eyes upon him because at the time of his birth, the astrologers had seen stellar commotions, a world out of its place and shooting down toward a caravansary.

I do not wonder that the commotions in the heavens excited the wise men on the night our Chieftain was born. As he came from another world and after thirty-three years was again to exchange worlds, it does not seem strange to me that astronomy should have felt the effect of his coming. And instead of being unbelieving about the one star that stooped, I wonder that all the worlds in the heavens did not that Christmas night, make some special demonstration.

In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before him or beside him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind him. We follow him while not yet in his teens, up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building six hundred feet long and six hundred feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gate-ways, and by a pillar crowned with capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and near a marble screen until a group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around him, and then the boy bewilders, and confounds, and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they cannot answer, and under his quick whys and whyfors, and hows and whens, they pull their white beards with embarrassment, and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and putting their staff hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain, come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty

WALKING ON THE SEA.

nights of abstinence, he hurls all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how he can hurl into helplessness all our temptations. And now we climb right after him, up the tough sides of the "Mount of Beatitudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the Valley of Hatin before him, the lake of Galilee to the right of him; and he preaches a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment. Now we follow our Chieftain on Lake Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water. Christ our leader is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about half past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before day-break. But by the flashes of lightning we see him putting his feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but he cheers them into placidity, showing himself to be a great Christ for sailors. And he walks the Atlantic and Pacific and Mediterranean and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for his voice at half-past three o'clock in the morning on any sea, indeed at any hour, they will hear his voice of compassion and encouragement.

We continue to follow our Chieftain, and here is a blind man by the wayside. It is not from cataract of the eye or from ophthalmia, the eye-extinguisher of the East; but he was born blind. "Be opened!" he cries, and first there is a smarting of the eye-lids, and then a twilight, and then a mid-noon, and then a shout. "I see! I see!" Tell it to all the blind, and they at least, can appreciate it. And here is the widow's dead son, and here is the expired damsel, and here is Lazarus! "Live!' our Chieftain cries, and they live. Tell it through all the bereft households; tell it among the graves. And here around him gather the deaf and the dumb and the sick, and at his word they turn on their couches, and blush from awful pallor of helpless illness to rubicund health, and the swollen foot of the dropsical sufferer becomes fleet as a roe on the mountains. The music of the grove and household wakens the deaf ear, and lunatic and maniac return into bright intelligence, and the leper's breath becomes as sweet as the breath of a child, and the flesh as roseate. Tell it to all the sick, through all the homes, through all the hospitals. Tell it at twelve o'clock at night; tell it at two o'clock in the morning; tell it at half-past three, and in the last watch of the night, that Jesus walks the tempest.

Now we follow our Chieftain until for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars, Judas sells him to his pursuers. Tell it to all the betrayed! If for ten thousand dollars or for five hundred dollars or for one hundred dollars your interests were sold out, consider for how much cheaper a sum the Lord of earth and heaven was surrendered to humiliation and death. But here while following him on a Spring night between eleven and twelve o'clock, we see the flash of torches and lanterns and we hear the cry of a mob of Nihilists. They are breaking in on the quietude of Gethsemane with clubs—like a mob with sticks chasing a mad dog. It is a herd of Jerusalem "roughs" led on by Judas to arrest Christ and punish him for being the loveliest and best being that ever lived. But rioters are liable to assail the wrong man. How were they to be sure which one was Jesus? "I will kiss him," says Judas, "and by that signal you will know on whom to lay your hands of arrest." So the kiss which throughout the human race and for all time God intended as the most sacred demonstration of affection,——that most sacred demonstration of reunion and affection was desecrated as the filthy lips of Judas touched the pure cheek of Christ, and the horrid smack of that kiss has its echo in the treachery and debasement and hypocrisy of all ages.

As in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half-mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the Garden of Gethsemane, and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the occurrences spoken of, the scene of horror and of crime came back to me, until I shuddered with the historical reminiscence.

In further following our great Chieftain's march through the centuries, I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a movable platform placed upon a tesselated pavement, Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the salvation of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted and I see them looming up through all the ages red with the carnage.

Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the hill which General Gordon, the great English explorer and arbiter first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for he has not only two heavy timbers to carry on his back, the upright and horizontal pieces of the cross, but he is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elm-wood rods, and years of maltreatment.

PILATE WASHES HIS HANDS.

It took our party in 1889 only fifteen minutes to climb to the top of the hill and reach that lime-stone rock in yonder wall, which I rolled down from the apex of Mount Calvary. But I think our Chieftain must have taken a long time for the ascent, for he had all earth and all heaven, and all hell on his back, as he climbed from base to summit, and there endured what William Cowper, and John Milton, and James Montgomery, and all the other sacred poets have attempted to put in verse; and Angelo, and Raphael, and Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci, and all the great Italian, and German, and Spanish, and French artists have attempted to paint; and Bossuet, and Massillon, and George Whitefield, and Thomas Chalmers have attempted to preach. Something of its overwheming awfulness you may estimate from the fact that the sun could not look upon the scene. The sun dropped over its face a veil of cloud. It withdrew. It hid itself. It said to the midnight, "I resign to thee this spectacle upon which I have no strength to gaze; thou art blind, O, Midnight! and for that reason I commit to thee this tragedy!" Then the night-hawk and the bat flew by, and the jackal howled in the ravines.

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry his limp and lacerated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladioluses, the oleanders, the lilies, the geraniums, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to an aisle of granite where he sleeps. But only a little while he sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their aslant and ruptured state declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened. And we see our Chieftain arouse from his brief slumber and wrestle down the ruffian Death who would keep him imprisoned in that cavern and put both heels on the monster, and coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echoed until on the great resurrection day the door of the last sepulchre shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished cemeteries.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings he rises, the disciples clutching for his robes too late to reach them, and across the great gulfs of space with one

bound he gains that world which for thirty-three years had been denied his companionship, and all heaven lifted a shout of welcome as he entered, and of coronation as up the mediatorial throne he mounted. It was the greatest day heaven had ever seen. They had him back again from tears, from wounds, from ills, from a world that never appreciated him, to a world in which he was the chief delight. In all the libretto of celestial music, it was hard to find an anthem enough conjubilant to celebrate the joy saintly seraphic, deific.

But still we follow our Chieftain in his march through the centuries, for invisibly he still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow him. You can tell where he walks by the churches, and hospitals, and reformatory institutions, and houses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear his tread in the sick room, and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around him. The islands of the sea are hearing his voice. The continents are feeling his power. America will be his! Europe will be his! Asia will be his! Africa will be his! Australia will be his! New Zealand will be his! All the earth will be his! Do you realize that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very recently has the world been found. The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the "uttermost parts of the world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered and not until now have the "uttermost parts of the world" been revealed. The navigator did his work, the explorer did his work, the scientist did his work, and now for the first time since the world has been created has the world been known, measured off, and geographized, the last, hidden, and unknown tract has been mapped out and now the work of evangelization will be begun with an earnestness and velocity as yet unimagined. The steamships are ready; the printing-presses are ready; the telegraph and telephone are ready; millions of Christians are ready and now see Christ marching on through the centuries. Marching on! Marching on!!

GIVING SIGHT TO THE BLIND.

One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore his name. More honored and worshiped is he in this year of 1891 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all nations will join one procession "following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." Marching on! marching on!!

This dear old world whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. This planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time; the last grief will have wiped its last tear; the last criminal will have repented of his last crime and our world that has been a straggler among worlds, a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a miscreant satellite, will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem, and agonized prayer in Gethsemane and dying groan on Golgotha, and as this voice cries "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. Marching on, marching on!!

Oh what a day in heaven that will be when this march of Christ is finished! I know that on the Cross, Christ said, "It

THE CONQUERORS' GREETING.

is finished," but he meant his sacrificial work was finished. All earth and all heaven know that evangelization is not finished, but there will come a day in heaven most rapturous. It may be after our world which is thought to have about fifteen hundred million people shall have on its decks twice its present population, namely three thousand million souls and all redeemed, and it will be after this world shall be so damaged by conflagration that no human foot can tread its surface and no human being can breathe its air, but most certainly the day will come when heaven will be finished and the last of the twelve gates of the eternal city shall have clanged shut, never to open except for the admission of some celestial embassage returning from some other world, and Christ may strike his scarred but healed hand in emphasis on the arm of the amethystine throne and say in substance: "All my ransomed ones are gathered; the work is done; I have finished my march through the centuries."

When in 1813, after the battle of Leipsic, which decided the fate of the nineteenth century, in some respects the most tremendous battle ever fought, the bridge down, the river incarnadined, the street choked with the wounded, the fields for miles around strewn with a dead soldiery from whom all traces of humanity had been dashed out, there met in the public square of that city of Leipsic the allied conquerors, and kings who had gained the victory—the King of Prussia, the emperor of Russia, the Crown Prince of Sweden—followed by the chiefs of their armies. With drawn swords these monarchs saluted each other and cheered for the continental victory they had together gained. History has made the scene memorable.

Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other, and recount the struggles by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to him who is the Chief of the conquerors, crying: "Thine, oh Christ, is the Kingdom; take the crown of victory; the crown of dominion; the crown of grace; the crown of glory." "On his head were many crowns."

THE TRIBULATION.

The Predicted Time of Trouble, Its Nature, Duration, and the Victims.

BY H. W. FRY.*

JUST as it was in the days of Noah, while he was building the ark in which he and his family were to be saved, the world saw no reason to fear a flood: so it is at this moment in which we live. Worldly people, and even many Biblical students, fail to see any reason for imagining that any change is likely to take place. But this instead of making us confident in the stability of things existing, should rather make us mistrust what the world sees and rely wholly on what the Word of God reveals! for it is at the time we think not that the Son of man cometh.

The Prophetic Parable.

We see that events are rapidly ripening for the commencement of the "seventieth seven" [see Daniel 9:24-27], and it is before this can happen that the parable of the ten virgins finds fulfilment. This parable is in part a prophecy. "Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, etc.,—when? See the latter part of the 14th chapter of Matthew and note that it is about the time when the Lord returns to his household. Also note well that "the kingdom of heaven is likened unto ten virgins, not the kingdom of heaven likened unto five wise virgins and the kingdom of the earth likened unto five foolish virgins—but the kingdom of heaven, or God's people on earth in the last days are likened unto the whole ten virgins, of whom five were wise, that is watching and ready, and five were foolish, that is unwatchful and unready.

This very distinctly proves that many professing Christians will be disappointed of their expectations. They believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, they profess to be waiting and watching for him, but when he comes, they are not ready, and so instead of being caught up, they find themselves left to go through the major portion of the great persecutions and tribulations of the last great seventieth seven! initiated and carried out by the "great harlot" and the Anti-christ, or the Beast. This prospect ought to be the highest and most powerful stimulus to every man and woman who takes these things to heart, to prepare to meet their Lord.

In the early part of the last seven years (Dan. 9: 27), the Jews will, to some extent, be back in their land, the earth will have lost the best Christian inhabitants, but there will be

A Great Revival

of true religion amongst those left behind—they will have been horrified to have found that their spiritual condition was very incomplete, and though they may still be saved, yet they will only be saved as by fire, having to pass through all the terrors of the six seals as well as all the terrors of the six trumpets, but those who are faithful will be saved at the "last trump," that is the seventh trumpet which, when it is sonnded, ushers in the seven vials of God's wrath.

These are the individuals who form, after the removal of the "ready" saints, the Church—symbolized by the "woman" of Rev. 12, who is persecuted by the Dragon (Satan.) She is the "true" woman as opposed to the false woman of Rev. 17. Her child, that is the elect few born of her, has been "caught up unto God and his throne," but she, the "main body," is left behind to be tested, tried, and purified in the fires of persecution.

At or about the commencement of this period of the seven years, vast political disturbances will arise, "nation shall arise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom," such wars will take place as are now dreaded by all the statesmen of Europe. These

Political Convulsions

will result in the setting up of ten kingdoms, corresponding to the ten toes of Daniel's image (Dan. 2: 41-43), and also corresponding to the ten horns of Rev. 17: 12—and out of the confusions of wars and revolutions, a man will arise probably in the way the great Napoleon arose, who will increase in power and might until he becomes, as Napoleon nearly did, the one great Emperor of the civilised world, and this great man will be the Anti-Christ.

At the time of the blessed meeting of saints and Jesus takes place in the air, another stupendous event must take place. Satan and his hosts have been the powers of the air for the whole period from Adam to the present time. But if Jesus Christ and his hosts come in the air, it does not seem consistent that the devil and his hosts should remain there. We need not, then, be surprised to see that the devil is cast, and his angels with him, out of the air down on to the earth (see Rev. 12: 7-9), and so the atmosphere is left for the possession of Christ and his saints! The atmosphere, or "the heavens," therefore rejoice (Rev. 12: 12), but "Woe to the inhabiters of the earth!" Those ready saints who are taken may well rejoice, but those unready ones who are "left" may well weep! The devil is now obliged to remain on the earth, and he hath great wrath, knowing that he hath but a short time! The time of great tribulation has commenced! No doubt

The Christian and the Jew

are those who will suffer the most acutely at this period, but the worldly will also suffer terribly. God will during this period pour out all the seals, trumpets, and vials of his wrath. Many of these will plague the inhabiters of the earth, including the Christian and Jewish peoples, and that they will be terrible may be seen by referring to Rev. 6, 8, 9 and 16.

These are all literal plagues, just as much as the plages of Exodus 7 to 11 were real plagues, but Christian and Jew will not only have these plagues to contend against, but they will have to face the terrific persecutions of the Antichrist and his officers! These are to some extent foreshadowed in Rev. 12. No one will be permitted to buy or sell without giving proof, by exposing the sign of blasphemy, that they are loyal to the great reigning emperor. They will have to display this sign—something like an Indian caste mark—either on their foreheads or on the palms of their hands. No one, for instance, without displaying this sign could buy any refreshment, rent a house, buy a railway ticket, or pass money in any way, and therefore those who won't agree to do the bidding of the Government of the day will be able to take no part in the ordinary affairs of life.

These terrible tribulations coming from the hand of wicked men, will, however, only be a portion of what God's people will have to endure, as they will also share in the fearful plagues coming on all the world direct from the hand of God! There will be no escape from these woes except through death, and we are told that many in those days will seek death who will not find it. (Rev. 9: 6.)

* From his article in the *Prophetic News*, which contains also expositions of prophecy, by Dr. Kelsall, Dr. W. T. P. Wolston, and others. Price, six cents; seventy cents a year; may be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

A PROVIDENTIAL INTERFERENCE.

A REMARKABLE incident is reported by one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission. It would appear that many lives were saved in the recent uprising in China by the fact of one gun missing fire. The uncertainty resulting from that failure and a blunder on the part of the rioters in cutting the wrong telegraph wire gave the threatened missionaries time to obtain the protection of the government. The missionary writes:

"A very serious rebellion was on foot, and even now the embers must be smouldering: the fact that eight heads have been taken off within the past two weeks, and one man hacked to death by what is known as the "light sword cuts," and a tenth hung up in a cage, starved to death, and then decapitated, shows that things have been pretty bad. I have only been out in the street once, and things are very quiet, teaching having been very seriously interrupted.

"An organized rebellion was arranged by a well-known secret society for the overturning of the present Tartar dynasty. That society is very strong here, and members are to be found in every class and trade—soldiers and Yaman employes not excepted.

"The firing of three guns was the signal agreed upon for a general rising; two went off, but *the third missed fire!* Some were caught red-handed, and let the secret out. One or two very influential people have been beheaded quietly within the Yaman fort for fear of a rescue being effected; others were beheaded on the streets in the most public quarters.

"The city lies in a very small space, though the town itself extends for several miles. Two of the city gates are still kept shut, and a strong guard kept at the open gates. No strangers are admitted.

"The telegraph wires were cut previous to the intended rising, but fortunately below and not above the city, so that a message was able to be sent to Chu K'ing, and five hundred soldiers came down river just at the crisis."

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

FORETELLING HIS DEATH.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 11. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 12:20-36. Golden Text, John 12:32.

THE raising of Lazarus brought things to a crisis; the chief priests and Pharisees held a council to consider what could be done lest all men should believe on Jesus, and the government should be endangered. Meanwhile, Caiaphas, the high priest, having, by virtue of his office, the spirit of prophecy in a measure, foretold "that Jesus should die for the nation, and not for that nation only, but that also he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad." (John 11: 47-52.) Then a warrant for his arrest was issued. (Verse 57.)

But the living Lazarus, the unanswerable proof of Christ's power over death, became not only the talk, but one of the sights of Jerusalem (12: 1, 9, 17, 18); and the Pharisees were at their wit's end, and said, "Perceive ye how the world is gone after him?" Foreigners, as well as citizens, and the country people who were assembling in Jerusalem for the Passover, were inquring about this "unprecedented miracle." There were certain Greeks among them which came up to worship at the feast who came to Philip with the request,

"Sir, We Would See Jesus."

Philip took the precaution to tell Andrew first. Perhaps the consciousness that a warrant was out for the apprehension of Jesus may have made the disciples cautious. "Andrew and Philip tell Jesus;" but his answer would seem to have been very wide of the mark. He answered: "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified." This was the burden of his message to the sisters of Lazarus, yet how little had they understood his meaning. How then should the Son of Man be glorified? He says: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." Life out of death is the glory of Jesus. It is only as all that is of man falls into the ground and dies, as Jesus himself died for us, that

Life out of Death,

the life of Jesus in the place of our life, can exist, and bring forth fruit. He must die for our sins, but not only so, he as man must die to position, honor, comfort, everything which makes up the life of men of the world, that in our nature, he might consecrate dishonor for his sake, lowliness, discomfort, every suffering which following him may entail, that we may say with Paul, "I will rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

What is this life which we are to hate? Everything which centres in ourselves, everything which makes us say, "I *like* this, I don't like that;" everything which makes us say, "I *must* do this or that." The life of one may be the household; eye and ear, heart and hand are centred in this little world, everything must bend to it, prayer must come in when all household duties are done; Bible study must take a subordinate place; the interest for the Church of God must either be left out altogether, or come in as an occasional thing; the house and the household *must* be cared for, the things of God *may* be—This is a life in which there is not the seeking *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Self is sought in such a life, and whoso liveth it shall lose. The life of another is the business; such on engagement has been made, it must be kept, everything must bow to it; such an undertaking has been set on foot, and money must be found for it; if nothing is left to help the poor, if nothing is left to carry the gospel to the heathen, this thing must be carried thro', it has become to the man of business,

His Own Life

the first thing with him; and as surely as he makes it so, he will lose. But in the experience of a Christian, there are symptoms of his own life continually manifesting themselves where they are least expected. Everything which makes us feel important or necessary is our own life, quite as much as everything which we desire and choose. All which we are unwilling to die to, all which we dread to let go, is our own life, and most surely, "He that loveth his life shall lose it. "But he that loseth his life," as Christ lost his, "shall keep it unto life eternal." The world was his, "the world knew him not," he proved that it was not his life, for he took the place of a Stranger in the world that he created! He made no claim upon any earthly thing or earthly honor. He, the corn of wheat, which fell into the earth and died, had a right to say: "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be;" in honor or dishonor with Jesus, in riches or poverty, life or death, with him. It is a bond for better or worse by which the disciple is bound to his Master: "if any man serve me, him will my Father honor."

"Now is my soul troubled, and
What Shall I Say,

"Father, save me from this hour?" Is this the corn of wheat in its death?" Nay; "but for this cause came I unto this hour;" this hour is no mistake, it is part of my Father's plan for me, that he may accomplish his purpose; and he shall have his way. I bow and submit; "Father, glorify thy name." The corn of wheat dies, but immediately the laid down life and will bears fruit; "Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again." The glory comes out of the death of Jesus.

But what connection has all this with the request of the Greeks, "Sir, we would see Jesus?" "There shall no man see me, and live," said God to Moses. (Ex. 33: 20.) Neither these Greeks, nor any other can rightly see Jesus without dying to themselves. It is this very thing which accounts for so many unsatisfactory conversions, there are those who have seen pardon, but have never rightly seen Jesus, and the main point in their experience is *what* they have got, not *whom* they have got; self does not die before an experience of pardon; but before a revelation of Jesus.

When the people heard the voice from heaven, they wanted to attribute it to natural causes, and said, "it thundered." The more reverent among them recognized the supernatural; "An angel spake to him." Jesus answered and said, "This voice came, not because of me, but for your sakes. Now is the judgment of this world, now shall the prince of this world be cast out." The conflict between the pleasures of this life and of death, which were engaged in the case of Lazarus, were already contending in the person of Jesus, the battle was not fought, but the victory was won; "the prince of this world" could no longer hold his own when his one stronghold, death, was seized and dismantled by the Prince of Life. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." There was

No Other Way Possible.

The balance of power in God's universe could not be maintained without strict justice; "every transgression and disobedience must receive a just recompense of reward. By nature we are sinners, by faith we have in Christ suffered for our sins and risen again—are dead upon his Cross to ourselves and our own life, but alive by faith to him in his life. And, thank God, this is not a mere dry doctrine to be mastered intellectually, it is a life to be lived in the fullness of his Spirit, who shows us where we are failing to die to ourselves, and who takes of Christ and shows to us. All the admiration for the moral beauty of the life of Christ cannot draw men to him. It is in his death for us, his death in which we die ourselves, that we are drawn to him.

The people answered him: "We have heard out of the law that Christ abideth for ever, and how sayest thou, the Son of man must be lifted up? Who is this Son of man?" The question was abstract, the answer was personal, yet a little while the light is with you, walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whether he goeth. While ye have light believe in the Light, that ye may be the children of light. Nothing is more deadening than to speculate about divine things. Every light which is a mere theory to us soon becomes darkness. God gives us no light to trifle with. "God is the Lord who hath showed us light," but, "bind the sacrifice with cords even to the horns of the altar." (Ps. 118: 17.)

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

SIR, we would see Jesus. Whosoever will, may. It is not at all necessary to make an appointment with Jesus. There is no danger of not finding him in. You need not fear that he will be too busy to see you at once. As soon as you really want to see him you will have no trouble in finding him, for the day ye seek him with all your heart he will be found of you. Yes, he will even go out to meet you and as the father welcomed his prodigal boy so will Jesus welcome you. Then come to him all ye weary and heavy laden ones, come and see Jesus and the peace and joy and comfort that will fill your soul will enable you to sing from a full heart:

'Tis a heaven below
My Redeemer to know.

In one of the upper chambers of a city boarding house, late one autumn night, a young man was walking nervously to and fro. He was quite alone and very unhappy. To him the chief value of life had been the opportunity it gave him to make money. He had bent all his scheming and striving to that sordid use, and worst of all, he had signally failed.

As he walked, nursing his miserable thoughts, he heard some one begin to sing. Ordinarily he would have paid no attention, perhaps, and he was even less likely to do so to-night, absorbed as he was in gloomy and bitter reflections. But this sound had in it nothing of the merry music that is mockery to the heavy of heart. The voice was a female voice and though low and gentle, it was exceedingly clear and sweet, and the words she sang were those of the immortal hymn of Chas. Wesley:

Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

Involuntarily the young man stopped and listened. The melody and the hymn both arrested him. He became interested. Opposite his own chambers, in the next house across a narrow alley, was a sick room, and it was from this that the singing came.

The windows were open, and he could distinctly hear every syllable. He gently parted his curtains, and saw a sight that held him motionless. A little group gathered with bowed heads by the bedside of one who lay dying, and the singer, a fair young girl, sat close, holding the sufferer's cold hand in hers. Her tones grew more tremulous, but very distinctly came the words:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

At a faint signal from the dying one, the friends knelt around the bed. Strangely touched and subdued, the young man at his window knelt too. The plaintive, weeping song went on, its words of trust still clear in the supreme moment of grief:

Thou, O Christ art all I want,
More than all in thee I find.

And then the singer ceased, for the hand she held in hers was the hand of the dead. The young man dropped the curtain and turned away in tears. It was not from mere sympathy that he wept, nor for his own losses and disappointments, now.

That hymn and that peaceful death-bed scene had called his thoughts from himself to his Saviour. He felt his great need, and like the "certain Greeks" in the lesson, he *would see Jesus.* That night he spent in earnest prayer, with a yearning heart, repeating:

Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.

And the morning's sun brought him also the light of the believer's joy. He lived to bless the Providence that so strangely and tenderly on that autumn night pointed him away from his selfishness and sorrow, and led him to seek Jesus, the lover of his soul.

And I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me. This does not mean that every person who hears about Jesus will be drawn to him and be saved, but rather that men of all kinds will be made to feel the magnetic and attractive power of redeeming love. It would be an easy matter, did space permit to cite illustrations to prove how people of all ages, stations, degrees, nationalities, races and conditions, were and still are drawn to Jesus, even as he said, but the following well authenticated incident merits repetition in this connection.

John Wesley, the honored founder of the great Methodist denomination, was once attacked by a robber who demanded his money After handing it to him, as the man was going away, Mr. Wesley called him back, and said: My friend, let me say a word to you. The time may come when you will be sorry for the kind of life you are now leading. Remember then this passage from the Bible "The blood of Jesus Christ his son, cleanseth from all sin." He said no more and they parted.

Many years after, as Mr. Wesley was one day leaving a church where he had been preaching, a person came up to him, and asked if he remembered being robbed once, in a particular place. "I do" said Mr. Wesley. "I was the man who robbed you, sir," said the stranger. "I wish to thank you for the words you spoke to me on that occasion. That sweet verse of Scripture that you then quoted took such hold of my mind, that I could never rest till I turned from my wicked ways in deep repentance and became a Christian."

Jesus was lifted up to this robber when Mr Wesley spoke those simple words to him and that one text from the Bible was made the means of drawing that robber to Jesus.

RAISED BY SUFFERING.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Oct. 11. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." John 12: 32.

EDMONTON Academy was living on its past achievements. It had been a great school and the public supposed it was so still. But the long illness and subsequent death of the great and wise man who founded it had caused a change. The school fell into the hands of a ring of speculators who placed an incapable man in charge and removed the lower teachers to make room for their friends. So the school deteriorated, discipline grew lax, the standard of scholarship was lowered and, worse than all, immorality grew rampant among the boys.

Affairs were growing worse and worse when a boy named Charles Arnold was entered as a new scholar. He was the only son of a pious widow whose husband had been educated at Edmonton and had enjoined on his wife to send their boy there when he was old enough. She knew nothing of the deterioration of the school, but she knew that away from home he would necessarily be in the way of temptation and she had earnestly endeavored by teaching and prayer to prepare him for the ordeal. When Charles entered Edmonton he was a follower of Christ.

A more painful position than the one held in the school by the pure minded boy, it would be difficult to imagine. He was called "a saint, a nincompoop, a hypocrite," and other opprobrious names by the bigger boys whose precocious vice disgusted and shocked him. The leaders among the boys came to hate the boy who would not laugh at their profanity, their wicked stories and vulgar jokes. His very silence was a rebuke to them. That he suffered under their jeers and taunts they could see by the flush on his face and the flash of his eye, but as he did not resent their insults they said he was too cowardly to do so and they enjoyed seeing him suffer.

In his second term, there came an alleviation in Charles Arnold's trials. A few new boys of about his own age responded to his proffered friendship, and one or two of the older boys, who had secretly admired his consistency during the former term, became his companions. It was only a little band in so large a school, but the seed was growing. Charles reflected that he had stood alone last term and he was cheered by these accessions. It had also been in his power to render a service to some of his persecutors and he had rendered it cheerfully, much to their surprise. "Why do you cut yourself off from fun? You are not such a bad fellow after all," one of them said to him.

The remark gave Charles his opportunity and he spoke earnestly on the consequences of the course, they were pursuing. "There can be fun, without sin," he said, "and that kind I like as well as any boy in the school." The memory of Charles's service soon passed away and he was soon persecuted as bitterly as before.

"Do you know where the boys are gone?" Charles was asked one evening by one of his friends. "They are hiding in the lane and when it gets dark, they are going to clear Old Murdock's orchard."

It was just possible that Charles could prevent this crime by a timely protest. In any case, it was, he thought, his duty to try. He hurried out as soon as he heard the news and finding them in the lane, begged of them not to do so wicked a thing.

"You had better come with us and get your share," said one of the boys to whom he spoke. "I have a good mind to make you come and climb the trees."

"Oh, he is too much of a coward," said another. "Go back and lead your prayer-meeting."

No boy can lightly bear the taunt of cowardice and Charles felt it keenly. He made no reply, however, but walked back toward the school. On his way he saw the man they called Old Murdock leaning over his gate. It occurred to him that possibly a warning of danger might do more to prevent the expedition than his protest had done, so he turned back and went up the lane again to tell the boys that he had seen the old man, who would probably catch them. They laughed at his warning and bade him begone. He turned away sorrowfully and as he passed the gate he saw that the old man was gone.

There was trouble in the school the next day. Old Murdock was there with his complaint. He was sure his orchard had been robbed by the boys, though he had not caught them. His eye wandered over the school and lighted on Charles. "That is one of them," he said. "I saw him going up the lane last night on the way to the orchard." Charles was called out and questioned. Every eye was upon him. Would he tell the names of the guilty boys? There were many whose hearts sank as they looked at him. Like all lax disciplinarians the principal was apt to be very cruel in the spasmodic times when he was aroused from his habitual negligence. Charles was taken to the principal's private room that he might be free from the intimidation of the presence of the bigger boys. The whole school seemed to hold its breath in suspense.

It was more than an hour before the principal returned. He was looking hot and flushed. "I have given that boy a severe punishment," he said. "He persisted in denying his guilt, but I do not believe him. He must have had confederates, but he will not disclose their names. So I have punished him first for his own share in the crime and secondly for contumacy. If I can find out the other guilty boys I shall punish them, too."

"Why did you not tell, and save yourself, Arnold?" one of his friends asked him a few days afterward. Charles was in the school infirmary. His beating had been severe and his constitution was delicate. Besides, the mental worry of the past few months had somewhat unnerved him. The boy was very sick and the doctor looked anxious. He had consented to the visit of the other boy hoping that the patient might be cheered.

"I could not save myself," said Charles, "except by giving the boys away." It was better that I should suffer. They said I was a coward, but they will not think so, now. I shall be able to do them some good, perhaps, after this. They will be more ready to listen to me when I get back to them."

But it seemed as if Charles would never come back. His illness grew serious. There was a fever and after that weakness, which could not be overcome. Every boy in the school was anxious. A strange revulsion of feeling had taken place. Charles's heroism was celebrated by every boy. That he should willingly bear a punishment before which they would have quailed, when he might have saved himself at their expense, was a sublimity of heroic self-sacrifice to which they knew they were not equal. He had suffered for them, would he have to die for them? The thought was agonizing. In those days of suspense and dread, every boy pledged himself to be Arnold's friend if he recovered. The pinnacle of suffering on which his self-sacrifice had placed him was a throne at which the boys offered homage. When Arnold slowly regained his strength and once more took his place in school and playground there was not a boy among them all who had a tithe of his power and influence, and it was exercised for good. His sway over them was one of love founded on suffering.

FATE OF A DICTATOR.

Balmaceda, the Tyrant Ex-President of Chili, Dies by is Own Hand.

CHILI'S revolution has produced a startling climax. Intelligence was received in this city last week of the death, by suicide in Santiago, of Jose Manuel Balmaceda, Ex-President of the Republic. On the downfall of his Government in August, Balmaceda fled from Santiago and attempted to escape from the country, but found every avenue of retreat guarded. He made successive efforts to cross over to the Argentine Republic and to escape by steamer, intending to reach San Francisco, but each attempt failed. A refuge to the fugitive Dictator was afforded by Senor Urriburia, in Santiago, Balmaceda hiding in the garret of Urriburia's residence, and his presence being unknown to all in Santiago save the Senor's wife and a trusted servant. He remained there from Sept. 2d to Sept. 19th, his meals being taken to the garret by the Senora.

During his concealment, he had many earnest talks with Urriburia, and a number of schemes were discussed looking to his escape, but none were found practicable.

JOSE MANUEL BALMACEDA.

On the 18th, he went to bed at midnight; at eight o'clock next morning, Senora Urriburia heard a pistol shot upstairs, and notified her husband. He at once left the house and went to the residence of Carlos Walker Martinez, with whom he returned and ascended to the upper rooms. They found Balmaceda dead, with a pistol wound in the temple. They promptly notified the Junta of the occurrence, and the necessary legal steps were taken by the government officials.

Balmaceda left a letter in which the following passages occur:

I acted all during the past eight months with the firm conviction that I was right. I had no one in the army in whom I could place any trust. My Generals were false to me. They lied all through the war. Had my orders been obeyed I believe that the battle of Concon would have resulted in a decisive victory against the enemy. My heart all through this trouble has been with Chili. I sought to rescue my country from foreign domination. I strove to make her the first republic in America. My enemies say that I was cruel. Circumstances compelled me to sanction certain acts, but many bad deeds that have been attributed to my orders were never known by me until they had been committed.

Minister Patrick Egan many times offered me good advice. He urged me to make peace with those opposed to me and to retire from Chili.

I did not heed his wise advice, for I thought that he was under the influence of the Junta's orders, who were then refugees in the American Legation. All through the trouble my closest advisers were always opposed to any overtures for peace.

The tragic fate of Balmaceda closes what at one time was a brilliant and most promising career. He was born in 1840, educated at the Seminario Conciliar of Santiago, and for twenty years was a leader among the most distinguished statesmen of Chili, ranking high as an orator and diplomatist. During the war with Peru he distinguished himself by his diplomatic ability in securing the goodwill of the Argentine Republic. In 1886 he was nominated, and subsequently elected President, succeeding Santa Maria in that office. The downfall of this ambitious and brilliant ruler may be traced to the course adopted immediately after his election as President, when he antagonized the Congress and took steps subversive of the Constitution. Balmaceda refused to call the Congress together, when the people demanded a special session for the purpose of voting on a franchise amendment to the Constitution, in which the entire population of Chili, and especially the navy, were interested. From this point on to the time of actual warfare, his stubborn ambition and determination to conduct the Government for his own selfish purposes, and to secure either in his own re-election or the choice of a successor who would be pliable in his interest, all combined to bring about the fatal crisis.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.*

His Early School Days.

"IN winter we were squeezed into the recess of the furthest corner, among little boys, who seemed to be sent to school merely to fill up the chinks between the bigger boys. Certainly we were never sent for any such absurd purpose as an education. There were the great scholars; the school in winter was for them, not for us pickaninnies. We read and spelled twice a day,—unless something happened to prevent, which did happen about every other day.

"A woman kept the summer school, sharp, precise, unsympathetic, keen, and untiring. Of all ingenious ways of fretting little boys, doubtless her ways were the most expert. Not a tree was there to shelter the house. The sun beat down on the shingles and clapboards till the pine knots shed pitchy tears, and the air was redolent of warm pine-wood smell. The benches were slabs with legs in them. The desks were slabs at an angle, cut, hacked, scratched, each year's edition of jack-knife literature overlaying its predecessor, until in our day it already wore cuttings and carvings two or three inches deep. But if we cut a morsel or stuck in pins, or pinched off splinters, the little sharp-eyed mistress was on hand, and one look from her eye was worse than a sliver in our foot, and one nip of her fingers was equal to a jab of a pin;—for we had tried both."

A Profane Acquaintance.

"There lived over on the other side of the street in Lawrenceburg, where first I had my settlement, a very profane man, who was counted ugly. I understood that he had said some very bitter things of me. I went right over to his store, and sat down on the counter to talk with him. I happened in often—day in and day out. My errand was to make him like me. I did make him like me—and all the children, too; and when I left, two or three years later, it was his house that was opened to me and all my family for the week after I gave up my room. And to the day of his death I do not believe the old man could mention my name without crying."

A Valuable Secret.

"I have often been asked by what secret I retain health and vigor under labors multiform and continuous. I owe much to a good constitution inherited from my parents, not spoiled by youthful excesses or weakened by overstudy; much also to an early-acquired knowledge of how to take care of myself, to secure invariably a full measure of sleep, to regard food as an engineer does fuel (to be employed economically, and entirely with reference to the work to be done by the machine); much to the habit of economizing social forces, and not wasting in needless conversation and pleasurable hilarities the spirit that would carry me through many days of necessary work; but, above all, to the possession of a hopeful disposition and natural courage, to sympathy with men, and to an unfailing trust in God; so that I have always worked for the love of working."

Beecher's Imagination.

We were speaking of a report of the sermon in one of the papers: "But," said he, "how stupid of the writer to make that a diamond-studded scepter! It was a diamond scepter—one flashing crystal." "Now, Mr. Beecher, that's not likely. Whoever knew of such a thing? Besides, the phonographer probably wrote just what he heard, and it is my recollection that you said 'diamond-studded.'"

With one bound he was on his feet. "I don't know what I said, but I know what I saw."

SCRIBNER'S FOR OCTOBER.

A Baptismal Procession in Rome.

PERHAPS it is a baptism, or a wedding, or a funeral procession. If it is a baptism, in the first carriage, triumphant, dressed in costume, with her long ear-rings in her ears, her gold chain on her neck, her filigree pin in her hair, sits the nurse, the commander of the occasion, with the infant in her arms swaddled in white. You may know if it be a girl or a boy by the color of the ribbon that is attached to its dress, which the nurse takes proud care shall be full in sight. If it is a boy, the ribbon is red—if a girl, it is blue, for that is the color which belongs specially to the Madonna. You are not left in the condition of the man who has to gues. the sex. At the side of the nurse, somewhat obliterated, and playing, as a rule, a most secondary part, sits the "commare," or godmother, and two of the nearest female relatives of the infant. After this carriage comes another, in which sit the male relations, who are, of course, relegated to the second plane, as of far less consequence on his grand occasion. The crowd in the street stops at the church door as this party descend and enter the sacred precincts, when the holy water is sprinkled on the child; and if startled by this operation it cries out, it is a good sign, for it shows that the innate devil which is always born in us has been driven away by the sacramental blessing.

The Voices of Earth.

We have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came;
To him who hears them, grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there, impearled
Before the birth and making of the world.

—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, in October *Scribner*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Marvale Eastman, Christian Socialist: by Albion W. Tourgee. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, Publishers. A dramatic story of unusual interest, showing the relations of real Christianity to the questions of our times; $1.50.

Beyond the Bourn; Reports of a Traveller, returned from the Undiscovered Country; by Amos K. Fiske. Fords, Howard and Hulbert, Publishers; $1.00.

The Natural History of Man and the Rise and Progress of Philosophy: A Series of Lectures delivered by Alexander Kenmont, A. M. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Founded upon experience and observation of the facts of history, and illumined by great principles and truths; $1.00.

The Dash on Khartoum: a Tale of the Nile Expedition; by G. A. Henty, (illustrated.) A stirring panoramic narrative of events during the War of Egypt in 1884 to 1885. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; $1.50.

Held Fast for England: a Tale of the Siege of Gibraltar (1779–83); by G. A. Henty, (illustrated.) A historical tale of graphic power and universal interest. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; $1.50.

The Pilots of Pomona: a Story of the Orkney Islands; by Robert Leighton, (illustrated.) A pleasantly exciting narrative of youthful adventure, with a strong moral tone throughout. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; $1.50

The Right Road: A Hand-book for Parents and Teachers; by John W. Kramer. This is an Elementary Treatise on Christian Morality, of the greatest interest and value in the training of Children. Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, New York; $1.25.

Lord Lawrence; by Rev. James J. Ellis. One of the interesting biographical series of *Men With a Mission.* Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, New York, 50c.

Little Things on Everyday Life. Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, New York; 25c.

What's the Use of Going to Church? By Rev. Rob't Holland, St. Louis, Mo. An excellent and interesting pamphlet on a popular topic, treated from a Christian standpoint. Thomas Whittaker, Publisher, New York; 10c.

The Sermon Bible. St. Luke I. to St. John III. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, Publishers. One of a series of volumes, giving in convenient form the essence of the best homiletic literature of this generation. Cloth, $1.50.

The Gospel of St. John; by Prof. Marcus Dods, D. D. One of the volumes of the excellent series, which, under the name of "The Expositor's Bible," has become the most popular of commentaries. Pp. 338; Price, $1.50; Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 31 East Tenth Street, New York.

* *Henry Ward Beecher:* A Study of His Personality, Career and Influence in Public Affairs; by John R. Howard; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, Publishers. Originally published as introduction to Beecher's "Patriotic Addresses," now separately issued to provide a concise and comprehensive Beecher biography at a low price; 75c.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
Bible House, New York City.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

WHEN MEETING IS OVER.

AROUND the door of country meeting-houses it has always been the custom for the people to gather before church and after church for social intercourse and the shaking of hands. Perhaps because we, ourselves were born in the country, the custom pleases us. In the cities we arrive the last moment before service and go away the first moment after. We act as though the church were a rail-car, into which we go when the time for starting arrives, and we get out again as soon as the Depot of the Doxology is reached. We protest against this business way of doing things. Shake hands when the benediction is pronounced with those who sat before you and those who sat behind you. Meet the people in the aisle, and give them Christian salutation. Postponement of the dining hour for fifteen minutes will damage neither you nor the dinner. That is the moment to say a comforting word to the man or woman in trouble. The sermon was preached to the people in general; it is your place to apply it to the individual heart.

You may call it personal magnetism, or natural cordiality, but there are some Christians who have such an ardent way of shaking hands after meeting that it amounts to a benediction. Such greeting is not made with the left hand. The left hand is good for a great many things, for instance to hold a fork or twist a curl, but it was never made to shake hands with, unless you have lost the use of the right. Nor is it done by the tips of the fingers laid loosely in the palm of another. Nor is it done with a glove on. Gloves are good to keep out the cold and make one look well, but have them so they can easily be removed, as they should be, for they are non-conductors of Christian magnetism. Make bare the hand. Place it in the palm of your friend. Clench the fingers across the back part of the hand you grip. Then let all the animation of your heart rush to the shoulder, and from there to the elbow, and then through the forearm and through the wrist, till your friend gets the whole charge of Gospel electricity.

In Paul's time he told the Christians to greet each other with a holy kiss. We are glad the custom has been dropped, for there are many good people who would not want to kiss us, as we would not want to kiss them. Very attractive persons would find the supply greater than the demand. But let us have a substitute suited to our age and land. Let it be good, hearty, enthusiastic, Christian hand-shaking.

UNFIT EPITAPHS.

IT is a natural and right desire to commemorate departed friends, but I do not wonder that people have sometimes dictated the inscription on their own tombstones when I see what inappropriate lines are chiseled on many a slab. There needs to be a reformation in epitaphiology. People often ask me for appropriate inscriptions for the graves of their dead. They tell the virtues of the father, or wife, or child, and want me to put in compressed shape all that catalogue of excellences. Of course I fail in the attempt. The story of a life-time cannot be chiseled by the stone-cutter on the side of a marble slab. But it is not a rare thing to go a few months after by the sacred spot and find that the bereft friends, unable to get from others an epitaph sufficiently eulogistic, have put their own brain and heart to work and composed a rhyme. Now, the most unfit sphere on earth for a inexperienced mind to exercise the poetic faculty is in epitaphiology. It does very well in copy-books, but it is most unfair to blot the resting-place of the dead with unskilled poetic scribble. It seems to me that the owners of cemeteries and graveyards should keep in their own hand the right to refuse inappropriate and ludicrous epitaph.

Nine-tenths of those who think they can write respectable poetry are mistaken. I do not say that poesy has passed from the earth, but it does seem as if the fountain Hippocrene had been drained off to run a saw-mill. It is safe to say that most of the home-made poetry of graveyards is an offence to God and man. One would have thought that the New Hampshire village would have risen in mob to prevent the inscription that was really placed on one of its tombstones descriptive of a man who had lost his life at the foot of a vicious mare on the way to brook:

As this man was leading her to drink
She kick'd and kill'd him quicker'n a wink.

One would have thought that even conservative New Jersey would have been in rebellion at a child's epitaph which in a village of that State, reads this-

She was not smart, she was not fair,
But hearts with grief for her are swellin';
All empty stands her little chair:
She died of eatin' watermelon.

Let not such desecrations be allowed in hallowed places. Let not poetizers practice on the tombstone.

OUR HOLD ON GOD.

COMMUNICATION exists between city and city, between continent and continent—telegraphic, telephonic, postal, and by messenger; yet many seem to think that there are no lines up between earth and heaven. The interspace to many is a trackless desert. Who is your God? Is he deaf and pitiless? Is he enthroned stupidity? That is not our God. Our God is a Father, all tenderness and sympathy and love, never sending trouble of any kind save to make us pure, and good, and elevated, and Christian. His eyes are full of pity. His hands are full of help. Oh! drive up your flocks of cares and griefs to this fountain of the rock, and let them drink. If you want anything, ask for it, and you shall have it, or something better. In the direction of prayer is our chief victory. I believe the time will come when physicians will come to a patient, kneel down and pray to God for direction, and then rise and give the medicine that will make infallible cure. The time will come when drought appearing, multitudes will gather in prayer, and independent of all weather probabilities, and without any reference to which way the wind blows, the rain will descend in torrents. When Elijah prayed for rain he did not look to see which way the wind blew. Open an account with God on this subject. I took a blank-book and put on the front pages the things for which I would especially pray, leaving the opposite pages open for record of Divine answer. And they have all been answered. Some of them not in the way I expected, but all answered. There is no need of a man talking to me about prayer being an absurdity. I know of what I speak. Any man may know this if he will only test the Lord. The trouble is, many of us are afraid of being laughed at for our credulity. Laying aside all our cowardice and all our infidelity, let us lay hold of God in an enthusiasm of supplication. Let them laugh who win.

A young man went off from his mother's house, went off to sea. She prayed for his return day after day, month after month, and year after year. After awhile he started homeward, and the ship was in the offing; but a sudden storm swooped, and that vessel was broken to pieces on the rocks, and it was supposed that all the crew perished; but the night after, there was a knock at the door of that aged mother's house. Her long-absent-son had returned, and the first words he uttered on entering the old homestead, were: "Mother, I thought you would pray me home." The grandest, mightiest and most stupendous agency in the universe is prayer. It is second to nothing but omnipotence, and their shoulders touch.

HONORABLE TITLES.

WE do not know why the learned professions, so called, should have all the titles. Why not treat as honorably the work of the hand as the work of the brain, or that which employs both hand and brain? We know men who are doing nothing for the bettering of the world's condition—great hulks of laziness and obesity—who have fastened to the end of their name titles as long as the tail of a kite; not a modern Chinese kite, but one of the splendid old-fashioned kites pretty much all tail, with appendages that looked as if a clothesline with a whole week's washing were being translated: a frail, "professional" name made to carry a big string of D.D., LL.D., F.R.S., S.T.P., X.Y.Z., etc.; while some man who has lightened the labor of a continent, and saved the lives of ten thousand sewing women, is called by the name of his infancy.

We cannot see the practical use of any title at all, if our mother has given us a good name to start with. We like the Quaker way of calling people by their first name. But if titles are to be given, let them be distributed among those who are eminent in any useful employment.

If a merchant show great skill in his business, if he stand head and shoulders above others on the street in his judgment of commercial vicissitude, if he be a pattern of integrity and large-heartedness as well as intelligence, why not, on exchange, or somewhere else, confer upon him some honorable recognition? What that title shall be we cannot now suggest; but till you can get a better title for such vigorous merchant, call him D.Y.S.—Doctor of the Yard Stick. Why not?

If a farmer know the best order of crops, and can raise thirty bushels of oats where his neighbor can raise only fifteen, if, while other orchards are being devoured, he succeed in exterminating the curculio from his premises, and turn a field of thistles and mullein stalk into a garden of the Lord, and can work miracles by subsoil plough and drainage, and, while others are having their corn uprooted by the birds, sets up in his own fields a scare-crow so natural that all the crows within fifty miles have heard of the horrible apparition, and a young man, crossing the lots at midnight, from a visit to his sweetheart, thinks himself assaulted in the middle of the corn-field by a high-wayman with old straw hat and outspread arms, whom he shoots through the heart; in a word, if he be the best agriculturist in all the neighborhood,—why not confer upon him a title suggestive of his superiority? If you think of nothing else, call him F.B.A. Forty bushels to the acre.

BRIEF NOTES.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is so far on the road to recovery that his physicians have ceased to issue daily bulletins.

Rev. W. T. Lambourne commences next Sunday, a series of services at Red Bank, N. J., in the Baptist Church, of which Rev. J. K. Manning is pastor.

Evangelist Charles Inglis, whose portrait appears on page 617, preached on Sunday last at Sing Sing, N. Y., at the large Union meetings, now being held there by the invitation of Mrs. McAlpin.

Evangelist S. D. Towne reports the largest religious awakening in the town of Dedham, Me., that has ever been known there. The pastor, Rev. G. F. Bradford, is left to care for the work, and Mr. Towne goes now to Jackman.

Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington, has opened with ninety-eight students in attendance, and a prospect of more. Prof. James F. Eaton of North Adams has been called to succeed Dr. A. J. Anderson in the presidency.

The Fraternity of the Sea is the name of an association formed by two hundred captains of Norwegian vessels, who pledge themselves to arrange for religious services regularly on board their ships, and whether in port or at sea, to do their duty and direct those under them in the fear of God.

Rev. Samuel Weyler, a specialist in Bible study and a student of Professor Harper at Yale Seminary, is preaching at the Grove and Irving Park, Pueblo, Colo. He recently gave three lectures on Biblical themes in the Episcopal Church, by request of the rector, and a series of talks at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms.

The telephone has been introduced in England into churches in London, Birmingham, Manchester, Worcester and other cities. Members of the churches, who are confined at home by illness, if they are telephone subscribers, now have the privilege of listening in their own rooms to the services in the church.

A man living at Bridgeport was married by a Methodist minister. He has become a Roman Catholic, and desires to have the Catholic Church pronounce the marriage null on the ground of its being celebrated by a heretic, or if it is valid, grant him an ecclesiastical divorce. The case has been appealed to the Pope, who has declared the marriage valid, and refused a divorce.

The sum of ten dollars has been received from a correspondent in Montana, who signs herself "Laborer." She wished it to be expended in sending copies of this Journal to persons on the ranches and in other places where no religious services are held. We have carried out her instructions and heartily unite our prayers with her's that God will bless this effort to carry his truth to men who appear to have forgotten him.

University Place Presbyterian Church, New York, of which Rev. George Alexander, D.D., is pastor, has just issued its annual report. This shows that beside paying the ordinary expenses of the church-work during the past church-year, it has maintained two mission chapels and raised $39,000 for the missionary objects presented by the General Assembly. It has now 1650 members on its church-book, and there is a flourishing Sunday School.

Rev. H. M. Warren, whose portrait and sketch of his work at the People's Baptist Church on West 48th Street, New York, recently appeared in this journal, is delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated by large pictures. Large numbers of non-churchgoers attend these lectures and listen intently to the earnest Gospel talks which Mr. Warren gives, and join in the hymns and Gospel songs, which are led by an efficient choir.

Rev. H. Parrish and Mrs. Parrish who have labored so successfully in various churches in New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia last winter are now holding services in Spring Garden St. M. E. Church, Philadelphia. Evangelistic services are also held by them in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. (Central Division) every Sunday afternoon. The Evangelists will close these services in October, when they will be glad to visit other churches needing help. Mr. and Mrs. Parrish belong to the Primitive Methodist Church but their labors in churches of other denominations have been heartily appreciated and have been very successful. Their address is 1322 Coffman St. Philadelphia, Pa.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

More Chinese Riots—Western Earthquakes—Our Harbor Warships—The Oklahoma Boom—Europe's War Talk—General Notes.

NEWS of further rioting comes from Shanghai. This time the scene of the disturbance was the town of Ichang, where an outbreak occurred on September 12, being directed, like all the others, against foreigners, but the disturbers in this case were Chinese soldiers. The authorities were powerless to quell the trouble. Gunboats cannot ascend the river as far as Ichang, but a force of British marines was detailed to go up in a merchant steamer and protect foreigners. Trouble is also threatened at Foochow, where a plot to seize the arsenal was discovered. During the Ichang affair, the Catholic and Protestant Missions and the houses of Messrs. Cain, Aldridge and Cockburn, were plundered and destroyed. The disturbance arose from the fact that a child had been taken to the Franciscan Convent by some of the priests. The sisters and priests were very roughly handled by the mob and fled for shelter to the gunboat *Paolina*. Over $300,000 worth of property was destroyed by the rioters.

* * *

Earthquakes in the West.

REPEATED shocks of earthquake have been experienced on the Pacific Coast and in South Carolina, during the week. Such was the violence of the seismic disturbance in Washington and Oregon, that it was concluded that great subterranean fires were at work; four distinct shocks being felt within two weeks, and the tremors extended across an entire State, giving the ground a motion like that of the sea lightly agitated. In some of the large buildings and hotels in Tacoma, the inmates were terrified, and many of them fled from their bed-rooms to the hallways, only returning after the disturbance ceased. The duration of the shocks was about three seconds.

* * *

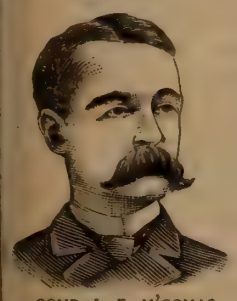
A Historic Family.

MRS. ELIZABETH BORDEN BIDDLE, the widow of William S. Biddle, died last week at Philadelphia, of heart failure, at the age of 92. She came of a famous family. Her father, Judge Joseph Hopkinson, was the author of the national song, "Hail Columbia," her grandfather, Francis Hopkinson, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and her great-grandfather, Thomas Hopkinson, was a member of the Provincial Council and Judge of the Vice-Admiralty court under King George.

* * *

Civil Service Board Changes.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has made a very important change in the personnel of the Civil Service Commission. The resignation of Charles Lyman, President of the Commission has been accepted, and he will hold over until his successor is ready to assume the duties of office. It is understood that Hon. Louis E. McComas has been chosen to fill the office. Mr. McComas is a Southern republican and was born in Washcounty, Md., October 28th, 1846, graduated from Dickinson College in 1866, and read law at Hagerstown, where he was admitted to the bar in 1868. He was defeated for Congress in 1876, but was successively elected to the Forty-eight, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses. Last fall he was defeated by the democratic candidate, William M. McKaig.


COMR. L. E. M'COMAS.

* * *

Disasters of the Week.

THE latest railroad horror occurred on the Pittsburg and Western Railroad at McKim's Siding near Newcastle, Pa., on Sept. 24th. A construction train was run into by a freight train and many workmen injured. Nine were instantly killed and twenty were found lying about among the debris, badly injured. Those caught in the wreck were more or less scalded by escaping steam. Engineer Houghton of the construction train was the only American killed, all the other victims being Italians, who lived in Zelionople, near Newcastle.——During a fire in the building of the Morewood Carving Wood Machine Company at Minneapolis, on Sept. 24, eighteen firemen were burned, some of them very badly. An explosion occurred and a great stream of fire burst through the roof at different points, shutting out the firemen from view. All escaped but two or three are not expected to live.——While service was in progress in the Harmony Baptist Church (colored) in Jacksonville, Fla., on Thursday night last the lights went out and a panic followed. During the wild rush for the doors, one woman was killed, three others fatally injured, and some twenty more or less badly hurt. When the place was plunged in darkness, a frenzied worshipper shouted "judgment!" and this started the panic.

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Our Harbor Defence War-Ships.

IN the great iron shipyards of the Kennebec River, near Bath, Me., are now building a number of vessels for our navy, some of which are of unique design. Two cruisers are now to

THE HARBOR DEFENCE RAM.

be seen there, progressing toward completion, and near them a formidable harbor defence ram, which, when finished, will be the oddest-looking vessel in the American Navy. Her make-up has many peculiarities, and the line of her hull, in its present condition, resembles the half of a barrel hoop, slightly flattened. The aim of the designer has been to construct a vessel that will sit in the water, practically on a pivot, with little or no resistance at either end, so that she can readily be turned about. The ram (which is shown, completed, in the accompanying illustration) is not meant for long-distance fighting, but is intended to sail right up to the enemy and impale her on the great metallic prong on the prow. The ram's dimensions are: Length over all, 251 feet; on water line, 242 feet 9 inches; breadth, 43 feet 6 inches; on water line, 41 feet 10 inches; draft, 15 feet 1 inch; displacement, 2,182.75 tons. If the requirements of speed are lived up to, as they doubtless will be, the ram will be the swiftest vessel of her class afloat. Her armament is a secondary matter and will consist simply of two four-inch rifles ranged fore and aft. She will be armored with six inch steel. She is a type of the class of vessels designed for the future defense of all the great sea-ports of the United States, and will be able, marine experts say, to hold her own with anything afloat.

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Russia's Warlike Front.

ALL Europe is watching with deep interest the movements of the Russian troops in Volhynia and Poland, where a great series of manœuvres is in progress. High military authorities believe that Russia means war at an early date, and that her soldiers will make a venture for Constantinople by the way of Bulgaria. Should King Charles of Roumania abdicate, as seems likely, the road to Bulgaria will be open to the armies of the Czar. Bodies of Russian troops are massed near the Austrian frontier, an indication that Russia will not tolerate Austrian interference. General Vladimiroff and General Gourke, two of the ablest tacticians in the Czar's service, are in command of the manœuvres. The Admiral has ordered all the large vessels in the Russian commercial service to be equipped with powerful davits, like those used on men-of-war. Besides, hundreds of railroad engines and carriages for transportation purposes have been ordered to be in readiness, and the Russian military depots on the frontier have been trebly fortified recently. The apprehensions of war have been strengthened by a speech by the Grand Duke of Baden at the close of the manœuvres of the Southwestern German army, when he said, "The time is near when Germany must again unsheath her sword in defence of her independence against an enemy who has not learned prudence by bloody defeat." The *Turin Gazette* (Italian official organ) also foreshadows early hostilities and says: "Europe is on the eve of a terrible war, which is to end in the defeat of Russia and the utter destruction and partition of France. Austria will employ her entire force to keep back Russia. The Italian and Austrian fleets will unite for vigorous action in the Mediterranean, while the English fleet will remain in observation ready to help them in case the French fleet should appear to be too strong for them. An Italian army will invade France through Dauphine at the moment when the German army, after passing through Belgium, will strike France from two or three points on the frontier. This Italo-German shock will be so terrible that France will be knocked down and out before Russia can render her any assistance. France will be obliged to pay the cost of the war, after which she will be divided up into a number of small States, each independent of the other, and none amounting to anything from a military point of view."

* * *

A New Oklahoma Boom.

AT noon on Sept. 22d., over a million acres of land in Oklahoma were declared open by Presidential proclamation, and a great rush of "homesteaders" over the line took place. Thousands of men and many women on horseback and afoot, took part in the land chase. Many set their watches ahead and were far inland over the line at noon, and it is estimated that fully two thousand crossed surreptitiously, despite the military guard, and were awaiting in the interior the hour fixed by the proclamation. In one place over eighteen hundred negroes located new homesteads. Among the boomers were persons of all ages, including mere children on horseback, and men and women of sixty and over, who hobbled along as best they might. Some of the races for eligible sites were quite exciting. One woman levelled her revolver at an officer who attempted to stop her as she was speeding toward the location she had selected. There were, however, no tragedies, as on the first opening of the territory, and the day passed in comparative peace. In one place a town sprang up in twelve hours, as if by magic, and before 10 o'clock at night it had selected a Mayor and organized a city government. Altogether ten thousand persons have acquired homes and farms, and a half score or more promising towns have been created by the boom.

* * *

The War Feeling in France.

IT is unquestioned that the war feeling in France has been greatly intensified by the recent remark of Emperor William styling the First Napoleon a "Corsican *parvenu*." Although now Republican, France retains its admiration for the the great leader whose conquests made Europe tremble, and the German Emperor's fling has excited people and press to a pitch that was altogether unexpected. William's advisers evidently appreciate that he made a blunder in saying what he did, and that he has come to recognize this is shown by the fact that in the report of his remarks, sent to Italy, the word "conqueror" is substituted for *parvenu*. This is doubtless done to avoid offence to the imperial Italian family which is related by ties of blood to the Bonapartes. But if France has found cause for anger at Germany, she has on the other hand had reason for gratification at the magnificent reception accorded by England to Admiral Gervais and the French Squadron. The combined French and English fleets were inspected by the Queen and *fêtes*, receptions, and illuminations were the order of the day while the visitors remained in British waters. Admiral Gervais, whose portrait appears on this page, while still young is a commander of fine abilities and tried experience. His tact and diplomatic speeches made a deep impression in England.

ADMIRAL GERVAIS.

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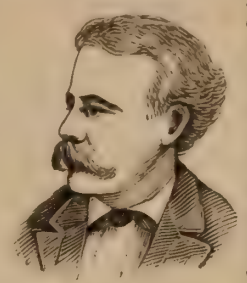
A Railroad King Dead.

EX-CONGRESSMAN Wm. L. Scott of Pennsylvania, died suddenly in Newport, R. I., on Sept. 20th, of heart disease. He was born in Washington in 1828, and at twelve years was a page in the House of Representatives. In 1850, he became interested in the oil fields of Pennsylvania and Lake Erie iron and shipping interests, and gradually amassed great wealth, ultimately owning or controlling twenty-two thousand miles of railroads. He served for several terms in Congress, and was an active Democrat, taking part in all of the National Campaigns from 1860 till 1888.


W. L. SCOTT.

NEWS NOTES.

Cables are to be laid shortly for a telephone service from Boston to London direct.

The International Labor Congress at Berne, Switzerland, has been discussing the causes of accidents to workmen, and the liability of employers in such cases. Only one hundred delegates were present.

A rain and wind storm at New Orleans, on Sept. 21st, swept thousands of English sparrows into Lake Pontichatrain and the Gulf. The city was formerly full of these sparrows, and now there is hardly one to be seen.

The great floods in Spain, by which over three thousand persons lost their lives two weeks ago, have been succeeded by violent wind-storms which destroyed many of the houses previously undermined by the waters.

The twenty-first Anniversary of the entrance of the Italian Army under Victor Immanuel into Rome was celebrated by the Italians in New York. A parade, picnic, speeches, music and patriotic demonstrations generally, characterized the occasion. During a similar celebration in Newark, N. J., six persons were killed by the explosion of a dynamite bomb and twenty more injured.

The Government rain-making party failed to wring a drop of moisture from the clouds at El Paso, Texas, notwithstanding repeated dynamite explosions in midair and on the ground. This was the first failure since the experiments began.

The plea of the Tennessee miners to the State Legislature for relief from the competition of convict labor in the mines has passed unheeded, the special session of the Legislature having adjourned without action. A renewal of the riots is expected.

Stephen VanCullen White, one of the greatest Wall Street grain and stock operators, failed last week with liabilities of about $2,500,000. His firm of S. V. White & Co., had speculated too heavily in September. Corn and the fall in prices exhausted their resources. Creditors will be paid in full.

Still another political craze has been stirred up in Canada by serious charges, brought in the Dominion Parliament last week against Postmaster-General Haggart. Mr. Lister, a member of the Commons accused that official of profiting by railroad contracts and demanded an immediate inquiry.

The English railway companies have obtained a new system of tariffs, after five years of unceasing struggle and expense, involving Parliamentary agitation and a public investigation by two official commissions, costing $700,000. The new schedule goes into effect in August 1892 and will not affect passenger traffic. It puts an end to discrimination, and will be beneficial to foreign traders.

Joseph E. Knapp, the millionaire photo-lithographer of New York City and long a prominent Republican, died while *en route* home from Europe on the steamship *La Champagne*, on Sept. 14th. It is said that at least a dozen men owed their start in life to his kindness. He was an active member of the M. E. Church and was associated in the management of a number of leading Insurance Companies.

LIVING LIGHTS.

"Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all who are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5: 15, 16.

OUR Saviour was speaking of the influence of his disciples upon their fellows, and he first of all mentioned that secret but powerful influence which he describes under the figure of salt: "Ye are the salt of the earth." No sooner is a man born unto God than he begins to affect his fellow-men with an influence which is rather felt than seen. But there is about every true Christian a manifest and visible influence which he is bound to exercise, and this our Lord sets forth under the figure of light: "Ye are

The Light of the World."

The Christian will exercise the silent, unseen, salting influence upon those who come into immediate contact with him; but let him labor to possess the second, or illuminating influence, which covers a far larger area, and deals more with real life; for salt is for dead flesh, and light for living men. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

The figure which our Saviour uses is a homely one, borrowed from the eastern tent and house. He speaks of a candle, or, more accurately, of a lamp. We should read the passage—"Neither do men light a lamp and put it under the bushel, but on the lamp-stand, and it giveth light unto all that are in the house." I shall use the figure both in its eastern and in its western dress, and sometimes we will make a lamp of it and sometimes a candle; and, though we may confuse the metaphor, we shall not confuse anybody's mind upon the important truth which it sets forth. Three things are in the text. The first is the lighting, the second is the placing, and the third is the shining. The first two are both intended to produce the third.

I. First let us consider

The Lighting.

"Neither do men light a candle." What is this lighting up of the souls of men? It is, first of all, a divine work. God began his creating work of old by saying, "Let there be light," and there was light. And as in the old creation so in the new, the first thing that God worketh in the heart of man is light: "the entrance of thy word giveth light." Well said David, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." When this light comes it separates a man from those around him who are as the darkness. It does not take him away from his surroundings, it does not shut him up in a monastery, but the separation is complete; for to set a division between a candle and the darkness all that is wanted is to light it. The tiniest spark will by its very existence be distinguished from the darkness.

Furthermore, this light giving is a personal work to every man who is the subject of it. The text says, "Let your light so shine before men." When a man lights a candle the light does not belong to the candle originally; but when once the candle has accepted the flame the light becomes the candle's own light, and the candle begins to shine by its own light. So, beloved, the grace of God, the light from heaven, must come to each one of us individually from the divine hand, and we must personally receive it. Light is not inherent in any one of us, and therefore it must be bestowed. Its bestowal necessitates

A Personal Acceptance.

One by one each man must accept the light, permitting it, as it were, to kindle upon him, so that the very wick of his being, that innermost life which goes through the very centre of his nature, shall embrace the flame and begin to burn with it. There must be an individual appropriation of the light, so that to each one of you it becomes your own. "Let your light so shine before men." Do not deceive yourselves with the notion of national Christianity or hereditary Christianity; the only true religion is personal godliness. There is no way by which individuality can be destroyed and men saved *en masse*.

In each man the light is peculiar and distinct. The light that burns in one true minister of Christ is the same which shines forth in another, and yet one star differeth from another star in glory: Peter is not John, Paul is not James, Whitefield is not Wesley. Light is one, and its glory is one, and yet there is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars. There is a difference in the

Lights of Various Oils

and gases, and so there is in your light, my brother, and my light. It is very possible that you would like to put my candle in order; you may do so if you can, but do not snuff me out. Your own light is, however, your main concern, and you had better ask for special grace that it may not fail.

I like our translators reading the word candle—"Neither do men light a candle," for nowadays a candle is the smallest of all lights. We almost despise a candle in these days of the electric light; yet small lights are useful, and tiny lamps have their sphere. God has many small lights; in his great house he has candles as well as stars, and he would not have even a small light wasted. Even the most twinkling ray of light is of God's kindling: think of that, you who cannot do more than talk to a child or give away a tract for love of his dear name. You are a little light, but if the Lord has given you even a spark of the sacred fire he means that you should shine.

Note further, that lighting is a work which needs sustaining. Whilst lighting is a process performed in a moment, it is also, as a matter of fact prolonged; for the lamp needs to be trimmed, and it would be ill to light a lamp and leave it to itself. The lamp

Must Have Fresh Oil

from time to time, since by shining it consumes its fuel. Do not any of you, therefore, think if you can fix upon a certain time and say, "I was converted then" that you may live as you like afterward. God forbid! The saints prove their conversion by their perseverance, and that perseverance comes from a continual supply of divine grace to their souls. Judge ye, then, yourselves by this, not so much whether on a certain special occasion you were turned from darkness to light, but are you still "light in the Lord?" Have you oil in your vessels with your lamps? Are you looking unto Jesus? It was well that you looked; but are you looking? for that is the great thing. We continually need to be built up as to our bodies, and it is just the same with our souls, and if we neglect this, if we fancy that something done twenty years ago is all that is wanted, we shall make a great mistake.

I wish that some men kept earthly things much more subordinate than they do. They are lamps and their one business is to shine. You may use a candle for many purposes; I saw a man grease a saw with one the other day, and another made his boots fit for walking in snow in like manner; but still these are not the objects for which a candle is designed: it has missed the object of its existence if it does not give light. Let us take care then about this lighting, that it be lighting from above, that it be a lighting such as makes the light our own, and that it be a lighting which takes possession of us, and consecrates us entirely, and is perpetually sustained by the visitation of the Spirit of God.

II. We will now consider

The Placing.

"No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel." It is a great point, this placing of a man—it may hide his light or send it further afield. The chief matter is the lighting him, and getting him to have light to give; but the next most important thing is where to put him when he is alight. For some men when they first find Christ are in the wrong place altogether. How can a lamp shine if it be dropped into a river? After the conversion of certain persons their removal becomes necessary. Most men will be wise to stay where they are and shine; but others must undergo a great change of position before they will be able to scatter their light to the extent which the Lord intends for them. That may account, my friend, for your having more trouble since you were converted than you ever had before. You have been left to lie still till now, but you are wanted, and so you are fetched out from your hiding. It did not matter where you were when you gave no light, you were just as well behind a box or in a closet as anywhere else: but now that you are lighted you must be put on a lamp-stand, and hence you are undergoing processes of providence that are somewhat painful.

Where Light is Needed.

Our placing, whether it has necessitated removal or not, is largely done by the providence of God: one man is placed here and another there, and it is well for us to look at our position from this point of view. God puts us where we can best serve his cause and bless our age. If you had your choice, perhaps, if you had to be a street lamp, you would like to be a lamp near a palace, to shine upon the nobles who pass that way. But the poor souls want lights far more down that blind alley, down that den of a court, where drunkards are murdering their wives. He that loves God, if he had his choice, might sooner choose to shine in the worse place than in the better. "Oh, that I lived in the midst of a warm-hearted church!" says one. If you are an earnest, thorough-going man, I am glad that you are placed in that dreary village where the people are pretty nearly starved for spiritual life. "What," cries one, "glad that I have to suffer so much?" No, not for that, but because if you are a strong man, you will not suffer, but you will make other people suffer; that is to say, make it hard for the minister, and the deacons, and the church to remain in their wretched condition of lukewarmness. I hope you will be the means of arousing them, and bringing them nearer to Christ.

The Light Hidden.

But though I have spoken of Providence, a good deal of our placing is in our own hands. There are ways of placing yourselves — for instance, that mentioned in the text, which may be as ruinous to our influence as if a candle were placed under a bushel; or you can put yourself in a place of advantage, as when a lamp is set upon a lamp-stand.

First, note the word in the negative—"Neither do men place it under a bushel." A bushel is a good and useful article. In almost every eastern house there was a corn-measure, here called a bushel, though it did not generally measure much more than a peck; this measure was commonly in every house, because they ground their own corn, and so were generally dealing with the neighbors. That useful corn-measure to me represents the pursuits of ordinary life—the proper and natural avocations of

The Household.

Many men and women hide the candle that God has lit under the bushel of business and domestic cares. But, you ask, is not a housewife to be a housewife? Certainly; but not so a housewife as to conceal her godliness. Is not the laboring man to work with his hands? Certainly, but not so to work for the bread that perisheth as to miss life eternal. Is not the man of business to give his best attention thereto? Of course he is, but he must see to it that he does not lose his own soul, or injure the souls of others. Keep your bushel; nobody asks you to burn it; but do keep it in its place. Subordinate all worldly things to the glory of God. Suffer not your possessions or your desires, your pleasures or your cares to act as a bushel hiding his light. This happens with a great many. I know how a minister can put his light under a bushel—he can be a mere official and perform service, being nothing more than a performer. The worst thing to do with the gospel is to parsonificate it. As soon as we preach as mere officials we have lost all power: we must speak as men to men. We can also cover the candle by using hard words, words which are not hard to educated people, but to the bulk of our hearers.

The Bushels.

I know some Christians who put their light under a bushel by being excessively bashful and shamefaced. Oh that they could overcome this hindrance. Others put their light under a bushel by inconsistency: they do not act as Christians should act, and when people see their bad works they do not glorify God. God forbid that in the house our darkness should be more conspicuous than our light. Some, I fear, cover their light under the bushel of indifference: they do not seem to care how things go with the cause and kingdom of Christ. They look well to the state of their flocks and herds, but for the house of the Lord they have small concern. I pray you, dear friends, do not hide your light in any way. Let not your lawful callings, your relationships, your sicknesses, your literary pursuits, or your personal sorrows become so exaggerated as to conceal the divine light within your soul.

The text is, however, positive. Put yourself on a candlestick or on a lamp-stand. What must that be? A candlestick is

An Appropriate Exhibitor

of light; and each man should make an appropriate confession of his faith. The best way is prescribed in God's word. It is written, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Take care that when you have faith you declare it in the ordained manner; for he that with his heart believeth and with his mouth maketh confession of him shall be saved. O lamp, do not say, "I will shine, but I will lie upon the floor and do it." No, your place is on the stand which is provided. Dear Christian friend, join the church that you may be in order with the arrangements of the divine household.

I long for the day when the precepts of the Christian religion shall be the rule among all classes of men, in all transactions. I often hear it said "Do not bring religion into politics." This is precisely where it ought to be brought, and set there in the face of all men as on a candle-stick. I would have the nation, either in making war or peace, consider

the matter by the light of righteousness. We are to deal with other nations about this or that upon the principles of the New Testament. I thank God that I have lived to see the attempt made in one or two instances, and I pray that the principle may become dominant and permanent. We have had enough of clever men without conscience, let us now see what honest, God-fearing men will do. But we are told that we must study "national interests," as if it were not always to a nation's truest interest to do righteousness. "But we must follow out our policy." I say, No! Let the policies which are founded on wrong be cast like idols to the moles and to the bats. Stand to that most admirable of policies,—"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."

III. Our time has gone, but I must detain you a little while I speak upon

The Shining:

"Let your light so shine before men." When a candle shines it is because it cannot help it. Shining, however, is not altogether a thing of necessity so as to forbid our attention to it, for the text demands care of us. "Let your light so shine." You will not shine in the best manner though you may have grace in your heart unless you abound in prayerful, watchful, earnest care. You must guard heart and lip and hand, or your light will not so shine before men as could be desired. Your light will need trimming. Neglect it not.

The shining which comes from the Christian is here described as "good works." Good talk is very well, but it takes a great deal of talk to light a room. Good works are the splendor of the light of God. What works are good works? I would answer—upright actions, honest dealings, sincere behaviour. When a man is scrupulously true, and sternly faithful, all right-minded persons admit that his works are good works. Good works are works of love,

Unselfish Works,

works done for the benefit of others and the glory of God. Deeds of charity, kindness, and brotherly love are good works. As also careful attendance to duty, and all service honestly done, together with all courses which promote the moral and spiritual good of our fellow-men. Works of devotion in which you prove that you love God and his Christ, that you love the gospel, that you desire to spread the kingdom of Christ,—these may not be so highly valued by ordinary people, but are eminently good works. Let these good and true things abound in you, and shine out from you.

The text says that the candle gives light to all that are in the house. Some professors give light only to a part of the house. I have known women very good to all but their husbands, and these they nag from morning to night, so that

They Give no Light

to them. I have known also many husbands so often out at meetings that they neglect home, and thus their wives miss the light. I have known masters who are utterly indifferent about their servants; and mistresses who quite forget to seek the good of their maids. If our light be in good order it will illuminate the parlor and the kitchen, the drawing room and the scullery, shining upon all that are in the house.

I have had to hasten over all this, but I pray God to make it none the less effectual for the stirring up of every Christian here to use all the light he has. It is a dark world, and it seems to get darker, for the emissaries of Satan are going about thirsting to quench every light. Look ye well to your lamps—look ye well to your lamps, ye virgin souls. Trim well the flame, and go up forth even into the black night to meet the Bridegroom. Lift high your torches into the very face of darkness, and make men see that God is in the midst of his people.

A NOTED EVANGELIST.

Mr. Charles Inglis Invited by Mr. D. L. Moody to Give Bible Lectures in Chicago.

ANOTHER famous English preacher has accepted Mr. Moody's invitation to lecture at his Bible Institute. It is announced that the Bible lecturer for October will be Mr. Charles Inglis, whose portrait is here given. Mr. Inglis is an earnest Bible student, and he has strong faith in the power of the Word to win its own way with the masses. Like all the most successful evangelists of the day—those whose work is followed by permanent results—he places little reliance on pulpit oratory, but a great deal on the explanation and application of God's own Book. It is his power of opening up the mine of spiritual wealth in the Bible, and of showing its adaptation to the needs of daily life, which has made his name famous and has brought multitudes to listen wherever he has spoken.

Charles Inglis is an active vigorous man in the prime of life. He was born in 1848 in England. While little more than a boy he was aroused to a sense of his condition as a sinner in God's sight. It was in one of the London missions that the Holy Spirit arrested him and he was led to Christ by the earnest preacher who was conducting the mission. The young convert was eager for work. His soul overflowed with joy in his own salvation, and with

EVANGELIST CHARLES INGLIS.

love to the Master. He could not wait for training or for any regular sphere of labor. He began to give addresses on the corners of the streets, and was rejoiced to find that people listened to him and souls were saved. It was the effect that we have come to expect from personal testimony. The young preacher's efforts consisted at that time of little else. He could tell his hearers of his own personal experience of salvation, and urge them to find rest and peace by the same means.

The blessing of God was so clearly resting on his efforts that he was urged to speak in missions and he gladly consented. So numerous did these invitations become and so signally were his addresses blessed that he relinquished his business and gave himself up entirely to the glorious pursuit of soul-winning. From that time until the present he has been one of the most indefatigable of workers. In almost every city and town in Great Britain he has labored with marked success and in London he has been exceptionally blessed. The great Mission Hall which Mr. Charrington has built in the Eastern District of the city was thronged by an immense multitude during his services. He also gave Bible readings in the afternoons to which Sunday School teachers and college students came in large numbers to study the Bible under his guidance.

In 1881, Mr. Inglis accepted an invitation to visit Australia and New Zealand. He spent about a year in that region and there, too, his meetings were crowded and much good was done. Last year he paid a flying visit here. He held services at Portland, Me., in the City Hall which was densely crowded every time he preached. His visit was but a short one, but he has now been urged to return and has arranged to stay until the end of the year. During October he will be in Chicago lecturing to the students and holding public services in the evening. During the two following months he hopes to visit most of our principal cities and labor for Christ. We trust our readers will not miss the opportunity of hearing one whom God has so strikingly honored in the salvation of souls. Letters for him sent to this office will be forwarded to him.

A LOST DINNER.

A SUIT for damages for the loss of a dinner was tried last week at Benecia, Cal. A friend of the plaintiff, in San Francisco, recently arranged to give a dinner at which the plaintiff was to be the guest of honor. Certain circumstances rendered it necessary to have the dinner on an early day, so the invitation was sent by telegram to the plaintiff at his home at Benecia. At the appointed time the party assembled, several eminent legal gentlemen and a number of well-known clubmen being among the guests. The guest of honor, however, was not there. After waiting for some time, the dinner was eaten without him. When a day or two afterward, he was asked the reason of his absence he said he had not received the telegram of invitation. He felt very much mortified about it and sued the Western Union Company for negligence. The court awarded him $150 damages. It seems a large sum to receive as compensation for the loss of a dinner, but the court doubtless took into consideration the plaintiff's annoyance at having appeared to cast a slight on the kindness of his friends. The Bible tells us of another feast from which many invited guests will be absent, but in their case the absence will be due to their own negligence or wilful contempt of the invitation and for them there can be no remedy. (Luke 14:24).

A DEFAULTER'S OFFER.

AN extraordinary offer has been made to the directors of a Bank in Tacoma, Washington, by a defaulting cashier. He absconded on August 22nd, taking with him over $20,000 in money and $900,000 in notes and other securities. He has sent to the President of the Bank an agreement which he asks the President to sign by which the bank will be pledged not to prosecute him. In return he offers to refund some of the stolen money and securities. He also offers if the agreement is signed, to reveal the combination by which the doors of the bank-vault can be opened. Before absconding he changed the combination and he alone knows the new one. As the bank ledgers and other books are in the vault, the embarrassment caused by the abstraction of the money and securities has been increased. The defaulter says that he lost about $4,000 by speculating with the bank's funds and, knowing that when the discovery was made he would be prosecuted, he seized the other money and securities and changed the combination of the vault, that he might have means at his command to make a bargain with the bank. The calculating effrontery of the defaulter's offer shows that he is an unusually deliberate and astute wrongdoer. But his conduct varies little in principle from that of men who hope to escape the righteous judgment of God, by giving to the church or philanthropic institutions large sums out of the fortunes they have made by defrauding the poor of their just earnings, and by selfish indifference to the interests of others. (Isa 1: 13–17.)

A STOLEN HEIR.

A CHILD was found by a detective on Sept. 15, who was stolen six years ago. He is the only son of a millionaire of Portland, Oreg., and when he was stolen he was only fourteen months old. One day his nurse left him alone in his carriage while she went into the house on an errand. When she returned, the baby was gone, and nothing had been heard of him since. The detective found him in a hovel with a laborer, a few miles out of Duquesne, Pa. He has been searching for him ever since he was lost. Recently he heard of the child at Richburg, Pa., and thence traced it to Duquesne, where he found the boy in a most pitiable condition, being clothed in rags and living in the utmost squalor. The laborer whom the child lived with, said that it was the son of his wife, now dead, by a former husband. The detective, however, had no difficulty in identifying the child as he bore a conspicuous birth-mark which was seen when his clothes were removed. The parents of the child are now travelling in Australia, and are expected to return as soon as they receive the telegram announcing the discovery of their son. They have spent thousands of dollars to recover the lost one, and have travelled over a good part of the globe in search of him. There has been a standing reward of $5,000 for his recovery which the detective will have. He is much elated by his success. The parents, too, will be delighted and the child will exchange his rags and squalor for wealth and comfort. The discovery, therefore, is a general blessing. It is an infinitely greater blessing when one of God's children whom Satan has captured is found and rescued. He becomes an heir of heaven; there is joy over him in the presence of the angels of God and he who is the means of his restoration is rewarded. (James 5: 20.)

A FATAL BARREL.

A SALOON-KEEPER in New York opened a fresh barrel of whiskey on Wednesday last and rolled the empty one out on the sidewalk. A number of small boys played with the barrel all the afternoon. At length they turned the barrel upside down. One of the lads struck a match and dropped it into the barrel through the faucet hole. He leaned over the barrel and peered in to see the effect. There was a loud explosion, and the head of the barrel was thrown into the air as high as the second-story windows. The explosion was followed by a flash of flame. The boy was blown twenty-five feet away by the explosion. When picked up he was moaning piteously and presented a terrible sight of burned, bruised, and bleeding flesh. He was taken to his home by his friends, but his condition became so serious that an ambulance was summoned and he was taken to Gouverneur Hospital. Another boy fifteen years old, who was standing close to the barrel when the explosion occurred, was severely injured. Still another was slightly injured and went home. This is a novel way for whiskey to manifest its power to work mischief. It would be well if it were its only way. But when a man is impregnated with it a very small spark of provocation is apt to make him as destructive as this barrel to himself and others. (Prov. 23: 29-30.)

DELUDED INSURERS.

A LARGE number of householders in the country districts around New York are complainants against a man, who was arrested on Sept. 15. It appears that he has been making a living by going to farm houses and the dwellings of widows and others who seldom visit the city and, representing himself as the agent of a well-known insurance company, persuading them to insure against fire. He collected the premiums of five and ten dollars and assured them that if a fire took place, the company would pay them $500 or $1000 according to the amount of premium paid. One of the insurers desiring to increase the amount of the sum for which she supposed her property insured went to the office of the company in New York. She there learned that no policy had been effected on her property and the man was not an agent of the company. She informed her neighbors of her discovery and the man was arrested. Then it was found that there are large numbers of persons similarly living in fancied security, who if their property were to be burned would get no compensation. There is reason to fear that many persons are similarly deceived as to their eternal safety. A false security is often founded on baptism, confirmation, church membership or good moral character, though the Bible explicitly warns us that nothing avails, but becoming a new creature. (Gal. 6: 15.)

A NIGHT IN A SWAMP.

A CITIZEN of Oakland, Cal., had a narrow escape from a terrible death on the night of September 16. He retired to rest at the usual hour, but, feeling restless, he rose, dressed and went for a walk along the banks of Lake Merritt which is near his house. He chose the road where the rock-work follows the line of shore,

having the Lake on one side and a swamp on the other. He had not proceeded far before his foot slipped and he fell down into the swamp. He made an effort to climb out but as he struggled he sank deeper into the mud. He soon found that it was dangerous to struggle, and if he kept up his exertions to release himself he might go completely out of sight, so he stopped struggling. The whole night long he hung suspended in mud, with his head thrown back to keep his mouth above the water, not daring to move for fear of sinking still deeper in the soft black ooze. About five o'clock a boy rode across the dam and saw a face peering above the mud and water. He stopped, not knowing whether it was a corpse or not. The man waved one hand and sank a little deeper, and then the boy determined to examine. Help was found, a plank was run out to him, and he was taken to the receiving hospital almost insensible. He is now slowly recovering. Doubless, he owes his life to his relinquishing his efforts to save himself, and waiting for help. The sinner under conviction finds, too, that that is his way of salvation. When he ceases to try to save himself and trusts only in Christ, then he finds rest and peace. (Acts 16: 31.)

AN OPERATION DELAYED.

AN injured youth in the Manhattan Hospital in New York was in imminent danger of death last week through his own reluctance, and that of his parents, to have an operation performed. He had met with an accident while riding, and his right leg was broken in two places. As the surgeons found that the bones were crushed and therefore it was impossible to unite them, and as the flesh and muscles were torn and lacerated they advised amputation. The boy would not consent and the surgeons appealed to the parents. They also refused, because if the boy lost his leg he would not be able to continue his business. They were told that he could not continue his business in any case and that if the leg was not removed the boy would die. They were obstinate and for three days they would not give their consent. The surgeons did all in their power to prevent blood-poisoning setting in, but they warned the boy and his parents that there was a terrible risk involved in delaying the operation, and that there was no hope of saving his life but in amputation. On the fourth day, when it was almost too late, they yielded and the leg was taken off. Ministers and Christian workers have often a similar difficulty with people who have some besetting sin which keeps them from Christ. They want to be saved but cannot bear to part with their sin. Happy are they if through God's help they are able to give it up though it be dear to them as a right hand or a right eye. (Matt. 5: 29, 30.)

A BAD BOY'S SERVICE.

THE teacher of a school in Connecticut had an exciting adventure on September 18. She is the daughter of a widow, and is supporting herself and her mother by teaching school in the "Cottonwood District." Among her pupils is one rough lad whose fighting propensities and insubordination have been particularly trying. It seemed impossible to control him and expulsion was his probable destiny. He was one of several pupils who remained in the school-house during the lunch-hour on Friday. The teacher stayed, too. She lives two miles away and carries her lunch with her every day in an old-fashioned, covered basket. That morning, as she passed through the Burnside woods on the way to school, she set the basket down at the foot of a tree for a few minutes, while she gathered some wild flowers. She did not open it until luncheon-time came, when she placed it on the floor by her side, and, as she was reading, put her hand in, without looking, to take out some food. Instantly she gave a loud shriek, and the boys looking up, saw a rattlesnake clinging to her arm. The bad boy ran to her side, and seizing the snake by the neck dragged it off and killed it. The teacher had fallen back in a faint. The boy noticed a drop of blood on her arm, and, concluding that the snake had bitten her, sent one of the other boys for a doctor. Then he applied his lips to the wound and sucked it vigorously. The doctor was at the school-house within an hour, and applied his remedies. He said the teacher would recover, but he could not have saved her if it had not been for the boy's promptitude in extracting the poison from the wound by his amateur operation. The teacher will have very different feelings toward that boy when she learns that she owes her life to his courage and presence of mind. She is little likely to show the ingratitude toward him which men display toward Christ who "by the grace of God, tasted death for every man." (Heb. 2:9.)

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 11. John 12:35, 36; 8:12; Matt. 5:14-16.

HE who has light gives light to others. There is light within him, and about him, aod in his own sphere he gives light, being part of that body to whom the Lord said, "Ye are the light of the world." Thus he is blessed and is a blessing. His spirit is a candle of the Lord. It is a taper kindled from the ineffable light, on which no man can look and live. The same light, in essence, but infinitely diminished in intensity and veiled in human flesh. If his eye is single, if it is not turned away to worldly delights, worldly aims and desires, then his whole body is full of light. Other men do not always see it, even when it is shining, but that may be because its rays are obstructed. When a candle is inside a lantern there is very little light shed on the path, if the glass in the lantern is encrusted with dirt, or is stained of a dark color. So the rays from the candle of the Lord are often obstructed by the physical nature in which it is enshrined, which may not be "unspotted from the world," or unstained with the remains of past sinful life. Christ places before us *an ideal:* "That ye may be children of light;" and *an injunction:* "Believe in the light;" and *a promise:* "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life;" and *a warning:* "Walk in the light lest darkness come upon you."

On each of these points the Christian Endeavorer should meditate. Some helpful hints will be found in Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's sermon on "Living Lights;" see page 616 of this number.

Lead, kindly Light! amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

Some two or three years ago a Christian man was living in a mining district. Late one evening he received a message from a sick boy whom he had previously visited, begging him to come and see him as it was thought he was dying. He set out immediately, but in the dim light he missed his way. As it became quite dark he found himself on a wide stretch of land, devoid of houses, and through which he could find no path. He saw in the distance the lights of the town to which he was going, but he hesitated to walk straight thither. The reason of his hesitation was that he knew the people of that district did not fence in the shafts of abandoned workings and in crossing the open space he might fall down one of these openings. He was afraid to move a step, so he sat down on a heap of stones and waited. Presently a man came along with a lantern. The lost man hailed him. Was he going to the town? He was. Was he familiar with the way? He was. Then believing in that light he walked without fear, though at intervals he saw by the light of the lantern the dark circles which showed where the open shafts were.

In the parlor of a lonely house a family was gathered one stormy winter night. Inside, all was bright and warm and cheerful; outside, the wind howled, the sky was black, and the roads heavy with mud. A knock was heard on the outer door. Who could be there so late? It might be a burglar, or a tramp. The husband and father, a gruff, surly man, armed with a bludgeon, went to the door, and his wife, a kindly, gentle woman, being concerned about his safety, followed him. Looking out into the darkness, they saw in the stream of light from the opened door only a boy in shabby clothing. "Will you give a poor boy a light?" he said in plaintive tone, holding up a lantern the candle in which had been blown out by a gust of wind. The man vexed at being disturbed by a beggar, as the boy evidently was, by his tone, did not heed what it was that was asked of him and was about to close the door. "O John," cried the wife, "let us give him a light. It is nothing to us and so much to him." That was true and the boy's candle was lighted. How many all around us in these great cities, are toiling on their heavy road in the darkness and storm who might be helped, if we were always ready to give the poor traveller spiritual light! The giving would not impoverish us and it might save him from stumbling.

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LITTLE SERVICES.

EVERYONE who realizes how much of the burden of life consists in trifles and how many of the annoyances which go to make up a day of weariness might be spared if others were thoughtful and considerate, will appreciate the effort of a circle of King's Daughters in Louisville, Ky. In describing their aim in a report to the *Silver Cross*, the Secretary says that the motto of the circle is, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and the members try to carry it out in all their dealings. They do not make their purchases late in the day, when the clerks in the stores are anxious to close up their work; they avoid giving unnecessary trouble to car-drivers and conductors; they do not needlessly complain of defective service on the part of messengers and others whom they employ; they try by kindly words of sympathy spoken or written to cheer the sick or people in trouble; and in all ways at home and abroad avoid adding to a burden. One would be glad to hear of the forming of many such circles and would rejoice if all the daughters of Eve belonged to them. The little stinging annoyances, vexations and humiliations which are now so trying to the nerves of overburdened humanity and which are generally inflicted without intention and through sheer thoughtlessness would be diminished and by so much the world would be made brighter.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN CANADA.

A CHRISTIAN Endeavor Society has just been organized at Woodville, Ont., Canada, in connection with the Presbyterian Church in that town. It is now in active operation with forty members. Its officers are: Rev. A. McAuley, M. A., President; J. H. Rogers, Vice-President; Miss Clara Munro, Secretary; Miss Lily Gilchrist, Corresponding Secretary; Herbert B. Barnes, Treasurer. The Society starts with the earnest hope that God will bless its efforts to the salvation of souls, and asks the prayers of the readers of this journal that it may be helped and guided of God in the course best adapted to that end. It is gratifying to learn from the correspondent who reports the organization of the Society that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has been found very helpful there.

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THE Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL.

THE sixth annual report of the Young Men's Christian Association Training School at Springfield, Mass., has just been issued. Mr. Oliver C. Morse, the Secretary, calls special attention to the following facts, contained therein: The design of the School is to train men for the positions of General Secretary, Physical Director, and other officers of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Rev. David Allen Reed, the founder of the School has, this year, retired from the Presidency, and is succeeded by Mr. Henry S. Lee, a man of wide business experience, the treasurer of the Springfield Institution for Savings, and a Director of the New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R., and at the same time, a man who has been deeply interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations, as well as in the work of their International Training School. Forty-six students have attended the School the past year, twenty-six belonging to the Secretarial Department, and twenty to the Physical. Nineteen of these belonged to the graduating class. Thirty-four other students have attended the summer session of the school. Towards the purchase of a thirty-acre tract of land, (which with the equipment of a part of it for athletic purposes, will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000) nearly $17,000 has been subscribed and a little more than half of this amount paid.

It has been found necessary to somewhat increase the force of instructors in both departments of the School, owing to the establishment of Correspondent Courses this fall in connection with each Department. By means of these additional Courses it is hoped to extend the helpful influence of the School to quite a number of men already engaged in Association work, who desire, but are unable to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the regular Course of Instruction.

As fast as adequate funds can be obtained, the Trustees of the School propose to erect four buildings on the new grounds; one for a dormitory, a second for a gymnasium and Physical Laboratory, a third as a library and a fourth for recitation rooms and office.

It is a fact of special interest and of great encouragement to the friends of the Institution that although so young (having been established in 1885), the School has thus far furnished one out of every five Secretaries now engaged in Association work in the Dominion of Canada, one out of every eight in the United States, besides five in the foreign field, and over fifty per cent of the Physical Directors employed by the Associations on this side of the water. The School, however, is without endowment funds and without buildings, but hopes that its work will soon attract the attention of those who are specially interested in promoting the cause of Christian education in one of its most practical forms.

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A BROOKLYN CHAPTER.

THE Epworth League of the Hanson Place Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., inaugurated its season's work on Sept. 21, with an enthusiastic meeting. Dr. William H. Johnston was in his place as President of the Chapter, and Miss Maude B. Gilbert, the Secretary, presented the report. The Entertainment Committee has been busily engaged in arranging an attractive programme of sociables and other gatherings, which were described in detail by the Chairman of that Committee, Mr. E. K. Todd. The President reminded the Chapter that its chief business is not to provide amusement, though amusement was valuable in promoting the highest objects of the League, by bringing its members into personal contact and breaking up cliques and bands, which are the bane of Church organizations. The primary functions of the League, Mercy, Help and Devotion, must ever be kept to the front, whatever else may be neglected. Congratulating the Chapter on its spirit and enthusiasm, he augured for it a season of unprecedented usefulness. The evening closed with a number of choice musical selections excellently rendered by members of the Chapter.

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Y. M. C. A. PROGRESS.

THE following figures show the growth of the Young Men's Christian Association movement in the United States since 1866, when the organization of the International Committee made it possible to obtain reliable statistics:

In 1866, there were less than one hundred associations, with a membership of about 15,000. There were not a dozen employed agents all told; only one association building and that worth but ten thousand dollars, and not adapted to association work; very few libraries; no gymnasiums; and but few religious or social meetings. The total net property was less than $100,000, and $50,000 more than covered the entire expenses of the work, both local and general. Then, there were no state organizations; no special work for any of the classes of young men mentioned above. Now (twenty-five years after), there are over 1,200 associations, with a membership of 225,000; 231 buildings, worth $10,000,000; 1,186 men giving all their time to the prosecution of the work as secretaries, physical directors, etc.; thirty-two state and provincial committees, employing sixty-six agents; a total expenditure for local and general work of over $2,000,000 annually; a total net property of $12,000,000; 100 railroad associations; 345 college associations; 11 German associations; 37 colored associations; 4,856 lectures and 4,357 sociables were held last year; and 987 Bible and Bible training classes and over 1,200 other religious meetings, were held weekly during 1890. How much these agencies have done to bring young men to Christ, only eternity will disclose.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

HEAVEN'S WELCOME.

FREE salvation!—God in glory
Calls to men, for Him to live,
Oh! the wondrous, wondrous story—
"Come to me, I will forgive."

Sinful man! regard the offer
God through Christ to you hath made;
Repent, believe, accept the proffer,
Seek forgiveness, ask his aid.

Glorious prospect, full fruition,
When thy toils and cares are o'er;
In His love,—oh blest condition!
Thou shalt be forevermore.

Glorious welcome!—Christ in glory
Calls to us with love untold;
On the throne, now this, his story,
"Come, receive your harps of gold."

Strike the harps! sound out His praises
Who for us did shed his blood;
Let it echo down the ages,—
God in Christ,—eternal love.

—S. H. T.

New Haven, Conn.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of Easter Weddings and Festivals—A Young Jewish Bride.

IT was perhaps natural that the children, remembering what Uncle John had said as to the more serious aspect of life in Eastern lands, should express sympathy for the little ones who lived in these countries and who as Tom concisely remarked "never had no holidays to speak of." Visions of pilgrimages and feasts and similar observances ran through the minds of the children and so, when Uncle, seeing their somewhat grave faces, began to talk merrily about the delights of life in the Orient, the juvenile atmosphere cleared up with surprising alacrity.

"But they haven't any Fourth of July nor Thanksgiving nor New Year's and Christmas," persisted Tom, "and they miss a good deal, don't they?"

"On the contrary," replied Uncle John, "the folks there have more holidays twice over than we have. In Turkey almost every month brings a holiday and there are the great feasts ordained by the Prophet who, you should understand, is also the mussulmans' George Washington. Persia, too, is a great country for festival days and Egypt has quite a number—too many to recount just at present. Every other week a stranger notes the gayety of Eastern cities on these fixed public festival days. Then there are many others besides, such as birth-days, weddings and betrothals, when families make up holiday parties of their own."

"And they give presents, just as we do?" inquired Tom.

"Yes. And the children enjoy such occasions to the full. In fact the social life of the East is kept up more largely for the sake of the children than in our own land. In Syria, in all the larger cities, the religious, civic and social festivals are faithfully observed and the latter particularly are occasions of great joy among the young. You remember the three great Jewish feasts, do you not?"

"Yes, the Passover, the Pentecost and the Feast of Tabernacles," said the listeners, in chorus.

"Right; well, these are rigidly observed by the Hebrews all over the world and nowhere more enthusiastically than in Palestine and Syria.

"One of the pleasantest social occasions I ever knew was a betrothal at which a large party of young people were present. The principals were a remarkably handsome young Jewess of Beyrout and a manly young fellow, who was present with his relatives big and little, at the lady's house, for the ceremony and the subsequent merrymaking took place there. First there was a solemn service of betrothment in which the young couple were formally dedicated to each other and the youth, in accordance with the ancient law, presented his affianced with a golden coin. Under the old Mosaic law it was fixed that the coin should be a *denar*—equal to ninety grains of pure gold, if the parties were well-to-do, and if poor, that the gift should be a *perutah*, or half a grain of pure silver. Then the loving compact is recorded in writing and duly signed, after which the balance of the day is devoted to feasting and merrymaking. It is a famous occasion for the young ladies and gentlemen of both households. Cakes, ears of roasted corn, and a variety of sweets are liberally consumed and instrumental music and singing make the hours pass away gleefully.

A BETROTHED JEWISH GIRL OF BEYROUT.
(*From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.*)

"You must know," explained the traveller, "that in the East young persons are betrothed very early, sometimes at twelve or thirteen years of age. The parents or guardian (who is sometimes an elder brother) arranges the matter and draws up the contract. But it may be years before the marriage takes place. It is very rare indeed to hear of these early engagements being broken, although they are repugnant to our western ideas.

"This photograph," he added, "shows one of the young Hebrew *fiancees* in her beautiful betrothal dress, adorned with jewels and her arms and neck heavy with bracelets and necklaces of gold and precious stones. Some of the ornaments worn on such occasions are very ancient and have been in the same families for many generations and now they are brought out to adorn the timid young maiden who is soon to take on new responsibilities and to leave the companions of her childhood forever. And the youth, turning to her, can repeat in the beautiful language of the prophet Hosea (2: 19) 'I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness and in judgment and in loving kindness and in mercies.'"

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A Western Woman's Home.

ONE of the richest gifts of God is a cheerful spirit. C.L., writes: "I wish I could do much more for my Saviour. I am doing my best in my way at present. I live on a farm with a good many cows to milk and other work in proportion, indoors and out. I do want to be a very, very useful woman in God's vineyard. I am not anxious for public work, but, oh! I should like to be greatly used in saving souls and in helping he helpless children of this world. My sphere has not been a very wide one, so far. Helping at home, teaching school, Sunday School work, has been the extent of my labors so far. If it be God's will, I want to have the way opened for some other things which I think would add to my being really and genuinely useful. I am asking the Lord for several things which I think would make me a more useful woman. I am not an idler; never have been, yet my opportunities in some directions have been much more limited than some others have been. I am not impatient about it. Yet do long for a wider, brighter field. God promised Nathaniel to see greater things, and I hope for the same blessing, not only for myself, but for every one in the world."

It seems to us that a woman so devoted cannot fail to make for herself a sphere of Christian activity wherever her lot may be cast. Perhaps the Lord may open up to her a wider field; but meanwhile, even in the performance of home duties, there is opportunity to do good and to shed a refining Christian influence all around her.

Beyond the veil I cannot see,
The future is a mystery
I fain would comprehend;
But God knows what is best for me,
In love, he will not let me see
What coming days and years will be,
Nor how life's course will end

He knows that one day's weight of care
Is quite as much as I can bear,
"In this frail body pent;"
And with these words he comforts me:
"E'en as thy days thy strength shall be
Each moment, child, I care for thee,
Then be therewith content."

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METHOD IN WORK.

METHOD is the greatest of time-savers A man or woman who applies intelligent system to work, can do much more than one who proceeds without method. Here is a bit of homely and useful advice, from a writer in the *Christian Advance*, which may be useful to some of our readers:

"Mrs. Jones, who does her own work, was asked by one of her neighbors how she contrived to get so much done. 'Contrive is the word,' said she. 'I cut all the corners, and I don't try in the least to do as Mrs. Any-body-else does. I know it's the orthodox way to get all your morning's work done up and then sit down to sew. But when I have a difficult piece of sewing on hand, if I do my housework first, I'm too tired to do my sewing justice, so I let some of the housework go, all that can be let go, and do my sewing first. Then it is a relief, when that is done, to fly around and finish up my housework. I know it's nice to iron all one's plain clothes, but I don't iron mine. Towels, sheets, and many other articles I fold neatly when they are dry and put them away without ironing.

"'When I get breakfast I plan my dinner and generally make the dessert, sometimes prepare the vegetables, and then it is an easy matter to get the dinner. Many a time I've rubbed out my clothes at night and scalded them, and then left them in the tubs till morning. This enables me to get them hung up early, and then by dividing the work I do not get so tired as if I did it all at once. I see to it that the wood and coal and kindling-box are kept full, so I can have a fire at short notice and without running round.'"

Another point: there need be no humdrum about our everyday tasks if we only set about them in the right spirit. Everything in life, even the most prosaic, has a beautiful side. if we only look for it.

Place a spray in thy belt or a rose on thy stand,
When thou settlest thyself to a commonplace seam;
It's fragrance will sweeten the work in thy hand
It's beauty will sweeten each dream.

When the task thou performest is irksome and long,
Or thy brain is perplexed by a doubt and a fear;
Fling open the window and let in the song
God hath taught to the birds for thy cheer

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Get the Ear of the Boys.

GET the ears of the young and you will have their hearts when they are older. How many golden opportunities for timely counsel to the young are missed! "If we could get the ear of that boy at school" says the *Javelin*, "or that young man in college, we would say most earnestly to him,—the time is coming, and perhaps not far distant, when you will be wanted. This is a broad country, and opportunities for eminent achievement and large usefulness are constantly occurring in religious work, in educational work, in business, in professional life, and the service of the country. You may be wanted never so much, but if you are not ready when wanted you will be passed by. Many an old man to-day is looking back to see another in just the one place which was designed for him, and in which he might have been perfectly content, happy and useful, in which he might have done a great and important life work, and achieved distinction, but when opportunity's hour struck, he was not ready.

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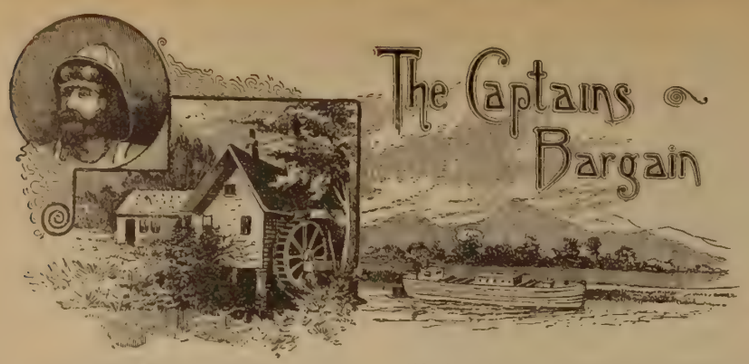
Courtesy to Servants.

"I CAN'T allow him to outdo me in courtesy," explained an old gentleman, who had returned the salutation of his gardener. He was right. The servant's right to be politely treated is as absolute as that of the master. If we are bound to love our neighbors as ourselves, we are bound to treat them courteously. If you do not govern yourself in all your conversation with servants by the same laws of courtesy which you observe in your conversation with the callers in your parlors, you are making a mistake.



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(*Continued from page 604.*)

THE Captain looked perplexed when Robert spoke of the dreaded mortgage as an instrument that might be burned up. It had been the Captain's burden for years, his source of perpetual anxiety and worriment.

Was Robert still raving? Captain Allen took the paper that Eliza held out to him. What was it? It was the mortgage, surely, if the endorsement on the fold said truly.

"Robert gives it to you as a token of his love and of his and my gratitude," said Mr. Murray. "Open it, Captain, and see if it is all right."

Captain Allen opened it. It was right and more than right. There, folded in it, was a check for two thousand dollars. The Captain gasped. Never before had he handled such a sum of money at one time.

"This—this is too much. I cannot—we should not——"

"Nonsense, Captain. Don't you remember once I offered you the mortgage and two thousand dollars for the boy? You gave him to me. I must keep my share of the bargain."

"I did not give him to you," faltered the Captain. "He was your own, and you took him; I had no right to him."

"We will share him hereafter; he belongs to us both," said Mr. Murray. "And this little matter of the mortgage and of the money for a home and repairs, is not a question of dollars between us, Allen. It is a token of my gratitude and of Robert's love. You gave him a home—he gives you a home. You shared all with him—it is his privilege to share his with you. You saved him from ruin—he tries to return the debt in some small measure. Whatever he does—whatever I do, we cannot show the measure of our gratitude."

Tears were in all their eyes. This was a beautiful occasion. Robert was almost well. The mill was safe!

"Haven't I got the best father in the world?" cried Robert. "Didn't I tell you how good he was to me? It seems as if I could say nothing but, 'The mortgage is paid! The mortgage is paid!' It goes just like a song."

"Come, you must stop saying that and everything else. Pink, where is the calves-foot jelly?" cried Eliza. "We shall have this boy worse again after so much excitement. 'Zekiel, you had better go and write a letter to Bob and Jerry. Mr. Murray, we should draw the curtains and make Robert go to sleep. Now, Robert, let us hear no more of you for the next two hours."

Robert did not wish to be heard from. It was enough—more than enough—to be able to lie there and think that his great burden had rolled away. The mill was safe; his mother should have a house—a white house with a veranda. His father was friends with his foster-parents, and he was to go back to Lal's Mountain. He lay quite still, thinking how that house should be built, until he fell asleep, wandering through rooms whose shadowy walls changed, enlarged, shrank, as his fancy varied.

Next day young Morgan was able to go downstairs. Soon his mother would take him home. And Robert was now much stronger, sitting pillowed up in his bed, and developing a marvellous appetite for chicken broth. Mrs. Morgan would be no longer needed to reinforce Eliza in the case. The temperance treatment had been a splendid success.

"What do you think of non-alcoholic treatment now, Claude?" Mrs. Morgan asked her nephew, as she pointed to Robert and Paul.

"Well, aunt, you have succeeded finely, but you are a wonderful nurse and a miracle in sickroom cookery, as I know to my advantage," said Dr. Lee.

"I should succeed every time where the disease was not beyond any human help. And is it not a satisfaction to feel that your recovered patient has not in him the seeds of your planting of future disease, or worse, of a dangerous appetite—a cause of future crime? Mr. Murray has said I might tell you all his story, and I will soon. He hopes that it may make you a temperance doctor. Young Galens such as you, should be abreast with the best of your age. The temperance doctor will be the doctor of the future. A young man should be glad to be a pioneer in all that is wise and good."

If the days of illness had been dark and terrible, the days of convalescence were most cheery and beautiful. Captain Ezekiel went home; Mr. Murray went with him, but came back in three days. Mother Eliza and Pink stayed to take care of Robert. Robert sat up in bed and listened to Pink's tales of all that had happened at Lal's Mountain since the autumn. Then Pink must unpack the trunk and see all the wonderful presents which Robert's father had heaped upon him. Then the pocket-book was taken out, and there were forty dollars, Robert's savings, and nothing would do but Eliza must go out with Pink and buy spring hats and jackets, gloves and boots, and handkerchiefs and collars for both.

"I want you to look nice when the boys come up to see me," pleaded Robert.

Then Robert could sit up in one of the great chairs. His father ordered the most gorgeous wrapper and slippers. And now his diet was liberally increased, and a table was set beside his chair, and Pink shared with him the most delicious feasts of chicken, mushrooms, fruit, jellies. What feasting, what joy!

Then the boys came up to call on the convalescent Robert. Boys are sympathetic creatures in the main, and, no matter how heavily they "are down on a fellow," let the fellow get into trouble, fall ill, be near to death,—they at once forgive all his iniquities. Robert had failed to be popular among his mates at boarding-school. He had been moody, studied out of hours, and seemed stingy.

North was the first boy admitted to the infirmary.

"Glad to see you up, Murray. I declare you look much brighter than you did before you fall sick. Brain-fever seems to have done you good, man. The fellows all sent their regards; they are dreadfully sorry for you."

"That's kind of them, but they needn't be sorry for me. I never was happier in my life. I didn't think the boys liked me very well, North," said Robert.

"Oh, well, now," said North, uneasily, under the straight look of Robert's brown eyes, "all fellows have their own ways, you know. For my part I don't think it is any of our business whether you or any one does like the rest of us or not. Of course," added North, floundering more and more, "we have no right to expect that a fellow should join the games if he don't feel like it, or give treats, or spend his money if he don't wish to."

"I know what you all mean," said Pink, who was standing by Robert's chair. "You thought Robert cross because he did not do as the rest did, and stingy because he saved up all his money. Robert, was not that forty dollars——"

"Hush, Pink; never mind. It's done."

"I won't hush," said Eliza's daughter. "Mr. Murray told me all about it. Robert would not take time for the games because he wanted to get the three prizes for the sixty dollars, and he was saving——"

"I say, Pink, hold up, will you?" cried Robert.

"No, Robert, I won't. He was not saving the money for himself, or because he was greedy. It was for us. We were poor and had a mortgage on our house, and we were to lose the mill because we could not pay, and Robert was trying to get money to pay the mortgage for us. He tried to save every cent,—all for us. And now his father has paid it all off, and Robert gave mother and me the money that he had saved, and he made us buy things for ourselves. I bought these boots. I never had a pair so nice before. You see, Robert got lost when he was little, and my father found him and adopted him, and he thinks that is a reason for doing everything for us."

"I ought to think so," said Robert, who had vainly tried by nudges and pokes to stop Pink's eloquence. "North, they did everything for me. I shared all they had. They went without things to get me things. They worked for me. They sat up nights with me when I was sick. They loved me just like their own. It would be queer if I could not do a little thing like that for them."

"I say it was fine," cried North, charmed with this explanation and with Pink's fervid championship. "I say it was fine all round!"

The next day, when the matron came to pay her regular morning visit to the invalid, she brought a bouquet of hot-house flowers "Sent by the boys to Master Murray."

Not a word further was ever spoken about previous misunderstandings. The boys and Robert thought that the flowers had fully expressed all that was proper to be said on the occasion.

And now Pink and Robert spent hours, sheets of paper, red ink and black ink, and words innumerable, upon plans for the new house to be built on the long-selected site near the mill. Seven rooms, a veranda, an outside kitchen, this house must have. They drew plan after plan. One very choice plan, on being presented to "the woman-with-a-head-on-her-shoulders," was found, though containing only seven rooms, to be about as large as a hotel. Another *chef d'œuvre* unluckily omitted the staircase altogether, and gave no access to the cellar except by going entirely round the house outsider. Another was deemed perfect, until it was found that every room was hermetically sealed as to doorways, and there would be no way of entrance except by ladders and through the windows. Pink was therefore discarded as assistant architect, and Eliza and Robert going into partnership, produced a very nice plan, which Mr. Murray carried carried off to Lal's Mountain.

From Lal's Mountain came the most delightful news. The New York man, who had been disappointed about securing the mill, did not resign his notion of a summer hotel. He bought a spot half a mile higher up the creek and went to work in haste. The new building would furnish work for the Captain, Jerry, and Bop. Besides, they would work on their own new home, and on repairs on the mill, and the present living-rooms were to be turned into a good carpenter's shop. As for the barge, that was to be replaced by a smaller, handsomer, less cumbersome craft, with a little steam-engine using coal-oil for fuel, and this craft was to be used as a pleasure-boat for the boarders and tourists, and it was supposed that Jerry and Bop as captain and crew would harvest shekels.

Captain 'Zekiel wrote that the twins had turned over a new leaf and behaved beautifully in their joy of new fortunes. The girl cooked and kept house almost as well as Pink, and her twin-brother made fires, fed the fowls, cleaned the windows and garden, and kept Robert as a model before his eyes.

"Father will have to make us some new furniture," said Pink, "everybody has outgrown the old trundle-beds. But we have the two carpets that mother and Jerry made, and they will do for our best rooms, that's one comfort."

Whereupon Robert burst into hilarious laughter.

Finally, by the middle of April, Robert was pronounced quite well. Doctor Lee thought he should remain in the city until June, and do no more studying until fall.

"I've made poor work of school-life this year, father," said Robert, "but next fall I'll come back and get on all right. I like this school and the fellows first-rate now."

"The failure was all my fault," said his father, "and what do you want to do for a business, Robert?"

"I want to go into business," said Robert, "into the lumber business, if you don't mind. I've been among the mills and the lumber all my life. I can't tell you how I like a lumber-yard. The smell of all the wood makes me think of the forests, and the logging-camps, and log-drives, and the mills, and the water-wheels. You won't mind, will you? I really feel sure I haven't the making of a President of any kind in me. I am a very common person."

Mr. Murray laughed.

"Be what you like, so that you do honestly and well, whatever work you undertake."

Then Eliza and Pink went back to Lal's Mountain, and left Robert to come with the June sunshine.

Mr. Murray's new house was finished and the furnishing began. A happy chance brought Mrs. Morgan to the city, and she became chief adviser and aid in that buying. But to Robert the most delightful part of it was that he was buying not only for his own room in the West Philadelphia house, but for that dear new seven-room house at Lal's Mountain. In the excess of his joy he would have bought plush chairs, or pictures nearly as large as the humble walls, and have left out simple kitchen appurtenances altogether. But Mrs. Morgan saved him from such indiscretions. She expounded that the house on Lal's Mountain should be furnished to suit Lal's Mountain, and that as Eliza did her own work, her furnishings should not make work burdensome. But the rag-carpets were relegated to the kitchen and the boys' bed-room, and the parlor had a Brussels carpet, a parlor organ, and a little book-case, filled with just the right books for every one. Never was human being happier than Robert over every separate set of cottage-furniture, over every chair and table, over the hogshead packed with crockery. Mr. Murray grew ten years younger in witnessing his son's ecstasies. Perhaps, also, his rejuvenation was partly due to the expansion of his own heart in deeds of just liberality, in expression of gratitude; for there is nothing does us so much good as the exercise of these virtues. "He who giveth, groweth like his God."

"You seemed to take comparatively little interest in our shopping last fall, Robert, but now you are mad with joy."

"Yes, but that was only for me; and I had never felt the need of the things I was getting. Besides, then I was so stunned at losing my old home and family I could only think of them. Now I am as happy as I can be."

(*To be Concluded next Week.*)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

To Begin in No. 41 of "The Christian Herald."

IN number 41, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will begin the publication of a new Serial Story of great dramatic power and thrilling interest, entitled:

"ALEPH, THE CHALDEAN;
OR, THE MESSIAH AS SEEN FROM ALEXANDRIA."

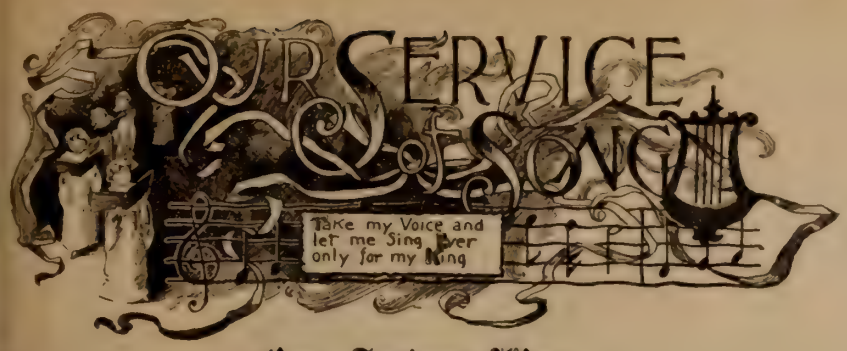
The author is that distinguished writer on Biblical Times and Topics, the Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D., LL.D. The exclusive right of the serial publication of this remarkable story, which is declared by leading critics to be equal if not superior to "BEN HUR," has been secured by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The story deals with events in the time of Christ and is of transcendent interest and attractiveness to all Christian readers. Pictures of domestic and public life in the First Century of the Christian era, when all Palestine and a part of Egypt were under Roman rule, are given with rare vividness; the various types of races to be found in Alexandria, then the greatest city of the world, are set forth with a master pen, and the conflict of the adherents of rival deities and creeds then raging is graphically described.

Aleph, a young student, comes from Chaldea to Alexandria, where he is astounded at the shallow morality, superstition and idolatry that prevail. Here he first hears, from travellers returned from Palestine, of the Messiah born in Bethlehem. The gradual growth of the Christians throughout Egypt; their bitter opposition by the fanatical fire-worshipers and the Alexandrian Jews; their perils and privations, and their persecution by the Romans and by *Simon Magus* the magician, are all portrayed with the fidelity of a series of photographs from life.

Specially attractive and noble are the personalities of *Seti*, the priest, *Rachel*, the beautiful "Gem of Alexandria" and *Cimon*, the Greek, the friend of *Aleph*. The pageantry of Rome's armies, the excitements of the gladiatorial arena, the peril of *Aleph* in a dungeon, whence he is to be thrown to the lions, and the long line of afflictions to which God's people were subjected, finally ending in the abasement of their persecutors, together constitute the elements of a powerful narrative, which is historically and archæologically a mine of valuable information.

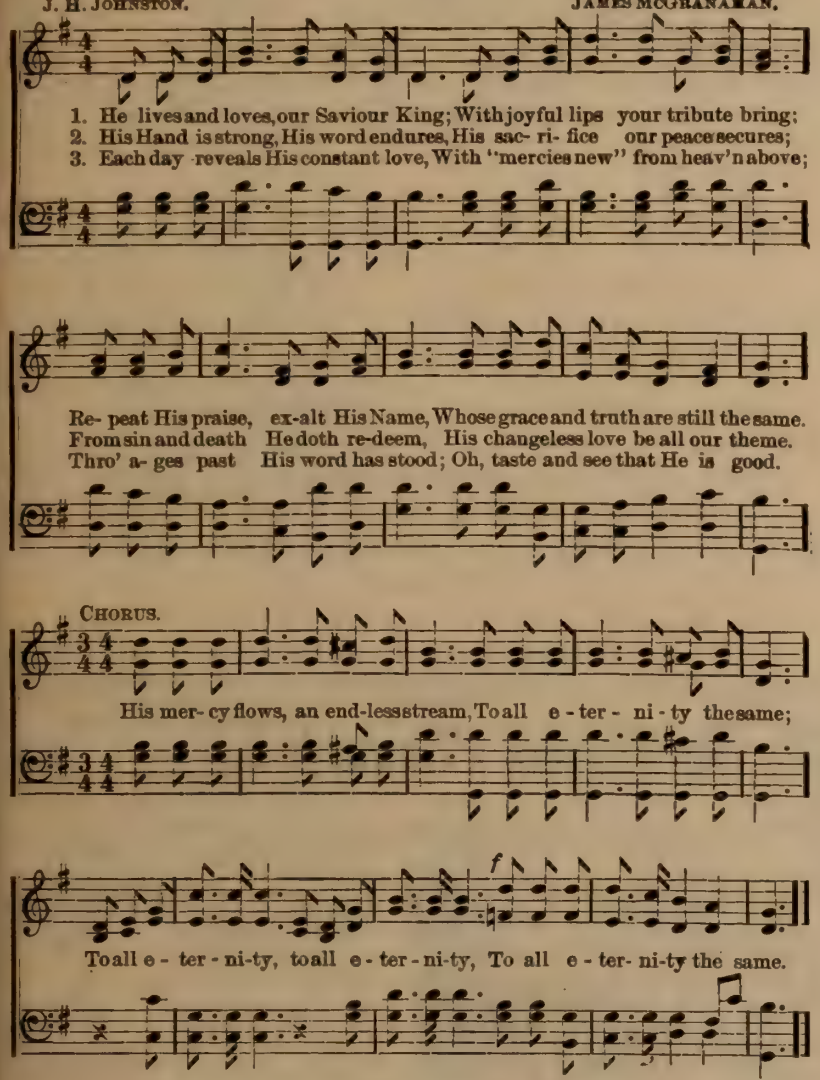
But the great and surpassing spiritual interest in the story centres around the Saviour's life and ministry, as reflected from distant Palestine, their influence upon the Egyptian metropolis and the gradual spread of the belief in his doctrine. The subtle charm of the story, pervading it at every page like a delicate perfume, is a lofty spirituality which, no less than the high literary ability it displays, must make it exceedingly popular among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



Our Saviour King.

"His mercy endureth forever."—Ps. 136: 1.

J. H. JOHNSTON. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

DAY BY DAY.

WITH staff and shoon I journey,
Uphill the way I take,
Past many a tangled thicket,
O'ergrown with brier and brake;
And oft my feet are weary,
And oft my steps are slow,
But day by day I'm nearer
The land to which I go.

The foes who hate my Master
Have spread the path with snares,
In hope to stay my progress
And catch me unawares.
But ever to my spirit
New light and strength are given,
For never hosts of evil
Shall bar my road to heaven.

Far worse than all temptations
That lure me from without
Are grewsome clouds and terrors
That compass me about,
Dear Lord, thine eye can measure
The strife of fears within,
And thou canst guide me safely,
Unscathed by shame or sin.

With staff and shoon I journey,
And still before mine eyes
The Lord who goes before me
Hold up a radiant prize.
And though I faint and falter,
I yet shall overcome,
And win with saints and angels
The endless rest at home.

And sweet it is, when tired,
Because the way is long,
To pause beside a mile-stone
And lift a pilgrim's song;
For who shall lose his courage,
However steep the way,
Who, with the Lord to help him,
Fares onward day by day.
—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

THE DRUNKARD'S ALPHABET.

A stands of Alcohol; deathlike its grip;
B for Beginner, who takes just a sip;
C for Companion who urges him on;
D for the Demon of drink that is born;
E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
F stands for Friends who so loudly insist;
G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels;
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
I his Intention to drink not at all.
J stands for Jeering that follows his fall;
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave.
L stands for the Liquor his appetites crave;
M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard to say;
O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass;
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
R stands for Ruin that hovers around.
S stands for Sights that his vision bedim.
T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs;
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
V stands for Vagrant he quickly becomes;
W for Waning of life that's soon done;
X for his eXit regretted by none.
Youth of this nation, such weakness is crime;
Zealously turn from the tempter in time.

A TURBULENT SPHERE.

CHRISTIANS who love tranquil scenes and whose nerves are unstrung by noise and disturbance, would find the life of a missionary a very trying experience. The following letter from Mrs. McKittrick, of the Balolo mission in Congoland, who has been staying for a few weeks at Lulanga, gives some idea of the kind of life a missionary must lead:

"The people here are very noisy and quarrelsome. Every night since I came there has some palaver. One evening two boys were fighting like madmen, knocking and cuffing each other about. I hastily threw some water over them, which somewhat cooled their ardor. To-night we are disturbed by the shrieks of a woman, apparently in great pain. To interfere in this case would be unwise; I can but sit and pray. Every now and again a succession of agonizing screams comes to my ear, and I have to put down my pencil; it is almost impossible to write. A few hours ago a crowd of excited men rushed at our man, Bompole, spears in hand, ready for any mad deed; they were enraged because he had desired a woman to stand away from the door. The first intimation I had that anything was wrong was a glimpse of Bompole, running as if for his life, pursued by these wild folk. A day never seems to pass without some disturbance of this sort. But though it is a little trying to the nerves, the experience is a blessed one, and brings to my mind and heart the assurance, more precious because more real than ever before, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' Believing and realizing this, it is easy to add, 'therefore I will not fear.' These same people come often to the chapel and behave very quietly; they express interest in what they hear, but, alas! their hearts are so hardened in sin that it seems almost impossible to touch them. Thank God! they are not too bad for the Lord Jesus to save; 'his blood can make the foulest clean.'"

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Donald Kennedy,
Roxbury, Mass.
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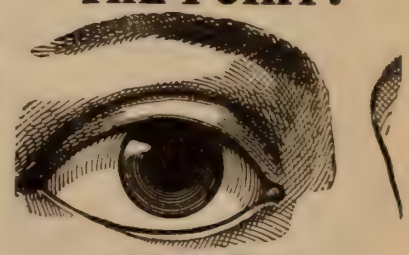
gives nerve and mental strength so that life's duties may be performed calmly and efficiently.

Do You See THE POINT?



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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

L. H. Mullineaux, Oxford, Md. All the information you ask in your letter may be found on consulting McClintock & Strong's Biblical Encyclopœdia.

H. A. Richardson, Washington, La. Was John the Baptist baptized or not, and if so by whom?

There is no record in the Bible or elsewhere concerning it.

C. M. Ege, Altoona, Pa. Where can I purchase the Bible (original text) with literal translation. Revised Version and revised edition?

We cannot tell.

Inquirer, New York City. Who hid some earrings under the ark, in Genesis? Mention chapter and verse.

See Genesis 35: 4.

Adonijah King, Providence, R. I. Can a minister of the Gospel consistently become a member of a secret society?

See answer in No. 29, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

B. W. Lewis, Dayton, O. What evil power tempted the angels to rebel?

Your question is as to the origin of evil, a problem that has puzzled the minds of philosophers and Christians for ages.

Rev. N. Dederer, Berea, Cuyahoga Co., O. Is there any Evangelical M. E. or Presbyterian minister in the city of Marseilles, France?

Yes. Write to the McAll Mission, 1624 Locust St., Philadelphia, for full information.

A Christian Mother, Wells, S. D. Is it right for my neighbors and unconverted children to gather together and sing Gospel hymns? Because they cannot sing as Christians, will it be counted as blasphemy against God?

See answer to H. V. R., on this page.

P. W. Greatheach, Atlanta, Ga. Is it right and biblical to lay a corner-stone for a church with imposing ceremonies on Sunday?

We prefer not to judge other people, but certainly if we were to be consulted as to the arrangements, we would select another day. Nothing involving manual labor should be done on the Lord's day.

P. F., Shamokin, Pa. What is the longest bridge in the world?

Lion Bridge, near Sangang, China. It is five and a quarter miles long, extending over an arm of the Yellow Sea and is supported by over 300 stone arches. The roadway is seventy feet above water, and is enclosed in an iron framework. On every pillar is a marble lion. It was built in 1796.

Subscriber, Apex, N. C. 1. Are Christians justified in praying for rain? 2. If A steals money from B, and is fully able to make restitution but does not, will God ever forgive the sin?

1. Yes; Elijah prayed for rain. In times of severe drought there can be nothing wrong in petitioning the Lord to relieve the parched land. 2. It is certainly A's duty to make restitution, but the consequences of a duty unfulfilled must be left with God. It is not for man to say what God will or will not do.

J. L. R., Philadelphia, Pa. Is it right for one who is striving to lead a Christian life to attend social gatherings, such as surprise parties, birthday parties, weddings, etc., where games and jokes are going on that have untrue answers, or to deliver a declamation that is not based upon a true foundation?

A Christian is supposed to be a light in the world, and therefore he should not exclude himself from the world. He must make it a matter of conscience how far he can share in social amusements without violating his principles. There are many amusements that are innocent. Even Jesus attended a wedding feast.

H. V. R., Cortland, N. Y. 1. Does the Presbyterian Church approach the nearest to the Scriptural idea of an Evangelical Church? 2. Should an unconverted person be allowed to sing in the choir? 3. Does God approve of our converting Catholics to some other denomination?

1. A Presbyterian would tell you so. A Baptist or an Episcopalian would as conscientiously and as sincerely give you a different answer. Pray to God for enlightenment, read your new Testament and make up your mind. The matter is not so important as that more personal question of your own living union with Christ. 2. As such persons may join in the singing from a pew and even in responsive services, it appears illogical to exclude them from the choir, if they conduct themselves with decorum. 3. Without dogmatizing as to what God approves or does not approve, we should say in general terms that if you know any one who is living in error and you convince him of his error, you are doing a good work. Read James 5: 19, 20.

Fritz Oelze, Denison, Tex. Why is Africa, the oldest continent known to men, the farthest from civilization?

It seems to be a law that all nations, after reaching the apex, should degenerate. Rome, Greece, Persia, Egypt, Babylon, Peru and many others might be instanced in proof of this rule. Wherever a nation's civilization drifts to idols, its decay is assured, while those that preserve the true principles of religion alone endure. This is the only explanation to be furnished concerning Africa, which was once the focus of all civilization.

Alex. Kennel, Trenton, O. Why did Jesus use discourse that was hard for his disciples to understand?

We must believe that he knew the best means of conveying the lessons he wished to impress upon them and those who would be converted by their preaching. The disciples asked him the question you are now putting to us and you remember his answer. (Matt. 13: 10-12.) There were many things of importance which they were not prepared to understand in concrete form. These were given to them in figurative words and Jesus told them that the Holy Spirit, after his ascension, would bring all these things to their remembrance and would teach them. (John 14: 26.)

B. B. S., Greenwich, R. I. How much wine did Jesus make at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee? What was the vessel in which it was borne to the governor of the feast?

The only source of information is the Gospel narrative. The Evangelist estimated the capacity of each of the six waterpots at "*two or three* firkins." The firkin according to Smith's *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities* was equal to eight gallons and seven-eighths of a gallon. Thus the Evangelist's estimate gives us as the capacity of each jar somewhere between seventeen and twenty-six gallons. Nothing is told us about the vessel in which is was borne to the governor of the feast. It was probably a pitcher. There is an ancient picture on ivory in existence which represents the miracle. It is believed to have been painted not later than the seventh century. In this the jars are represented as wide stone jars as high as the breast of the man who is drawing from them. He holds in his hand a drinking-cup which apparently would contain about a pint. This, however, is only the conception of the miracle formed by an artist who lived about six hundred years after the miracle was performed.

J. A. McNabb, Houston, Tex. Is it right for a Christian to make use of public conveyances on Sunday in pursuit of Christian work? For instance, if I teach or have work some two miles away from home, and to walk in the hot sun is dangerous, am I right in making use of a street car? Is it just as much of a violation of the Sabbath, where a Christian works or uses his horses on Sunday to attend public worship, as if he had worked himself?

Your question recalls the story of an eccentric minister, whose horse, as he used to say, always observed the Jewish Sabbath while he himself kept the Christian Sabbath. He never allowed it to go out on Saturday but always on Sunday. Thus he gave the animal one day's rest out of the seven. While Sunday travelling should be avoided, it is impossible to lay down any fixed rules on this point. There are many places in this country that would be without the Gospel, on account of the wide territory covered by the parishes, unless pastor or people, or sometimes both, used conveyances to reach the place of worship. Hundreds of churches all over the land recognize this, and supply sheds for the wagons and horses' accommodation, while their owners are listening to the service. It would unquestionably be a sin to use conveyances on the Sabbath, except in such cases, and in these they are used in the service and for the glory of God.

Chicago is attracting thousands of people just now who have various enterprises on hand in connection with the World's Fair, to be held in 1893, and of course it is a good place for business, owing to the extensive building operations at Jackson Park in connection with the construction of buildings for the Fair. The Erie Railroad Company, in anticipation of the heavy travel, which has already commenced, are running superb trains to all points in the West. Having a through road to Chicago, they run complete trains without change of cars. The Vestibule Limited (without extra price) is the luxury of modern travel, with parlor, dining, sleeping, and passenger coaches, forming one complete train from New York to Chicago.*

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[Incidentally, what kind of soap does your laundress use?]

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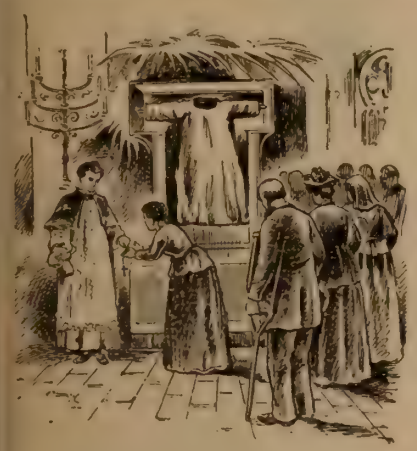
THE TREVES IDOLATRY.

The Worship of the Holy Coat by Crowds of Poor Ignorant, Deluded Catholics.

IT is hardly possible that the civilized Christian world in this nineteenth century could conceive of a more absurd and shameless spectacle than that now to be witnessed in the superstitious adoration of the "HolyCoat"at Treves, in France. It is stated that when two or more augurs happened to meet in the latter days of the Roman Empire, they laughed in each others faces at the evident absurdity of the superstitions which were then called religion. Catholic priests are generally well educated and much jesuitical laughter is supposably indulged in each other's faces whenever this alleged sacred garment is mentioned.

August last will be a memorable month for those Roman Catholics who believe in the genuineness of this relic as being the seamless coat worn by our Lord at the time of the Crucifixion, and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots. The coat is only exhibited occasionally, the last time being in 1844, when it was



THE "HOLY COAT" OF TREVES.

exhibited from August 18 till October 6, during which time over 1,250,000 pilgrims passed it.

Unfortunately for relic-worshippers, there are fifteen other coats which claim to be the "seamless coat." The one at Argenteuil, a village near Paris, has just been referred to the Sacred Congregation of Rites for the settlement of the dispute between it and the one at Treves, and they have decided that Treves possesses the seamless coat, while the Argenteuil one is the coat Christ wore "as a boy!"

The Catholic authorities issued minute directions to be observed by the pilgrims. In this document it is stated that: "The Bishop has granted the inhabitants of Treves and its environs, and all strangers and pilgrims visiting the city, a dispensation from the command of abstinence, for the whole duration of the exhibition."

On Wednesday, August 19, the Holy Coat was taken from the treasury of the Cathedral, at Treves, and placed before the high altar under the purple velvet baldachin fringed with gold, the whole enclosed in a shrine surmounted by an immense cross, illuminated with gas. At eight o'clock on Thursday the Cathedral was crowded, and at nine the procession entered. During twelve hours 25,000 pilgrims passed before the relic, all inhabitants of the city. Strangers were first admitted on Friday, and on this first day the number of pilgrims was 41,000.

The whole town of Treves was converted into a gigantic fair. Pilgrims, on debarking from the train, were marshalled in processional order by the priests who had charge of them, and marched through the streets to the cathedral, attended by acolytes carrying banners and emblems, and chanting the *Litany of the Holy Coat*. This marching and chanting continued incessantly from three or four o'clock in the morning till midnight. The poorer pilgrims all carried their own baggage. Luther in his 'Warning to his dear Germans," edited by his friend, Ph. Melanchthon, in 1546, says about the exhibitions of the Holy Coat in 1531 and 1545: "How they run to the pilgrimages! What fables have the Popes, bishops, and monks spread abroad or silently approved, causing deluded folk to lose their money! Think only of the trickery at Treves with Christ's Coat. What a fair has the evil one held there, and how many false miracles has he sold!"

In 1310 a solemn exhibition of the Holy Coat took place in Treves. Napoleon I. permitted it, but he expressly forbade miracles to be performed.

The next exposition of the Coat in 1844 aroused the opposition of many, among others a Roman Catholic priest named Johann Ronge, who started an animated controversy. Ronge published an essay, addressed to the Archbishop of Treves, ridiculing the forthcoming exhibition of the relic as pandering to the morbid susceptibilities of the ignorant people of Europe. The publication roused a perfect storm among the priesthood and was not without effect upon the better classes among the intending pilgrims. As a consequence, Ronge was excommunicated. The Coat has been repeatedly denounced since then, even by eminent Catholics, but the latest demonstration shows that superstition created by cunning is still strong in the church of Rome.

Of course the priests made a good harvest off this superstitious throng, which had come to gaze at a garment so battered that it had to be gummed together. Liberal offerings were made the bulk of which goes to the Pope. It was a grand spectacle for Treves, so grand that the other alleged Holy Coat at Argenteuil was dragged to light and put on exhibition with the purpose of attracting some of the spoil thither, but Argenteuil did not fare so sumptuously as Treves, where the pilgrims yielded up all their money and consented to sleep in barns, tanneries, sheds and stockhouses, herded like cattle.

The so-called attestations of the genuineness of the coat were not given until *twelve hundred years after the Crucifixion*, and the best antiquarians of all creeds laugh at the claim of genuineness, which is on a par with the other bogus relics palmed off on a credulous world by the Romish church for centuries. Professor Winschied of Leipsic, one of the leading German Catholics has announced his conversion to Protestantism. The Professor attributes the change in his religious views to his disbelief in the authenticity of the "Holy Coat" and to his conscientious scruples against supporting a church that would lend its sanction to such a shameless piece of charlatanism.

AN AVOWAL AT A MISSION.

FUNDS for the support of a certain mission well-known to the writer, were running very low. The Evangelist in charge was discouraged. Wealthy Christian people to whom he applied for help, did not seem to think much of his work. He wondered whether he ought not to accept the circumstances as an indication that God's will was that the mission should be closed. That night he received a letter from a man who wrote: "I had made up a mad mind to put an end to my existence, as I felt despised by everyone, hungry and unsheltered. Thus I was for three days and nights without hope of work, and without a friend. Spiritually blind as I was, God directed my footsteps to you. You gave me hope, and spoke to me as a friend. You saved me from the fate of suicide. You gave me food and lodgings. You gave me clothes, for I was in rags, and by much exertion got me back my employment. In fact, you have raised me out of the gutter, and saved me from death here, and hell hereafter. My God will thank and repay you for saving a soul that he died to save, and who would have been lost but for you."

MY PRAYER.

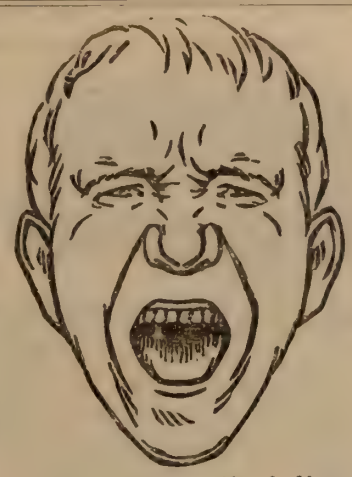
(For The Christian Herald.)

I ASK not, Father, that thro' life,
My path might e'er be bright;
I only ask that midst the strife,
Thou 'lt guide my steps aright.

I ask not that my life from care,
And sorrow, might be free;
I only ask for grace to bear,
Whate'er Thou sendest me.

I ask not that I may be crowned,
With joy, and length of days;
But that I may be ever found
In truth and wisdoms's ways.

Nor crave I for some mission grand,
Nor nobler work I ask;
But strength to do, with helping hand,
Thine own appointed task. —A. C.



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Shake the kettle gently to facilitate their rising, and when well puffed up turn them and brown the other side. Drain on paper. They should be cooked in fat hot enough to brown a piece of bread while counting sixty, and are quite hollow when cooked. Serve with maple syrup if liked.—(Copyright, 1891.)

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"Manitou and the Mountains" have become household words, and when one nowadays contemplates a summer trip, the popular point, Manitou, at once comes to the front in the minds of all, and the decision in nine cases out of ten is, "Yes, to Manitou we will go."

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At Colorado Springs, which is virtually at foot of Pike's Peak, there is an electric line to Manitou (six miles away), and one can leave the Springs at any quarter hour interval. There are steam roads also from Colorado Springs to Manitou.

An excellent plan is to take carriage at Colorado Springs and drive to Manitou, taking in en route the Garden of the Gods, so widely advertised, and in which are such wonderful sights, and the detour on this route is but little, and the tourist is well repaid the time and trivial increased expense.

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We can not begin to tell you of the wonders and beauties of this popular resort, but just mention another feature that overtops all. It is the new railroad built from Manitou to the top of Pike's Peak, and in a Railway Car you can now be Carried to the Clouds—Cheaply, Speedily and Safely.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 14. NUMBER 40.

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D., Editor. Offices, Bible House, New York.

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THE OLDEST OF CITIES.

Damascus, the Beautiful, Called by Mohammed "the Paradise on Earth."

"I WILL not enter thy gates," exclaimed Mohammed, as he stood at the head of his victorious followers before Damascus, and marvelled at its loveliness. "My paradise is reserved for the next world." And truly the traveler who sees Damascus for the first time is minded to agree with the Moslem prophet, for nowhere can a more beautiful scene be imagined. On either side of the city founded by Uz, the son of Aram, flow the rivers Abana and Pharpar, now known as the Barrada and Awaj, whose perpetual ripple, and rush, and generous irrigation of the valley in which the city lies explains the extraordinary fertility of this earthly Eden.

Travelers have called Damascus the "Gem of the Orient" because it is squarely set amid orchards whose green is in delightful contrast with the umber of the horizon that surrounds it. From its turrets there is a view on every hand of unapproachable grandeur. Huge walls of gray rock, half-hidden by wreathed clouds like pinnacles of mist, stand sentinel to guard its treasures, while Hermon, Lebanon, and other giants of the Syrian mountain range, sweep down to the valley, their summits crowned with snow, their sides with verdure and their feet hidden amid olive groves and orchards. Again, turning around to look over the city itself, one sees a strange sight shimmering in the sun: a wilderness of flat-roofed, whitish-brown houses, studded with mosques and minarets and towers, with here and there an arch or a monument.

There is much in and around Damascus to attract the Christian traveller in the East. Much besides mere physical loveliness, for no city in the world, saving only Jerusalem itself, has so varied and eventful a history. One wonders which side Mohammed viewed the city from when he caught his first glimpse of those walls that were thereafter to float the Crescent through the long centuries till now. On the west are canals and rivers; on the south groves; northward are the mountains, while on the east the approach seems easier, for there are houses, white in the sun, even outside the walls. Besides, on the east is the Christian quarter, the famous Eastern Gate, and the cemeteries. Tradition says the Prophet approached Damascus from the northeast, and if so he may have paused before this ancient gateway.

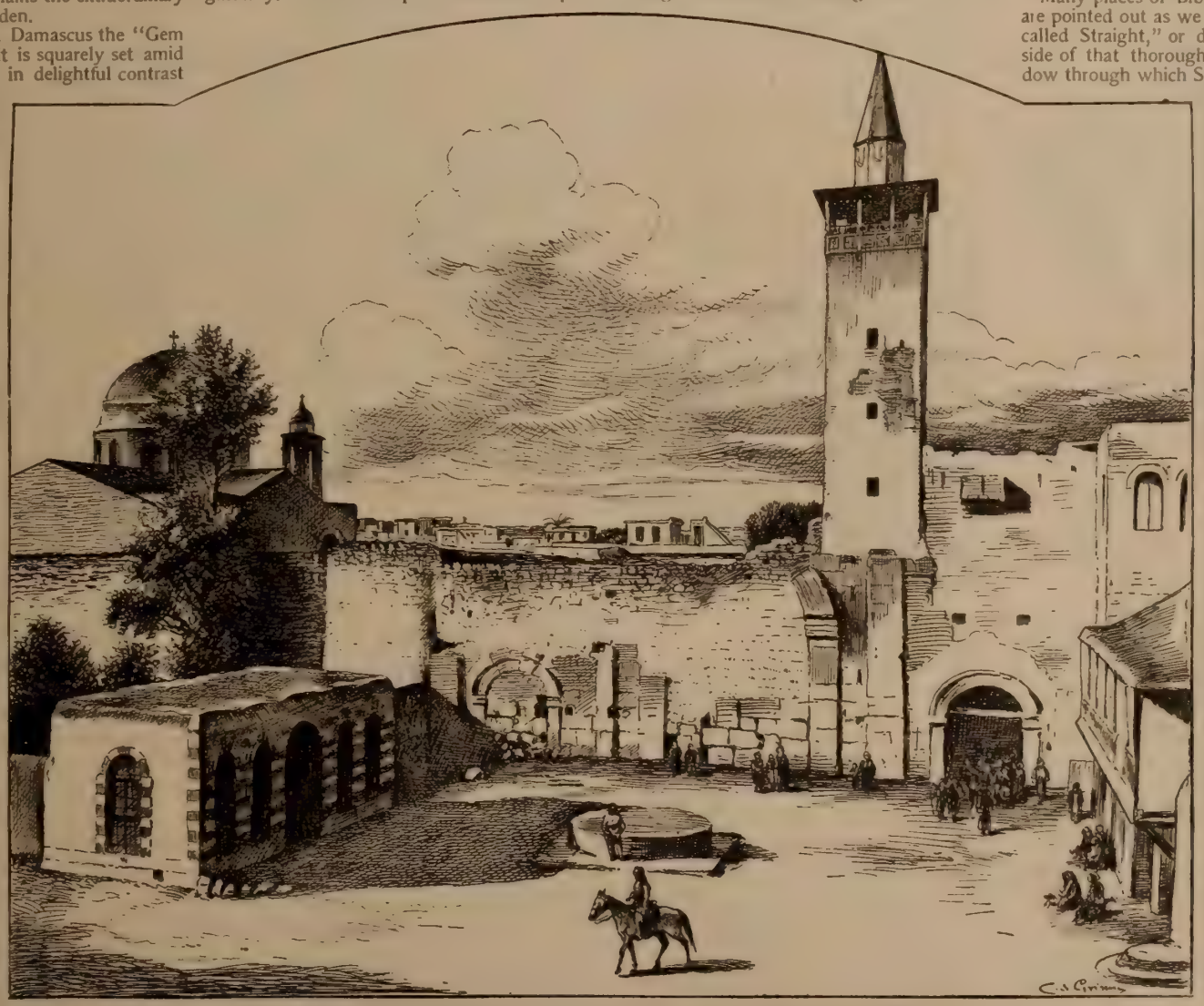
In the illustration on this page is seen the Eastern Gate, which the Damascenes call the *Bab-Charka*, and which opens into "the Street called Straight," a thoroughfare that once passed right through the heart of the city to the further side. One can readily see on the crumbling wall where time has effaced much of its architectural beauties. The closed portal was a gate of Roman construction, and was walled up eight hundred years ago, the entrance now used having then been merely one of the side arches of the older Roman gateway. From the top of the tower a picturesque view is gained that amply rewards the climber. You may look thence along the "Street called Straight," by which St. Paul entered Damascus. In the Apostle's time the street was fully a hundred feet wide, and was divided by three rows of columns, corresponding to the triple row of arches at the Eastern Gate; but these arches have now been filled up and the side paths largely discontinued. The houses on either side are in some places so close that the inmates might almost shake hands across the narrow passageway. In some of the dwellings the windows jut outside from the walls, and it is the custom for the Damascenes to sit in these mid-air perches and watch the street below.

From the top of the Bab-Charka Gate can be seen the Christian quarter that was burned during the great persecution of 1860 when over 20,000 Christians were killed in the Syrian cities. Five thousand were butchered in Damascus alone, within a few days, and not a single Christian dwelling was left uninjured. Many escaped to the mountains. A fate worse than death befell the women who were saved for a life of slavery. The story of this fateful massacre and of Abd-el-Kader's brave championship of the Christians, has already been fully told in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Since those days peace has reigned in Damascus, but it has been a forced peace; for the 25,000 Christians who now live there are only saved from the violence of Moslem malice by the wholesome fear of retaliation by the European Powers.

"The Street called Straight" has originally been a great commercial highway, the Broadway of Damascus with hundreds of bazaars like those of Broussa and Constantinople, rich in offerings of pearls, turquoises, diamonds, silks, damask cloths and rare swords of marvellous temper and flexibility, wrought by the cunning process known only to the craftsmen of that city. Even now the bazaars are the handsomest in the East. The shops are very small and the proprietors are all eager to sell. Sometimes the seller is a veiled woman, but generally a bearded Mussulman. Entering one of these little places, you are invited to sit down and drink a cup of coffee and while you sip, the goods are shown. It may very likely happen that, just as you are closing the bargain, a voice will sing shrilly from a neighboring minaret and the merchant will drop his wares and respond to the call to prayer. His supplication ended, he resumes the dickering and feels himself warranted in driving a keener bargain than ever.

Many places of Biblical and historic interest are pointed out as we walk along the "Street called Straight," or diverge a little on either side of that thoroughfare. There is the window through which St. Paul escaped from the city, as described in II. Cor. 11:33, ("and through a window was I let down by the wall and escaped.") There seems to be no question as to the actual identity of the spot. Several years ago the window was ordered by the Moslem owner of the house to be filled up with brick and closed. Other points of interest are the houses of Judas and Naaman, (the latter being now a leper hospital) and the tomb of George the porter, who assisted Paul in his escape, which lies not far from the Christian cemetery. If we look along the walls we find houses there just as they were in Bible days. The house of Ananias the high priest (not the man who was stricken for his falsehood) is also to be seen, with many other places connected with Paul's famous visit.

During his recent tour in the Holy Land, Rev. Dr. Talmage, editor of this journal, visited Damascus and he has described that city both in his sermons and writings. He has spoken of its groves, its mosques, its gates and the innumerable wars that have raged within and about its walls since its conquest by King David of Israel. Tradition, history and Biblical association are encountered everywhere, amid the tombs, wells and temples. One of the most interesting of the Moslem traditions is that which describes the creation of man. There is a hill beside one of the city gates—the nearest to Jerusalem—where, says the tradition, God consulted Mohammed concerning the expediency of making a mortal creature. Mohammed approving the plan, the creation of our first parents followed, both being made out of the red sand of which the hill in question is composed. This myth has survived the centuries, and is to-day told by Moslem parents to their children.



THE GATE OF THE "STREET CALLED STRAIGHT," OR "BAB CHARKA" GATE, DAMASCUS.
(From a photograph secured by Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY:

ALEPH, THE CHALDEAN;

OR, THE MESSIAH AS SEEN FROM ALEXANDRIA,

WILL BEGIN NEXT WEEK IN

NO 41. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. NO. 41.

Declared by leading critics to be equal to "Ben Hur."

The Tabernacle Pulpit

WHAT WERE YOU MADE FOR?

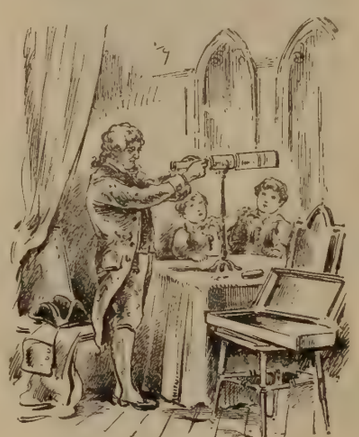
Dr. Talmage's Latest Sunday Morning Sermon: *"To this end was I born."* John 18:37.

AFTER Pilate had suicided, tradition says that his body was thrown into the Tiber, and such storms ensued on and about that river that his body was taken out and thrown into the Rhone, and similar disturbances swept that river and its banks. Then the body was taken out and removed to Lausanne, and put in a deeper pool which immediately became the centre of similar atmospheric and aqueous disturbances. Though these are fanciful and false traditions they show the execration with which the world looked upon Pilate. It was before this man when he was in full life and power that Christ was arraigned as in a court of Oyer and Terminer. Pilate said to his prisoner: "art thou a King, then"? and Jesus answered: "to this end was I born." Sure enough, although all earth and hell arose to keep him down, he is to-day empalaced, enthroned and coroneted king of earth and king of heaven. "To this end was I born." That is what he came for, and that was what he accomplished.

By the time a child reaches ten years of age the parents begin to discover that child's destiny; but by the time he or she reaches fifteen years of age, the question is on the child's lips: "What am I to be? What am I going to do? What was I made for?" It is a sensible and righteous question, and the youth ought to keep on asking it until it is so fully answered that the young man, or the young woman can say with as much truth as its author, though on a less expansive scale: "to this end was I born."

There is too much divine skill shown in the physical, mental and moral constitution of the ordinary human being to suppose that he was constructed without any divine purpose. If you take me out on some vast plain and show me a pillared temple surmounted by a dome like St. Peter's, and having a floor of precious stones, and arches that must have taxed the brain of the greatest draughtsman to design, and walls scrolled and niched and paneled and wainscotted and painted, and I should ask you what this building was put up for, and you answered: "for nothing at all," how could I believe you? And it is impossible for me to believe that any ordinary human being who has in his muscular, nervous and cerebral organization more wonders than Christopher Wren lifted in St. Paul's, or Phidias ever chiseled on the Acropolis, and built in such a way that it shall last long after St. Paul's Cathedral is as much a ruin as the Parthenon—that such a being was constructed for no purpose, and to execute no mission, and without any divine intention toward some end. The object of this sermon is to help you to find out what you are made for, and help you find your sphere, and assist you into that condition where you can say with certainty and emphasis and enthusiasm and triumph: "to this end was I born."

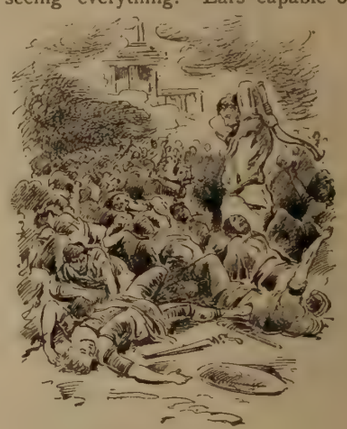
First, I discharge you from all responsibility for most of your environments. You are not responsible for your parentage, or grand-parentage. You are not responsible for any of the cranks that may have lived in your ancestral line, and who a hundred years before you were born may have lived a style of life that more or less affects you to-day. You are not responsible for the fact that your temperament is sanguine, or melancholic, or bilious, or lymphatic, or nervous. Neither are you responsible for the place of your nativity, whether among the granite hills of New England, or the cotton plantations of Louisiana, or on the banks of the Clyde, or the Dnieper, or the Shannon, or the Seine. Neither are you responsible for the religion taught in your father's house, or the irreligion. Do not bother yourself about what you cannot help, or about circumstances that you did not decree. Take things as they are, and decide the question so that you shall be able safely to say: "to this end was I born." How will you decide it? By direct application to the only Being in the universe who is competent to tell you—the Lord Almighty. Do you know the reason why



"BRING ME A TELESCOPE."

he is the only one who can tell? Because he can see everything between your cradle and your grave, though the grave be eighty years off. And besides that, he is the only being who can see what has been happening for the last five hundred years in your ancestral line, and for thousands of years clear back to Adam, and there is not one person in all that ancestral line of six thousand years but has somehow affected your character, and even old Adam himself will sometimes turn up in your disposition. The only Being who can take all things that pertain to you into consideration is God, and he is the one you can ask. Life is so short we have no time to experiment with occupations and professions. The reason we have so many dead failures is that parents decide for children what they shall do, or children themselves, wrought on by some whim or fancy, decide for themselves without any imploration of divine guidance. So we have now in pulpits men making sermons who ought to be in blacksmith shops making ploughshares, and we have in the law those who instead of ruining the cases of their clients ought to be pounding shoe lasts, and doctors who are the worst hindrances to their patients' convalescence, and artists trying to paint landscapes who ought to be whitewashing board fences. While there are others making bricks who ought to be remodeling constitutions, or shoving planes who ought to be transforming literatures. Ask God about what worldly business you shall undertake until you are so positive you can in earnestness smite your hand on your plough handle, or your carpenter's bench, or your Blackstone's *Commentaries*, or your medical dictionary, or your Doctor Dick's *Didactic Theology*, saying: "for this end was I born." There are children who early develop natural affinities for certain styles of work. When the father of the astronomer Forbes was going to London, he asked his children what present he should bring each one of them. The boy who was to be an astronomer, cried out, "bring me a telescope!" And there are children whom you find all by themselves drawing on their slates, or on paper, ships or houses or birds, and you know they are to be draughtsmen or artists of some kind. And you find others ciphering out difficult problems with rare interest and success, and you know they are to be mathematicians. And others making wheels and strange contrivances, and you know they are going to be machinists. And others are found experimenting with hoe and plough and sickle, and you know they will be farmers. And others are always swapping jack-knives or balls or bats and making something by the bargain, and they are going to be merchants. When Abbe de Rance had so advanced in studying Greek that he could translate Anacreon at twelve years of age, there was no doubt left that he was intended for a scholar. But in almost every lad there comes a time when he does not know what he was made for, and his parents do not know, and it is a crisis that God only can decide. Then there are those born for some especial work, and their fitness does not develop until quite late. When Philip Doddridge, whose sermons and books have harvested uncounted souls for glory, began to study the ministry, Dr. Calamy, one of the wisest and best men, advised him to turn his thoughts to some other work. Isaac Barrow, the eminent clergyman and Christian scientist—his books standard now though he has been dead over two hundred years—was the disheartenment of his father who used to say that if it pleased God to take any of his children away he hoped it might be his son Isaac. So some of those who have been characterized for their stupidity in boyhood or girlhood, have turned out the mightiest benefactors or benefactresses of the human race. These things being so, am I not right in saying that in many cases God only knows what is the most appropriate thing for you to do, and he is the one to ask. And let all parents, and all schools, and all universities, and all colleges recognize this, and a large number of those who spent their best years in stumbling about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that, and failing in all, would be able to go ahead with a definite, decided and tremendous purpose, saying, "to this end was I born."

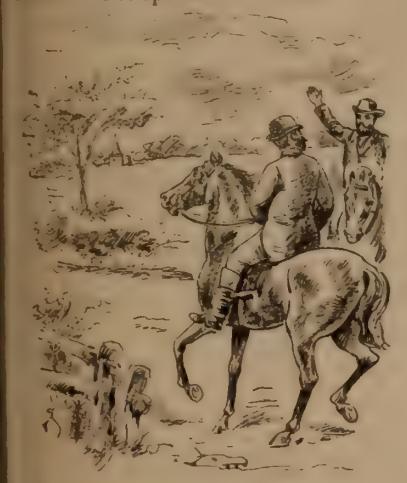
But my subject now mounts into the momentous. Let me say that you are made for usefulness and heaven. I judge this from the way you are built. You go into a shop where there is only one wheel turning and that by a workman's foot on a treadle, and you say to yourself: "here is something good being done, yet on a small scale;" but if you go into a factory covering many acres, and you find thousands of bands pulling on thousands of wheels, and shuttles flying, and the whole scene bewildering with activities, driven by water, or steam, or electric power, you conclude that the factory was put up to do great work and on a vast scale. Now, I look at you, and if I should find that you had only one faculty of body, only one muscle, only one nerve, if you could see but could not hear, or could hear and not see, if you had the use of only one foot or one hand, and, as to your higher nature, if you had only one mental faculty, and you had memory but no judgment, or judgment but no will, and if you had a soul with only one capacity, I would say not much is expected of you. But stand up, oh man, and let me look you squarely in the face. Eyes capable of seeing everything. Ears capable of



SHAMGAR'S SLAUGHTER.

hearing everything. Hands capable of grasping everything. Mind with more wheels than any factory ever turned, more power than Corliss engine ever moved. A soul that will outlive all the universe except heaven, and would outlive all heaven if the life of other immortals were a moment short of the eternal. Now, what has the world a right to expect of you? What has God a right to demand of you? God is the greatest of economists in the universe, and he makes nothing uselessly, and for what purpose did he build your body, mind and soul as they are built? There are only two beings in the universe who can answer that question. The angels do not know. The schools do not know. Your kindred cannot certainly know. God knows, and you ought to know. A factory running at an expense of $500,000 a year, and turning out goods worth seventy cents a year would not be such an incongruity as you, oh man, with such semi-infinite equipment doing nothing, or next to nothing, in the way of usefulness. "What shall I do?" you ask. My brethren, my sisters, do not ask me. Ask God. There's some path of Christian usefulness open. It may be a rough path, or it may be a smooth path, a long path or a short path. It may be on a mount of conspicuity, or in a valley unobserved, but it is a path on which you can start with such faith and such satisfaction and such certainty that you can cry out in the face of earth and hell and heaven: "to this end was I born." Do not wait for extraordinary qualifications. Philip the Conqueror gained his greatest victories seated on a mule, and if you wait for some caparisoned Bucephalus to ride into the conflict you will never get into the world-wide fight at all. Samson slew the Lord's enemies with the jawbone of the stupidest beast created. Shamgar slew six hundred of the Lord's enemies with an ox-goad. Under God, spittle cured the blind man's eyes in the New Testament story. Take all the faculty you have and say: "O Lord! Here is what I have, show me the field and back me up by omnipotent power. Anywhere, anyhow, any time for God." Two men riding on horseback came to a trough to water the horses. While the horses were drinking one of the men said to the other a few words about the value of the soul, and then they rode away, and in opposite directions. But the words uttered were the salvation of the one to whom they were uttered, and he became the Rev. Mr. Champion, one of the most distinguished missionaries in heathen lands; for years wondering who did for him the Christian

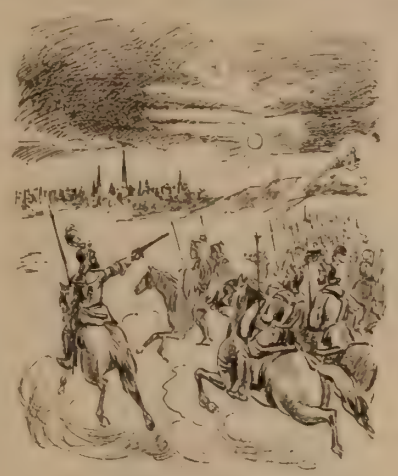
kindness, and not finding out until in a bundle of books sent him to Africa he found the biography of Brainerd Taylor and a picture of him, and the missionary recognized the face in that book as the man who, at the watering trough for horses, had said the thing that saved his soul. What opportunities you have had in the past! What opportunities you have now! What opportunities you will have in the days to come! Put on your hat, oh woman, this afternoon, and go in and comfort that young mother who lost her babe last summer. Put on your ha', oh man, and go over and see that merchant who was compelled yesterday to make an assignment, and tell him of the everlasting riches remaining for all those who serve the Lord. Can you sing? Go and sing for that man who cannot get well, and you will help him into heaven. Let it be your brain, your tongue, your eyes, your ears, your heart, your lungs, your hands, your feet, your body, your mind, your soul, your life, your death, your time, your eternity for God, feeling in your soul: "to this end was I born." It may be helpful to some if I recite my own experience in this regard. I started for the law without asking any divine direction. I consulted my own tastes. I liked lawyers and court rooms and judges and juries, and I reveled in hearing the Frelinghuysens and the Bradleys of the New Jersey bar, and as assistant of the County Clerk, at sixteen years of age, I searched titles, naturalized foreigners, recorded deeds, received the confession of judgments, swore witnesses and juries and grand juries. But after a while I felt a call to the Gospel ministry and entered it, and I felt some satisfaction in the work. But one summer, when I was resting at Sharon Springs, and while seated in the park of that village, I said to myself, "if I have an especial work to do in the world I ought to find it out now," and with that determination I prayed as I had never before prayed, and got the divine direction, and wrote it down in my memorandum book, and I saw my life-work then as plainly as I see it now. Oh do not be satisfied with general directions. Get specific directions. Do not



WORDS THAT SAVED A SOUL.

shoot at random. Take aim and fire. Concentrate. Napoleon's success in battle came from his theory of breaking through the enemy's ranks at one point, not trying to meet the whole line of the enemy's force by a similar force. One reason why he lost Waterloo was because he did not work his usual theory, and spread his force out over a wide range. Oh Christian, man, oh Christian woman, break through somewhere. Not a general engagement for God but a particular engagement, and made in answer to prayer. If there are sixteen hundred million people in the world, then there are sixteen hundred million different missions to fulfil, different styles of work to do, different orbits in which to revolve, and if you do not get the divine direction there are at least fifteen hundred and ninety-nine million possibilities that you will make a mistake. On your knees before God get the matter settled so that you can firmly say: "to this end was I born."

And now I come to the climacteric consideration. As near as I can tell, you were built for a happy eternity, all the disasters which have happened to your nature to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb if you will heartily accept that Christly arrangement. We are all rejoiced at the increase in human longevity. People live, as near as I can observe, about ten years longer than they used to. The modern doctors do not bleed their patients on all occasions as did the former doctors. In those times if a man had fever, they bled him, if he had consumption they bled him, if he had



SOBIESKI AT VIENNA.

rheumatism they bled him, and if they could not make out exactly what was the matter they bled him. Olden time phlebotomy was death's coadjutor. All this has changed. From the way I see people skipping about at eighty years of age, I conclude that life insurance companies will have to change their table of risks and charge a man no more premium at seventy than they used to do when he was sixty, and no more premium at fifty than when he was forty. By the advancement of medical science and the wider acquaintance with the laws of health, and the fact that people know better how to take care of themselves, human life is prolonged. But do you realize what, after all, is the brevity of our earthly state? In the times when people lived seven and eight hundred years, the patriarch Jacob said that his years were few. Looking at the life of the youngest person in this assembly and supposing he lived to be a nonagenarian, how short the time and soon gone, while banked up in front of us is an eternity so vast that arithmetic has not figures enough to express its length, or breadth, or depth, or height. For a happy eternity you were born unless you run yourself against the divine intentions. If standing in your presence, my eye should fall upon the feeblest soul here as that soul will appear when the world lets it up, and heaven entrances it, I suppose I would be so overpowered that I should drop down as one dead. You have examined the family Bible and explored the family records, and you may have daguerrotypes of some of the kindred of previous generations, you have had photographs taken of what you were in boyhood or girlhood, and what you were ten years later, and it is very interesting to any one to be able to look back upon pictures of what he was ten, or twenty or thirty years ago; but have you ever had a picture taken of what you may be and what you will be if you seek after God and feel the Spirit's regenerating power? Where shall I plant the camera to take the picture? I plant it on this platform. I direct it toward you. Sit still or stand still while I take the picture. It shall be an instantaneous picture. There! I have it. It is done. You can see the picture in its imperfect state, and get some idea of what it will be when thoroughly developed. There is your resurrected body, so brilliant that the noonday sun is a patch of midnight compared with it. There is your soul, so pure that all the forces of diabolism could not spot it with an imperfection. A brow that shall never throb with pain. You are young again, though you died of decrepitude. You are well again though you coughed or shivered yourself into the tomb. Your every-day associates are the apostles and prophets and martyrs, and most exalted souls, masculine and feminine, of all the centuries. The archangel to you no embarrassment. God himself your present and everlasting joy. That is an instantaneous picture of what you may be, and what I am sure some of you will be. If you realize that it is an imperfect picture, my apology is what the apostle John said: "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." "To this end was I born." If I did not think so I would be overwhelmed with melancholy. The world does very well for a little while, eighty, or a hundred or a hundred and fifty years, and I think that human longevity may yet be improved up to that prolongation, for now there is so little room between our cradle and our grave we cannot accomplish much, but who would want to dwell in this world for all eternity! Some think this earth will finally be turned into a heaven. Perhaps it may, but it would have to undergo radical repairs, and through eliminations and evolutions and revolutions and transformations infinite, to make it desirable for eternal residence. All the east winds would have to become west winds, and all the winters changed to springtides, and the volcanoes extinguished, and the oceans chained to their beds, and the epidemics forbidden entrance, and the world so fixed up that I think it would take more to repair this old world than to make an entirely new one. But I must say I do not care where heaven is if we can only get there, whether a gardenized America, or an emparadised Europe, or a world central to the whole universe. "To this end was I born."

In the 17th century, all Europe was threatened with a wave of Asiatic barbarism and Vienna was especially besieged. The king and his court had fled and nothing could save the city from being overwhelmed unless the king of Poland, John Sobieski, to whom they had sent for help, should with his army come down for the relief, and from every roof and tower the inhabitants of Vienna watched and waited and hoped until on the morning of September 11, the rising sun threw an unusual and unparalleled brilliancy. It was the reflection on the swords and shields and helmets of John Sobieski and his army coming down over the hills to the rescue, and that day, not only Vienna, but Europe, was saved. And see you not, Oh ye souls, besieged with sin and sorrow, that light breaks in, the swords and the shields and the helmets of divine rescue bathed in the rising sun of heavenly deliverance? Let everything else go rather than let heaven go. What a strange thing it must be to feel one's self born to an earthly crown, but you have been born for a throne on which you may reign after the last monarch of all the earth shall have gone to dust. I invite you to start now for your own coronation, to come in and take the title deeds to your everlasting inheritance, Through an impassioned prayer take heaven and all of its raptures. What a poor farthing is all that this world can offer you compared with pardon here and life immortal beyond the stars, unless this side of them, there be a place large enough and beautiful enough and grand enough for all the ransomed. Wherever it be, in what world, whether near by or far away, in this or some other constellation, hail home of light and love and blessedness! Through the atoning mercy of Christ, may we all get there!

A MISSIONARY HEALER.

The Career of Dr. W. J. Hall, who is Going to Corea as a Medical Missionary.

OUR readers will be glad to have the portrait and a few personal facts concerning the devoted man, whose love for the Saviour, yearning for the souls of the heathen, and pity for the sick and suffering among them is leading him to leave country and friends and go out to far distant Corea as a medical missionary.

W. J. Hall is a Canadian by birth. He first saw the light at Brockville, Ont., Jan. 16, 1860. He acquired the rudiments of education at the school of that town, assisting his father on his farm as he had opportunity. Subsequently he entered the High School at Athens where he first engaged in the glorious work of soul-winning. Two years before entering that institution he gave his heart to the Saviour and had joined the Methodist Church. God blessed the boy's testimony in the school to the conversion of several of the students, two of whom are now on their way to missionary labor in China.

After graduating, the young man taught school for a time and in the Fall of 1885, entered Queen's University at Kingston. Here it was that, while pursuing his studies, the needs of the heathen first presented themselves to his mind as a call to him for personal service.

REV. W. J. HALL, M.D.

He committed the matter in prayer to God and received the assurance in his heart that the offer of himself for the work was accepted. In 1887 he attended Mr. Moody's Conference for Bible Study. There he met Dr. George D. Dowkontt of New York, the eminent leader in medical mission work, whose self-sacrificing efforts have been so wonderfully blessed to the heathen both at home and abroad. Mr. Hall fell under the potent spell of Dr. Dowkontt's enthusiasm, and under his advice determined to extend his qualifications for usefulness by acquiring a medical education. He was received into the International Medical Institute in New York, of which Dr. Dowkontt is Director. He received his medical diploma from Bellevue Hospital in 1889, and since then he has been laboring among the poor in the tenement houses of New York.

In New York, too, Dr. Hall made the acquaintance of Dr. Stone the philanthropic pastor of Asbury Church, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal on June 17. Dr. Stone's missionary experience in India qualified him to be a valuable counsellor to the young man and they became warm friends. Under Dr. Stone's influence the Methodist Episcopal Church appointed Dr. Hall its first Medical Missionary in New York and gave him control of three dispensaries in various parts of the city, where the poor to the number of thousands have during the past year received healing for their bodies and spiritual help for their souls. Though this work has been sufficient to [illegible] ous, Dr. Hal has added to it the charge of Madison Street Chapel, which is one of the circuits of missions under the pastorate of Rev. Stephen Merritt, and there Dr. Hall has been blessed in a remarkable degree. The church has now three times the number of members it had when he took charge of it.

Dr. Hall sails about the close of November for his sphere of labor in Corea, the peninsula stretching from the north-eastern borders of China in the direction of Japan. It contains about thirteen million people who until about ten years ago were ignorant of pure gospel truth. Letters for Dr. Hall will reach him if addressed to the care of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD 92 and 96 Bible House, New York.

THE FOOT-WASHING.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 18. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 13: 1-17. Golden Text, Phil. 2: 5.

"LET this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." It is the will of God that we should be conformed to the image of his Son. Is it our will also? Have we really counted the cost, and are we one with the will of God concerning us? If so we must have ceased to struggle against, or to murmur against, any of the means which he may use, in his wise providence, to bring about this purpose.

The whole tenor of the life of Jesus ran counter to the received ideas of man.

Man Prides Himself

on what he is, and what he has, his birth, his pedigree, his physical strength, his mental power, his high education, his broad estate, his successful business, his large fortune, his splendid house and grounds, or, it may be even on his power to sin! Jesus made no boast, he prided himself on nothing earthly, and attributed his divine power and wisdom invariably to his Father. "Let *this* mind be in you."

"What;" says an ordinary average Christian of this day, "am I to take credit to myself for nothing? If I am born of an ancient and distinguished family, am I in no way to consider myself, superior to those who are low born?" What saith the Scripture? "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted, but the rich in that he is made low, because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away." (James 1: 9, 10.) But how many rich men, who have lost the means to maintain their position do we find rejoicing that they are made low? Are there not many more who, with an obstinate tenacity hold on to their supposed position, and sacrifice everything to keep up appearances; and are not many of these claiming to be Christians? Alas this is not the mind which was in Christ Jesus! He being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself taking the form of a servant. (Phil. 2: 6. R. V.) O how hard it is for human nature to die, for our natural man to surrender and own that even "its goodliness is as the flower of the field" which withereth and fadeth because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it! (Isa. 40: 6, 7.) But "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master and the servant as his Lord." If Jesus Christ could afford to empty himself and take on him the form of a servant, and be made in the likeness of men, it ill becomes us to complain if he calls upon us to empty ourselves that thereby we may be conformed to the likeness of Christ who is the Son of God.

It was before the feast of the Passover. "Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father," but neither the apprehension of his coming suffering and shame, nor yet the anticipation of his coming glory, distracted him from the work which lay nearest his heart,

The Education of his Disciples.

"Having loved his own which were in the world he loved them unto the end." This love was not reciprocated: an hour or two later "they all forsook him and fled." The Passover Supper was at an end, and what that feeding on the sacrificed Lamb must have been to him who was its Antitype, who can tell? Many things were astir. The powers of light and darkness were on the alert. Satan had succeeded in putting into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray him, and the dark plot was being brewed in which men and devils took part against the Son of God. Meanwhile, "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands," rose from supper to take the office of a slave! "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." There is no accident in the order in which words occur in the Holy Scriptures. Just when Jesus knew that all power was given unto him both in heaven and in earth he performed the humblest office and took the lowest place! The disciples were still reclining at the supper table, and Jesus rose to minister to them! He "laid aside his garments," so soon to be parted among the soldiers who crucified him, and "took a towel and girded himself and poured water in a basin and began to wash his disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." "The Son of man came, not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."

There is nothing noble in self assertion; it is vulgar and offensive but there is in self abnegation a superiority which humbles those who see it. The mute action touched most the forward, self-assertive Peter, he must have felt, "In my Master's place I could not have done that, I have wanted to be the greatest, and he is acting as though he were the least." Again and again this lesson had been taught in the Word, now it was by

A Never-to-be-forgotten Example.

Peter could not endure it; when his turn came, and the lowly Master was about to minister thus to him, "Peter said unto him, thou shalt never wash my feet." "If I wash thee not, thou has no part with me." Peter little knew how much the very spirit in which he was then speaking needed cleansing, how much there was in it of the heroism of the flesh, and how little of the listening spirit which waits to know and to imbibe the thought of God! With the same impetuosity which refused that Jesus should wash his feet, Peter now says, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." Peter wanted to be the judge of his own need of Jesus, to determine himself what should be his relations with his Lord. O how many earnest, zealous disciples are like Peter! They love to feel the pulse of their own spiritual condition, and to claim the service of Jesus accordingly! Then again Peter sought to make it a personal matter, but Jesus showed him that he was dealing with them all. "He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean everywhit, and ye are clean (not thou), but not all. For he knew who should betray him."

It was done, Jesus had been the lowliest servant to each one of his disciples, and now he quietly proceeded to apply the lesson to them. What caused

The Marvellous Quietude

of the life of Jesus, the wonderful symmetry and proportion of all things? In the life of most men there is a disproportion; one thing will put out another, the pressure of one thing which deeply moves the heart or shakes the nerves, will unfit for another thing. Jesus was not impassive but he was disciplined: heart and will, and mind and word, were all subject to his Father. The secret of his life as man was, "I know that thou hearest me always." He had the most absolute confidence in his Father's presence, his Father's love, his Father's wisdom; and thus he could be as fully given to this moment's teaching of his disciples as though he were sitting on the mountain side in Galilee or in the ship on the lake of Gennesaret. The next moment was still in his Father's hand.

"He took his garments and sat down again, and said to them, "Know ye what I have done unto you? Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you. Let this mind be in you." This was the meaning, and it applies to the whole Church of Christ in every age. "I am among you as he that serveth" (Luke 22: 27); what then? "By love serve one another." The last practical lesson of the Master was one of humility and unselfishness, yet, if we judge by the majority of the members of our several churches, we might say that the professing Church of Christ as a whole is remarkable for its pride and its selfishness. Generally every one wants to have the first place, the exact contrary to the mind which was in Christ Jesus. In how many missions, for instance, the most unfit persons want to do all the talking, they like to hear their own voices, quite regardless of whether others are drawn near to God by what they say. The thought is to do what they like and what pleases them, not that which serves God's purpose. A very indifferent speaker whose whole heart is in his message because he has received it straight from God, and who delivers it as being the servant of his message, will do far more good than a powerful preacher who speaks as the master of his message. If we speak let it be in the mind which was in Christ Jesus, as servants of God, servants of our message, servants of our song, servants of the church, servants of the congregation before us. "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him." If the Lord serves, shall not the servant serve. Whenever Jesus came, he came to serve all around him; free from himself, he entered into the needs and sorrows of men. He was at the beck and call of all men. This is true nobility, divine nobility. The flesh in us, the self-conscious, self-important, self-loving flesh cannot serve. Just as far as Jesus possesses us, just so far it becomes an instinct and a second nature to serve all with whom we come in contact; not to please ourselves, not to please them, but to please God. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

WHAT I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. If we could but look beyond the confines of the present and get a glimpse of the future, many things that now seem mysteries would then be very plain. From the cradle to the grave we are compelled to exercise faith, because our vision is so contracted. The child learns its lessons not because it delights in study, but because it is continually admonished that the future will reveal to it the advantages of diligence in that direction, and believing its parents and teachers, it perseveres. Could it but look ahead a dozen years or so it would find incentives far beyond the inducements and persuasions of others. How many eminent men and women are constrained, when advanced in years, to acknowledge their gratitude to those who, notwithstanding the numerous discouragements that often confronted them, persevered in training them for usefulness and for heaven. Sunday School teachers are not infrequently disheartened from continuing in their labor of love because their scholars do not manifest even the slightest appreciation, but let us not be easily discouraged nor weary in well-doing, for the time will come when they shall rise up and call us blessed.

Having crossed the ferry to Jersey City, travellers who have not before journeyed over the Erie road are surprised to find the headlights of the engines all ablaze and the cars brightly illuminated, while the light of the noon-day sun comes streaming into the windows. They wonder at the carelessness of the porter in having forgotten to extinguish the lights. But when the train, after the signal has been given, has travelled for about ten minutes and they hear the shrill shriek of the locomotive and immediately after find themselves surrounded by the darkness and gloom of the tunnel, they suddenly understand what before seemed to them so strange. And so our scholars, now so unappreciative, when the gloom gathers and darkness encircles them, will thank God that early in life some faithful Sunday School teacher as the instrument of the Holy Spirit kindled a light in their hearts which after lighting and cheering and guiding them through this life, shall safely light them even through the valley of the shadow of death, and unto the pearly gates of the Celestial city.

I have given you an example. And it is an example we are to pattern after. The one thing we should do at all times and under all circumstances is to try to be like Jesus. We must try to think, and feel, and speak and act, as we may suppose Jesus would do if he were in our place. He has gone before us in the way to heaven. The marks of his feet are on the road and we must try to tread in the blessed steps of his holy life.

A little girl went to writing school. When she saw the copy set before her, she said: "I can never write like that." But she took up her pen, and put it timidly on the paper. Her hand trembled; she stopped, studied the copy and began again. "I can but try," she said, "and I'll try to do the best I can."

She wrote half a page. The letters were crooked. What more could be expected from the first effort? "What scraggy things you make," said the scholar next to her. Tears filled the little girl's eyes She feared to have the teacher come. "He will be angry and scold me," she said to herself.

The teacher came and looked and smiled. "I see you are trying hard my little girl and that is all I can expect." He said no more. The girl took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. Then she took up her pen, and began to write. She wrote very carefully, with the copy always before her, but she was not satisfied. The letters straggled and crowded and looked every which way. Again the girl trembled when she heard the teacher. "I'm afraid you will find fault with me," she said, "my letters are so unlike the copy."

"I do not find fault with you," said the teacher, kindly, "because you are only a beginner. Keep on trying. In this way, you will do better every day; and soon get to be a good writer." "Thank you, sir," said she and went on trying to imitate the copy.

And this is the way we are to be like Jesus. We must try to make our lives like his. But when we read about Jesus, and learn how holy, and good and perfect he was, we must not be discouraged, if we do not become like him at once. We cannot become like him in a day, a week, a month, or a year. But, if we keep on trying, and ask God to help us, we shall "learn of him to be meek and lowly in heart;" and we shall daily more and more follow the example he has given us.

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

A Story of the S. S. Text for Oct. 18. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Phil. 2: 5.

HOW to kill a morning was the problem that was perplexing a fashionable young lady who seemed to have around her all the appliances for making time pass pleasantly. The problem, however would not be solved. A few minutes at the piano, a few stitches of fancy work, an attempt to write a letter, the perusal of a page or two of a popular magazine had used up less than an hour and there were yet several hours more to kill. Gertrude Elliott sighed with sheer weariness as she looked at her watch. A ring at the bell caught her ear and she brightened, for even the dullest visitor, would be welcome in her present mood. It was not a dull visitor, however, who entered.

"Mr. Leigh," she said, as a clergyman greeted her, "I believe a merciful providence sent you here this morning to save me from dying of *ennui*. If you will only stay and talk to me for half an hour you will be doing an act of Christian charity."

"Ah!" said the visitor, "do you find the hours so hard to kill. I am afraid if you and I could have our way with time, we should be sadly at issue. I would lengthen every minute of every hour if I could. There is so much to do and the time is so short."

"Oh, I have plenty to do, but it is so difficult to find an agreeable occupation. I am like a child, I think, I must be amused"

"And you do not find a child's amusements amusing now, I suppose? A doll and a set of toy furniture do not give the delight, they did when you were five years old. Your lot is unfortunate; it is too bad to have a child's wants and not a child's means of gratifying them. Miss Elliott I pity you."

"I am inclined to think, Mr. Leigh that you are laughing at me rather than pitying me, but indeed I am miserable and discontented and I am ashamed of being so and would reform if I could."

"If you are in earnest" said the clergyman, "I could give you a prescription. I think you called your complaint *ennui*, a hateful word, I am glad there is no English equivalent for it Now if you place yourself in my hands I can cure it providing you pledge yourself to obey."

"Indeed I will" the lady replied, "and will thank you with all my heart."

"Then I will set you to work. Here is an address, you will find it easily; go there and you will see that there is plenty of work to be done. The mother is sick. She is a widow Her eldest daughter works in a factory, and there are two or three little children at home, who need looking after, and their neglected condition is making their mother worse."

"O Mr. Leigh, that is not fair. I do not know how to pray and read with sick people Really you must excuse me."

"On the contrary, Miss Elliot, I intend holding you to your bargain. I do so on your account for I want to convince you of the best way of curing such weariness as yours. I do not ask you to read or pray with the sick woman; you can do so if you wish, but I think when you see the place your own discretion will guide you as to what it is best to do."

"Well, I will keep my promise, but I shall never ask you to prescribe for me again."

In a short time Gertrude was on her way to the place of her ministrations. She found the sick room very comfortless. The sufferer, a poor, patient woman, lay in agony, while the eldest daughter, who was about Gertrude's age, was making some clumsy attempts at laundry work, the results of which hung on a line strung across the room. One little boy of six years old sat on a high chair whining miserably, his cheeks flushed and his eyes glistening.

"Mr. Leigh told me you were ill," said Gertrude, going up to the side of the bed on which the sick woman lay. "He thought perhaps, I could do something for you."

"Bless you, young lady, for coming, and him for sending you. I am very ill, but I seem to suffer more from seeing everything neglected than from my pain. Mary does her best, but she hasn't been used to this work, and she does not know. If you could stay with me a few minutes while she goes to the drug store for medicine it would be very kind. It's a poor place for the likes of you, though."

Mary was dispatched to the drug-store, and Gertrude looked about the room. A little "tidying-up" was soon done, while the widow looked on with approving eyes. The poor pillows were smoothed and the bed clothes re-arranged. The little boy, who had ceased his whining, was taken to kiss his mother, and Gertrude had noticed how hot his little hands were. By that time Mary had returned with the medicine, which Gertrude carefully poured out and administered. Then she dispatched the girl on another errand for lemons and tea and a few other things, putting the money into her hand from her own pocket-book. She soon came back, and Gertrude having made some lemonade, took the child on her lap and watched him drink the cooling mixture with evident relish. He had just fallen back on her knee in sheer weakness, and was looking gratefully into Gertrude's eyes, when the door opened and Mr. Leigh entered. He noticed instantly the changes effected in the room, and saw from the bright look on Gertrude's face that his prescription had taken the desired effect. He remained but a few minutes, uttering a few words of consolation to the invalid, and then hurried away. But as he passed her chair he said, "It is five o'clock, Miss Elliott."

A quiet "Thank you" was the only answer, but Mr. Leigh understood that he was being thanked for something else.

The prescription had been successful. Gertrude had given away much money in charity in the past. She had the idea that she was a very charitable person, but this was her first experience of personal service. It opened a new field before her. She continued her visits and her heart rejoiced in the good she did.

"May God bless you," said the sick woman, one day, when for the first time she was able to leave her bed for the chair which Gertrude had given her; "you can never know how much you have done for me. I never thought elegant ladies like you could do such things. Here you've been nursing me and doing for me like my own sister. How is it?"

"I came first," said Gertrude, determined to take no honor that did not belong to her, "against my will and only to oblige Mr. Leigh, but since then because it made me happy and made you happy and"—lowering her voice—"because I wanted in a small way to follow Christ in personally ministering to one of his people. I ought to have done it long ago. I have learned a lesson I shall never forget."

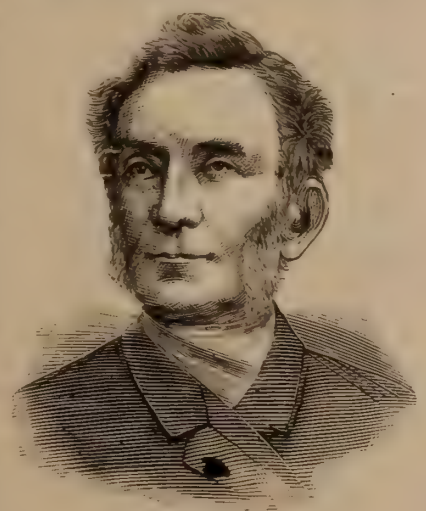
EXPIRING POLYGAMY.

The Mormon evil is unquestionably in its decline. A very interesting statement is made by Ex. U. S. Senator Saunders of Nebraska, who says, "The members of the National Utah Commission have just returned from a two months' investigation in Utah, and we shall report to the President that polygamy is gradually dying out in the Territory. I will not say that the law has been completely successful in stamping out polygamous practices, but it has done far more in that direction than any of us expected could be done when the law was enacted. The Mormons are beginning to recognize that instead of waging war with the Gentiles of Utah alone in support of their doubtful religious tenets, they have on their hands an unequal fight against the opinions of the 65,000,000 people in the United States."

GEORGE MULLER'S SUPPLIES.

How God honors the faith of those who trust in him has been manifested conspicuously in the life of George Muller, of whose orphanages, at Ashley Down, England, nearly every Christian has heard. Mr. Muller, whose portrait is here given, began the work fifty-seven years ago, and though he has never made any appeal to the public or to private individuals for funds, the institutions have been built at a cost of $575,000 and maintained to the present time. There have been many times when the food and money have been exhausted. Then Mr. Muller would call his large family together and pray to God for help and there never has been an emergency in which the help did not come in time.

Mr. Muller has just issued his fifty-second annual report. It states that there are now 2,050 orphans in the homes. The expenses of the past twelve months have amounted to $114,075. At the beginning of that period there was a balance of $23,245 in the treasury. Since that time the receipts have amounted to $89,280 leaving a balance in hand of $1,550. That is rather a small sum for a man to have who has above two thousand hungry children to feed every day, but Mr. Muller is in no way disconcerted. He believes that God, who has supplied all his needs in the past will do so in the future and that the children will still be clothed and fed. That he has good ground



George Muller.

for this confidence will be acknowledged by everyone who read the story of the beginning and progress of the work, from his own pen, published in The Christian Herald in 1887.

Mr. Muller is careful to acknowledge in his annual reports every contribution received and to give a detailed statement of expenditures. Among his contributors last year, have been some who have sent the money under peculiar circumstances. Here are few of the letters: A widow who sent a cheque for $100 says: "This sum I give in memory of my dear mother, whose life-long influence for good can never be forgotten by me, and whose prayers, I feel sure, still live for me. In this way I hope to honour her memory. It is now twenty-two years since I commenced business, and I then determined to set apart a certain proportion of my income for the Lord, and I am thankful to be able to bear witness, that during the whole of this time he has sustained and comforted me, and has truly been a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Trusting that you and yours may be spared, in health and strength, to carry on your noble and Christ-like work for many years to come,—I remain, yours truly, ——."

February 4th. From Perthshire, the following letter in which was $50: "My dear Mr. Muller, I herewith enclose a cheque for £10, as help for the good work, in any of the Departments where it may be most required. It is a thank offering to my loving Heavenly Father, who after a severe illness, has restored me to health.'"

"June 4th. Legacy of the late Miss A. M. F., valve $18,202 of which Mr. Muller says: "a remarkable legacy, indeed, for, although this donor lived in Bristol, I never received even the smallest gift from her in her lifetime, nor did I ever see her, that I know of, nor had I ever even heard her name. Yet the Lord constrained her to leave to me almost the whole of her property for the orphans."

In addition to cash there are the usual miscellaneous gifts, which this year include amongst others four haunches of vension, five casks of vinegar, 20 boxes of soap, besides other washing materials, quantities of paint, driers, ochre, etc., which came in very useful for the painting of the Homes.

PRISONERS IN HOSPITAL.

Visitors to Bellevue Hospital, New York, are often surprised to notice that one of its wards has within it, two or three yards from the door, a barrier of heavy steel bars and that its windows are also protected by bars. This is the ward to which are brought men and women who have been arrested for crime who require hospital treatment. Previous to this ward being established, the prison-warders were often in a dilemma. If a prisoner was seriously injured he might die if he remained in the prison and he might escape if sent to the hospital. When the case was so dangerous that it had to be sent to the hospital a policeman had to be detailed to watch the patient and his constant presence was a nuisance to the nurses as well as a disagreeable duty to him. The Police Commissioners and the Commissioners of Charities, therefore decided to construct a prison in the hospital. This was done and the patients now find egress from the ward stopped by the bars, between which and the door a policeman sits who admits the nurses through a wicket. There were 431 cases there during last year. Their state was typical of the spiritual condition of the sinner. Like them he needs a double blessing. He needs both pardon and healing. Both are offered him in Christ through whom he may be both justified and sanctified. (1 Cor. 1: 30.)

A NEW TEXILE MATERIAL.

Fibrelia is the name of a new material described by a dry-goods Journal. It predicts that it will be extensively used for mixing with wool, having properties superior to cotton for that purpose. Fibrelia is the product of common flax straw. The discoverer enthusiastically declares that "it is more impervious to water, is warmer, and, on account of its tenacity and flexibility, its cementing property and electrical adhesiveness, it imparts to the goods with which it is mixed a gloss and finish not otherwise attainable. Its coloring capacity being equal to wool, fibrelia goods take a better color, and hold it with more tenacity and brilliancy than cotton." The Jews were forbidden to wear garments made of such material (Levit. 19: 19), but the chief danger that threatens us in this day is not as to the mixture in our garments, but in our character. Efforts are being made to combine worldliness and spirituality and the results are deplorable. As in the case of fibrelia the combination is more flexible and has a more admired gloss and finish than rugged Christian principle possesses, but so made up, the character is neither strong nor useful. (Matt. 6: 24.)

ACROSS A CHASM.

Eight hours of agonizing suspense were passed on Sept. 26, by sixteen men in a mine at Shamokin, Pa. One of the chambers in the mine had been worked out and the foreman ordered the men to remove the pillars which divide it from the other levels. The work had only just begun when there was a loud report followed by others like the roar of artillery. There was a swaying sensation in the floor beneath the feet of the miners. They threw down their picks and ran for their lives, for they knew the meaning of those signs. They had just reached the closet chamber when there was a terrific crash. The floor of the chamber, where they had been working and of the gangway had fallen in, leaving a chasm ninety feet wide and a hundred feet deep. The men saw that the coal and rock were still falling all around them and they went as far as they could up the chamber and held a consultation. They realized with dismay that there was no exit from it but the one by which they had entered. They had no food with them and only the oil that was in their lamps. It seemed as if they would have to remain there until they starved to death. After about four hours of miserable foreboding, they heard a shout. A rescue party had found out where they were and were hailing them from the other side of the chasm. How to get the men across the abyss was the problem. A rope was procured and an effort made to throw it across. Time and again it failed. It would reach the ledge only to fall down into the darkness. Once it fell on a rock which seemed solid but as one of the imprisoned men ran forward to seize it, the rock and rope went down. The next attempt succeeded. The miners seized the end of the rope and fastened it securely to a wooden beam. They were to go over the frail bridge hand over hand. There were sixteen of them and they asked who would go first. The journey would be perilous for every man, but most of all to him who ventured first. One man volunteered; he bade his companions, "Good-bye," and clutched the rope. It cracked and swayed with his weight, but after a few anxious minutes a shout proclaimed that he was safe. Then, one by one, all crossed over. When the last came, the stalwart men wept for joy like children. The faith those men put in the strength of the rope is the faith sinners are invited to put in Christ, who is the only way by which they can pass safely over the chasm of the grave to heavenly bliss. (Acts 4: 12.)

AWAKENED IN THE RIVER.

A singular experience befell a policeman of the harbor squad in New York last week. He had a day off duty and went to Harlem to visit some friends. He remained with them until after midnight when he took an elevated train to South Ferry, which is near his station. In the car he fell fast asleep. He remembers nothing more until he was awakened by finding himself in the river. A log was floating near him and he clutched it and shouted for help. He was seen from a passing ferry-boat and a rope was thrown to him and he was hauled on board. He must have left the train and have walked several blocks before reaching the place where he fell into the water. All that time the brain must have been asleep while he "moved on" by some mechanical reflex action of the muscles, for he was conscious of no interval between boarding the train and clinging to the floating log. Such an experience is uncommon, but every minister and Christian worker has met many cases in which there is plenty of mental and physical activity while *the soul* is asleep. And sometimes it passes beyond sleep, for the Apostle speaks of those who live in pleasure being *dead* while they live. (1. Timothy 5: 6.)

IDENTIFIED BY A PICTURE.

Some difficulty has been experienced in identifying a gentleman who died suddenly a few weeks ago in a hotel in Brooklyn, N.Y. There were no letters or papers among his effects from which a clue could be gained. There was, however, a photograph of a young man which bore on the back the name of a photographer in Pittsburg, Pa. It was sent to him but on looking over his stock he found that that particular negative had been destroyed, so he could not tell whose portrait it was. The photograph was displayed in his window with a request that anyone recognizing it would give the desired information. Many saw it and at last a man said it was the portrait of a gentleman at Wilmerding. A letter was sent to him detailing the circumstances under which the photograph was found. He went to Brooklyn at once and found that the dead man was his own father, from whom he had not heard since he set out on his journey. It would not always be possible to identify a man by the photographs he has in his possession. Sometimes they are pictures of great authors or statesmen whom he admires, but who do not know him. When there is a great difference of station between the admirer and the admired the great man is very apt to be oblivious of the humble one, however ardent may be the esteem of the latter. Happily for us, though the distance between our Lord and his people is infinite, we have the assurance, 'The Lord knoweth them that are his." (II. Tim. 2: 19.)

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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STOUT RELIGIOUS WORK.

MORBIDITY in religion might be partially cured by more out-door exercise. There are some duties we can perform better on our feet than on our knees. If we carry the grace of God with us down into every-day practical Christian work, we will get more spiritual strength in five minutes than by ten hours of kneeling. If Daniel had not served God save when three times a day he worshipped toward the temple, the lions would have surely eaten him up. The school of Christ is as much out-of-doors as in-doors. Hard, rough work for God will develope an athletic soul. Religion will not conquer either the admiration or the affections of men by effeminacy, but by strength. Because the heart is soft is no reason why the head should be soft. The spirit of genuine religion is a spirit of great power. When Christ rides in apocalyptic vision, it is not on a weak and stupid beast, but on a horse—emblem of majesty and strength: "And he went forth conquering and to conquer."

JUST THE DIFFERENCE.

THERE are two ways of reading the Bible. One is an intellectuality. The other is a heart experience. It is a beautiful poem, and you read it as you do Tennyson. It is a fine statement of principles of law, and you read it as you do Blackstone. It is a mental discipline, and you read it as you do Dugald Stewart, or Sir William Hamilton, or William Reed. But the Holy Spirit in some good hour comes to your heart. You open that Bible. How you read it then! All your soul goes out toward it. You feel: "If I don't find pardon and light through the instructions of this Book, I will never find them at all." With all the concentrated energy of your soul you read it. There is an old sea-captain who has not been on the water for twenty years. He is sitting in his home, and his grandchild is playing at his feet with the chart, and the sea-glass, and the compass—very beautiful playthings. The old captain has no use for them, so he lets his grandchild have them. But while the grandfather looks down and sees the compass, and the sea-glass, and the chart, his mind goes back to the time when he handled those things under very different circumstances. He thinks of the euroclydon that came down on the sea, and the time when he saw the froth of destruction on the mouth of the wave, and the heaven swinging back its mantle of darkness to strike with sword of fire, and it seemed as if they must all perish. Oh, then, how the captain examined the compass! Oh, then, how his finger trembled over the chart. In the one case it is a child's toy; in the other, it is shipwreck or rescue. So there are men who come to read the Bible, this glorious chart. It is very beautiful to look over, and they say: "There is a rock, and here is a rock, and there is a lighthouse, and here is the gulf-stream of God's mercy." But, after awhile, the Holy Spirit comes upon the soul. The man says: "It is high time now I found out my latitude and longitude. Where am I?" And the storm howls through the heart. The man says: "What is to become of me? Shall I go down, or shall I go up?" How he reads the Bible then! How he looks at the chart then—at this rock, at that rock, at that lighthouse, this gulf-stream, that promontory! Oh, it is a different chart then! In the one case, he ran his intellectual finger across the page and examined it as a curiosity. In the other case, he examined it with reference to his immortal rescue.

ANNOYANCES.

LET us remember that the spiked nettles of life are part of our discipline. Life would get nauseating if it were all honey. That table would be poorly set that had on it nothing but treacle. We need a little vinegar, mustard, pepper, and horse-radish that brings the tears even when we do not feel pathetic. If this world were all smoothness, we would never be ready for emigration to a higher and better. Blustering March and weeping April prepare us for shining May. This world is a poor hitching-post. Instead of tying fast on the cold mountains, we had better whip up and hasten on toward the warm inn where our good friends are looking out of the window, watching to see us come up.

BE IN TIME.

NEVER take the last train when you can help it. Much of the trouble in life is caused by the fact that people, in their engagements, wait till the last minute. The seven o'clock train will take them to the right place if everything goes straight, but in this world things are very apt to go crooked. So you had better take the train that starts an hour earlier. In everything we undertake let us leave a little margin. We tried, jokingly, to persuade Captain Berry, when off Cape Hatteras, to go down and get his breakfast, while we took his place and watched the course of the steamer. He intimated to us that we were running too near the bar to allow a greenhorn to manage matters just there. There is always danger sailing near a coast whether in ship or in plans and morals. Do not calculate too closely on possibilities. Better have room and time to spare. Not heeding this counsel makes bad work for this world and the next. There are many lines of communication between earth and heaven. Men say they can start at any time. After a while, in great excitement, they rush into the depot of mercy, and find that the final opportunity has left, and, behold! it is the last train!

MONDAYISH.

MANY ministers complain on rising the morning after a Sabbath of exhausting work of a feeling for the description of which they have coined a word. They feel *Mondayish*. They rise this morning with their mouth tasting badly, and go about stretching and yawning as though they were getting the chills and fever—the meanest thing a man ever gets. Saturday study makes this. One who has been two consecutive days on the strain must feel the bad reaction. He took all Saturday to load the gun, and all Sunday to shoot it off, and the gun has kicked. Saturday afternoon free from work is a cure for Mondayishness. If you want a Sunday to sail well, you ought to launch it Saturday afternoon. If a minister has to study exhaustingly the latter part of the week, it is generally because he has been lazy in the former part of the week. There is nothing that so hurts a sermon as to jam it between the wheels of Saturday night and Sunday morning. One of the ablest ministers of the Reformed Church used to say that he did all his hard mental work after ten o'clock Saturday night. At that late hour he would take to his study a tea-pot and pack of first-rate cigars and go at his two sermons. He quit life early and went away, compelled to leave behind him his tea-pot and box of cigars. I should rather go up in almost any other chariot than in a cloud of tobacco smoke. Not Saturday night, but Wednesday and Thursday are the best cradles in which to rock a sermon after it has been born. The Mondayish feeling sometimes comes to the ministry because that is the day the clerical profession do what they call "odds and ends," and visit the sick. Instead of taking it easy that morning, they are worried about the many errands they have to do. Monday is a poor day for visiting the sick. It is bad for the minister and the invalid to whom he goes. When I am sick save me from a minister who himself has "the dumps." We need to be strong when we go to help the weak. What the sick most need is a dose of sunshine; and how shall we pour it out for them unless we have a steady hand? There is no use of going in to sit on the bedside and help the invalid groan. Better take to him our tuning-fork and give him the pitch of "the new song." Do not spend Monday in rushing about; "odds and ends" have killed many a minister. Sunday is a trying day; let Saturday on one side of it, and Monday on the other side of it, take hold its arms and help it through. Do not spend Monday in going round to see "how the sermon took." If it was faithful, I warrant that in some quarters it did not take at all. Do not ask a child afterward whether he enjoys calomel and jalap; of course he does not. When I preach a sermon on Sunday that makes "the fur fly," I spend Monday at Coney Island. The Mondayish feeling often comes to the minister through worriment at the inefficiency of Sunday's work. But what is the use of fretting if we did as well as we could? We ought not to expect to make "a ten-strike" at every roll. What though the sermon was spoiled by the poor ventilation of the church, or by the titteration in the gallery, or the elder with creaky shoes who went out twice during the sermon to see what was the matter, or the old man's clearing his throat with a racket that seemed to imply that he had taken a contract for removing all the colds of a lifetime at one spit? Do not let us fret over the poor sermons of yesterday, for brooding over them will only hatch more of the same breed. Besides that, our most insignificant effort may be raised in greatest power.

COUNTERFEIT PROFESSORS.

WE admit some of the charges against those who profess religion. Some of the most gigantic swindles of the present day have been carried on by members of the Church. There are men standing in the front rank in the Churches who would not be trusted for five dollars without good collateral security. They leave their business dishonesties in the vestibule of the church as they go in and sit at the communion. Having concluded the sacrament, they get up, wipe the wine from their lips, go out, and take up their sins where they left off. To serve the devil is their regular work; to serve God a sort of play-spell. With a Sunday sponge they expect to wipe off from their business slate all the past week's inconsistencies. You have no more right to take such a man's life as a specimen of religion, than you have to take the twisted irons and split timbers that lie on the beach as a specimen of an American ship. It is time that we drew a line between religion and the frailties of those who profess it.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. A. S. and Mrs. Van Dyck sailed from New York on Sept. 30, to resume their missionary work in China.

The Trustees of the projected Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York have received contributions to the amount of $850,000 toward the building fund. All these gifts have been made spontaneously.

Rev. R. P. Aske, who recently went to Africa as a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, has found that a bicycle, he took out with him is admirably adapted for travelling on the paths of the African Continent.

Rev. C. W. Merrill of Minneapolis, who has been conducting Evangelistic services at Waterloo, Ia., has now gone for ten weeks to Denver, Colo., where he will hold union meetings in five or six different parts of the city.

At the recent meeting of the Managers of the American Bible Society, a grant of Bibles and portions was made to the Zulu Mission of the American Board of the value of $4,513. The issues from the Bible House during the previous month were 48,171 volumes.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A., the distinguished English Methodist minister, preached last Sunday morning in New York in the Bedford Street M. E. Church to an overflowing audience. Mr. Hughes has crossed the Atlantic as a delegate to the approaching Ecumenical Council at Washington, D. C.

The Fulton Street M. E. Church of Elizabeth, N. J., has been enjoying a season of blessing under the labors of Mr. James H. Cannon, The Christian Herald Evangelist, who has been holding meetings there for two weeks past. This church is now, we are glad to learn, overcoming the obstacles which hindered its progress and is full of hope.

Gipsy Smith, the English evangelist, whose portrait appeared in this journal on September 23d, has been holding meetings for three weeks past in Jane Street M. E. Church, New York. More than 250 persons during that time have been led to inquire after Christ. On September 28th when the evangelist related the history of his life the church was crowded to the doors, and a large number who came, hoping to hear, were unable to gain admission. Gipsy Smith held every hearer spell-bound to the end of his story.

Rev. James A. O'Connor the converted Roman Catholic priest who has been conducting services for more than twelve years past in New York, has secured a mission building for the use of the congregation of converted Catholics he has gathered around him. It is situated on West Twenty-first St., near Sixth Avenue. The cost of the building is $27,000, of which Mr. O'Connor has paid $10,000. He has received a legacy of $3,000 which will be applied toward meeting the next installment of $5,000. Contributions toward the purchase fund may be sent to Rev. James O'Connor, 142 West Twenty-first Street, N. Y.

The monthly meetings of the American Institute of Christian Philosphy, were resumed on October 6th., at Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, with a paper by Thomas E. Fleming, Ph.D., of Davenport, Iowa, on "Ethicless Data." A successful Summer School was held in August at Avon-by-the-Sea, in which President, Dr. Charles F. Deems, and other scholars took part. Since the June meeting there have been a number of well-known people added to the membership, including Mr. Gladstone, Hamilton Fish, Dr. Charles H. Corey, President of the Richmond Theological Seminary, President Butterfield of Olivet College, Rev. Dr. Greer, St. Bartholomew's Church, Oswald Ottendorfer of the *Staats Zeitung*, and many other eminent men.

From March 1st to Sept. 1st, the missionaries of the American Sunday School Union in the Northwestern District, established 450 Sunday Schools, into which were gathered 13,876 scholars and 1,630 teachers. They also aided old schools in 2,047 cases, where 10,104 teachers are giving Bible instruction to 104,037 scholars. They held 2,941 meetings, made 18,127 visits to families, distributed 3,093 Bibles and Testaments, put into circulation $3,296 worth of religious reading and traveled 128,844 miles. F. G. Ensign, Chicago, Ill., superintends this work. A report of the work in the south-west has been received from Rev. Geo. Sharp, The Christian Herald missionary of the American Sunday School Union. It is full of interesting details and will be published in an early number of this journal.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Trouble With Chili — Boulanger's Suicide — Prominent Deaths During the Week—King Charles of Roumania to Abdicate—Canadian Cabinet Changes—General Notes.

IT is an open secret at Washington that trouble has arisen between the Chilian government and our State Department, in consequence of the arrest of three American citizens at Santiago and Valparaiso. These arrests, it is believed, were made by the new Chilian government on the supposition that the Americans had to some extent sympathized with the Balmaceda regime, although it is not shown that such sympathy took any active form that could have been regarded as hostile to the Congress Party. A police cordon was established at the official residence of the United States Legation and all access to Minister Egan denied. News of the arrests was received from Capt. Schley commanding the U. S. S. *Baltimore* now in Chilian waters. It is understood that an explanation will be demanded from Chili by our government.

* * *

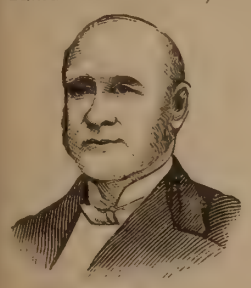
Disasters of the Week.

Prairie fires in North Dakota have done heavy damage during the week. In some places men and cattle have perished while seeking to escape the flames. George W. Johnson and son were burned to death near Beaver Creek, Emmons County, and five others are known to have perished elsewhere in the State.——The southern portion of Minnesota was swept by a gale on September 28th, which felled an immense quantity of pine lumber and caused some loss of life. No particulars have yet been obtained owing to the remoteness of the district.——During a fire in the large furniture establishment of Phillips & Cunningham, Philadelphia, on September 28th, the entire fire department of the city was on the ground. A number of men were at work in the second and third stories, pouring streams of water on the blaze when a sheet of fire drove them to the ladders, down which they tumbled in confusion. Eight firemen were seriously injured, but all will recover.

* * *

Dr. Burchard Dead.

A DISPATCH from Saratoga, N. Y., on September 25, announced the death of the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard, D. D., whose famous alliterative utterance during the Presidential campaign of 1884 brought upon him national notoriety. He was seventy-nine years of age and had been in the ministry fifty-three years. Dr. Burchard was a native of Steuben county, N.Y., but in 1830 the family removed to Kentucky and the future minister was sent to Centre College, Danville, where he graduated in 1836. He became prominent in the State as a lecturer on temperance, slavery, and religious subjects and won golden opinions by his devotion as a volunteer nurse in the cholera epidemic in 1837. Two years later he came north and settled in New York as pastor of the Thirteenth Street Presbyterian Church. He remained in the city doing valuable and unobtrusive work in the pastorate until 1884 when a momentous remark in the course of a speech made his name famous throughout the land. On Wednesday, October 29, he was one of a party of ministers who called on Mr. Blaine at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. Dr. Burchard addressed the candidate, expressing his own belief that he would be elected to the Presidency on the following Tuesday. He added that he rejoiced in the prospect because Mr. Blaine represented the forces opposed to "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine, in replying, omitted to disclaim that championship and his opponents published the report everywhere, contending that his silence indicated approval of Dr. Burchard's remark. It has always been alleged that if the republican candidate had received the votes of the thousands of Roman Catholics who were deterred from voting for him by the remark, he would have been elected President. From the date of the election until his death, Dr. Burchard's life was embittered by the reproaches of people in all parts of the country who never ceased to blame him for aiding in bringing about a result which he as much as they must have deplored.


REV. SAMUEL D. BURCHARD.

* * *

A Statesman and Soldier Gone.

By the death of Washington Curran Whitthorne, Tennessee loses one of the brightest of her sons, distinguished alike in the forum and on the field of battle. For thirty years, Mr. Whitthorne has been in public life. He was born in Lincoln, Tenn. in 1825, and studied law in the East Tennessee University. Entering politics in 1843, he was for three years State Senator. When the war broke out, he became Assistant Adj. General to Gen. Anderson's Tennessee Brigade in the Confederate Army, and went through the West Virginia Campaign. He afterwards served on the staffs of Gen's. Wright, Carter and Hardee. In 1870 he was elected to Congress and reelected continuously ill 1883, when he was made United States Senator, taking his seat in 1886. He was one of the most industrious and ablest of the entire Southern delegation and took prominent part in many leading debates during the reconstruction period. A portrait of Senator Whitthorne is given above.

SENATOR WHITTHORNE.

* * *

Canadian Cabinet Changes.

LACK of stability has characterized the Canadian Cabinet ever since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, and rumors of approaching changes are again rife. It is said on what seems to be good authority that a reorganization has been decided upon, and that Speaker White, of the House of Commons, will be made Minister of Public Works, Wood of Borckville succeeding him as Speaker. Hugh John Macdonald, son of the late Premier, will beeome Minister of Agriculture. Postmaster-General Haggart will remain. A reconstruction of the Cabinet will take place within two weeks. It is believed that Sir Adolph Caron will retire and that in place of Sir Hector and Sir Adolph, Lieut.-Gov. Angers and ex-Speaker Ouimet will enter the Cabinet as representing the French Canadian element in Parliament. Senator Smith, acting Minister of Public Works will not remain as an active member. Ex-Speaker Kilpatrick, a brilliant lawyer, will enter the Cabinet as Minister of Militia. Derodney, Minister of the Interior, is endeavoring to get the Lieutenant-Governorship of British Columbia. If he succeeds, Daley of Manitoba will succeed him on the Treasury bench. Hon. John Carling, Minister of Agriculture, is to succeed Sir Alexander Campbell as Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, and in the Cabinet he will be succeeded by Mr. Meredith, an equal-righter and leader of the opposition in the Ontario Legislature. It is hinted that after the session Premier Abbott will retire, and that a combination of Thompson and Meredith will form an administration.

* * *

The Death of Boulanger.

EUROPE was struck with surprise when on the 30th of September intelligence was telegraphed from Brussels that Boulanger, the exiled idol of the disaffected faction in France, had shot himself through the head and expired upon the grave of Mme. Bonnemain, his former enthusiastic worshiper, in the cemetery of Ixelles. Ever since her death he had been gloomy. He paid daily visits to the cemetery and at each visit laid some flower upon the tomb. On Wednesday, with his secretary and his niece, he set out earlier than usual. On reaching the cemetery he requested to be left alone and fifteen minutes later was dead with a pistol bullet in his brain. Boulanger was the son of a lawyer in moderate circumstances, and was born at Rennes, France, in 1837. He was educated in the famous French Military Academy at St. Cyr, and served in the army, making a most brilliant record in several campaigns. The poor military student rose to the highest posts of distinction. On retiring from service in the field he was Minister of War in two Cabinets, and his administration was such as to lead to apprehensions of renewed trouble with Germany. With the advent of the Rouvier Ministry, Boulanger was assigned to a humbler role at a military post and at once began to conspire for his own advancement. For this and for his subsequent insubordination he was stricken off the active army list. Smarting under this discipline, he began a series of attacks on the administration and insulted M. Floquet the President of the Legislative Council. This resulted in a duel in which Boulanger was severely wounded. All these setbacks, however, seemed to act as fuel to his wild, fiery ambition. He adopted a course of agitation that made him the idol of the Parisian boulevards, and the disaffected throughout France, as well as the admiration of the monarchists who saw in him an element that threatened the disintegration of the Republic. "*Le brav, General*" was the popular hero of the hour. Plots and counterplots were openly talked of and there were even intimations of an approaching *coup d'etat* in the interest of Prince Victor and the Bonapartists. The government recognized the crisis and took prompt measures to check the tide of revolution. Boulanger was indicted for sedition and also for embezzlement while War Minister. He fled to avoid arrest, and in the proceedings that followed the whole rottenness of his schemes was disclosed. He had used immense sums of the public monies to further his personal schemes and political plots. The existence of a Boulangist Revolutionary League with over 100,000 members was discovered, and it was broken up. Many army officers who had been tempted to join the plotters were detected and punished and the hollow and corrupt fabric of Boulangism fell shattered. For a time, even in exile, Boulanger posed as a great political possibility, but for over a year past his influence has been almost obliterated in France. His suicidal end marks a most characteristic conclusion to a disappointed life that was full of vanity, deception and intrigue. A portrait of "*Le brav, General*" is given above.

GEN. BOULANGER.

* * *

Tired of His Throne.

THERE are indications that King Charles of Roumania will shortly abdicate in favor of his nephew, Crown Prince Ferdinand. Ever since Roumania was created a kingdom by the Powers, it has been a bone of European contention, and in the event of war it would be a centre of disturbance if not the scene of actual hostilities. So delicate is the present condition of European diplomacy, that it is not to be wondered at that the king, who ascended the new-made throne in 1884, prefers to retire rather than become the instrument of involving his country in a conflict he is powerless to avert or control. King Carlos I. was born in 1837 and entered the Prussian army at an early age, when Roumania was a mere principality. In 1869 he espoused Princess Elizabeth of Wied, the renowned *Carmen Sylva*, whose portrait was recently published in these columns. Their only child, a daughter, died in infancy. During the Russo-Turkish war, Charles showed himself a brave commander and his queen distinguished herself by organizing a system of ambulances, that was of the greatest service to the wounded. She directed the Ambulance Corps in person, wearing the robe of a Sister of Charity. Crown Prince Ferdinand, the probable successor to the throne, is now 26 years of age, and is said to be a young man of more than ordinary abilities and great decision of character.

KING CARLOS I.

* * *

Six States Shaken.

AN earthquake, of less intensity but far wider in extent than that recorded in these columns last week, was felt on the evening of September 27th in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee. At St. Louis the shock was very general, and people were awakened from sleep, and ran to the street in their night clothes. Among those who did so were Governor Johnson and his family, who live at the west end of the city. Considerable crockery and glassware was demolished. In one of the newspaper offices the compositors rushed out to the sidewalk panic-stricken. At Louisville, Decatur, Jacksonville, Peoria, Springfield, Keokuk, Terre Haute and Memphis the vibrations were felt with more or less intensity.

* * *

Imprisoned in a Mine.

Sixteen miners employed in the Hickory Ridge coal mine at Shamokin, Pa., had a remarkably narrow escape from death last week. Four Americans and twelve Italians and Hungarians were busy removing the pillars from one of the shafts, when the chain pillar dividing the levels gave way, and the men felt the floor sinking beneath them. They ran to an adjoining chamber, and were horrorstruck to see behind them a gap one hundred feet deep and ninety feet wide. On all sides they were surrounded by falling coal. For eight hours they remained in this perilous situation, when help arrived, and a rope was flung across to them by a rescue party after many failures. They clambered across the chasm on the rope, hand over hand, and when hoisted to the surface, where two hundred persons had gathered, they were dazed with joy and thankfulness at their escape from what seemed likely to prove a second Jeansville horror.

NEWS NOTES.

The Dacoits of Burmah are again in revolt against English rule and an attack on Wantho is threatened.

It is stated than Hon. Green B. Raum, Commissioner of Pensions, is contemplating resignation.

The weather will hereafter be a subject of study in New York public schools, the Signal Service maps being furnished for that purpose.

A fast special train over the New York Central Railroad crossed the Continent from San Francisco to New York in 4 days, 12 hours and 28 minutes.

An eastern weather prophet declares that there will be a widespread storm on September 30, and that the coming winter will be exceptionally cold.

The government rain-making expedition succeeded, at Corpus Christi, Texas, in shaking several heavy showers from the clouds. After the test, rain could be seen falling over a wide area and it continued for several hours.

Russia is looking with an envious eye at Corea, with the view of annexing it shortly. Corea has about twenty million inhabitants and is tributary to China.

A National Committee for the relief of Russiam immigrants arriving in this country has been organized in New York City. They are now reaching our port at the rate of 10,000 a month.

Prince Luitpold of Bavaria is now said to be acting as peacemaker between Emperor William and Bismarck. It is generally believed in Germany that William is not averse to a reconciliation.

A movement among the negroes of Boston, with a view to the migration of a large contingent of that race to Africa, is progressing rapidly. Bishop Turner is strongly advocating the migration.

Twenty-five persons were made dangerously sick by drinking croton oil in coffee, at a sociable at Plainfield, Conn., a few days ago. The oil was surreptitiously placed in the coffee by some malicious person.

The Attorney-General of Tennessee has submitted an opinion in which he holds that the convicts cannot be sub-leased. The whole question of the sub-lease system will now have to be decided by the courts.

Emperor William has been looking into the matter of church accommodation in Berlin and has come to the conclusion that more churches are needed. He intends to start a movement with that object in view.

THE VALE OF SHADOW.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm 23: 4.

DO you know I had laid this text by? I meant that this choice promise should be kept in store and stock till I came near the river of Jordan, and I hoped that then, iu my last hours, I might be privileged to enjoy its sweetness. The other day I found that I needed to eat this heavenly loaf at once, and I did so. Fathers tell their children, "You cannot eat your cake and have it too"; but this rule does not hold good of the consolations of God. You can enjoy a promise and have it still. Would to God that every believer who is burdened and cast down might find it as precious to his own heart as I have found it to mine.

Valleys of Trial.

This verse is no doubt very applicable to the experience of a believer when he comes to die; but, for certain, that is not its only intent. It has an inexpressibly delightful application to the dying; but it is for the living, too; and at this time if, through any peculiar trials, your soul is cast down within you, and you are walking through the valley of death-shade, I pray you to repeat the words of the text, and may the Lord help you to feel that they are true,—"Yea, though (even now) I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The words are not in the future tense, and therefore are not reserved for a distant moment. Do not postpone to the future that which you so greatly need in the present. Though I walk, even at this hour, through the dark valley, thou, O Lord, art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. David was not dying; the psalm is full of happy, peaceful life. He is lying down in green pastures, and following his Lord by still waters; and if a cloud has descended upon him and he feels himself like one threatened with death, he nevertheless expects goodness and mercy to follow him through all his days.

I. I call your attention, first, to

The Pass and its Terrors.

"the valley of the shadow of death." Get the idea of a narrow ravine, something like the Gorge of Gondo or some other stern pass upon the higher Alps where the rocks seem piled to heaven, and the sunlight is seen above as through a narrow rift. Troubles are sometimes heaped on one another, pile on pile, and the road is a dreary defile through which the pilgrim on his journey to heaven has to wend his way. Set before your mind's eye a valley shut in with stupendous rocks that seem to meet overhead, a narrowing defile, dark as midnight itself. Through this valley, or rocky ravine, the heavenly footman has to follow the path appointed for him. Through such a dreary rift many a child of God is making his way at this moment, and to him I speak.

Our first observation about it is that it is exceedingly gloomy. This is its chief characteristic. It is the valley of the shadow—the shadow of death. Death is terrible, and the very shadow of it is cold and chill, and freezes to the marrow. I have stood under rocks which have not merely cooled me, but have cast around a horribly damp chill, as though the embrace of death had been about me, and its cold within me. One hastens to escape from such a deadly shade, which has tended to strike you with fever. And such it seems to me is the shade cast by the wing of death when the man feels that he is under such trouble of soul that he cannot live, and would not even wish to do so if he could. The joy of life has been like the sun under an eclipse; and in the chill, dark, damp shade of a terrible sorrow the man has cowered down, and beneath

The Icy Touch of Doubt

has shivered, felt fevered and frightened, and has been as one out of his mind.

I speak to some young hearts here who, I hope, know nothing about this gloom. Do not want to know it. Keep bright while you can. Sing while you may. Be larks and mount aloft, and sing as you mount; but there are some of God's people who are not much in the lark line, they are a great deal more like owls. They sit alone and keep silence; or if they do open their mouths it to is give forth a discontented hoot. Companions of dragons, and very suitable companions, too, such mournful ones need all the gentle sympathy we can afford them. Even those who are bright and cheerful do, many of them, occasionally pass through the dreary glen where everything is doleful; and their spirits sink below zero. I know that wise brethren say, "You should not give way to feelings of depression." Quite right, no more we should. But we do; and perchance when your brain is as weary as ours you will not bear yourselves more bravely than we do. "But

Desponding People

are surely very much to be blamed," I know they are, but they are also very much to be pitied; and perhaps, if those who blame quite so furiously could once know what depression is, they would think it cruel to scatter blame where comfort is needed. There are experiences of the children of God which are full of spiritual darkness; and I am almost persuaded that those of God's servants who have been most highly favored, have, nevertheless, suffered more times of darkness than others.

Moreover, there are parts of human life which are dangerous as well as gloomy. In journeying through the passes of the East an escort is usually needed, for the robber lurks among the rocks, and shoots down upon the traveller, or blocks up his way with sword and spear. The name of the Khyber Pass is still terrible in our memories, and there are Khybers in most men's lives. There are points in human history that are specially dangerous. Oh, you that are beginners, I do not wish to frighten you; I do not want to tell you that the ways of wisdom are terrible, for they are not. No, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But, for all that, there are enemies on the road to heaven: and there are

"Cut-throat Lanes"

where, when the enemy finds your spirits cast down, he pounces on you unawares with temptation, and before you know it you may be wounded and sore grieved. If you have not yet come to that part of your pilgrimage I am glad of it, and I hope that you may be spared it, in answer to that needful prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." But if you are called to walk through this dangerous ravine, what will you do? Why, say this—Yea, though I walk through that dangerous pass of which I have heard, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Recollect that a Christian man is never so much in danger from abundance of temptation as from the carnal security of his own heart. We are often most in jeopardy when we are not tempted; and the worst devil in the world may be no devil at all. "Deliver me," said a man of great experience, "from

A Sleeping Devil,

for if he roars at me he keeps me awake; but when he lets me alone my heart presumes that all is safe, and I am betrayed." You young people, or old people either, who are placed in the course of providence in positions of great trial and temptation, need not wish for an easier pathway, for it may be that you are safer now, being on your guard, than those who are not fiercely tried, but sit at ease, and are in great peril from sloth and spiritual indifference. Better consume with fire than perish of dry rot. The cold mountains of trial are far safer than the sultry plains of pleasure. I am not, therefore, alarmed at manifest danger, neither would I have you greatly dismayed because there is a gloomy gorge between you and heaven.

One of the chief reasons of the gloom is the fact that this terrible pass is shrouded in mystery. You do not know what the sorrow is. The shadow—the shadow of death: what meaneth it? You cannot discern the form which broods over you. You cannot grasp the foe. It is of no use drawing

A Sword Against a Shadow.

Bunyan paints the pilgrim as putting up his sword when he came into the valley of the shadow of death. He had fought Apollyon with it, but when he came into the midnight of that horrible defile it was of no use to him. Everything was so veiled, magnified, and blackened in the dark. Hobgoblins, as he called them, hovered around, strange shapes and singular forms of doubts, which he could not meet with reasoning, or overcome with argument. A man can pluck up courage against a thing he knows; but an evil which he does not know unmans him. Such things happen to God's people now and then. And what are they to do when they get into these perplexities, these mysterious troubles, that they cannot at all describe? They must do—and God help them to do—as this blessed man did, who in the peace and confidence of faith went on his way singing, Yea, though I walk through the valley shaded by the mysterious wings of death, and though I know nothing of my way, and cannot understand it, yet will I fear no evil, for thou art with me.

Let me remark, further, that, though this valley is thus gloomy, dangerous, mysterious, and solitary, yet it is

Often Traversed.

Many more Christians go by this road than some people dream. Among those who wear a cheerful countenance in public there are many who are well acquainted with this dreary glen; they have passed through it often, and may be in it now. When I wear the sackcloth of sorrow, I try to bind it about my loins under my outer garments, and not where all shall see it. It is surely true that a great number of God's best servants have trodden the deeps of the valley of the shadow; and this ought to comfort some of you. The footsteps of the holy are in the valley of weeping. Saints have marched through the Via Dolorosa; see you not their footprints? Above all others, mark one footstep! Do you not see it? Stoop down and fix your gaze upon it! Get on your knees and view it! If you watch it well, you will observe the print of a nail-wound. As surely as this word of God is true, your Lord has felt the chill of the death-shade. There is no gloom of spirit, apart from the sin of it, into which Jesus has not fallen; there is no trouble of soul, or turmoil of heart, which is free from sin, which the Lord has not known. Shall we not cheerfully advance to the cross when Jesus goes before?

A Hallowed Pathway.

I shall close my remarks upon this Via Mala of terrors by showing that, dark and gloomy as it is, it is not an unhallowed pathway. No sin is necessarily connected with sorrow of heart, for Jesus Christ our Lord once said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." There was no sin in him, and consequently none in his deep depression. We have never known a joy or a sorrow altogether untainted with evil; but in grief itself there is no necessary cause of sin. A man may be as happy as all the birds in the air, and there may be no sin in his happiness; and a man may be exceeding heavy, and yet there may be no sin in his heaviness. I would, therefore, try to cheer any brother who is sad, for his sadness is not necessarily blameworthy. If his downcast spirit arises from unbelief, let him flog himself, and cry to God to be delivered from it; but if the soul is sighing, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," its being slain is not a fault.

II. Our second head, upon which we shall speak for a little while, is

The Pilgrim and his Progress.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." The pilgrim, you observe, first, is calm in the prospect of his dreary passage. I do not think that it is one half so hard to bear a trouble as it is to think of it beforehand. The poet well said that many of us

"Feel a thousand deaths in fearing one."

The outriders of trouble are often of a fiercer countenance than the trouble itself. We suffer more in the dread of trial than in the endurance of the stroke. Here we have a man of faith who is calm in expectancy of ill: "I shall walk," says he, "through the valley of the shadow of death. I expect to do so, but I will fear no evil." Have you, my friend, a trouble evidently drawing near to you? Are there tokens of a storm all around you? Then look bravely at the future. Let not your heart fail you while waiting for the thunder and the hurricane. Pray to be calm in the prospect of trial; it is half the battle. Is it not written of the believer, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord?"

Furthermore, the pilgrim is steady in his progress. "Yea, though I walk through the valley," says he. He does not run in haste: he

Walks Quietly Along.

We are generally in a hurry to get our trouble over, like those who say, "If physic must be taken, let it be taken as soon as possible." There is a season for all things. Let us wait till the trouble comes from the hand of the Lord, for he will time it to the second. "There! I must know the worst of it," cries one, "I feel in such a horrible state of suspense that I must end it one way or another." But, my dear friend, faith is not in such a frightful bustle,—"He that believeth shall not make haste." Faith is quick when it has to serve God, but it is patient when it has to wait for him. There is no flurry about the Psalmist, "Yea, though I walk," says he—quietly, calmly, steadily. The pace of the experienced man of God is a walk. So David in effect declares,—I shall walk through the valley of the shadow of death as quietly as I walk my garden in the evening, or go down the street about my business. My affliction does not unfit me for the duty, I am not flurried and

Worried About It.

May God give you, my dear brothers and sisters, this calm faith. I pray that he may give it to me, for I greatly need it. I have often confessed my want of it, and

confessed it with shame and confusion of face, for I serve a blessed Master, and I ought never to fear, nor allow pain of body to produce trembling of heart.

The next point about the pilgrim's progress is that he is secure in his expectancy. "Yea, though I walk through the valley." There is a bright side to that word "through." He expects to come out of the dreary pass to a brighter country. Just as the train of his life enters into the dark tunnel of tribulation, he says within himself,

"I Shall Come Out

on the other side. It may be very dark, and I may go through the very bowels of the earth, but I am bound to come out on the other side." So is it with every child of God. If his way to heaven should lie over the bottom of the sea, hard by the roots of the mountains where the earth with her bars is about him, he will traverse the road in perfect safety. Oh, if we had more faith! Oh, if we had more faith! Life would be happy, trial would be light.

This pilgrim, while he is free from fear, is not at all fanatical or ignorant, since he gives a good reason for his freedom from alarm. "I will fear no evil," says he, "for thou art with me." Was there ever a better reason given under heaven for being fearless than this—that God is with us? He is on our side; he is pledged to help us;

He Has Never Failed Us;

he must cease to be what he is before he can cast away one soul that trusts him. Where, then, is there room for terror? The child is confident because his mother is with him; much more should we be serene in heart since the omniscient, the omnipotent, the immutable God is on our side.

"I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." There is something more here than freedom from fear and a substantial reason for it, for the true believer rejoices in exalted companionship. "Thou art with me." Thou—thou—thou—the King of kings, before whom every seraph veils his face, abashed before the awful majesty of his Maker. "Thou art with me"—thou before whom the greatest of the great sink into utter insignificance—thou art with me. God is

With Every One

of his children. We dwell in him, and he dwells in us. "I in them and they in me," says Christ. A vital, everlasting union exists between every believing soul and God, and what cause can there be for fear? "Thou art with me." Oh for grace to be brave pilgrims, and to make steady progress with heavenly company as our glory and defence.

Oh, may God give to everyone here present the faith which I have been talking about. Perhaps some of you have never trusted your souls with Christ. You know that faith is the way of salvation, why do you not follow it? Simply trust him; simply trust him; simply trust him now. It is wonderful the power of faith to change the heart. When you trust a man you love him. You cannot be an enemy to a man in whom you trust. The effect of faith upon the affections is marvellous; it changes their whole nature and bent. God give you to know Christ, for they that know his name will put their trust in him; and when you know him and trust him then shall you confess with us unto the Lord "Blessed is the man that trusteth in thee." God bless you, dear friends, for Christ's sake. Amen.

A valuable aid to Bible study are the new maps of Palestine, just issued by B. S. Demarest, 36 Vesey St., New York. The largest is 28 by 38 inches in size, and gives both ancient and modern names of places, with Scripture references, etc. Other maps show the journeys of the Apostle Paul, the wanderings of the Israelites between Egypt and Canaan, etc. Lists of prices and other details may be obtained by writing the firm at the address above given.

BUILDING FOR THE FAIR.

More Beautiful Structures Designed for the Exposition of 1893.

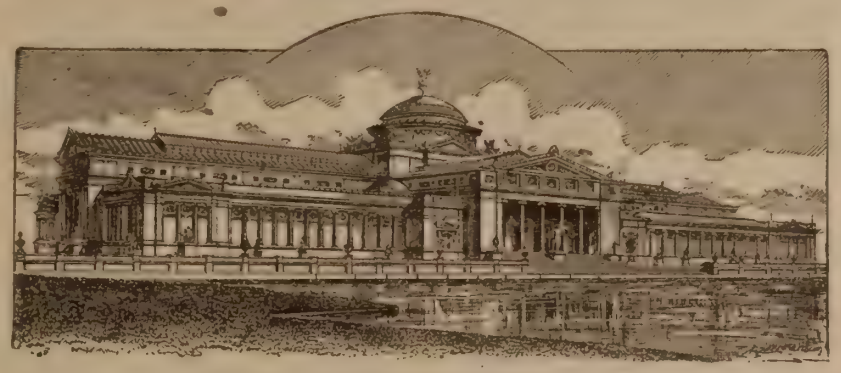
SOME of the designs thus far submitted to and approved by the World's Fair Commission for the buildings proposed to be erected at Jackson Park, Chicago, for the great fair of 1893, are of great beauty. All the architectural talent of the country has been stirred up to an effort to make the Exposition a splendid success. To-day we present illustrations of three of these noble structures, taken from the designers' own drawings.

The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building was designed by Mr. George P. Post of York City. It will be one of the largest buildings in the Exposition in extent and area—800 feet wide and 1,700 long. In form it is rectangular, with an exhibition hall extending about a great interior court. This exhibition hall receives light from both sides and from the top, and each section is composed of a great central arch 200 feet wide, open to the roof, and 80 feet high, with galleries 50 feet wide on either side. Directly in the centre is a great dome, which has a clear open space of 260 feet in diameter, with a surrounding gallery 50 wide in addition. The roof of this dome is supported by great arched trusses of iron, and is 175 feet high from the floor to the apex of the roof. The galleries are approached upon the main floor by thirty great staircases, the flights of which are twelve feet wide each. There are four great entrances, one in the centre of each facade. These are designed in the manner of triumphal arches, the central archway of each being forty feet wide and eighty feet high. Surmounting these portals is the great attic story, ornamented with immense sculptured eagles, eighteen feet high, and on each side above the side arches are great panels with inscriptions, and the spandrels are filled with sculptured figures in bas-relief. The long facades of the great hall surrounding the building are composed of a series of arches, filled with immense glass windows. The lower portion of these arches, up to the level of the gallery floor and twenty-five feet in depth, is open to the outside, thus forming a covered loggia, which forms an open promenade for the public, and will provide a very interesting feature, particularly on the east side where it faces the lake. It is intended to locate here a number of cafes, where the great crowds can linger at their ease and enjoy the breezes and cool shadows of the afternoon. The spandrels of these arches are decorated with great shields, which contain the coat of arms of the states of the union.

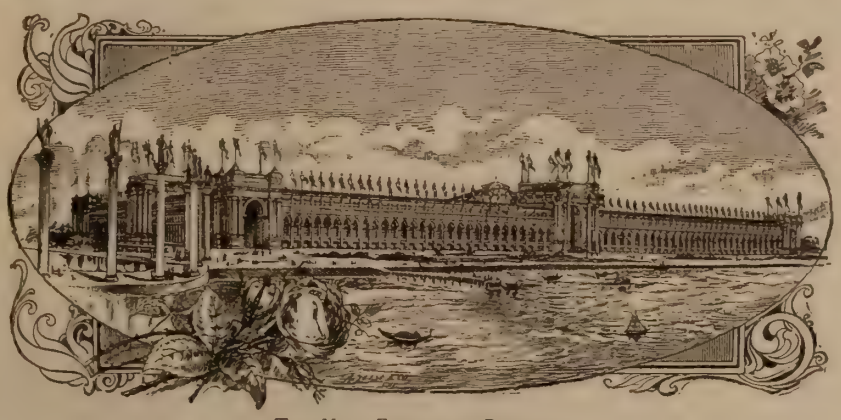
In the great open courts of this building, north and south of the great dome, are to be placed annexes, which can be used for the music hall and for the shoe and leather exhibit. Each of these annexes covers about 100,000 square feet in area, and taken in conjunction with the great area of the dome in the centre, will form an unrivaled suite of great halls. In the department allotted to glass work, each manufacturer will have an opportunity to display his works in a separate window.

The proposed Main Exhibition Building, which has already been referred to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, is also a most graceful structure, notwithstanding its vast proportions. The style is Moorish. The Woman's Palace, wherein all the art and skill of American women are to be displayed to the world, is a handsome and commodious structure and will be sure to excite much attention from admiring visitors.

The three buildings presented above are yet in embryo, but it is expected that they will be pushed forward rapidly and finished sometime early in 1892, in ample time for the opening in 1893.



BUILDING OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS.



THE MAIN EXPOSITION BUILDING.

THE WOMAN'S PALACE.

THE TWO WITNESSES.

The Later Events of the Last Seven Years After the Rapture.

BY H. W. FRY.

WHILE the portentous events already described [See Christian Herald of Sept. 30, page 611] are taking place on earth, while the people of God are being persecuted, and the name of God is being blasphemed by the great Antichrist (who is himself fully energized by the spirit of the dethroned Satan, just as Christ was fully energized by the Spirit of the true God) there are two mighty witnesses testifying in the midst of all this wickedness for the Lord Jesus Christ, thus warning the worldly and encouraging the persecuted saints. Now

Who are the "Two Witnesses"

of Rev. 11: 3, 12? It is very evident they are persons of great authority and sanctity. Their history is not narrated by John as having been seen in vision by him, but it is dictated to him and he writes it, and the speaker is Jesus Christ himself, in the character of an angel. This gives special solemnity to the words he utters and the events he describes.

Previous to this period saints have been removed from the earth. But these are two very eminent saints, and it seems probable that they are specially sent from heaven by God to be his witnesses at this juncture. They can hardly be other than human beings, because they have to die (Rev. 11: 7.) Moreover, they can hardly be people who have already passed through the grave, as it is only "appointed unto men once to die," and if these had already died and were resurrected for the purpose of thus witnessing they would have to die twice.

The question arises, are there two eminent saints who have never died, and who would assume these honorable but onerous positions? We immediately think of

Enoch and Elijah,

who were translated to heaven without dying very probably for the special purpose of being reserved for this service. We have a further indication in the fact that Malachi prophesies that Elijah will be sent back about this time, and also in the fact that Christ says that before the resurrection Elias (or Elijah) must first come (Mark 9: 12) to do the work at the end that John the Baptist did at the beginning of the present dispensation. Christ's allusion in the verse following probably meant to convey that God, knowing that Christ's person and mission would be rejected by the Jews, instead of sending Elias on that occasion to do the work reserved for him, sent another, namely, John the Baptist, in his place, Elias himself being further reserved until the Time of the End really came, and he could be the means of restoring all things. No doubt these two witnesses will be mightily successful in restoring many Jews to faith in Christ, although they will be rejected and killed by the followers of Antichrist.

The marvellous lives and deaths and subsequent resurrection of these two celebrated men being accomplished,

The Rest of the Saints

are, about this time, also taken up, they stand before his judgment seat, and receive their reward and the position which will be allotted to them in the Heavenly Kingdom; and we see them in heaven on the sea of glass in Rev. 14: 1-4, at which period will, no doubt, take place the glorious Marriage Supper of the Lamb. (Rev. 19: 9.)

Antichrist, for the first half of the great period of seven years, will probably act as though he respected, or at all events tolerated religion. He will certainly pander to the Roman Catholic Church during the earlier parts of his career, because we are told in Rev. 17 the false woman (the symbol of a system or church), rides upon the beast, "the beast" represented Antichrist or the head of a king of the then ruling temporal power. This shows at that period the Papacy will rather patronise Antichrist than Antichrist patronise the Papacy.

The fact also of his making a treaty with the Jews for seven years further indicates that he will consider them sufficiently important to be worth conciliating, and no doubt in some way, perhaps financially, they will be in a position to render him important service. But though it seems evident that he will partly build up his power and influence with the help of both

The Jews and the Papacy

yet it is equally evident that later on he will consider himself sufficiently strong and popular to do away with all religion, true and false,

and appoint himself the sole object of veneration and worship. In proof of this, we see he destroys the Papacy (see Rev 17 : 15-18); he breaks his treaty with the Jews (Daniel 9: 27), and then causes the daily sacrifices, which had been resumed, to cease, and the "abomination of desolation" to "stand in the holy place." We understand this to mean that instead of the "Holy of Holies" in the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem, which must previous to that time have been restored, being most holy to Jehovah, he will cause his own image, of which we read in Rev 13: 14-15, to be placed in the Temple, and worshipped in place of Jehovah!

In all this awful blasphemy he is, with the help of his great assistant the "false prophet" (Rev. 13 : 11) fulfilling prophecy! (See Rev. 13 : 5-6.) They will cause mankind actually to worship Satan or the dragon, as well as the Antichrist, or the beast. These three, the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet, constituting the evil trinity as opposed to the Holy Trinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.

This attempt to force the worse kind of idolatry upon them will doubtless be stedfastly resisted by the Jews, not perhaps so much as an insult to God as to themselves, and the consequences of this and other disagreements will be that Antichrist and his people will hate the Jews and turn all their power against them with a view of wiping them entirely off the face of the earth, as he will have, previously to this time, already destroyed the Papacy. Although he will wield gigantic power, he will not have everything his own way. He will gather together from numerous nations a vast force, apparently irresistible, to crush Jerusalem; but the very fact that to carry out his object he will need so gigantic a host, seems to indicate that even he realises that the foe he desires to crush will be powerful.

The force he collects together will probably occupy a line of country between Bozrah and Megiddo, a distance of exactly 1,600 Roman stadia or furlongs (Rev. 14 : 20), and gigantic will be the host there concentrated. The Jews, with their allies, will doubtless have their headquarters in the neighborhood of Jerusalem for the defence of the capital, but they will be in sore straits. The majority will still be unconverted, although there will, of course, be a portion truly trusting in the Lord. The prospects, so far as they can see, are wholly against them, and there seems to be no way of escape!

But they offer up the prayer of Psalm 55 :1–9, as it is written in the 107th Psalm, "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distress!" How does he do it? By sending Christ with his saints to reap the vintage of the earth as mentioned in Rev. 14:14–20 and as the Great Conqueror of Rev. 19:11–21. This results in the great and dreadful day of the Lord of Joel 2 : 31 and other places. It is the period mentioned in Joel 3 : 9-14, Zech 14 : 1-5, Matt. 14 :30. It is the same time when the Stone of Daniel 2 : 34-35 shall smite the image which represents the Gentile empires, and grind it to powder at the battle of Armageddon, and the "Stone" itself shall continue to increase, until it fills the whole earth.

But not only are the nations of the earth destroyed with terrific destruction and slaughter, other great events happen on this day. First, the Beast and false prophet are taken and cast down into Gehenna (Rev. 19 : 20), thus ending their disastrous reign; and, second, the Dragon or Satan, is bound for a thousand years, thus suspending his vicious supremacy for a season; and, third, it ushers in the Millennium, the glorious period of one thousand years, during which time Jesus Christ will reign over the earth, and the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

A review of the industrial development of the South is published which shows most gratifying progress. The number of new industries established during the last three months is 1,006, against 1,070 for the corresponding quarter of 1890 and 825 in the same quarter of 1889. During the quarter ending on Oct. 1, there were established in the Southern States 3 boot and shoe factories, 5 breweries, 36 brick and tile works, 2 car works, 14 canning factories, 8 compresses, and 49 cotton and woollen mills; 60 development and improvement companies have been organized in the South in the last three months, 33 electric light companies have been established in the last quarter, 24 flour and grist mills, 59 foundries and machine shops, 9 furnaces, 58 mining and quarrying companies and 23 oil mills; 126 railroad companies have been organized, and 39 steel and electric railways. This showing gives evidence of genuine prosperity.

THE RULE OF SERVICE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 18. Matt. 20:26-28; Rom 12:10.

THERE is a law for the subjects of the King: "It shall not be so among you." Jesus is organizing a kingdom and he speaks with regal authority. There are to be no rulers in this kingdom. "All ye are brethren. It is an act of legislation. The lawgiver, who alone has the right to legislate for the kingdom he founded, says, "It shall not be so among you." In other kingdoms there are rulers and men who exercise authority and dominion, but this kingdom which is to differ from all others, in all respects, is to be different from them in this. It is to be a Theocracy and there are to be no vice-gerents. Strange that a law promulgated so solemnly and emphatically should have been so often disobeyed! The fires of martyrdom, the bulls of excommunication, the fierce persecutions of past ages, have all been founded on violations of this law.

Yet the existence of ambition is recognized. There is a sphere assigned for "whosoever will be great among you." He is to serve. It is not a punishment for him, though it sounds like that. It seems like degrading a general to the ranks. But it is not so. Jesus appoints him a place in which his ambition can be gratified. He can become great by service. There is sound philosophy in that order. The highest of all honors, that which is spontaneous, that which is given to the man, not the office he holds, is given to the man who serves the community best. Saul was conscious of it when the people shouted, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his tens of thousands." The world to-day honors its servants, though it does not always know who has done it real and lasting service. It finds out sometimes long after its servant is dead and it builds a monument or erects a statue over the grave of the man whom it scorned in life. He becomes great in history like Oliver Cromwell, Milton, Bunyan, and the Pilgrim Fathers. The man who serves, even by amusing and entertaining the world, is honored, and men would rather that a dozen nobles and potentates should die than that he should pass away. There is no way to genuine greatness, to true honor among men, but by service of some kind. Pioneers, statesmen, poets, inventors, philosophers, preachers, legislators, physicians—all these are servants and their place in the world's roll of honor is fixed by the value of the services they have rendered. Carlyle says that when the French people heard that Louis XV. lay sick and nigh to death they cynically remarked, "So much the worse for him." But if King Louis had served his people instead of manifesting indifference to their misery, there would have been sorrow and concern throughout France. The high place, the real place of honor is attained only by becoming a servant.

But Jesus was presenting no philosophical theory. He points to his own example. His life throughout was one of service. The outward act of washing his disciples' feet was a mere symbol of what his whole life had been. It was a life of toil, of poverty, of humiliation, of helpfulness and it was to be consummated by a supreme act of self-sacrifice. "I lay down my life," he said, "no man taketh it from me." He could do nothing greater on earth, than to give his life for the rescue of a world. He spared nothing. Everything was given up during his ministry and then last of all he gave his life. And his own words have come true. There is no name among men which is so loved and honored as his. The philosopher has bowed before it and the humble follower would die rather than disown it. The story of that life holds men spell-bound still. It is told in the prisons, in the homes of the lawless and the ignorant, among the heathen of savage lands as well as in the palaces of the rich and the halls of learning, and its majestic beauty thrills the hearers and captivates all hearts. The Man of Sorrows, he who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, has legions of willing servants now, who give their lives to him and look for no other reward than that of his approval. Thousands are toiling in hardship, having turned their backs on all the world's honors, on home and friends and comfort, whose one hope is to hear the words from his lips which will repay them for all they have given up: "Well done good and faithful servant."

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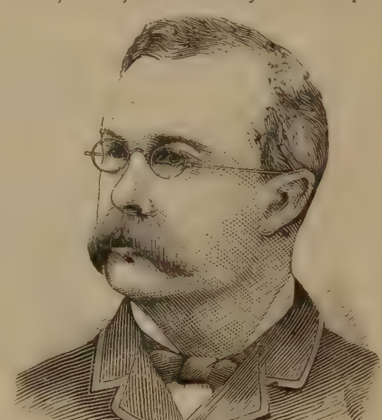
A FAMOUS Y. M. C. A. WORKER.

THE name of Mr. L. D. Wishard, whose portrait is here given, is a familiar one to our readers. He has become famous by his valuable services to the Young Men's Christian Associations in this and other lands. It is mainly due to his efforts, says a writer in the *Young Men's Era*, that the College Associations have been brought into union and closer intercourse. Mr. Wishard was strongly drawn to the Foreign Mission field and after leaving Hanover College, Indiana, he went to Princeton to prepare himself for that work. During all his college life he had been deeply interested in Y. M. C. A. work especially in colleges. He was a delegate to the national conference of college societies in Louisville, Ky., in 1877, which, indeed, he had actively labored to pro-



MR. L. D. WISHARD.

mote. That conference invited him to become General College Secretary and to give all his time to the work. This he was not able to do as he was still a student at Princeton and was intending to take a post-graduate course before going out as a missionary. He consented, however, to give a portion of his time to the work and he did so for two years. At the close of that period he had become so deeply interested in the work and saw in it so enormous a possibility of usefulness that he relinquished for a time his intention of becoming a missionary and determined to continue his labors among colleges. The results justified the decision. At the close of his tenth year of service 258 College Associations had been organized with an aggregate membership of 12,750. He has recently been on an extended Oriental tour with the object of organizing Y. M. C. Associations in the colleges of India, China, Japan and other lands. An account of his effort to form an Association in Jerusalem was recently published in these columns.

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NOT UNDERSTOOD.

EXCELLENT advice to those King's Daughters, who feel that those about them do not understand them, is given by Mrs. Margaret Bottome in an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She says: So many of you have written to me of the trial you have in not being understood, I think I must give you an experience of mine. Almost the last words I said on leaving Paris last summer, were: "I am glad I am going where I shall be understood," I had been so annoyed because, at the last moment, I went out intending to buy some candy for some little children, and when I reached the shop I could not get them to understand what candy was. I did not know French, and when I showed them what I wanted, they did not know what I said when I asked the price. I certainly did have a very awkward time, and I was glad I was going to London where I could use my native tongue. But when I said to my friend on my return to the hotel, "I am glad I am going where I shall be understood," it immediately rushed into my mind how much annoyance there comes in life, to say nothing of suffering, from not being understood. But there are two sides: I was annoyed because I was not understood in the candy shop; but the shopkeepers had their trouble too—they could not understand me. And I think in life one is too apt to say, "I am misunderstood."

I have heard a girl say of her own mother, "My mother does not understand me." It may be so; but would it not be better to say, "I must try to understand mother better. I must occasion her suffering to feel we do not understand each other." But after we make the best of everything, the fact remains that we are in a world of misunderstandings. We have not reached the country where we "know even as we are known." And I want you, dear "Daughters" to take the comfort I have often taken from the thought that there is just One who always understands you—the One who made you.

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VARIED FIELDS OF LABOR.

IN some of the reports of Circles of King's Daughters which have been sent to the *Silver Cross* are records of methods of usefulness which may be useful as suggestions to other circles. Thus, *The King's Workers' Circle* of New Rochelle, N. Y., has been engaged in making "Comfort bags," which are distributed among sailors. These bags furnished with needles, thread, a personal letter on religion and a New Testament, are very welcome to a sailor on a voyage. *The Odds and Ends Circle* of Morristown, N. J., sent a box to a home missionary in Kansas, in which were useful articles of clothing and house linen purchased and made up by the members of the Circle. In addition they sent bags for the lumbermen containing linen bandages, scissors, buttons, thread, etc., a new Testament, and a copy of Moody and Sankey's Hymns. *The Helping Circle*, of Sturgeon Bay, Wis., has found homes for three orphan children and is helping them in various ways, The *Golden Rule Circle* of Cincinnati, O., has been making fancy articles which when sold realized a sum, a part of which was sent to the Home for Aged and Infirm at Lawrenceville, W. Va. Another part was sent to Mt. Adams to help furnish a room in the Women's and Children's hospital there. Besides this work, the Circle has been making rag carpets for the homes of the poor in the vicinity. *The First Circle* at Fargo, North Dakota, has opened an evening school for Scandinavian and German girls in a room granted free by the Board of Education and is teaching them to read and write English. All these things are done In His Name.

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Y. P. S. C. E. COUNTY CONVENTION.

THE Annual Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of Suffolk County, N. Y., was held at Huntington, L. I., on Sept. 25. Delegates were in attendance from no less than twenty-five towns besides representatives of Societies in several towns of Queen's County. The morning session was held in the Second Presbyterian church and opened with devotional exercises conducted by the pastor of the church, Rev. B. V. Putnam. The Rev. S. T. Carter of the First Presbyterian church of Huntington extended a greeting to the delegates. The Rev. C. E. Hixox of Greenpoint, spoke on Christian service as promoted by the society's pledge. The best way to manage social gatherings was discussed by the Rev. C. A. Stonelake of Aquebogue. Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: Rev. A. E. Colton, Patchogue, president; Herman Hallock, Bellport, vice-president; Miss Sarah Maybee, Huntington, recording secretary; Miss Grace Edwards, Sayville, corresponding sec'y.

The evening session was held in the First Presbyterian Church, and was largely attended. The Rev. William Kincaid, D.D., of New York, spoke earnestly upon the good work being accomplished by Christian Endeavor Societies throughout the country. An address was made by Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., the parent of the organization. He was greeted with hearty enthusiasm. Dr. Clark described to the convention the progress of the Society in England. He was gratified to note the interest manifested in the movement there. It did not seem to be confined to any particular denomination, even the Church of England entering into the work.

GOD'S KINGDOM.

IN the freshness of the morning, in the glory of our youth,
With our hearts alert for service and our souls on fire for truth,
We are coming, we are coming, with this song in every mouth,
God's kingdom marches on.

A highway we are building for the ransomed of the Lord,
With the Cross for its foundation and its arches of the Word:
It shall bridge the widest chasm with the promises of God,
Whose kingdom marches on.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of a Visit to the Famous Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

LITTLE minds often dwell on big things. The children had been reading about the three famous churches of the world—St. Peter's in Rome, St. Paul's in London, and St. Sophia in Constantinople—and had been struck with the descriptions of their wondrous size and beauty and the marvellous richness of the interior decorations. It was with eager desire for more information concerning these noble edifices that they turned to Uncle John, with the usual juvenile confidence in his ability to enlighten them.

"So you are tired running around the globe with me, and you want to go to church this evening?" said the traveller, good-naturedly. "Well, where shall we have the sermon? In Italy, England, or beside the Golden Horn, in the land of the Turk?

"Suppose we take St. Sophia, and, by the way, let me begin by telling you that you needn't look in your calendars for the name of such a saint, because you won't find it."

"How did they give it that name, then?" asked one of the little group, with a puzzled expression.

"The true name of the church is the *Hagia Sophia*, meaning the *Church of the Sacred Wisdom*. It stands near the government buildings and was erected in early apostolic days by Christian worshippers. In the year 531, the Emperor Justinian rebuilt it, employing 10,000 workmen during a period of seven years. Some years later the dome fell in, but it was restored in even greater splendor than before. The decorations were the finest ever known: marbles, granite and porphyry of every hue. So beautiful was it that it was said an angel had inspired the architect and given the model for the structure. Tradition says that in it were veneered planks from Noah's ark. At all events, it was surpassingly beautiful, with courts, vestibules, belfries, galleries, minarets and altars, tiers of pillars and thousands of cords that hung from the lofty ceiling, and from which depended countless lamps, ornaments, ostrich eggs, and globes of polished metal or glass. Of the pillars, eight were from the Temple of the Sun in ancient Baalbec, and eight from the temple of Diana of the Ephesians. It was even said that the four trumpets surmounting the doors were among those blown by the Levites when Jericho fell. Amid all its changes, St. Sophia still retains much of it beauty. It is in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by a vast dome."

"I would like to see it," murmured Ted.

"From the outside you could do that without trouble, but getting inside is quite another matter. I went one day with some friends, and though we had passes and a smart dragoman, our party had a good deal of trouble. We had hardly been in ten minutes, when we were told to leave and roundly denounced by some of the Moslems as 'giaour infidels' and in other terms not quite complimentary. We had happened to choose for our visit a day during the *Ramazan*, when the Moslems were fasting.

"But what we saw convinced us that the splendors of the interior had not been overrated. To be sure, great paintings had been either gilded over or replaced by seraphim representing Israfel, Raphael, Michael and Gabriel, who, Moslems are taught to believe, were the companions of Mohammed. Each had six wings. Now, the pictures of the early Greek church, the mosaics and the crosses were grandly beautiful. They were made in the golden age of Greek art. There is a mosque called *Chora* outside the city, more ancient even than St. Sophia, and strangely enough, the Turks have been so filled with admiration for some of the pictures of those old Christian days in Chora, that they have allowed them to remain, instead of covering them with paint, gilt and whitewash."

THE GREAT CHURCH OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

"Why did they destroy these pictures in St. Sophia?"

"Because the Moslem is by nature a vandal. There is an Eastern proverb to the effect that grass grows no more where the Turk plants his foot,—meaning that all beauty and usefulness perish when he invades. This is almost literally true. When Mohammed II. captured Constantinople in 1453, churches, libraries, paintings, sculptures fell before his ignorant and bigoted followers. For three days the city was give over to fire and sword. All the churches were changed into mosques. It was the same in Alexandria, Cairo, Jerusalem, and wherever the Turk rules. His idea of beauty is gilt and tawdry tinsel. In Sophia, between great pillars, are hung upon green canvass, glaring letters of gold, each letter of huge proportions, giving some Moslem proverb. But spite of all these defacements, I have never witnessed a finer sight than the interior, when it is illuminated with the six thousand lamps, by which one sees the priests kneeling in the half-gloom and listens to the responses made by the devout followers of the Prophet, who are all formed in lines facing toward the East and kneeling upon matting, with their shoes placed in wooden troughs in front of the lines. Their faces all look toward the *Kaaba* or holy house at Mecca. Visitors, too, are compelled to take off their shoes while service is in progress, and slippers are handed to them. There are no chairs or benches, such as we use in our churches.

"The Greeks look forward to the day" continued Uncle John, "when they will again possess St. Sophia. When Mohammed II. rode into this church on horseback, over the bodies of the Greeks who had fallen in its defence, and who lay there by hundreds, he strode up to one of the pillars and struck it with his sword, making a mark which is still shown. Then he reached across and placed his bloody hand on the wall where he left its impress. These were acts typical of the character of the Turk: impious, murderous and destructive. Turkey's power is gradually dying out and the whole world will be better when it is gone altogether."

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A Child's Pertinent Query.

A LITTLE boy on his father's knee, says a writer in the St. Louis *Observer*, asked:

"Papa, is your soul insured?"

"Why do you ask, my son?"

"Because I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured, and your life insured, but he did not believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it. Can't you get it insured right away?"

It was all too true; and the father was led to seek the divine guarantee of his soul's well-being.

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Value of Family Discipline.

WHAT greater or more convincing testimony of the value of training and family discipline could be found than the following from Mr. A. A. Brush, the ex-Warden of Sing Sing Prison, New York?

"Often when I have been asked what are the causes of crime, or what is the particular cause, that sends most of our men to prison;" says Mr. Brush, "I have of late years invariably answered: the want of family discipline.

"The indulgence of the father and mother, who allow the child to grow up without any discipline to form character, leads almost inevitably to evil ways and consequently to prisonn.

"The child, even of tender years, who is indulged in its natural waywardness, and who is allowed to say to its father or its mother, 'I will' or 'I won't,' is in a fair way to become an inmate of our penal institutions.

"Parents are also responsible for the waywardness of their children which leads them into crime, from a practice of deceiving them.

"The intelligent child, when deceived by its parents in small things, is likely to form evil habits, which in its future life will not be easily eradicated.

"This cannot be better illustrated than by the growth of fruit and other trees. If they are allowed in the first years of their growth to become crooked, distorted and out of shape, it is found nearly or quite impossible, in later years, to bring them into symmetry and to make perfect trees of them.

"So with the child. Its early training lasts for a lifetime, and unless there are elements in its character, and will-power to correct its evil bringing up, it naturally grows worse and worse as it grows older."

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WHERE THE NAME WAS GIVEN.

IT was at the ancient city of Antioch that the name "Christians" was first given to the followers of the Saviour. Rev. Theo. W. Harris, of Topeka, Kans., writing in the *Mid-Continent* on the subject, says: "If Paul ever took summer vacations, and he must have needed them, I imagine he would bave rested himself about nine miles east of this Antioch Church. Where this valley widens out into more of a plain, you see before you on a hill a gateway in a ruined city wall. The remains of the wall run north and south for a considerable distance. Passing the gate, you ride for a quarter hour before seeing many people. Then Antakiyeh, a dilapidated mud village of 6,000 inhabitants on the south bank of the river. Everywhere are ruins of houses thrown down by earthquake, and in all directions, mounds that may cover important ruins. Crooked streets. A little local trade. No hotel. Follow the old city wall, which describes an ellipse whose major axis is four miles. Thick walls they were—four-horse chariots used to be driven on their top. Start at the west end of Antakiyeh, follow the line of the wall to the south up a hill, where it turns to the east. Further on is a background of two mountain peaks and the river valley.

"But in reverie I see more—Antioch as it has been. Grand stone temples, basilicas, theatres, baths, and palaces seem to rise out of the dust. Yon island in the river holds a palace, to which my eye is conducted by a magnificent colonnade. Two great avenues, intersecting, divide the rest of the city into quarters. Each avenue is quadruple-columned and roofed with Egyptian granite. Costly statues in every colonnade, paved streets, lined with marble residences, flashing chariots, richly costumed Romans, busy Jewish merchants hurrying between the bazaars,—a right royal city of 300,000 people, third in the Roman Empire. Going north to the gate by which I entered, Bab Bulus, I stand where I surmise there entered Antioch, in 34 A. D., some refugees from Jerusalem. They were Christians, driven from the Holy City by the murderers of Stephen (Acts 8: 1.) Probably within 2,000 yards of here, in the north-east quarter of Antioch, Nicolas, a Christian convert of the city, received them tenderly. A nucleus of believers thus formed, and grew rapidly. Barnabas was sent from Jerusalem as Synodical Missionary, He found so good a field that he immediately sent for Paul. Under the inspiration of two such men, no wonder the Antioch church attracted the gaze of the worldly Antiochians, who dubbed them "Christians."

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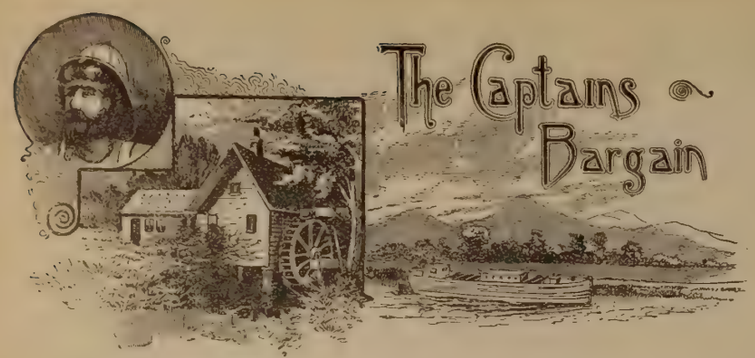
Influencing the Little Ones.

THE most effective religious influence you exert upon your sons and daughters, says the Lutheran *Observer*, does not come from the books you teach them, but from the example you set before them. Your character streams into your children; it enters through their eyes and through their ears every hour. How quick they are to imitate! No photographic plate is more sensitive to the images which lodge there. Your irritation irritates them; your dissimulations make them tricky and deceitful; your malicious gossip sets "their teeth on edge." If you talk "money, money," they will conclude that the chief end of life is to get rich. If you prefer the playhouse to prayer-meetings, they will become lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.



A NEW SERIAL STORY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

[Published by special arrangement with The National Temperance Society.]

(Continued from page 620.)

INDEED, Mr. Murray did not find that he himself was loved any the less, because other love was not repressed. Robert thought there never was such a good father as his. And now the buying was complete, and it was time to set out for Lal's Mountain. Mr. Murray and Robert were to live at the chalet, and the deaf-mute had put the little place in order, and was waiting to receive him. But the last exploit before leaving Philadelphia rendered Robert jubilant beyond description; he laughed until he cried, he laughed until he lay back on the sofa, and made their rooms at the hotel ring with his glee. What was he laughing at? At Jerry.

One of the wildest dreams of Robert's life became a reality. He sent for Jerry to come to the city, and he sent him back a new Jerry, whom scarcely any one recognized. He bought for Jerry a patent leg, with springs so artfully constructed that Jerry was more content than ever with his condition, only this "new leg needed a boot like a Christian," as Jerry put it. Also, Jerry got a glass eye, "a glass eye that looked just like a real one, so that Jerry himself could hardly tell which was real." When Jerry, with a booted patent leg, a glass eye, a new tweed suit, and a head for the first and last time manipulated by a city barber, appeared before Robert, Robert executed a war dance, shouted and shrieked with fun, until his father remonstrated in favor of order; and then the boy rolled on the sofa and laughed until he stopped from sheer exhaustion.

"I never had such fun as in rebuilding Jerry." he declared. "When we went to supper no one stared at Jerry; he looked just like other people. No one would guess that we'd bought nearly half of him at a shop."

"Well, it's time," said Jerry, surveying himself in the cheval-glass. "I'm nearly as good as new. No one would think that me and whiskey had had such troubles. I've got the better of the work of that old black bottle now."

"You should have a coat of arms, Jerry," said Robert. "I will illuminate an original one for you, in red and gilt, if you like, and a little black and blue. I should suggest a bottle, *noir*, prostrate, a Temperance Badge, *d'or rampant*, a pledge, *gules volant*, a few other things, and the motto, 'Rejoice not over me, oh! mine enemy.'"

"Robert, Robert, I fear you are going out of your head again!" said his father.

"There's just one thing more I want," said Robert, "and that I can't have. I would like to see Bop and the twins when Jerry goes into the mill to-morrow morning."

Robert found that there had been another thing which he wanted. At least he wanted it when it was offered to him—and that was a horse. A pair of saddle-horses came round one morning to the hotel for Mr. Murray and Robert. They went to ride them in Fairmount Park.

"How do you like that horse?" asked Mr. Murray.

"He is splendid!" cried Robert.

"I am glad you think so. He is yours. This one is mine. We are going to ride all the way from the city to the cottage at Lal's Mountain. How will you like that?"

"I couldn't like anything better."

"And I am negotiating for the purchase of an interest in a lumber-yard, so that I shall have an opening for you. After another year in school, or two perhaps, you must go into the business and learn it thoroughly from the beginning. No half-way doings for me."

That was a beautiful journey to Lal's Mountain. The world was in all the glory, the sunny warmth, the delicious perfumed air of June. Each mile of the way the scenery seemed to grow lovelier and lovelier. Robert told his father tales of his journeys down the Schuylkill in the barge *Fair-Weather*. Mr. Murray did not now resent these tales. He saw that his son had had a safe and happy childhood, which had moulded him in upright and generous feelings.

Stopping as they chose, to rest and view the scenery, it was the third day when the ride was ended by their reaching the mill. What a change was there. Beyond the mill, on the level, shaded by the big chestnut-tree, rose the new house. On the ridge of the roof sat Captain 'Zekiel, shingling away gayly.

On a scaffolding, at one corner, stood Bop, nailing on clap-boards, with the skill of an experienced carpenter. On the ground stood the reconstructed Jerry, also nailing on clap-boards. Up and down ran the youngest boy, carrying clap-boards to the workers. In the garden, near the beehives, singing to the bees, sat Pink in a white apron, her knitting in her hand as usual. The youngest sister saw them coming, and down the road she dashed, waving her hands, her hair floating out on the breeze. Pink heard the note of joy, and dropped her knitting. Eliza hurried from the kitchen, where she was cooking supper. She came waving a meat-fork, just as when Robert had first seen her, but not now to order off Robert. She would as soon have thought of ordering off Pink or Bop or the twins, as her dear Robert. The cries of welcome echoed up to the new house, and Captain 'Zekiel scrambled from the roof, Bop came nearly headlong from the scaffolding, Jerry dropped his hammer, and the whole family clustered about Robert as bees about a new queen.

They all had supper in the mill-kitchen, and Eliza brought our her best preserves and the fruit-cake which she had kept in readiness. It was nine o'clock before Robert and the Superintendent set off for their cottage, where the deaf-mute was waiting for them, the rooms decked with flowers in festive array.

Then began a joyous summer. Robert helped work on the new house. He nailed on clap-boards, and watched the hanging of doors, and he and Pink did nearly all the inside painting, and under his direction, as he said "it was all the fashion," they stained and varnished a walnut border a foot wide around each floor "to go around the carpets."

"Only, you know, Robert, it will look rather funny before we get any carpets," said Pink.

"Until then," said Robert, gravely, "we will pretend that the white wood part is matting." And they both laughed with delight at this conceit.

As to all that furniture which he had bought, Robert said never one word. He overheard the family planning where they should place their few small possessions in the new house, and he laughed in his sleeve.

At last the house was finished and cleaned. Then Robert announced that the next day would be his birthday, and they must all drop work, and spend it with him at the chalet.

"But, Robert, we meant to move to-morrow," said Eliza.

"Oh, put off moving for a day, can't you, mother? I shall take it very hard of you if you do not spend with me the first birthday I have ever kept."

"I knew that remark would fetch 'em," he said, in gleeful confidence to his father.

It fetched them. They all came up the hill and spent the day, and had a very merry time.

During the day several loaded wagons stopped at the new house, and the Britt family went there in a very free and easy fashion. They set the new furniture in place, and brought in and distributed all the things from the living-rooms at the mill. Curtains were put at all the windows and carpets were laid.

When the Allens at nightfall came home, they went into the new house to take a look, and could hardly believe their eyes. It was furnished throughout. In the parlor was the organ, a music-rack, music, a little book-case, some books, pictures on the walls, a black sofa, and some cane-seat chairs around a nice table. Eliza's kitchen-ware was in the new kitchen. At the back door waited a hogshead of new crockery.

"It looked," said Captain 'Zekiel, "just as if some other people had moved in while they were gone and meant to live there."

"It looked," said Bop, "just as if they owned Aladdin's lamp. Was there anything else they could wish for?"

No. Bop did not think there was.

"They were so rich, they felt like kings and queens!"

They slept in the new house that night; that is, they sat up and walked around and talked and looked, and Captain 'Zekiel rubbed his hands and said over and over again:

"Oh, what bad bargains I make; don't I, 'Liza? There was Jerry, and there was Robert. But Robert—I should have carried off to the poorhouse, shouldn't I Liza? Oh, a Bad Bargain was Robert!"

"The Bargain you made about Robert was the best bargain you ever made in your life, 'Zekiel."

"So it was," said Captain 'Zekiel, seriously. "If it had not been for that bargain I made about him, by now I should be in a drunkard's grave, and you and the children would be scattered 'most anywhere, having hard lines, all of you. I did not see my danger then. I felt that there was no danger, but now I see where I stood. I was loving the drinking more and more each day, and was going down-hill just as fast as I could."

"Why, father," said the twin-boy, "you don't mean to say you could ever have been a drunkard, do you?"

"Yes, I do. Take warning! Any man may become a drunkard who begins to drink at all. True, he may not, but the chances are very heavily against him. There is one safe way—the way of total abstinence."

"Hold on there, Captain," cried Jerry, "even that is not always a safe way. I didn't find it so. I never drank a drop, but I lost a leg and an eye along of drink, though to look at me now you might not think it."

"Come right in and go to bed," said Eliza. "It is nearly two o'clock in the morning. The idea of you boys turning somersaults over a brand-new carpet!"

"It's the carpet and the house and all the other things which make us so happy," cried Bop, and he and his brother, followed by Jerry, marched up to bed singing uproariously.

"They'll have the roof down with their noise," laughed Eliza.

"It is a strong roof, and the song is a good song," said Captain 'Zekiel; "but, 'Liza, you and I are older, and the song we feel to sing is a different song, 'The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage,' and 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?'"

"And there is another, Ezekiel," said Eliza, laying her hand on his arm; "a song which belongs to you, for you always had a generous heart, doing good as you had opportunity—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days'; 'Blessed are they that sow beside all waters.'"

And, at last, silence and sleep fell over the new home.

All the neighborhood rejoiced in the improved fortunes of the Allens, and in the happiness and restored health of the Superintendent.

The history of Robert was a beautiful little romance let into the commonplaces of Lal's Mountain.

It seemed that now all things would prosper with Captain 'Zekiel. He found business improving. The summer hotel with its guests promised to be a source of revenue.

The first trip of the new *Fair-Weather* was an event. All the people from the tourists' camp went. For some days the boat was crowded every trip. Men, women, and children—all wanted to go to Lacy in the steam-barge. Also, it was chartered by the artists for longer excursions.

In the new, white house, which had been the ideal of her days, Mrs. 'Liza lost her care-worn look and took a fresh lease of life. She woke in the morning, she slept at night, without being burdened with that terrible mortgage.

Captain Allen had now his laugh and joke for everybody. He had always been cheery, now he was simply hilarious.

"There is one thing more I am thinking of, Mrs. Allen," said the Superintendent. "I want to send Pink to a good school for two or three years. Yes, yes, it is altogether better that Pink should have advantages that she cannot get here. We will find her a school near Philadelphia. I have given you half of Robert, I think you must give me half of Pink."

"It seems only fair play," said Mrs. Allen with a laugh.

"I shall have a fine time next winter," said Mr. Murray. "Once a month, Robert, you will come home from Friday afternoon till Monday and once a month Pink will come in the same way. I shall give one of my rooms to Pink and call it by her name. But I shall not have you both home the same week, mind you. That would be a feast one week and a famine the next. I shall have my company by installments, so I will not be too lonesome."

"All right," laughed Robert and Pink.

It was through "The Captain's Bargain" that fairer fortunes came to all the Captain's family. "There is that giveth and yet increaseth."

And three or four years later, when Robert was a diligent young man of business in the city, his father said to him, one day, of some new venture:

"I made a deal of money by that, Robert. You will be a rich man. What will you do with your fortune?"

"Father," said Robert, "you remember how you used to pass the old mill and lean down from your horse, and hand me toys or boxes of candy and say, 'What will you do with them?' What did I use to say?"

"You used to say, 'Half for Pink,'" said his father.

"Well, I haven't changed my views yet," said Robert.

"All right," said his father; "only remember that we are all only stewards and leaseholders of God, and we should say of what we have, 'All for Heaven and for Humanity.'"

THE END.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

To Begin in No. 41 of "The Christian Herald."

IN number 41, of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, will begin the publication of a new Serial Story of great dramatic power and thrilling interest, entitled:

"ALEPH, THE CHALDEAN;

OR, THE MESSIAH AS SEEN FROM ALEXANDRIA."

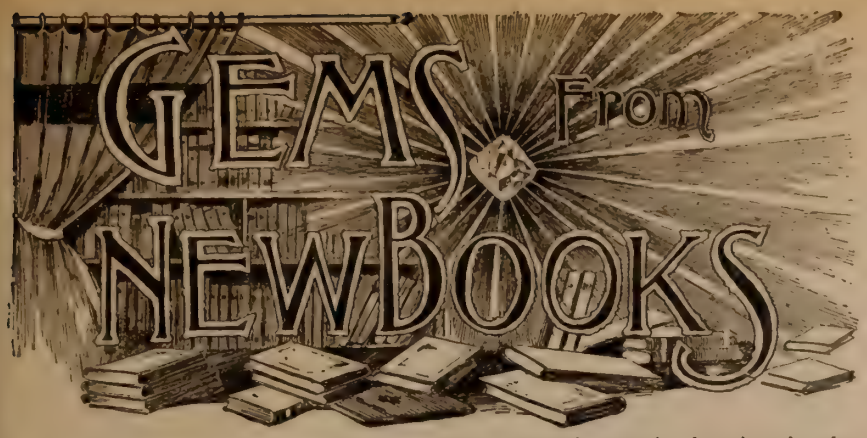
The author is that distinguished writer on Biblical Times and Topics, the Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D., LL.D. The exclusive right of the serial publication of this remarkable story, which is declared by leading critics to be equal if not superior to "BEN HUR," has been secured by THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

The story deals with events in the time of Christ and is of transcendent interest and attractiveness to all Christian readers. Pictures of domestic and public life in the First Century of the Christian era, when all Palestine and a part of Egypt were under Roman rule, are given with rare vividness; the various types of races to be found in Alexandria, then the greatest city of the world, are set forth with a master pen, and the conflict of the adherents of rival deities and creeds then raging is graphically described.

Aleph, a young student, comes from Chaldea to Alexandria, where he is astounded at the shallow morality, superstition and idolatry that prevail. Here he first hears, from travellers returned from Palestine, of the Messiah born in Bethlehem. The gradual growth of the Christians throughout Egypt; their bitter opposition by the fanatical fire-worshipers and the Alexandrian Jews; their perils and privations, and their persecution by the Romans and by *Simon Magus* the magician, are all portrayed with the fidelity of a series of photographs from life.

Specially attractive and noble are the personalities of *Seti*, the priest, *Rachel*, the beautiful "Gem of Alexandria" and *Cimon*, the Greek, the friend of *Aleph*. The pageantry of Rome's armies, the excitements of the gladiatorial arena, the peril of *Aleph* in a dungeon, whence he is to be thrown to the lions, and the long line of afflictions to which God's people were subjected, finally ending in the abasement of their persecutors, together constitute the elements of a powerful narrative, which is historically and archæologically a mine of valuable information.

But the great and surpassing spiritual interest in the story centres around the Saviour's life and ministry, as reflected from distant Palestine, their influence upon the Egyptian metropolis and the gradual spread of the belief in his doctrine. The subtle charm of the story, pervading it at every page like a delicate perfume, is a lofty spirituality which, no less than the high literary ability it displays, must make it exceedingly popular among the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.



MAN'S HISTORY.*

Women as Early Christians.

AMONG the western tribes, when they advanced on the south of Europe in their hostile excursions, and at last effected settlements in Gaul and Italy, and took the place of the old inhabitants, the women continued still to prevail in the council and in war, and to sway the minds of their countrymen to newer views and enterprises. And it was this same deep-laid sentiment which in after ages—a thousand years from the period I have been particularly describing—gave birth to knight-errantry and all those extravagances of romantic exploit which have taken the name of chivalry. This is regarded as a very curious exhibition of manners, and the true source of that high estimation of the female sex which is claimed for modern times; but I believe this to be a mistake, and that these were but the extravagances, or rather the affectations and absurdities, which sprung out of a just and natural sentiment which had prevailed for ages among this race of men, and had exhibited some of its most beautiful and interesting features before either knights or troubadours were heard of: the tribes (these were chiefly German) which in the fifth century of the Christian era overran Gaul and Italy, and at last sacked Rome itself, were distinguished by this noble characteristic. And it has justly been regarded as the main cause which led them to embrace so readily, as they are known to have done, the Christian religion. We know not exactly how far women here led the way; but certainly it could be considered no way discreditable, either to the faith or the understandings of those rude converts from the wilds of Germany, if those same women whom they so highly venerated, and to whose admonitions they often lent a willing ear in the affair of battles and sieges, were now also the first often to incline them to embrace that mode of faith and worship.

The Phœnicians.

The Phœnician race, with which to some extent I class the modern Spaniard, was at one time not destitute of vigor. Herodotus informs us that at an early period they circumnavigated Africa; and there are traditions of their having visited the Madeira Islands, perhaps the Azores: conjecture only can affirm that they touched, in their navigations, this continent. They had the instinct of trading deeply laid in them, a fine propensity when regulated by moral principle, but infinitely more degrading than the military genius when it is not. It has been observed that, wherever a people has been corrupted by sheer traffic, when they fall they fall forever; they are incapable of redemption: fraud is a cancer which is incurable in individuals or nations. The Phœnician race became proverbial for this trait, as everyone knows, among their neigbors: *punica fides* meant the absence of good faith, downright treachery. I am sorry to be obliged to trace a considerable portion of the American lineage to this stock, but the fact cannot be concealed.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.†

"THE ROCK is divided from the mainland by that low spit of sand. It is only a few hundred yards wide, and the sea goes round at the back of it and along the other side of the spit, so anything coming to attack it must advance along the spit under the fire of the guns. That building standing upon the hill above the town is the old Moorish castle, and there are plenty of modern batteries scattered near it, though you can't see them. You see, the Rock rises sheer up from the spit, and it is only on this side, close to the water's edge, that the place can be entered. The weak side of the place is along the sea face. On the other side the Rock rises right out of the water; but on this side it slopes gradually down. There are batteries all along the water's edge, but if the place were attacked by a fleet strong enough to knock these batteries to pieces, and silence their guns, a landing could be effected. At the southern end the rocks are bolder, and there is no landing there. That is called 'Europa Point' and there is a battery there, although you cannot make it out from here."

Bombarding a Man-of-War.

By this time the drum was beating to arms in the vessel below, the shots fired having given the alarm, and lights were seen to flash along the decks. In two minutes the great guns were loaded and these opened with a fire of grape upon the deck of the vessel, which was near enough to be distinctly seen by the glare of the blue lights. As the first gun was fired, an answering flash came from the sea as the frigate also opened fire. For five minutes the guns were worked fast; then two lights burst out in close succession ahead and astern of the barque.

"Cease firing grape; load with round shot!" the lieutenant shouted; but a moment later a loud cheer broke from from the English sailors as, by the lights of the boat, the Spanish ensign was seen to run up to the peak of the barque, and then at once to fall to the deck again. The barque had surrendered.

"Now, gunner, spike the guns!" the lieutenant ordered, "and then tumble them off the carriages."

The sailors fell in and marched back to the huts. . . . In a short time the defeated Spanish prise was alongside the frigate, and Mr, Rawdon came aboard to report.

"The ship is the *San Joaquin*, sir, mounting twenty-four guns with a crew of 220 men. Her casualties are heavy. The men had just poured up on deck it seems when the battery opened fire. The captain, first-lieutenant and fifty-six men are killed, and there are forty-three are wounded. We have no casualties."

A GRATEFUL SHEIK'S OFFER.‡

"MULEY," said the sheik (to his European captive), "you have done us a great service. I acted upon your advice and it has turned out well. You have shown that you are a brave fighter as well as one strong in counsel. I have no son, and if you are willing to accept the true faith, I will adopt you as my son and you will no longer be a slave but one of the tribe."

Edgar was silent for a moment, thinking how he had best couch his refusal in terms that would not anger the sheik.

"I am grateful for your offer, sheik," he said, "which does me great honor, but were I to accept it I know that even in your eyes I should be viewed with contempt. Honorable men do not change their religion for profit, sheik; you were born a follower of the prophet; I was born a Christian. We both believe what we were taught as children; it is in our blood and cannot be changed. Were I to say the words that would make me a Mohammedan, you know well that I should say them with my lips and not with my heart; that I would be a false Mohammedan as well as a false Christian. I could as easily change the color of my skin as my religion and you in your heart would be the first to condemn and despise me, did I do so."

The sheik sat for some time in silence.

"You are right, Muley," he said at last. "A man cannot change his religion as he can his coat. I did not think of it when I made the offer. But, as you say, I would rather die a thousand deaths than abjure Mohammed; and though I now think you worthy to be my son, and to become a sheik after me, I might not think you worthy did you become a renegade."

**The Natural History of Man:* by Alexander Kimiont; J. B. Lippincott Co., Publishers, Phila., $1.00.

†From *Held Fast for England*, by G. A. Henty, Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

‡From "*The Dash on Khartoum*," by G.A. Henty. Charles Scribner's Son's, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Story of the "Imitatio Christi," by Leonard A. Wheatley, New York, A. C. Armstrong & Son, Publishers. A remarkably interesting account of the life-work and writings of Thomas a-Kempis.

David Brainerd; the Apostle to the North American Indians, by Jesse Page. Fleming H. Revell, Publisher, New York and Chicago. 75 cts.

Who Wrote the Bible? By Rev. Washington Gladden, Houghton Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston. 16mo. $1.25. A book for the people.

The Business of Life, by the author of "How to be Happy though Married." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers, $1.25.

The Sabbath in Puritan New England, by Alice Morse Earle. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers. $1 25.

The Acts of the Apostles; by Rev. G. T. Stokes, D.D., A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, Publishers. One of the series of *The Expositor's Bible.* $1.50.

Austin Phelps: A Memoir, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers, $2.00. A biography of remarkable power and interest, of a Christian father by a gifted daughter.

As it is in Heaven, by Lucy Larcom. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, Publishers. The view of the other life as taken by a poetic and highly spiritual nature.

Abraham Lincoln, by Carl Schurz. An essay originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly.* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. $1.

Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. The career of a famous Japanese missionary.

The Encyclopædia of Missions. A Thesaurus of Facts. Historical, Statistical. Geographical, Ethnological and Biographical; with Maps, Bibliography, and Statistical Tables. Complete in two octavo volumes, cloth. Over 1300 pp. Price $12.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. One of the most important works published in years.

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the blood
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It vitalizes
and enriches
the life-current, and
makes the weak
strong.

Has Cured Others
will cure you.

Donald Kennedy,
Roxbury, Mass.

Dear Sir: I took your Medical Discovery for one year for Scrofula on my knee. When I began I was told by the Doctors my limb would have to be amputated, but it cured me. Well, that was 13 years ago and no signs of it since. I thought you and the world ought to know it.

Yours very truly,
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Aug. 8, 1891. Edina, Mo.

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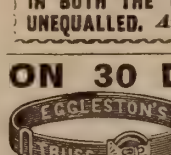

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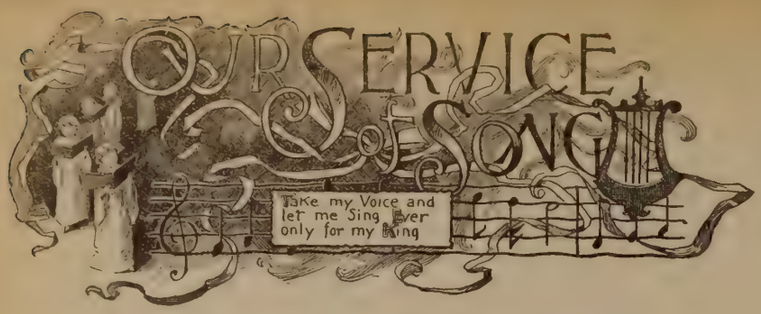
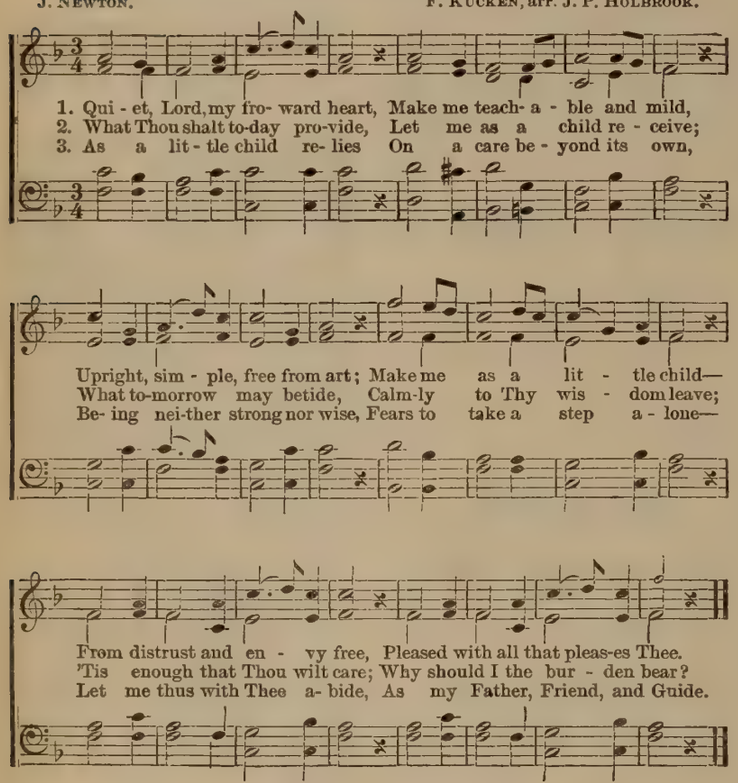


Quiet, Lord, my froward Heart.

"My people shall dwell in quiet resting-places."—Isa. 32: 18.

J. Newton. F. Kücken, arr. J. P. Holbrook.



From Gospel Hymns No. 6, by permission of the Publisher.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ROSARY.

A Prayer For Each Day in the Week.

SABBATH.

SABBATH, rest-day, crown of all the seven,
Give me, Lord, to-day, a glimpse of heaven:
Feed me with the food that angels taste,
Earnest of the everlasting feast.

MONDAY

On the threshold of a busy week,
Lord, Thy guidance and Thy grace I seek:
Use me at Thy pleasure, here or there:
Serving, waiting, I have not a care.

TUESDAY.

Through the tangled business of the day,
Keep me, blessed Saviour, lest I stray;
Lest I lose the golden thread of love
Holding me secure to things above.

WEDNESDAY.

Lord, be pleased to let Thy Love-light shine
With full glory, through this heart of mine
Into some poor, suffering life to-day,
Which would else in doubt and darkness stray.

THURSDAY.

What shall come to-day? O, let me rest
Every care with Jesus and be blest;
Joy or sorrow, all shall work in me,
Be Thy Spirit that which pleaseth Thee.

FRIDAY.

May my conversation be with grace:
Cheerfulness irradiate my face;
Hands be strong for all that should be done
Feet, on Thy sweet errands quick to run.

SATURDAY.

Cumbered with much serving, still I'd be
Mindful of Thy tender care for me;
All I do, done for my Saviour's sake,
Please to accept, my heart's glad offering take.

Days and weeks and years are gliding on:
Soon life's narrow hand-breadth will be run.
May each hour I spend in service here,
In Thy Book, approved, at last appear.

CHANGED INTO THE SAME IMAGE.

(II. Cor. 3: 18; Rom. 8: 28–39.)

FAR off, in a distant quarrry,
Lay a block of marble rare,
Rough hewn, and by man unnoticed,
It had lain neglected there.

At length came the great, good Master,
He knew its intrinsic worth;
"This marble," He murmured, gently,
"Shall witness for Me on earth."

Then day after day unheeded,
For none understood His skill,
He worked on that shapeless marble
The plan of his wondrous will.

With instrument keen and varied,
He sculptured it hour by hour,
Till slowly its pure white lustre
Began to attest his power.

It grew into human likeness,
A man in his best estate;
Then all, as they saw it, marvelled
And owned that the work was "great."

But time passed on, and the Sculptor
Continued his work so fair;
Then men saw, with speechless wonder,
The Master's own image there!

And like it grew, and liker,
As stroke after stroke was given,
Till earth whispered, grave and awe-struck,
"Made meet for the courts of heaven!"

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

Dealers who claim that their preparations are "as goods as Hood's Sarsaparilla," by so doing admit that Hood's is the standard and possesses peculiar merit which they try in vain to reach.

"I see they have put Ivory Soap all over the house. I thought Ivory was a *laundry* soap only."

"Oh, no. Certainly not. You're behind the times. Why, there's no toilet soap, American or foreign, that can be compared with it. It really deserves to be called a complexion soap; and you'll say so after a month's use of it."

(In general, the non-users of Ivory Soap know nothing about it. After a first trial very few persons fail to use it regularly.)

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

G. W. Snell, Chicago, Ill. See answer about Thomas a-Kempis in No. 37 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

., Elizabethville, Pa. Where can I get information regarding Keeley's cure for alcoholism?

Write to Dr. Keeley, at Dwight, Ills.

. S. Clare, Clement's Vale, N. J. What are your views in reference to dancing?

See answer to question in No. 31 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

ohn R. Ferguson, Fredonia, Kan. Infidels say the New Testament was compiled at the Consul of Nice, A. D. 325. Were the copies of the New Testament lately discovered in Egypt as mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, of an earlier date?

We do not know that any copies of the New Testament Books were discovered in Egypt.

. W. Young, New York City. Where can I obtain a copy of the U. S. Census Report?

Write to the Superintendent of Census at Washington, D. C.

. M. S., Damascus, Ohio Authorities which I have consulted, say that the body of Columbus was taken from Havana to Genoa, his birthplace, on July 2, 1887, and there buried. Is this correct? 2. Is the Holy Coat now exhibited at Treves, the coat worn by the Saviour?

1. We have no authentic record of the record of the transfer at hand. 2. An article in last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD sufficiently answers that question.

[rs. H.P. Rundell, Plattsville, Wis. Is the World's Fair to take place in 1892 or 1893?

It certainly will not take place in 1892, but may reasonably be expected to occur in 1893. It was originally intended to hold the Fair in 1892, but the time was found to be too short for the necessary preparation.

W. A., Shermansdale, Pa. Can a member or an elder of the Presbyterian Church, be read out of the Church without a trial, before the Sessions, even if the whole congregation believe him guilty?

We refer you to the Book of Discipline which any Presbyterian minister or clerk of Sessions will show you, for instruction in this matter.

D. Leonard, Burlingame, Lycoming Co., Pa. If God did not forbid polygamy in the time of David, what Scriptural authority have we for believing that he has forbidden it since?

Paul laid down the rule that a bishop should be the husband of one wife. In all the apostolic teachings, the marriage relationship is spoken of as between one man and one woman. Adam received Eve from the Lord as his wife, not as one of his wives. (See Gen. 2:24.) In the fifth chapter of Ephesians, the Church is compared to a wife, the single number being used throughout the simile, implying that a Christian is expected to have but one wife. Polygamy and polyandry were conditions peculiar to barbarism. As nations emerged from barbarism, and as woman rose to her proper sphere in the social and religious life, these conditions disappeared. (See also Eph. 5: 51–33.)

S. S. Wisman, Brooklyn, N. Y. Explain in a simple way how shells are made and give any information concerning the chambered nautilus, and the oyster.

Shells are a calcareous or limy exudation, which begins very early in the life of the fish or insect, and grows with its growth. It is apparent reversion of the usual order of animal life, most animals having the limy or bony skeleton within the body as a support or frame-work, while mollusks use it exteriorly. The chambered nautilus has a spiral symmetrical shell divided into partitions. The thin plates or layers called *laminæ* cross each other abruptly and the siphon or tube occupies the centre of each partition. For full technical description consult a volume on natural history.

Wm. P. Squires, Puyallup, Washington. In what language were the Gospels originally written? 2. How do we know that Christ was crucified, or whether he met his death by strangulation, or was beaten to death?

1. Papias of Hierapolis, a distinguished commentator, who wrote five books between 130 and 140 A. D., says: "Matthew wrote his *logia* in Hebrew and each man interpreted them as best he could." Mark probably wrote in Greek, as he gives in three places the exact words of Christ and then translates them into Greek. (See Mark 5:41, 7:34, and 15:34.) The words used by the Saviour were in Aramaic, a corruption of Hebrew. There are now no manuscripts of the Gospels in existence except those in Greek. 2. History, both sacred and secular, declares that he was crucified, and there can be no question whatever on this point. Death may have resulted either from exposure or heartbreak, certainly not from beating, for not a bone of the Saviour was broken. Nor from strangulation, for at the last he "cried with a loud voice," from the cross. See answer to W. W. in No. 36 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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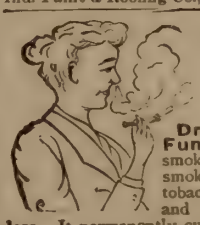

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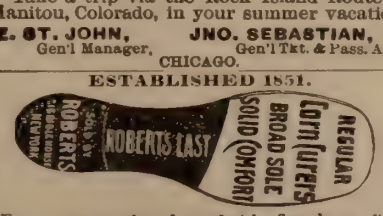

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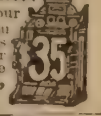

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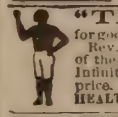

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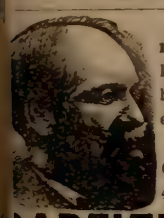

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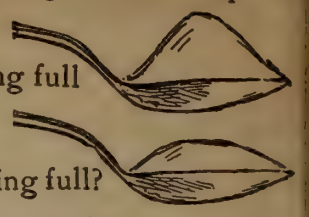

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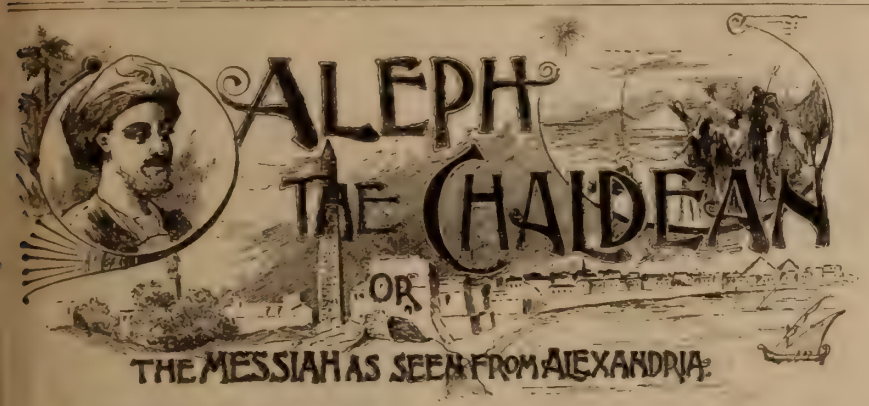


BY REV. ENOCH FITCH BURR, D.D., LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

DOWN THE NILE.

FROM Coptus downward on the dreamy Nile—past innumerable canals with their primitive water-wheels; past populous villages and lordly villas embowered in sycamores and palms; past still more lordly ruins, silent now for many a century; past caravans and pleasure-parties and bodies of Roman soldiery, foot and horse, coming and going on the thoroughfares that closely skirt the river on either hand; past water-craft of all sorts, from skin-buoyed rafts carrying sandstone from Chennu to the Delta up to gay barges carrying travellers to Thebes and the dead Egypt of the Pharaohs; past crocodiles and hippopotami and pelicans sporting in the water, or basking along the muddy shore as so many logs or stones.

Who are moving downward on the dreamy Nile to Alexandria—in a large merchant vessel, whose lateen sail swells gently to the south wind? A large number of persons with whom we have no special concern. Two persons with whom we have great concern, and whose appearance is striking enough to draw much attention from their fellow-travellers, as they stand together watching the ever-changing scene.

Both wear the classic Greek dress, of plain material. The elder, a man of some sixty years, is so Greek in feature that no dress is needed to proclaim his nationality. The other, a young man of perhaps twenty years, has a face of a different type.

And what a face! Is it Egyptian? No. Is it Roman? No. Is it Hebrew? No. As we take our privilege of drawing very near, and of looking carefully at those features on all sides, and even of lifting the abundant brown hair from the broad white forehead that swells so stately over the steady and somewhat austere gray eyes, we would rather say that we are looking on the original type from which all other racial faces have varied, so readily does it express the better elements of all.

Yes, the young man must be from Britain or the Caucasus—and yet he certainly is not from Britain; for that is still a land of savages, and this youth has an air of culture and refinement, which the plainness of his garb cannot conceal. Is it mere fancy? Have I really a sixth sense? There is something about the young man that seems to breathe of lofty plateaus, and mountain summits, and torrents that dash and roar on their way from the clouds to the sea. What does this mountaineer here among the lowlands of the Nile?

He is evidently looking at the country for the first time. Everything seems to interest him much. His companion, as plainly, is by no means an entire stranger to the scene, and yet shows the degree of interest natural to one who is revisiting a country after long absence. The Greek language flows easily between the two; as the elder from time to time points this way and that, and seems to be recalling and introducing old acquaintances, as the vessel slowly glides by object after object.

"It is now more than thirty years," said the Greek, whom we will call Cimon, "since I left Egypt; but I notice very few changes—here and there a new quay or villa, or an old palace decorated with new gardens and trees. I once knew who lived in some of the finer dwellings; for example, yonder low castellated building that covers so much ground on the eastern bank. It is very ancient, and the gradual rise of the land from the annual deposits by the river, long since converted the lower story into a dungeon. The Roman proprætor lived here a part of the year. It once belonged to Cleopatra; was given by her to a favorite noble and relative, from whom the Romans took it, as being heirs to all the Pharaohs."

The vessel, from some cause, now approached the palace they were observing, and the two men walked to the right side of the boat for a closer view. While standing here and noticing various points of a structure that was now seen to be a fortress as well as a palace, they became aware of a man standing by their side.

"You seem interested in this place," he said in a grave but courteous tone; "can I give you any information about it? I happen to be particularly well acquainted in this neighborhood."

They had turned to see a man of majestic stature and mien, far advanced in life, but still erect as a palm and keen-eyed—as thoroughly Egyptian in his look and dress as Rameses the Great.

"I see that you are strangers, and *not* Romans," he added apologetically, "and old age likes to speak of the past when it can do so safely." And he looked around as if to assure himself that they were alone.

Cimon politely thanked the Egyptian, and said that he had just been telling his young

(*Continued on page 643.*)

THE CITY OF ALEXANDRIA IN THE TIME OF CHRIST.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A STOUT GRASP.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon from the text: *"And his hand clave unto the sword.* II. Samuel 23 : 10.

A GREAT general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host: "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar.

O my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two-edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth, and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the Book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the Book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the Book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A Book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this Book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This Book is the friend of all that is good, and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in the cell of a Western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says, "every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar!'" This Bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of

THE MADAGASCAR MARTYRS.

nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing; from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen."

As I look at Eleazar's hand I also notice his spirit of self-forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." O my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christian conflict with the spirit of self-abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse, or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anæsthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him, and he said: "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation.

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism, or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was writen—that Conquest of Mexico—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "O my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we endure for Christ. We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping-car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint and all the bandages and all the salve, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazar does not know his hand is hurt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

As I look at Eleazar's hand, I come to the conclusion that he has done a great deal of hard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men—Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines, that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword, the other end of the sword wound-

THE DEATH OF ELEAZAR.

ed him. When he took hold of the sword, the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose-water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of inquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in morocco cases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right name.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergishites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. We want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian Church to-day. The whole tendency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it, until we send apologetic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver-chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palfrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs in only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Eleazar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave to the sword." But after a while they were successful, and then they noticed that the curve in the palm of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They

are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "a minister without charge." They were a heroic race. They had small salaries,and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer-meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick-room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand clave unto the sword."

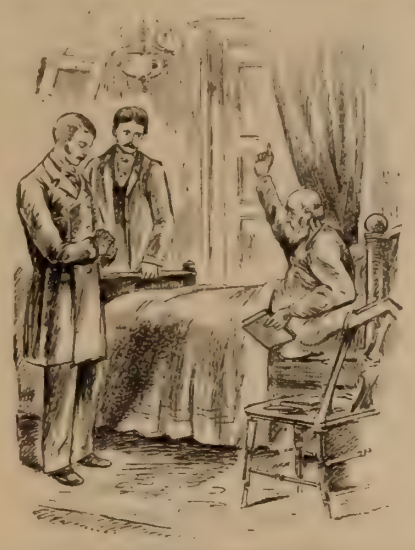
I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early presidents, Madison and Monroe. He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meetings without propping, he would throw his arm around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone, his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said: "Mr, Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said: "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenched with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle-shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, four o'clock. Just three years before that day, my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been home-sick to join her company. He was eighty-three years of age. Ministers of the Gospel came in to comfort him but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow: "I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, and they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet, and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. Ah! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword."

I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react, and while you take the sword, the sword will take you.

You noticed that the officers of the Northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of the Southern army assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to recount their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sleeve, and says, "There, I was wounded; I have had no use of that limb since the gunshot fracture." O my friends, when the battle of



A DEATH-BED EXHORTATION.

life is over, and the resurrection has come, and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars of bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look at those scars. Ignatius will be there, and he will point out the place where the tooth and the paw of the lion seized him in the Coliseum, and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of flame from Constance. M'Millan, and Campbell, and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the daggers of the Sepoys struck them. The Waldenses will be there, and they will show where their bones were broken on that day when the Piedmontese soldiery pitched them over the rocks. And there will be those there who took care of the sick and who looked after the poor, and they will have evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with his scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say, "You suffered with me on earth; now be glorified with me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant, and St. John will play: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

But what will your chagrin and mine be if it shall be told that day on the streets of heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toil and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once grasped the sword so firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together, and the hand clave to the sword. O my Lord Jesus, rouse us to thy service.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with the eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

ALEPH, THE CHALDEAN.

(*Continued from first page.*)

friend Aleph that the structure before them was once a royal residence.

"That is so," said the old man; "not only a residence of the Ptolemies, but also of our native kings. You see that the material is stone from Syene, and that the style of building is old Egyptian. It passed to the Ptolemies with the crown of the Pharaohs, but was restored to a direct descendant of the old owners as an act of justice by Cleopatra. For a generation it continued in his family; but at last the Roman governor took a liking to the place and took it. The Romans are apt to take what they like."

"Not a very uncommon thing for conquerors anywhere to do," said Cimon. "Perhaps the site of this very palace was taken without purchase or leave by the Pharaoh who built it, from a weak subject or from another defeated Pharaoh."

"I think not," decidedly said the Egyptian. "I could show you papyri and parchments in the Serapeum proving that the property has been in the possession of the same priestly family to which it now belongs almost as long as we have been historically a people; and that, you know, is a great while, and nearly connects us with the time when vacant Misraim was divided among our fathers."

"Certainly," said the young man whom we have heard his companion call Aleph, "no people between this and the Pillars of Hercules holds its land by so ancient and original a tenure as does the people of Misraim. The Egyptian is older than the Roman, older than the Greek; indeed, was wise and powerful ages before Rome or Greece was born. And, if I mistake not, there is no tradition, nor other reason for thinking that your fathers dispossessed any other people. They must stand as original proprietors. If immemorial posession, without hint of wrong, does not give a just title, the world knows of no such title, whether the party be a nation or individual."

"That seems to me well said," came slowly from the old man, as his eye rested on the ingenuous face of the youth. "We came to the valley of the Nile so early that we did not have to inhabit at the expense or any other nation. We may be said to hold our country directly from the immortal gods."

"You say we *came*," said Cimon. "So, in your opinion, this was not the original site of the Egyptians. From whence do you suppose them to have come,and at how early a period? For my part, I have no doubt that you were here, and were here as a great and accomplished people, long before the Greeks, or even the Phænicians, had any political existence."

"Your question would be variously answered among us," returned the Egyptian. "Some would claim for our past hundreds of thousands, and even millions of years; would say that such a civilization as ours was at the date of our oldest monuments could not have ripened from that savagery and even brutality which they fancy to have been the primitive human condition in anything short of such immense perlods. But such is not my view. I see that your are surprised at this!"

"Not surprised that you reject the brute-origin of mankind," returned the Greek; "for that seems to be contrary to the feeling and faith of all nations; but rather surprised that you do not share what I have supposed to be the fashionable opinion among Egyptians as to their immense antiquity, and what would naturally be to you a very pleasant opinion."

"No opinion is pleasant to me," replied the old man, slowly shaking his head, "for which I can see no reasonable foundation. Manetho, our only extant historian, was an ancestor of mine. I have his original manuscripts, entire, and am satisfied by the careful study of them and of the palace register of Thebes that his earlier dynasties were largely contemporaneous. No; from two thousand to three thousand years are enough to account for our whole history, monuments and all, if we suppose the nation to have been originally gifted and far advanced in civilization on their coming into the land."

"May I ask from whence you suppose them to have come?" inquired Aleph.

"That is a very broad question at its broadest; and the broadest is what I see in the depths of your eyes. There has been but one tradition among us on the subfect, and it is like the tradition of all these western peoples. They look toward the sun-rising. Our fathers entered the land from the north, after journeying from the east. From what part of the great east, do you say? My answer is that Seti the aged is the son of the youth who now stands before me. His is the primitive stock. Caucasian Chaldea is the cradle of the nations. And if you go on to ask whence that cradle and primitive stock, I have to tell you what primitive Egypt thought and said—that Amun Re, the eternal, almighty, and all-wise Spirit, made the stars and the world, and the first parents of us all. That your Democritus and Epicurus," added the Egyptian, looking archly at Cimon, "should have taught differently! They should have visited us three thousand years ago and taken lessons. They would have steered their way more successfully among the snags and breakers of thought. For the stream of history is like the Nile—broad with us, and not without its monsters as well as fertilities, but beginning small and beginning very high among mysterious mountains. I speak with confidence; for I feel that, owing to certain circumstances, I stand on higher ground than most observers do,and can see farther across the centuries. The horizon is distant, but I can see that there is a horizon, and that it sweeps high among the clouds."

At this moment a Roman officer, who had been lying intoxicated behind some boxes, but was now sufficiently recovered to be miserable and quarrelsome, came somewhat unsteadily toward them. They were standing with their backs toward him; and, noticing their plain garbs, he was, perhaps, encouraged in his thought of mischief. Coming up to the Egyptian he struck him a smart blow on the back with the flat of his sheathed sword sword which he carried in his hand.

"Ha, old mummy,did you never see a Roman before?" as Seti turned suddenly toward him. "Improve your opportunity. But you will have an opportunity to feel a Roman as well as to see him if you do not at once find the skipper for me. Come, hurry off, old fellow!" and he raised his sword as if for another blow.

Aleph stepped between. "It is more fitting that I should do your errand, if it must be done. You see that I am a young man," said he, fixing a steady eye on the haughty and inflamed face before him.

"Who are you who dare to stand between a Roman and his will?" cried the officer furiously, his hand still uplifted.

"Let it suffice you that we are peaceable people, moving quietly about on our own private affairs, as Roman law and custom entitle us to do. Do you understand?"

"I understand that if you do not stand away from between Rome and Egypt, the Caucasus will suffer," and the madman began to draw his sword.

"Listen," said Aleph with composure and emphasis. "You had better not. You have a superior officer, and we are going to Alexandria. I call all these people to witness (by this time many had gathered about) that this quarrel is not of our seeking."

"Dare you threaten a Roman commander, you beardless cub! By the immortals, you shall see what I dare," shouted the man, as he plucked his sword from the scabbard.

"You shall not," said Aleph; and, snatching a large bundle from a by-stander, he thrust it into the face of the Roman. It burst and enveloped the man in a cloud of pelican feathers, which a Jew had been collecting for the rag-market of Alexandria. Before his assailant could recover himself and sight, Aleph had thrown his arms about him, secured his sword, and, despite his struggles, laid him supine on the floor. Then, without much difficulty, he managed to swathe and bind his arms to his body with his long sword-sash. Looking about, his eye caught a small coil of rope near him; this he drew to himself, and with it fastened the man in a sitting posture to one of the posts that supported the awning. All this was not done without much struggling and cursing on the part of the Roman; but Aleph was perfectly silent till his prisoner was well secured. Then, turning to the spectators, he said:

"In behalf of the general safety, let this man remain as you see him till we reach Alexandria. Wine has made him dangerous; and you notice that what has been done, I only have done, and that reluctantly, to prevent something worse."

A cheer flashed out from the faces huddled about, and almost shaped itself on their parted lips, but was suddenly suppressed before anything more than an indistinct murmur had escaped; for their eyes fell on the watchful and infuriated face of the officer. They were prudent people, those passengers. They admired courage; they were glad to see a Roman put down; but they were not ready to sacrifice safety to sentiment. So, instead of cheering, they compromised and fell to laughing at the Jew, who, exclaiming,

"O, my feathers, my poor feathers! Ah, father Abraham, I am a ruined man this day; what will become of me!" crept about on his hands and knees, trying to collect as much of his volatile property as possible.

(To be Continued.)

CHRIST'S COMFORT.

S. S. Lesson for Oct. 25. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 14:1-3; 15-27. Golden Text, John 14:16

EARTHLY comfort and heavenly comfort; how different they are! An earthly comforter can only go over and over again the circumstances of trial, speak words of sympathy truly, and do what is in the limited power of man to do by way of help. But this kind of comfort revolves around the person of the tried one, keeping him in his own atmosphere, reminding him of himself, and arousing and maintaining the self-pity which drags down and keeps down to earth. Thus the Jews sought to comfort Martha and Mary concerning the death of their brother, Lazarus. It was kindly meant; but they could neither bring back Lazarus from the dead nor fill his place in the family, nor yet explain to the sisters the dealings of the Lord Jesus, which so perplexed them. This earthly sympathy left them where they were. Heavenly comfort springs from him who was divinely anointed "to comfort all that mourn," and who never deputed this office to another until he promised, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth."

With all the authority of his vocation as Comforter, our Lord and Master says, "Let not your heart be troubled." Before he had finished his discourse he said plainly; "In the world ye shall have tribulation." The ground for an untroubled heart is not the absence of sorrow or of trial, but

The Presence of Jesus in It;

"Ye believe in God, believe also in me." "Ye shall weep and lament;" "Ye shall be sorrowful" (John 16:20); "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." "Nevertheless, let not your heart be troubled, believe in me, trust me, my hand is in the mainspring of all that happens, and I am making all things work together for good to them that love God." Trusting him your heart will be unruffled in all circumstances. You will know that the real end which the Master has in view could be attained in no other way.

The world's comfort to the sinner is "You are not worse than others, not half so bad as many, and there are many excuses to be made for you, you have been placed in very disadvantageous circumstances, etc." But all this leaves the heart still troubled. God's comforter is "the Spirit of truth," who convinces of sin instead of excusing it, and then takes of Christ and shows the sinner how, by believing in Jesus, his sin, which God can never excuse, can be forgiven cleansed and put away.

Man's Comfort

to a believer under the power of temptation consists in reminding him that he is not alone in his fall, many fail in a similar way, he must not put the standard too high. But this kind of comfort leaves the conscience, if tender, as ill at ease as before; and if it is not tender, then this earthly comfort hardens the conscience, and interferes with the truest relation with God which must always be on a basis of the strictest truth. "If God's standard is too high, then God is a tyrant to expect impossibilities; the failing believer is more righteous than he.

God's comfort to his fallen child is on quite another line, "Only acknowledge thine iniquity" (Jer. 3 : 13); If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to deliver us from all unrighteousness" (1. John 1:9). Man's comfort leads the fallen to compare himself with others to his own advantage, so that self-complacency stretches like a plaster over the sore without healing it, and the heart is not at rest, but is more estranged from God than before. But the fallen believer who lets God humble him, and make him see sin as it is in God's sight, finds himself even in his very brokenness, nearer to God than ever before. He may have lost his confidence in himself, and be grievously disappointed in himself, but he understands the grace of his God in Christ "to the unthankful and the evil," and he knows the power of the blood of Christ to cleanse him in such a way that an unruffled peace takes possession of him, and his heart is no longer troubled. A child of God may be visited with some

Sore Bereavement.

Man's comfort is simply to condole with him, to speak of how hard it is to bear, As it could not have happened without God's permission this implies that God is cruel, although few go so far as to say so. God's comfort to his children, in bereavement is always the resurrection and the coming of the Lord. Our loved ones are coming again with him (1. Thes. 4 : 13-18). Then also their death is both a sleep, and a sowing for the resurrection. In spirit they have died with Christ and are risen with him (Col. 3: 13), and now in body they must be sown in death that God may give them "a body as it shall please him;" a glorious body. And moreover the Lord himself fills the void which is made by the loss of the loved one who is gone before. Is it a husband whom he has taken, then he is the God of the widow. Is it a brother, then he is not ashamed to call us brethren. Are both parents gone? Then "I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you." God's comfort attracts the mourner from himself, and in the solid good which must come of the seeming evil, the knowledge that for the one fallen asleep it is "far better" to depart and be with Christ the trouble goes, and the heart rests in God.

A loss in business, a calumny, trial in the family, when seen in an earthly light according to man's way of comforting, trouble the heart and wear the nerves; but the child of God who believes in the Shepherd-care of Jesus, who owns no property but for him, who holds reputation, family, all for him, can rest untroubled in the conviction, "What God wills is right; I will with God, and therefore what is right for him is right for me."

The obedient heart rests untroubled. "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will pray the Father and he shall send you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever." The Holy Spirit cannot comfort us in disobedience. The very essence of his comfort consists in making known to us the will of God, showing us that it is "good and acceptable and perfect," (Rom. 12: 2), and manifesting Christ in us to do his will. The Holy Spirit cannot be in us without working in us the indwelling of Christ. "The Spirit of truth . . . dwelleth with you and shall be in you," Jesus said, and added, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." What comfort can be greater than the assurance of the Holy Ghost that Jesus in very deed dwells in us by his Spirit? We may be painfully conscious of our shortcomings, of our want of love, of our powerlessness, but the indwelling Spirit brings to our remembrance that Jesus the faithful one, Jesus who is love dwells in us and makes his home in us. "Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the Spirit which he hath given us."

Not because I may have spiritual privileges, does my spirit live, not because I am in fresh air, not because I get the food and exercise I need does my body live. Behind all these secondary causes there lives the true source of life in all my being: because Jesus lives, I live. "At that day," the day of his indwelling, "ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." Impossible to know in mere doctrine or in theory, the indwelling of our God. We know the Holy Ghost

By His Presence.

"Ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." We know also the indwelling of Jesus by experiencing it. When, contrary to our own selfish nature, only love wells up to those who injure us, we know it is not our own spirit, but the spirit of Christ. When the old tendency to assert ourselves, to *be* something and somebody, most strangely ceases, and we find a spirit of nothingness in its place, a shrinking from anything like prominence, or importance, we know that this latter is not us but Christ that dwelleth in us. Yes; "we know that he abideth in us by the Spirit which he hath given us." (1. John 3: 24.) And most surely, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." (Rom. 8: 9.)

There may be others besides Judas or Jude who are ready to ask, "Lord how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?" Many want to know

How it Works.

Jesus honored his word. "If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."

No one ever kept the words of Jesus as he kept his Father's words. He was so one with him that one of the very names he bears is, "The Word of God." (John 1: 1, Rev. 19: 13.) He could no more live without his Father's word than we can breathe without the atmosphere. "But I have such a bad memory," some will say. For this very reason Jesus says, "The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said *unto you*." Whatever is specially meant for each individual, just that will be recalled by the Holy Ghost; therefore "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

IN my Father's house are many mansions. Strive on Christian warrior. Do not be discouraged. Yet a few years, perhaps, and a mansion bright and fair will be yours. Your lot may be a hard one; it may be a difficult matter month after month to meet the rent you must pay for the humble apartments that now shelter you, but soon your spirit will wing its flight heavenward and you will then stand among the ransomed throng of whom the angel shall say, "These are they who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb."

A gentleman inhabiting a beautiful villa on the Hudson invited a friend to visit him. After resting awhile he took him out and showed him about. Beautiful walks, beautiful gardens, beautiful lawns. Barns commodious and convenient. Apple orchard burdened with luscious fruit. Vines weighted. An artificial lake delightful to look upon. His friend was amazed at the luxury and refinement everywhere apparent. They returned to the house and inspected its compartments. The furnishings on the ground floor were fine beyond compare, and repeatedly called for expressions of surprise and congratulation. "Oh that's nothing," replied the host, "wait until you get up stairs." He took him up to the second floor and a scene of bewildering beauty broke upon his gaze. Furniture and curtains the costliest and rarest. Carpets and rugs oriental in richness of texture and design. Frescoings and paintings most precious. A bed soft as down with a canopy representing a starlit sky. With every expression of surprise that fell from the lips of his friend the eyes of the host brightened and kindled and when the inspection was over he said, "That room is for my daughter; she is now in France finishing her education. She knows nothing about this. In fact she does not know that I purchased this property. Next week she starts for home. I shall meet her at the landing, take her up here and install her in her new home. And do you know," he concluded, "I can hardly wait for the time, so anxious am I to see how surprised she will be." Fortunate child! And yet but a faint type of every true child of God. When we have finished our studies here below, and have done the will of our heavenly Father and he sends us word to come up higher, who will be able to describe the beauty, the grandeur, the glory of the heavenly mansion there awaiting us and which Jesus has gone to prepare? For "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Even the spirit of truth whom the world cannot receive because it seeth him not. And there are many professed Christians who have not yet received the Holy Spirit. They cannot understand why they do not enjoy religion, why they are troubled with doubts, why they accomplish so little and are so weak. The solution lies in the fact that they lack the power of the Holy Ghost. They are like watches without a mainspring. Like machinery without motive power. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost?" They do not even know that there is a Holy Ghost.

The other day there was an inspection of one of those monster factories which are the wonders of civilization. It covers acres of ground, seven stories high, with hundreds of windows to let in the light upon the army of industrious workmen employed inside. As we walked in and through the rooms, and went from one story to another, and saw the rolling of pinions, and heard the rattling of the wheels, and felt the vibration of the floor beneath our feet, while the raw material at one end was being, as if by magic, brought out at the other end ready to be worked into a robe for farmer or merchant, peasant or prince, we inquired of the foreman, "Where in the world do you get all the motive power to set this vast machinery into operation." He took us down and out of the building, into a smaller one, where there was but one door and one window to the whole room, but through the open door we saw the great engine moving in silent and majestic power, as it was doing this wondrous work. "There," said he, "is the mighty force that sets the work in motion."

When Hell Gate was to be blown up in order to clear the way to the entrance of the East River, fortunes were expended by order of Congress in preparing for that important event. But all these expenditures and all these preparations effected nothing until Gen. Newton's little daughter pressed the button and fired the fuse. So many Sunday Schools and churches and members have all the paraphernalia for a great work in readiness, and all that is now wanted is a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Let us "tarry at Jerusalem until we are endued with power from on high."

HELEN'S TRIAL.

BY REIS SAMSON.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Oct. 25: "And I will pray the Father and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever." John 14: 16.

OH! I cannot, connot bear it," cried Helen Davis, and she threw herself on the ground, burying her face in the long grass, sobbing piteously. "What is the matter, my child, what is it you cannot bear?" asked a gentle voice, and looking up, Helen saw, through her tears, the sweet face of Miss Lawrence, her Sunday School teacher bending over her.

"Everything, all my troubles, mamma's death," answered Helen in a broken voice.

"Ah yes, I understand," said Miss Lawrence seating herself on the grass and drawing Helen to her. "Poor child," she murmured tenderly, "you have indeed suffered a great loss, an irreparable one, but Jesus will comfort you. He will heal that aching, bruised heart he ——"

"Don't talk to me of God, I don't want to hear about him," interrupted Helen almost fiercely.

"Helen," said Miss Lawrence gravely.

"I don't care, he took my darling mamma away from me; he has left me all alone with no one to love me," continued Helen, choking with emotion.

"Helen, God did not take your mother; her life had come to an end, her work was done, and she simply went home to her Father's house."

"But she was so young. If she had been old or sickly —"

"So it seems to us, dear, but we cannot question God's wisdom. He knows best, and does all things for our good."

"But my trial is so hard," murmured Helen.

"Yes, dear, it is hard, if you are trying to bear it alone, but if you will go to Jesus, and like a tired child, lay your head on his bosom in this your darkest hour, he will comfort you; his love will fill the aching void in your heart."

"Miss Lawrence, please don't talk that way; it's no use, you can't comfort me for mamma's loss."

"True, Helen, no earthly friend can give you rest. God tenderly bring you to that place soon, where in his love and friendship you will find that peace which the world cannot give, and the world cannot take away."

"Miss Lawrence," said Helen, choking back a sob, "Jesus can't help me, you don't know what an aching pain there is in my heart."

"Yes, darling, I do know, but he is all sufficient. He has said, 'I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever.'"

"But he hasn't done it, Miss Lawrence."

"Have you asked him, dear, or have you been rebellious, giving way to your feelings, hearkening to the voice of the evil one."

Helen blushed and hung her head. "O Miss Lawrence, I have been wicked, but I am sorry, and I do want Jesus now."

"Then, dear, the moment you are willing, he will come to you, he will open his arms to receive you. He will send the Holy Spirit to abide with you, to guide you, to teach you, to give you a new life, and in return he asks you to trust him, to love him, to keep his commandments."

"Keep his commandments," repeated Helen, "but they are so many and so hard. I could never do that."

"Dearest, by faithfully performing all your little duties, by loving and serving God, you are keeping his commandments. Helen," continued Miss Lawrence, "will you not kneel with me now, and yield yourself fully to God, let him come into your heart and life as never before. Let him be your Comforter. Say yes, darling."

"Yes," murmured Helen, so together they knelt, and Miss Lawrence poured out her heart in earnest prayer, Helen repeating each word after her. "Now, dear, I must bid you good-bye," said Miss Lawrence as they rose from their knees. God bless you and keep you and bring you into all the fullness of his love."

"Miss Lawrence, I will be good, I feel happier already, and I will trust Jesus," cried Helen throwing her arms around Miss Lawrence's neck, "indeed I will, for I do love Jesus."

After Miss Lawrence left her, Helen walked home very slowly, she had so much to think about. "If ye love me, keep my commandments, and I will send you another comforter," repeated Helen. She was not surprised now that God had seemingly deserted her. Since her mother's death, she had refused to pray, to go to church, to read her Bible. When Lita, her elder sister, came home in the evening tired out, from teaching French at Madame Vinot's seminary, she always found the house dark and cheerless, and Helen lying on the sofa, with red swollen eyes. Helen saw clearly that this was one of the duties she had neglected, but with Jesus to help her, she meant there should be a change. In her anxiety to reach home before Lita, she ran the remaining blocks, she still had half an hour to spare, "just time enough," said Helen, as she ran upstairs to her room. Hastily taking off the heavy black dress, which Lita said made her feel gloomy, Helen put on a pretty, soft, white mull and went down stairs. How dark and cold the dining-room looked, "Poor Lita," sighed Helen, as she drew down the blinds and lighted the gas. "I shall set the table myself. Norah does it so badly."

A little while later, when Lita came into the room she was surprised to find a bright fire burning in the grate, the table set as if for company, fresh flowers everywhere, and Helen standing by the window humming a cheerful song.

"Darling, what is it," asked Lita as Helen turned around.

"O Lita," cried Helen, running over to her, and hiding her face against her, "its Jesus, just Jesus. He's comforting me for mamma, I'm so happy. and I mean to love him and live for him."

"Thank God," murmured Lita, folding her little girl tenderly to her bosom, "if you are good and faithful, he will comfort you as he has done me, for he has promised and cannot break his word."

There were many days of trial, many days of darkness, but Helen never faltered once in her trust. She had truly given her heart to God, and was trying to follow the teachings of the Holy Spirit. Little by little he came into her life, filling it with a joy and peace hitherto unknown, and on her face there came an almost unearthly look, a smile of content, proving to the world that Christ had indeed kept his word, and sent his Comforter to abide with her forever.

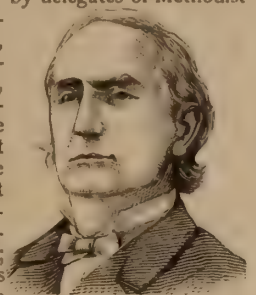
TWELVE MILLION PUBLIC SCHOLARS.

An interesting showing is made by the Commissioner of the Bureau of Education in his report submitted to the Secretary of the Interior a few days ago. The report states that there were enrolled during the fiscal year 1889-1890 in the public schools of elementary and secondary grade 12,686,973 pupils, as against 9,867,505 in 1880. The enrollment formed 20.27 per cent. of the population of 1890. The average daily attendance of pupils on each school day in 1890 was 8,144,938. The total amount expended during the last fiscal year for public school purposes was $140,277,484, as against $78,094,687 in 1888. The expenditure per capita of population in 1880 was $1.56 and in 1890 it was $2.24. The total value of grounds, buildings, and apparatus of educational institutions in 1891 was $72,894,729, a large increase during the year.

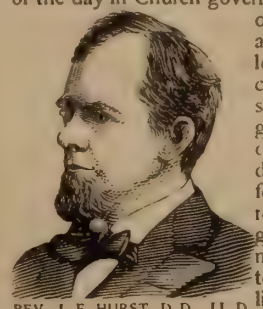
A METHODIST CONGRESS.

It Assembles in Washington and Has a World-Wide Representation – A Great Gathering to Discuss Church Interests.

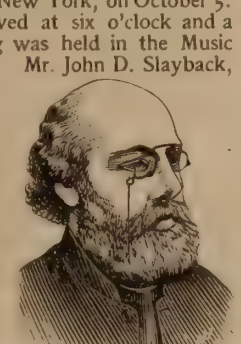
NEW events in religious circles of late years have attracted more general attention than the Methodist Congress or "Ecumenical Conference," which assembled in the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, D. C., on Oct. 7th. It is attended by delegates of Methodist Churches throughout the entire world, and although a voluntary assembly, and not an authoritative body in the usual sense, it is not only a Conference vast in numbers, but of far-reaching importance to Methodism everywhere; since it has for its ultimate object the mutual stimulus and higher efficiency of the denomination in every land where Christianity has a foothold.


REV. T. BOWMAN, D.D.

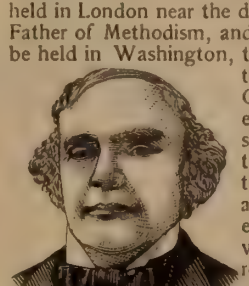
In calling such a Conference, the Methodists of Europe and America have followed in the footsteps of other great ecclesiastical organizations which, recognizing the progressive tendencies of the day in Church government as well as in other matters, have already taken steps looking to the unification of their respective wings of the great Christian body of bridging over divergencies and differences of opinion relative to Church government and methods, and of extending organization lines and fraternal relations.


REV. J. F. HURST, D.D., LL.D.

An enthusiastic reception was given to the visiting delegates in New York, on October 5. A collation was served at six o'clock and a large public meeting was held in the Music Hall at eight o'clock. Mr. John D. Slayback, Chairman of the Reception Committee, presided. Viewed from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD boxes, the scene was an imposing one. Among the ministers were Bishops Hurst, Foss and Wilson; Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Rev. H. T. Marshall from England; Rev. W. Morley from New Zealand; Dr. M. Lelievre from France; Bishop A. Carman and Dr. Briggs from Canada; Dr. T. B. Neely of Philadelphia; Dr. Fisk of Michigan, beside the large contingent of New York ministers.


REV. T. B. STEPHENSON, D.D.

After the opening exercises, the Chairman called upon the Rev. J. M. King, D.D., to make the first address of welcome. Dr. King called attention to the coincidence that the first Ecumenical Council of the Church was held in London near the dust of the illustrious Father of Methodism, and the second was to be held in Washington, the city of the illustrious Father of his Country. The speaker then sketched at some length the history of Methodism in the United States, and concluded with expressions of cordial welcome to the brethren from the other side the Atlantic, and the hope that the approaching Conference would promote the best interests of the Church. Bishop C. D. Foss in the unavoidable absence of Bishop Andrews having briefly seconded the address of welcome the Chairman introduced Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson, the Chairman of the English Wesleyan Conference.

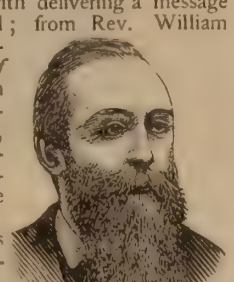

REV. J. P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Stephenson contrasted the magnificent reception which he and his fellow-delegates had received with the cold reception which the two pioneers of Methodism, Wesley and Whitefield, received on these shores one hundred and twenty-two years ago. He congratulated the Church on its wonderful growth and development since that day. The delegates were sure of their welcome now, for they knew there brethren here, and were well aware of their brotherly feelings. The ties which bound the two countries together were growing stronger year by year. Methodism was a heritage of blessing common to the churches on both sides of the Atlantic. It was traced back beyond the Wesleys to its origin on the day of Pentecost. The churches were one in heart and supported by the vast bodies of Christians in both lands, who were determined that the friendship of the two countries should be maintained. This sense of mutual brotherhood was manifested when Americans assembled to mourn the death of Browning and when only the historic fane of Westminster Abbey was thought worthy of the assembly of Englishmen called to lament the death of James Russell Lowell. There had been a time when those relations seemed to be on the verge of rupture, but happily for both lands, there was in the White House at Washington a man whom God had raised up from the soil as he raised Adam, a man of wisdom and power, and on the throne of England the noblest woman who ever sat on a throne, and these two bade the dogs of war be still, until the nations could have time to think calmly and reasonably on the dispute. He thanked God that now no obstinate king and no reckless minister could embroil in war two countries in which three million Methodists on one side and five million on the other, backed by a host of Christians of other denominations called each other brethren.

REV. J. H. VINCENT, D.D, LL.D

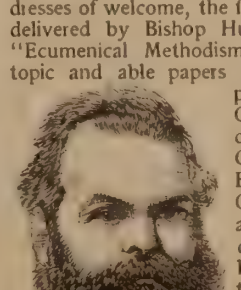
REV. W. X. NINDE, D.D.

At the conclusion of Dr. Stephenson's speech, which elicited round after round of enthusiastic applause, brief addresses were made by Rev. H. T. Marshall the President of the Methodist New Connection Conference, Rev. W. Morley, representing Australasian Methodism; Bishop Carman of the Canadian Methodist Church; Bishop Pettey of the African Methodist Church; Dr. Lelievre from France; and lastly, from Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who, as it was then after ten o'clock contented himself with delivering a message of hearty good will; from Rev. William Arthur the famous author of *The Tongue of Fire*, who had been present at the beginning of the meeting, but owing to his advanced years had retired earlier in the evening.

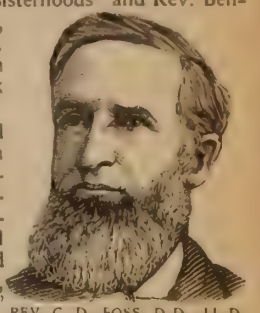

REV. W. F. MALLALIEU, D.D.

We present on this page portraits of several of the more eminent leaders in Methodism who are taking a prominent part in the deliberations of the Conference.

On the opening day, October 7, the introductory sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. Arthur, M. A., after which the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed. The day was devoted to election of officers and addresses of welcome, the first of the latter being delivered by Bishop Hurst. On October 8, "Ecumenical Methodism" was the selected topic and able papers were read by several prominent members. On October 9 the topic discussed was "The Christian Church, its Essential Unity and Genuine Catholicity," and on the following day, Saturday, October 10, the subject taken up was "The Church and Scientific Thought." October 11, Sunday, the delegates attended service, Bishop Newman preaching the Memorial Sermon on "John Wesley."


MR. JOHN H. LILE.

October 12 the fifth day of the Conference, was wholly devoted to the discussion of "The Church and Her Agencies," prominent among the participants in the symposium being Bishop Foster, who described "The Responsibilities and Qualifications of a Preacher," and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A., of the London Mission, Wesleyan Methodist Church, who spoke on "The Religious Press and the Religious Duties of the Secular Press." On October 13, the same topic of discussion was resumed, many interesting papers being read on the subject. Rev. W. D. Wallace, Secretary of the London Mission, Wesleyan Methodist Church, made an address on "Methodist Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods" and Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry, Bishop of the M. E. Church, spoke on "Woman's Work in the Church."


REV. C. D. FOSS, D.D., LL.D.

The topic selected for discussion on October 14, is "Education;" 15, Romanism" and "Temperance;" 16, "Social Problems" and "Missions;" 17, "War and Peace;" 19, "The Church and Public Morality," and on October 20, the closing day, according to the programme, "The Outlook," will be the theme.

From time to time, the portraits and biographies of the most eminent Methodist churchmen here and abroad, as well as divines of other denominations, have appeared in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, whose readers are doubtless familiar with some of the faces we now present, notably Bishops Browman, Ninde, Mallalieu, Goodsell, Newman, Vincent, and Fitzgerald. In a recent issue, we fully described the great charitable work of Bishop Stevenson of London, "the Children's Friend," whose portrait is among the group of those now presented. The Rev. Wm. Arthur, of London, who delivered the inaugural sermon before the Conference is also included.

REV. W. ARTHUR, A.M.

All of the seven Methodist divisions in Great Britain are represented in the Conference. These divisions or sects include the Wesleyans, the Methodist New Connection," the "Primitive Methodists," "Bible Christians," "United Free Methodist Churches," "Wesleyan Reform Union," and "Independent Methodist Church." Besides the foregoing, there are represented the Irish, the Australasian, the South African, and the West Indian Methodist Churches, and the Methodist Church of France. Of the 29 distinct ecclesiastical organizations in the Washington Assemblage, 17 belong to the American section and 12 to the European. The British Wesleyan Churches do not confer the title of Bishop upon any of their pastors or superintendents, as is done in the United States. Instead, government is administered by central representative conferences possessing authority in their respective branches. It is for the most part the leaders in these Conferences who are now representing the Eastern Section at the Washington Ecumenical Council.

REV. HUGH P. HUGHES, A.M.

The four Permanent Secretaries of the Conference are Rev. Dr. J. M. King, New York, Dr. E. B. Ryckman of Ottawa, Ont., Rev. John Bond of London and Mr. Thomas Snape of Liverpool.

The Ecumenical Conference is composed of 500 delegates, 300 being allotted to the Western and 200 to the Eastern Sections, the American contingent being apportioned as follows:

Methodist Episcopal Church,	126
Methodist Episcopal Church, South,	64
African Methodist Episcopal Church,	18
African Methodist Episcopal Zion,	15
Colored Methodist Episcopal,	9
American Wesleyan,	6
Union American Methodist Episcopal,	3
African Union Methodist Protestant,	3
Methodist Protestant,	9
Free Methodist,	3
Congregational Methodist,	3
Methodist Church, Canada,	24
Primitive Methodist,	3
Independent Methodist,	3
United Brethren in Christ,	7
United Breth. in Christ (old Const'n),	2
British Methodist Episcopal,	3

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD,
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SAVE THE CHILDREN.

THE Spartans who threw their sickly children to the wild beasts were merciful compared with that stolid indifference which, in this age, would give up the destitute youth of our country to be eaten up of their own depravity. These so-called ragamuffins are coming up to be the men and women. That spark of iniquity which you might put out with one drop of the water of life, will flame up into a conflagration of every green thing that God planted in the soul, and that which was intended to be a temple of the Holy Ghost will be a scarred and blasted ruin, every light quenched, and every altar in the dust.

That petty thief who slipped into your store and took a yard of cloth from your counter will be the highwayman of the forest, or the burglar at midnight picking the lock of your money-safe, and blowing up your store to hide the villainy. A great army, with staggering step, and blood-shot eye, and drunken hoot, they will come on, gathering recruits from every grog-shop and den of infamy, to take the ballot-box and hurrah at the elections.

The great, hard-knotted fist of ruffianism will have more power than the gentle hand of sobriety and intelligence. Men bloated, and with the signature of crime burned in from the top of their forehead to the bottom of their chin, will look honest men out of countenance. Moral corpses which ought to be buried a hundred feet deep to keep them from poisoning the air will rot in the face of the sun at mid-day. Industry, in her plain frock, with her hand at the spindle, will be unappreciated, while multitudes of able-bodied men will wander about in utter idleness, with their hand on their hips, saying, "The world owes us a living." Oh what a terrible force there is in iniquity when, uneducated, unrestrained and unblanched, it goes on concentrating, and deepening, and widening, and gathering momentum, until it swings ahead with a very triumph of desolation, drowning like surges, scorching like flame, crushing like rocks! Cold indifference meets these desperate ones and says, "What a pity! but it can't be helped." The law meets them and says, "Blackwell's Island and Sing-Sing are the places for you." Fashionable fastidiousness meets them, and gathering up its robes, says: "They are so dirty I cannot bear to have them touch me."

OVER-WORK.

MEN make the mistake of working according to their opportunities, and not according to their capacity of endurance. "Can I run this train from Springfield to Boston at the rate of fifty miles an hour?" says an engineer. Yes. "Then I will run it, reckless of consequences." Can I be a merchant, and the president of a bank, and a director in a life insurance company, and a school commissioner, and help edit a paper, and supervise the politics of our ward, and run for Congress? "I can!" the man says to himself. The store drives him; the school drives him; politics drive him. He takes all the scoldings and frets and exasperations of each position. Some day at the height of the business season he does not come to the store; from the most important meetings of the bank directors he is absent. In the excitements of the political canvass he fails to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken down. He committed suicide by over-work.

THE COMING WINTER.

LET us look forward to the cold season without depression. I never hear the winds gallop but I want to join them. The snow is only the winter in blossom. Instead of here and there on the pond, the whole country will be covered with white lilies. I have seen gracefulness enough in the curve of a snowdrift to keep me in admiration for a week. Do you remember that morning after the storm of sleet, when every tree stood in mail of ice, with drawn sword of icicle? Besides, I think the winter drives us in, and drives us together. We have never had such a time at our house with checker-boards, and dominoes, and blind-man's-buff, and the piano, as in winter. Father and mother said it seemed to them like getting married over again. Besides that, on nights when the storm was so great that the door-bell went to bed and slept soundly, we had more time to read and we revelled in books, and Charles Dickens stepped in from Gad's Hill; and Henry W. Longfellow, without knocking, entered the sitting-room, his hair white as if he had walked through the snow with his hat off; and William H. Prescott, with his eyesight restored, happened in from Mexico, a cactus in his buttonhole; and Audubon set a cage of birds on the table—Baltimore oriole, chaffinch, starling and bobolink doing their prettiest; and Christopher North thumped his gun down on the hall-floor, and hung his sporting jacket on the hat-rack, and shook the carpet brown with Highland heather. As Walter Scott came in his dog scampered in after him, and put both paws up on the marble-top table; and Minnie asked the old man why he did not part his hair better, instead of letting it hang all over his forehead, and he apologized for it by the fact that he had been on a long tramp from Melrose Abbey to Kenilworth Castle. Books associate us with the good and great of all ages.

POLITICS AS A BUSINESS.

WHAT a most unsatisfactory life, the life of professional politicians must be! The vast majority of them go from disappointment to disappointment. For every position there are at least a hundred candidates; hence, of necessity, ninety-nine applicants are disappointed. I do not suppose that all the complaints made up and down the land are founded in unadulterated patriotism. The simple fact is, the disappointment is more than they can bear. By an inexorable law, we cannot have more than six Presidents in a generation. What a discouraging thing to seek the Presidency, when out of the one thousand who think themselves fit for the office, only five men can get it! There is more probability that any of them will be struck by lightning than that they will get to be President. If you, through love of city, or State, or nation, seek official position, go ahead; but if you seek it for a livelihood, or seek it for fun, you make a terrible mistake. Always vote. Always attend the caucus. Always use your best influence for the betterment of the public interest. But he who enters politics as a profession, hoping from it to get famous and high places, is in all probability committing a fatal blunder.

Through all the wards, through all the townships, through all the States, there are people sore of head and sore of heart, cast down and misanthropic The time was when men were so far from office-seeking that they had by penalties to be compelled to take office. The Court of Plymouth, in 1632, enacted that "whoever should refuse the office of Governor should pay twenty pounds sterling unless he should be chosen two years successively; and whoever should refuse the office of counsellor or magistrate should pay ten pounds." No more such compulsion is necessary, and the scramble is terrible, notwithstanding all the peril financial, social, moral and eternal. Macaulay wrote, "Every friendship which a man may have becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics." Thomas Corwin, the great orator of Ohio, said to a man who wanted him to get him official position at Washington: "Accept a clerkship here and you sink at once all independence. I may give you a place to-day and I can kick you out again to-morrow, and there is another man over at the White House who can kick me out, and the people by and by can kick him out, and so we go. But if you own one acre of land it is your kingdom, and your cabin is your castle. You are a sovereign and you will feel it in every throb of your pulse, and every day of your life will assure me of your thanks for having thus advised you." But if you have a mission in public affairs, advance confidently. Whatever our hand findeth to do in any department of social, or civic, or religious duty, let us do it. What we have to do for this world's improvement we must do quickly or never do it at all. Napoleon said that the Austrians failed at Rivoli because they did not know the value of minutes.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

AN eminent clergyman, traveling in the East, wrote home a letter in which he quoted the passage of Scripture about "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." The type-setter, not being very familiar with the Bible, mistook the "going" for the word "gong." We could scarcely believe our eyes when we read about the sound of a *gong* in the tops of the mulberry trees. We did not believe it could have been possible that a man had climbed up into such a place with that familiar hotel instrument of music. If he had reached that elevated point with a gong, he would not have been able to poise himself well enough to strike it to any advantage. We felt disposed to pronounce the whole thing to be a libel, until we thought that it must have been a typographical error.

But what writer or speaker has not suffered from similar mistakes? Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson told us that he thought the type-setter had shortened his life by ten years. After what a man did really say has gone through three or four different hands, the speaker would not recognize his own deliverance. We recently read in a Boston paper two columns of a sermon which once or twice reminded us of something that we ourselves had said, when on finishing we looked up to the heading, and to our surprise, found it to be our own. The process through which the sermon had gone had changed its entire texture. But faults are often charged on reporters and printer which belong really to the speaker or writer. If people realized how many inarticulate utterances come from pulpit, platform and forum, the reporter would be excused for occasional mistakes. If people knew how much infamous chirography comes into a printing office, they would be more sympathetic with people who publish newspapers and books.

BRIEF NOTES.

Gipsy Smith commences services on Oct. 18th in the Nostrand Avenue M. E. Church, Brooklyn. His work at Bridgeport, Conn., was much blessed.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, formerly of Bethany Church, Philadelphia, has been invited to preach for Pastor C. H. Spurgeon during his convalescence.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon has regained strength sufficiently to bear the journey to Eastbourne, a noted health resort on the Southeastern coast of England.

Evangelist J. Norberry has just closed a series of meetings at the North Fifth Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. He goes now to Good Ground, L. I.

Local option is making rapid strides in the Australian colonies. Both New South Wales and South Australia are now engaged in legislation to decrease the liquor traffic.

The excellent story entitled *The Captain's Bargain*, by Julia McNair Wright, which has been published in serial form in this journal, has been issued by the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade St., New York. Price 60 cents in paper covers; $1.25 in cloth.

The New York Midnight Mission is enabled to extend its usefulness by establishing a home at Mamaroneck, N. Y. Inmates of the Home in Greene Street who give promise of reformation, will now be transferred to Mamaroneck, where they will have the benefit of purer roundings moral as well as physical.

The Presbyterian and Methodist Episcopal Churches of Salem, N. Y., have been holding united revival meetings. They were conducted by Rev. Francis E. Smiley of Philadelphia. Rev. William Fraser the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, writes that the services were blessed of God to the salvation of souls and to the stimulating of Christians to more aggressive labor.

Dr. L. W. Munhall has closed the wonderful meetings he has been holding at Birmingham, Conn. Such scenes of joy and thankfulness as were witnessed in the huge tent on the day of the jubilee meeting have never taken place in that town before. Over three hundred persons have made profession of faith during the services and have connected with churches of various denominations.

A meeting to bid farewell to thirteen lady missionaries, who are setting out for fields of foreign labor was held at the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., on October 2. Among them were Miss Ida M. Cushmore of Philadelphia, who goes to Thatons, Burmah; Miss Kate Knight of Westfield, N. Y., to Maubin, Burmah; and Miss Annie Hopkins of Norwalk, Conn., to Rangoon. The party sailed on the *Pavonia* for Liverpool.

This week is a festival week at Rev. Jacob Freshman's Hebrew Christian Church, 17 St. Mark's Place, New York. It is the sixth anniversary of its organization, and services are being held every day. Among the preachers at the various services are Drs. Charles Thompson, Charles F. Deems, J. H. McIlvaine and David G. Wylie. An earnest effort is being made by Mr. Freshman to extinguish the small remaining debt on the church which has so long tied his hands.

Mr. Penzotti since his release from prison in Peru, has resumed his work. He writes that Yrigoyen, one of the colporteurs, had returned from the south, where his life had been in peril. In Cajamarca, Noriega had had to contend with the civil authorities as well as with the ecclesiastical. The friars induced a young fellow to snatch some of his books from his hands and take them to the convent. At Farma, after heaping all kinks of insolence upon him, they shouted, "Get away from here, Penzotti's dog!" Penzotti's prosecution has had the effect of stirring up the whole country, and the clerical party are trying to inflame popular prejudice against him.

A request has been received from the Committee of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada, that the readers of this journal be reminded of the approaching Convention at Washington, D. C. It will be held in the first Congregational Church, November 5th–12th. This is the sixth of those Conventions and it promises to equal its predecessors in usefulness. Fully a thousand ministers of various denominations and three thousand Christian laymen attended last year's conference at Hartford, Conn., and returned home with renewed energies, and with many practical suggestions derived from conference with their brethren. Information may be obtained from the Secretary, Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Death of Parnell the Irish Leader—A European Monarch and a Great British Commoner Dead—Hawaii's Dying Queen—The Week's Disasters.

THE news of the death of Charles Stewart Parnell which, on October 7, was telegraphed throughout our own land, as well as Great Britain and Ireland, produced a profound sensation whereever it was told. The reason is not far to seek. It is supplied by his strange personality and his wonderful career. The whole world had watched his rise, admired his courage and sagacity in conflict, applauded his triumphs, anticipated his final victory, and had lamented the fatal sin which in one day made him as powerless as Samson was made by the shears of Delilah. No man of modern times has been a more conspicuous instance of magnificent genius and fortitude joined with despicable moral weakness. Think of what he did! A Protestant and a landlord winning the enthusiastic confidence of a people detesting both characters. A man with no prestige compelling, by the simple force of personal magnetism, the implicit loyalty and obedience of such a body of men as the Irish members of Parliament — men of a race remarkable for insubordination to any leader and jealous of any assumption of authority. A man with a discredited cause confronting the chiefs of the two great English parties in Parliament, with their experienced and well-drilled cohorts, and forcing them to listen to the grievances of his people, and even to undertake the neglected task of solving the problem of their emancipation. With a patience, a persistence, and an inexhaustible fertility of resource, availing himself of the rules of debate which his adversaries had made and, with these weapons, so blocking public business that the men who had for long years shuffled, and evaded, and postponed any remedial measures for Ireland, were obliged to consider and discuss those measures to the neglect of all others. It was a marvellous exhibition of strategic skill. Night after night he held those proud patricians entangled in the net which they had woven for their own convenience, but which he had dexterously thrown over them, compelling them to remain in their seats from sunset to dawn, until he inspired them with respect for himself and the cause he represented. Then, as Ireland came to recognize the brilliant qualities of her son, and gave him a larger band of supporters, solemnly pledged to obey him, he went back to Parliament at the head of such numbers that he could defeat any Cabinet by casting the solid vote of his party with the opposition, or negative any party measure that either Liberals or Conservatives introduced. If he could not initiate legislation, he could prevent any one of the parties effecting legislation, or could aid the weaker party to carry its measures. Then his alliance was worth having; then he could bargain for support for the Irish cause by the offer of a support that was practically a casting vote. That was the time when he was dubbed, and with justice, "The Uncrowned King of Ireland." And the Irish people loved him. They had seen him standing up boldly for their interests and their national love of valor was joined with their patriotism as they acclaimed him. They had seen him sent to prison and overwhelmed with contumely for their sakes, and they gloried in their leader. Gladstone, the most powerful English statesman, espoused his cause and quitted office for the sake of the principles Parnell had nunciated. Victory seemed almost within his grasp, when he fell. A disgraceful intrigue with his friend's wife, a practical confession in a court of law of his guilt, and he was overthrown. For a week or two, men said, "What does it signify? What has private immorality to do with political questions? His abilities, his generalship, his strategic skill, which have shown the way to victory so often, are not impaired." But the falsity of such a theory was soon proved. The conscience of England and Ireland was aroused, and though Parnell fought hard to retain his power, he saw it snatched from him. The consciousness of the fact was probably a factor in his death. A sudden cold, caught early in the month, five days of illness and he was dead. A year ago his death would have been considered an overwhelming calamity to the cause of Ireland. Now men are asking themselves if it is not a blessing. So it has been that the warnings have been fulfilled which the wise king uttered against the sin which Parnell sinned: "A wound and dishonor shall he get and his reproach shall not be wiped away."

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

* * *

Sir John Pope Hennessy Dead.

IT was a remarkable coincidence that simultaneous with the death of Parnell, the sudden demise of Sir John Pope Hennessy, the man who gave "the Uncrowned King" his first defeat at the polls, should also have taken place. Indeed so sudden were the deaths of these two political foes that the story spread that they were the result of a duel. This, however, was unfounded. Sir John Hennessy was a native of Cork, born in 1834. He was elected to Parliament in 1859, and for faithful services the government promoted him rapidly to the governorship of Labuan, the West African settlements, the Bahamas, Hong Kong and Mauritius successively. In 1890 he contested the N. Kilkenny election defeating Scully, the Parnellite, by 1147 votes. This was the turning tide of Parnell's success and the first of the long series of disasters that afterwards befel him. It was in this memorable fight that Healy opened his vials of wrath against what he called Hennessy's apostacy, and it was Hennessy's adherents who subjected Parnell to the most violent abuse at public gatherings. Sir John, besides his political avocations, found time for time for literature and published many articles in the leading magazines. His death occurred twenty-four hours after that of Parnell.

* * *

The Sole Survivor of the 26 Congress.

THE only remaining member of the 26th Congress, the Hon. Henry Watterson, father of the wellknown editor of the *Courier Journal*, is slowly dying in Louisville, Kentucky. When elected to Congress, Mr. Watterson was the youngest member on the floor of the House and for many years, during a very active life, he was a distinguished figure in national politics. With him will pass away one of the closest personal friends of Gen. Jackson, who was his godfather. During the Civil War, he was a strong supporter of the Union. His portrait is given above.

HON. H. WATTERSON.

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Two Notable Deaths.

THE cable brings intelligence of the death of two distinguished Europeans: King Karl I, of Wurtemberg, and the Rt. Hon. William Henry Smith, First Lord of the British Admiralty. Karl Friedrich Alexander, the monarch of the Wurtembergers, and the eldest son of the late King Wilhelm, was born in 1823, and ascended the throne in 1864. He was a strong supporter of German unity. Karl married the Grand Duchess Olga-Nicolajewna, daughter of Nicholas I, Czar of Russia. It was his influence, perhaps, more than that of any other individual, that brought about the present Prussian military system. Notably eccentric and weak as a ruler, he at one time was controlled by three American adventurers whom he ennobled, installed as favorites in his palace, and enriched to the extent of impoverishing the royal treasury. The charge was made that the monarch was a spiritualist, and so great a scandal was created that the Cabinet resigned. Finally the adventurers were expelled from the country. King Karl will be succeeded by his nephew, Prince William, who is forty-three years of age. The new monarch's portrait is given in this column. The great English Commoner William Henry Smith was the son of a man who made a fortune in a very humble way. Young Smith learned his father's business, that of bookseller and news agent. Succeeding in life, he was elected to Parliament in 1868, and in 1874, when Disraeli came into power, he chose him as Parliamentary Secretary of the Treasury. So well did the young news-dealer perform the work of this office, that nobody was surprised when he was elevated to the office of First Lord of the Admiralty in 1887. Since that time, he has held many high offices, among them First Lord of the Treasury and Secretary of State for War, and he has been recognized as the government leader in the House of Commons. Recently another honor—that of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports—was imposed upon him. His health has been failing for a few years past.

KING WILHELM.

* * *

Chinamen Smuggled from Canada.

IT has just been discovered that quite an extensive business is being done in the line of smuggling Chinamen over the border from Canada. Several deputy United States Marshals have been detected in collusion with the smugglers. These deputies entice the Chinese into the hands of the Marshals, who then secure the fees that ought to go to the United States Treasury. Doubtless this traffic has been somewhat extensive, but it has been so adroitly managed by the very men who were supposed to prevent it, that it only leaked out accidentally through the local police at Niagara Falls.

* * *

An Emperor's Life Attempted.

THE latest attempt at royal assassination in Europe occurred a few days ago at Reichenberg, near Prague, when what is believed to have been a deliberate plot to kill Emperor Franz Josef of Austria, was discovered, but not till after the danger had passed. Two bombs charged with nitroglycerine were placed in the drain of a railroad tunnel through which the imperial train must pass. The assassins, however, miscalculated the time, for the fuse acted before the arrival of the Emperor's train in the tunnel, and merely destroyed the masonry above and around the bridge, but did not disturb the bridge itself. An effort is being made to detect the plotters, but thus far without result. During the investigation that followed, thirteen bombs were discovered under a bridge of the Rosenthal Railway, over which the train would have also passed.

EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF.

* * *

The Week's Disasters.

THE past week has not been without the usual quota of accidents, attended by loss of life. One of the worst of these occurred at Mahonoy City, Pa., where fourteen miners were entombed in the Richardson colliery which is owned and operated by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company. There was an explosion in the colliery on last week, and the workers in the mine at once ascended to the surface, with the exception of fourteen men who were cut off in one of the gangways. A rescuing party was organized, but was powerless to render aid. After digging through fifty yards of coal and rock, they succeeded in reaching eight of the men but too late to save their lives. Two had been crushed to death and six fatally burned. The other six were still imprisoned and there was little probability of saving any of them.—A freight crew on a train on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad, near Akron, O., violated orders and the train crashed into a passenger train, on which was an excursion party. Three persons were killed and twenty-four injured. — Nearly two hundred acres of ground in the outskirts of Carbondale, Pa., situated above the Coalbrook Colliery, caved in slightly on the 5th inst. The miners were all ordered to quit work, as the ground above was swaying like a sea. It is believed the whole section will ultimately cave in. — Great forest fires in North and South Dakota have burned over tracts three hundred miles long and two hundred wide, destroying ranches, farms, dwellings, stock and cattle. Millions of feet of lumber have been consumed. It is believed that the fire was started by the Indians of the Mille Lacs Reservation, as there is evidence of incendiarism and the Indians' property was protected.—Rumors come from Mexico of the massacre by Indians of nearly two hundred persons in the district of Tulamengo. There has been trouble between the Indians and the miners, several colonies of Spaniards and Germans having attempted to settle upon lands claimed by the Indians who resisted bitterly. Men women and children are said to have perished in the massacre. Mexican Government troops have gone to the scene.

* * *

England's Liberal Congress.

THE National Liberal Federation met in Newcastle, England, last week, and was formally opened by Hon. John Morley, the well-known Liberal leader and editor. In addressing the Federation, he claimed that Ireland had vindicated the confidence of the party by refusing to follow a leader (Parnell), whom Liberals could not conscientiously trust. He accused the Conservatives of blocking temperance reform and said the Liberals at heart favored it. He believed the temper of the present agitation was favorable to renewing the struggle against the hereditary peers, whenever their lordships were ready. The voice and influence of the British workman could not be heard reflectively in Parliament until the country had a Constitution like other countries, and a means of subsistence was provided for workingmen's representatives. There are in the Congress over one thousand members. It is expected that its action will be in the direction indicated by Mr. Morley, and that it will adopt resolutions favoring the granting of compulsory powers to representative local authorities for acquiring land for allotment in small holdings and also for providing dwellings for the working classes.

RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY.

NEWS NOTES.

A great strike has begun among the London dock men for better wages.

A daughter was born to Mrs. Cleveland, wife of ex-President Cleveland, on Oct. 13.

Edmund A. Schermerhorn, a miser, died at Newport, R. I., last week, leaving $25,000,000.

The funeral of Boulanger was a quiet affair. No public demonstration was permitted. He left a political testament that has not been made public, but which enjoins on his followers a continuance of the agitation he began.

Secretary Tracy proposes a reorganization of the present methods of promotion in the Navy. The number of officers will be reduced so as to give a navy of grades suitably proportioned to each other.

The Ulster County Savings Bank at Kingston, N. Y., has closed its doors. It has been discovered that there is a deficiency of $500,000 in the bank's cash and that it has been systematically robbed by two of its officers during a period of nearly twenty-five years. The treasurer and assistant treasurer have been arrested.

Queen Liliuokalana of Hawaii is dying of organic heart disease at Honolulu. Her death is expected to be the signal for an attempt by England to secure a controlling influence in the kingdom, but Americans at Honolulu will oppose this. Princess Kalulani, the heir to the throne is favorable to Britain, but the natives want a republic or annexation to the United States.

The American schooner, *J. Hamilton Lewis*, was shot at and seized by the Russian man-of-war *Alert*, for seal poaching about Cooper Island, Onalaska. When ordered to come aboard, Captain McLean of the *Lewis* and twenty-five of his crew responded. On touching the deck of the *Alert*, a fight took place but the Americans were overpowered, and sent as prisoners to Vladivostock. An inquiry will be made by the State Department.

THE WITNESSES.

"I set a great assembly against them."—Nehemiah 5 : 7.

THE facts are these. At the time when certain of the Jews returned with Nehemiah to Jerusalem, many of them were in very straitened circumstances; and, contrary to the Jewish law, the richer Jews lent them money upon usurious interest, amounting to the hundredth per month, or twelve per cent per annum. They took from their poorer brethren their lands, or put a heavy mortgage upon them; and in some cases took the men themselves to be slaves for debts which they had unavoidably incurred. Now, as you know, every Jew was a land-holder, and his land, if mortgaged for a time, must return free to him in the fiftieth year; and, though a Jew might for a while become a servant to his brother, yet he must go out free at the end of the seventh year. He could only be bound for a short period of servitude. Nehemiah called to him, therefore, the elders, and nobles, and rulers of Jerusalem, and showed them how wrong they were to hold their poorer brethren in bondage. "Ye exact usury, every one of his brother," he says; and he rebukes them sharply for it. When he found that his own words were scarcely powerful enough with them, he gathered together the people, and let them all have a voice, and in

The Many Voices

there was power. "I set," said he, "a great assembly against them." Some persons are deaf to the voice of justice until it is repeated loudly by thousands of their fellow-men. The silent voice of principle and right they will not hear, and the gentle rebuke of some one faithful friend they will despise; but when righteousness enlists public opinion on its side, when many are seen to be its advocates, then these very persons will show that they have relics of conscience left, and they yield to right demands, because they see them not only to be just, but to be popular. This is the main point with those of the feebler sort; and we turn the scale, if, like Nehemiah, we "set a great assembly against them."

Now, it struck me to-night that I could most properly, without any difficulty whatever, set a great assembly against every unconverted person here; and, in addition to calling upon him in the name of God, and by the claims of truth, to consider his ways and turn to God, I might summon a great assembly who should testify against the evil course which the unconverted are pursuing. I shall try to act upon this plan to-night, in reference to those who remain unconverted.

All the Godly.

I set against you the great assembly of all the godly that are upon the earth. They all testify against you. They look upon you with love and anxiety, and desire to see you converted; but, while you are as you are, they are against you. Does not the consistent life of every true Christian rebuke you? When you see humble persons devout, gracious, though nothing be said, and though they be not eloquent in speech, is not their life eloquent? Do you not feel it? Have you never felt, even in your most careless moods, that it would be better for you if you were as they are? And when you have seen them remain true and upright under temptation, have you not said within yourself, "After all, there is something in them which I admire, and I wish that I possessed the same strong principles to keep me right in the hour of trial?"

The righteous do not only stand against you in the consistency of their character, but their joy in God rebukes you. If you happen to be an unconverted man, and to have had a godly mother, the subject of much weakness and pain, you cannot have forgotten the sacred cheerfulness with which she bore her life-long affliction. Or, if you have lost

A Christian Wife,

who enjoyed but little comfort in her life with you, you cannot but remember that pale yet happy face when it bade you adieu, and entered into its rest. You know there was a calm about that woman in the time of trouble which you could not imitate; that she took patiently pain which would have startled you into madness, for the power of grace was in her, and made her strong. She, and such as she was, children of God, made calm, and peaceful, and happy—I set them in an assembly against you, and they bear witness against you, because you obey not the living God.

Moreover, they do not only bear witness, but their very horror at your sin and at your state is a witness against you. We feel for you, if you will not feel for yourselves, There are those present who never bow the knee at night without praying for the unconverted with great burden of spirit. I know some here, strong men, whom I have seen overcome with sacred passion when they have agonized for you, and for the souls of the ungodly. It has not been merely a plentiful stream of tears bedewing their manly cheeks, but their hearts have heaved within their bosoms, and their whole being has been convulsed with agony of spirit, lest, peradventure, you should perish.

Praying People.

All the praying people in the world I set as an assembly against you. Shall they pray for you, and will you never pray for yourselves? Shall horror seize them on account of your sins, and shall no horror ever seize you? Shall a godly mother waste—no, it is not waste, shall she spend nights in tears for your soul, and will you never weep the tear of repentance? Shall we plead with you with all the eagerness our heart is capable of, and search for words with which to plead with you, and feel that we have done all too little when we have done our best to persuade you—shall we do all this, and yet will you say, "It is nothing to me. It is nothing to me"? Well, then, if it must be so, I can only say that I set the whole assembly of the living saints upon earth against you. Let them have some influence over you. "Ah!" say you, "but there are many hypocrites amongst them." Very well, they shall go over to your side: you shall be welcome to them; but all

The Sincere I Set Against You

"But it is not the sincere only that pray." Very well, you shall have all the insincere. Poor company! I wonder you should claim them; but still, every sincere believer does, as it were, when he pleads with God, protest against you that your knees are never bent, and your hearts never cry to God as the Father of spirits.

But next, I have another mighty squadron to call. I set against unconverted men all the inspired writers of the Old and New Testaments. Let them come up, one by one, and speak as they were wont to do. Not one has a word of comfort for a man that will not repent of his sins. "Mercy," they will all cry, to the man that accepts the atoning sacrifice; but if he will not believe in Jesus, with one chorus, all the prophets, and the apostles, too, will say, "Woe, woe, woe, woe unutterable to the man that lives and dies without Christ!" The universal consent of all the men that ever spoke as the Spirit moved them is

Against the Ungodly.

The worst is to come: God is against you. "The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth." He would fain have you saved. He has sworn with an oath, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live." But if you will not turn, you must burn. If you will not repent, you must perish. God has said it, and he will not lie. Justice demands it; the Judge of all the earth must be just.

And, to crown all, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is against you if you resolve to be the enemy of God. He loves sinners: he died for sinners: he is ever willing to receive them; but as long as they remain impenitent and unbelieving, he cannot love their sin, he cannot love them, viewing them in the light of wilful, persistent rebels. And when he comes in the latter days, you know what will happen to those that

Loved not Christ:

Anathema Maranatha—cursed at his coming. He himself will say it; and it appals me to have to remind you of the fact—he himself, whose gentle lips were lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh, tender as a woman's—he himself, when he comes, will say, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" You will find no friend in Christ in that last tremendous day. He will break you in pieces with a rod of iron, as potter's vessels are broken into shivers.

Who is there for you? Who is there on your side, O enemies of God? It is as dreadful to think of those who are for you as of those who are against you; for those who are for you, and on your side, are the ungodly, like yourselves; and the lost in hell, who are now what you must be, except you escape; and the devil and his angels, themselves punished for their sins. A grim assembly, surely, those that are for you. Methinks a man should start up and say—"I cannot abide in such company as this! Do I sail in this pirate's vessel, with such a dreadful crew on board, and Satan for captain? In God's name I will jump overboard, and swim to another ship, for in this vessel I will never stay, and

Under this Black Flag

I will never fight, let the bribe be as high as it may. I can never serve Satan, and I will not." Friends, if such be your language, I stand here as a servant of Jesus, and hold above you the blood-stained banner of Christ's cross. Oh, ye who will take the enlisting-money, here it is: come and take it, for whosoever receives Christ—receives him by trusting him—to him is given power to become a servant of Christ, and a soldier of the cross; and then I shall have no assembly to set against him, but the same august assembly shall be on the side of the man saved by faith in Jesus!

For a few minutes I will vary the strain, but keep closely to the same idea. Some say that sin is a very pleasant and profitable thing: indeed, many profess to be of that opinion nowadays. I may have some here, particularly some young men just commencing life, who are fascinated by the charms of London life, and have begun to sip the dangerous wine which is vended in the house of the strange woman. To them it seems that vice is pleasure. O young man, I wish I had thee in a room alone, that I might speak to thee, for some things that I would say earnestly to thee in private I must but hint at in a public assembly. The results of sin are not such as I can speak of here. Thou art under great delusions. If thou thinkest sin will give thee pleasure, I will set an assembly against thee concerning this dream. Oh, what an assembly it would would be if I could bring up from the hospitals the wretches who are suffering

An Earthly Hell

from their sins! Have I not seen them? Have I not seen them crawling through the earth, creatures that dare not look up, broken down with hypochondriasis, desponding and despairing, with the despair which nothing but vice brings on man? Have I not seen them when their very bones have rotted through their sin? There are diseases which are the stamp and seal of the curse of the Eternal upon trangression. There are diseases which are the big first drops of the everlasting rain of hell's tremendous tempest. If there were a physician or a surgeon here, he could tell you there are sins which are commonly practiced, which bring on men, even in this life, a penalty most terrible.

Could I not bring up here to-night, if it were fit and proper, spendthrifts, who squandered their earlier days in all manner of dissoluteness, and who have brought themselves to rags and disease? Go over the casual ward, enter the alms-house, spend an evening in a low lodging house, and sit down and hear the tales of sons of ministers, of sons of gentlemen, of sons of noblemen, of men that once were merchants, traders, lawyers, doctors, who have

Brought Themselves Down

to poverty by nothing else than their own extravagance and sin, to eat the bread of pauperism, and to know the lack even of that bitter fare. Tell me sin is pleasure! If it be, you can have too much of it; but it is bitterness before long, and they are wise who flee from it.

"Well, well," cries one, "we are not all lovers of that kind of sin." Indeed, I hope you are not: I, too, refused such sins, but I had other sins—the world would not call them sins, but they were such—and when, before I found the Saviour I began to discover what sin was (I speak what I do know), my sins, to me in my consciousness were a little hell. I know that men who are not saved, sometimes on a dark night, or in sickness or in trouble, or when alone, will permit conscience to work, and they feel dreadfully uneasy. Have I not seen your cheek blanch when you have been told that your friend was dead? When the funeral knell has been tolling, have you not wished yourself in the depths of the forest, that you might not hear it? When you have been compelled to sit a little while alone, you feared to allow your mind to meditate upon eternity; but you tried to fly off again to the frivolities of time, though you felt there was nothin them. Sin is a wretched thing, unsatisfying at best. I set an assembly against the man who declares that there is pleasure in iniquity.

Positive Testimony.

On the other hand, it is said that true religion makes people miserable. I would set an assembly against anybody who dares to say that. Unhappy! Unhappy through being Christians! I have suffered as much of bodily pain as most here present, and I know also about as much of depression of spirit at times as anyone; but my Master's service is a blessed service, and faith in him makes my heart leap for joy. I would not change with the most healthy man, or the most wealthy man, or the most learned man, or the most eminent man in all the world, if I had to give up my faith in Jesus Christ—tried as it sometimes is. A ! it is a blessed thing to be a Christian, and all God's people will tell you so.

It is ofttimes our lot to go to see the sick, but sick believers usually cheer our heart. There is a seat just below that used to be occupied by a beloved sister, well-known to you, whom I went to visit in her sickness; and I do assure you, when she was in a consumption, and near to death, I never spent a happier hour than I did with her. And only last week, or ten days ago, when I sat down with her, and she could scarcely speak, yet what she did say was as full of sacred joy as words could compass. She is in heaven now, and heaven was in her then. "So much farther on have I got," said she, "to the better land—so many the fewer of these hard breaths to fetch, and so many the fewer of these hard pains to bear. I shall soon be where Jesus is;" and she talked as freely about dying, and

Going Home,

as I should talk of going to my own house when this service is ended. Before she fell asleep yesterday, about twelve o'clock, she said to those about her she felt strangely as if she were going through a river. At one time she said she was in the midst of it, the floods were round about her; and soon she said, in intervals of consciousness, "I am going up the other side; the waters are shallower; I am mounting the other bank." At length she cried, "Jesus is coming for me! I can hear the music of heaven!" Her heart seemed to be overpowered with some sweet mystic melody, which, if it did not enter her soul by the ear, at any rate reached her inmost spirit by some other channel. "I can hear them sing! I can hear them sing!" she said, and when Jesus comes don't keep him waiting for me; don't wish me to stop. Let me go." She is gone. Never one I think suffered more in dying, and never had a consumptive more difficuly in breathing. Thank God, they do not often suffer as much as she did; yet there was never one more calm, more comfortable, aud more joyous on the bed of death than this daughter of affliction.

I believe in God without any evidence except himself, and his own revelation of himself to my soul; but yet I thank God for evidences; and among those most helpful to me are the

Death-Beds of Believers.

It does my soul great good to see the Lord's people depart this life. I grieve that you should be taken away to heaven, for we want you here; but ah! if the departure of any of you shall be so sweet as those I have been privileged to witness of late, I shall come to my pulpit boldly. If the religion that I teach makes men and women die like this, I am not ashamed to preach it. If the faith that I have delivered to them, by the power of the Holy Ghost, makes them so triumphant in the last article of death, I will deliver nothing else, but still continue to tell them to trust simply in the substitutionary sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and rest wholly and only there. I say, then, by the living satnts that do rejoice, and by the dying saints who die without a fear, I set an assembly against the man who dares to slander true religion by saying that it does not make men happy.

I had many other things to say, but it were well to leave you where you are, only praying you, by the shortness of time, by the glories of heaven, by the value of your own souls, by the blood of Jesus, and by the glory of the eternal God, to cease being his enemies. Seek ye his face. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

The Bible and the Newspaper

A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

CURIOSITY has caused a little boy in New Jersey a terrible fright. He was playing about the tracks near Newark on September 26th, when he noticed an engine standing alone on a siding. There was no one on the engine, so the boy climbed into the cab to look at it. He examined the different parts, ascertaining by experiment how they worked. He lifted one lever and pushed another, until to his dismay, the engine gave a snort or two, and then moved at a lively pace down the siding toward the main track. The boy was wild with terror, for he was not sure which lever it was that had started the engine. The pace was increasing aud nothing that he could do would stop it. The engine travelled on for about a mile, when it struck a switch not set for it. Then it jumped the track and plowed through the soft earth of the meadows until the steam was exhausted. The boy jumped off and ran to tell his mother of his escapade. The railroad men say the boy ran away with the locomotive, but it would appear rather that the locomotive ran away with the boy. It would not have done so, however, if he had not meddled with it. The same may be said of men who are going rapidly along the downward track of drunkenness and vice to their ruin. They never intended to start on such a journey and they would stop if they knew how. (Prov. 11: 19.)

DIAMONDS IN METEORITES.

UNIQUE specimens of precious stones are to be among the exhibits in the World's Fair. The Chicago *Tribune* says that a fragment of meteoric rock which fell from the sky on the earth near Canon Diable, Arizona, was recently sent to Prof. G. A. Keering to be cut and polished for exhibition. He found it to be extremely hard and spent a day and a half in trying to make a section. The hardest chisels were broken against it and an emery wheel was spoiled by something in its composition. On examining it more closely, it was found that the obstruction was two diamonds, so hard that they would cut polished corundum as easily as a knife cuts wood. The diamonds have been extracted and will be exhibited at Chicago as specimens of celestial jewels. They will form an interesting exhibit, for it has hitherto been supposed that the much-coveted stones were to be obtained only from the earth. So men have thought about happiness joy and pleasure, but that also is an error. Experience has proved that those who seek them in their highest and purest forms must seek them in the heavens. (James 1: 17.)

AN ELIGIBLE HUSBAND.

A PRESS dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., announces a wedding which took place at Anstell on September 21. The bridegroom settled there as a farm laborer a few years ago. He was a German immigrant, honest and industrious and apparently well educated, but very poor. He won the respect of his employers but the women around slighted him on account of his poverty. One girl alone, who worked in the cotton fields, showed an interest in him. He appreciated her kindness and soon their friendship ripened into love. Marriage, however, was not to be thought of, as both were so poor. Early this year the man received a letter calling him back to Germany. He said that his father was very sick. On his arrival there he found that his father was dead and he was the sole heir to his fortune, which amounted to $600,000. He stayed a month or two settling up his affairs and then returned to America. The story of his good fortune preceded him and when he arrived in Atlanta, clad in garb appropriate to his station, he received a cordial welcome. There were many beautiful ladies who would not have rejected the addresses of the wealthy German gentleman, but he went back to the farm where he had worked. The girl who had been kind to him was taken from the cotton-fields and arrayed in silk and fine linen and on September 21 they were married. When asked why he did not marry an educated girl, he said none such showed him any kindness when he was poor. If one of them married him now it would be for his money. He preferred the girl who had loved him as a poor man and he could have her educated. It is so that Christ will honor his bride, the Church, when he comes in his glory. Especial honor will they have who loved him and followed him in his humiliation. (Rom. 8:17; Rev. 19:7, 8.)

PROPOSED MARRIAGE BY PROXY.

AMONG the immigrants who arrived in New York, by the Hamburg steamer on September 23d, was a German girl whom the Commissioners detained for investigation. She said that six months ago her lover preceded her to America. He had settled at Milwaukee and had sent her money to follow him, and they were to be married on her arrival. He was not here to meet her, so a dispatch was sent to him at Milwaukee informing him that the girl was at the Barge Office and would be sent back to Germany if he did not come to claim her. He replied that he was perfectly willing to marry her but could not afford to take several days off and bear the expense of a journey to New York to be married. He enclosed an affidavit stating the facts, and offering to be married by proxy. He authorized the Chief of the Emigration Commissioners to "select some gentleman to act as my proxy." The notary who drew up the affidavit also wrote that a perfectly valid marriage could be performed if some person duly authorized represented the bridegroom at the ceremony. The Commissioners thought otherwise and refused to allow a marriage of that kind to take place. The girl then suggested a marriage by telegraph, but that too, was, declared inadmissible. The bridegroom must come in person and be married, or the girl would be sent back to Germany. Many have been brought to the same pass in seeking union with Christ. In that, too, no proxy is available and if business or pleasure is an obstacle it must be sacrificed or the union cannot take place. (Luke 14: 16–21.)

EXTRACTING A TIGER'S TOOTH.

FOR some time past a big tiger in a travelling menagerie has surprised his keepers by spasmodic ill-humor. He was so vicious at times that it was dangerous to approach him even to give him food. It was noticed that at such times his jaw was swollen, and the manager began to suspect that he was suffering from toothache. The suspicion proved correct, for on closely watching the beast while eating, a decayed tooth was seen in his upper jaw. The manager feared that if nothing was done for him blood-poisoning might set in, and the animal, which had only recently been purchased at a cost of nearly one thousand dollars, would die. He decided to have the tooth extracted, but not until the show reached Chicago could a dentist be found with enough courage to undertake the operation. There a man agreed to do the work. A stout collar was fastened around the tiger's neck and a leather belt around his body. Each of his feet was secured by ropes and his mouth kept open by a gag. The animal fought fiercely while he was thus secured, and when he saw the dentist approach with his instruments he made another convulsive effort to free himself. But he failed; if he had succeeded he would surely have killed one or more of the men. In a few minutes the dentist by a mighty pull drew out the offending tooth. The animal was released, and has since recovered his normal health and temper. Probably the operation saved his life, but the animal could not be expected to know that he was being tortured for his own benefit. Even men do not always bear patiently the suffering which is remedial. Especially is this so when spiritual benefit is to come from physical suffering. The day will come, however, when the Christian, looking back on the afflictions of his past life, will thank God for them because they have yielded "the peaceable fruit of righteousness." (Heb 12: 11.)

OUR OWN MISSIONARY.

The Work in North East Missouri of Rev. George W. Sharp "The Christian Herald" Missionary of the Sunday School Union.

CHEERING intelligence comes from the South-West, where, as our readers are aware, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD is supporting a missionary of the American Sunday School Union. This work is peculiarly gratifying because it is undenominational work. The souls won are not accessions to one sect from another, but have been gathered from the world's great harvest-field into the kingdom of Christ. No attempt is made to organize churches of any particular denomination, but to get the people, especially the children, together to listen to the simple Gospel which is able to make them wise unto salvation. That is our missionary's sole aim. He goes into neglected, sparsely settled districts with that one purpose, leaving to others who may follow in his steps the explanation of denominational differences.

Rev. George W. Sharp the missionary in question, whose portrait is here given, had been laboring in Northeast Missouri and adjacent districts for nearly twelve years, when the American Sunday School Union discover-

REV. GEORGE W. SHARP.

ed that owing to straitness of its finances it was no longer able to maintain a missionary in that field. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD knew something of the services Mr. Sharp had rendered and of the urgent need there was for a continuance of them. The publisher, therefore, invited the readers to join him in defraying the cost of Mr. Sharp's work and they promptly responded. The American Sunday School Union was notified that the necessary funds for Mr. Sharp's support for a year were in hand and since June last he has been proceeding with his work.

The energy and indefatigable industry this consecrated man has displayed have been truly wonderful and the results of God's blessing on his efforts are such as to cause profound thankfulness. In one district he visited, there was no church or public building in which a Sunday School could meet or religious services be held. A poor farmer was induced to allow meetings to be held in the lower floor of his house. The school was well attended and that not by children alone. Many older people came and when Mr. Sharp visited the place again, ten persons made profession of faith in Christ and ascribed their conversion to the blessing of God on that Sunday School.

In June last Mr. Sharp visited a village where he established a school a few years ago and remained a few weeks organizing it. By the time he left, the school numbered in scholars, teachers and officers, all told, eighty persons. When he went there again in June of this year he found that the school had grown until another school in another building had been organized, the two having an aggregate membership of 162. Both were union schools representing together four denominations. Mr. Sharp held a mass-meeting and he and the teachers gave evangelistic addresses. More than a dozen of various ages, including a venerable white-haired man, rose to ask for prayers

How far-reaching are the results of these labors is indicated by the fact that during last month's tour Mr. Sharp met a young man who recognized him and asked him if he did not establish a school in a certain district about six years ago. Mr. Sharp replied that he did. The young man said that he attended the school and produced a little book which the missionary gave him then. It had been the means of

his conversion and he is now himself engaged in Evangelistic work. A second young man who ascribes his conversion to Mr. Sharp's labors, is now preparing for the ministry in Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., and the sermons he has preached during his vacations have been blessed to the conversion of many souls. Thus the seed sown bears fruit. The Christian Herald is sure that when its subscribers read of these tokens of blessing they will rejoice that Mr. Sharp has been kept in the field and will pray that God will continue to bless his labors.

THE AUTHOR OF "ALEPH"

An Eminent Literarian and an Authority on Biblical History — Rev. Dr. Burr's Busy Life at Mansewood, Ct.

ENOCH FITCH BURR, D.D. (Amherst), LL.D. (London), the author of the new serial, "Aleph, the Chaldean," which is begun in this issue of The Christian Herald, is a native of Westport, Ct., and belongs to the same family with Aaron Burr, second President of the College of New Jersey. In early childhood he lost his father. His mother, a woman of great energy, piety, and love of learning, became father as well as mother to her three sons, and carried two of them through a course of liberal education. Enoch was graduated at Yale. The next three years he spent in New Haven in post-graduate studies, chiefly of

Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

a theological and scientific nature. He spent two or three years in close study of the higher mathematics and physical astronomy, in connection with the College Observatory. He then accepted the pastorate of a Congregational Church in Lyme, Ct., which he has continued to hold without interruption until the present time—with the exception of a year spent in foreign travel in company with his wife and brother.

For several years he has lectured to the Senior Classes in Amherst College on *The Scientific Evidences of Religion;* and on *The Latest Astronomy against Atheism*; as well as on kindred themes in the Schofield Scientific School, Williams College, and other institutions.

His spacious home, *Mansewood*, is situated in an elevated and picturesque part of the old historic town of Lynne, Ct. In this house his wife, *Harriet A. Lord*, was born and has always lived. It abounds in books and works of art. Among the latter is a marble bust of Christ, life-size, by an Italian artist, which has been much admired, and is believed to be the finest piece of sculpture in this country.

In addition to other literary work, Dr. Burr has published seventeen volumes which have been received with great favor by leading scholars, and have found their way into many lands. The list is as follows:

"Ecce Cœlum," "Pater Mundi," "Ad Fidem," "Doctrine of Evolution," "Work in the Vineyard," "Toward the Straight Gate," "Sunday Afternoons," "Thy Voyage" and "From Dark to Day," (Illustrated Poems); "Dio, the Athenian," "Ecce Terra," "Tempted to Unbelief," "Celestial Empires," "Universal Beliefs," "Long Ago," and "Supreme Things."

In the last issued, *Aleph the Chaldean*, the object is to present in a vivid manner in connecton with interesting personal adventures and scenes in the first century, the historic evidences of Christianity. It has been compared by eminent critics to Gen. Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur*, and it will produce a powerful impression on all who read it. It is especially a story for the home. As it progresses, our readers will discover its rare charm and the force of the great truths it teaches, with all the attractions of a perfect story.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office: price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Oct. 25. John 14: 2-4; I. Cor. 2: 9, 10; II. Cor. 5: 1.

HOW much is included in the words, "Our Father's House" even in their earthly meaning! The boy away at school looking forward to vacation, the young man in the city store, or office, or bank, setting out to the old familiar dwelling, even the man of mature age visiting his native place, cannot tell all the meaning that the words convey. They speak to the memory, if not to the present sense, of peace, of security, of affectionate association, of tenderness, of loving companionship, of rest and a host of other pleasant suggestions. And there are privileges too. A poor woman was gazing intently through the iron palisades which enclose the garden of a European palace. Her eyes were set on a cluster of rose-bushes laden with the wealth of richly scented blossoms. "How I wish I had just one bud for my sick boy!" she said. "He dearly loves a rose." "They are not for the likes of you," said the gruff soldier who stood on guard at the house. A young man whom the soldier saluted with great deference, heard the woman's words and the soldier's reply, as he passed. "I will give you some roses my good woman," he said, "and I hope they will do your boy good." He cut a handful of the most beautiful and put them in her hand. "I hope you will not get into trouble, kind sir," she said, "for your kindness to a poor woman." "Oh! no," was the reply, "this is my father's garden; I am the son of the Prince." That explained it. She could understand, when she knew that, why he could cut the flowers and give them away.

Jesus was going to his Father's house. He was leaving his friends behind and he comforted them by telling them whither he was going and his purpose. He knew that house well and his words were spoken with confidence. It was "a house of many mansions," as when an Oriental potentate adds a wing to his palace for the dwelling-place of a grown-up son, or builds for him a cottage in his wide domain within sight of his own home. Jesus was going home—to his Father's house, and he was going to prepare a place for them. The separation was to be but an interval and it would be spent in the preparation of an eternal home. That preparation he undertook, but on their side there should be preparation also, and he provided for that too, for he told them how he had prayed for the Holy Spirit to be given to them, and from him they would receive the preparation necessary. They who go on a visit to wealthy and influential people, think much of what they shall take with them to wear and to use; but nothing of that kind was necessary to those whom Jesus invited. Yet, as they were to live there, some preparation was needed. The boor among princes is a burden to himself and to them. He must learn the ways of the house, the manner of life of the inmates, the spirit that animates them, their habits and pursuits, before he can be happy there. The pattern is before us. He who is most like Jesus is best fitted to enter the house of many mansions. The unselfish spirit, the magnanimous forbearance, the love of others, the self-sacrificing devotion which characterized him and made him the admiration of the ages must be in those who by his invitation enter his Father's house. Having this hope in them they purify themselves through the Spirit given to them.

And what a hope it is! Even the beloved John was transported with wonder by the vision he had of that house of many mansions. He uses the symbols which men are wont to associate with magnificence—the wealth of gold and gems—to convey to the imagination conceptions too grand for mortal thought. The Apostle Paul, though he had been caught up there in the spirit, will not make the attempt. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither have entered into the heart of man the things prepared." And there is besides, the thought on which John dwells with joyful exultation, "They go no more out." It is not a brief visit but a residence forever. No wonder that such a prospect has made poverty and hardship and even the martyr's fire endurable. The passage is but short and the destination so blessed. A Christian dying of a painful disease being near the last pang was trying hard to keep his thoughts fixed on that home, though his body was racked with pain. "You are going home," said his minister consolingly. "Yes, yes, sir I know," was the reply. "I am only just a bit confused with the flitting." That was all. It is a confusing time, but in the home to which he was going there would be no confusion and those who go there find that God wipes all tears from their eyes.

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DIRECTIONS TO KING'S DAUGHTERS.

Letters frequently reach us asking what steps are necessary to joining the King's Daughters. The following directions given by the President of the Order in the *Ladies' Home Journal* will answer these correspondents: I will give you explicit directions now as to what you should do so that you will not write "Tell me what I am to do?" You must be a member of our Order before you ever join any Circle; you can be enrolled as a member of the Order at our headquarters in New York city, 47 West Twenty-second street. Send your name and address there with ten cents, the membership fee, and there you can get your cross which is the badge of the Order. We are an incorporated society and a silver cross is the seal of our corporation. You are not obliged to wear this cross, but no other cross can be worn as our badge; though a bit of royal purple ribbon is an emblem of membership, and can be had at the same place, so you can wear either one or both; but, if you can afford it, I would advise you to have the cross; it will cost you but thirty cents, and that will make the total cost forty cents. There may be some who cannot afford the cross—I know women who write to me from away off on the frontier, and they really have no money, no paper, no stamps. Nothing has touched me more than to receive letters written by educated women who are hedged in by their present environment so as to make it exceedingly difficult to get money enough requisite to write a letter, and yet they want to join our Order and wear this cross. I speak of this because if it comes to you to give, "In His Name," the little silver cross to one who cannot afford to buy one, I will see that your wishes are carried out. I hope there will come a time when when we shall be rich enough at the Centre to do this; but that time I assure you is not now.

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AN APPEAL OF THE Y. P. S. C. E.

The committee appointed by the Christian Endeavor Convention at Minneapolis to influence the World's Fair Commissioners in favor of closing the Fair on Sundays has issued an appeal to the Societies urging them to separate and united action. It is signed by Rev. R. V. Hunter, Chairman of the Committee, and the following are some of the suggestions made:

That the C. E. forces should be organized, in order that they may bring the proper influences to bear upon those Commissioners in whose hands the deciding of this question lies. We should seek to influence these Commissioners, when assembled in Chicago, but especially while at their homes. There are many Sabbath organizations looking after the Commissioners when in session. It has been agreed that the proper function of the C. E. forces is to influence these Commissioners in the retirement of their homes. More can be done with an individual by a friend or neigbor when alone, than can possibly be accomplished when overwhelmed with business, and in company with the Commissioners at Chicago. Let the C. E. forces then emphasize this particular phase of the work.

Something can be accomplished also by bringing Christian and patriotic influences to bear upon the Commissioners of the various State exhibits. *If a large number of the States can be induced to close their exhibits on the Sabbath;* and if those departments of the Exposition over which the ladies have control can be closed also; and if, as we have reason to believe, a few of the Foreign departments may be closed, the logic of the situation will compel the National Commissioners to close the whole affair on the Sabbath day.

Now what this Committee would advise is, that your State C. E. Executive Committee, either through your district or State conventions, or in any way that may seem best to the State Executive Committee, shall proceed to organize, so that influential men and women may be led to bring their influence to bear upon these Commissioners, State and National, in favor of Sabbath closing. This can be done by different bodies calling on these gentlemen at their homes.

Let the necessity of Sabbath closing be urged in every possible way, upon every legitimate ground. This can be argued on grounds of economy, morality, religion and patriotism. Urge that we are a Christian nation, and that our example before the world should not be immoral. *Commence action at once.* Enter into this work with zeal and wisdom.

You may find out from the Governor of your State or from your State Secretary, what persons constitute your State Commission. Do not fail to communicate with them. Their influence will be valuable.

It would be well if a place should be given in your State and District Conventions to the consideration of this subject. Let some one be selected who can present the question in a strong, clear; and enthusiastic manner. Large numbers would thus become acquainted with the plan, and, we hope, interested in pushing the cause.

It has been proposed also, if possible, to secure the passage of a bill in the coming Congress, instructing the Commissioners of the World's Fair to close on the Sabbath day.

The honor of our Master is at stake; the good name of our Republic is threatened by the ungodly; the million Christian Endeavorers should be felt in this matter. For the sake of our Lord, our country and the world, let us act promptly. Pray, organize, push.

✠

A NEW CIRCLE.

As there are many women and girls on ranches and in lonely places where they are not often within easy reach of each other, who nevertheless would like to be enrolled as King's Daughters, Mrs. Bottome, the President of the Order, has devised a plan to meet the exigency. She proposes to form a special Circle of these scattered sisters and she suggests that it bear her own name. The proposal is made in one of her talks in the *Ladies Home Journal*. She writes: "No kindness shown to any fellow creature is too small to be called a service 'In His Name.' Your little children need to be educated in unselfishness, and there is nothing in the principles of our Order that a little child cannot understand. Undoubtedly many will join 'The Margaret Bottome Circle' who are just coming into the Order, and who write me, 'Must I form a circle to be in the Order?' 'There are no Circles in this place.' And yet, though they cannot form a Circle and there is no Circle in that place to join, they somehow do not wish to feel alone, though in a vast 'Sisterhood'; so this will meet their want. My sister in the Argentine Republic will join. My friends who are on ranches far from all old associations will join. I know what an addition to my letters this will make, but I invite you all to write who want to join my Circle."

✠

HOW TO MEET A CRISIS.

The story of a crisis in a Young Men's Christian Association is told by the *Young Men's Era*. It appears that in a certain town the officers of the Y. M. C. A., discouraged by lack of support, called a general meeting and recommended that the institution be abandoned. They were so thoroughly convinced of the hopelessness of the work that they were opposed to any effort being made to revive it. Two or three of the members, however, realizing the need of Christian work among young men strongly urged that such an effort be made. Finally twenty young men were found who pledged themselves to save the Association if it could be done. They formed a new Board of Directors, arranged an attractive programme and set themselves diligently to find new members. Not only has the Association been saved, but it is more prosperous than at any period of its existence; it pays its Secretary $1,000 a year and is now looking out for an efficient physical director. So much may be done by an energetic band of young men really in earnest in a good work. The crisis was safely passed and need never have come if the twenty young men had given themselves to the work earlier. The emergency called them into action and the hour of crisis was, as so often happens, the hour before daybreak.

"AS HE IS."

(1. John 3 : 2.)

WHEN we see Him as He is,
In that Land of peace and rest,
Surrounded by the millions,
His own sacrifice hath blessed,
We shall lose our rougher natures
For a gentle one like His;
And we all shall be new creatures,
When we see Him as He is.

But we need not wait so long
To see the Master's face,
To listen to His soothings,
And behold His matchless grace;
There's not a flower that blossoms
But reflects a love of His
That will shine out strong and steady,
When we see Him as He is.

His presence is about us
And when we let Him in
We're welcoming the Lamb of God
Who takes away our sin.
Too often we look past Him,
And behold no face like His.
In fearing we shan't know Him—
Till we see Him as He is.

Let us see Him here in nature—
In the kind words of our Friend;
With heaven right around us,
Let earth and heaven blend:
Nor waste in speculation
This precious time of His—
E'en glimpses make us like Him,
Till we see Him as He is. —*L. A.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

Visit to the Tomb of Rachel—One of the Earliest "Memory Places" in the World.

MUCH interest had been expressed by the younger members of the household in the beautiful picture illustrating the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, published in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, d there was a very general desire to know re about the ancient highway and the hisic remains on either side.

'The most attractive of all the places along road, outside of Bethlehem itself," said cle John, "is the tomb of Rachel. You remember that Dr. Talmage, in a sermon ached quite lately, described the meeting Jacob and Rachel at the well in Mesepoamia where the droves gathered to water? ob was looking for a wife then and he saw beautiful shepherdess come to the well h her father's flock. Her body now lies in nall mosque, which marks the spot where died when Benjamin was born."

'That was little Benjamin who afterward nt down to Egypt to see Joseph, wasn't asked one of the children.

'Yes," replied Uncle John. "Rachel his ther called him *Benoni;* which means 'the of my sorrow,' but Jacob who set great e by the lad called him *Benjamin*, 'the of *my right hand*,' meaning I suppose that love of Rachel, his Aramæan wife, he would ays keep the boy beside him. Many years rwards, when he was a venerable patriarch, told the touching story. 'As for me, when me to Padan, Rachel died by me in the d of Canaan on the way; when yet there ; but a little way come to Ephrath: the ie is Bethlehem.'

'All over the Holy Land Rachael's memory eld in loving reverence, and even the inl invaders respected her tomb, and erected mosque over the site."

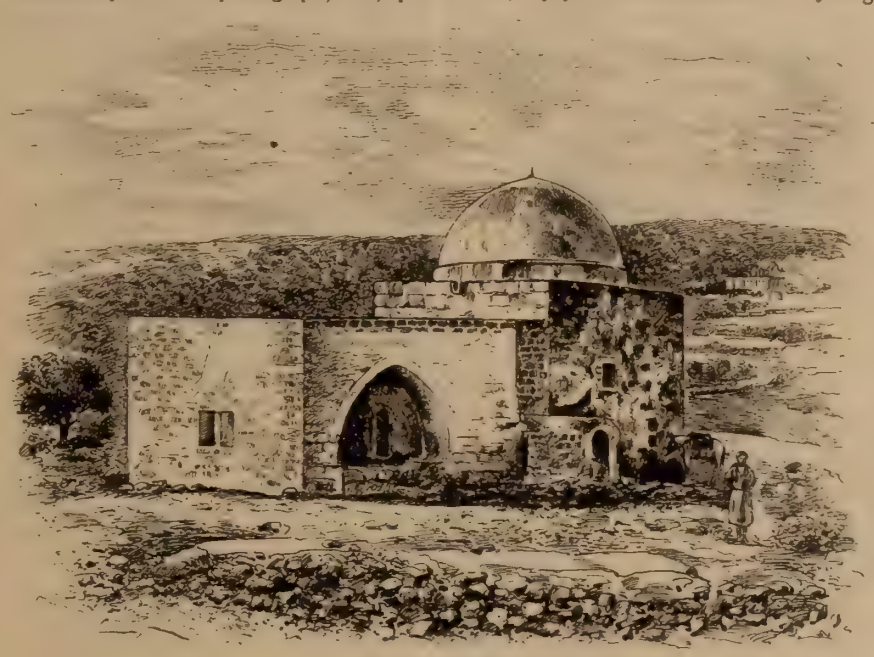
'The Turks did that?" inquired Tom.

'Turk or Saracen," was the reply. "The sque has within it a small rude shrine which rds the remnant of the pillar that was set by Jacob over her grave. Every month the s go the mosque and lament for Rachel. ve seen them there making their outcry, hough she had died but yesterday, instead housands of years ago. The mosque itself is a square building, rather modern in aspect although it covers the first monument to the dead that was ever set up since the creation of the world. Before the seventh century there was only a pyramid of stones surrounding the pillar and no mosque. Nearby, the ground is covered with stones, entirely hiding the soil, and this pecularity is explained by a legend. Christ was passing along near the tomb of Rachel when he discovered a peasant sowing. Being asked by the Saviour what he sowed the fellow replied angrily: 'Stones!' 'Then,' said Jesus, 'Stones ye shall reap" and he passed on."

"What a singular legend!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"We visited the tomb while in Palestine," continued Uncle John. "It is about half a mile north of Bethlehem and the Turks, Jews and Christians all agree as to its authenticity. *Kubbet Rahil* (Rachel's Grave), it is called by the natives, and so it was probably called in the days when the long lines of weeping Israelites passed it to go to captivity in Babylon. It is now rather neglected and falling into decay, as you can see by the general appearance of the mosque in the photograph; still, pilgrimages are made to the spot by the Jews and the inner walls are covered with names written in almost every language, and almost all being those of Hebrews or their descendants.

"There was one weak spot in Rachel's otherwise beautiful character, that has been transmitted to us by history. When she went with Jacob to Canaan, she took away with her her father's household gods, apparently without informing Jacob of the act. You remember reading in Genesis 35: 2, how the presence of these idols caused trouble in Jacob's household and how, finally, at God's command he ordered the images to be cast out. It was after his household had been purified that his bereavement came; but he doubtless remembered the circumstance with lifelong sorrow and attributed to it much of his affliction."



RACHEL'S TOMB.

(From a photograph brought from the Holy Land by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

* * *

What Came of a Woman's Effort.

HERE is a little experience fruitful in suggestion for those who are by their environments shut off from the larger field of effort in God's work. A mother writes us from Christiansburg, Va:

"I have been conducting a Sabbath School in my house and trying to do good by reading THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to those who cannot read themselves, and it has become of such interest that my house will no longer accommodate those who are eager to hear, therefore I am resolved by God's help to build a church. We are a little flock, trying to pay for homes to raise our children, and are unable to get a church within ourselves, but we have been for two years praying God to help us in this cause, and we believe that we will yet see a house in which we can assemble ourselves with more ease than we have done. We do not want to discontinue our work in winter, if we can help it, but my house is only a small cabin and I cannot warm it comfortably.

"I first started by reading and teaching my own little ones; then they brought other children and these children brought their parents. Now we number more than fifty who never attended worship anywhere till now. Though I cannot preach like Paul, I can tell the story of Jesus to little children and the poor ignorant ones by whom I am surrounded."

This brave Christian woman, who has thus marched on "from strength to strength," deserves the encouragement of everyone who loves God's word and delights in his work. The Lord never permits true service to go unrewarded.

* * *

"It Pays."

"A FATHER" writes us from McConnellsville, Ohio, "Our son's death came upon us at first as a heavy blow, but it has since proved a rich blessing. He had been a consistent Christian for many years, but it was left for his death to reveal to his parents his usefulness and the extent to which he had endeared himself to the people of F—— and especially those who are Christians there. We want you to tell the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that *it pays* to bring up children with prayer and God's word, ever trusting in the Lord for help and guidance. Our boy was a subject of prayer from his birth. God be praised for the memory of his precious life."

Yes; it pays. The recollection of a young life consecrated to holiness is one that brings comfort to the parents in their bereavement. The world affords no consolation like this.

It is Whittier, the Christian poet, who has expressed this in his beautiful lines:

And Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
Since he who knows our need is just,
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must,
Who has not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own?

* * *

A True Sister.

THE sister who is well-beloved by the brother is almost certain to be liked elsewhere. There is no surer way to learn genuine courtesy than to practice it habitually in his presence. You say, "But he's my own brother." Is that any reason why you should take his courtesies for granted, and never say "thank you"? Is that any reason why you should not try and make an evening at home pleasant for him, instead of forcing him by your selfishness to seek his happiness somewhere else? Is that any reason why you should not think his opinion of your frocks, your bonnet or looks, worth consideration? Is that any reason why you should appear before him in a clumsy wrapper and with your hair in papers? Is that any reason why, when you have a man visitor, he should be made to feel that you endured your brother when there was no one else, but that when there was—well, then it was different? Is that any reason why you should not listen to his word of advice about other girls and their brothers? None whatever. Try to take an interest in your brothers, especially if they are younger than you are. Good will come of it and much pleasure in the home circle, besides.

* * *

THE IDEAL HOME.

WE may build a house, says a writer in the Rocky Mountain *Christian Advocate*, and we may call it home, but unless it is the place above all others for soul culture and mental growth, it seems almost sacrilegious to give it that endearing name. An ideal home may be in an unpretending cottage as well as in a palace. In either case love must be the pivot on which the intricate machinery of home duties turns. If we desire a model home, we must be willing to work for it—with brain and heart as well as hands.

Children should receive their first lessons in usefulness around the family hearthstone. Very early should they be taught that their own desires must be made subservient to the comfort of the family. Were this rule generally followed, there would be fewer selfish exactions, and the home-life would be largely filled with generous, disinterested deeds.

If more time and pains were taken to make homes that are worthy of the name, the wrongdoings of sons and daughters would not so often plant thorns in the pillows of their parents during their declining years.

If parents would take more interest in the amusements of their children, there would be less danger of them entering forbidden paths of pleasure when they are called to leave the home that has sheltered their childhood. Young people must have recreation of some kind. It is natural and necessary, and needs much thought and care.

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain,
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the future holds in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

* * *

A Kind-hearted Emperor.

A PLEASING story of the late Emperor Frederick is related in one of the German papers. Some years ago, shortly before the death of the old Emperor, a tall, handsome gentleman jumped into a third-class carriage of a local railway at Berlin, just as the train was leaving the station. An old flower-seller, with a basket of newly-cut hyacinths, was the only other other occupant of the compartment. He asked the old dame to sell him a bunch, and she chose the freshest and largest, and handed it to him. Its price was a penny; but she was paid with a mark piece, which, as she said at once, was a thing that had never been heard of before in a third-class carriage.

Presently the stranger and the flower-seller were in conversation, and it turned out that the poor woman was the bread-winner of a family of four. Her son was crippled, her granddaughter a little school-girl, and her husband had for some months past been out of work, since a new railway official had dismissed him as being too old to do much work. The stranger then suggested that she should apply, on her husband's behalf, to the railway authorities.

"That is no good whatever," she replied, as she wiped her tears with her apron. "If you haven't the Pope for your cousin now-a-days you can't get anybody to listen to you."

"Then try the Emperor," the stranger went on.

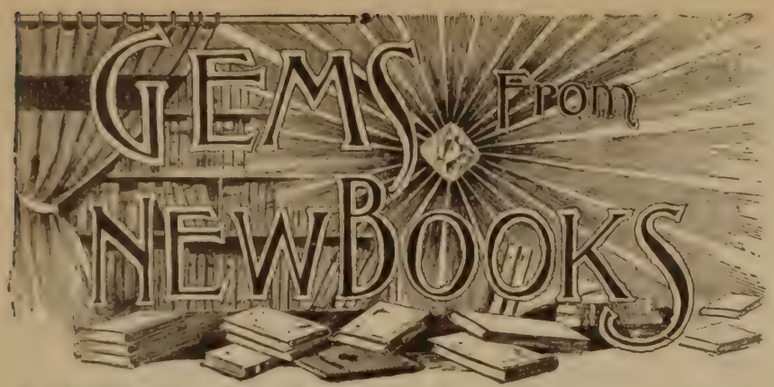
"Alas!" she sighed; "If the old gentleman was allowed to see the petitions that are sent, it might do some good; but he does not get to know about us poor people."

"Well, then, let your husband write to the Crown Prince."

"Yes," she said, "he might do that," and she would tell him so as soon as she had sold her flowers.

By this time the train had got to the terminus, the old dame bundled out her basket, and noticed with astonishment that the officials and the crowd on the platform looked at her carriage and saluted and cheered. "What's up?" she asked. "Why, the Crown Prince was in the same compartment with you."

Then the flower-seller held her head high, and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over.



A JAPANESE PIONEER.

Flight from Japan.*

IN the summer of 1864, the brig *Berlin* of Nagasaki, Japan arrived at Hakodate, consigned to Frederick Wilkie, Esq. in command of William B. Savory, of Salem, Mass. Just before leaving on the return voyage to Shanghai, Captain Savory was informed by Mr. Wilkie that a young Japanese, the friend of a native clerk in his office, was anxious to escape from Japan to the United States, where he hoped to obtain an education. Reminding the Captain that serious consequences were likely to follow his detection in the act of taking a native out of the country, Mr. Wilkie called the young man, then about twenty-one years of age, into his office, and Captain Savory, through the clerk, who acted as interpreter, offered him a passage to Shanghai provided he could reach the brig without assistance from those on board, and promised to do what he could towards securing his transfer to some vessel returning to the United States. As a result of this proposition the clerk, before mentioned, assisted his friend on board the *Berlin* during the night. Owing to the presence of Japanese custom officers on the vessel, the runaway was secreted in one of the cabin state-rooms, and given to understand by signs that he must remain in hiding until the brig was under way. "I shall never forget," writes Captain Savory in 1883, "the first interview I had with him or how happy he felt when he saw the shores of his native land fading from his view, knowing that he was safe from all harm. His sole aim then was to learn the English language, that he might be able to translate the Bible into his own tongue for the benefit of his countrymen."

On arriving at Shanghai, the *Berlin* was ordered to Nagasaki. Knowing that his young protege could return to Japan only at the risk of his life, Captain Savory secured his transfer to the ship *Wild Rover* of Boston, Mass., owned by Alpheus Hardy & Co., under the command of Captain Horace S. Taylor. In Sept. 1864 Captain Taylor sailed for Foochoo, but remained in Chinese waters through the winter. On April 1, 1865, he set sail from Manilla for Boston where he arrived after a four months' passage. When this young Japanese came on board the *Wild Rover* at Shanghai, he could speak but a few English words, though he had some knowledge of the written language. On being asked his name, he replied "Neesima Shimeta." "I shall call you Joe," was the Captain's laconic announcement.

Shortly after reaching Boston Captain Taylor informed his owner that he had a Japanese boy on board the ship, who was anxious to secure an education, and at Mr. Hardy's request Neesima was sent for. During the voyage he had acquired the ship's vocabulary, but was still unable to make known his wishes in correct English. To every question asked by Mrs. Hardy, he replied only in monosyllables. It was impossible to understand from his answers why he had left Japan, and beyond the statement of Captain Taylor, a very reticent man, nothing could be learned of his aims or desires. Neesima was therefore sent to the Sailors' Home, and requested to put in writing the reasons which led him to flee his native country. In a short time Mr. Hardy received a quaintly written statement clearly explaining his desire for an education and his whole previous history up to that date. It concluded as follows:

A Japanese Letter.

"I AM concerned about it as much as my brain would melted out, and when such musings fell on my head, I could not read book at all, I would not do anything very cheerfully, and I looked around myself long time as a lunatic, because it confused my mind very much. But I know not yet will I take what course of my life, and I know not too any trade to earn myself. Alas I am poor and foolish. I have no one around me to relieve me except you. Then I wish heartily to you that please let me direct into some good way which I may reach my aim. If you let me reach my aim I will never forget your kindness and virtuousness. Although I will go down behind a grave, my soul will go to heaven to tell to God about it and let him bless you. Please let me hear that Mr. Hardy will let me go to what kind of a school, and I wish that he gave me the remainder of his table for my eating, old one of his clothing for my dressing, ink, pen, paper, pencil for using of my study."

To this remarkable statement was due the beginning of that interest which deepened with the years and which subsequent events amply justified. On learning that Mr. Hardy had determined to send him to school, Neesima was full of gratitude. He wrote to thank him, concluding with the prayer: "O Lord please set thy eyes upon my Hardy, and keep out him from illness and temptation."

In 1885, when after a lapse of twenty years, this runaway occupied a position of honor and influence in his native land, he sent to those whom he loved to call his American parents a fuller account of his early life. From this narrative and from his letters much of the material of this volume has been obtained.

* From *Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima*, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy. A biography of the famous Japanese Christian who having fled from Japan in the days of religious intolerance, obtained a Christian education in America and returned to his native land after the revolution to establish the University in Kyoto and preach Christ to his fellow countrymen. Pp. 356; Published by *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*, New York and Boston.

LOST MANUSCRIPTS.*

STUDENTS of Holy Scripture and of early Christianity are learning every day to look more and more to ancient Greek, Syriac and Armenian writers, and to the libraries of the Eastern Churches for fresh light on these important subjects. It is only natural we should do so. Writers like Simeon Metaphrastes and Photius, the student Patriarch of Constantinople, lived a thousand years nearer the Apostolic times than we do. They flourished in an age of the highest civilization, when precious literary works, in hundreds and thousands, which are no longer known amongst us, lay all around them and at their command. These men and their friends gathered them up and made extracts from them and common sense alone teaches that a critical study of their writings will reveal to us somewhat of the treasures they possessed. During the last fifty years we have sought diligently in the libraries of the East for the works to which they refer and the search has been amply rewarded. The recovery of the complete works of Hippolytus and of Clement of Rome, the discovery of the *Teaching of the Apostles* are only specimens of what we may yet hope to exhume from the dust of ages.

Let me briefly tell the story of the finding of the lost *Apology of Aristides* and show its bearing on the age and date of the Acts. Eusebius, the historian of the fourth century, mentions in his *Chronicle* the two earliest apologies written in 124 in defence of Christianity; one by Quadratus, a hearer of the Apostles, the other by Aristides, a philosopher of Athens. Now this year, 124, was about twenty years after the death of the Apostle John. These apologies have hitherto been best known by this historian's notice, though Eusebius says they were widely circulated in his time. The *Apology of Aristides* has often been sought for. In the seventeenth century it was said to have been extant in a monastery near Athens, but no Westerner had ever seen it in a complete shape in modern times. Two years ago, however, Professor J. Rendel Harris, M. A., of Haverford College Pennsylvania, discovered it in a Syriac version in the library of the Convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai, whence he has published it with an English translation in a new series of *Texts and Studies in Biblical and Patristic Literature*, the first number of which has appeared at Cambridge within the last few weeks.

I need not go farther into the discovery of this document which raises high our expectations of others still more interesting. The *Apology* of Quadratus would be even more important as it bore direct testimony to the miracles of our Lord. The brief extract which Eusebius gives in his history (Book 4, Chap. 3), proves how precious would be the complete work. "The deeds of our Saviour," says Quadratus, "were always before you, for they were true; those that were healed, those that were raised from the dead, who were seen not only when healed and when raised, but were always present. They remained for a long time, not only while the Saviour was sojourning with us, but likewise when he had been removed. So that some of them have also survived to our own times."

* From *The Acts of the Apostles*. By the Rev. G. I. Stokes, D. D. An exposition of the first part of the book down to the conversion of the Apostle Paul and the Baptism of Cornelius. This volume which is one of the series known as "The Expositor's Bible" fully sustains the character of its predecessors and is especially useful from the side-lights which the author has thrown upon the period from contemporary secular history. Pp. 424; Price $1.50. Published by *A. C. Armstrong & Son*, 51 East Tenth Street, New York.

OUR COMING LORD.

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON*

THAT "blessed hope," our Lord's promised and personal coming, has been, in great measure, lost by the Church of to-day. There are not wanting those who, as in the early Thessalonian church, say, "The day of Christ has arrived," and claim a millennial presence of the Lord which supersedes the longing for his glorious appearance. And there are still more, in whose minds that definite and personal advent has dissolved into a vague and distant vision of a spiritual millennium.

Instead of looking for Christ, multitudes are looking for the millennium, the conversion of the world, the regeneration of the nations. How different all this from the spirit of

The Lord's Last Admonitions

and commands! His charge was, watch not for the millennium, but for the Lord. If it were true that a thousand years of spiritual blessing and universal righteousness must certainly precede his personal coming, then, how irrelevant, how absurd, the command to watch for his coming as an ever-impending event! To his mind, and the minds of the early church, there was no such certain interval antecedent to his return. That was the one goal of hope and anticipation. The apostles themselves so honestly and earnestly cherished this hope, that we find even Paul classing himself among those who hoped to be "alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord." True, in the later Epistle, he does tell that certain things will intervene; but these are not of the nature of millennium blessings, but the very opposite.

There will be a Falling Away;

a revelation of wicked men; a system and a personality of dark and terrible iniquity, in the very midst of which the Lord will suddenly appear in judgment and destruction. Christ's own picture of the Christian age exactly corresponds with this. It is a picture, not of gospel triumph, but of abounding iniquity, of awful temptation, of spiritual declension; a period which has no parallel but the days of Noah and Lot; a period when, regarding the very elect of God, he asks: "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?"

True, the gospel of the kingdom will be preached among all nations first, but this does not imply that it will be universally accepted. On the contrary, its design is clearly declared to be "as a witness," to utter

The Warning Cry,

to leave them without excuse, and "to gather out of them a people to his name," and complete "the fulness of the Gentiles." Then shall the end come," and the fulfillment of this last condition cannot now be very far in the future.

As to the prospects of a spiritual millennium before the Lord comes, we find little to encourage such a hope in the history of Christianity. The past eighteen centuries have witnessed many wonderful outpourings of the Holy Ghost, but none of them have brought any such blessed condition. Even if the heathen nations were as much Christianized as England and America have been for a hundred years, it would be a sad millennium.

No; the picture drawn by inspiration is not one flattering to human pride; it is not much like the popular dreams of patriots, poets, and even preachers; it is one of

Terrestrial Convulsions,

national commotions, spiritual conflicts, and terrific developments of evil, dark, portentous shadow, amid which the only sure gleams of hope and light are from the Morning Star and the Sun of Righteousness. And the events of our own generation, the throes of universal unrest and convulsion, the unparalleled succession of wars and revolutions, the swift and sudden movements of God's mighty providence, the intense activity of good, and awful malignity of evil—all seem to echo the words which we have just read from the pen of a great and good man on the other side of the Atlantic. Surely, it may be near, even at the doors. The condition of European society cannot much longer continue. It is one which no word can describe except "drift." Like Paul's ship in the Adriatic storm, which "could no longer bear up against the wind, and when they let her drive." What is

The Practical Value

of this hope? Does it cut the sinews of hopeful endeavor, or does it really tend to sanctify Christian character, and stimulate true Christian effort? Most assuredly it is one of the most practical of all precious promises of our Lord. It must lead every honest Christian to a life of holy vigilance and purity, for "every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." It is one of the strongest influences to separate us from the evil world, for "our conversation is in heaven from whence we expect the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ." Men who speak or feel thus are not likely to bury their souls in a defiled or a doomed world.

It is the most powerful of all incentives to missionary effort; for, if we are really looking for the end, we will hasten to utter the last warning cry to the world, and, if the preaching of the Gospel to all nations be

The Last Condition

before his coming, all that "love his appearing," will seek to "hasten" it by fulfilling that condition. Surely, there can be no more sublime and all-constraining impulse than the hope that we, looking past the dark grave and the opening heavens, may be permitted to complete the great commission, to prepare the world for his advent, and then, his last commands completely fulfilled, to turn our face to the heavens, and welcoming Him back to earth again, close this age of sin and sorrow with the last prayer of inspiration, "Even so, Lord Jesus, come."

And, finally, it will have a tendency to encourage us amid seeming failures and disappointments, by the intelligent apprehension of his own revealed plan, which foresaw these very failures, and provided for the great victory by his own glorious appearing, and his own sovereign and all-subduing reign.

* From his article in the *Christian Alliance*.

PASTOR SPURGEON'S ILLNESS.

PROTESTANT Christians of all lands (says *The Scottish Congregationalist*) have been profoundly interested in, and anxious about, the disease which has for so long held the great preacher as its victim. He has been prayed for by name at hundreds of religious gatherings throughout the world. The International Congregational Council began its work by praying for his recovery. The Northern Conference remembered him, the great Convention in connection with the Christian Endeavor Societies in America remembered him. In requests for special prayer read out at a certain High Ritualistic Church, Mr. Spurgeon's name was coupled with that of an English bishop who has also been ill. The Archbishop of Canterbury and other dignitaries of the Episcopal Church of England, the Prince of Wales and others of the British nobility have called personally or sent messages of sympathy and kind inquiry. Whether God answer the prayers of his people by the complete restoration of his servant to health and strength or not, Mr. Spurgeon has, by enduring this illness done very real, manifest and incalculable work towards the reunion of the Protestant Church. They have all met in the Spirit for prayer around the sick-bed of one Baptist minister. To the spiritual discerner this has been a glorious, thrilling scene. Surely Mr. Spurgeon's view of this use to which God has put his illness, may sympathize in a very deep way with the apostle's words—"Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

H. J. Morse, Freehold, N. J. Your inquiry better suited to the columns of a secular ournal than to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

. B. C Ottawa, Kans. Can a man who has two living wives be a Christian, provided he has a divorce from the first one?

1. See the Saviour's own words on this oint, Mark 10:11, 12.

. Moss, Kansas City, Mo. The custom prevails to capitalize all pronouns which represent the Godhead. Is this right and by what authority is it done? Capital letters are not used in the Bible

The authority is that of veneration and re- ect for the Deity and things sacred. It is a me-honored custom sanctioned by imme- orial usage, just as for the same reason in me ancient Bibles we find the words "Lord" id "God" wholly in capital letters.

F. Jones, Elido, O., and "Reader," Lillydale Ranch, Glenwood, Colo. If the appearance of the rainbow in the heavens is produced by natural laws, is it not reasonable to believe that the same result took place previous to the promise of our Creator given to Noah after the deluge, to assure us and be a sign of immunity from a similar visitation?

Sophistry is full of such suggestions. The ct that the Lord declared to Noah that the ow in the heavens would thereafter be "a gn" of immunity from deluge does not neces- rily imply that such a bow had never before peared.

, M. Kelly, Columbus Falls, Mont. Is it right for a Christian to marry a Catholic?

A Catholic is also a Christian in that he or e believes in the divinity of Christ. Our rrespondent probably referred to the propri- y of marriages between Protestants and tholics. Such marriages, while not prohibit- , are fruitful of disputes and troubles, be- use the Catholic party to the union is pledg- to rear the children in the Catholic faith. ese marriages are rarely productive of hap- ess. See II. Cor. 6: 14.

omas Crago, Houghton, Mich. Explain the ebb and flow of the tides.

The tides ebb and flow twice in a lunar day twenty-four hours, and are occasioned by e attraction of the sun and moon acting un- ually on the waters in the different parts of e earth, thus disturbing their equilibrium. hen sun and moon are in conjunction as at w moon or opposite, their united influences oduce the high or spring-tide. When the on is in the first or third quarter, the sun's raction being unimpaired produces the usual neap-tide.

E. A. P. sends a fuller reply to the question ncerning the origin of the proverb: "Clean- ess is next to godliness." "It was written," e tells us, "by a Hebrew and is older than ny parts of the Bible. It appears in *Beraith*, the last of *Mishna* of *Sota*, chap. 9, and is nd in other Hebrew works. That learned bi, Rev. Dr. Bettelheim, gives the follow- translation: *Shenehas Ben Bair* says: the trines of religion are resolved into (or are t to) carefulness; carefulness into vigor- sness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guilt- sness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness o cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness (or iness). The meaning of the original is that anliness is next to or akin to godliness or iness. *Mishna* is used to describe a collec- n of Jewish traditions and explanations of the iptures. From a sick-bed I have copied this planation for the readers of THE CHRISTIAN RALD."

McTurk, 333 Gross Street, Pittsburg, Pa. What is sleep? How come our dreams, and from whence? Is it the spirit asserting itself apart from the body?

leep in that state of suspension of the sen- y and motor functions common to all an- ls, with an active condition of those func- ns, and is designed for their recuperation and replacing of wasted tissues. This is the siological definition, but the psychological nomena of sleep are too extensive a subject discussion here. During sleep, the brain is nparatively bloodless, and the blood oughout the entire system moves with di- inished rapidity. Complete sleep has no ams, but usually there is a limited mental vity or sensitiveness which responds more ess to external impressions such as touch, nperature, and sound, and which gives the nciples of "suggestion" and "association deas" unlimited operation. All voluntary control of the brain is temporarily lost, and one impression or suggestion calls up another, producing dreams that may either be part of a chain connected with the waking thoughts or emotions, or be caused by outward impressions received through the sensory nerves, while the body is asleep. Dreams are in almost every instance referable to the peculiar condition of the body and called into existence through the external senses. (See Carpenter's *Cyclopedia of Anatomy and Physiology*, and Sir B. Brodie's *Psychological Inquiries*.)

Samuel Ricker, Fredericksburg, Pa. If the Pharisees were children of the devil, how could the kingdom of God be within them?

When Christ explained to the Pharisees that the kingdom of God was within them, he doubtless intended to convey that that kingdom, as far as this world was concerned, was in the hearts of men and did not consist of mere temporal power and government, like the kingdoms of earth. "The kingdom of God is within you," may properly be accepted as a passage in general illustration of this, rather than as a statement applied to the individuals to whom he addressed himself.

J. Lewis, Milwaukee, Wis. Does God justify cremation? What is the best means of disposing of a body, from a Christian standpoint?

There is nothing either for or against cremation in the Bible, nor is any law laid down to regulate the disposal of the dead, or to prohibit the choice of any method that may appeal to sanitary or climatic considerations. Cremation has been practiced by many nations for centuries and there may, in some countries, be many valid reasons for preferring it as a mode of dealing with the dead. If God is able to resurrect the bodies of saints buried centuries ago and long since turned to dust, he is equally able to restore from the ashes of the cemetery urns the bodies of those who have been cremated.

Rev. Hafstein Pjetursson, Grund, P. O. Manitoba, Canada. I am an Icelandic minister. All Icelandic ministers have the same method of preaching. They write down their sermons, *in extenso*, and read them from the paper. I have learned another method of preaching in Copenhagen, Denmark. The Danish ministers deliver their sermons speaking without any help of written manuscript. I have commenced to introduce that method of preaching among my countrymen. Am I doing right?

Both ways may be right. It depends largely on the temperament and ability of the pastor to think out with due system his sermon beforehand, whether or not he will be able to deliver it. For a person with an impulsive temperament, who is liable to make rash assertions, or to be carried away by his own eloquence, the better plan would be to prepare a carefully written sermon. The whole matter, however, is one to be decided by conscience. If you consider that you can give sufficient preparation to your sermons without writing them, you are quite right in doing so.

John James, 25 Torrance Street, Montreal, writes:

May I be permitted to add a word to the very important question in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD for September 23, 1891. "Did Satan own the Kingdoms of the world when he offered them to Christ?" You rightly answer, "No; Satan did not own them." But it is still true that they were in his hands to offer to Christ; he had usurped them. At Creation, Man was placed in the Garden of Eden as lord over all. "Thou hast put all things under his feet," was true of the first Adam (see Ps. 8: 4-9), while it will only be carried out permanently under the second Adam. (See 1. Cor. 15: 25, Eph. 1: 22, Heb. 2: 6-9.) But when Adam listened to Satan and fell, he transferred his allegiance, and through that Satan became the "prince of this world." (See John 14: 30, 16, 11, 18, 36, Luke 22: 53, 2 Cor. 4: 4.) The consequence of this has been that the empires of the world have been truly delineated as wild beasts. (Dan 7: 3.) It was universal empire Satan offered to Jesus, but which he refused to take from his hand. When Satan said, "to whomsoever I will I give it" (Luke 4: 6), the Lord did not deny it, but was content to go on in the path of obedience until the time should come for the Father to give it to him. (Matt. 11: 27.) Then "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever," (Rev. 11; 15.) The fact that "the powers that be are ordained of God" Rom. 13: 1, does not conflict with this. God did put authority in the hands of Noah, Gen. 9: 6, but this has been usurped by Satan, through the willingness of man to be led by him.

Rev. A. Gregory, Mercer, N. J. I believe Satan did own the kingdoms. A kingdom implies subjects. What would Great Britain be without subjects? Would be only so many acres of land. Now as subjects are essential to a kingdom, it follows that as there can be no doubt that Satan ruled in the biggest half of the hearts of the subjects of those kingdoms, therefore he owned them and had the right to bargain them away, and it would have been the best bargain he ever drove had his offer been accepted. (Romans 6: 16.)

ALONE WITH GOD

(For The Christian Herald)

AT night, when weary of the crowding cares,
Which through the day oppress me with their load,
How longs my soul to lift itself in prayers
Above its toils to be alone with God!

Alone with God! No cruel eyes to see
The sacred thoughts that burn within my breast,
Unknown to all, except my God and me,
Too sacred here to be made manifest.

Alone with God! Above the gloom-capped heights
Of doubts cold mountain, where my soul once stood;
I see before me the eternal lights
That glow along the pathway of the good.

As Moses with the tables on the brow
Of rocky Sinai stood with God apart,
So he is writing with his finger now
His blessings on the tablets of my heart.

Alone with God! No higher boon I crave!
What could the highest angel wish for more?
Alone with God, not fears can fill my grave
But glowing visions of the shining shore.

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But finally went, and came home feeling about as bad as ever. Then I took two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and feel better than for 5 years. I am as hearty as when a boy. Have regained my flesh, have good appetite, sleep well, and **My Nerves** are in excellent condition. I would not value $1000 for what

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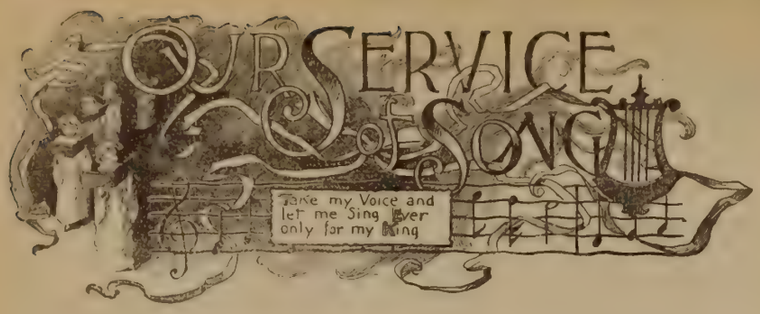
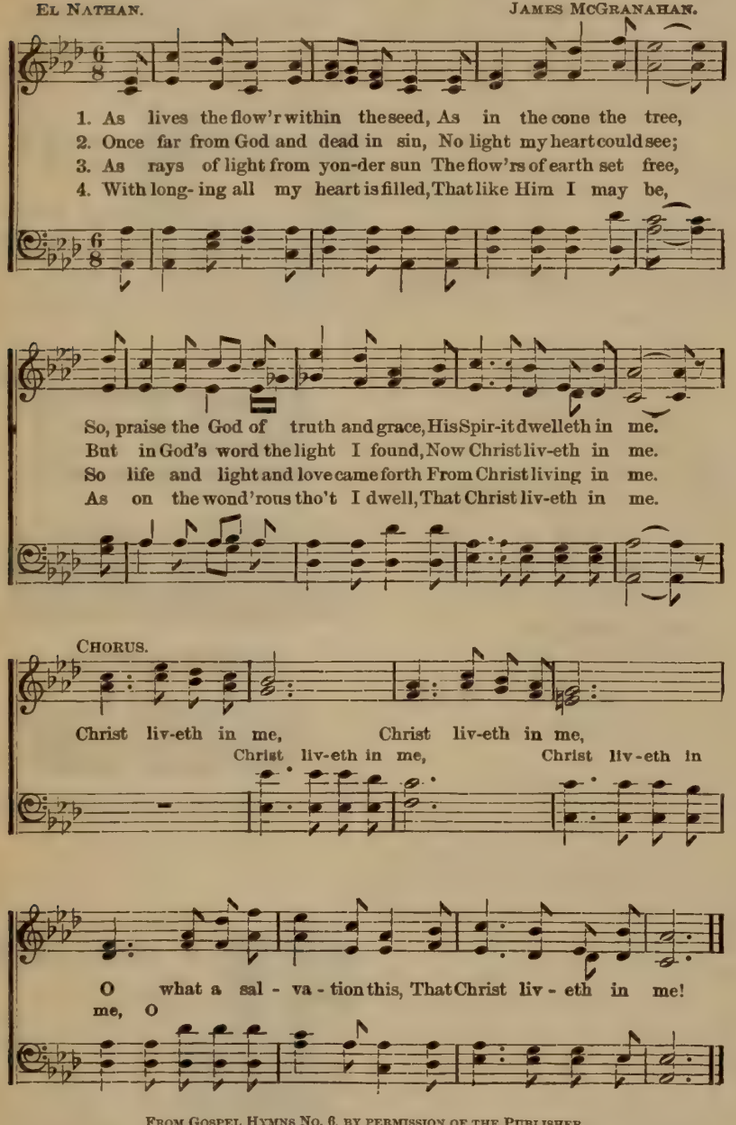


Christ Liveth in Me.

"Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2: 20.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.



From Gospel Hymns No. 6, by permission of the Publisher.

"GIVE ME THY HEART."

(For The Christian Herald.)

"GIVE Me thy heart:" O, child of sin,
Thy Saviour calls; oh! let Him in;
List to His gentle, pleading voice;
Obey, in Christ fore'er rejoice.

"Give Me thy heart:" in loving tones
Thy Father pleads; "My blood atones
For all thy guilt; Oh! ransomed be
From sin's dark bondage ever free."

"Give Me thy heart:" Oh! why refuse?
Why ways of error wilt thou choose?
"I will forgive,—thy burdens bear,
And guard My child with tend'rest care."

Give Him thy heart, oh! weary one;
Wait not till life's short day is done:—
Until the night of death draws near.
Accept Him now, and He will cheer

Thy darkest hour and light divine
Will all along thy pathway shine;
And in the sunshine of His smile,
Bide, well content, earth's little while.

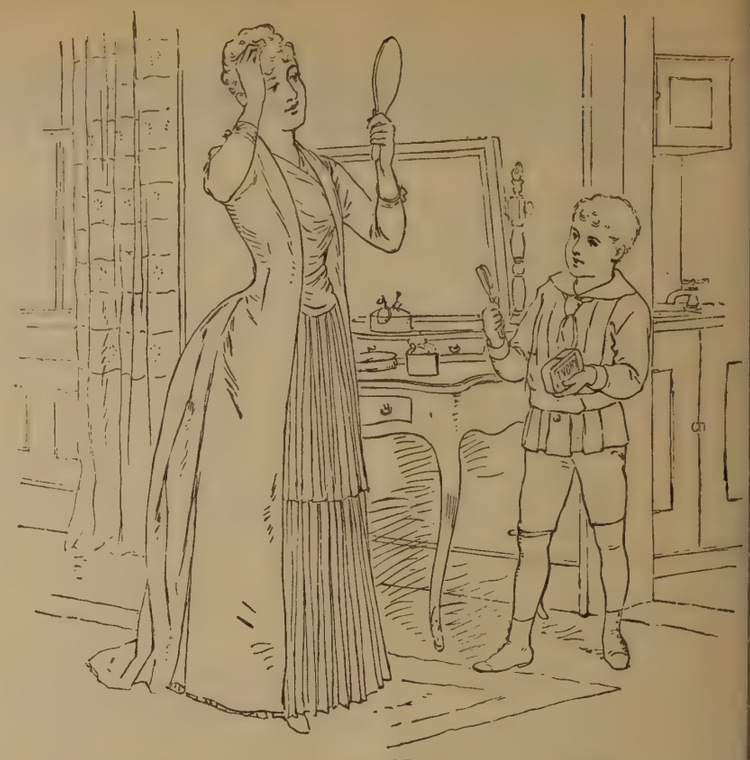
—*A. C.*

Van Houten's Cocoa—Send for a can. See advts.

DON'T FRET.

Most folks worry more than enough. Nerve waste is somewhat a new field of consideration for people of studious habits. People think that the supply of vital energy is inexhaustible, and that repair goes on as fast as waste. Then comes a crash and they are puzzled. Nerves should be economized as carefully as a bank account. You cannot get out what is not put into the nerves any more than into the bank. Sleep is nature's way of winding up the machine. When we begin to get sleepless the nerves are then exhausted; and either insanity or some other form of nerve depression is near at hand. Railroad traveling, even in a sleeper, is not like a bed. Rapid mental work for short hours is better than a long struggle to do mental work when we are weary. The master said, "Come aside and rest awhile," and summer vacations are as good now as then.

"All run down" from the weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give this peculiar medicine a trial. Sold by all druggists.*



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THE COST OF PRIDE.

NOT long ago a clergyman was visiting a sick lady who was an active member of his church. She was known to be very proud of her descent from an old and renowned family and her own character had been irreproachable.

Her end was evidently approaching and her pastor spoke to her about the coming change. He was startled by the way in which she responded to his remarks. He felt convinced that she was not trusting in Christ as her Saviour. She would talk about Church affairs, but not about Jesus. Returning from visiting her one day the minister entered his study and prayed for wisdom, then, rising from his knees, he said, "I will use the lancet to-day. I will ask her the straight question." He called again and began to speak of some of the great sinners in the Bible, of Manasseh, the dying thief, and Mary Magdalene, then coming near home he spoke of some of the flagrant sinners of their own little town, then summing up said, "But all alike sre sinners, and all must be saved in exactly the same way." The dying lady raised herself on her elbow and looking her pastor in the face asked, "Have I to be saved in the same way as those characters?" "Yes, there is no other way." "Then," she replied, "I would prefer to be lost." And she would not listen to another word the minister had to say. Men and women who live moral lives and have never been open, flagrant sinners, often cannot understand that they must come to Christ just the same as the worst of sinners.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

DURING a revival a man who had been very worldly-minded was awakened, but for some time concealed his feelings, even from his wife, who was a praying woman. She left him one evening in charge of his litttle girl of five years of age. After her departure, his anxiety of mind became so great that he walked the room in his agony. The little girl noticed his agitation, and inquired, "What ails you pa?" He replied, "Nothing," and endeavored to quiet his feelings, but all in vain. The child looked up sympathizingly in his face, and noticing how flushed and feverish it looked she said, "If you are dry, pa, why don't you get a drink of water?" The question was uttered in all simplicity, doubtless prompted by the child's memory of her own suffering and the refreshing drinks of water. But to the father it had a different meaning. The sermon which had stirred his heart and caused him so much anxiety was on the text: "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." The child's question blended with his thoughts. He was thirsting for that living water, why did he not drink when it was offered freely? He went into his room and threw himself on his knees and asked God for the promised water. He rose a new man and from that night he dates the beginning of a new life.

THE AFRICAN MEDICINE MAN.

THE Scriptural statement that "where there is no vision the people perish" has a double significance among the tribes of Equatorial Africa. The people suffer in body and soul. Especially do the sick suffer by the prevalent ignorance and superstition. "A serious illness," says a lady who is helping her husband in his missionary work among them, "nearly always ends in death. How can it be otherwise? A man falls sick; he is either shut up in a stuffy little hut, with a wood fire burning day and night, or, if poor, left out in the bush. They have no nourishing food, no warm drink, and often sink for the lack of this. In some cases the ukanga is called in, and gives the patient a dose which probably hastens the end. After he is dead a witch-doctor palaver is held; the ukanga kills a fowl, and pretends to discover from an examination of the creature's inside, who has caused the death. The person charged with the deed is then tied up until he pays a large fine to the relatives of the deceased. We were visiting a town where a death had just taken place. The ukanga was there, and had given his verdict as to the cause of death. All listened with great attention, and we asked to have it repeated. In this case the reason assigned for the man's death was that he had not fed the crocodile in the river for many days; consequently the animal had killed him in revenge! The poor, misguided people fully believed this, and the discussion which followed was a very serious one. As a matter of fact no one feeds the crocodiles and why should they? But if the crocodiles could cause the death of a man for not feeding them who would be safe? My husband stayed and reasoned with them and in the end disabused their minds as to the power of the crocodile but they will believe the next story the witch doctor tells them."

We are a patient people—the ox is nowhere in comparison.

We buy lamp-chimneys by the dozen; they go on snapping and popping and flying in pieces; and we go on buying the very same chimneys year after year.

Our dealer is willing to sell us a chimney a week for every lamp we burn—a hundred or more a year—and we plow for him, pay him for goading us.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" do not break from heat; they are made of tough glass.

As likely as not our dealer would rather his chimneys would break; "it's good for the business," says he. He buys the brittlest ones he can get.

"What are you going to do about it?"

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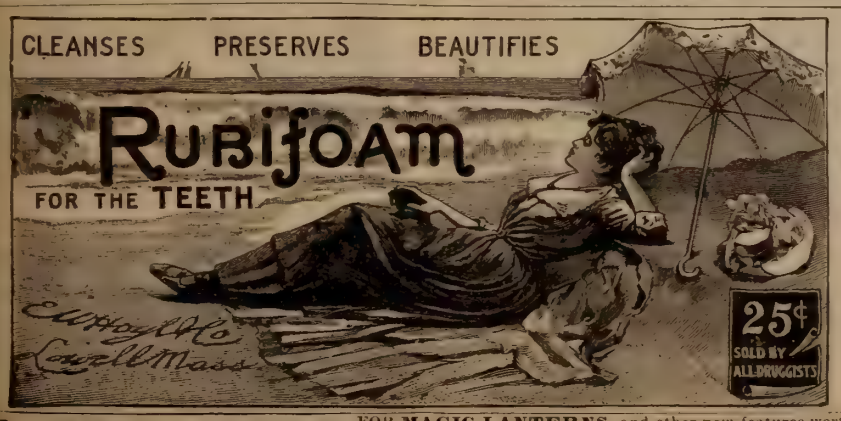

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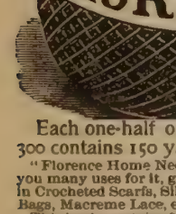

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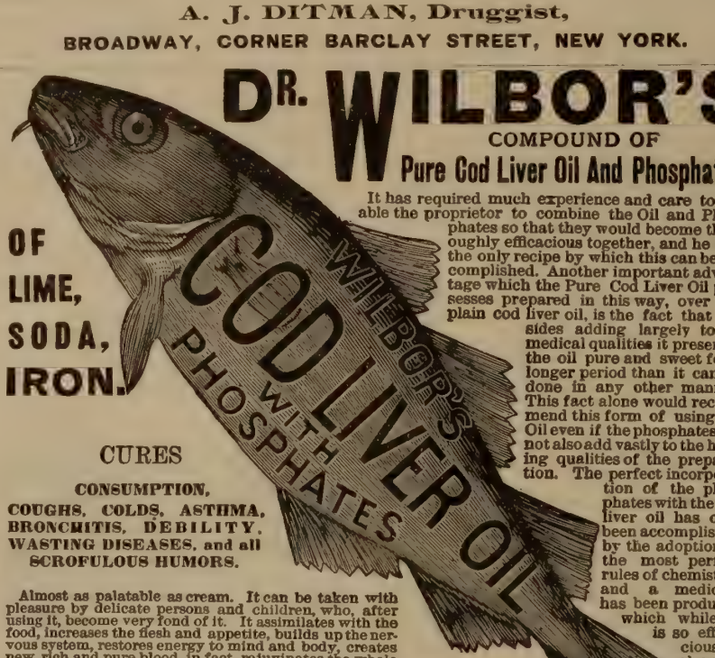

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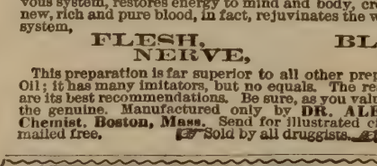

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

VOLUME 14. | NUMBER 42.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1891.

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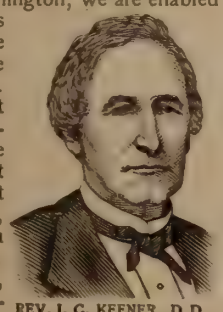
CLOSE OF THE COUNCIL.

The Great Methodist Conference at Washington Ended—Its Work Reviewed—Many Notable Addresses of the Highest Interest to Methodists in Every Land.

IT is universally admitted that the Methodist Conference, which closed its sessions in Washington yesterday, was the greatest gathering ever known in the history of Methodism. The debates were among the ablest ever listened to by an American audience, and the outcome of the Conference cannot fail to be of the highest importance to Christianity at large and more especially to Methodists throughout the civilized world. In last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD we published a brief outline of the earlier proceedings, and to-day, from our correspondent in Washington, we are enabled to furnish our readers with a comprehensive resume of the entire work of the Conference.

REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.


REV. J. C. KEENER, D.D.

When Bishop Hurst rose to greet the assembled delegates in the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, at the first day's session, his eyes lighted upon a remarkable gathering. Venerable bishops, grown gray in the service of the Church, sat side by side with others in the prime of life, yet hardly less famous, while a host of distinguished laymen helped to fill the crowded auditorium. The presence of the Rev. William Arthur, M. A., of London, who prepared the inaugural address, was a benediction, and the Conference paid to the venerable member the greatest possible respect. His voice being weakened through age, the sermon was read by a most brilliant speaker, the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, President of the British Wesleyan Conference.

REV. J. N. FITZGERALD, D.D.

REV. H. T. MARSHALL, D.D.

Bishop Hurst's address of welcome was a pleasant surprise. One of the most felicitous passages during its delivery occurred when, after welcoming the English-speaking delegates, he turned to the French delegates and repeated the welcome, using the purest French in its translation. This done, he faced the German delegates and once more translated the language of the address, speaking to them also in their native tongue. This linguistic feat aroused the enthusiasm of the Convention more than anything that had preceded it. Rising to follow Bishop Hurst, the Rev. Dr. Stephenson inquired jocosely into how many languages he was expected to translate his own remarks.

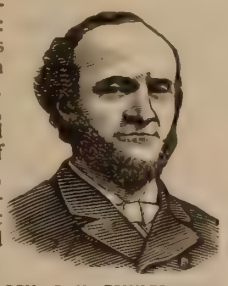
Some of the finest orators on the floor were the colored members of the Conference. At the reception tendered to the delegates by the colored members, great enthusiasm was developed and the speeches were remarkable for their oratorical power, no less than for the intense emotion and earnestness they exhibited. One of the most effective of the colored speakers was Bishop Arnett, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, whose address was characterized by many unique and original ideas. Speaking of the unity of the race, he said they were all one in origin, in destiny and in responsibility. There were three books, he said, that were being brought to the attention of the colored people: the spelling-book, the Bible and the bank book. He found the latter the shortest cut to the Anglo-Saxon heart.

REV. R. K. HARGRAVE, D.D.

"We colored people," he said, "have been free to imitate our white brethren, and we have succeeded in making several divisions of our Methodist Church. I admit that we are not yet quite abreast of you in this regard, as we have only reached our fifth division, while you have somewhere about twenty-three, I think."

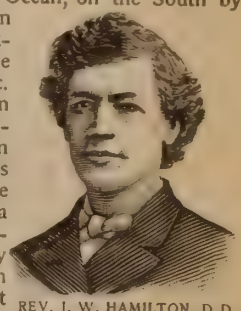
Referring to the comparative progress of the colored race, he remarked, "The North American Indian has failed to keep abreast in the progress of the times. He is trampled under foot everywhere in consequence. We have endeavored to keep abreast of the Anglo-Saxon in education, culture and character, and the result is we are here with you to-day, and we are here to stay." These remarks were most enthusiastically received.

Although the scheduled papers were full of interest, the extemporaneous addresses attracted more attention. The five-minute speeches were a specially interesting feature and elicited some lively brief discussions. A notable passage-at-arms occurred during one of the earlier sessions, between those two famous leaders in debate: Mr. Hugh Price Hughes of the West London Mission and Dr. J. M. Buckley of New York, the first the recognized English champion of debate and the second, one of the ablest Americans in the forensic arena. Dr. Buckley had moved a resolution, which was adopted, that all degrees should be omitted after the names in the reading of the minutes and reports. On the following morning, the Secretary, while reading the minutes, mentioned the names of Rev. Dr. Stephenson and others, whereupon Dr. Buckley arose to administer a rebuke to the Secretary and the Conference for violation of the rules. Mr. Hughes sprang to his feet and every neck was craned to listen. He said the rule had not been violated as it simply prohibited the reading of degrees *after* names and not the word "Dr.," when used as a prefix. Dr. Buckley maintained his point and called for the reading of the minutes, when it was found the Mr. Hughes was right and a point was good-naturedly scored for the English debater.


REV. C. H. FOWLER, D.D.

Probably one of the best papers read during the session was that of Rev. Dr. T. G. Selby of England, formerly a missionary in China. He delivered a thoughtful address on the "Unity of Methodism" which was followed by a general debate. Dr. Selby has recently published what is regarded as one of the best volumes of sermons that has ever proceeded from Methodist sources. The debate on his paper excited intense enthusiasm and, toward the conclusion, the venerable Bishop Foster of Massachusetts, arose in his seat and, spreading out his arms, eloquently invited all the Methodists of America to join in one common fold. The example was contagious, for Rev. Dr. Stephenson of the English Wesleyan Conference, immediately rose and extended a similar invitation to the Eastern Section.

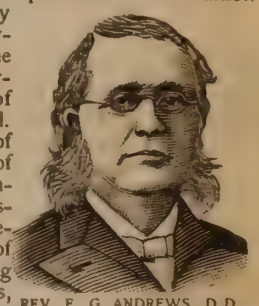
The Rev. Dr. Wm. Briggs of Canada, made a characteristic address. He represented a country, he said, that was bounded on the North by the Arctic Ocean, on the South by the United States, on the East by the Atlantic and on the West by the Pacific. More literally than any other, did his dominion extend from the rivers to the ends of the earth. The Church in Canada has the proud distinction of being the only Methodist Church in the world, without suffix or affix, all the different sections of the Methodist family being united therein in one harmonious organization. This is the one example of perfect Methodist unity in the world.


REV. J. W. HAMILTON, D.D.

In point of oratorical talent alone, the Conference has been a model of its kind, and one which, had it been held during the legislative session, might well have furnished valuable hints on effective eloquence to the nation's Solons. From Bishop Bowman, the senior member of the Methodist Church in America, down to the humblest member who addressed the Conference, there has not been a single dull or uninteresting speech throughout. Bishop Keener of the M. E. Church, South, spoke forcefully and reverently; Bishop Wayman, the colored bishop of the African M. E. Church, a man of massive frame and strong, earnest face was listened to with deep interest, as were Bishops Hendrix of Missouri and many others whose names are familiar to Methodists and who were heard during the sessions while the Conference lasted.

REV. B. T. TANNER, D.D.

Among the papers of special interest in addition to those already mentioned were several relating to the condition and character of the work of the Church abroad. Rev. Dr. Waller, of London, Secretary of the Wesleyan Conference, gave statistics showing the remarkable progress of the Church during the last thirty years, in which time Methodist membership has increased 21.2 per cent. in Great Britain, and now has nearly 2,000,000 Sunday scholars. Then came Bishop Fowler of San Francisco, who spoke on Methodism in the Western section. One hundred and seven years ago, he said, there was only one conference, now there are about three hundred; instead of eighty-three traveling preachers there are 31,765, besides 30,000 local preachers, 14,988 members, 5,000,000 communicants, 5,000,000 Sunday Scholars, and a following of over 20,000,000 souls in the Republic.


REV. E. G. ANDREWS, D.D.

"Methodism crossed the brook into the

(*Continued on page 661.*)

THE METROPOLITAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.
(Where the sessions of the Ecumenical Council were held.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE GOSPEL OF THE PYRAMIDS.

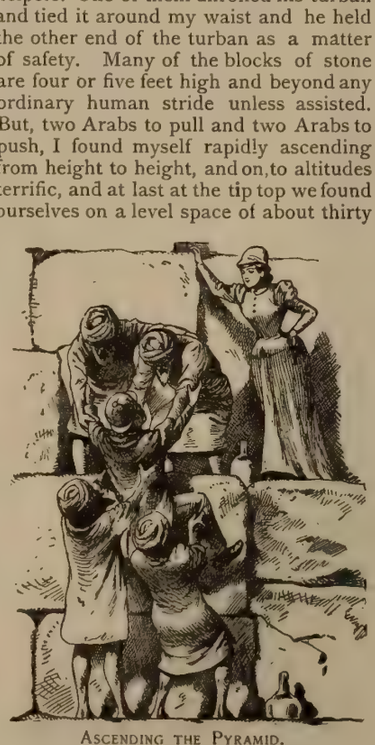
Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon from the text: *"In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness."* Isaiah 19 : 19, 20.

ISAIAH no doubt here refers to the great pyramid at Gizeh, the chief pyramid of Egypt. The text speaks of a pillar in Egypt, and this is the greatest pillar ever lifted; and the text says it is to be at the border of the land, and this pyramid is at the border of the land; and the text says it shall be for a witness, and the object of this sermon is to tell what this pyramid witnesses. This sermon is the first of a course of sermons entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis, or what I saw in Egypt and Greece confimatory of the Scriptures."

We had on a morning of December, 1889, landed in Africa. Amid the howling boatmen at Alexandria we had come ashore and taken the rail-train for Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the most thoroughly harnessed river of all the world —the river Nile. We had, at even-tide, entered the city of Cairo, the city where Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt during the Herodic persecution. It was our first night in Egypt. No destroying angel sweeping through as once, but all the stars were out, and the skies were filled with angels of beauty and angels of light, and the air was balmy as an American June. The next morning we were early awake and at the window, looking upon palm trees in full glory of leafage, and upon gardens of fruits and flowers at the very season when our homes far away are canopied by bleak skies and the last leaf of the forest has gone down in the equinoctials.

But how can I describe the thrill of expectation, for to-day we are to see what all the world has seen or wants to see—the Pyramids. We are mounted for an hour and a half's ride. We pass on amid bazaars stuffed with rugs and carpets, and curious fabrics of all sorts from Smyrna, from Algiers, from Persia, from Turkey, and through streets where we meet people of all colors and all garbs, carts loaded with garden productions, priests in gowns, women in black veils, Bedouins in long and seemingly superfluous apparel, Janissaries in jacket of embroidered gold—out and on toward the great Pyramid; for though there are sixty-nine pyramids still standing, the pyramid at Gizeh is the monarch of pyramids. We meet camels grunting under their load, and see buffaloes on either side, browsing in pasture fields. The road we travel is for part of the way under clumps of acacia, and by long rows of sycamore and tamerisk, but after awhile it is a path of rock and sand, and we find we have reached the margin of the desert, the great Sahara Desert, and we cry out to the dragoman as we see a huge pile of rock looming in sight: "Dragoman, what is that?" His answer is "The Pyramid," and then it seemed as it we were living a century every minute. Our thoughts and emotions were too rapid and intense for utterance, and we ride on in silence until we come to the foot of the Pyramid spoken of in the text, the oldest structure in all the earth, four thousand years old at least. Here it is. We stand under the shadow of a structure that shuts out all the earth and all the sky and we look up and strain our vision to appreciate the distant top, and are overwhelmed while we cry "The Pyramid! The Pyramid!"

I had started that morning with the determination of ascending the Pyramid. One of my chief objects in going to Egypt was not only to see the base of that granitic wonder, but to stand on the top of it. Yet the nearer I came to this eternity in stone the more my determination was shaken. Its altitude to me was simply appalling. A great height has always been to me a most disagreeable sensation. As we dismounted at the base of the Pyramid I said, "Others may go up it, but not I. I will satisfy myself with a view from the base. The ascent of it would be to me a foolhardy undertaking." But after I had given up all idea of ascending, I found my daughter was determined to go, and I could not let her go with strangers, and I changed my mind and we started with guides. It cannot be done without these helpers. Two or three times foolhardy men have attempted it alone, but their bodies came tumbling down unrecognizable and lifeless. Each person in our party had two or three guides or helpers. One of them unrolled his turban and tied it around my waist and he held the other end of the turban as a matter of safety. Many of the blocks of stone are four or five feet high and beyond any ordinary human stride unless assisted. But, two Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push, I found myself rapidly ascending from height to height, and on, to altitudes terrific, and at last at the tip top we found ourselves on a level space of about thirty



Ascending the Pyramid.

feet square. Through clearest atmosphere we looked off upon the desert, and the Sphinx with its features of everlasting stone, and yonder upon the minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun, and yonder upon Memphis in ruins, and off upon the wreck of empires and the battle-fields of ages, a radius of view enough to fill the mind and overwhelm one's entire being.

After looking around for a while, and a kodack had pictured the group, we descended. The descent was more trying than the ascent for climbing you need not see the depths beneath, but coming down it was impossible not to see the abysms below. But two Arabs ahead to help us down, and two Arabs to hold us back, we were lowered, hand below hand, until the ground was invitingly near, and amid the jargon of the Arabs we were safely landed.

I said the dominant color of the pyramid was grey but in certain lights it seems to shake off the grey of centuries and become a blonde and the silver turns to the golden. It covers thirteen acres of ground. What an antiquity! It was at least two thousand years old when the baby Christ was carried within sight of it by his fugitive parents, Joseph and Mary. The storms of forty centuries have drenched it, bombarded it, shadowed it, flashed upon it, but there it stands ready to take another forty centuries of atmospheric attack if the world should continue to exist. The oldest buildings of the earth are juniors to this great senior of the centuries. Herodotus says that for ten years preparations were being made for the building of this Pyramid. It has eighty-two million one hundred and eleven thousand cubic feet of masonry. One hundred thousand workmen at one time toiled in its erection. To bring the stone from the quarries a causeway sixty feet wide was built. The top stones were lifted by machinery such as the world knows nothing of to-day. It is seven hundred and forty-six feet each side of the square base. The structure is four hundred and fifty feet high, higher than the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg, Rouen, St. Peter's and St. Paul's. No surprise to me that it was put at the head of the Seven Wonders of the World. It has a subterraneous room of red granite called the "King's chamber," and another room called the "Queen's chamber," and the probability is that there are other rooms yet unexplored. The evident design of the architect was to make these rooms as inaccessible as possible. After all the work of exploration and all the digging and blasting, if you would enter these subterraneous rooms you must go through a passage only three feet eleven inches high and less than four feet wide. A sarcophagus of red granite stands down under this mountain of masonry. The sarcophagus could not have been carried in after the pyramid was built. It must have been put there before the structure was reared. Probably in that sarcophagus once lay a wooden coffin containing a dead king, but time has destroyed the coffin and destroyed the last vestige of human remains.

I wonder not that this mountain of limestone and red granite has been the fascination of scholars, of scientists, of intelligent Christians in all ages. Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, said he thought it had astronomical significance. The wise men who accompanied Napoleon's army into Egypt went into profound study of the Pyramid. In 1865, Prof. Smyth and his wife lived in the empty tombs near by the Pyramid that they might be as continuously as possible close to the Pyramid which they were investigating. The Pyramid built more than four thousand years ago, being a complete geometrical figure, wise men have concluded it must have been divinely constructed. Man came through thousands of years to fine architecture, to music to painting, but this was perfect at the world's start, and God must have directed it. All astronomers and geometricians and scientists say that it was scientifically and mathematically constructed before science and mathematics were born. From the inscriptions on the pyramid, from its proportions, from the points of the compass recognized in its structure, from the direction in which its tunnels run, from the relative position of the blocks that compose it, scientists, Christians and infidels have demonstrated that the being who planned this Pyramid must have known the world's sphericity, and that its motion was rotatory, and how many miles it was in diameter and circumference, and how many tons the world weighs, and knew at what point in the heavens certain stars would appear at certain periods of time. Not in the four thousand years since the putting up of that Pyramid has a single fact in astronomy or mathematics been found to contradict the wisdom of that structure. Yet they had not at the age when the Pyramid was started an astronomer or an architect or a mathematician worth mentioning. Who then planned the Pyramid? Who superintended its erection? Who from its first foundation stone to its capstone erected everything? It must have been God. Isaiah was right when he said in my text "A pillar shall be at the border of the land of Egypt and it

The Fugitive Holy Family.

shall be for a sign and a witness." The Pyramid is God's first Bible. Hundreds if not thousands of years before the first line of the Book of Genesis was written the lesson of the Pyramid was written.

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things: of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity o human life. In all the four thousand years this Pyramid has only lost eighteen feet in width, one side of its square at the base changed only from seven hundred and sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-six feet and the most of that eighteen feet taken off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo The men who constructed the Pyramid worked at it only a few years and then put down the trowel and the compass and the square and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous weights but forty centuries has their work stood and it will be good for forty centuries more. All Egypt has been shaken by terrible earth-quakes and cities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that Pyramid has defied all volcanic paroxysms It has looked upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood Where are the men who constructed it Their bodies gone to dust and even th dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

So men die but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion forty quintillion. For a while we wield the trowel or pound with the hammer o measure with the yard-stick or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or plan with the brain and for a while the foot walks and the eye sees, and the ear hears and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or malevolent deeds we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christian or unchristian example we set is spread out

in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implement of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands. The twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the thirtieth century nor the one hundredth century. The earthquake that rocks this world to pieces will not stop our influence for good or evil. You modestly say "That is true in regard to the great workers for good or evil, and of gigantic genuises, Miltonian or Talleyrandian, but not of me, for I live and work on a small scale." My hearer, remember that those who built the pyramids were common workmen. Not one of them could lift one of those great stones. It took a dozen of them to lift one stone and others just wielded a trowel clicking it on the hard edge, or smoothing the mortar between the layers. One hundred thousand men toiled on those sublime elevations. Cheops didn't build the Pyramid. Some boss mason in the world's twilight didn't build the Pyramid. One hundred thousand men built it and perhaps from first to last two hundred thousand men. So with the pyramids now rising, pyramids of evil or pyramids of good. The pyramid of drunkenness rising ever since the time when Noah got drunk on wine, although there was at his time such a superabundance of water. All the saloonists of the ages adding their layers of ale casks and wine pitchers and rum jugs until the Pyramid overshadows the Great Sahara Desert of desolated homes, and broken hearts, and destroyed eternities. And as the pyramid still rises, layers of human skulls piled on top of human skulls and other mountains of human bones to whiten the peaks reaching unto the heavens, hundreds of thousands of people are building that pyramid. So with the pyramid of righteousness. Multitudes of hands are toiling on the steeps, hands infantile, hands octogenarian, masculine hands, female hands, strong hands, weak hands. Some clanging a trowel, some pulling a rope, some measuring the sides. Layers of psalm books on top of layers of sermons. Layers of prayers on top of layers

"Going to the Front."

of holy sacrifice. And hundreds of thousands come down to sleep their last sleep, but other hundreds of thousands going up to take their places, and the pyramids will continue to rise until the millennial morning gilds the completed work, and the toilers on these heights shall take off their aprons and throw down their trowels, crying, "It is finished."

Your business and mine is not to build a pyramid but to be one of the hundreds of thousands who shall ring a trowel, or pull a rope or turn the crank of a derrick, or cry "Yo heave!" while lifting another block to its elevation. Though it be seemingly a small work and a brief work, it is a work that shall last forever. In the last day many a man and woman whose work has never been recognized on earth will come to a special honor. The Ecumenical Council, now in session at Washington, its delegates the honored representatives of fifty million Methodists in all parts of the earth, will at every session do honor to the memory of John Wesley, but I wonder if any of them will think to twist a garland for the memory of humble Peter Bohler, the Moravian, who brought John Wesley into the kingdom of God. I rejoice that all the thousands who have been toiling on the pyramid of righteousness will at last be recognized and rewarded—the mother who brought her children to Christ, the Sabbath teacher who brought her class to the knowledge of the truth, the unpretending man who saved a soul. Then the trowel will be more honored than the sceptre. As a great battle was going on the soldiers were ordered to the front and a sick man jumped out of an ambulance in which he was being carried to the hospital. The surgeon asked him what he meant by getting out of the ambulance when he was sick and almost ready to die. The soldier answered: "Doctor, I am going to the front. I had rather die on the field than die in an ambulance." Thank God, if we cannot do much we can do a little.

Further, carrying out the idea of my text, the Pyramid is a sign and a witness that big tombstones are not the best way of keepings one's self affectionately remembered. This Pyramid and the sixty-nine other pyramids still standing were built for sepulchres, all this great pile of granite and limestone by which we stand to day, to cover the memory of a dead king. It was the great Westminster Abbey of the ancients. Some say that Cheops was the king who built this Pyramid, but it is uncertain. Who was Cheops, anyhow? All that the world knows about him could be told in a few sentences. The only thing certain is that he was bad and that he shut up the temples of worship and that he was hated so that the Egyptians were glad when he was dead. This Pyramid of rock seven hundred and forty feet each side of the square base and four hundred and fifty feet high wins for him no respect. If a bone of his arm or foot had been found in the sarcophagus beneath the Pyramid, it would have excited no more veneration than the skeleton of a camel bleaching on the Libyan desert; yea, less veneration, for when I saw the carcase of a camel by the roadside on the way to Memphis, I said to myself: "Poor thing, I wonder of what it died." We say nothing against the marble or the bronze of the necropolis. Let all that sculpture and florescence and arborescence can do for the places of the dead be done, if means will allow it. But if after one is dead there is nothing left to remind the world of him but some pieces of stone, there is but little left. Some of the finest monuments are over people who amounted to nothing while they lived, while some of the worthiest men and women have not had above them a stone big enough to tell their name. Joshua, the greatest warrior the world ever saw, no monument; Moses, the greatest lawyer that ever lived, no monument; Paul, the greatest preacher that ever lived, no monument; Christ, the Saviour of the world and the rapture of heaven, no monument. A pyramid over scoundrelly Cheops, but only a shingle with a lead pencil epitaph over many a good man's grave. Some of the finest obituaries have been printed about the worst rascals. To-day at Brussels there is a pyramid of flowers on the grave of Boulanger, the notorious libertine. Yet it it natural to want to be remembered.

While there seems to be no practical use for post-mortem consideration later than the time of one's great grand-children, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies are over. This Pyramid which Isaiah says is a sign and a witness demonstrates that neither limestone nor red granite are competent to keep one affectionately remembered; neither can bronze; neither can Parian marble; neither can Aberdeen granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument and that will keep one freshly remembered four thousand years; yea, for ever and ever, It does not stand in marble yards, It is not to be purchased at mourning stores. Yet it is to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. I refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of those whose struggles we may alleviate, the memories of those whose souls we may save. All around Cairo and Memphis there are the remains of pyramids that have gone down under the wearing away of time, and this great Pyramid of which Isaiah in the text

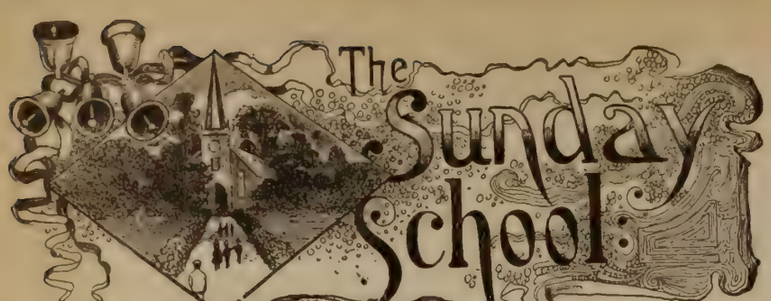
The Minister's Greeting.

speaks will vanish if the world lasts long enough; and if the world does not last, then with the earth's dissolution the Pyramid will also dissolve. But the memories of those with whom we associate are indestructible. They will be more vivid the other side of the grave than this side. It is possible for me to do you a good and for you to do me a good that will be vivid in memory as many years after the world is burned up as all the sands of the seashore and all the leaves of the forest and all the grass blades of the field and all the stars of heaven added together, and that aggregate multiplied by all the figures that all the book-keepers of all time ever wrote.

That desire to be remembered after we are gone is a divinely implanted desire and not to be crushed out, but, I implore you, seek something better than the immortalization of rock, or bronze or book. Put yourself into the eternity of those whom you help for both worlds, this and the next. Comfort a hundred souls and there will be through all the cycles of eternity at least a hundred souls that will be your monuments. A prominent member of this church was brought to God by some one saying to her at the church door at the close of service, "Come again!" Will it be possible for that one so invited to forget the inviter? A minister passing along the street every day looked up and smiled to a baby in the window, The father and mother wondered who it was that thus pleasantly greeted their child. They found out that he was the pastor of a church. They said, "We must go and hear him preach." They went and heard him and both were converted to God. Will there be any power in fifty million years to erase from the souls of those parents the memory of that man who by his friendliness brought them to God? Matthew Cranswick, an evangelist, said that he had the names of two hundred souls saved through his singing the hymn: "Arise, my soul, arise!" Will any of those two hundred souls in all eternity forget Mathew Cranswick? Will any of the four hundred and seventy-nine women and children imprisoned at Lucknow, India, waiting for massacre by the Sepoys, forget Havelock and Outram, and Sir David Beard, who broke in and effected their rescue? To some of you who have loved and served the Lord, heaven will be a great picture gallery of remembrance. Hosts of the glorified will never forget you. Ah, that is a way of building monuments that shall never feel the touch of decay. I do not ask you to suppress this natural desire of being remembered after you are gone, but I only want you to put your memorials into a shape that shall never weaken or fade. During the course of my ministry I have been intimately associated in Christian work with hundreds of good men and women. My memory is hung with their portraits more accurate and vivid than anything that Rembrandt ever put on canvass:—Father Grice, DeWitt C. Moore, Father Voorhees, E. P. Hopkins, William Stephens, John Van Rensselaer, Gasherie DeWitt, Dr. Ward, and hundreds of others all of them gone out of this life, but I hold the memory of them and will hold them forever. They cannot escape from me. I will remember them just as they looked on earth, and I will remember many of you after the earth has been an extinct planet for ages infinite. Oh, what stuff the memory is for monument building!

As in Egypt that December afternoon, 1889, exhausted in body, mind and soul, we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look of the Pyramid at Gizeh. And you know there is something in the air toward evening that seems productive of solemn and tender emotion, and that great Pyramid seemed to be humanized and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out: "Hear me, man, mortal and immortal! My voice is the voice of God. He designed me. Isaiah said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red Sea and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Sesostris and Ptolemy admired my proportions. Herodotus and Pliny sounded my praise. I am old, I am very old. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who more than four thousand years ago expired. Beware what you do, Oh, man! for what you do will last long after you are dead! If you would be affectionately remembered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights or any king who was sepulchred in my bosom. I am slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the earth goes I will go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climbed my sides to-day will turn to dust, but you have a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God! With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Mediterranean. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before him. Amen!" And then the lips of granite hushed, and the great Giant of Masonry wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gathering twilight, this course of sermons was projected.

"Wondrous Egypt! Land of ancient pomp and pride,
Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side,
Where plenty reigns and still the seasons smile,
And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nile"



CHRIST THE TRUE VINE.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 1. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 15 : 1-16. Golden Text, John 15:8.

"I AM the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman." The vine exists for its fruit; its natural and luxurious beauty of foliage is sacrificed, its own growth hindered, and it is deprived of all attractiveness in itself, that it may bring forth fruit. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples." Just like the vine, the Church of Christ exists for her fruit. She too has to die to her own natural advantages, to lose her own life, to be crucified with Christ, acknowledging that all her own goodliness is "as the flower of the field" which withereth and fadeth; and she has to be grafted into the true Vine, and be a channel of his life, in order to bring forth fruit. Everything which can recommend her to the world, all which is the beauty of the flesh, all which renders self-attractive, has to be denied that she may bring forth fruit unto God." (Rom. 7:4.) "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit,

He Taketh Away."

The branch is useless which bears no fruit, it has lost the meaning and purpose of its existence. Like the miry places and marshes (Ezek. 47:11), where the living water flowed in, but which had no outlet, and so could not fertilize the land, the branch which exists for itself, and not for the fruit, is out of harmony with the whole purpose of the Vine, it must be "taken away" lest it spread death around it; it cannot continue to be regarded as a part of the Vine, for its witness is to death, and not to life. An un-Christlike Christian, a useless professor, must be "taken away," not by a fellow-Christian, but by the great Husbandman. Do believers realize what this involves for the majority of professing Christians? But every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Oh, how many of us have seen our natural powers decline; we have been despoiled of just that which men, even Christian men, could admire and have wondered at God's dealings with us. Powers which seemed so indispensable for the work of the Lord, have waned, talents which once drew crowds have declined, we have felt ourselves barren and useless. He was purging us of the natural, of the flesh, that we might become spiritual, divine. We have been admired and sought after for what we were, for a sanctified nature which God could use for the time being, but which left a stronger impression of us than of him on others. It is only in trial, the purging of the great Husbandman, that the true fruit of the Vine, the true character of Christ in us, can be manifested. It is just when and where our own resources fail, that the Lord has an opportunity to show what he can be in difficult, almost impossible circumstances.

"Now Ye are Clean

through the word which I have spoken unto you." Jesus saw in those hearts all that which made them, an hour or so later, forsake him and flee; he saw in Peter's heart his strong denial of his Lord with oaths and curses that very night; and yet, Priest that he was, by virtue of his atonement, not yet consummated he could say. "Now are ye clean!" Through all the deep humiliation of their failure, he saw his purpose already accomplished. Their failure would show them what all his teaching had failed to show them—their own utter nothingness. Then, by this means, emptied of self, and afterward filled with the Holy Spirit, they would be able to take in his words. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me." While we are unable to discern between "soul and spirit," (Heb. 4: 12), we cannot understand what it is to abide in Christ. Human nature, even when converted, is full of itself, full of its resolutions, its purposes, its plans, its emotions, its ideas, its devotion, etc. But to abide in Christ is to turn from all this in the consciousness that all our resources cannot accomplish so much as one thought which is really of the Spirit. "A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven (John 3:27), and in this utter helplessness he falls back upon the place which God's grace has given him in Christ. There he is sheltered, covered, separated, from what he is; he is part of another. "Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ?" (1. Cor. 6:15); "Members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones." Abide then, outside yourself, in himself. Do nothing, speak nothing, independently of him. Let it be to you a strange land where you are not at home, if anything separates you from him for a moment. The source of fruit is in him, not in us, "From me is thy fruit found."(Hos. 14 :8.) The life sap may flow through us, but can never originate in us.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me (apart from me R. V.) ye can do nothing."

"Much Fruit,"

How much this speaks of the work of the husbandman! How much it tells of the vitality of the vine; how absolutely nothing of the value of the branches, except as they serve their purpose in their still subordinate office! "Ye are the branches," a very part of him, depending upon him for very life, but then, as being part of him, he must also depend upon the branches to pour his life through them. Blessed mutual dependence! "Without me ye can do nothing." It takes a lifetime to learn this lesson. How we try to pray our own prayers, until we learn from our own grievous failure that "we know not what we should pray for as we ought," and we have to depend upon the Holy Spirit who "helpeth our infirmities," and by whom God sends the Spirit of his Son into our hearts whereby we cry Abba, Father! (Gal. 4: 4.) Then we can pray. We cannot control our own thoughts, but God has commanded us, "In nothing be anxious; but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4: 6, 7, R. V.)

We Cannot Awaken a Soul,

but if the hand of the Lord is with us a number may turn unto the Lord. We cannot make ourselves love God, but "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which was given unto us," and even if we do not feel it, we may be quite sure God is not mistaken in what he states, and if indeed the Holy Ghost is given to us, then he has shed abroad the love of God in our hearts more than we are aware of. Perhaps our very consciousness of how much we lack in love to God is the surest sign that love to him does exist in our hearts. There is a wonderful rest in the fact that without him we can do nothing, it delivers us from the terrible self accusations which would otherwise constantly torment a tender conscience. We may see others doing what we know we cannot do. Then it is so precious to know that if he has not called us to just the same office, or just the same kind of life, we can serve him better in the sphere which he has given us. We live to please him, not to imitate or emulate others.

"If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned." In me, yet not abiding; having faith, but not lasting faith; love, but not lasting love; zeal, but not lasting zeal; a devotion which is by fits and starts, not having in it the elements of eternity! This is a spurious conversion, and such are most of the so called conversions which take place! "What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord." (Jer. 23: 28.) Oh how many of those who have been looked upon as converted must be cast forth as branches, because the fruit of the Spirit, the "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance," (Gal. 5: 22, R. V.) which manifest an indwelling Christ, are wanting! Oh how many there are who think themselves all right, because they have a sense of pardon, while the fruit which they bring forth is pride, selfishness, envy, unkindness, evil speaking, debt, worldliness, etc.! And God says, as to Israel of old, "Yet I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed: how then art thou turned into the degenerate plant of a strange vine unto me?" (Jer. 2: 21.)

"If Ye Abide in Me,

and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." To abide in Christ is to will with Christ, and to be patient enough to wait until his will is made known; then God can trust us with invariably answered prayers. To have his words abiding in us is to give his revelation of himself and of his will a home in all our being, to be willing servants of his will; and this implies interests in common with him. Then our experience may be one with our Lord's when he said to his Father, "I knew that thou hearest me always." (John 11: 42.)

"Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you; abide ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. This is my commandment that ye love one another even as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Here is the secret of abiding: it is obedience, and obedience is love and self-sacrifice, life and will and plan laid down for him who gave his life for us, and for others whom he has redeemed equally with us. But how, then, can we obey this command so impossible to our nature, if without him we can do nothing? Just as the man with the withered hand obeyed the command, "Stretch forth thine hand." With the will to obey, the power was granted. We have not to feel it in ourselves beforehand, any more than this poor man had. We must be willing to yield to God and to man for God's sake—he does the rest. "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full." A selfish joy leaves the heart still empty, but the joy of the Lord in accomplishing the will of the Father is the very essence of eternal life; it endures. "Ye are my friends if ye do the things which I command you. Henceforth I call you

Not Servants,

for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth, but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard from my Father, I have made known unto you." A common life, a common love, a common obedience, a common joy, a common knowledge between Jesus and his own! "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain (eternal fruit!), that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you." What a life of glory and privilege Jesus calls us to!

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

HEREIN is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit. A little girl named Mattie had just given her heart to God. She read her Bible and in the course of her reading came to this verse. She sat and pondered awhile and then she arose determined to serve God more faithfully by bearing much fruit. She got up the next morning, resolved to look out for some great thing to do, in order to show her love for Jesus. But the day passed away without her finding any great thing to do; and at the close of the day she felt very much discouraged. So she put on her bonnet and went over to Aunt Jennie's. "Auntie," said she, the greetings over, "I want to serve the Lord Jesus and I have been looking all the day for some great things to do but I have found none." Her aunt, a very sensible and godly woman, replied, "Ah, Mattie, dear, you are just making the mistake many other persons have made before you. Now, suppose that instead of waiting all day for some *great* thing to do, you had begun the morning by asking Jesus to help you to serve him in little things, and then had helped mother in sweeping the room, or amusing the baby, or helped Mary in the kitchen, and then had gone to work, you would have found plenty to do all day."

"But, auntie, those are such little things."

"I know it, Mattie; but then life is made up of little things."

Before leaving her room the next morning, Mattie found work to do for Jesus. When her mother came up to make Mattie's bed, she was surprised to find it made up and the room in the nicest order. When Mattie went down stairs she found work to do for Jesus there. All day long wherever she went there was something for her to do. She was busy as a bee and as bright as a sunbeam all the day.

At the close of the day, when she was going upstairs, her mother laid her hand gently on her shoulder and said, "Mattie, darling, you have been a real blessing and comfort to me to-day."

This filled Mattie's eyes with tears, but they were tears of joy and gladness. And as she knelt down in her room to thank God for helping her to serve him, the stars never shone on a happier girl than Mattie was that evening.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. During the late war a farmer was drafted. He was much grieved about it, not because he was a coward, but on account of his motherless family, who would have no bread-winner or caretaker in his absence. The day before he had to march, young Mr. Durham, a neighbor, came over and said, "Farmer Blake, you have a large family to look after and a farm to attend to; I have no one dependent on me, and if you are agreeable, I will serve in your place." The farmer was astonished, so much so as to be unable to reply for some time. He stood leaning one hand on his spade and wiping the perspiration from his brow with the other. It seemed too good to be true! At length he took in the deliverance, grasped the hand of young Durham, and praised God. The young man went away, feeling that he was doing a noble deed, and all the village came out to bid him Godspeed. But alas! in the first battle he was shot and killed! When Farmer Blake saw in the newspaper the name of Charles Durham among the missing, he at once went off to the battlefield, and after searching for some time found the body of his friend. He brought it to the village, and to the little churchyard in which they had frequently walked together to the house of prayer. From the quarry upon the hill he cut out a plain marble tablet, on which he carved an inscription with his own hand. It was roughly done, but with every blow there fell a tear from his eyes. Then he put the marble tablet on the grave, and when the villagers stooped to see the little monument they also wept. It did not say much, but it deeply touched them. The inscription read:

C. D.
He died for me.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you. And we may all be chosen if we are willing so to be. While this particular passage refers only to the choosing of the Apostles, it is equally applicable to all mankind. "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved," has no limitations except such as our own stubborn wills create.

A colored man who had received the Gospel became a preacher among his brethren. He was addressed on one occasion by his former master in these words: "Sam, I hear that you have become a preacher, and that you believe in election." "Well, yas sah, I believe dat truth is clearly revealed in the Word of God." "And I suppose, Sam, that you think you are one of the elect," rejoined the master. "Well, sah, I is prepared to say dat I gib all diligence to making my calling and election sure, dat is true." "But I suppose you don't think I am one of the elect." The sable preacher gave an answer which is well worth quoting. Sam knew his former master was given to the pursuit of pleasure, money, and the service of sin. Very quietly he replied "Well, Massa, I am not sure about dat, dis I know—I nebber knew of an election where dar was no candidate."

ROBERT'S VINE.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Nov. 1: "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." John 15: 8.

ROBERT'S father was going to live in the country. Robert did not understand what that meant when his father told him. He was only ten years old, and those ten years had been passed in the city. His home was a flat in one of the high houses in a long city street, and he knew nothing of gardens or flowers but what he saw in the little backyard not much larger than a big dining table. To Robert's father, however, the change meant much. He had been a country boy, with all a country boy's love of nature, and only hard necessity had kept him working in the city for twenty years past. All those years he had longed for the time to come when he could afford to live in the country. That time

had come at last, and it was with a heart full of joy that he announced to his partners that he had bought a little place and a bit of land in a village ten miles away. He would come to the city every day, but his evenings and mornings and Sundays would be spent among the scenes he loved. There was some laughing and joking about his turning farmer, but he did not care. He would have his little garden, and he guessed he knew how to cultivate it.

Robert's delight when he and his parents reached their new home fully equalled his father's. He could actually walk on the grass without fear of a policeman arresting him. Every day brought some new discovery, some strange flower or plant, or some animal which he had never seen before, or a bird's-nest with eggs in it. There were a number of questions to be asked of his father when evening came, and Robert would go to meet the train and lead his father off to show him what he had found and learn all about it. But his chief delight was in a little patch of ground that was all his own, and was called Robert's garden. It was on the south side of the house, and rooted in it and climbing up a trellis was a grape-vine. This was Robert's pride. He watched it daily. And how it did grow! He marked with a pencil on the trellis just where the tips of the longest shoots came to, and measured every day's progress. Bye-and-bye to Robert's intense delight there came a few strange looking bunches which he knew must be grapes. They were quite green and not larger than the heads of pins. But they grew larger and, as the summer passed, turned a rich purple, and were fit to be plucked and eaten.

What would that vine be next year! It was so small when Robert first saw it and see how large it was now. Why, there were branches four and five feet long, all grown that summer! Robert planned how to increase the length and height of the trellis which supported it. He spoke to his father about it and his father said he had arranged with a gardener to come and see to it and put it in order. "I think it is worth attention," he added. "Those grapes were very fair for outdoors. It might pay to run glass over the vine some day. They laugh in the city at my enthusiasm over the garden. I should be proud to take over a specimen bunch of grapes and see how astonished they would be."

Robert was away at school the next day when the gardener came. On his return he went around to his garden and as he saw the vine he stood aghast. All those long branches whose growth he had watched with such interest were gone. That gardener's knife had mercilessly lopped them off near to the parent stem. It was a mere skeleton of a vine that Robert looked on. "He has spoiled it," Robert exclaimed. "What will papa say when he knows?" But Robert's father was not dismayed. "It is all right," he said. "That is the only way to get grapes from it. It is the new wood that bears."

"But the vine," Robert said. "It had grown so large and beautiful. Next year it would have been ever so big. We could have trained it to make a summer arbor. The man has cut those lovely long branches with the beautiful leaves quite short. It was cruel. There is scarcely anything left of it."

"The parent stem is left and the root, Robert," said his father. "It is not the branches and the leaves we want, but the grapes. They would laugh at me in the city if I took over a branch with leaves, to show them what a good vine I have, no matter how beautiful they were. It is a big bunch of fine grapes I want to take over. That will convince them. They will not laugh at my gardening then. And this is the way to get the grapes. If this year's branches had been left, next year's branches would have grown out of them and the grapes would have been too far away from the root. You will see that next year the vine will be stronger, if it is no larger and the grapes will be finer and sweeter. It is all right my boy."

Robert found it as his father had said and the following year he was not distressed when the gardener again pruned the vine and when his father with a pair of scissors cut out of the young bunches some of the grapes that the others might have room to grow.

Many years afterward, when Robert was grown a man and his heart was well nigh broken with sorrow, when losses and bereavements laid him low, he read Christ's words: "I am the true vine . . . Every branch in me that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit . . . Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit," and his boyhood experience was recalled to him. It was a lesson he understood and he was able not only to bear his cross patiently but out of his experience to comfort other sorrowing ones and lead them to Christ. Being purged he brought forth more fruit.

CLOSE OF THE COUNCIL.

(*Continued from first page.*)

century leaning on a solitary staff; she will cross over out of the century with more than two bands, besides flocks, herds, camels and asses, for she has 55,000 churches, 15,000 parsonages and over $20,000,000 worth of church property." The three wants of the church were a firm grip on the supernatural, the utilization of ideas, and a sufficiency of consecrated money.

Bishop Galloway said that every sixth soul in the South was a Methodist. Bishop Arnett of Ohio, representing the African M. E. Church, declared that more than one-half the negroes in the United States were influenced by African Methodist pulpits, whose mission was to show the colored man not only how to wear the golden slippers over there, but how to get and wear his shoes on Pennsylvania Avenue. J. H. Jones, of the African M. E. Church of Columbus, O., also made a most practical address.

When the discussion on "the Church and Scientific Thought" came up, it was quickly found that science had many champions, but none in conflict with revelation. The general tenor of the discussion was that the church should rather encourage than fear knowledge and investigation, and that modern science did not attack the essentials of religion. Rev. Frank Ballard, of England, held that if a man did not believe in science he did not believe in God. Bishop Fowler declared that unless Methodists could defend their ground they must surrender. A general debate followed, involving the whole subject of evolution, the prevailing sentiment as expressed by the speakers being that modern science, rightly understood, was not to be feared by the Church, and that science had abandoned more positions than religion.

Bishop Foster's paper on "The Responsibilities and Qualifications of the Preacher" called forth much favorable comment. High qualities of mind and proper qualities of body are needed, he said. There was too little preaching that brought man face to face with their horrid sins. Rev. John Bond, of London, Rev. William Howard Day, of African M. E. Church, Harrisburg, Pa., and several others spoke to the subject. One speaker condemned the preachers who invited doubt by delivering sermons on Darwinism and Huxleyism.

One of the very ablest addresses heard by the Conference was that of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., of London, on "The Religious Press and the Religious Uses of the Secular Press." He reviewed his subject since the year 1700, since which time 4,000 daily newspapers had sprung up. This great agency had rarely received consideration from the Church. It was the fourth estate, the greatest engine of the world. Christian churches must face the fact that it was in some cases in the hands of men who were indifferent to the Church and in others, of those who hated the Church. If so disposed, the editors of the daily press could render incalculable aid to the service of God. The religious press should never be used for political purposes. Concluding, he said the preacher had learned from journalism and "God grant that it may learn a little from us. United, we and the journalists can hasten the creation of that state which Christ is bringing to all lands, in which there shall be no room for or sign of misery."

Rev. Dr. Fergusson of the Primitive Methodist Church of England, held that occasionally politico-religious questions should be treated by the religious press, but to this the Conference made motion of dissent and he dropped the matter. Rev. E. E. Hoss, of Nashville, Tenn., Mr. John H. Lile of London, and Mr. Atkinson, an English member of Parliament, all spoke on Mr. Hughes' paper. Finally, all allusion to politics was dropped.

Two interesting relics of Methodism came to the notice of the Conference. The first was an antique chair, with a carved medallion of Wesley on the back, surmounted by an eagle, the whole cut out of timber of the chapel in which Wesley preached in England. This memorial was sent to America by the Wesleyan Conference of England, and was inspected by the members of the Ecumenical Conference with deep interest and veneration. The other was a time-stained copy of the *Methodist Magazine*, published in Philadelphia in 1798, contributed by Mr. James Overstreet of Nicholsonville, Ky. Both were placed in the collection of Methodist Historical relics in one of the class rooms.

In this issue of the CHRISTIAN HERALD we portraits of a number of members who took an active part in the debates during the sessions, and also an illustration showing the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church where the Conference met. These will be regarded with interest as souvenirs of the second and greatest Ecumenical Council of Methodism which ended its labors yesterday.

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

DISAPPOINTMENT drove a man almost to frenzy in a New York Police Court on October 9. He is a German by birth, but having spent the required period in America, he applied for and received his naturalization papers on October 8. He was much elated by his newly acquired dignity as an American citizen, and went about among his friends boasting of it. He treated them to beer extensively and was treated in turn. Before night he had imbibed so much that he was uproariously intoxicated. He grew quarrelsome and finally had to be locked up. When arraigned in court next morning he flourished his natnralization papers, and proudly declared himself an American citizen. "That does not excuse you," said the Justice, "Two dollars fine." "What!" exclaimed the man, "I will not be one of such a people," and he tore his certificate to pieces and flung the fragments on the floor. As he has abjured allegiance to the Kaiser and repudiates his American citizenship he cannot consistently claim the protection of any government. He appears to have been more concerned about acquiring the privileges of citizenship than about its duties That is the case with many who seek entrance into Christ's kingdom. They want to have their souls saved from perdition, but to do as little for Christ and his cause, and give as little as possible. Such men are no real accession to the Church and they often fall away. (John 15:2.)

INCOMBUSTIBLE PAPER.

AN important discovery is reported in a press despatch from Washington, D. C. It states that information has reached the Bureau of American Republics of the discovery at Bucaramanga, in the United States of Colombia, of a mineral substance not unlike asbestos. Senor Eloy Talenzuola, a distnguished geologist, has given this material the name of bucaramanquina. It is the color of amber, is perfectly transparent, and is incombustible. Experiments now being made in Bogota with this wonderful material indicate that it can be woven in pliable fireproof cloth, or shaped in casques suitable for firemen's wear. A white varnish can also be extracted from this substance, and as experiments proceed it is claimed that the uses to which it can be put will make it much more valuable than asbestos. Its chief use, however, will be in the manufacture of bank notes and legal documents. So much property is every year destroyed by fire that any discovery which will make bank-notes and other securities indestructible by the flames will be welcomed by wealthy men. The Christian already knows how his treasures may be preserved even in that conflagration which will burn all other possessions. (1. Cor. 3: 12-14.)

TWO OUTCASTS.

A FREIGHT car with sealed doors was a conspicuous object on the Canadian frontier durthe early days of this month. It was being sent to and fro and was at last side-tracked, and policemen set to guard it. It contained two Chinese lepers who had been sent from New York to Vancouver to join a party of thirty Chinamen who were returning to China. On the arrival of the lepers at Vancouver, their fellow-countrymen refused to travel with them. The lepers were therefore put in a freight car, with a barrel of bread and a barrel of water, the doors were locked and sealed and the car was sent back to the United States. But at the frontier it was stopped, the officials of our government refusing to allow it to pass. It was accordingly sent back to Vancouver. Thence it was sent back again eastward, but at Swift Current it was again stopped, by orders from the Dominion government, and sent back to Vancouver. The Mayor would not let it enter the town, so it was side-tracked, as the Railroad Company dare not defy the Dominion government by sending it eastward again. The Vancouver people became excited when they heard of the arrival of the car, fearing that the lepers might escape and steal into the town. They threatened to burn the car and its living freight if it was not sent away and the Mayor had to put policemen on guard to prevent them carrying out their threat. If the lepers are aware of the difficulty about them, they must feel a sense of desolation in being cast out by both nations and by the consciousness that they will not be welcomed in their own country. A more hopeless, desolate condition cannot be imagined. They have no hope in this life and they have probably never heard of Jesus in whom so many hopeless ones have found refuge, and who casts out none who come to him. (John 6: 37.)

A NOVEL FEE.

How a client paid a lawyer in New Orleans is told by the *Times-Democrat* of that city. It appears that some time ago the lawyer was engaged to defend the interests of a lady who was engaged in litigation with her co-heirs under her father's will. He made no stipulation as to his fee, but after the case was settled he sent in his bill. The lady called on him and explained that she had no money to pay it, but handed him as security a document granting him the usufruct for his life in a burial plot in the cemetery. She said it was the only thing of any value she had. The lawyer naturally objected to such a mode of payment. He explained to her that the lot was of no use to him, as the conveyance to him was personal and did not give him the right to dispose of it nor to bury any other person in it. Also, that he could not be buried in it himself, because his interest in it terminated at his death and he did not wish to be buried until he was dead. The client, however, said she had nothing else to give him, and, leaving it on his desk, quitted the office. It is not surprising that the lawyer is dissatisfied with such payment for the labor and time he devoted to the case. He will probably be more careful in the future about the character of the clients for whom he works. It may be hoped that he is a Christian, for if he is in the service of Satan he will receive still worse compensation for his services. That being pays his servants with misery in this life and a worse fate beyond the grave. (Rom. 6:21, 23.)

EXCLUDED FROM THE ELEVATOR.

A CURIOUS dispute over an elevator is to be submitted to the decision of the New York courts. A large building was erected for manufacturing purposes some years ago. The builder put in the shaft for an elevator but not the elevator itself. The floors were rented to firms engaged in different businesses and among them one to a piano-forte manufacturer. He urged the owner to put in an elevator, as he experienced much inconvenience in transacting his business without one. The owner postponed doing so on the ground that he was about to rent one of the floors to an elevator manufacturing company who would doubtless put an elevator in at their own expense. His surmise proved correct. The elevator was put in and all the occupiers were allowed to use it by paying a small annual charge. But after a time, the piano-manufacturer had a quarrel with the elevator people and the latter punished him by refusing him permission to use the elevator. His customers and employees had consequently to toil up several flights of stairs and he had to rig a block and tackle to hoist his pianos. The inconvenience has become so intolerable that he has appealed to the law to compel the elevator people to accord him the same privileges as those enjoyed by the other occupiers. There is little probability of his succeeding. He will have to bear the inconvenience or move out, if he does not settle his quarrel. The latter would probably be his wisest course, as it generally is. Many a man has suffered in body and soul by persisting in a quarrel and it has often happened that his way to the higher levels of Christian joy and experience has been rendered more difficult by the impedients which have been placed in his path as a result of the quarrel. (1. Cor. 11:18 30)

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

THE METHODISTS.

THE absorbing event is the Ecumenical Council at Washington, a grand convocation of Methodists from all parts of the world. Among other characteristics is that they look healthy, their religion seeming to agree with them. What is the use of such a convocation called at vast expense from the ends of the earth? Much, every way. It enlarges the ideas of the men themselves, and gives them additional endowment for usefulness when they return to their various fields. But, more than that, the meeting emphasizes before all Christendom the fact that the kingdom of God is coming. Enough statistics have been presented in that meeting at Washington to put pandemonium in a panic. Many of the veterans of that denomination from all lands are present. What a privilege for the people to look at those old warriors for the truth that have been in so many Balaklavas, the scars of the conflict on their faces. In England, many years ago, the government set apart a great pasture field for the old cavalry horses that had been broken down in war. Instead of being sold where they would be harnessed to heavy loads, and whacked by draymen and teamsters, those horses were in their old age put into fields of clover for the rest of their days. Now, I think it is a good thing to bring the old war-horses of all our denominations into religious councils and convocations, and let them feed on the victories of the truth and rest themselves in the great pasture fields by the still waters of contemplation. Give us an opportunity of seeing the men who have done bold and decided work for God for half a century. It will strengthen our faith, it will rally our courage, it will kindle our enthusiasm. Yea, it will demonstrate to the pessimism of the church that it is only a question of time when the earth shall be taken for God. The darkest hour is just before daybreak, and all the shadows of evil that now cover the earth are the precursors of the day-dawn of the world's deliverance. "Yes," says some veteran of the Cross, "all that may be true; but it will not come in my time. I will never see it." Yes, you will see it. You will be in the best place to see it. Who can see a victory the better, he who stands on the low level where the battle goes on, or he who stands on a high wall? Why, of course, he who stands in elevated position. Well, when the Gospel consummation shall have been reached, those who remain on the earth will see it and rejoice, but those who stand on the walls of heaven will have the best outlook, the finest opportunity to take in all the scene and the hosannas of those who are on the earthly levels will be drowned out by the hallelujahs of those who have mounted the jasper parapets.

A GOOD HABIT.

THE last few days have reminded us of the beautiful habit in humane nature of speaking well of the dead, omitting their faults and extolling their virtues. However vehemently and perhaps justly men are denounced for their principles or their behavior while they are in the battle of life, when they become exanimate anathema ceases. See how all the pens, all the types, all the tongues, that were full of attack for Mr. Parnell, have become lenient, if not positively appreciative. I think this is beautiful. As long as a man is alive, he can answer back. But if, when his lips are closed for the last silence, you assail him, the war is unequal. It is ignominious for one to attack the lifeless. It is the dead lion of the fable kicked by an ass. Whatever a man's faults, when he has passed off cease your excoriation. Only swine will root up a graveyard. None of us believe in the transmigration of souls or that the spirit of man passes into the brute creation; but if the doctrine were true, the last bird that I would want to become is the carrion crow. When a man passes the confines of this life, he passes beyond our ken. This world has nothing more to do with him. He is in a realm where only God can deal with him. I think we all admire this habit of speaking well of the departed or speaking nothing at all. Indeed, would it not be a good thing to build an annex to that habit and speak well of the living or speak nothing at all?

"But," some one asks, "ought we not expose wrong-doers?" That, no doubt, ought to be done; but let some one else do it. Carcasses ought to be removed from the field, but let the summer flies and the buzzards attend to that post mortem industry. There are enough people in every land who will attend to that part of social life. Indeed the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which I just now spoke lightly of, is not so much of an absurdity after all. There are people who display such obnoxious and devouring spirit while living that their souls might appropriately, after death, go into wasps and jackals and blood-suckers and crocodiles of immense swallow; while other people, from their dispositions here, would more appropriately, after death, put on the plumage of the morning lark, or become the gazelle or the roe on the mountains of Bether.

But before I turn from this subject let me say that I am reminded that political life, whether in Ireland, England, or America, is a tragic life and that no one should enter it except in the martyr spirit, which is a noble spirit. Do not enter that style of life for fun. It may be fun at the start, but it is crucifixion at the last. The doctors spoke the technical truth when they said that Mr. Parnell died of rheumatic fever, but the old mother at Bordentown spoke the unvarnished fact that it was a broken heart that killed him. The path of politics in all lands is lined on both sides with the bleached skeletons of mighty men.

"Hand us another," says Public Life, as it pitches one man aside and clutches for some promising man in law, or merchandise, or social position. Politics must be reformed, and if you have the martyr spirit go into them, but if you undertake that style of life for regalement and profit you make a mistake that cannot be corrected. A new book, the biography of the late Benjamin H. Hill, arriving yesterday from his son, the author, contains a letter dated in the United States Senate Chamber at Washington in which the illustrious senator writes the advice to his boy:

"If I were to express any regret or designate any great error of my life, it would be that I had ever connected myself with party politics or accepted a political office. If you would be happy, or useful, or self-respecting I would advise you let party politics and political positions severely alone."

My reader, the only safe spirit in which to enter politics is the martyr spirit, and then if you are sacrificed you will not be surprised. The fact that you have great brain affords you no safety, that is the very reason why you will be put down or viciously handled. The political parties do not want great brains hanging around prominent places. Every day reading the newspapers, I am surprised to find how little brains it takes to make a great man in this country. Do not enter politics because you have unusual mental equipment or especial fitness for office, but in the martyr spirit.

How many men are glad that Mr. Parnell is dead because they want his position? They will feel a wonderful spirit of resignation, and though they should sob so loud their dramatized woe could be heard from Dublin to Brighton, their cheek will be as dry of tears as a desert, that has not felt a drop of rain for ten years is dry of moisture. The only man on either side of the ocean who has spent a very long life in politics without being sacrificed is William E. Gladstone, and he, at eighty-two years of age, keeps all his enemies busy, and nothing seems able to put him down. When, in January, 1889, I was with him racing up and down his park at Hawarden we were followed by his dog, which the great man seemed to think a very remarkable animal, and several times Mr. Gladstone would stop, pick up a stick, call the attention of the dog, and then, after the animal was sufficiently excited, would hurl the stick to a great distance and then the dog would run and fetch it to the great glee of the aged statesman. So Mr. Gladstone keeps alive and sound and well by ever and anon throwing out some thought about England or Ireland that keeps all the British Empire in a grand scramble, and the manner the public men fly about seems one of his styles of amusement. But, generally, as soon as, in any land, a man gives himself up to politics he either lowers to the standard of the roughs, or, for his integrity and nobility of character, is put in the pillory.

LARGE AND SMALL GAME.

OUR boy, gun over shoulder, went out for game yesterday. His anticipation, like that of other hunters, was large. It is the season for duck, and ducks he wanted or nothing. He saw during the morning a great many robins, and says he could easily have bagged them, and for the practical purposes of the table they are almost as good as ducks. But he despised the smaller game, determined upon the larger, and came home without anything. As he set down his gun we laughed to see how the analogy runs all through life. We told him he ought to have brought down the robins and been sure of them, and taken the ducks also if he could. But men as well as boys make the same mistake. They despise the smaller successes of life in their tramp for greater ones. We are all out for rare game, and so miss much that is valuable in ordinary affairs. Young men will not save five dollars, because they are not a thousand. Christians neglect opportunities of plain usefulness, because they cannot do something extraordinary. Not robins but ducks.

We have noticed that those who will not serve God and society on a small scale fail completely. Because they cannot be eloquent they are stolidly silent. Because they cannot endow a college, they will not help a poor widow who has lost her cow. Because in the hunt of life they cannot bring down something large and fat and memorable, they come in at the evening of their days and set down their gun chagrined and gameless. Despising robins, and ambitious for ducks, they get neither.

BRIEF NOTES.

It is reported that President Harrison has made strong protests to the Spanish Government against the harsh treatment to which American Missionaries have been subjected in the Caroline Islands by the new governor.

One hundred members have been added to the Euclid Avenue Congregrtional Church Cleveland, Ohio, all of whom ascribe their conversion to the blessing of God on the labors of Rev. B. Fay Mills during his visit to that city.

Mr. James H. Cannon, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist, has been holding successful meetings at Elizabeth Port, N. J. He is now laboring at York Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., of which Rev. L. Richardson is pastor. At both churches there have been large numbers of inquirers and many have been led to Christ.

Mr. E. P. Telford, the English evangelist, commences a series of meetings at Providence, R. I., next Sunday. He asks us to state that many letters have missed him of late through misdirection. If they are sent to him at this office, 91 to 96 Bible House, they are sure to reach him.

Evangelist Geo. L. Barker whose young people's meetings at Ocean Grove were much blessed during the summer is now laboring at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., with much success. At the conclusion of his services there this week he goes for three weeks to Simpson M. E. Church, Long Branch, where preparations are made for a great revival.

Dr. Arthur Neve, Medical Missionary in Kashmir, reports remarkable progress in his work in that country. Over thirty thousand patients have been treated by him. Some of them were so influential and so grateful for the benefits received that they have secured for him unwonted facilities for preaching the Gospel. More than once he has been allowed to preach in Mohammedan Mosques.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon is going on the Continent, probably to Mentone, in the south of France, to complete his recovery. Before setting out he wrote to his Church urging them during his absence to aid Dr. A. T. Pierson by prayer and united effort. He adds that he is relieved of anxiety by Dr. Pierson's consenting to occupy the pulpit; "For," says Mr. Spurgeon, "he is a man after my own heart."

Rev. William E. Needham, of Germantown, Philadelphia, delivered one of his illustrated lectures recently at the Tabernacle Baptist Church, Brooklyn, of which Dr. McDermott is pastor. He lectures there again this (Wednesday) evening. He has an easel on the platform and rapidly sketches as he talks, illustrations of Gospel truth. This method of interteresting and impressing an audience has been found very successful wherever he has spoken.

A press dispatch from Baltimore, Md., states that Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, has just returned from conferences in London and Berlin with noted scholars who propose making a new translation of the Bible and the Apocrypha. Each book is to be in charge of one scholar, who will add to his translations explanatory notes. Among the American translators are Prof. W. R. Harper of the Chicago Baptist University, Prof. C. H. Toy of Cambridge, and Dr. W. H. Ward of New York.

At the recent meeting of the New York Presbytery, the Committee on the case of Prof. Briggs presented the citations it was appointed to prepare. Dr. George Alexander and Dr. John Hall each moved resolutions framed so as to avoid a trial. They were negatived, however, by a vote of 64 to 62. The majority consisted of forty-four ministers and twenty elders; and the minority of fifty ministers and twelve elders. The trial will accordingly take place, and will commence on Nov. 4 in the Scotch Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Thomas Harrison has been holding some wonderful meetings at Trenton, N. J. On Sunday Oct. 4 he addressed an audience of men only in the Opera House on the invitation of the Young Men's Christian Association. Admission was by ticket and no less than nineteen hundred tickets were taken at the door. In the evening he preached to an overflowing congregation in the Century M. E. Church of which Dr. Davis is pastor. The following day, on the invitation of Dr. Hanlon, he addressed the students at Pennington Seminary.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Wreck of the U. S. S. "Dispatch"—Hawaii's Royal Heiress—More Rioting in China—Rebellion in Uruguay—Parnell's Successor—Prison Reform Congress—News Notes.

THE National Prison Reform Congress, in session in Pittsburg, Pa., during the past week, listened to a very interesting address by ex-President R. B. Hayes, as to reforms urgently needed in American prisons. The speaker asserted that a large majority of the prisoners accused or convicted in the United States are dealt with in defiance of justice and wisdom; young criminals are huddled with old offenders; professionals are sent out again at the end of their terms to prey on the public; prisoners are discharged under such circumstances that all the world is against them, and they are drawn back to jail by invisible but irresistible cords; and, finally, the prisons are under control of political appointees, removable at the whim of politicians and without regard to the effect on the management or the purpose of reform. These facts, the ex-president argued, largely explained the increase of crime, and he believed the defects indicated should be made the subject of effort by legislatures and Prison Reform Congresses.

* * *

The Latest Chinese Outbreak.

News from China is anything but reassuring. Despite the promises of the Imperial government to take strong pacificatory measures, the riots continue, and the safety and welfare of the missionaries are constantly jeopardized. Numbers of refugees from Ichang, in Hunan, the scene of the latest disturbances, are arriving at Hankow, bringing with them news of the troubles there. A crowd wrecked the American Episcopal Mission and compelled its inmates to flee for their lives. The Mission House was then set on fire, and afterward the Roman Catholic Convent. Seven Convent Sisters were thrown into the river by the native soldiers, but were rescued and taken on board the steamer *Paohua*. The American Consulate was next threatened but fortunately no one was injured. The new British Consulate was torn down and several dwellings adjoining, belonging to British subjects, were looted, the buildings being fired with kerosene. Mandarins were present and encouraged the rioters. The Scotch missionaries escaped by boat. It was quite clear that the rioters had the approval of the local authorities. When the soldiers get orders from their secret leaders, they care nothing for their officers. The central government seems to be impotent and the situation is very critical; for, unless a force is sent sufficiently strong to overawe Hunan, the rebellion must spread and foreigners will be in peril continually.

* * *

England's New Postmaster-General.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON, the successor of the late Mr. Raikes, Postmaster-General of England, is one of the most experienced public servants in Europe. Now nearly sixty years of age, he has filled a number of important offices with especial credit and has demonstrated executive talent of the highest order. He comes of an old Scottish family, but his training and work have been wholly English. On leaving the army in 1852 he entered Parliament, and remained a member eighteen years. Later, he was appointed Governor of South Australia and New Zealand, and afterward of Bombay. He then succeeded Sir Richard Temple as Under Secretary for Home, Indian and Foreign Affairs, and has been understudy to Lord Salisbury since 1885. He is quite an able political debater, and has been in many a Parliamentary fight where his chief's administration has been assailed. A portrait of the new appointee is given above.

SIR JAMES FERGUSSON.

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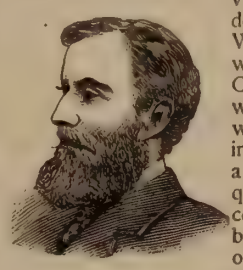
A Revolution in Uruguay.

THE cable brings news of an attempted revolution in Montevideo, the trouble having begun with the members of a revolutionary club firing upon the troops stationed there. The latter returned the fire with deadly effect, and a number of persons were killed outright and many wounded. Several of the ringleaders in the plot were arrested, a priest being among the number. Attempts were made to assassinate President Obes, and to seize the members of the Junta, or governing body. Eight thousand troops are now on duty in the city preserving order. It is believed the outbreak originated with the Blanco party, who are plotting to secure the Presidency.

* * *

England's New Parliamentary Leader.

IT now seems probable that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will be chosen as the Government leader in the House of Commons, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, which was announced in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week. During the week, political circles in Britain have been in a ferment over the question of the succession, and there has been a sharp struggle of diverse interests, Mr. Goschen and Mr. Balfour each having many adherents for the leadership. While the Liberals warmly espouse the claims of Mr. Goschen, the Carlton Club and many Conservatives have urged Lord Salisbury to select Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has at different times led the House with marked ability. Besides, the Cabinet takes the same view of the matter. Sir Michael, who is well advanced in years, is President of the Board of Trade and is popular not alone with the Conservatives but with the Irish members as well. He stands squarely on the Unionist platform, however, and is orthodox politically. A portrait of the new leader is given on this page.



SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

* * *

Parnell's Successor.

WHILE the death of Parnell will unquestionably have the ultimate effect of reuniting the factions of the Irish party, the immediate outcome has been a torrent of wrath from the adherents of the "Uncrowned King," directed against the anti-Parnellites and the English government. This was specially the case at Belfast, where the Ulster contingent of Parnellites who attended the funeral bore with them to Dublin, and carried to Glasnevin cemetery, where the interment took place, wreaths and mottoes with the words "Murdered" and "Revenge" in purple and red flowers. No such demonstration was ever seen in the Irish capital as that which took place on the day of the obsequies. Forty thousand persons viewed the body as it lay in state in the City Hall. The procession to the grave was miles in length and, save the excitement incident to the frightful crush at the cemetery, no disturbance took place. Delegations from every part of Ireland were in attendance, and Parnell's colleagues in Parliament walked or rode side by side with members of the opposing Irish factions. Mr. Parnell's favorite horse followed the bier. Then came the near relatives, followed by carriages containing the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the City Marshal, sword and mace-bearers and other officials; next were the corporations of various Irish cities, numerous Irish patriotic societies, hundreds of private carriages, and thousands on foot. Darkness set in before the final services at the interment. It is estimated that 200,000 persons assembled at the cemetery. Parnell's last words, "Give my love to my colleagues and to the Irish nation," are everywhere regarded as a command to the factions to unite. The feeling against Dillon and his following is very bitter, however, and may lead to violent scenes before the union is finally cemented. Whatever may have been the hopes or prospects of Justin McCarthy, as the probable successor of Mr. Parnell, they seem to have been sufficiently extinguished by recent events. John Dillon will, in all probability, be the man around whom the united factions would centre, should union be accomplished. But this even is problematical, for Parnell's followers in Ireland and the United States have already decided to maintain their organization separate and distinct, and to agitate for the triumph of those principles which their leader represented. John Redmond is formost in urging this plan upon the Parnellites in Dublin, and will probably continue to lead them while union hangs in the balance.

* * *

Hawaii's Heiress-Apparent.

PRINCESS Victoria Kajulani Cleghorn, the heiress to the Hawaiian throne, who will succeed to royal honors in the event of the illness of Queen Liliuokalani proving fatal as is now feared, is the sister of the present monarch. Her father is the Hon. Archibald Cleghorn, for many years Collector-General of the island kingdom. The Princess has received a European education and is quite accomplished. She is rather attractive-looking, and is now nearly nineteen years of age. Although she is undoubtedly under English influence, it is not now believed—if the latest advices are correct—that any serious complications will arise in the event of her succession, as far as the interests of Americans are concerned. There has long been in Hawaii open distrust of the English; indeed, this feeling has prevailed ever since Lord George Paulet, in 1843, hoisted the British flag over the islands and claimed them as British territory. The result of this distrust has been to create a bitter feeling among the foreign residents. Hawaiians have little loyalty for any ruler who has foreign blood in her veins, and although the father of the heiress-apparent will undoubtedly work for the furtherance of British intefests, this feeling is so strong that it would be dangerous to make any open attempt in that direction and might even lead to revolution. The latest news represents Queen Liliuokalani as at the point of death from organic heart disease. A portrait of the Princess Kajulani is given above.

PRINCESS KAJULANI.

* * *

Wreck of the U. S. S. "Dispatch."

THERE was great commotion in the Navy Department at Washington, a few days ago, on receipt of the news that the United States Steamer *Dispatch* had gone ashore on Assateague Shoals, off the Virginia Coast during a gale. The excitement was increased by the rumor, which afterward proved to be unfounded, that Secretary Tracy was on board. The vessel struck the rocks about midnight, head on, and while running at reduced speed on account of fog and heavy weather. It would seem that Commander Cowles had lost his bearing, for the regular course is many miles clear of the shoals. The officers and crew of the steamer were landed safely at the Assateague Life-Saving Station and cared for. There is little probability of saving the vessel, as she is said to be rapidly going to pieces. The *Dispatch* was built in 1874, as a private yacht, and was afterwards purchased by the Government. She has been known as the "President's Yacht." She was not fitted as a modern fighting ship, her main battery consisting of only one three-inch gun, which was used for saluting purposes. She was a wooden vessel, copper bottomed, and was not in good condition at any time within the last three years. Her commander, Lieutenant W. S. Cowles, has the reputation of being one of the ablest officers in the service. Assateague Shoals are situated about sixty miles northeast of Cape Charles, Va. Incoming steamers report gales of unprecedented severity on the Atlanti Three great ocean liners arrived several days late, and with a number of their passengers and crews injured from being thrown about during the storms. One cabin passenger—a lady—died of her injuries. One steamer lost 152 head of cattle. Reports of fatal disasters along the Atlantic coast were received from many points during the week.

U. S. S. DISPATCH.

NEWS NOTES.

Sharp frost was experienced throughout the Eastern States last week.

There is a notable dearth of interest among French merchants in the World's Fair.

Ex-Senator Blair's resignation as Minister to China has been accepted by the President.

"Ruth Cleveland" is to be the name of the new addition to the ex-President's household.

There is a prospect that France will soon remove the prohibition against the importation of American pork.

Austria has appropriated 15,000 florins to aid Austrian exhibitors in making a proper display at the coming World's Fair in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley have gone to Australia. Stanley is still lame from a fall he received in Switzerland, ome months ago.

The famine in Russian Poland is growing worse. Workmen are looting the bakers' shops, and thousands of people are dying of starvation.

The British Tories are alarmed by the result of the Manchester election which has nearly wiped out their majority in the House. The Liberals have gained a dozen or more seats.

Two new plots to assassinate the Czar are said to have been discovered, one at Kieff and the other at Elsinore, in Denmark. Both were frustrated by changes in the imperial programme of travel.

Levi M. Bates, one of the leading dry-goods merchants of New York, a prominent Republican and once a canditate for Mayor, was accidentally drowned in Bowery Bay, N. Y., a few days ago.

The Hon. Henry W. Sage has given Cornell University $100,000 for a library, in place of the one bequeathed by the late Mrs. Fiske, but which the courts decided the college could not legally accept.

Russia has already expended 20,000,000 roubles in buying seed-corn for the peasants in the famine-stricken districts, but 100,000,000 will be required to supply the most urgent cases with bread alone.

The Ordnance Department at Washington is making a series of experiments with smokeless powder, with a view to introducing it generally in the army. A laboratory has been established at Frankford, Pa.

Melbourne, the rain-compeller of Kansas, has offered to bring moisture from the clouds at ten cents per acre, throughout the state. The farmers of Western Kansas are negotiating with him to water forty counties at the rate stated.

During a fire in the residence of Mrs. August Belmont, in New York City, $100,000 worth of art treasures were burned. Mrs. Belmont had a narrow escape. After being rescued she went back to her room and saved her jewels.

California experienced a severe shock of earthquake on the night of the 12th inst. At Napa the State Insane Asylum was shaken, and the inmates panic-stricken. The Masonic Temple was shattered. Stores and dwellings were shaken, and many people rushed into the streets half clad.

Ex-Governor Hobart B. Bigelow of Connecticut died at New Haven last week of Bright's disease. He was 57 years of age. At 17 he was apprenticed to the machinist trade and, although the son of wealthy and even distinguished parents, he rose by his own industry and perseverance to the highest post in the State.

The Eighteenth Annual Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of New York State met in New York City last week and discussed many topics of interest. Among other statements made before the Convention was one to the effect that the girls of the metropolis chewed $6,000,000 worth of gum annually. One small town in the State spent $80,000 a year in tobacco and only $8,000 in preaching the Gospel.

Germany will make a reciprocity treaty with this government, it is said, on the basis of an understanding permitting American wheat, flour, potted and canned goods to be entered, free at German ports in return for the free entry in American ports of German beet sugar. This understanding is said to have been hastened by the fact that Germany would have been a serious loser by refusing reciprocity, her own crop of cereals this year being almost a total failure.

TRUST.

"That we should be to the praise of his glory, who first trusted in Christ. In whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation."—Ephesians 1: 12, 13.

BELOVED friends, I would have you notice in this verse the remarkable object which is set before us as the grand design of grace. Observe the singular expression of the apostle—"That we should *be* to the praise of his glory." Observe that he does not say, that we should *sing* to the praise of our glorious God, though we will do that; nor that we should *suffer* to his praise, though we would not refuse to do that; nor that we should work to his praise, though by grace we will do that; but "that we should be to the praise of his glory." The very being of a believer is to the praise and glory of God. When in the quiet of the garden I have looked upon the

Lilies Standing Erect

in marvelous beauty, and I have realized our Master's words, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these, then I have said to myself, "What do these to the glory of God?" Quickly my heart has answered, "They exist to show forth the glory of their Creator:" by merely standing where they are, they yield praise to the Lord: their very being is worship. Even those flowers which are born to blush unseen of men do not bloom in vain, they do not waste their sweetness, though they pour it on the desert air, for God is in the lone places, and beholds with joy his own handiwork. God is glorified by the being of that which he makes, and especially by the being of that which he has a second time created by the power of his grace, through faith.

Beloved, see the importance of that trust which is so constant an item in the purpose of God when he causes us to be to the praise of his glory. Unless we have trusted in Christ we are not living to the praise of God; but when we have come by faith into the place wherein we ought to stand, then is our very being unto the praise of his glory. In Christ our very existence glorifies God, and it is faith which consciously places us in Christ. Concerning that trust, or if you will—for the original bears that translation—that hope, which is so essential to the fulfilment of the purpose of God—concerning that trust I am now about to speak.

I. Our first point will be that trust is

The Mark of the Saved.

"That we should be to the praise of his glory who first trusted in Christ, in whom ye also trusted." I care not whether you read it "trusted" or "hoped," the idea will still be the same. Trust in Christ or hope in Christ, is the distinguishing token of God's people. It was the mark of the apostles. It was necessary to an apostle that he should have seen the Lord, for he was to bear personal witness to that which he had seen with his eyes, and looked upon and handled; but this alone was not sufficient, for many saw the Lord and remained in unbelief, enemies of the cross of Christ. These could not have been spostles, since they did not trust in Jesus. The apostles were those who, with an inner as well as an outer eye, had seen the Lord, and had trusted themselves wholly to him as their Leader, Master, Teacher, and Saviour.

This was also the mark of the first converts, among the Jews. These had the honor to be the elder born—these who first trusted in Christ. Some of them had the advantage of having trusted in him

Before His Advent,

looking for the hope of Israel, and earnestly expecting the coming of the Messiah. Before our Lord appeared at the waters of Jordan, and was pointed out by John the Baptist as "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," there were hearts that believed in him, and eyes that looked for him. Still, whether they were Jewish believers, looking for his advent, or not, this was the mark of their being truly saved—that they trusted in Jesus, when he was revealed as the Anointed of the Lord.

Now, dear friends, this was the mark of those who were first saved by the great Redeemer, and I want you to notice how the Holy Spirit sets them in a class by themselves. He makes a distinction between those who first trusted and those who trusted afterwards, because it is a noteworthy honor to have been among the first that trust Christ. It is a privilege to be led by Jesus, to trust him first in order of time by beginning in your earliest youth. The Lord evidently delights to be found in a high degree of those who seek him early. They come to him first, and he remembers the kindness of their youth, and the promptitude with which they obeyed his call. It is also a great privilege to be called

First Out of a Family

or out of a neighborhood. Peradventure some of you live where there are none who believe in Christ; may the Lord grant you this high favor to be the leader of your household and your district as a believer!

I greatly esteem in my own mind those first believers who were not borne in by the throng of others, but went forward alone. I compare them to the first navigators upon an untried sea; the men who first sailed out of sight of shore, greatly venturing. To be first in perceiving that Jesus of Nazareth was the Anointed of the Lord was no mean thing, for none of the princes of this world had any idea of that great fact. These were in truth the "men of light and leading," the foremost minds of their age, peasants and fishermen though they were. These were the first swallows heralding a glorious summer-tide. These were the first songbirds waking the morning to behold the newly-risen sun. It is a patent of nobility to be numbered with these. I would put a holy ambition into the hearts of those who are young, and others who belong to ungodly families, suggesting to them that they should be among their households those "who first trust in Christ."

Now, as this was the mark of the elder born, the text goes on to tell us that it was the mark of

The Younger Born:

in "whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation." The Ephesians did not see the Christ, they never listened to the melodious tones of his voice, nor looked into his beloved countenance; but they were converted by hearing the report of him. They were brought into salvation afterwards; but still it came to the same thing: they received like precious faith with those who in former days had obtained eternal life. Those to whom I now speak trusted in Christ after they had heard the word of truth.

Note, before I leave this subject, that trust in Christ is of the same nature in all believers. It is not the same in degree, nor in constancy, nor in energy; but yet it is the same faith. "Ye received like precious faith," said Peter. Paul's faith and your faith are the same faith if your faith be a true faith. The faith of Abraham and the faith of a little child who has newly believed in Jesus are

The Same Faith.

A diamond is a diamond whatever its size may be, and so little faith and great faith are of the same essence. Whether it be a grain of mustard-seed or a mountain-moving faith, it is still faith of the operation of God, faith in the same object, and faith working to the same end. Hence John, speaking to his converts, prays, "That ye may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." If thou art a believer, thou hast a right to the same fellowship with God as the Apostle had, thou hast the same perfect cleansing by the precious blood, thou hast the same adoption, the same regeneration, thou standest in the same place of love and acceptance, thou shalt be blessed with the same blessings on earth, and thou shalt enter the same joy at the right hand of God. See, then, dear friends, that trust in Christ is the invariable and infallible mark of the saved ones.

II. Secondly, this trust is

No Empty Notion.

The trust in Christ which saves the soul is no idle sentiment, but a strong, vital, active principle, having a living and a conquering power within it. It is of the operation of the Spirit of God, and hence it is a living and incorruptible seed, that liveth and abideth for ever. This day, if you trust Christ, you rest the whole weight and stress of your soul's affairs upon him. Looking at your sin and your sinfulness, looking at the past, the present, and the future, looking at death and at judgment, you deliberately believe that Christ is equal to every emergency, and you just cast yourself entirely and without reserve upon him to save you, and to keep you saved for ever. No other trust is worth a pin except this. It must be an absolute severance from all reliance upon your past merit, or upon your present resolutions, or upon your future expectations of what you shall be or shall do. You must have done with all other trust if Christ is your confidence. Your motto must be, "Jesus only."

This trust includes obedience to him: we have not trusted him at all unless we are prepared to accept his commands as the rule of our lives.

The Ship is on Fire;

the bales of cotton are pouring forth a black, horrible smoke; passengers and crew are in extreme danger, but a capable captain is in command, and he says to those around him, "If you will behave yourselves, I think I shall be able to effect the escape of you all." Now, if they trust in the captain they will do precisely as he orders. No sailor or engineer will refuse to work the pumps, or to prepare the boats, neither will any passenger disobey rule. In proportion to their confidence in their leader will be the alacrity with which they obey him at once. They believe his orders to be wise, and so they keep to them. Neither their fear nor their rashness will lead them to rush to and fro contrary to his bidding if they have a firm trust in them. When the boats are lowered and are brought one by one to the ship's side, those who are to fill them wait till their turns come, in firm reliance upon the captain's impartiality and prudence. They will get into the boats or they will wait on board, for they consider that his orders are dictated by a better judgment than their own. So far as each man and each woman firmly believes in the superior officer, discipline will be maintained. Do you not see this?

Obedience is the necessary outcome of true and real faith, and there is no trust where there is no obedience. Some of you fancy that you are to trust Christ, and then do what you like. You believe a lie, for such is not the teaching of God's word, The faith which saves is a faith which obeys. We must follow Christ's directions, if we would receive Christ's promises. Trust in Christ implies a yielding up of all that we have and all that we are into Christ's hands. We must be to him as the wax to the seal, or the clay to the potter. There must be an unreserved submission to his supremacy. O thou seeking sinner wilt thou submit to this?

Trust in Christ leads to an open following of him. Trust is not lame, but it walks in the footsteps it relies upon. If the Lord's way be the way of the cross, thou wilt nevertheless follow it, because thou wilt know it to be the right way, since he leads therein. He that is ashamed to confess Christ has good reason to fear that he is not trusting him. How can I be trusting him of whom I am ashamed? If I am not on his side

In the Great Battle

of life, how can I say that he is my confidence? He declares that he that is not with him is against him. How can I trust him and yet be against him? If I refuse to have my name recorded on the muster-roll of his army below, how dare I hope that it is written in the Lamb's book of life above? Wilt thou come out then? Wilt thou come out on his side? If thou wilt, then thou hast saving trust.

This trust will lead a man to labor or to suffer for Christ as need occurs. The true truster considers it to be real gain to lose for Jesus. He reckons that toil unrewarded of men is the best rewarded form of labor when it is accepted of the Lord. It is enough wage to be permitted to serve the Lord Christ. This is faith: this which counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, this which hath respect unto a future recompense when the Lord shall come in his kingdom, but looks not for honor among men or any other form of reward here below.

True trust rejoices in the hope which Christ inspires. It looks for his coming and his glory, his reign and his heaven. It is full of hope; that living, lively, life-giving hope which sustains the heart. This trust hath

A Window of Hope

through which light comes into the heart in the darkest hours. It lives and triumphs in the future through trusting the promise of Christ Jesus. If we have such trust as this we shall constantly meet with something whereon to exercise it. God never leaves true trust without work to do. In a thousand fields our trust will be tried ere we shall be able to sheathe the sword and enjoy the triumph. It is in this way that trust in Christ is made by our God to work to the praise of the glory of his grace. "What shall we do," said one, "that we may work the work of God?" meaning thereby a God-like work, a work so great as to bear a heavenly name. Jesus answered, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Jesus Christ whom he hath sent." Dear friend over yonder, you cannot build a row of almshouses to the glory of God but you can trust Christ with all your heart to the glory of God. You cannot stand up and deliver an eloquent oration to God's praise, but you can pursue a life of faith, and thus praise him.

III Thirdly, this

Trust in Christ is His Due.

There came to me the other day a young man who wished to speak with me about his soul troubles, and he began thus "Dear sir, I cannot trust Christ." To which I answered, "Have you found out something fresh in his character? Has he ceased to be trustworthy? Pray let me know all about it, for it is *a serious matter to me;* I have trusted him with everything I have for time and eternity

and if he is not fit to be trusted I am in a terrible case." He looked at me, and he said, "I will not say that again, sir, I see I have made a mistake. Truly the Lord Jesus is in every way trustworthy." "Well, then," I said, "Why cannot you trust him?' I left him with that unanswerable question. A man is certainly able to trust one whom he regards as trustworthy. My young friend saw that at once, and asked me further: "But may I trust Christ to save me? Am I permitted to

Trust my Soul with Him?"

I said to him, "Is not this the command of the Gospel: Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved?" He said, "So, then, if I trust Christ he will save me?" and I replied, "Certainly he will; he is the Saviour of all them that put their trust in him. He says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' It is written, 'He that believeth on him hath everlasting life:' he that trusts in Jesus is saved." He thanked me, and saying that he had found out the secret, he went on his way rejoicing. I told him the Gospel; he received it; and he entered into rest. I hope I may be equally successful with my hearers at this time,

Remember next, his work, and especially his death. Here is immovable ground for my claim that you should trust him. Jesus loved men so as to die for them, how can we doubt his love? I do not know how it is with you, but I lose the power to doubt when I realize Christ crucified. That crown of thorns hedges my mind around, and shuts out mistrust. His five wounds kill my suspicions and my fears. A crucified Saviour is the life of faith, and the death of unbelief. Canst thou stand and view the flowing of the Saviour's precious blood upon the tree and not trust him?

What More can He Do

to prove his sincerity than to die? His life is the mirror of love, but in his death the sun shineth on it with a blaze of glory so that we cannot steadily look into its brightness. Behold how he loved us! Oh, believe thou in the crucified Christ, for this is no more than his right and due.

Besides, he lives, and he has gone up into the glory with the same purpose of grace upon his heart. When men change their places they often change their minds; but he that loved us when he was despised and rejected, loves us now that he is highly exalted. He is not like the chief butler, who forgot in the palace the promise which he made in prison. The love of Calvary is with the Lamb in the midst of the throne. On earth he bleeds, in heaven he pleads. Ye sinners, come and trust the ever-living Christ, for he makes intercession for transgressors! I stand here this morning, and I say to all of you in this house that I claim your confidence in the Lord Jesus. I do not humbly ask for it as a beggar asks for alms: I demand for the Christ of God that you put your trust in him. God has set him forth to be a propitiation for sin, that through faith in his blood every one that believeth in him should be saved.

For Souls.

I have chosen an old theme this morning, and I have been studiously simple in my style, for my heart longs to bring you to trust in Jesus! I have no desire to be thought a fine preacher. I want to save your souls. Oh, that you would believe on the Lord Jesus Christ! If you believe in your heart that God hath raised him from the dead, you shall be saved. This is the way of salvation, and it is very plain. God help you to run in it! Lay aside pride and self-confidence, and trust wholly in Jesus; and this will be better than all tears, and despair, and resolves, and efforts. Fall back into the arms of redeeming love. Lean your whole weight on Jesus. Take your soul to Christ as you take your money to your banker, and leave it in his hands. He will keep it until that day when, at his appearing you shall appear with him in glory.

PROPHETIC QUERIES.

The Answers Given by Mr. Denham Smith to Two Questions at Mildmay Conference.*,

QUESTION number one is: *"Where will Christ and his Church be at the end of the thousand years when Satan is unloosed for a season?"* I always like to admit that where Scripture is silent it is silent. The Word of God never gives us anything simply to feed curiosity. I see no difficulty, because where will Christ and his Church be *during* the Millennium? If you think of Christ, or his Church, or Abraham, or Daniel, or any of those saints as coming here to occupy simply the earth, you are very much mistaken. They would not be satisfied with that.

The Promise to Daniel

is not that he shall stand in his own lot merely on the earth, or merely in Palestine; the marriage supper of the Lamb takes place in heaven, not on earth. The saints will be risen and glorified, and ascended, and heavenly as to their position with the Lord, and that is where the marriage supper of the Lamb is to be. Then you read that the Bride-city comes down, and does not stay where it is—comes down over the earth—and the song is, "Thou hast redeemed us out of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue, and we shall reign forever and ever." The word used is the same as that used in connection with the canopy over Israel, for you remember how the Lord canopied them over. So the New Jerusalem is represented as coming out of heaven from God; and that is the city in which all the saints will dwell, and the Lord will be the light of it, and they will reign during the thousand years. But they will have access to earth.

Like Jacob's Ladder,

there will be maintained a blessed connection, and the glory of the heaven shall shine upon the earth. But the devil is let loose at the end of the thousand years. The Lord's throne is in the heavens, and so the devil will not touch it, but he will touch the devil. Fire comes down out of heaven. That is where the seat of power is. I need not say anything further about it. The Lord and his saints will not be dwelling on the earth, but in the heavens, through the Millennium. His throne will be in the heaven, and his kingdom will rule over all.

The next question is: *"Where will our Lord be in the Millennium?"*

This is like the former question, and I suppose what I have said will have answered it. To go back, however, when Satan is rampant upon the earth, and sin abounds, it is scarcely to be thought of that the Lord should be dwelling upon the earth. I think it is plain that the Lord will be dwelling in heaven.

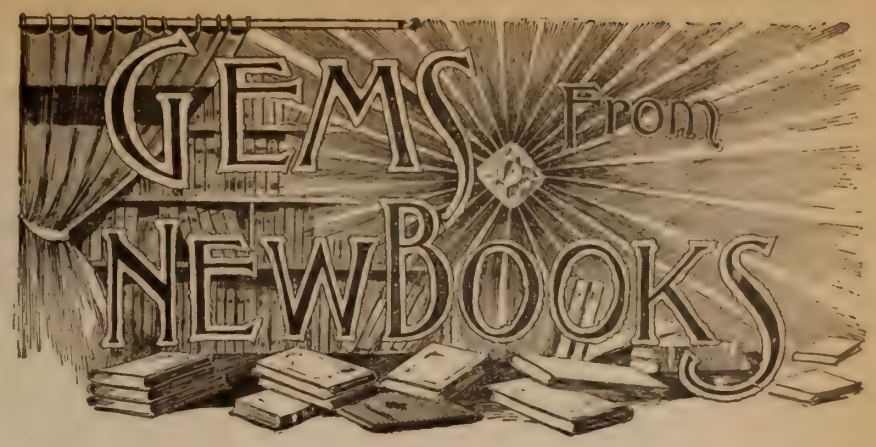
The connection between them in the Millennium is represented by Jacob's ladder and the glory on the Holy Mount. Peter, James, and John were taken up, and represent those who, in the day of the glory, will be on the earth. Moses and Elijah were in the glory. Moses represented those who died; Elijah those who never saw death, and you have the blessed Lord in the midst of them. Oh, that will surely be a blessed day,

The Day of Glory,

for the whole earth will see the glory, as Peter, James, and John saw it. All the nations will bring their glory and honor unto it; they will adore him, and praise him, and the Lord in that day will reign gloriously. We are told that they shall learn the art of war no more. In the Millennium, during that time there will be no devil, for he will be down in the bottomless pit. And for the redeemed there will be no old nature, for the Lord says, "I will take out your stony heart, and give you a new heart." Whatever evil there may be, it will not be put down by battle, for men will learn the art of war no more.

From heaven the fire will come down, and will devour those who rise up against him. The devil will be laid hold of; and instead of being put into a bottomless pit, where he was during the thousand years of the Millennial, he will go where human nature has gone before Satanic nature. This is a very solemn thought. The Son of Man, when he comes down, lays hold upon the false prophet and the beast, and they are put at once, not into the bottomless pit, but into a lake which burns with brimstone and with fire, which is the second death.

*From the *Prophetic News*, a monthly magazine, edited by Rev. M. Baxter. This number contains articles on unfulfilled prophecy by W. Greene, C. E., Dr. Henry Kelsall, and others. Price, six cents; Seventy cents a year. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.



THE RIGHT ROAD.*

Mistakes of Consciences.

THIS holy thing we call conscience may make a mistake. The Spartan boy who stole a fox, and lied about it, did so with a good conscience. He did not know any better.

A good priest who was very useful among the poor fisher-folk of France is shown to have made a mistake. He could sail a boat with any of them; he taught them to be good, nursed them in sickness; when the wild nights of storm came, hung up a lantern to guide boats to his island home; and whenever a corpse came ashore, gave it sacred burial. He was very much loved by the fishermen and their families. One poor child died to whom he thought he had not been faithful through forgetfulness and overwork. His conscience smote him. To punish himself and make himself better, he left his charge and went away to join a society of monks, live in a cell, and never speak to any one. That was what his conscience prompted him to do. Now, if he had known better he would simply have stayed with his people, and tried to do more good by not forgetting anybody.

The Apostle Paul, whose words are in the text you have learned, persecuted Christians with a good conscience when he thought them to be only a sect of Jewish heretics.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the post-office the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say,—

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfullest kind, just now."

"Goin' on a 'scursion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down the money, and said,—

"I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote a death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you may not have seen it. He wrote:

"Died—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever; aged 3 years. Funeral to-morrer, gone up to Hevin; left one bruther."

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter, and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it, b—but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour before a barefooted boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers, which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged but big-hearted urchins.

Truthfulness's Twin-Brother.

Truthfulness has a twin-brother in its inner life. It is honesty. One who speaks the truth will be found to be honest. The two are so nearly alike because they grow out of the same root in our soul. Indeed, we might study honesty as a duty to ourselves. But we shall see before we get through these lessons, that the virtues cannot belong to only one part of morality. What we find to be duty to ourselves, we shall also find to be duty to others. And to be true will ever keep us honest. We have, therefore, been studying truthfulness among the duties to ourselves, and we shall wait until we come to duty to others for the study of honesty.

*From *The Right Road, a Handbook for Parents and Teachers;* by John W. Kramer; Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York; Price, $1.25.

REFLECTIONS OF A "SHUT-IN."†

"WHY is it that some good men must go down life's last decade with the tottering limbs of a second infancy? Sad, unspeakably sad, is that comment which we have sometimes to make upon one whom the world has honored with its trust in high places: 'He has been a learned man, a wise man, a great man: but now—' So strange a humiliation of a great mind and an heir of God must have something to do with its preparation for an immortal youth. 'Except ye become as little children.' Some may not be able to become that, except through the vale of second childhood. That earthly silence may be the great opportunity preparative to fitness for a service in the coming life, compared with which the grandest service of this life is but infantile. The sleep of the chrysalis is the forerunner of golden glory. If one can but believe that God's plan is made up of such inspiring mysteries! Yet why not? . . . Why should we not believe that God's reasons for things are like him? 'It must be his doing,' as Charles Kingsley said, 'because it is so strange and so painful.' None but an infinite mind could plan some things as they are in the lives of us all, and yet make them come out right in the end."

"Now I Begin to Live."

He was very weak, but his courage was higher than usual. His strong eye looked out longingly for the white fire of the breakers where its first glimpse could be caught from the railroad train. At the breath of the salt air at Portland, where he spent the night, his heart leaped for joy. The wonderful power of the sea wrought upon him, as it always did, an almost startling effect. From the hotel he telegraphed to his daughter in her own home:

"Now I begin to live."

It was the last of those thoughtful telegrams, eagerly awaited for now so many years at the crisis of those hard and dangerous journeys.

What indited that message? His own prophetic heart? or the whim of fate? or the Power beyond himself that knew when the patient soul might say to the tyrant body, "Thus far; no further"? Only this we know: That long death-in-life, borne only God ever understood how uncomplainingly, was almost over. In deed and truth he had begun to live.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Robert Carter; His Life and Work, (1807-1889): John Wilson & Son, University Press, Cambridge, Mass., Publishers. $1.50. A living record of a busy life, lived for others.

An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament: by S. R. Driver, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Pp., 522; Price, $2.50; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

A New Mexico David, by C. F. Lummis. A series of sketches of the Southwest; Charles Scribner's Sons New York. Price $1.25.

The Use and Abuse of Money; by W. Cunningham, D. D., Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $1. An improved Manual of Economic Science.

The Boy Settlers, A Story of Early Times in Kansas; by Noah Brooks; illustrated by W. A. Rogers. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price $1.25.

The Fine Arts, by G. Baldwin Brown, Professor of Fine Arts University of Edinburgh. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. A most interesting and comprehensive handbook of ancient and modern Art.

Harmony of Ancient History and Chronology of the Egyptians and Jews, by Malcolm MacDonald, A. M. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Price $2. A compilation of great interest to students.

The Squire's Daughter, A Story for Girls; by Lucy C. Lillie. Foster & Coates, Peiladelphia. One of a series of good books for girls between the ages of twelve and fifteen, fully illustrated.

Is Man too Prolific? The so-called Malthusian Idea Discussed, by H. S. Pomeroy, A. M., M. D. Funk and Wagnalls, New York. Price 35c.

†From *Austin Phelps, a Memoir;* by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price $2.00.

GOD WITH US.

Remarkable Manifestations of Divine Power at "The Christian Herald's" Midsummer Revival Services—Churches Revived and Souls Saved—Mr. Cannon's Splendid Work.

MIDSUMMER is the season of church vacations in the great centres of population, when all city people who can afford it go to the country. Meantime the churches are deserted. It is a season in which the struggling churches need extra help in order that the work of the Lord may not be impeded, as the devil takes no vacation.

It was with the view of aiding churches and pastors so situated that THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last summer commissioned as its representative the well-known Evangelist, James H. Cannon, to labor in this particular field. Mr. Cannon possesses special qualifications for missionary work. His labors during the months of April, May, June and July, 1891, have occasionally been referred to in these columns. Beginning at the Woodstock M. E. Church in uptown New York, of which Rev. R. Pierce is pastor, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist found the conditions most auspicious. At nearly all

EVANGELIST J. H. CANNON.

the various meetings, the altar and front seats were crowded with seekers. At one meeting in the Sunday School twenty-five scholars were converted and made confession of Christ. Mr. Cannon's exhortations at the Mission on 3rd Avenue and 167th Street, which is connected with this church, were also blessed to the saving of many souls. At this Mission one of the most promising converts was a little girl of nine—a beautiful and earnest child who a few days afterward brought her mother forward to the altar and herself led her to Jesus and peace and pardon. At almost every meeting requests were received asking for prayers in behalf of the unsaved, many of whom afterward received the blessing of a clean heart. At the close of the Woodstock services, which continued two weeks, thirty-five persons had become ardent Christians, and energetic workers in the cause.

The spiritual outpouring experienced at Woodstock M. E. Church was repeated in a number of other places to which the Evangelist was called by the resident pastors of churches. Hardly a service was without its harvest of souls, and large congregations were greatly moved by the fervor of the addresses, no less than by the clear, melodious Gospel singing of the Evangelist. In all nearly four hundred persons who attended were brought to a sense of saving grace, seeking Jesus as their Redeemer. Among other churches that availed themselves of the assistance of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD Evangelist was the Bethany M. E. Church, New York, Rev. G. M. Compton, pastor, where Mr. Cannon labored for two weeks, exhorting and conducting prayer and consecration meetings, which were made precious to many souls.

At Bedford Street M. E. Church, New York, which was his next field of usefulness, Evangelist Cannon had many blessed meetings. Hardly an evening passed without its tribute of souls united to the Saviour.

Next the Johnson Street M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Rev. F. D. Littlewood, Pastor), claimed the energies of the Evangelist. Here a genuine revival took place, attended by many conversions. At the Asbury M. E. Church, New York, (Rev. J. S. Stone, Pastor), valuable results were accomplished and many members gave their hearts to God.

It has been the aim of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to aid churches seeking help, to an infusion of new spiritual life and energy. If this has been accomplished even to a limited extent, these missionary labors under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD have not been in vain.

FRUIT BEARING.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 1. John 15: 2; Phil. 1: 9-11; Galatians 5: 22, 23.

VERY practical is the teaching of these Scriptures. Fruit is expected of the vine. It exists for that purpose. It may be of graceful shape; it may give a pleasant shade, but if it brings forth no fruit it is accounted worthless. And it must be the right kind of fruit. Isaiah draws a pathetic picture (5: 4) of a vineyard which in spite of the fertility of the soil and the care and attention of the Owner brought forth only wild grapes. That too was accounted failure and the decree went forth that it should be laid waste. When Jesus said "Ye are the branches," he laid down the law for his kingdom. The branches must bear fruit. It is a solemn warning with a prescribed penalty. He that does not bear fruit will be taken away. The test is a test not of creed but of character. It is confirmed by the Saviour's teachings in other places. The reproach against those on the left hand was, not that they were heterodox, but "I was a hungered and ye gave me no meat . . . Inasmuch as ye *did it not* to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me (Matt. 25: 42-45.) The man of one talent took care of his talent, did not waste it, or lose it, rather took especial pains to secure its safety, yet he was condemned. Idleness, indifference, inactivity, barrenness are fatal defects. The man who prides himself on his orthodox creed, who is fond of singing, "Doing is a deadly thing," and who supposes that a life of spiritual meditation and enjoyment is a Christian life, needs to regard himself in the light of a branch and ask himself if he is fulfilling the Lord's will.

What a light this idea sheds on affliction! It is a revelation by One who knew and understood God's methods. Loss of property, uncongenial surroundings, plans thwarted, unjust accusations, physical suffering, petty vexations—all the multitude of troubles which go to make up the burden of life are no longer mysteries. Why the good man suffers and the wicked man escapes, is no longer a difficult problem. Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, *that it may bring forth more fruit*. That is the object sought. The Lord desires still great efficiency. It is for the perfecting of character. There is no caprice, no arbitrary infliction about all this suffering. The problem which perplexed Job and which his friends could not solve is explained for us. We are being trained and prepared for better service. The dreary toil over Latin and Greek and Mathmatics, which is so sore a trial to the boy, who is longing for the play-ground, is not the same thing at all to him when, as a young man entering the arena of life, he finds himself better equipped for the struggle than his competitors. He understands it then and rejoices in the benefits it has conferred. So in the end will he rejoice who was purged as a branch that he might bring forth more fruit.

The fruit expected from us is of many kinds. The list which the apostle gives in Galatians are fruits of character not of service. But he who has these fruits cannot be lacking in deeds. He has within him the vital force and energy from which deeds come. Being in the vine the divine Spirit, like the sap, nourishes him and he flourishes and bears fruit to life eternal.

WHAT FOUR CAR FARES DID.

A KING'S Daughter, who describes herself as a "working girl," sends to her sisters in the Order, who are readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, an incident of her own experience which may be useful to others who, like herself, may be anxious to make the most of the few opportunities of service within their sphere. She says: "There are many of us who wear the silver cross, which means that we are the children of God, and are to do good wherever we are, and whoever we are, yet who being working girls, as I am, wonder what we can do for Christ, whose cross we wear. I will tell you of a very little thing I did, and how I did it, as perhaps some one may be glad of the suggestion, and feel as thankful in doing something of the same kind as I was. I bought a hundred tracts and poems for twenty cents, which sum I saved by walking four trips instead of paying a five cent fare each time. I read them very carefully so as to find out whom they would be most likely to help; then I knelt down and asked God's blessing upon them. I put them in my pocket, and as I went to my work I gave away my tracts and poems. When I saw the face of some sad and weary one who seemed desolate and lonely, I gave, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.' I saw a man eating a frugal dinner on a stoop and noticed how anxious and worried he looked, so I found 'The Lord will provide,' and gave him that. Sometimes I found an opportunity to slip a tract into the lunch-baskets of girls, who, I know, have sad homes, and are having a hard time. I cannot tell you how many faces were brightened by what I got for that twenty cents. The girls did not know who did it, but I know they were glad of it, and I am sure God likes us to do those little things. Then sometimes one can send a letter for two cents to some poor prisoner, or some one in trouble, or some woman who has lost her husband or children and who sees the letter-carrier going to other houses but never coming to hers, because there is no one to write to her now. It does not cost much and it makes someone's life brighter. Then there is something we can do without any cost at all. We can show a smiling face, we can say a kind word, we can give a look of sympathy, or a friendly shake of the hand. We can show our colors in that way and people will know that we wear and bear the cross for Jesus. And we can never let the cross come in our faces nor on our tongues, but always be kind and cheerful; there is more good done that way than some people think."

Our correspondent seems to have rightly called herself a working girl, for the epithet applies to her in another sense than the one she intended. God send the world many more such "working girls"!

OUTLYING SPHERES.

THE Montreal Young Women's Christian Association has added to its work a department essentially Christian and philanthropic, but one not commonly undertaken by such organizations. It is another illustration of the fact that Christian women cannot be together in any work without trying to hold out a helping hand to any who may be heavily burdened on their way through life.

In a report to *Faith and Works* the Secretary of the Montreal Association announces the establishment of a Day Nursery which appears likely to lead to an effort to establish an orphanage. The Day Nursery frequently shelters forty-one children, who are not only sheltered but instructed. Sometimes the nursery is a temporary home to children whose mothers are ill. In some cases death has left the little ones to be permanently cared for by the Committee. Besides this the Association carries on the regular work with an Employment Bureau, a Cooking and a Sewing School.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLATFORM.

THE following seven planks have been drawn up by Dr. Wayland Hoyt, and are published by Dr. F. E. Clark in the *Golden Rule*, as the platform of the Society:

First and foremost, Personal devotion to our divine Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Second, Utmost loyalty to their respective denominations on the part of all Christian Endeavor societies.

Third, Steadiest personal love and service for the local church in which a society of Christian Endeavor exists. The church for each local society is the local church with which it is connected.

Fourth, Interdenominational spiritual fellowship among evangelical denominations, so setting forth their spiritual unity in Jesus.

Fifth, Inasmuch as the name "Christian Endeavor," by a marvellous and triumphant trial and history of ten years, has come to mean the definite pledge for the weekly prayer meeting, the monthly consecration service, and the work of the lookout committee, we earnestly urge that, in all Christian fairness, societies which adopt substantially these methods adopt also the name "Christian Endeavor," and that this name be not applied to other methods of work. We believe that Christian Endeavor has earned the exclusive right to its own name and to its own principles and methods.

Sixth, Christian Endeavor interposes no barriers to the denominational control of the young people, and rejoices when denominations suggest special lines of scriptural study, of denominational indoctrination, of denominational missionary activity, local, home, and foreign.

Seventh, Christian Endeavor only desires that its fidelity to Christ and the local church and its opportunity for delightful spiritual fellowship be recognized and preserved.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN THE ARMY.

A GRATIFYING announcement is made by Mr. J. W. Baer, the General Secretary. He says: "Rejoice with me in the organization of a Christian Endeavor society in the United States Army. So far as I know, the society recently reported from Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, is the first "soldiers" society. Those who know, claim that our army never has been what it should have been in point of good name; conditions have been against it. Army authorities recognize the importance of many changes, and will make them as rapidly as possible. Cannot the Society assist in solving the problem? It can. Here is an open door for your good literature committee. Enter! And if you address Rev. Orville J. Nave, at Fort Niobrara, Neb., you will reach the corresponding secretary for the corps of U. S. A. chaplains and one who is deeply interested in helping the boys in blue."

A WESTERN SOCIETY.

THE true Christian spirit characterizes a report which we have received from Bro. C. W. Hansen of Fulda, Minn. He writes: "Our Young People's Society has not many members, but they are all consecrated to the work, and are living earnest, hopeful, loving, devoted Christian lives. The meetings are well attended and our members gladly take part in the exercises. The Lord is with us, blessing us greatly. As to our work, we have organized two mission Sabbath Schools, and a Christian Endeavor Society in an adjoining village, and one of our absent members is organizing another Society in the country near here. A great interest is taken in the study of the topic each week, and much good results through it. Once a month we take charge of the public services of our church, these meetings are well attended, and they help to spread the Christian Endeavor idea among the people and thus show to the world that we are in earnest and are active in the work. We believe in the pledge and do not think it implies any too much."

A FLOURISHING LEAGUE.

THE President of the Epworth League at Cape May sends to the *Christian Advocate* a cheerful report of the Chapter's work during the summer season. He says: "An excellent choir, with a faithful leader and organist, always insures a good musical programme, and every League member that has a specialty is assigned work, whether as a reader, declaimer, singer, or essayist. Recent programmes have been 'An Evening in Art,' 'An Evening with Daniel Webster,' another with Jenny Lind, and another given to Epworth Experience. Twice we have been favored with addresses full of point and power by Mr. E. Halford, the private secretary to the President of the United States. Such musical celebrities ae Professor Lacey Baker, Professor Simon Hassler, and Miss Jeanette Halford, sojourning here, enabled us to arrange a concert of unusual merit, which was so appreciated by the audience that they dropped about fifty dollars in our glass vase, standing in the hall of the church, which amount is the nucleus of our new church fund of one thousand dollars that the League means to raise. Meanwhile the devotional work of the Chapter is pushed vigorously, and now that the season is over we are delighted to find that nearly every probationer either has or will join the church as a full member; not a single instance among our young church members has occurred where discipline was necessary: and the spirituality of all the meetings has been maintained at full strength and activity, the class-meetings have been well attended, and the public congregations increased. For the fall and winter months a full and progressive course of Bible study is being arranged, and will be faithfully pursued, and when revival services shall begin Epworth League night will preserve its identity by having the members take special part in the revival meetings."

"YE DID IT."

'TWAS but a tiny token
Of your love for Christ the Lord;
'Twas but a kind word spoken—
A loving, tender word.
But it touched a heart grown weary
Of its heavy load of sin,
And, no longer sad and dreary,
Has that lost one "entered in."

'Twas but a smile of gladness
That you dropped upon your way;
"It ne'er can banish sadness;
'Twas nothing!" some would say,
But it reached a heart nigh broken
With a sense of deepest grief,
And that seeming tiny token
Was the means that brought relief.

'Twas but a song for Jesus,
His love so true and strong,
So tender and so precious—
A simple little song.
But it smoothed the lonely pillow,
And it calmed the troubled breast,
Of one now o'er the billow,
In the land of endless rest.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

The Birds and Bird-Sellers of the East—Some Very Unique Pets.

A GRAY West African parrot — the feathered pet of the household—chattered a noisy and vociferous welcome to the merry group of children who gathered around his perch the other evening. He is a great favorite, and the vivacity with which he wags his short, crimson tail, fluffy with feathers, and swings on his tiny trapeze, while he articulates his welcome, shows a vivid appreciation of the attentions he receives.

"I remember," said Uncle John, when the screamer had been quieted by the tender of a lump of sugar from Ted, "when in Beyrout several years ago, seeing a bird-vendor in the public square who had songsters to sell. They were of a breed I had never seen before, and I was curious to know about them. He had the birds in a large cage of willows, woven together after a rude fashion and this he carried slung over his shoulder carelessly. The old man held in his withered fingers the ends of the cord by which the cage was slung, and when he found a customer, the cord was slackened from his turban and the birds, chirping and cooing, lowered to the ground. They were a species of pigeon, small in size and pretty to look at but far from melodious."

"They couldn't sing like my canary, could they, Uncle?" asked Millie.

"They had only a few notes, but those were very pure and tender. There was no song that I could discover. But they have in the East birds that sing charmingly, not unlike the chaffinch and the Southern oriole. You know the Orientals love birds and in some of the older countries they are objects of veneration."

"Do they worship parrots, too?" inquired one of the children.

"Not that I ever heard of. The ladies in Arabia and Turkey have them as home pets and very pretty they are too, some of them, with their flashing green and gold. But they are not found in the temples nor on the inscriptions upon the tombs of Egypt and Arabia. In the former country almost every conceivable kind of winged creature has been worshipped: the long-necked, slender-legged ibis, sacred to the Nile, whose wise-looking face reminds you of the hoary pyramids; the dove, the hawk, the owl, the bat and several others. Even the swallow and the raven have not been forgotten. This bird-worship was mingled with the worship of other animals—elephants, apes, crocodiles, serpents, dogs, frogs, rams, bulls, jackals and even beetles."

"The *Scarabæus* was the sign of the sacred beetle, was it not?" Tom interrogated.

"The *Scarabæus* is a beetle of a peculiar species and the Egyptians held it in the highest veneration. They carved its image on rings and necklaces and even on the crowns of their Pharaohs. They worshipped the cat, too, you know."

"What!" exclaimed the children in surprise.

"Yes," continued Uncle, smiling at their astonishment. "Even Pussy did not escape adoration. In old Memphis and Thebes and other cities the cat was held sacred and colonies of them were nourished and cared for by the citizens. This cat-worship has long since disappeared, although a trace of it is still to be found in the respect Egyptians entertain for felines. In some cities of the East it is not unusual to see some old fellow, perched on camel-back, his arms clasping a dozen or more cats, cats sitting on his shoulders, lying across his neck and even stretching their soft skins over the folds of his turban or across his tawny breast. He is called the 'cat-father' and his charges are fed by the contributions of the people, who apply to him when they need a cat.

A STREET BIRD-SELLER IN BEYROUT.
(From a photograph brought from the East by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

"The turtle-dove and pigeon seller, like the 'cat-father,' is a public character. His birds are liked everywhere and find ready sale. They may be bought to keep as household pets, or to use in the temple. You remember the Bible tells us that in Palestine, pigeons were permitted to be used by the poor in the sacrifice. They are as plentiful in the fields and woods as are the privileged bats in the shadowy nooks of the temples and the gloomy corridors of the pyramids, where they were believed to be under the protection of the gods. Jeremiah (5: 27) mentions how these pigeons were caught by means of a cage full of decoys. Bird cages are also mentioned in Job 41: 5 and Revelations 18: 2. You should look up and read those passages at your leisure, children. Some of those ancient cages were dome-shaped like these you see in our American stores, while others were woven in more fantastic forms of osier or bamboo. Some of the prettiest of all are the cages I have seen in Turkish houses, where every woman in the family seems to have a feathered pet of her own."

At this point, the gray parrot gave a shrill reminder of his presence, and Tom rewarded his patience with another lump of sugar. He fluttered the feathers of his ashy-gray tail, and, twisting his head cunningly on one side, looked the traveller squarely in the eye as though he had understoood every word of the narrative.

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An Excellent Recipe for Happy Homes.

HUSBANDS, says a quaint old writer, are like peaches; they will not keep the year around unless they are well preserved. First, you must select your husband carefully. He might look very tempting and mellow in the market, but if he is too old he will not stand the test of the preserving process, but will expose his hard, stony heart. Husbands grown in the tropics of pleasure look very fine, but are usually insipid. The home-grown are the best. Select your husband, if possible, from a family tree growing on the sunny side of a church. You will be sure he is sound at heart. Unsound husbands, like unsound peaches, often have to be sorrowfully cast away. Having selected your husband, you should have a clear, steady, cheery fire of love. Your preserving kettle must be bright and clean. Husbands, like peaches, look black if this is unclean. Give him plenty of sweetness. Much sugar is needed. Vinegar is never used in sweet preserves. If you think he demands a little spice, use it with caution. Do not keep stirring him up, neither should you keep poking him with sharp points to see if he is done; it will spoil his looks. If the above recipe is followed, and you have selected the right sort of a husband, you will find his love well preserved.

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Small Things Important.

"I REMEMBER," writes Mr. Moody, "hearing of a person who was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing, he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I heard of a man's dream in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing. All finished, but that one little stone left out. He said to the angel:

"'Why is this stone left out?'

"The angel replied, 'That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you.'

"He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and that man always worked faithfully after that."

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CHOOSING BABY'S NAME.

THERE comes a time when the naming of a baby is a matter of the greatest moment in the little household. In our own land the name selected is generally that of some dear relative or friend, and not infrequently that of one of the parents. In some parts of Europe certain name are hereditary in families, and have been handed down for hundreds of years. In the Orient, with some races, the tribe itself or its surroundings furnishes the suggestion; physique, complexion, temper, season, all being elements to be considered. Miss Sadie L. Packard, writing on this subject recently, contributes some interesting researches in baptismal literature. A Hindoo baby, she tells us, is named when it is twelve days old, and usually by the mother. Sometimes the father wishes for another name than that selected by the mother; in that case two lamps are placed over the two names, and the name over which the lamp burns the brightest is the one given to the child. In Egypt the parents choose a name for their baby by lighting three wax candles; to each of these they give a name, one of the three always belonging to some deified personage. The candle that burns the longest bestows the name upon the baby. The Mohammedans often write desirable names on five slips of paper, and these they place in the *Koran*. The name upon the first slip drawn out is given to the child. The children of the Ainos, a people living in northern Japan, do not receive their names until they are five years old. It is the father who then chooses the name by which the child is afterwards called.

The Chinese give their boy babies a name in addition to their surnames, and they must call themselves by these names until they are twenty years old. At that age the father gives his son a new name.

The Chinese care so little for their girl babies that they do not give them a baby name, but just call them by numbers. Indeed, a Chinese father may have a boy and half a dozen daughters, but when asked how many children he has, he will almost invariably answer, "One," the girl babies being ignored.

"There is one thing," says a thoughtful writer, "that is well for every parent to bear in mind—namely, that probably a large proportion of the evil we find in our children is but the continuation or increase of our own faults, unheeded, while they were our own, but which we—

Now despise,
For our baby took them
With our hair and eyes.

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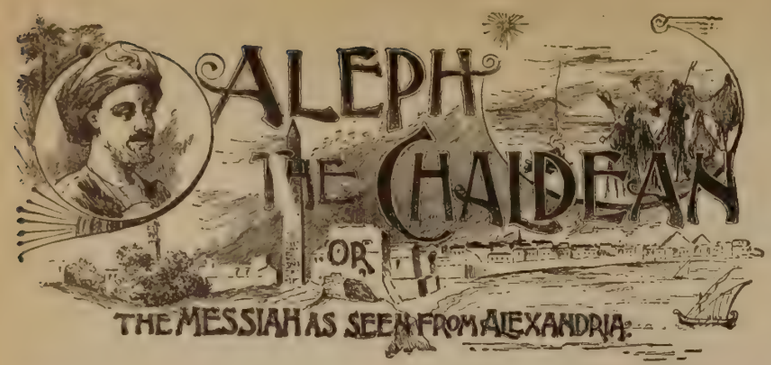
Vanity a Snare.

NOT the qualities that shine brilliantly on the surface are the best, but those that stand the test of time. Here is what Anna Katherine Green, a famous authoress and a woman with a wide knowledge of the world, writes on the snare of vanity. "Of the beautiful women that I have known, but few have attained superiority of any kind. In marriage they have frequently made failures; why, I do not know, unless the possession of great loveliness is incompatible with the possession of an equal amount of good judgment. So much is expected by the woman accustomed to admiration that she plays and palters with her fate till the crooked stick is all that is left her. This we see exemplified again and again. While the earnest, lofty, sweet-smiling woman of the pale hair and doubtful line of nose has, perhaps, one whose worth she has time to recognize, an acknowledged beauty will find herself surrounded by a crowd of showy egotists, whose admiration so dazes and bewilders her that she is sometimes tempted to bestow herself upon the most importunate one in order to end the unseemly struggle. Then the incentive to education and to cultivation of one's especial powers is lacking.

"Forgetting that the triumphs which have made a holiday of youth must lessen with the years, many a one neglects that training of the mind which gives to her who is poor in all else an endless storehouse of wealth from which she can hope to produce treasures for her own delectation and that of those about her, long after the fitful bloom on her handsome sister's cheek has faded with the roses of departed summer.

I count my household treasures heaven-born;
The richness of thy gift I could not scorn;
But sometimes which no mortal eye can see
Touches my soul, and I cry out for thee.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

CHAPTER I. *Continued.*

DOWN THE NILE.

"DO not worry yourself, my friend," said Seti to him in a low voice; "gather what you can, and add this coin to make the weight good. What has been lost for my sake shall not be loss to you."

The Jew glanced at the coin that had been slipped into his hand, and, catching the gleam of gold, hurried it dexterously to his pouch, at the same time exclaiming.

"May all the patriarchs . . . oh, my beautiful feathers for which I paid . . . may Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob . . . ah, what will become of me!"

And so he went on groping and exclaiming and stuffing handful after handful of his recovered property into his bag amid the merriment of the crowd.

Making a sign to the two friends to follow, the Egyptian led the way to another part of the vessel free from people, where was a single seat. On this he seated himself.

"I take the privilege of age," said he, "and I am by no means sure but that age gives me the only advantage I have over you. I suspect that the eyes of Seti, though aged, have made a discovery."

The two friends glanced inquiringly at each other, but said nothing. They were now moving along the canal that connected the Nile with Lake Mareotis; and for some time they silently watched the agricultural operations and the ever-increasing number of people and dwellings on either bank. At length, emerging into the lake, they saw in the distance the crowded shipping and towers of the city of Alexandria.

Seti roused himself from the mood of intense thoughtfulness, into which he had fallen, and asked:

"Are you acquainted with Alexandria?"

Cimon answered: "With the city, well; with the people of the city, not at all. A generation has passed since I was here."

"Excuse one further question," continued the Egyptian. "Do you stay long in the city?"

"That depends on circumstances," replied Cimon; "but probably our affairs will keep us here for some time."

"This young man has to-day made an enemy, and a powerful one; no less a person than the dissipated son of Flaccus, the Governor of Egypt. But he has also found a friend; and if at any time you should need such aid, in whatever affairs you have in hand, as can be given by a native of the country, and by one well acquainted with things and persons here and not altogether without influence, ask a the Serapeum (*a*) for the priest Seti, and you will find that I have not forgotten to-day. Do you believe in faces?" looking at Aleph.

"In *some* faces, as interpreted by circumstanccs, I do certainly," replied the young man.

"And so do I, at least so far as you are concerned," said the Egyptian; "and it is largely because I do so that I now say what I do. There are two men in Alexandria with whom you should have as little dealing as possible. One is Flaccus, the Roman; the other is Malus, the Jew. The one is violent, the other is crafty, and both are wicked and powerful. Avoid them, if possible; but if it is not possible, then remember Seti, the Egyptian. It is true—what the proverb says, that in this world the worst men often occupy the best places."

As the vessel approached the quay, Seti continued: "I think that, contrary to my expectation, I will ask one more question before we part. Of what faith are you? All sorts are found here; also multitudes with no faith at all. Where do you stand?" looking at Cimon. "Do you hold with your fathers?"

"With my father," said the Greek; "but not with my fathers. I follow not Zeus, but Jehovah; not the oracles of Delphi and Dodona, but those of the Hebrew prophets. This young man the same."

"It is as I supposed," said the old man, after a moment adding, as if to himself, "and it is well. Zeus, Jupiter, Amun Re, and Jehovah, rightly understood, are the same."

Giving them his hand, he stepped ashore, and disappeared in the crowd. Runners from the various khans now came noisily aboard and fought for the customers, as they do now, and have done from time out of mind. To one of these troublesome fellows Cimon delivered certain packages, and then, with his young companion, followed them. In passing the spot where they had left the Roman, they found that he had disappeared. Who had set him free? No matter; he is gone. We hope they have seen the last of him. We hope that returning soberness has made the man so ashamed of himself that hereafter he will carefully keep out of view. But we have our fears. The appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober is not always a success. Besides, Philip was not a Roman.

CHAPTER II.

THE CARAVANSARY.

THE khan to which our two friends were conducted was not far from the landing. It was the chief point, in that part of the city, of arrival and departure for commercial people; and, as evening was now near, the great court within was bustling and picturesque with arrivals. Donkeys were being led through it to stables in the rear, camels were being unloaded, horsemen were dismounting; it was a very Babel of sounds; of costumes, and of movements.

"Is Nathan still the keeper of this khan?" inquired Cimon of their guide, as they were being shown to their quarters.

"He is," said the man; "but he is now out of the city. Do you wish to see his assistant? The master himself will not be at home for, perhaps, some days."

Cimon answered in the negative. Following their guide and parcels into a small sleeping-room, with an ante-room opening on the piazza which surrounded the court, and directing that a simple meal should be sent to them in the evening, they busied themselves for a while in arranging matters for the night. Then they went out on the cooler piazza, and seated themselves on a bench.

"This adventure with the Roman seems unfortunate," said Cimon thoughtfully. "Unless matters have much changed since I was here, the ill-will of any Roman official is not to be coveted; while that of the Roman governor looks like quite a serious matter to people on such an errand as ours."

"My interference, I suppose," said Aleph, "would hardly be considered prudent by most people; but I cannot but think that there is something better than prudence. Shall we never allow our hearts to speak and act without stopping to consider how our interests will be affected? Safety gained in that way seems to me hardly worth the having."

"I think you are right," said the other. "I am far from finding fault with what you haee done. Under like circumstances I would have you do it again. Our first thought, no doubt, should be, What is highest and worthiest? If that is not prudence, it is something vastly better. But it is prudence, on the whole; for it will never do for a man to despise himself and offend heaven. God governs. But we must wait for him. A cloud is not always a calamity. A rough wind may help one toward the harbor sought. I know that these are your father's views, and that he would be unwilling to have his son sacrifice even magnanimity to any appearance of present advantage."

"Have you any idea who Seti is?" inquired the young man after a moment.

"I have been trying," answered the other, "to find in my memory something about him. I know that when I was here, the Egyptians as well as the Jews had an official head or *alabarch* (*b*) of their own nation, who was the organ of communication between them and the Roman authorities. My impression is that the Egyptian alabarch was of Pharaonic family and a priest of the Serapeum. It may be that Seti is the man. I hope he is."

"I confess," said Aleph, "that the man has quite taken possession of me. It seems to me that I would be willing to venture almost anything on his thorough uprightness and even grandeur of character, although I kave known him but such a short time. Did you notice what an aspect he turned on the Roman just after the blow? Had not the fellow been besotted, the surprised majesty of that look alone would have quelled him. But how is it possible for such a man to be a worshipper of brutes, and even act as their priest?"

"That is not a question easily answered," replied the Greek. "But probably Seti, like all superior Egyptian priests from time immemorial, believes in a religion for the few and another religion for the many. The doctrine of One God to be worshipped without sensible figures is for the few elect who are prepared for it; the lower classes in general are not prepared for it, but need to have the various divine attributes shadowed out to them in sensible forms; and as no forms that man can make are equal to even the familiar living creatures with their wonderful mysteries of internal structure, these are offered to assist the feeble thought of feeble men. Of course, this is all wrong; but it is a wrong imbedded in the traditions and prejudices of ages, and so not easily escaped from. Jehovah makes allowances for such people, whether their names be Socrates and Plato or Zoroaster and Seti. Aristotle says that some of our species have gold blended in their composition from the very beginning. Seti seems to me one of these."

By this time the sun was below the west side of the khan, and the open court was quite in the shade. This brought out into it and the surrounding piazzas all the guests. It was a motley sight to see as well as to hear. Almost every nation seemed represented, almost every style of features and costume. There were Romans, Greeks, Phenicians, Egyptians, Persians, Arabs, and even a sprinkling of natives from Gaul, Spain, and other places. Such a variety of faces, dress, and, when one listened attentively of speech! A drag-net of all seas was Nathan's khan.

Aleph was all eyes and ears. The scene was full of novelty and interest to him. At length, turning to his companion, he said:

"This scene reminds me of what I have often heard you and my father say."

"And what is that?" asked Cimon. "Your father, at least, is wont to say wise things beyond any man I ever knew."

"That, wide as is the variety of religious beliefs among men, they believe alike in certain main respects. What differences among the faces before us as to color, size, proportion of parts, expression; and yet they are all faces, all human faces, all faces having the same general plan of structure and location of the various organs."

"Yes," added the elder; "*Homines diversi sed homines*, (*c*) as said a Roman before you. And see how various the costume; and yet it is all clothing,—all clothing that recognizes the warm climate, the season of the year, and to a certain extent the time of day and the convenience of travellers."

"And you might add," continued the young man, after a moment of close listening, "that it is just so with the various articulate sounds that come to us. While they differ in tone, in time, in syntax, in dialect, they are all speech, all articulate speech, and, for the most part, speech so much of the Greek pattern as to be intelligible to nearly all of us."

"Yes," said Cimon, "and I suppose that it is very much so with the religious beliefs of these people. Though their creeds differ much themselves, they are alike in many most important particulars. They all recognize a realm of spiritual beings superior to man, a Supreme Deity, his concern in human affairs, messages from him, our responsibility to him, a future state of rewards and punishments, and the main principles of good morals. There may be some exceptions; for these, I understand, are skeptical times in the Roman world. Almost everything is called in question among the philosophers, even the fact that there is something to be called in question; though it is found hard to get men to question that the Romans are masters, that Tiberius reigns, and that Alexandria is the greatest emporium in the world. But the vagaries of the schools make but little impression on the people at large. They never have done so. The more fundamental beliefs have kept a firm hold on all nations and ages. A little pool will show the heavens as well as the ocean. This khan is a little pool; and at the bottom of it, amid many wrinkles and clouds, one can discover many of the larger stars of religious truth which have shone on the world from the beginning."

"And how do you account for these universal beliefs?" asked Aleph.

"It seems to me that they came from a Divine revelation to ths first fathers of the race, and that they were carried forth with them as they gradually dispersed from their original seats, and that they took root so deeply in the needs and reasons of men that no evil circumstances have been able to remove them. It seems to me that as all the routes of trade in our day naturally converge on Alexandria, so the natural highways of thought and need all over the world converge on these fundamental truths."

"No doubt you also think it reasonable to believe that Deity, who made the deposits with the race, has been personally active to preserve it, as a broad ground for responsibility and further enlightenment? In addition to a mighty undertow in human nature itself toward these fundamental truths, there are winds and currents of external circumstance setting in the same direction by the personal agency of the Most High."

"Just so. But look at those men!"

The two persons pointed at had been sitting not far away in the open court, conversing in a low tone. By degrees their conversation had become more animated and loud, until now they were earnestly gesturing and talking so as to be distinctly understood at a distance. It seemed that one of the disputants was a Phenician, and was endeavoring to settle an account of long standing with an Alexandrian dealer in Tyrian dyes, to whom these goods had from time to time been consigned. This dealer claimed that several of the consignments had been short in both quantity and quality; and so offered about half the regular price for the whole lot.

The other protested, called Baal and Ashtaroth to witness that his claim was just; said that he had trusted for so long and for so much, that if his accounts were not now allowed, he would be ruined. He had arrived from Sidon some days before, expressly for the purpose of trying to get a settlement, but had till now been unable to get even an interview with the dealer, who was always too busy to see him, but had at last agreed to have his agent meet him at the khan. This was the meeting.

The Phenician had at first quietly represented the hardships of his case with some hope of softening the agent, but, growing desperate, he hotly rose from his seat and exclaimed in a voice that was almost a wail:

"I shall be undone,—quite undone! Have you no mercy?"

"Not much," said the other, "for some people."

"Thou flint! Before all the gods my claim is just. What shall I do? My children will starve."

"Let them. The fewer such brats the better. Business is business. Take what I offer or nothing. You have only yourself to blame; you shouldn't cheat so."

"Cheat!" exclaimed the Phenician in a transport of wrath that for the moment drank up his tears like a hot blast from the desert. "Cheat! you Cretan rascal! You are a pretty fellow to advise against cheating; you who, I verily believe, never did anything else; nor your fathers either, for that matter. Who does not know what the honesty of a Cretan is worth?"

By this time many had gathered around. Turning to them, the Phenician besought their help to make his debtor do him justice.

"Why not go to the judge?" said a bystander.

"Ah, my friend, I have been imprudent. I cannot prove that my goods were all right; for I was so careless that I took it for granted that I was dealing with an honest man, and so neglected to have them examined and registered at Sidon. Besides, if I had done this, how could I know but what the packages had been tampered with on their way here? I can not swear that they came into this man's hands in as good condition as they were when they left mine. But he could swear to anything.

Why should'nt he? He told me a little while ago, while we were opening our conference with some general talk, that he did not believe in any God or hereafter; in short he had no religion of any sort. What is to keep such a man from wronging his neighbor out of his dues when it can be done safely?"

(To be Continued.)

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.

a. The temple of *Serapis*, the Egyptian bull-god.

b. A patriarchal representative.

c. Man, though diverse, yet man.

HEART-SINGING.

DO you hear that clear and distinct voice, singing above all others, and taking the lead?" said a person to me one day. "Yes, indeed I do, and I know whose it is too. I will tell you about her afterwards." When the meeting was over, the same person came up to me for the promised information about the sweet singer.

"Her singing is wonderful," I said, "and she is a person who seldom speaks without winning souls for Jesus. I will tell you how she began to sing. As she had such a clear voice for speaking, I said to her upon one occasion, "I wonder you do not sing." "That is impossible, she replied, "I have no voice for singing."

"Nay," I said, "excuse me, you have a very clear and melodious voice, which could easily be used for singing." She replied, "No, indeed, I have taken a great many lessons, and I find it is useless for me to attempt that. I must content myself with speaking." I answered, "Yes, you have reason to be content with speaking; but it seems to me, that the same faith in God which has enabled you to do the one, would enable you to do the other." "I would give anything to sing," she added.

"Dear friend," I replied, "this talent is not to be bought; but you may have it as a gift. Look how many verses there are in the Psalms and the Prophets which command us to sing. Mind, sing does not mean to shout, or scream, or speak, but to sing. What God commands he can enable us to do." "No," she said, "I have tried, and I have prayed about it too."

"Listen to me," I said. "My voice is by no means clear like yours, but I can sing in a way, though not artistically or scientifically, still I can and do sing enough for my purpose in God's work. I will tell you how I began. Like you, I first took lessons in singing, for I wanted very much to be able to raise a tune now and then for my meetings. After I had attended some classes, and paid several guineas, I asked the master whether he thought I was getting on. He replied, 'No, I do not think you are getting on at all; I don't believe you will ever sing—you have no voice.'

"'Why did you not think of this before?' I asked. 'Oh,' said the master, 'if you like to come to me for lessons, it is not for me to send you away.' So I paid off this man, and came home in despair. Yet I could not give up my cherished idea of singing. I then went to the Lord. and said, 'Lord, thou dost command thy children to sing; teach me to do so, if it is only one tune.' Before the week was ended I could sing a long metre and a common one. I thanked the Lord, and went on my way rejoicing, and singing too.

"Several years after this, a lady came forward, who was a great singer. She knew my story, and was standing by me when I gave out a hymn in long metre. Instead of asking her to lead, I quite unconsciously began myself. She at once joined in the singing, at the same time moving her hand. This made me smile, for I knew what she meant, so I stopped, and she took the hymn from me, and pitched it in a higher and more correct key. She afterwards said to me, 'Could not the Lord teach you twenty tunes as easily as two?'

"Thank you for the hint," I said, "and accordingly I prayed for more tunes. Now I can sing, in my way, almost any hymn tune, and thank God for it."

My young friend said, "I am sure I shall never be able to do that. I expect I am too shy."

"Yes," I said, "and the Lord can take away that shyness or timidity too, as easily as he can make the dumb speak; trust him. I will not ask you to begin here and now to sing; but ask the Lord to teach you, and trust him." "Very well," she said, "I will."

A short time after this, as I stood by her at a meeting, I heard her talking the words of a hymn, though she was keeping time with the tune. This convinced me that she had prayed, and was believing in the answer which was to come. I said to her," I heard you talking that hymn; you should sing, child, not from your lips and between your teeth, but open your mouth and sing from the throat. The singing voice comes from the throat. Birds may twitter from their beaks, but their song comes from a full throat." The criticism and instruction were effectual, and my young friend found her voice. She very soon learned how to use it aright, and with a little practice was able to give melodious expression to the fulness of her heart.

I am sure that Satan knows the importance of singing, and does what he can to hinder believers.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—The original, most soluble.

A SHOEMAKER REPROVED.

WOLTERSDORF once gave an effective reproof to a Christian shoemaker in Berlin who was much given to condemning men of weaker faith and smaller spiritual growth than his own. He had attained to a high degree of spiritual insight after many temptations and conflicts. Now this man imagined that only such as himself were genuine believers, and that others were but half Christians. Spiritual pride and uncharitableness continually increased in his heart. One day Woltersdorf sent for him, and had himself measured for a pair of boots. He then ordered a pair for his son, who was fourteen years old. Then the shoemaker consequently wanted to take his measure also. But the father refused with the words, "There is no need of it; make his boots on my last." And when the shoemaker declared that this would not do, if his boots were to fit, Woltersdorf looked seriously at him, and said, "So it will not do. You insist on making each a pair to fit each person, and yet you want the Lord to fashion all Christians on the same last. That, too, will not do." The shoemaker was startled, but saw the point Woltersdorf intended to convey. He meditated upon it and realizing that so the natures of men, physically and mentally differed from each other some were entitled to more consideration and a more lenient judgment than others.

A GRIP ON A ROPE.

ELEAZAR'S grasp on his sword, we are told (II. Samuel 23: 10), was so firm and his fight so persistent that "his hand clave to the sword." A modern illustration of such a grip was cited by a ship's captain who spoke in a mission in Boston, Mass., recently: "A few years ago," said he, "I was sailing by the island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard!" It was impossible to put on the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it as for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and making a slip noose to it, attached it to the other, and slid it down to the struggling sailor, and directed him to pass it over his shoulders and under his arms,and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped the rope with such firmness, with such a death-grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed, and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him that the rope became imbedded in the flesh of his hands." Would that everyone gripped with like tenacity the rope of salvation proffered to them by Christ from heaven!

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A Life Saved

A Fireman's Story

Mr. Geo. Raymond, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., is a pump setter in the employ of Ramsay & Co., the well known pump makers of that place. He is a member of the Ramsey Engine Co. He says:

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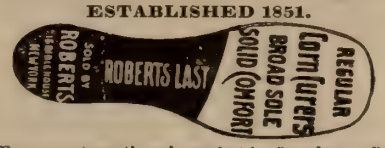

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. E. H. Westerly, R. I. Is it Scriptural for ministers of the Gospel to read their sermons?

See answer to Rev. H. P. in No. 41 of The Christian Herald.

Medaugh, New York City. What is taught at Cooper Institute?

The general educational branches are taught in Cooper Institute, New York, including almost every department to be found in the regular schools. Besides, there are classes for instruction in special studies, art, shorthand, music, chemistry, etc.

Subscriber, Corsica, Jefferson Co., Pa. Do we honor the holy Sabbath when we call it by the heathen name "Sunday"? Is Sunday found in the Bible, or did Christ ever call the Sabbath Sunday?

The name *Sunday* was adopted by the first Christians from the Roman Calendar (*Dies Solis* or *Day of the Sun*.) Christians interpret the name, not as the heathens did, but as the day of the *Sun* of *Righteousness*. There would therefore appear to be no dishonor to the *Sabbath*, (which was the old Jewish appellation) in designating it as *Sunday*, as Christians now universally do.

Subscriber, Philadelphia. What should be done with an elder in a Presbyterian Church who goes to church, gets angry at the Sunday School Teachers, and takes the Sacrament in vain; plays croquet and takes photographs on Sunday? Is it right for those striving to lead Christian lives to have to submit to such an example?

If such a one, after repeated admonition, still prove incorrigible, and especially if his course offend the brethren in the way you suggest, the proper remedy is to apply the methods suggested in the Book of Discipline.

J. E. W., Mars Hill, N. C. Is it wrong for a young minister, who is fond of baseball, to engage in match games of ball with neighborhood teams, the minister not being a pastor but a teacher?

It is not becoming in one who has taken up the holy calling of a teacher of the Gospel to personally indulge in such sports, although he may approve them in others. There are abundant means of exercise and recreation without adopting those that might, even in a remote sense, detract from the dignity and respect of the office of pastor or teacher.

William Mood, Saltsburg, Indiana Co., Pa. What are the doctrines of the Swedenborgians? 2. What do theologians conclude about the acceptance of the Bible story of the translation of Enoch?

1. Emanuel Swedenborg maintained that a secondary or spiritual sense runs through all the books given by divine dictation and that these books are written according to a uniform law of "correspondence" or "universal analogy" between spiritual and natural things. He rejected the doctrine of the Trinity. He held that God opened to the sight of his servants the spiritual world and granted them the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels. This was known as the "Transcendental Philosophy." In other respects the doctrines differed little from those of the Christian denominations. 2. Christian commentators ancient and modern accept the Bible statement that Enoch by faith was translated and did not see death. Josephus records the same conclusion. This subject has at various times been a source of much speculation among philosophic writers.

John E. Duxbury, Northfield, Mass. In Mark 10:11, 12, we find these words of our Saviour: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her. And if a woman shall put away her husband and he be married to another, she committeth adultary." Do Christian ministers marry such as are thus put away and are they justified in so doing?

A parallel passage to the one you quote is found in Matt 5: 32, and another in Matt. 19: 9. An exception to the law is made in these passages which neither Mark nor Luke reports. That Christ made the exception cannot be doubted, as Matthew would not otherwise have inserted it though the other two evangelists might have omitted it. Eminent scholars have contended that another exception—that of abandonment—is made by the Apostle Paul (1. Cor. 7: 10-15) that, however, has been disputed. A Christian minister is clearly justified in marrying a divorced person if that person has obtained a divorce on the ground of the adultery of the other party to the former marriage. If the divorce has been obtained on other grounds, such as incompatibility of temper or trivial causes, then the minister who desires to follow the literal teaching of the Bible will decline to perform the marriage ceremony. The parties should have a civil marriage. They cannot expect the blessing of the Church on a union which the Bible stigmatizes as adulterous.

W. Judson Farley, Valley, N. J. 1. Who did *Cain* and *Abel* marry? Where does the Bible speak of who they married? 3. Did *Abel's* wife marry after Abel's death? I once read a history which said that *Cain* and *Abel* married their sisters *Susanna* and *Martha*, but cannot find any confirmation of it in the Bible.

Eastern tradition says that Cain and Abel each had twin sisters and that Adam desired to give Abel's sister to Cain and Cain's to Abel in marriage, but Cain preferred his own sister. Adam referred the matter to divine arbitration and the two brothers offered sacrifices. Abel's alone being accepted, Cain resolved to take his brother's life. These and similar traditions are unconfirmed and not even mentioned in the Scriptures. Cain afterward went into the land of Nod and there took a wife. (Genesis 4: 16, 17.)

Charles Richards, Leoti, Kan. 1. What countries have not yet been reached by the Gospel? 2. What are the qualifications for a missionary?

1. Probably the only part of the known world where the Gospel has not yet been preached is the centre of Africa. Corea was the latest to hear the Gospel. 2. A practical answer would be supplied on writing to any one of the Mission Training Schools of Yale College, Boston University, Syracuse University, or the different theological seminaries. The education and training for missionary work *abroad* is a special one, since such an education is designed to procure the means and open ways of access to the people and opportunities of preaching to them. The training necessarily differs according to the nature and location of the work to be undertaken.

Young Subscriber, Des Moines, Iowa. If a soldier engaged in battle for his country kills an enemy, is it to be considered as murder? 2. Why are retail drug stores open on Sunday? 3. Where did the Welsh nation spring from?

1. All nations, including those avowedly Christian, justify a soldier who slays the enemy of his country in battle, and honor him as a hero. Such deeds in righteous warfare are not accounted as sin. (See Joshua 8: 1, 2, and 18, 19.) 2. Because, especially in large communities, they are a public necessity in cases of sudden sickness. 3. The earliest reliable historical accounts mention the *Brythoni* as inhabiting Wales before the arrival of the Romans. They were not called Welsh until the 5th. or 6th. century. Tradition says the first settlers in Wales came from ancient Troy, but this is probably fiction. The name they bore when the Roman general Agricola conquered the country was *Cymri*, meaning *landholders in common*.

J. H. W., New York. Will you kindly inform me where I can find the correct title of a poem, set to music, which begins like this:

The Master walked in his garden among the lilies so fair,
Their heads were sadly drooping for want of water and care
Close by his side in the pathway all broken in pieces small,
Was an earthen vessel lying; it seemed no use at all.

Probably some of our readers may be able to furnish this information.

Ed. Cramp, Erie, Pa. If Noah and his family were all that were saved from the flood, (Gen. 6: 17, and 7: 22), where did the colored race originate? Why are the latter called the descendants of Ham? What was embodied in the curse pronounced by Noah against Ham? (Gen. 9: 25.)

The name *Ham* signifies *swarthy* or *sunburnt* and Noah's youngest son was undoubtedly so named prophetically as the progenitor of the sunburnt Egyptians and Cushites and all the dark-skinned servile races who are to-day designated sons of Ham. Ham was married when the Deluge occurred and with his wife and four sons, Cush, Mizraim, Phut and Canaan, was saved from general destruction. It is a notable fact that Noah did not curse Ham for his offense (see Gen. 9: 25), but he cursed Canaan the youngest son of Ham, and prayed that he might be the slave of Shem and Japhet and their descendants. The punishment involved in the curse was perpetual servitude.

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Of this let parents all be sure—
The soap they use is good and pure,
For, common grease in some we find
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Of purest oils and essence rare,
Be used by those who bubbles blow
And greatest pleasure will they know,
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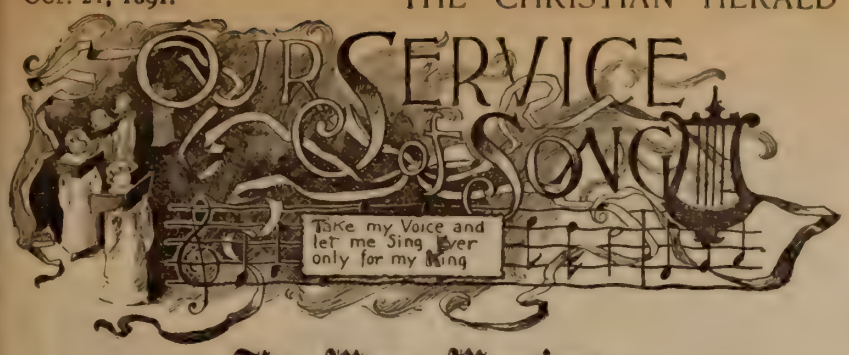
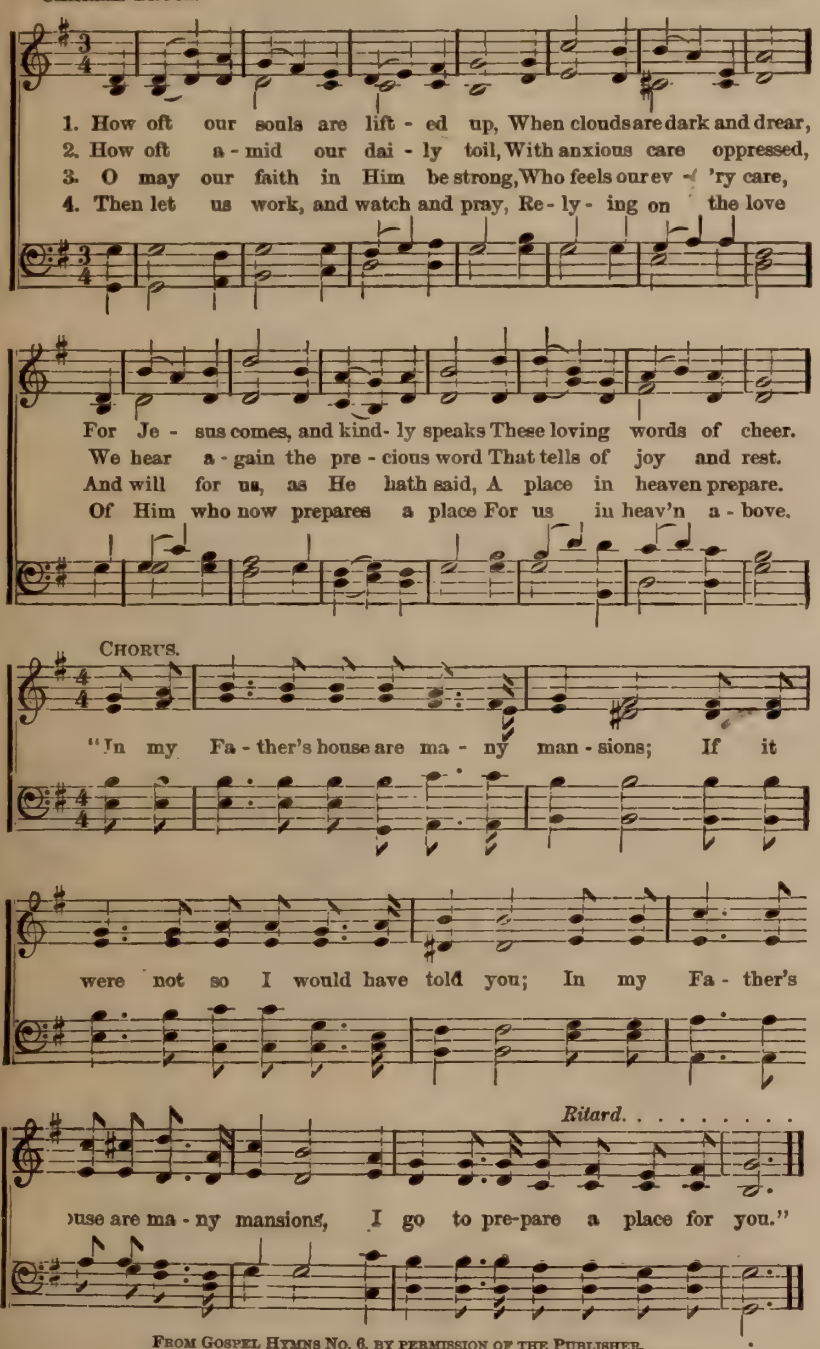


The Many Mansions.

"Let not your heart be troubled."—JOHN 14: 1.

CHARLES BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

A LIFE SAVED BY A VERSE.

FROM a missionary in Japan comes a narrative of a providential interposition which probably prevented the commission of a murder. In the course of a report of the American Bible Society the missionary says that a young man living in Yokohama, who had heard of Christianity but had never giving it any special attention, was much exasperated on hearing that his father had been defeated in a lawsuit, and believing that injustice had been done, he determined to take revenge by assassinating the governor, whom he believed to be responsible for the result. While arranging to go home that he might carry out his evil intention he called to say good-bye to a Christian friend, who, not knowing the object of his journey, bade him God-speed and gave him a Bible. He started on the journey, reading the Bible on the way. He happened to turn to the first verse of the seventh chapter of Matthew, and when he read it his conscience was so touched that he gave up his purpose and returned to Yokohama. He continued to read and became a true convert, and gave himself to the study of God's word and is now a faithful worker for the Master in the city of Tokio.

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HE held the lamp of truth that day
So low, that none could miss the way;
And yet so high to bring in sight
That picture fair, "the World's Great Light,"
That gazing up—the lamp between—
The hand that held it scarce was seen!

He held the pitcher, stooping low,
To lips of little ones below;
Then raised it to the weary saint,
And bade him drink, when sick and faint;
They drank—the pitcher thus between—
The hand that held it scarce was seen!

He blew the trumpet, soft and clear,
That trembling sinners need not fear;
And then with louder note and bold,
To raze the wall of Satan's hold.
The trumpet coming thus between,
The hand that held it scarce was seen!

But when the Captain says, "Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant, come!
Lay down the pitcher and the lamp,
Lay down the trumpet, leave the camp."
The weary hands will then be seen,
Clasped in those pierced ones—nought between. —*From "Faith and Works."*

When the late Professor Elmslie preached his first sermon, his mother, unable to be present, wrote to a friend whom she knew would be among his hearers, to know how her boy got on. His text was, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," and we may guess the character of the sermon from the foregoing beautiful lines, the lady's reply to Mrs. Elmslie's question.

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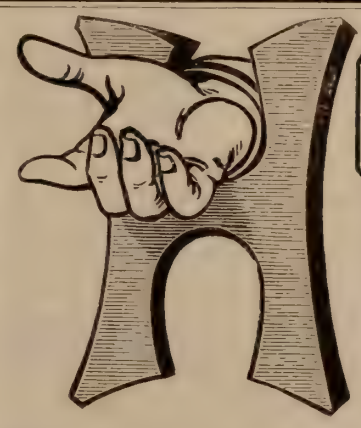

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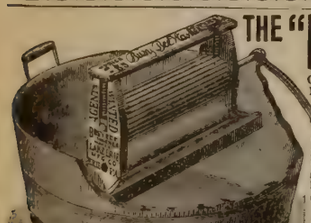

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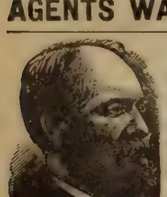

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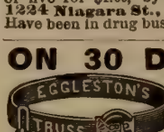

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 28, 1891.

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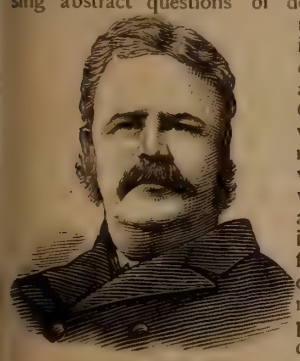
WORKERS FOR CHRIST.

The Great Convention of Practical Christian Laborers to be Held in Washington, D. C., November 5—11.

THE Convention of Christian Workers which assembles next week in Washington, D. C., will be an assembly of a very significant character. It means Continental organization and co-operation in Christian Work. It will prove that Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and other denominations can act together in the common object for which all are striving. It will be a recognition of Christian brotherhood, an evidence that Christian men have agreed to put aside for the time their denominational differences and jealousies, and by mutual suggestion, consultation and comparison of methods of work, help each other in the paramount object of Christian endeavor—to win souls for Christ. It is a grand and hopeful spectacle which our fathers longed to see and which must be well pleasing in the eyes of him, who said, "All ye are brethren." Too long has the great enemy of souls rejoiced that in the great battle-ground he has been confronted by a divided host; too long he has exulted in seeing internal dissensions weakening the forces of the army of Jesus, and the leaders wasting their strength in attacking each other, and their time in discussing abstract questions of doctrine, while men were dying day by day in ignorance of the Gospel which was able to make them wise unto salvation. Now at last, learning a lesson from the events of secular life, realizing the power that comes from union and organization, every follower of Christ who is earnestly seeking to save souls, to whatever religious camp he may belong, may meet men with the same object, to help them and be helped by them in his effort.

REV. R. A. TORREY.


HON. W. H. HOWLAND.

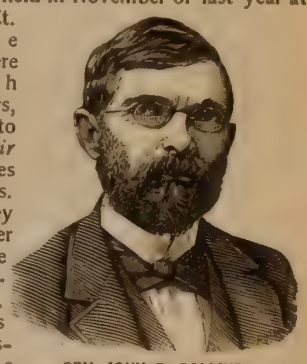
The most gratifying and hopeful aspect of the Convention is that it is thoroughly practical. It is not called to discuss doctrinal questions. The importance of a right creed, of a clear understanding of the Word of God is not underestimated, but this Convention has another business in hand. Missions have been springing up all over the land; Christian men in our great cities have been striving to reach various classes; some have been laboring among railroad men, others among policemen, miners, car-drivers, newsboys, criminals discharged from prison, and the friendless and fallen. Experience has taught these isolated workers many lessons, it has proved to them what methods of work have been most effective and how slight mistakes in organization have impeded and neutralized sincere effort. The object of the Convention is to obtain the benefit of this experience. Many workers, too, have been confronted by problems which they longed to solve but cannot. All their study, labor and prayer has failed. At the Convention they can state their problem and get practical advice upou it. Some one there may have grappled with the same problem and have been successful in solving it. There is no copyright, no patent in this work and as all are striving to extend the Master's kingdom, not to advance their own interests, every man is glad to help his brother-worker by his own experience.

And this Convention is not an experiment. It will be the sixth of these great gatherings which has been held. Many of our readers have attended one or more of them and have testified to the help they have gained there. They have been cheered by meeting others who are laboring in the same cause, who have the same high motives and are striving for the same end. In this utilitarian world, there are plenty of men ready to discourage them, to regard them as fanatical, to pour contempt on disinterested effort for the benefit of others, and to regard as wasted all labor which brings no return in money or influence; but in the Conventions they have met men likeminded with themselves and have been encouraged, for as "iron sharpeneth iron so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." It is therefore with confidence, and with a well-grounded expectation of help that earnest workers will go from all parts of the United States and Canada to Washington next week.

The Convention is called by the committee appointed at the first of these conventions, which was held in Chicago in June 1886. So profitable was that meeting found, that the duty of calling a second Convention seemed imperative and this duty was made one of the functions of the committtee. At the second Convention, which was held in New York in September, 1887, the committee was made permanent and a new sphere of work was added to it. The Convention had been deeply impressed with the necessity of making some effort to gather in the boys who spend their evenings in the streets or in places of amusement. The Secretary of the committee, the Rev. John C. Collins, whose portrait is here given, had been very successful in organizing Boys' Clubs where, by providing wholesome literature, interesting talks and other means, the boys were attracted to the rooms and were brought under Christian influence. This work so highly commended itself to the Convention, that the committee was authorized to extend the work and organize similar clubs in other cities. About twenty of these clubs have now been established in the large cities and rooms hired for meeting in smaller towns. Fourteen thousand boys have by these means been brought into association with the Christian workers who have helped them in temporal matters by establishing Penny Savings Banks, Manual Training Classes, etc., and in spiritual matters by regular religious meetings and by introducing them to Sunday Schools. *Student work* in Colleges was also made a function of the committee. This is to arrange for the employment of college students in Mission and Evangelistic work during their vacations. About twenty students promptly volunteered for this work and they have since spent their vacations in that way and their number has increased.

MISS BERTHA H. WRIGHT.

The third Convention was held in Detroit, Mich., November, 1888. There the Society of Christian Workers was regularly organized, on the basis of a plan prepared by the committee. Qualifications for membership were fixed and a small fee was decided upon to form a fund for necessary expenses. The committee was authorized to establish a Bureau of Supplies from which members could obtain at wholesale prices tracts, leaflets and the various articles needed for the Boys' Clubs. The Fourth Convention was held in Buffalo, N.Y., in October, 1889. That was a season of especial blessing. Among the papers read were: "The Chicago Evangelization Society)" by Rev. R. A. Torrey, President of the Christian Workers Society; "Cottage Meetings," by Hon. W. H. Howland, of Toronto, Vice-President of the Society; "The Mission Sunday School," by Rev. John C. Collins, Secretary of the Society; "The Church and the People," by Rev. B. Fay Mills; "The Burnham Farm Work," by Mr. W. M. F. Round, the noted prison philanthropist; and "Christian Work among Special Classes," by Miss F. E. Campbell. An equally successful Convention was held in November of last year at Hartford, Ct. The same workers were there with many others, who came to tell of *their* special spheres of labor. Mrs. J. K. Barney described her experience among prisoners; Mr. J. Ward Childs gave the history of the Bowery Mission in New York City; Dr. A. J. Gordon described the Boston Missionary Training School; Mr. C. H. Yatman, "Winning Forces in Christian Work;" Rev. W. P. Paxson, "Sunday School Work in the Southwest;" Mr. Geo. W. Wheeler, who brought with him the Gospel Wagon, described the "Origin and Growth of the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C.," and workers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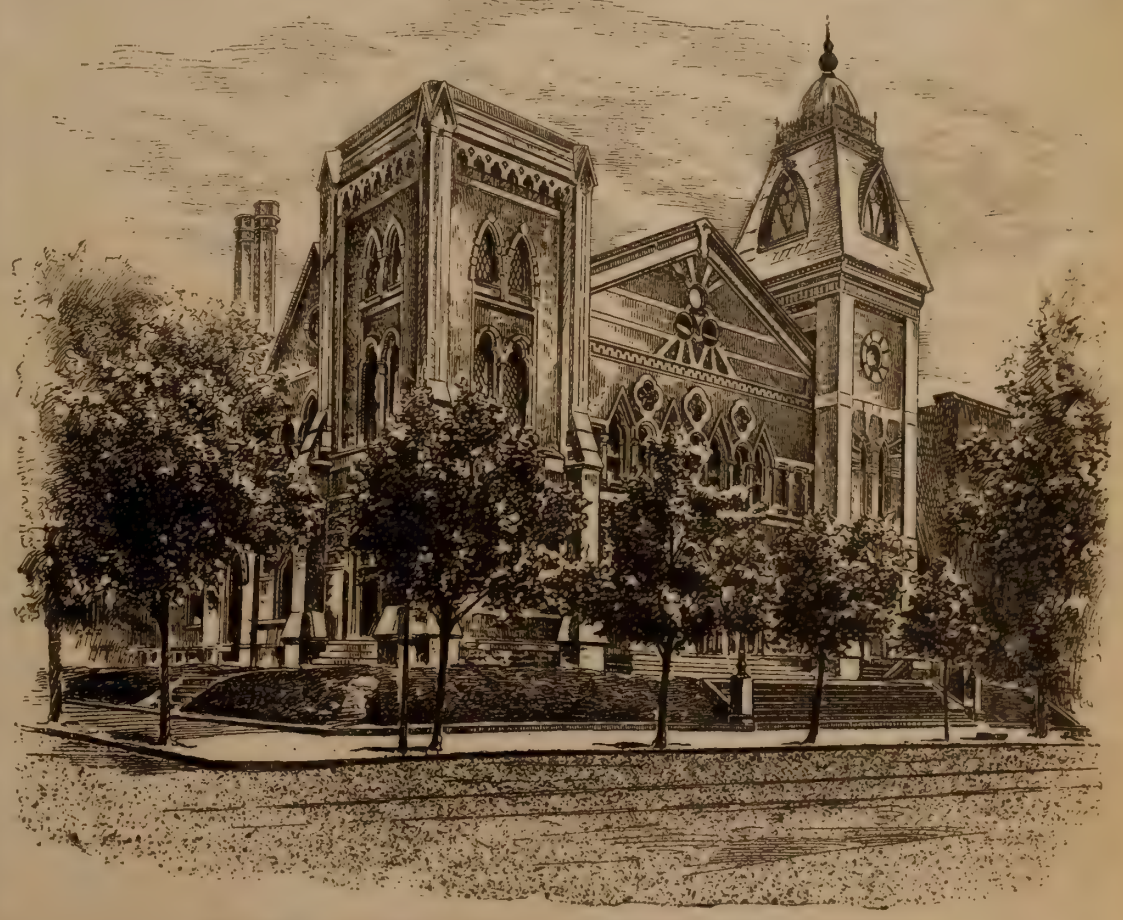

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.
(Where the Convention of Christian Workers meets next week.)

(Continued on page 685.)

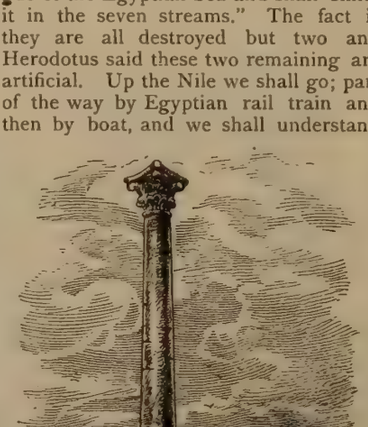
The Tabernacle Pulpit

SAILING UP THE NILE.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon from the text: *"The river is mine and I have made it."* Ezekiel 29: 9.

AHA! This is the river Nile. A brown, or yellow, or silver cord on which are hung more jewels of thrilling interest than on any river that was ever twisted in the sunshine. It ripples through the Book of Ezekiel, and flashes in the Books of Deuteronomy, and Isaiah, and Zechariah, and Nahum, and on its banks stood the mighties of many ages. It was the crystal cradle of Moses, and on its banks, Mary, the refugee, carried the infant Jesus. To find the birthplace of this river was the fascination and defeat of expeditions without number. Not many years ago, Bayard Taylor, our great American traveller, wrote: "Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left for her bestowal, and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile under the snow fields of Kilimanjaro." But the discovery of the sources of the Nile by most people was considered an impossibility. The malarias, the wild beasts, the savages, the unclimbable steeps, the vast distances, stopped all the expeditions for ages. An intelligent native said to Sir Samuel W. Baker and wife as they were on their way to accomplish that in which others had failed: "Give up the mad scheme of the Nile source. How would it be possible for a lady young and delicate to endure what would kill the strongest man? Give it up." But the work went on until Speke, and Grant, and Baker found the two lakes which are the source of what was called the White Nile, and baptized these two lakes with the names of Victoria and Albert. These two lakes, filled by great rainfalls and by accumulated snows from the mountains, pour their waters, laden with agricultural wealth such as blesses no other river, on down over the cataracts, on between frowning mountains, on between cities living and cities dead, on for four thousand miles and through a continent. But the White Nile would do little for Egypt if this were all. It would keep its banks and Egypt would remain a desert. But from Abyssinia there comes what is called the Blue Nile, which, though dry or nearly dry half the year, under tremendous rains about the middle of June rises to great momentum, and this Blue Nile dashes with sudden influx into the White Nile, which in consequence rises thirty feet, and their combined waters inundate Egypt with a rich soil which drops on all the fields and gardens as it is conducted by ditches, and sluices, and canals every whither. The greatest damage that ever came to Egypt came by the drying up of the river Nile, and the greatest blessing by its healthful and abundant flow. The famine in Joseph's time came from the lack of sufficient inundation from the Nile. Not enough Nile is drouth, too much Nile is freshet and plague. The rivers of the earth are the mothers of its prosperity. If by some convulsion of nature the Mississippi should be taken from North America, or the Amazon from South America, or the Danube from Europe, or the Yenesei from Asia—what hemispheric calamity! Still there are other rivers that could fertilize and save these countries. Our own continent is gulched, is ribboned, is glorified by innumerable water-courses. But Egypt has only one great river, and that is harnessed to draw all the prosperities of realms in acreage semi-infinite. What happens to the Nile, happens to Egypt. The Nilometer was to me very suggestive as we went up and down its damp stone steps and saw the pillar marked with inches telling just how high or low are the waters of the Nile. When the Nile is rising, four criers every morning run through the city announcing how many feet the river has risen—ten feet, fifteen feet, twenty feet, twenty-four feet—and when the right height of water is reached the gates of the canals are flung open and the liquid and refreshing benediction is pronounced on all the land.

As we start where the Nile empties into the Mediterrannean Sea we behold a wonderful fulfillment of prophecy. The Nile in very ancient times used to have seven mouths. As the great river approached the sea it entered the sea at seven different places. Isaiah prophesied: "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea and shall smite it in the seven streams." The fact is they are all destroyed but two and Herodotus said these two remaining are artificial. Up the Nile we shall go; part of the way by Egyptian rail train and then by boat, and we shall understand



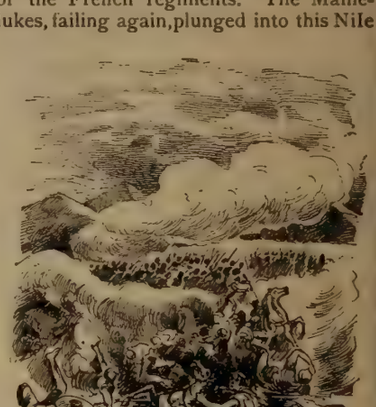
POMPEY S PILLAR.

why the Bible gives such prominence to this river which is the largest river of all the earth with one exception. But before we board the train we must take a look at Alexandria. It was founded by Alexander the Great and was once the New York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gardens, pillared and efflorescent with all architectural and Edenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollos, the eloquent, whom in New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's Pillar is here, about one hundred feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape into an air that was breathable. This tower was built in honor of Diocletian for sparing the rebellious citizens. After having declared that he would make the blood run to his horse's knees, and his horse fell with him into the blood and his knees reddened, the tyrant took it for granted that was a sign he should stop the massacre and hence this commemorative pillar to his mercy. This is the city to which Omar came after building fourteen hundred mosques, and destroying four thousand temples and thirty-five thousand villages and castles, yet riding in on a camel with a sack of corn, a sack of figs and a wooden plate, all that he had kept for himself, and the diet to which he had limited himself for most of the time was bread and water. Was there ever in any other man a commingling of elements so strange, so weird, so generous, so cruel, so mighty, so weak, so religious, so fanatical? In this city was the greatest female lecturer the world ever saw—Hypatia. But the lessons of virtue that she taught were obnoxious and so they dragged her through the streets and scraped her flesh from her bones with sharp oyster shells and then burned the fragments of the massacred body. And here dwelt Cleopatra, pronounced to be the beauty of all time—although if her pictures are correct I have seen a thousand women in Brooklyn more attractive—and she was as bad as she was said to be handsome. Queen, conqueress, and spoke seven languages, although it would have been better for the world if she had not been able to speak any. Julius Cæsar conquered the world, yet she conquered Julius Cæsar.

But Alexandria, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the visitor, was to me most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library that the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of besiegers. Built again and destroyed again. Built again but the Arabs came along for its final demolition and the four thousand baths of the city were heated with those volumes, the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What holocausts of the world's literature! What martyrdom of books! How many of them have gone down under the rage of nations. Only one book has been able to withstand the bombardment and that has gone through without smell of fire on its lids. No sword or spear or musket for its defense. An unarmed New Testament. An unarmed Old Testament. Yet invulnerable and triumphant. There must be something supernatural about it. Conqueror of books! Monarch of books! All the books of all the ages in all the libraries outshone by this one book which you and I can carry to church in a pocket. So methought amid the ashes of Alexandrian libraries.

But all aboard the Egyptian rail-train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those camels kneeling for the imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and instead of trying to stand upright in our own strength, become conscious of our weakness and need of divine help before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the burden. We meet processions of men and beasts on the way from their day's work, but alas, for the homes to which the poor inhabitants are going. For the most part hovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists us. It is the novelty of wretchedness, and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation of taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptians." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers.

About here, under the valiant Murad Bey, the Mamelukes, who are the finest horsemen in all the world, came like a hurricane upon Napoleon's army, but they were beaten back by the French in one of the fiercest battles of all time. Then the Mamelukes turned their horses' heads the other way, and in desperation backed them against the French troops, hoping the horses would kick the life out of the French regiments. The Mamelukes, failing again, plunged into this Nile



DEFEAT OF THE MAMELUKES.

and were drowned, the French for days fishing out the dead bodies of the Mamelukes to get the valuables upon their bodies. Napoleon, at the daring of these Mamelukes, exclaimed: "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I would have reckoned myself master of the world."

This ride along the Nile is one of the most solemn and impressive rides of all my life-time, and our emotions deepen as the curtains of the night fall upon all surroundings. But we shall not be satisfied until we can take a ship and pass right out upon these wondrous waters and between the banks crowded with the story of empires.

According to the lead pencil mark in my Bible it was Thanksgiving Day morning, November 28th, 1889, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion, the Muezzins, from the four hundred mosques of Cairo as the cry went out: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." The sky and city and palm groves and river shipping were bathed in the light. It was not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed, for twice we ran aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of gayest sportsman, what deck of swiftest ocean queen could give such thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The Pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a Book the Bible is when read on the Nile!

As we slowly move up the majestic river I see on each bank the wheels, the pumps, the buckets for irrigation, and see a man with his foot on the treadle of a wheel that fetches up the water for a garden, and then for the first time I understand that passage in Deuteronomy which says of the Israelites after they had

ot back from Egypt: "The land whither hou goest in to possess it is not as the and of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and water-dst it with thy foot." Then I understood ow the land could be watered with the oot. How do you suppose I felt when n the deck of that steamer on the Nile looked off upon the canals and litches and sluices through which the ields are irrigated by that river and then ead in Isaiah "The burden of Egypt: he river shall be wasted and dried up nd they shall turn the rivers far away nd the brooks of defense shall be mptied and dried up; and they shall be roken in the purposes thereof, all that nake sluices and ponds for fish." That Thanksgiving morning on the Nile I ound my text of to-day. Pharaoh in this hapter is compared to the dragon or ippopotamus suggested by the crocodiles hat used to line the banks of this river: 'Thus saith the Lord God : Behold I am gainst thee Pharaoh, King of Egypt, the reat dragon that lieth in the midst of is rivers, which hath said my river is nine own, and I have made it for myself. But I will put hooks in thy jaws and I will ause the fish of thy rivers to stick unto hy scales, and I will bring thee up out f the midst of thy rivers, and all the ish of thy rivers shall stick unto thy cales, and the land of Egypt shall e desolate and waste; and they shall now that I am the Lord: because he ath said the river is mine, and I have nade it."

While sailing on this river or stopping t one of the villages, we see people on he banks who verify the Bible descrip-on for they are now as they were in Bible times. Shoes are now taken off in everence to sacred places. Children arried astride the mother's shoulder as n Hagar's time. Women with profusion f jewelry as when Rebecca was affianced. ntils shelled into the pottage, as when sau sold his birthright to get such a ish. The same habits of salutation as hen Joseph and his brethren fell on each ther's necks. Courts of law held under ig trees as in olden times. People mak-ng bricks without straw, compelled by rcumstances to use stubble instead of raw. Flying over or standing on the anks as in Scripture days are flamingoes, spreys, eagles, pelicans, herons, cuckoos nd bullfinches. On all sides of this river pulchres. Villages of sepulchres. Cities sepulchres. Nations of sepulchres. And ne is tempted to call it an empire of mbs. I never saw such a place as gypt is for graves. And now we un-erstand the complaining sarcasm of the raelites when they were on the way om Egypt to Canaan: "Because there e no graves in Egypt hast thou taken away to die in the wilderness?" own the river bank come the buffalo nd the cattle or kine to drink. And it as the ancestors of these cattle that in-ired Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine d the fat kine.

Here we disembark a little while for emphis, off from the Nile to the right. emphis founded by the first king of gypt and for a long while the capital. city of marble and gold. Home of the araohs. City nineteen miles in cir-mference. Vast colonnades through hich imposing processions marched. re stood the Temple of the Sun, itself brilliancy a sun shone on by another n. Thebes in power over a thousand e hundred years, or nearly ten times as ng as the United States have existed. re is a recumbent statue seventy-five t long. Bronzed gateways. A necro-lis called "the haven of the blest." re Joseph was Prime Minister. Here araoh received Jacob. All possible endors were built up into this royal y. Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and iah speak of it as something wonder-

Never did I visit a city with such ilted anticipations and never did my icipations drop so flat. Not a pillar stands. Not a wall is unbroken. Not a fountain tosses in the sun. Even the ruins have been ruined and all that remains are chips of marble, small pieces of fractured sculpture and splintered human bones. Here and there a letter of some elaborate inscription, a toe or ear of a statue that once stood in niche of palace wall. Ezekiel prophesied its blotting-out and the prophecy has been fulfilled. "Ride on," I said to our party "and don't wait for me." And as I stood there alone, the city of Memphis in the glory of past centuries returned. And I heard the rush of her chariots and the dash of her fountains and the conviviality of her palaces and saw the drunken nobles roll on the floors of mosaic, while in startling contrast amid all the regalities of the place I saw Pharaoh look up into the face of aged rustic Jacob, the shepherd, saying: "How old art thou?"

But back to the Nile and on and up till you reach Thebes, in Scripture called the City of No. Hundred-gated Thebes. A quadrangular city four miles from limit to limit. Four great temples, two of them Karnac and Luxor, once mountains of exquisite sculpture and gorgeous dreams solidified in stone Statue of Rameses II, eight hundred and eighty-seven tons in weight and seventy-five feet high but now fallen and scattered. Walls abloom with the battlefields of centuries. The surrounding hills of rock hollowed into sepulchres on the wall of which are chiselled in picture and hieroglyphics the confirmation of Bible story in regard to the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt so that, as explorations go on with the work, the walls of these sepulchres become commentaries of the Bible, the Scriptures originally written upon parchment here cut into everlasting stone. Thebes mighty and dominant five hundred years. Then she went down in fulfillment of Ezekiel's prophecy concerning the City of No, which was another name for Thebes: "I will execute judgment in No. I will cut off the multitudes of No." Jeremiah also prophesied: "Thus saith the Lord, I will punish the multitudes of No." This city of Thebes and all the other dead cities of Egypt iterate and reiterate the veracity of the Scriptures, telling the same story which Moses and the prophets told. Have you noticed how God kept back these archæological confirmations of the Bible until our time, when the air is full of un-

RUINS OF MEMPHIS.

belief about the truthfulness of the dear old Book? He waited until the printing press had been set up in its perfected shape, and the submarine cable was laid, and the world was intelligent enough to appreciate the testimony, and then he resurrected the dead cities of the earth, and commands them, saying: "Open your long sealed lips and speak! Memphis and Thebes! Is the Bible true?" "True!" respond Memphis and Thebes. "Babylon! is the book of Daniel true?" "True!" responds Babylon. "Ruins of Palestine and Syria! Is the New Testament true?" "True!" respond the ruins all the way from Joppa to the Dead Sea, and from Jerusalem to Damascus. What a mercy that this testimony of the dead cities should come at a time when the Bible is especially assailed. And this work will go on until the veracity, and divinity of the Scriptures will be as certain to all sensible men and women as that two and two make four, as that an isosceles triangle is one which has two of its sides equal, as that the diameter of a circle is a line drawn through the centre and terminated by the circumference, as certain as any mathematical demonstration. Never did I feel more encouraged than when after preaching a sermon on evidences of the truth of the Bible drawn from Oriental lands, a distinguished Senator of the United States, known and honored everywhere, but now deceased, came up to the platform and said: "I was brought up in the faith of Christianity, but I got speculating on all these subjects, and had given up my faith in the Bible, but those facts and arguments archæological take me back to my old faith in the Bible, which my father and mother taught me." The tears rolling down his cheeks evinced the depth of his emotion. When I read of the Senator's death I was comforted to think that perhaps I may have helped him a little in the struggle of his life, and perhaps given him an easier pillow on which to die.

Two great nations, Egypt and Greece, diplomatized and almost came to battle for one book, a copy of Æschylus. Ptolemy the Egyptian king discovered that in the great library at Alexandria there was no copy of Æschylus. The Egyptian king sent up to Athens, Greece, to borrow the book and make a copy of it. Athens demanded a deposit of seventeen thousand seven hundred dollars as security. The Egyptian king received the book, but refused to return that which he had borrowed and so forfeited the seventeen thousand seven hundred dollars. The two nations rose in contention concerning that one book. Beautiful and mighty book indeed! But it is a book of horrors, the dominant idea that we are the victims of hereditary influences from which there is no escape, and that fate rules the world, and although the author does tell of Prometheus who was crucified on the rocks for sympathy for mankind, a powerful suggestion of the sacrifice of Christ in later years, it is a very poor book compared with that Book which we hug to our hearts because it contains our only guide in life, our only comfort in death, and our only hope for a blissful immortality. If two nations could afford to struggle for one copy of Æschylus, how much more can all nations afford to struggle for the possession, and triumph of the Holy Scriptures?

But the dead cities strung along the Nile not only demolish infidelity, but thunder down the absurdity of the modern doctrine of evolution which says the world started with nothing and then rose, and human nature began with nothing but evolved into splendid manhood and womanhood of itself. Nay; the sculpture of the world was more wonderful in the days of Memphis and Thebes and Carthage than in the days of Boston and New York. Those blocks of stone weighing three hundred tons high up in the wall at Karnac imply machinery equal to, if not surpassing, the machinery of the nineteenth century. How was that statue of Rameses, weighing eight hundred and eighty-seven tons transported from the quarries two hundred miles away and how was it lifted? Tell us, modern machinists. How were those galleries of rock, still standing at Thebes, filled with paintings surpassed by no artist's pencil of the present day? Tell us, artists of the nineteenth century. The dead cities of Egypt so far as they have left enough pillars or statues or sepulchres or temple ruins to tell the story—Memphis, Migdol, Hierapolis, Zoan, Thebes, Goshen, Carthage—all of them developing downward instead of upward. They have evoluted from magnificence into destruction. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the only elevator of individual and social national character. Let all the living cities know that pomp and opulence and temporal prosperity are no security. Those ancient cities lacked nothing but good morals. Dissipation and sin slew them, and unless dissipation and sin are halted, they will some day slay our modern cities, and leave our palaces of merchandise and our galleries of art and our City Halls as flat in the dust as we found Memphis on the afternoon of that Thanksgiving Day. And if the cities go down, the nation will go down. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; we have stood so long—yea, over a hundred years as a nation." Why, what of that? Thebes stood five hundred years; Memphis stood a thousand years. God does not forget. One day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. Rum and debauchery and bad politics are more rapid-

PROMETHEUS CHAINED.

ly working the destruction of our American cities than sin of any kind and all kinds worked for the destruction of the cities of Africa, once so mighty and now so prostrate. But their gods were idols, and could do nothing except for debasement. Our God made the heavens and sent his Son to redeem the nations. And our cities will not go down, and our nation will not perish because the Gospel is going to triumph. Forward! all schools and colleges and churches! Forward! all reformatory and missionary organizations. Forward! all the influences marshalled to bless the world. Let our modern European and American cities listen to the voice of those ancient cities resurrected, and by hammer and chisel and crow-bar compelled to speak.

I notice the voice of those ancient cities is hoarse from the exposure of forty centuries, and they accentuate slowly with lips that were palsied for ages, but all together those cities along the Nile intone these words, "Hear us for we are very old, and it is hard for us to speak. We were wise long before Athens learned her first lesson. We sailed our ships while yet navigation was unborn. We sinned and we fell. Our learning could not save us: See those half-obliterated hieroglyphics on yonder wall. Our architecture could not save us: See the painted columns of Philæ. Our heroes could not save us: Witness Menes, Diodorus, Rameses, and Ptolemy. Our gods Ammon and Osiris could not save us: See their fallen temples all along the four thousand miles of Nile. Oh, ye modern cities, get some other God: a God who can help, a God who can pardon, a God who can save. Called up as we are for a little while to give testimony, again the sands of the desert will bury us. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" And as these voices of porphyry and granite ceased, all the sarcophagi under the hills responded, "Ashes to ashes!" and the capital of a lofty column fell grinding itself to powder among the rocks, and responding, "Dust to dust!"

WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

S. S. Lesson For Nov. 8. By Mrs M. Baxter: John 16: 1-15. Golden Text, John 16: 13.

"HOWBEIT, when he the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you things to come." When he is come! Where? To whom? Surely into our hearts and lives, to make us a temple of the Holy Ghost. God the Father, came near to man, and spoke with Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. God the Son, came nearer still, he was born as man; "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." He was, indeed, our Brother and Fellowman, and then, in our nature, he died for us. But the Holy Ghost comes nearer still. He takes up his abode within us. It must have been blessed indeed to talk with God in the days of Eden, when man was still unfallen; it must have been inestimably precious to have seen and spoken with, to have known the pressure of the hand, and hung upon the lips of Jesus, the Son of Man, when he was here on earth. But to have God indeed dwelling in us as his chosen habitation, to be inseparable from him, guided by him, moved by him, willing, intelligent, consenting instruments all day long to carry out in a human life the very thoughts of God—this is above all blessedness; it is, or it may be, the very life of Christ himself on earth, repeated in our lives. For this the Holy Spirit came, for this we are crucified with Christ.

Since the days of Pentecost, the Church of Christ is expected

To Know the Holy Ghost,

and to know him by his presence. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (I. Cor. 3: 16.) How do we answer this question? Have we so yielded ourselves unto God as those that are "alive from the dead," that our members have become consciously, instruments of righteousness unto God? Is it true that we are no longer under our own control, but under that of our God, no longer at our own disposal, but at our Lord's? Is the Holy Ghost to us a real living Person with whom we are acquainted, whose guidance and teaching we rely upon, who has taken the direction of our thoughts, words, and actions, with our own free consent? Or do we rather look upon the Holy Ghost as an engine driver looks upon steam, as a certain power which man can control and utilize as he will? Oh we need to draw nigh with as much reverence to God the Holy Ghost as to God the Father or God the Son.

"He shall guide you into all truth," but he will guide no unwilling follower. In the Old Testament, he came as an impelling power, and "holy men of old spake as they were moved (literally driven along) by the Holy Ghost" (II. Pet. 1: 21), but he who *impelled* under the Old Covenant *guides* under the New. A guide is no police constable whose conduct is per force, a guide implies willingness on the part of the one who accepts his guidance. We want to go in a certain direction, our will is made up to go thither, but we do not know the way. We want to do the will of God, to have our own way no more; how shall we know it? how shall we do it? God's answer is most explicit —"What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man but the Spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God: that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God" Is it true that we have yielded up the government of our lives into his divine keeping? Then it is also true that we have

Our Guide Within Us,

and as we quietly and definitely wait upon him without worry, without anxiety, in the blessed consciousness that it is his joy to make known to us the will of God, we shall experience how true and blessed is the indwelling guidance. Nothing is so sure, nothing so calming as the guidance of the Holy Spirit in the hearts and lives of those who are wholly yielded up to God. But it is possible to know the will of God, and yet to be reluctant to do it; we may seek to master ourselves, may struggle, and try and make strenuous efforts to force our wills, and yet in vain. If we are trying to do the work of the Holy Ghost, we may well fail. "It is God which worketh in you," God the Holy Ghost who dwells in us, "both to will and do of his good pleasure." (Phil. 2: 13.) There is no need to attempt any great effort, the Holy Ghost is mightier than we are, and as we trust him, and yield to him, he masters and subdues us. His work is to bring us

From the False to the True.

He guides into all truth. Our hearts by nature are "deceitful above all things," but the Holy Ghost shows us the truth about ourselves, as well as about our God. Our deceitful hearts measure everything by ourselves, by what we are, by what we know, by what we are able to do, by what we have of power or talent, of strength or other resources; and it is easy for hearts with such a limited horizon to complain of the will of God, and to think it hard when seeming impossibilities lie before us. The Spirit of God opens our eyes upon the almightiness and the love of our God, and puts all things in a new light to us; he guides us out of the region of self into the reality of God with us, and the same things which would otherwise lead us to despair are seen to be glorious opportunities for the intervention of our God. "All these things are against me," says poor self-centred Jacob. (Gen. 42: 36.) "All things are for your sakes," says the man full of the Holy Ghost. (II. Cor. 4: 15.)

The Holy Ghost is our Guide in prayer: "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. And he which searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God." Just as long as we think we can pray, and that we have power by our prayers to prevail with God, we resemble those who "think they shall be heard for their much speaking." The Holy Ghost, when we pray in the Spirit, takes our thoughts away from ourselves and our prayers and fastens them upon God, and upon his mind in the matter. While we behold God, the Spirit makes intercession, and fills us with a holy quiet satisfaction that God is in charge of the matter. The true ground for answered prayer is that God and we have come to be of one mind through Christ, and this can only be by the Holy Ghost.

In speaking, it is the same thing. Oh if the chaff could be separated from the wheat in speaking for the Lord, how much there would be to be driven away, how few words comparatively would be spoken! The Lord Jesus never spoke of himself (John 14: 10), and the Holy Spirit "shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak." How then can we take upon us to speak of ourselves? Shall we be more competent than God the Son or God the Holy Ghost? Paul would not speak "with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" (Ir Cor. 2: 4), and therefore the Holy Ghost dictated words which Paul spoke and wrote which still leave their mark on hundreds of thousands in every generation. Eternal life is in those words. The Lord Jesus said to his disciples, and he has left the word for us; "When they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of my Father which speaketh in you." (Matt. 10: 19, 20.)

There are some of the children of God who are conscious of their great lack of love to God. Again it is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who is our Power to love, even as he is our Power to will, to do, to pray, to speak. "The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." (Rom. 5: 8.) And although, it may be, we are little conscious of his presence as the Spirit of love, because there may be still so much of our own spirit within us; yet, as we steadily and quietly recognize him, he will prove himself to be in us that love of God of which the Bible speaks. Again, we may be wanting in wisdom, especially heavenly wisdom, which is very different from the earthly wisdom which hurries to get the best of everything for itself. Divine wisdom waits for the Lord, and reckons him equal to all and everything. "He shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you." Divine wisdom sees the Christ-side of everything in time and in eternity, and measures all things by him.

But the same blessed Spirit who is thus the guide of the Church of Christ is

The Reprover of the World:

"When he is come, he will reprove (or convince) the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment." When he is come to dwell in the children of God, he will convince the world. Christ-like Christians, God-filled men, are to convince the world. Men born selfish who have become by grace unselfish, are God's instruments to convince a selfish world. Men who were untruthful and who by grace have become truthful, are God's instruments to convince the world of untruth. Men who by nature are full of malice and the spirit of retaliation, and who by grace have become in spirit like lambs, are God's instruments to show the world what Jesus Christ is like, who "answered not a word," and to convince them how unlike him they are. "When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify (or bear witness), of me, and ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning." "The testimony of two men is true;" the Holy Ghost needs his temples, and the Church of Christ needs the Holy Ghost, that the witness of Jesus Christ in the world may be proved true!

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THESE things have I told you that when the time shall come, you may remember them. Christian laborers like their blessed Master must sow the seed in faith, believing that in due time God will cause it to take root and bear fruit. Not always have we the privilege of gathering the harvest, but in God's own time will our labors be blessed and the words of our lips be brought as a savor of life unto life to the remembrance of our loved ones.

A poor Christian mother died leaving an only son, the idol of her heart. Alone and destitute, the orphan found no smiles to welcome him, and few hands to aid him. But a sacred agency had appealed on high for him—the forethought of a devout mother's love. Often had she spoken to him of Jesus and his love, and when at last she felt that she must go, on her dying bed she committed him to God's keeping and pledged him so to live as to make sure of meeting her in heaven. God opened a path for the lad and gave him opportunities and friends. By the time he came of age he was in a successful business. He was not a Christian, but he had not forgotten his Christian mother. His thoughts went back to her loving life, and lingered around her humble grave.

He was not satisfied that her remains should rest so far away, and he determined to remove them to the handsome cemetery in which he had bought a lot for his family. He himself superintended the disinterment. The coffin had crumbled. Dust had almost returned to dust. The sad duty he had undertaken filled him with solemnity, and when it was over he could not shake off the thousand memories it awakened.

"My good mother! How truly she loved me, how faithfully she toiled for me! She was anxious for my earthly future, but her heart's great wish was that I might live, not for this world, but for heaven. The first part of her prayer is answered. Why is not the last?"

The thought melted him. The Holy Spirit strove with him and he yielded. He sought his mother's God, whom he had so long neglected, and in penitence, consecration, and love, found acceptance with him. A voice of former days had called the rich man to a new life and nobler duty. It was the voice of a mother twenty years buried in the ground.

He will guide you into all truth. Wha the heart is to the body, what the eyes are t the head, what the mainspring is to the watch what the steam is to the locomotive, and wha the rudder is to the ship—all this and more i the Holy Spirit to us in helping us to live fo God and making sure of Heaven. We canno understand rightly the Scriptures unless by th illumination of the Holy Ghost. We coul not derive much pleasure from the finest paint ings, the most exquisite statuary, or the mos beautiful drapery if the light were excluded nor can we derive comfort or enlightenmen from the word of God unless we have the hel of the Divine Comforter. He, and he alone can guide us into the truth, and without hir all teaching and all preaching must be in vain Strive all you will to make the Celestial Port unless you invite and accept the guidance o the Holy Spirit, you are bound to be ship wrecked at last.

A party of gentlemen were traveling through Switzerland a few years ago. They were stopping at an inn in the beautiful valley o Interlachen, and had made arrangements to g on foot the next day over a high mountain t the valley that lay beyond. There was a English traveler staying at the same inn. H was traveling alone and wanted to take th same journey. He spoke to one of the guide about going with him, but he thought th man asked too much money. They could no agree about the price, so he refused to take th guide, and said he was sure he could find th way himself. He started alone the next morn ing a good while before the others. Whe the others had gotten about half way the guid stopped. He pointed to a dark-looking littl object far off from the path in which they wer walking, and said:

"There's the gentleman who would no take a guide; he has lost his way. He neve can get out of the mountains in that direction If he doesn't come back he will lose his life." Then the guide climbed up on a higher eleva tion, and putting his hands to his mouth h called out as loudly as he could: "Com back, come back, or you will be lost." Bu the man could not hear the voice, and in th following year a little mound in the villag graveyard marked the spot where the English man lay who lost his life in trying to scale th mountains without a guide.

HOW TO DECIDE.

A Story of the S. S. Text for Nov. 8. "H will guide you into all truth." John 16: 1

LOOKING up from a book h was reading in the corner o her father's library, Arthu Clarkson, a boy of som twelve years of age said t his father, "Papa, are you Republican or a Democrat? Two gentlemen had ju quitted the room after laboring with the Rev Mr. Clarkson for nearly an hour. Election da was only two weeks off and they were anxiou to secure his vote and influence. They wer the second deputation he had received. Onl the day before, two other gentlemen had bee with him, urging him to vote for the cand dates of the opposite party. The little bo had been a silent witness of both interview and now, in some bewilderment, he put h question, "Are you a Republican or a Demo crat, Papa?"

"Why do you ask, my boy?"

"Because those gentlemen said you must b a Democrat and yesterday the two men wh were here said they were convinced you wer a Republican at heart. You cannot be bot can you, Papa?"

"Did you never read, Arthur, of that dis pute about a shield in which one man insiste that the shield was of gold and the other thi it was of silver? When the shield was ex amined it was found to be gold on one sid and silver on the other. I like to examine th shield before I give an opinion. These politi ians can see no good in their respective op ponents, yet I believe they are all estimab men, but human, and being human they hav their faults. These gentlemen concluded thi I was not of their party, as those did yeste day, because I wanted to get them to recog nize the good in their opponents and to mode rate the language they use about them."

"How do you decide questions like these Papa? When you see good on both sides an faults on both sides, it must be difficult."

"Yes, it is sometimes, and there are oth questions which are still more difficult tha political questions. You know how a judg decides the cases which come into his cour He hears the arguments on both sides, an then having studied the question from an im partial standpoint, gives his decision. Som

times it does not fully satisfy either of the suitors, but is pronounced just by disinterested parties. The judge has had experience and knows that it is not safe to trust the statements of partisans. An inexperienced judge once said that he could easily decide when he had heard one side of the case, but when he listened to the other side he was 'bothered.' That is how we make our mistakes in life. We are apt to be content with seeing only one side of a subject. It saves thinking and the trouble of deciding."

"Can you always get knowledge on both sides?"

"It is easier to do that than to decide between them. Do you remember how that great King, William III. of England, acted? When he became king he knew but little of the country, and could not understand the people. The leaders of one party warned him against the leaders of the other party, and assured him they were traitors. The so-called traitors warned him against their traducers as men who were untrustworthy, and the poor king, anxious to do what was right and to act so as to save the country from ruin, did not know whom to believe or what to do. At last he concentrated all his efforts on a search for one honest, sagacious man, and found him. From Lord Somers he obtained a just estimate of public men and public questions and then trusting his experience and his honesty acted on the information he received. He trusted his adviser and made few mistakes. England owes much of her present liberty and power to the honesty and impartiality of the advise rthe king had at that critical juncture."

"But is there always some one to advise as well as that?"

"Ah! that is where our strength lies. God has promised us an infallible adviser; or rather a guide, who is to be always with us. Jesus said the Holy Spirit would guide us into all truth and abide with us forever. That is what we all need. We seek the truth, but sometimes we do not know where to find it. Then we ask God, and the Holy Spirit guides our footsteps to the place where it is. But we have to trust him. When you wanted some violets the other day and did not know where they grew, and I told you that I had seen some growing, you did not go to look for them yourself you were glad to let me take you to the place. That is how you are to accept the Holy Spirit's guidance in difficulties whether in your studies or your conduct. If you trust him he will lead you, and as Jesus said, 'guide you into all truth.'"

TWO YOUNG MULETEERS.

IN a letter from Rev. E. W. McCowell, the American Presbyterian Missionary who is laboring in Mosul in Kurdistan on the borders of Persia, which he sends to the *Church at Home and Abroad*, he thus describes the fruit which has come from the conversion of two muleteers.

In one of our villages there is an interesting church, remarkable for its spirit of brotherly love and for its zeal. It is the growth of only few years and sprang from a seed of God's own planting. The village was Catholic, the people very ignorant and bigoted. There lived there two men, K—— and T——, no better, no worse perhaps, than their neighbors. Being muleteers their business took them occasionally to a neighboring city where, in some way, they came into contact with a native evangelist. This man not only preached to them, he took them by the hand and talked with them of Christ.

The New Testament was a new book to them. They had never heard sueh truths before. Fear, sorrow, surprise, joy, were interwingled in their hearts day after day. As they read, their interest deepened. They were at first ridiculed, then threatened, finally were persecuted, and, worst of all, their chief enemies were those of their own household—father, wife, sister, and brother. This led to their meeting to read in secret in a secluded spot among the hills, where, under the impulse of the Spirit, they learned to pray.

The change in their character could not long be seen without bearing fruit. The first convert was K's sister; then his wife who, once brutually abused and beaten, now finding herself treated with consideration and love, could not but appreciate the change in her husband. Next the old mother, who had been devoted to her church as to mourn for her son as dead, was united to him again by a common faith. T. fell sick and died, but not without first giving evidence of the power of the Gospel to give peace and support in death. His last request was that the usual mourning, which is in its nature, be omitted at his burial. His calmness and peace impressed all who witnessed it.

THE AMERICAN BOARD.

The Great Missionary Organization Holds its Eighty-second Annual Meeting and Re-Elects Dr. Storrs to the Presidency.

PITTSFIELD, Mass. has had the honor of entertaining the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, which held its eighty-second annual meeting there October 13-16. An unusual interest attaches to this meeting because it signalizes a triumph over difficulties and troubles which a few years ago seriously impeded the work of the Board and threatened still more momentous consequences. The controversy between what are known as the old and new schools of theology entered the Board and the attitude taken by its officers and members on the subject alienated many churches. In the crisis of the

REV. RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D.

conflict, four years ago, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose portrait appears in this column, was elected to the Presidency of the Board. Members who did not know him personally, but knew that he was the nominee of the majority, regarded his election as an omen of continued strife and apprehended a disruption of the Board. Their apprehensions have, however, happily proved groundless. His administration has been characterized by so much moderation, tact and Christian kindness that the crisis has happily passed and the Board is now in the enjoyment of increased prosperity.

The Secretary reported that the total donations for the year had been $484,463, a gain over last year of $66,542, and of $92,715 over the average for the last five years. The legacies also had been above the average, amounting to $206,458. The total of donations and legacies for 1891 is $690,222, and that, with the income from the general permanent fund, makes $824,812 which the committee has this year had at its disposal. The balance on hand is $765.05. The Board has now in the field 538 missionaries, seconded by a force of 2648 native preachers and teachers, including 410 churches with 38,226 communicants.

When the time came for the election of officers, a letter was read from Dr. Storrs asking that another name should be substituted for his in nomination for the Presidency. The Board however, would not listen to the request and he was unanimously re-elected. Dr. Storrs accepted the office on condition that all the other officers were retained and this was done.

Dr. Storrs is seventy years of age. He was born at Braintree, Mass., on Aug. 20, 1821. He studied at Amherst College and Andover Theological Seminary, from which he graduated in 1845. The same year he became pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church, Brookline, Mass., but after one year's labor there he accepted an invitation from the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has remained to the present time. The congregation, small at first, and composed chiefly of New England people, grew rapidly under Dr. Storrs' preaching. His scholarly sermons and polished eloquence attracted educated people and as the city grew, Dr. Storrs gathered around him a band of earnest aggressive workers who made the Church of the Pilgrims a centre of Christian influence. His pastorate has now reached the phenomenal length of forty-five years and the respect in which he is held, not only by his own church, but in the city and the Congregational churches throughout the country, attests the value of his services to the cause of Christ.

HELD BY A FOOT.

ON October 15, an accident of a peculiarly distressing character occurred on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia. A freight conductor was just finishing his night's work when he found it necessary to switch his train. It backed down a short distance, and the conductor walked up to the switch, giving a signal to the engineer at the other end of the train to come back. His foot caught in a frog, and held him fast. The train moved back slowly. It was perhaps 500 feet away, but no one saw him, and his cries were drowned by the rattle of the cars and the puffing of the engine. He must have thus faced death for fully two minutes before the back bumper caught him and threw him under the wheels, killing him instantly. There are many who lose their souls as this man lost his life. Some evil habit entangles them and holds them fast, and though they know that their eternal interests are at stake they are unable to extricate themselves. It is the sins that are as dear as a right hand that lead to eternal death. (Matt. 5:30.)

A HOME TROUBLE.

SEARCH is being made for a man who recently left his home at Woodside, N. J., under the stress of mental worry. He had an attack of grippe in the spring and was a long time recovering. Since then he has acted strangely. He would sit in his chair in a listening attitude and after a time would declare that he had heard someone talking against him. He would speak pitifully to the passers-by or to the neighbors, declaring that he had never done them any harm and asking why they abused and spoke ill of him. They replied that they had not spoken of him at all, but the man would not believe them. He could, however, get no rest. All day he persisted hat he could hear people saying something against him, he could hear the buzzing of conversation and, though he could not distinguish the words, he knew it was derogatory of him. The doctor assured him that the buzzing was in his own ears and that if he would have patience it would soon pass away. But the man would not believe it and at last, driven to a frenzy by the conviction that everybody is his enemy, he has left his home, and his family and friends have sought him in vain. Though his delusion is not a common one it has often happened that men have imputed to others evil that existed only in their own minds. It is one of the evidences of conversion that a man begins to love everyone and think well of them. (1. Cor. 13:5).

A CITIZEN CLAIMED.

IN an obituary notice of Commodore Ingraham, who died at Charleston, S. C., on October 16th, there appears a story of a remarkable adventure in which he took the chief part. It appears that in 1852, he was in command of the sloop of war *St. Louis*, then cruising in the Mediterranean. While off the coast of Smyrna he was notified that an American citizen of Austrian birth had been seized and held for trial for a political offence committed four years before. The man had been engaged in the rising in Hungary in 1848, but had made his escape to the United States. Having occasion in 1852 to visit Austria on business, he had been recognized and arrested. He therefore appealed to the United States consul for protection. The consul visited him in prison and found that the man had no naturalization papers. He had simply declared his intention of becoming a United States citizen, but the period of residence required by law before granting the papers had not elapsed. While the inquiries as to his status were in progress the prisoner was put on an Austrian vessel for conveyance to a fortress. The consul thereupon called upon Commodore Ingraham to prevent the removal. The Commodore promptly brought his ship alongside the Austrian vessel, and clearing his decks for action, notified the Austrian captain that he should open fire if the man were not given up within twenty-four hours. After some parley the man was surrendered and the Commodore sailed away in triumph. The question involved was whether a man who had only declared his intentions and had not received his papers, was legally a citizen of the United States. The Consul and the Commodore held that he was, and carried their point. Unhappily it is not so with citizenship in Christ's kingdom. Too many who declare their intentions of becoming his subjects never fulfil their intentions and perish with the subjects of Satan. (II. Pet. 2:20–22.)

NEW LIGHTHOUSE SIGNALS

A REPORT is to be submitted to Congress at its next session from the Lighthouse Board and an appropriation asked for to effect a change in the system of signalling. The object is to prevent Captains being in doubt as to whether the lights they see are the lights of a lighthouse or not. Captain Mahan the Engineer Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, who has prepared the report, says that all lighthouse lights should have such distinguishing characteristics as to make it impossible for any mariner suddenly coming to a light to be uncertain whether it belongs to the lighthouse establishment or not. A ship running for four or five days without being able to catch a glimpse of sun or stars, may easily find herself several miles out of the way. If, under these circumstances, a light should be made out unexpectedly, the mariner should be able to tell at once whether it be a light of the lighthouse establishment, and, if it be so, he should have the means of knowing immediately what light it is. The present system, founded on time intervals, is not wholly satisfactory. In its place is proposed a system of numeral characteristics, or the assignment of a number to each light, this number being given by groups of flashes. It may be hoped that Congress will make the necessary appropriations for this improvement, if, as seems probable, it will effect the object sought. As was seen in the recent wreck of the U. S. S. *Despatch* a mistake as to a light may easily cause the loss of a vessel. Such a mistake has often caused the loss of a soul. The lights of man's wisdom, have been mistaken for the light of heaven and the voyager on the ocean of life has been misled and suffered eternal shipwreck. (1. Tim. 6: 20, 21.)

A DOG'S APPEAL.

A REMARKABLE story of a dog's sagacity comes from the village of Sturmerville, Pa. A press dispatch says that an aged widow whose husband and son were killed in the war and who is in receipt of a pension, resides there. She has lived the life of a hermit for many years. Every winter she would collect a store of provisions, shut herself in the house with a Newfoundland dog as her only companion and remain secluded until spring. About the middle of September she told a store-keeper that she was going to shut herself up as usual. Nothing more was seen of her until October 10. The windows of the house were tightly closed and no one entered or left the dwelling. But on that day the old lady's dog forced his way out. He went to the nearest house and barked loudly and incessantly. When the residents came out, the dog started toward the house of his mistress whining pitifully, then he would go back and start again toward his home. The dog was evidently inviting them to follow. Concluding that some trouble had occurred, the neighbors went to the house, the dog manifesting his joy that they had understood him. Breaking down a door they effected an entrance. They found the old woman in a critical state. She had been stricken with paralysis. Marks on the floors showed that the dog had dragged food to where she lay and had thus kept her alive. Finally he must have concluded that human help was necessary, so went out to fetch in the neighbors. A physician was summoned and all is now being done that can be done for the sufferer's comfort and recovery. A lesson may be learned from the dog's sagacious conduct. When he saw that the case was beyond his power he called for help. This the Christian worker may do, for he who can save to the uttermost has his ear ever open to the cry of all who trust in him. (Luke 9: 40-42.)

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T. de Witt Talmage
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RUTS AND ANTI-RUTS.

THE Church is divided into two parties,—the Ruts and the Anti-Ruts. The former are in favor of driving along in just the way that all the preceding religious vehicles have gone. They want ministers to run their sermons along the same established grooves, and their prayers. Anything new in manner or modes is frightful. They say, "Who ever heard of such a thing? My father and my grandfather and my great-grandfather never did. These young fellows are disorganizers and iconoclasts. Their front wheels have gone out of the ruts. Pull these innovators off of the box. They are not fit to drive. By some strong ecclesiastical pry let us get the clerical wagon down up to the hubs in the old crevices."

But the Anti-Ruts would rather be out than in the old grooves. Yet they want to be sure that they are on the right road. It is the terminus they are looking after, not so much the way of reaching it. They have rougher riding than those who keep in the ruts. The vehicle sometimes bounces fearfully. Obstacles are apt to be thrown in their way. These persons get now and then a sound jolt; but that is good for dyspepsia. Besides, roughnesses in the road are apt to keep a man wide awake and observant of the scenery. The University of Hard Knocks graduates the best scholars. The Anti-Ruts can more easily change their course if they desire so to do. We like them better than their antagonists. We see no reason why a sermon should have the stereotyped three heads when one head, or ten heads, would be more convenient and effective; nor why they should begin with an exordium preparing an audience for a discourse, if they happen to be already prepared; nor of postponing the application of a sermon to the close, if you feel like making a running application: nor of sticking to stale modes of illustrating truth, when you know of something else that will shake the people up more effectively; nor why a Church should be conducted like all other Churches, when you think you have a better plan. Three cheers for the Anti-Ruts.

Let us say to young men that their safety depends in never starting in the old grooves. Get once in the regular ruts, and you cannot get out without breaking the shafts, or twisting the tire off the wheel. We have seen teamsters by the quarter of an hour trying to get the carts out of the old track; and the horses sweated, and the driver lost his patience. If a young man starts in the rut at eighteen, he will be in the rut at eighty. An old fogy at twenty-one is fearful. He is an Egyptian mummy, fit only for the shelf of a museum and to be laid away amid fossiliferous specimens.

GREAT REVIVALS.

HOW hard it is to acknowledge that men are doing good if they do not work in our way and by our methods! The tendency is even among Christians to depreciate that which goes on independent of themselves and in a way oppugnant to their personal taste. People do not like those who do a thing which they themselves have not been able to accomplish. When through especial effort a large number of people are converted the cry is, "They will not hold out." Time only will show that. They are doing all they can. You cannot expect them to hold out ten years in six weeks. The most faithful Christians we have ever known were brought in through revivals, and the meanest, stingiest, dullest, hardest-to-get-on-with Christians have joined when the church was dead. When a candidate for admission comes before our church officers in revival times, I ask him only seven or eight questions; but when he comes during a cold state of religion, I ask him twenty questions, and get the elders to ask him as many more. In other words, I have more faith in conversions under special religious influence than under ordinary. The best luck I ever had in fishing was when I dropped the net in the bay and brought up at one haul twenty blue-fish, with only three or four moss-bunkers, and the poorest luck I ever had was when, after standing two hours in the soggy meadow with one hook on the line, I felt I had a bite, and began to pull, more and more persuaded of the great size of the captive, until I flung to the shore a snapping-turtle. As a gospel fisherman I would rather run the risk of a large haul than of a solitary angling. I can soon sort out and throw overboard the few moss-bunkers. Oh for great awakenings all over Christendom! We have had in many parts of this country a drought so long we can stand a freshet. Let the Hudson and the Thames and the Susquehanna rise and overflow the lowlands, and the earth be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the seas.

RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.

IF ten or fifteen of us should happen to come into a circle to spend the evening, we would talk about the autumnal elections or the recent flurry in Wall street, and about five hundred other things, and perhaps we would not talk any about Jesus Christ and our hopes of heaven. That is not Christianity; that is heathenism. Indeed, I have sometimes been amazed to find Christian people actually lacking in subjects of conversation, while the two persons knew each of the other that he was a Christian. You take two Christian people of this modern day and place them in the same room (I suppose the two men may have no worldly subjects in common). What are they talking about? There being no worldly subject common to them, they are in great stress for a subject, and after a long pause Mr. A. remarks: "It is a pleasant evening."

Again there is a long pause. These two men, both redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, eternity before them, the glorious history of the Church of Jesus Christ behind them, certainly after a while they will converse on the subject of religion. A few minutes have passed and Mr. B. remarks: "Fine autumn we are having." Again there is a profound quiet. Now, you suppose that their religious feelings have really been dammed back for a little while; the men have been postponing the things of God and eternity that they may approach the subject with more deliberation, and you wonder what useful thing Mr. B. will say to Mr. A. in conversation. It is the third time, and perhaps it is the last that these two Christian men will ever meet until they come face to face before the throne of God. They know it. The third attempt is now made. Mr. A. says to Mr. B.: "Feels like snow!" My opinion is, it must have felt more like ice. Oh, how little real, practical religious conversation there is in this day! I would to God that we might get back to the old-time Christianity, when men and women came into associations, and felt, "Here I must use all the influence I can for Christ upon that soul, and get all the good I can. This may be the last opportunity I shall have in this world of interviewing that immortal spirit." But there are Christian associations where men and women do talk out their religion; and my advice to you is to seek out all those things, and remember that just in proportion as you seek such society will you be elevated and blessed. After all, the gospel boat is the only safe boat to sail in.

LAYMEN TO THE FRONT.

I HAVE a sly suspicion that the layman who has for seven years given the most of his time to the study of the truth is better prepared to preach the Gospel than a man who has given that length of time in theological seminaries to the study of what other people say about the Bible. In other words, we like water just dipped from the spring, though handed in a gourd, rather than water that has been standing a week in a silver pitcher. After Calvin has twisted us one way, and Arminius has twisted us another, and we get our head full of the old and new theological fights, and the difference between Ante-Nicene Trinitarianism and Post-Nicene Trinitarianism, it is a luxury to meet some evangelist who can tell us in our common mother tongue of him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. I say let our learned institutions push theological education to its highest excellency, preparing men for spheres which none but the cultured and scholarly are fit for, but somehow let us beat the drum and gather a battalion of lay-workers. We have enough wise men to tell us about fishes, about birds, about rocks, about stars—enough Leyden jars, enough telescopes, enough electric batteries; but we have not more than one man where we ought to have a hundred to tell the story of Christ and the soul.

Some cry out, "It is dangerous to have laymen take such prominent positions in the Church." Dangerous to what? Our dignity, our prerogatives, our clerical rights? It is the same old story. If we have a mill on the stream, we do not want some one else to build a mill on the same stream. It will take the water off our wheel. But, blessed be God! the river of salvation is deep and strong enough to grind corn for all nations. If a pulpit is so weak that the wave of religious zeal on the part of the laity submerges it, then let it go under. We cannot expect all other shipping to forsake the sea lest they run down our craft. We want more watchmen on the wall, more sentinels at the gate, more recruits for the field. Forward the whole Christian laity! Throw up no barrier to their advancement. Do not hang the church until dead by the neck with "red-tape."

A PROMISE OF BETTER THINGS.

THE land is full of prophets, and I have as much right to prophecy as any one. I prophecy that we are coming toward the grandest temporal prosperity we have ever witnessed in this country. Mechanics are going to have larger wages. Capitalists are going to have larger dividends. The factories that are now closed are going to run day and night to meet demands. Stores are going to be crowded with customers, jostling each other and impatient to get waited on. Amid the rapid strides of business attorneys will be called in t interpret legalities, and merchants ove worked will want medical attendance, an the churches are going to be abundan with men and women anxious to cons crate their gains to the Lord.

BRIEF NOTES.

Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, presided of the Church Temperance Society, has r quested the Episcopal clergy to preach c Temperance on Nov. 15.

Evangelist E. W. Bliss is conducting reviv meetings at Greenfield, Mass. His services la month in Nova Scotia resulted in a larg number of conversions.

Rev. Francis E. Smiley has just closed series of services at Berwick, Pa. There a already indications that a large accession membership to the churches will result fro them.

The McAll Mission in France now has 1 stations and twenty-five schools. Sixte mothers' meetings are held every week at t stations in Paris. The schools have an ave age attendance of 400 children each.

Rev. B. Fay Mills will commence a series union evangelistic services in Chicago on N vember 3. About twenty churches have unit in the invitation to the famous evangelist, a their pastors and members will aid him in t work.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the famous We leyan minister of London, who has been ta ing part in the proceedings of the Method Ecumenical Council, preached for Dr. Talma in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on Sunday evenin October 18.

Dr. Phillips Brooks was consecrated Bishop Massachusetts, on Oct. 14, in Trinity Churc Boston, of which he has been so long Rect Among the Bishops who took part in the ce mony were Bishops Williams, Potter, Clar Whipple, and Littlejohn.

Rev. E. P. Marvin of Lockport, N. Y whose articles on prophecy have frequently a peared in this journal has decided give all his time to Evangelistic work. He h been holding services at Springfield, Ill., a is now commencing an Evangelistic tour Kansas.

The number of persons who went to Trev to see the so-called Holy Coat during the weeks it was on exhibition was 1,925,13 On October 4th it was removed from its ca and put back in its shrine of cedar and m hogany and walled up in the Cathedral Trea ure Chamber.

A farewell meeting to Rev. Willis P. Elwo was held at the rooms of the West-side No Day Prayer Meeting on October 23. M Elwood was converted by the blessing of G on his attendance at that meeting some ye ago. He and his wife are now going out missionaries to Madura, India.

The School for Christian Workers at Sprin field, Mass., reports a large increase in st dents this year and applications for admissi are continually coming to hand. Applicatio are also numerous for graduates of the t school to fill the offices of Superintende and Secretaries of Sunday Shools, Bible Rea ers and Home Missionaries.

Dr. Spining, of the Phillips Presbyteri Church, New York, announces a series Sunday evening sermons on the Twelve Co mandments—the ten of Sinai, the Golden R and the New Commandment. It may hoped that they will be well attended for t preacher is powerful and earnest and he chosen a subject which is too much forgott in the present day.

A new translation of the Bible into Chin is projected. The Committees appointed the Missionary Conference recently held Shanghai have selected a corps of translat who will have their first meeting early n month. It is expected that the cost will defrayed by the Bible Societies of the Unit States, England and Scotland in the prop tion of two-fifths each by the former two a one-fifth by the latter.

President Harrison paid a visit on Octol 17 to the Methodist Ecumenical Council. was enthusiastically received and made a l citous address. In the course of his rema he observed, in reference to the question disarmament and the settlement of inter tional disputes by arbitration: "There is unity of the church and of humanity, and t lines of progress are the same. It is by t great Christian sentiment, characterized only by a high sense of justice, but by a sp of love and forbearance, mastering the c institutions and governments of the wor that we shall approach universal peace a adopt arbitration methods of settling d putes."

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK

Our New Territory—Chicago's Monument to Grant—Free Mail Delivery—European War Rumors—American Sailors Killed in Chili—Sir Edwin Arnold's Visit—General Notes.

GOVERNOR STEELE, of the new Territory of Oklahoma, has just issued his first report which is a most interesting document in some respects. He regrets that Congress made no provision for the establishment of public schools. The settlers, who are mostly poor, have to provide for the education of their children at a great disadvantage. Besides, there are many Indian children in need of education, and these attend the schools opened by the white settlers, although the Indians pay no taxes on their lands. Gov. Steele deplores the present method of opening up town sites and suggests that hereafter these sites be carefullo selected, surveyed, platted and published before being thrown open to settlement. At the recent opening in Tecumseh and Chandler, there were at least 5,000 people waiting the signal to rush in and claim sites containing only 2,400 lots, and one man was killed and several injured in the rush. The desirable class of settlers are frequently crowded out by this riotous system of entering new lands.

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Justice Gray's Illness.

A number of the most important cases now before the United States Supreme Court have been postponed in consequence of the absence of two justices, one of whom—Justice Gray—is prostrated with typhoid fever, while the Chief Justice is absent on account of the serious illness of his daughter in Chicago. Justice Gray is a native of Massachusetts, where he was born in 1828. From 1864 to 1882 he was a member of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and from 1857 to 1860 he practiced law. He has been a prolific author, and is regarded as an authority on constitutional law, "Gray's Reports" being well known to the profession. He was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States by the late President Arthur, in December, 1881.

JUSTICE GRAY.

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Mr. Balfour's Appointment.

The most important piece of news from London during the week is the appointment of Hon. Arthur James Balfour, the present Secretary for ireland, as government leader in the House of Commons. This post has been lately an object of intrigue, and it was understood at different times that Mr. Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had been chosen. The new appointee is the cousin of Lord Salisbury. He is, moreover, the only man who has succeeded in establishing a firm administration of Irish affairs. In Parliament this position has at all times been a specially trying one, but Mr. Balfour's course has been marked by the greatest fairness to the Irish members while at the same time properly conservative of the government's interest. As Secretary for Ireland, he has proved himself the strongest man who has ever held the position, which proved so disastrous to Forster, Cavendish and others. He is yet a comparatively young man. Whether his masterful character will make him as successful as a leader as he has been as a member of Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, remains to be seen.

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Chicago's Monument to General Grant.

The $65,000 monument erected in Chicago to the late General Grant, which was recently unveiled, is one of the grandest testimonials yet raised to the nation's hero. The unveiling was made the occasion of a great military display, which included a procession of 20,000 soldiers, ex-soldiers and militia, besides a number of patriotic orders and other organizations. Seen from the lake, the monument presents a most imposing appearance. Over two hundred vessels, headed by the U. S. S. *Michigan*, saluted as the statue was unveiled. Bishop Newman presided at the opening cermony and Miss Mary Strong, daughter of the late General W. E. Strong, pulled the cord and disclosed

THE GRANT MONUMENT, CHICAGO.

the beautiful equestrian figure on top of the monument. President Goudy of the Lincoln Park Commissioners accepted the statue in the name of the Park Commissioners and Mayor Washburn followed in behalf of the city. Mrs. Grant was present accompanied by a distinguished party. This is the second statue erected to Gen. Grant in Illinois, the first being at Galena which honored its old townsman some time ago.

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Mail Delivery for Farmers.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER is considering the advisability of introducing the private mail-box system. The idea is to reduce the force of mail-carriers by having every householder furnish his front door with a private mail box. An effort is being made to secure from Congress free mail delivery in country towns, and the Farmers' Alliance, Patrons of Husbandry and similar organizations are urging Congressmen to press the matter. It is claimed by farmers that a daily mail delivery at their doors will add to the value of their lands and help to make agricultural life less isolated and monotonous. Mr. Wanamaker, too, seems to look upon the proposition with some favor, and has stated lately that the experiment of free delivery, which his department made in a few districts, shows that the increased revenue from that source will more than pay the expense. He believes that universal free delivery would soon be self-sustaining.

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European War Rumors.

THE character of the rumors from Europe during the week has been somewhat ominous, as affecting the continued peace of that continent. Russia, with an eye to future possibilities, recently sent its ablest and most experienced diplomat, Mons. de Giers, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to King Humbert of Italy, with the view of negotiating an arrangement that would have the effect of neutralizing Italy's connection with the Triple Alliance. Under the present agreement of the Dreibund, Italy consents to come to the aid of Germany only if the latter power should be simultaneously attacked by France and Russia. An attack by either singly, or a movement by Russia from Constantinople, or an offensive demonstration by the Czar's armies affecting Austria's interests, would not be considered sufficient to warrant Italy in involving its tax-burdened people in an expensive war. Italy and England have a secret understanding whereby, in the event of Italy's coast being threatened, England will defend it with her navy, and in return Italy promises to sustain English interests in the Mediterranean and to co-operate in maintaining the neutrality of the Bosphorus. In other words, Italy and England together will keep Russia's fleet from passing the Dardanelles. King Humbert and Premier Rudini, while impressed by the mission of Mons. de Giers, are believed to have declined the implied offer of French naval protection along the Italian coast in place of English, involving as it would have done, the breaking of faith with England. The Triple Alliance thus stands intact and Russia must look elsewhere for support. Meanwhile the massing of Russia's troops along the Austrian frontier continues, and there are indications that the Czar is meditating an attack on Constantinople. Simultaneously Russia is menacing the Afghan frontier, and is apparently anxious to create a pretext for war with that country. The Ameer is friendly to England and will depend on English co-operation should war ensue.

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American Sailors Killed in Chili.

SOME excitement was caused in Washington last week by the news that several American sailors had been killed in the streets of Valparaiso, Chili, and a number wounded, by Chilian marines. Later information showed that the unfortunate affair sprang out of a brawl among the men themselves and had no international significance. It is, however, unquestioned that there is a very bitter feeling in Chili against Americans, and this has been more marked than ever since the triumph of the Junta. The blue-jackets belonged to the United States cruiser, *Baltimore*. A number of Chilians were badly wounded in the melee. It has been ascertained that the Chilians were the aggressors in the disturbance and were armed with knives, while the Americans had but few weapons. The better class of Chilians condemn the outrage and the Valparaiso authorities are making an investigation.

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Annexation Sentiment in Canada.

A GREAT revolution in sentiment concerning annexation is taking place in Canada. Premier Abbott is naturally anxious, more particularly in view of the fact that some of the most ardent supporters of the late Sir John Macdonald have gone over to the side of the annexationists. Some of the later accessions to the annexation ranks, in their new-found enthusiasm, go so far as to declare that political union alone can save Canada from bankruptcy and ruin. There are more than one hundred seats in Parliament protested, and from fifty to seventy-five elections will be held during the next six months, in all of which the question of political union with the United States will be made a prominent issue.

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A Distinguished Visitor.

ONE of the best-known men in the world of letters, a leading London editor, and a famous Sanskrit scholar, has arrived in this country, and Americans will have the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of Sir Edwin Arnold during the next few weeks. Sir Edwin is perhaps best known as the author of *The Light of Asia*, an exquisite poem giving the life and teachings of *Guatama*, the sacred apostle of the Buddhists. Sir Edwin was born in England, in 1832. Always a close student from boyhood, his first business in life was teaching school at Birmingham. Subsequently he was President of a Sanskrit College in India. From time to time he issued volumes of poems and prose, always of a philosophic character, and including translations from the Greek and Sanskrit. He has, besides, contributed a variety of articles to periodical literature and history. He was in this country as a correspondent during the war, and was a stanch Union man. Knighthood was conferred on the famous author in 1887. In addition to a multitude of other duties he finds time to write much for his paper, *The Telegraph*. Since the death of his wife, several years ago, the greater part of his summers have been spent in Japan. His house at Azabu, near Tokio, is a charming hermitage and there he has passed several seasons with his daughter, who inherits many of her father's literary gifts. A portrait of Sir Edwin is given above.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

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Russia's Starving Millions.

WHATEVER Russia's intentions may be as to disturbing the peace of Europe, it is certain that the Czar has at present a more urgent problem to deal with than that of conquest. How to succor the starving millions is the question of the moment. The government has taken a most active share in the work of relief, and the Czarina, it is said, has appropriated ten million dollars from the Privy purse, for that purpose while all the higher officials are contributing liberally. Officers, students, and wealthy citizens are renouncing fashionable luxuries for the sake of the poor peasants. The sufferers have appealed to the Emperor as their "Father," having been rendered desperate by the inattention of subordinate officials. What has been done thus far, however, amounts to little in comparison with the extent of the famine.

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Death of a Noted Diplomat.

FEW men representing foreign governments have been better known in Washington than Count Ludwig von Arco-Valley, the German Minister to this country, who died in Berlin last week. For several years his health has been failing, and he lately put himself under the care of the famous Professor Bergmann, of Berlin; his stomach having absolutely refused to receive food. Medical science was of no avail, however and death supervened. For three years, Count von Arco-Valley represented Germany at the National Capital where he was a great social favorite, and ranked high as a diplomat. Born in Bavaria, in 1845, he studied law, but abandoned it in 1867 for the diplomatic service. He was not only an able statesman but a brave soldier. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, he was captured by the French, and only saved from being shot as a spy by the intervention of President Thiers. He served his country successively as its representative at Madrid, Paris, London, and Rome before coming to the United States. A portrait of Count von Arco-Valley is given above.

COUNT ARCO-VALLEY.

NEWS NOTES.

The whole Russian loan has now been taken, France been the largest of the investors.

The Negus of Abyssinia has repudiated the Italian Protectorate. This is believe to be due to Russian interference.

Italy and Germany have both reconsidered their prohibition of American pork and France is about to take a similar step.

All the representatives of the Foreign powers except the United States have broken off diplomatic relations with China.

By the bursting of a fly-wheel in the Amoskeag Mills, at Manchester, N. H., an engineer and three operatives were killed and six others injured.

The Nationalist party at Hawaii are agitating for the establishment of a Republic, this being apparently the only means of escaping English domination.

The New York Board of Education's budget for the coming year asks $4,627,832.30 for the public schools. French and German are to be taught in the schools hereafter.

A train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad left the track at Hicksville, Ind., a few days ago, and two persons were killed and several injured, including Vice-president King among the latter.

Nearly fifty members of the W. C. T. U. Convention at Bradford, Pa., were suddenly taken sick, after eating a lunch which is supposed to have contained some poisonous ingredient. After considerable suffering, all recovered.

Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire philanthropist, will construct a tower higher than the Eiffel as an adjunct to the World's Fair. It will be 1,120 feet high and will accommodate 25,000 people at one time. It is to cost $1,500,000.

A Socialist Congress has being in session at Erfurt the past week. It was stated that durthe year, sentences of imprisonment aggregating seventy-seven years had been imposed upon Socialists in Germany.

A fast train on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad ran into a switch at Crete, Ill., a few days ago, wrecking the engine and killing the engineer and three newspaper men who were riding on the locomotive. The latter were there for the purpose of writing a descriptive illustrated story of the "Midnight Ride."

Among the noted persons who have passed away recently are Mrs. Allen G. Thurman (whose life was sketched in these columns lately) and James Parton, the author and biographer of Horace Greeley. Mr. Parton was a prolific writer and published many biographical works that are now regarded as standard.

ALMOST SAVED.

"Remember Lot's Wife." Luke 17: 32.

IT was the purpose of God always to maintain a testimony for truth and righteousness in the midst of this ungodly world. For this end of old he set apart for himself a chosen family with whom he had fellowship. Abraham was the man whom God chose, that in him and in his household the witness might be preserved. Abraham, being called, obeyed and went forth, not knowing whither he went. With him was his nephew Lot, who also left Haran at the divine call, and shared with the patriarch his wanderings in Canaan and in Egypt. He was not a man of so noble a soul, but was greatly influenced by the stronger mind of his uncle Abraham. He was sincere, no doubt, and is justly called righteous Lot, but he was fitter to be a follower than a leader. He also sojourned in tents, and led the separated life, until it became necessary for him to become an independent chieftain, because the flocks and herds of the two families had so greatly multiplied that they could not well be kept together. Then came out the weak side of Lot's character. He did not give Abraham the choice in selecting a sheep walk, but like all weak natures he selfishly

Consulted His Own Advantage,

and determined to go in the direction of the cities in the plain of Jordan, where well watered pastures abounded. This led to his dwelling near the cities of the plain, where crime had reached its utmost point of horrible degradation. We read that "he pitched his tent toward Sodom;" he found it convenient to be near a settled people, and to enter into friendly relations with them, though he must have known what the men of Sodom were, for the cry of them had gone forth far and wide.

Being still a man of God, he could not be allowed to die in such society: it was not to be endured that "just Lot" should lay his bones in the graveyard of filthy Sodom. If God would save a man he must fetch him out from the world. And so it came to pass that Lot was forced out; he was placed in such a strait that he must either run for his life or perish in the general burning.

But the text saith, "Remember Lot's wife," and therefore I must let the husband go, and call your attention to her who, in this case, is "his worse half." When the time for separation arrived Lot's wife could not tear herself away from the world. That is the subject of our discourse. The love of the world is death. Those who cling to sin must perish, be they who they may.

I. Our first call is—remember that

She Was Lot's Wife.

She was the wife of a man who, with all his faults, was a righteous man. She was united to him in the closest possible bonds, and yet she perished. She had dwelt in tents with holy Abraham, and seemed to be a sharer in all the privileges of the separated people, and yet she perished. She was dear to one who had been dear to the father of the faithful, and yet for all that she perished in her sin. This note of warning we would strike very loudly, for, commonplace as the truth is, it needs often to be repeated that ties of blood are no guarantees of grace. You may be the wife of the most saintly man of God and yet be a daughter of Belial; or you may be the husband of one of the King's daughters and yet be yourself a castaway. You may be the child of a prophet and yet the curse of the prophet's God may light upon you.

Being Lot's wife, remember that she had since her marriage

Shared With Lot

in his journeys and adventures and trials. We cannot tell exactly when she became Lot's wife, but we incline to the belief that it was after he had left Haran, for when Abraham left Haran we read that he took "Sarai, his wife, and Lot his brother's son," but we do not read of Lot's wife. The name of Abraham's wife is given, but of Lot's wife there is no mention whatever. Again, we read, "Abram went up out of Egypt, he, and his wife, and all that he had, and Lot with him, into the south." "And Lot also, which went with Abram, had flocks, and herds, and tents," but nothing is said about his having a wife. Probably, either in Canaan or in Egypt, Lot married a Canaanite or an Egyptian woman, a person utterly unworthy to be taken into the holy household, and therefore the marriage is not recorded. Whether it be so or no, it is certain that she had shared with Lot in the capture of the city of Sodom; she had seen the ruthless sword slay the inhabitants, and she herself with her husband had been among the captives, and she had been delivered by the good sword of Abraham. So that she had been a partaker of her husband's trials and deliverances and yet she was lost. It would be a sad, sad thing if there should come

An Eternal Severance

between those united by marriage bonds: that we should live together, and work together, and suffer together, and should be delivered by the providence of God many a time together, and should see our children grow up together, and yet should be torn asunder at the last never to meet again: this is a prospect which we dare not think upon. This makes the remembrance of Lot's wife a very solemn thing to those who are allied by ties of kindred to the people of God.

Lot's wife had also shared her husband's privileges. Her husband had not forgotten his association with Abraham, and he could not have failed to communicate his knowledge to her. Even in Sodom her husband kept up such separateness as he could in such an evil place, and she saw the goodness of the man with all his mistakes. When Sodom must be destroyed the angels came to their house, and she herself helped to entertain them. She received the merciful warning to escape as well as her husband, and she was urged as much as he to flee from the wrath so near at hand. Thus is it with many of you who are enjoying Christian privileges and are yet unsaved.

A Worldly Woman.

Lot's wife had shared in her husband's errors. It was a great mistake on his part to abandon the outwardly separated life, but she had kept to him in it, and perhaps was the cause of his so doing. He was a man of weak mind, and while his uncle had him under his wing he was right enough, except that even then he had what a writer calls "a lean-to religion"; he did not stand alone, but leaned upon Abraham. When he was married it is probable that his wife assumed the ruling place, and guided the way of his life. She began to think that it was a pity that the family should live in such separation, so unfashionable, so rigid, and peculiar, and all that. She tossed her head, and cried, "Really, people must mix with society, and not keep up old-fashioned, strait-laced ways. You might as well be dead as be shut out from life." When her husband had an opportunity of getting out of that rigid style by leaving his uncle she said she would like to go down Sodom way, because it would be nice for the girls, and give them a taste of something liberal and refined.

The Old Style

was all very suitable for such an antiquated couple as Abraham and Sarah, but Lot and herself belonged to a younger generation, and were bound to get into a little society, and find eligible matches for their young people. It would be well for them to dress better than they could learn to do if they always kept roaming about like gypsies. By some such talk Mistress Lot gained her husband over to her way of thinking.

They did not mean actually to go into the worst society of Sodom, but they intended to make a careful selection, and go only a little way. Surely they could be trusted to know where to stop. So they pitched the tent towards Sodom, where it was within an easy walk of the town, a little separated, but not far. Very sweet the city life became. The free and easy ways of Sodom came to be enjoyable. Not the gross part of Sodom life, that Lot could not bear, and it made Mistress Lot uncomfortable at times, but the liberal spirit, the fine free bearing of the people, their gaiety and artistic culture, were quite to her mind; and so she was right glad when her husband put away the old tent, had a sale of the sheep, and lived as a retired grazier in the west end of the city.

The City Home.

I think I am not mistaken in the conjecture that Mistress Lot's influence brought her husband there, and when there introduced him to the best families, and found suitors for the daughters, who had been fully imbued with the liberal ideas of the place. At any rate, whatever were his faults she was a partaker in them: she was with him in the choosing the plain of Jordan, with him in the pitching of the tent towards Sodom, with him in settling in Sodom, yet at last she was separated from him for ever. Oh, you that are Christian people because your friends are Christian people, you that associate with us because it happens to be the way in which you were brought up, the time will come when the secret attachment of your hearts towards a giddy world will show itself more clearly, and in a fatal moment you will give a love look towards sin which will prove you not to belong to the people of God. Then will it happen to you according to the word of the apostle, "It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them."

II. And now, secondly, "Remember Lot's wife," and recollect that

She Went Some Way

towards being saved. Mistress Lot so far believed the message that came to her about the destruction of the city that she was aroused. She rose early as her husband did, and she prepared to leave the house. There is one very solemn thought and that is, that the angels' hand had pressed her wrist. When they said, "Up, get you gone," and Lot lingered,—the men laid hold upon his hand, and the hand of his wife. So it is expressly said. An angel's hand had pressed her wrist to draw her forth in safety, and she had gone a little way under that sacred constraint; and yet she perished. Some of you may have had spiritual touches upon the conscience and heart, which you will never be able quite to forget, and the responsibility of this will cling to you, though you have drawn back from godliness and your heart crieth after vanity, and lusteth after its idols.

This woman was actually out of Sodom, and she was almost in Zoar, the refuge city, and yet she perished. How near she was to the little city of escape I cannot tell, but she was certainly almost there, and yet she perished. Almost saved, but not quite. Let me repeat those words, for they describe some of you who are present at this hour, and they may be your epitaph if you do not mind what you are about: "Almost saved, but not quite." Escaped from the vilest form of sin, but not truly in Christ; the mind not weaned from its idols, iniquity not given up in the soul, though perhaps given up in outward deed. O you who are almost saved, but not quite, "Remember Lot's wife."

III. This brings me to a third point of remembrance, which is this: remember that though she went some way toward escape

She Did Actually Perish

through sin. The first sin that she committed was that she lingered behind. Moses tells us "Lot's wife looked back from behind him." That is the good old man was making such haste as he could; but she, though she had run with him side by side, lingered in the rear. That is the first sin with most people who profess religion, but are not true to God: they begin to backslide by creeping along very slowly, they are not half so earnest as they used to be, they lag behind. One service a day is sufficient, a very little reading of the Bible contents them; they do not quite give up the appearance of prayer, but still there is very little of it; they do not see the good of being in such a fury over religion; they do not see why they should exercise any sacred violence to take the kingdom by force. They linger. It is because after all the world is master of their hearts; they would if they dare be as wordly and as ungodly as others, and they prove their true character by

Slackening Their Pace.

Having slackened her pace, the next thing she did was she disbelieved what had been told her. You must remember that their flight out of Sodom was to be an act of faith; for the angel said, "Look not behind thee." Lot's wife saw the sun rising, so we are told: "the sun had risen upon the earth when Lot entered into Zoar." She saw the bright dawning and everything lit up with it, and it came across her mind—"It cannot be true, the city is not being destroyed. What a lovely morning! Why are we thus running away from house, and goods, and friends, and everything else on such a bright, clear morning as this?" She did not truly believe, there was no real faith in her heart, and therefore she disobeyed the law of her safety and turned her face towards Sodom. What if some of you that have mingled with the godly, and have been numbered with them, and have participated in their worship, should, nevertheless, come short because of unbelief!

Having got so far as lingering and doubting, her next movement was a direct act of rebellion,—she turned her head: she was bidden not to look, but she dared to look. Rebellion is as much seen in the breach of what appears to be a little command as in the violation of a great precept. Take care of little things. There is life in a look, and here is a case in which there was

Death in a Look.

That glance betrayed which way her soul was going: a little thing in professors may show what they are, and we may readily betray the inward turning of the soul by an act as simple as that of turning the neck to look towards Sodom. This was her sin.

Now, dear friends, let us remember Lot's wife each one of us by learning a personal lesson. Here is a hard thing; we

must go without the camp, or utterly fail. Can you maintain the life of God and walk with Christ, and be

Separate From the World?

Many of you apparently cannot; you may pretend to do so, but you cannot, it is beyond you. I fear that the number of true Christians in the world is very much less than we suppose. We are encumbered with a host of people who call themselves Christians, but are as much of the world as other people, whose inheritance is in the world, whose pleasure is in the world, whose speech is worldly, and who are altogether of the world; and because they are of the world the world loves its own; and therefore there is little or no strife between them and the world. You will be judged according to the going of your heart. If your heart goes toward the mountain to escape, and if you hasten to be away with Christ to be his separated follower, you shall be saved: but it your heart still goes after evil and sin, his servants ye are whom ye obey, and from your evil master you shall get your black reward.

IV. Hence comes our remembrance of Lot's wife in the fourth and most solemn place, and that is—remember that

Her Doom was Terrible.

"Remember Lot's wife." Remember that she perished with the same doom as that which happened to the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, but that doom befell her at the gates of Zoar. Oh, if I must be damned, let it be with the mass of the ungodly, having always been one of them; but to get up to the very gates of heaven, and to perish there, will be a most awful thing! To have lived with God's people, to have been numbered with them, to have been joined to them by ties of blood, and then after all to perish, will be horrible indeed! To have heard the Gospel, to have felt the Gospel, too, in a measure, to have amended one's life because of it, to have escaped from the filthiest corruption of the world, and to have become moral, and amiable, and excellent, and yet still not to have been weaned from the world, not to have been clean divorced from sin, and so to perish, —the thought is intolerable.

The worst point, perhaps, about the perishing of Lot's wife lay in this, that she perished in the very act of sin, and had no space for repentance given her. In the instant she turned her head she was a pillar of salt. It is a dreadful thing to die

In the Very Act of Sin.

to be caught away by the justice of God while the sin is being perpetrated. Yet such a thing may happen, and let those who profess to be Christians and yet parley with sin "remember Lot's wife," and how swift God is to deal out his judgment against professors who betray his holy name and cause.

I cannot help going back to the text I started with, which was one of my own making, and that is, "Remember Lot." Though Lot himself was a righteous man and escaped from the doom of the wicked city, yet I cannot help tracing the death of Lot's wife in some degree to her husband. It was partly Lot's own doing that his wife became what she was. If Lot had never gone to Sodom his wife would not have perished near it. Look to yourselves lest ye lead others astray. Keep near to God and you will be blessed and become a blessing to others. Abraham did not have this trouble with Sarah, nor Isaac with Rebekah, for they walked with God, and their influence was felt in their tents. Live near to God, and let your own life be according to the command which God gave the patriarch—"Walk with me and be thou perfect," and you shall see that he will bless your household, and your children after you; but if you do not thus walk before the Lord you will have to "remember Lot's wife." May God add his blessing on these words, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

THE RIOTS IN CHINA.

Ichang the Scene of the Disturbance.—Missionaries at Wu-Chang and Chunking in Danger.

AS already stated in last week's issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the situation of the American and European Missionaries in China is extremely critical. The rioting at Ichang, which was referred to in these columns, seems to have been temporarily suspended; but there is little prospect of a lasting peace, as the Hunan soldiery—a lawless and undisciplined body—are not controlled by the government and are indeed encouraged by the mandarins in their excesses.

In this column we give an illustration showing the scene of the recent disturbance at Ichang. On the bank of the river are seen the Mission buildings that were attacked by the rioters, and several of which are now in ashes. From the elevation in front of the Franciscan Mission, seven of the Sisters belonging to the Mission were hurled into the river Yang-tze-Kiang, from which they were rescued with great difficulty by some friendly boatmen and conveyed on board the steamer *Paihou*. A short distance from the Mission buildings, on the same side of the river, is the British Consulate which was attacked and burned. The houses of Messrs Cain and Alldridge, connected with the American Mission, were also burned, while that of Mr. Cockburn, of the Scottish Mission, was looted by the fanatical mob. Several of the Franciscan Sisters and one of the priests were

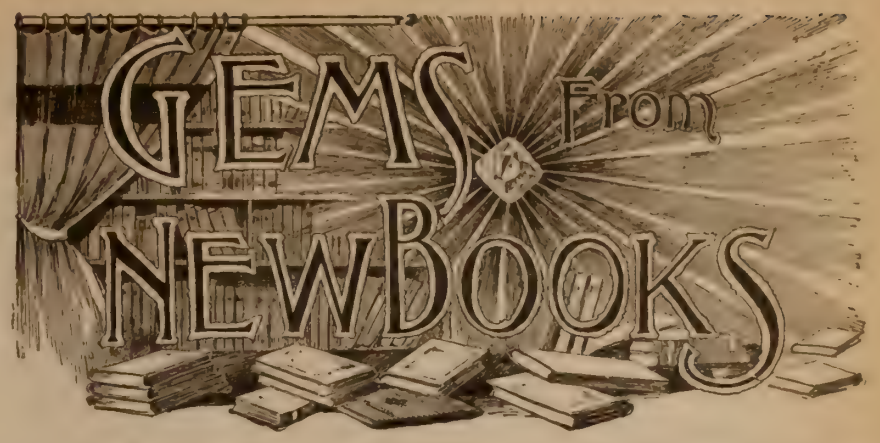
MISSION BUILDINGS AT ICHANG.

badly hurt while endeavoring to save some of their belongings in the Mission buildings from the plunderers. Investigation has shown that the rising in Ichang was planned at Kalashui, and executed by disguised Hunan soldiers, who acted under the orders of secret leaders.

The scenes of almost all of these riots have been upon the great Chinese water-way, the river Yang-tze-Kiang. On this river are the five cities known as "the Treaty Ports"—the only places in the interior of China where Europeans and Americans other than missionaries are permitted to live. In the treaty between China and the European powers, it was agreed that this river should be open to European vessels from Shanghai at the mouth, as far up as Ichang. There are in China numerous secret revolutionary societies that obstinately oppose foreigners at every point, and they specially object to religious proselytizing. Indeed, the pretext offered for the recent uprising at Ichang was the alleged stealing of a child by some of the Sisters at the convent there—a matter that has not been explained. The town is 200 miles above Hankow, and 800 from Shanghai, and the river at that point is only navigable by small vessels and river steamers.

There are signs of a revolt at Wu-Chang, the seat of the Viceroy, opposite Hankow, and also at Wuhu, still further down the river. There are several American Missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church located at Wu-Chang, one of them being Mr. S. C. Partridge. Letters received in this country from the American Missionaries at Wu-Chang indicate that they are preparing for an outbreak there. Mr. Partridge is in charge of a Mission school, with about 200 scholars, and in the event of trouble he believes they will prove loyal to the mission and side with its defenders.

All the foreign powers have brought pressure to bear upon China to repress further attempts at outrage by sending a strong force to the province of Hunan. Should China fail, there is little doubt that a formidable naval demonstration will take place, which must have the effect of bringing about the desired condition of peace and security for the foreigners. It is absolutely necessary that some decisive step should be taken, as there are twenty Missions at Chungking, several hundred miles above Ichang. These missionaries are making that place a centre for Gospel work in the great western province of Sze-chuen. Their peril is imminent, and should a rising take place at Chung king, it might be even a more serious matter than at Ichang.



PARIS IN 1789.*

WHAT a varied spectacle! What a tragic comedy! What diverse figures! What contradictory emotions! What an amalgam of ideas and passions, of vices and virtues! Here marquises and dukes; there people of the faubourgs and insurgents. Red heels here; red bonnets there. Here the language of the courts; there the jabber of the market-place. In the Tuileries, elegance still, and politeness and the chivalrous manners of the old regime; and a stone's throw distant, in the pestilent streets neighboring the Carrousel, the threats and hatred of a populace in rags; a little beyond, in the galleries of the Palais Royal, speech-making agitators and the abandoned women who played such a leading part in the October days; beside the garden of the Tulleries, the riding school wherein the National Assembly holds its noisy sessions, its bitter discussions, and the stormy eloquence of Mirabeau, the thunderer; on every street, in every square, colporteurs shouting forth their lies, newsmongers, Paul Prys, gossips who delight in calumny and the unhealthy emotions of sedition, who play at being soldiers in the National Guard, at Politics in the cafes, at demagogy in the clubs, mischief-makers who amuse themselves by rekindling everywhere badly extinguished firebrands; in the outskirts of Paris the principal soldiers of the insurrection, the future Septembrists, the future furies of the guillotine. What blows! What shocks! This old regime which is dead—this new regime which is still unborn. What a chaos!

The revolution is everywhere. Even in the salons of the Faubourg Saint Germain there is a left and a right who dispute as bitterly as they do in the National Assembly. What is most striking in the scene is its extreme variety. Count de Segur, coming back from his embassy at St. Petersburg, shows us the different aspects presented by the capital in a single day. In the morning he goes to see Baron de Besenval who is shut up in prison for having resisted the riot when commanding the troops of the Parisian garrison at the beginning of the revolution. Some madmen accusing the judges of delay, and the authorities of treason, are shouting loudly for the prisoner's head. . . . An hour later, M. de Segur is on the Place de Greve. There he sees many assemblages which the National Guard is painfully endeavoring to disperse. From there he goes to the Market, where he has before him a great public mart in full activity, as in the midst of the profoundest peace. Then he goes to the Palais Royal. He enters that famous garden, the centre of industry, the focus of corruption, an arena always open to the seditious, who make it the rendezvous of their machinations. A curious crowd is surrounding a man who, mounted on a table is declaiming vehemently against the perfidy of the court, the pride of the nobles, the cupidity of the rich, the inertia of the legislators, and who concludes, applauded by some and criticized by others, by proposing incendiary motions. Disgusted by this scene, Count de Segur goes away and enters the garden of the Tuileries. The weather is splendid. The terrace and the alleys are filled with peaceful promenaders. One would think it was a holiday. In the evening to banish the memories of the day M. de Segur goes to the opera. Here he is tempted to imagine that up to now he has been dreaming. Over the volcano, around the crater whence flames and lava are about to pour, there are still greensward, fields and flowers. . . . And yet, shaken as it is, royalty, with an abler monarch, would still have great resources. Betrayed by itself, rather than by the feebleness and incapacity of its defenders, it still sustains itself, and Louis XVI. needs three years more to consummate a downfall wrought chiefly by himself.

* From *Marie Antionette at the Tuileries*, 1789-1791. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. A vivid and picturesque history of the dark days preceding the final catastrophe of the unhappy Queen's life. Pp. 297; price $1.25. Published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

A TRANSPARENT WORLD.

THE clear vision of childhood becomes gradually dimmed by earthliness, but beauty and truth remain within all forms, and the poet sees them, "through a glass darkly," by signs and similitudes. St. Paul was giving utterance to the deepest poetic reality when he said that "the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." Nature is one vast metaphor, through which spiritual truth may be read. As our hearts harden with worldliness, we must be spoken to in parables. But to the children of the kingdom, the hidden mysteries around them are continually unveiled. In nature, as in all things and everywhere, the pure in heart see God.

And the pure in heart not only see God themselves, but they become a medium for transmitting his thoughts to others. It is at last as if God were thinking through every look and movement of the purified soul. And two souls, whose vision has grown clear with his purity, scarcely have need of speech when they meet. The crystal between them is without a film. They "know as they are known." All living things bear their messages from heart to heart, as from heaven to heaven."

The Three-fold Chord.

No two imperfect beings can form a perfect friendship. But let them be united in the love of another, a perfect Being—there is but one such—and their friendship is as firm as eternity. This is the three-fold chord which is not easily broken. Two lives which depend only upon each other, will alway be loosening their hold and slipping apart; they must feel themselves interwound with a stronger, invisible Life, before they can be really sure of each other, with an indestructible, uniting substance, which penetrates their mutual affection, and makes it enduring. That Substance, that Being, is God.

All love is of God. Every true friend is a glimpse of God. The affection that leaves him out, loses its divinest sweetness. No friend is truly known or loved, until known and loved i.. God.

Earth a School-room.

Earth is a school-room; and Heaven will be a school-room also for us who, through all eternity, must aspire to know more of God, and to penetrate truth which is forever deepening into the impenetrable. When we learn as they do in Heaven, we shall learn not merely "for knowing's sake," not from curiosity or pride of acquisition, but for love; for the sake of giving what we have received. We can never comprehend the Infinite Love except through loving infinitely. We are only then aware of our own greatness, when we feel the Divine Life flowing through ours. This, then, is the grandeur of living, the power of our immortality, "the power of an endless life," to receive and radiate the life of God. To know Christ, through sharing in the spirit of His sacrifice, is to have entered into eternal life. We count our lives no longer by minutes or seconds, by days and years and seasons, but by his infinite heart-throbs, pulsating through every fibre of our being, and so keeping the world warned for its desolate and wandering children, our Father's family, for whom he lived and died. The one true satisfaction of our souls, on earth or in Heaven, is the awaking ever more and more perfectly into His likeness.

*From *As It Is In Heaven*, by Lucy Larcom, Houghton and Mifflin, Boston and New York, Publishers.

THE TWO WITNESSES.

The Execution, Exposure, and Rapture of Those Who Protest Against Anti-Christ.

BY D. N. LORD.*

HOW gigantic will be the struggle of the Two Witnesses against the coming Anti-christ is distinctly foreshown in Revelation 11, and intimations are there given of the great question that is to be the subject of the conflict. It is to be—not whether the Scriptures are a Divine revelation: not whether men owe a homage to the Creator: not whether subjects are bound to render obedience to rulers in their proper sphere—but the far higher question, Who is God? Who is the rightful lawgiver and ruler of the Church? Jehovah? The Lord Jesus Christ who has all power in heaven and on earth? Or the imperial chief of the ten kingdoms, and the Roman Catholic pope and hierarchy?

For the arrogation of authority over God's worshippers, and over his laws, by the civil rulers and the hierarchy of Antichrist's spiritual ally the False Prophet, implies that their prerogatives in that sphere are higher than God's—that they have a right to dictate the faith and worship of those of his creatures who are their subjects; to set aside his appointments, and instituted a false method of redemption and a false worship in place of his; and to force those under their control to yield submission to their will; or else to punish their refusal by

Torture and Death.

This question will, therefore, become invested at that crisis with the highest significance; will fill the whole sphere of vision, and will be debated with the utmost fulness. It is to be for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus, like the prophet (Rev. 1:9), that they are to be arraigned: and it is to be for their inflexible adherence to that Word and testimony, and rejection of the impious claims of their persecutors, that they are to be condemned and put to death.

A total revolution is to be wrought in the views of God's own children, who have previously assented to the dictation of rulers and ecclesiastics of their faith, their rites, and their worship, to their subjects: that will require, with many

A Long and Fierce Struggle,

with prepossessions, party prejudices, cherished friends, and worldly interests, ere they reach the truth in its greatness and sacredness, and are prepared to give their adhesion to it at the price of their lives. Some will fall, some will falter; but the true people of God will at length see and embrace the teaching of His word with untrembling hearts, and will be ready for the consequences that may result from their fidelity.

The Witnesses who are to be put to death are to die in the full expectation of being, at the end of three years and a half from their martyrdom, raised from death to immortality and glory. That they and their associated believers are to cherish and avow that persuasion, and that it is to be fully understood by their persecutors, is clear from the care those who put them to death are to take, to conform all their measures to the prophecy of their death, their non-burial, their exposure to the gaze of spectators, and their resurrection at the end of three years and a half. At length

The Moment of Deliverance

comes. The Spirit of life from God enters into their dead bodies and they stand on their feet. A great fear falls upon those who see them; and they hear a great voice from heaven saying unto them, "Come up hither. And they ascend into the sky in a cloud, and their enemies behold them" (5: 11, 12.) Who can paint the impressions that amazing spectacle will make on those who witness it? What other deliverance of his children of which the world has ever been the scene, carried with it so resistless and sublime an expression of God's approval? What other seal set on the brows of those whom he redeems, ever indicated with such strength and resplendence that they are his? No bosom will be untouched: no spirit will remain unawed. No one will doubt the reality of the resurrection. No one will persuade himself that the revivification of the martyrs, and their assumption to heaven, are not the work of God. And none will fail to see how majestic a vindication it forms of the martyrs; and with what terrific emphasis it speaks the condemnation of their murderers.

The testimony, the death, and the resurrection of the Witnesses are thus to form an epoch in the annals of the earth. They are to have the greatest conspicuity. The knowledge of them is to be carried to every bosom in the civilised world, and to thousands and millions of the Pagan and Mohammedan races.

They are to work the most radical, the most comprehensive, and the most momentous revolution in the views of the true worshippers themselves, that ever took place in respect to the incommunicableness and sanctity of God's rights, and the guilt of the arrogation of his place and prerogatives by human rulers, and ecclesiastics: and are to give rise to a train of consequences of the greatest significance; prompting in a degree on the one side, the dragon, the wild beast, and the false prophet, to the measures they are to take to retrieve their cause from the shock it will have received; and exciting the multitude on the other, in defiance of their will, to make the war on Babylon the great in which she is to fall from nationalisation and perish.

*From his article in the *Prophetic News* for October which contains also other articles on unfulfilled prophecy. Price six cents; seventy cents a year. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

MR. MOODY'S APPEAL.

THE Christian public, to whom Mr. D. L. Moody appeals through the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, to-day, needs no words from us to commend the eminent Evangelist's statements to practical consideration. No people know better than the wide circle of our readers, living as they do, in all our States and Territories and in foreign lands, how urgent is the need which is pressing on Mr. Moody's heart for more laborers in the great harvest field.

Mr. Moody writes:

How shall the call be answered? How shall the increasing demand for laborers be met? The Lord has put his spirit upon many young men and women, some of them but recently converted, most of them without early advantages, a majority of them poor, but with valuable discipline and experience of hard labor, privation, and struggle; and these men and women are standing before the churches, as if in answer to the prayers for laborers, waiting for some Christian hand to help them into the field of service. They must have some preparation, some training, to do the work which the Lord has laid on their hearts. Where shall they get it?

For the training of just such persons provision has been made in the schools which have sprung up under the hand of the Lord at Chicago. The Chicago Bible Institute provides for thorough instruction in the Word of God, in music, and in methods of Christian work, training the students through actual experience of city mission work and use of the Bible for such service as they seek. The school thus serves also as a testing-place where all students can satisfy themselves and others, by actual experiment, as to whether they are fitted for the particular calling which they may have chosen. In this school there might and should be a thousand students in course of training. The rates for tuition and board have been put as low as possible, far below the real cost, or only $150 a year.

But what can be done for the young men and women, of the very class most desired and needed, who cannot enter the institute even at such a low rate, because they have no means? How can they enter? In this way: Christian people who realize that they are stewards of God can supply the means, thus enabling such persons to prepare for a life-work of Christian service in schools, mission fields, churches, homes, and places of business. Can money be put to better use than thus to transmute it into Christian character, life and service?

Many are doing this. Many more ought to do it. Many more will do it when they begin to realize the privilege and the joy of it. Here is an open door of great usefulness. Will you not come to the help of some young man or woman who longs for a chance to prepare for more efficient Christian work, but cannot provide the necessary means?

May I make this letter so personal as to ask if you could not undertake the support of a student for a single year?

The reports of that student's work during the year will, I believe, amply repay the investment. Only eternity can reveal the good that you may thus do by a little timely help, working on in other lives to the end of time. The work is great; the time is short; what we do we must do quickly. Let us do it: I shall be glad to hear from any friends who may be moved to help in this great work. Your fellow-servant in Christ, D. L. MOODY.

Northfield, Mass.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 8. Isa. 44: 3; John 14: 15, 16; Acts 5: 32.

SOCRATES is represented by Plato as having led his disciple to admit that happiness consists in virtue, and that vice is ignoble and slavish, and then asking him why, if he really did believe that fact, he was not always virtuous. The same problem confronts every man as to himself and others. Intellectual assent to a doctrine does not insure a life in accord with the doctrine. The hearer in the pew assents to all that the preacher advances, accepts his premises, finds no fault with his logic, and agrees in his conclusion; yet goes away and acts contrary to it. The trouble is that correct thinking is not followed by corresponding action. One of the greatest philosophers and logicians of the day has said that if the offer were made to him that he should be assured of always doing what he believed to be right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, he would accept the offer. Every man who has made a good resolution has had reason to lament that he has not kept it. When he broke it, he did not lose his intellecual faith in it. That remained, but the will and the power failed him. It is always as the Apostle said: "The good that I would I do not: the evil that I would not, that I do." What we need is some power that will affect the springs of action. This power is our "Topic."

THE PROPOSED Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO.

Led by the Spirit. That is the power of which we are in search. The child with his hand clasped in the hand of his father goes safely through the crowded thoroughfare, crosses the roadway among rapidly moving vehicles, escapes this peril and that one, avoids wrong turnings and arrives unharmed at his destination. Let him loose that guiding hand and he becomes bewildered and may fall into mischief, or may be hurt. The Spirit is the father's hand. He is called the finger of God. He leads to right acting as well as right thinking. He takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us. He enables us to see and love the ineffable beauty of righteousness. He raises our ideal and gives perception to the spiritual eye. He causes us to will and to do. He inspires to right action and sustains the flagging energies. He is the Comforter, cheering the way-worn traveller, encouraging him under scorn and contumely, inciting him to renewed effort, making duty easy and filling the heart with love and joy.

But leading implies willingness on the part of the led. There is no force used by this gentle, though mighty Power. The heart opened to him he enters, the will yielded up to him he moulds and directs, but when he is resisted and disobeyed he departs. It is a law of surrender, of utter self-annihilation. Where the Spirit is, all life is in him. Voluntary abdication of all rule is essential to full occupation and complete direction. The sovereignty handed to him, he subdues rebellious passions, eradicates sensual appetites, restrains erratic impulses; but he expects our constant allegiance. He will rule if we wish him to rule; but he will leave us to anarchy if we ally ourselves to the enemy within. If we desire to be led of the Spirit, he is ready to lead, and "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

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A NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

OUR friends of the Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco are to be congratulated on the commodious edifice now in course of erection for their use. As will be seen from the accompanying picture of it, the building is to be a substantial five story structure well adapted to Association work. Its site is on the corner of Ellis and Mason Streets and is eighty-seven feet front on the former, and one hundred and eighty-seven on the latter. The material is brick, stone, and terra-cotta, and the building exclusive of the site will cost $220,000. The ground floor will be rented out for stores, but the basement below will be used by the Association for the elevator machinery, a large swimming bath, shower baths and lavatories. The chief offices of the Association will be arranged on the second floor, the central room, as is proper, being a large reception-room. From this, access is gained to the other rooms on the same floor, among which will be the Library, Reading-room, Secretary's office and a hall with a seating capacity for two hundred and twenty persons. On this floor also, but two stories in height, will be the large hall, the floor and galleries of which will hold an audience of one thousand. On the third floor the German branch will be accommodated and five rooms are appropriated to its use. The fourth floor will be mainly devoted to educational class-rooms, one room to be given up to the Deaf-Mute branch, and a few rooms will be for rent as offices. On the fifth floor will be the dining-hall, kitchens, pantries etc., and a laundry and lavatory. It is gratifying to learn that seven-eighths of the entire cost of the building and land has already been secured.

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A USEFUL REMINDER.

SOME very good reasons for wearing the Christian Endeavor badge on week days as well as Sundays are given in a letter which Dr. F. E. Clark publishes in the *Golden Rule*. The writer says: "I've been stopped on the street and shaken by the hand by young men who wore the same badge. In fact, my experience has led me to examine all the vast array of badges, buttons, pins, etc., I meet on the street. What a multitude there are! G.A.R., Royal Arcanum, National Union, Y. M. C. A., and the beautiful and busy cross of the King's Daughters. The Christian Endeavor badge, ought not to be relegated to the "Sunday clothes" to do its duty. It should grace the every-day garments, even if it is necessary to have two pins. Mine is worn right under my eye on the lapel of my vest, and as I am of a somewhat fiery and sanguinary disposition it has occasionally saved me from an outburst of hasty words and angry looks, by the remembrance that a man who wears a Christian Endeavor badge should not give way thus. In other words, it acts as a silent peacemaker. I spoke to a young man in relation to wearing it, and he replied that he did not like the badge. Why not? We are soldiers of the King; why not wear his colors? Why not remind ourselves in every possible way of the pledge we have taken and are trying to keep? The badge does not keep us good, but I believe it is a quiet and ever present helper. I have found it so in my case."

EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumble, and our feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints. Oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
But evening brings us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken;
O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night, our tardy footsteps quicken,
As evening brings us home.

A PIOUS MOTHER'S WISH.

She Tells why She has Named Her Little Twin Sons after Two Famous Preachers.

NO one else exerts so great an influence as a mother in the formation of character. If is probably safe to assert that almost every man or woman who has achieved success in life, in the highest sense, owes it very largely to the maternal inspirations received in early childhood, when the mind was most impressionable and the impulses as yet undeveloped. The power of motherhood for good or evil (and, we thank God, almost invariably for good) is one that the whole world recognizes.

It has afforded THE CHRISTIAN HERALD much pleasure to receive the following interesting letter from a Michigan mother, quite lately, and we believe we violate no confidence in permitting our readers to share its perusal. It is a letter written right from the heart and one that every mother—and every father also, we think—will read with appreciation:

"BANCROFT, Mich., Oct. 5, 1891.

"DEAR EDITOR,—I am a reader of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, and we look for it every week. The children are disappointed if it is one day late for we all enjoy it very much.

"I know you are very fond of children and I take the liberty of sending you the photographs of my little twin boys. They are five years old the 7th of November. We have called one Harvey Talmage and the other Harry Spurgeon. They have often looked so much alike, we have frequently made mistakes, and at times, unless they were together, we could not tell one from the other. But they are now changing somewhat in their looks as they grow older.

"They are much like other boys, and they like fun. They learn their lessons very quickly, and always say they will be preachers. They like Bible stories, and go to Sunday school.

"I always tell my little lads that I want them to be good Christian boys and not disgrace the names of Talmage and Spurgeon, so when they act naughty we call them plain little Harvey and Harry.

"MRS. SUSIE HUNTER,
"Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., Mich."

The portrait accompanying this letter shows two manly little fellows, with frank, open faces. Sturdy lads they are and sunny-natured apparently, if one may judge from a picture. Very soon, in spite of the closest similarity of training, their tastes will diverge and each will reveal, even in his child-time thoughts and feelings, an individuality of character and an independent outlook. There are thousands of mothers all over the land who are just now watching with eager eyes and hearts the development of the men of the future in their own children. How much depends upon their vigilance, their judgment, their Christianity! The training of the younger generation in self-control, in kindness, in courtesy, in companionships, in temper, in faith, are all due to the mother.

"The grasp which the child has over the parent's heart," writes Dr. Talmage, "is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you, if they stand between you and your child's welfare. Their sorrow is your sorrow, their joy your joy, their advancement your victory. Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities; and whether that child shall come to its life, its heart attuned to eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness, shall go to a life of joy in heaven; or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrong-doing on earth, it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness, is being decided by nursery song, and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer, and walk, and ride, and look, and frown, and smile. God grant that all parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians."

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Home Life in Corea.

COREA, that strangest of countries, the latest to feel the influence of the Gospel, has many peculiarities in its domestic life. A traveler writes to the Nashville *Christian Advocate* some interesting facts concerning the Coreans. Among the better class, the wife lives in close seclusion. No man she ever sees except her nearest relatives. No visits she ever makes except to the most intimate friends of her own sex. Her authority over the servants is supreme. As the mother, she commands the implicit obedience of her children. On the other hand, her duties are numerous and important. Housekeeping, in all its details, is under her charge. She looks after the comforts not long of her husband, but also of her father-in-law and mother-in-law. These persons she must reverence, obey, and serve as if they were her own. Religion enjoins and custom requires this. In religion she believes Buddhism which recommends idol-worship.

The husband is the ruler of the house. He enforces domestic discipline; conducts ancestral worship and is, in his little sphere, a king, a lawgiver, and a priest. Over the children the authority of the parents is absolute. Obedience is the first principle of filial piety. Sewing, reading, and writing in the native alphabets make up a girl's education. Boys are sent to schools kept by private teachers. The well-to-do folks employ tutors for the education of their sons. The curriculum goes no higher than the study of Confucian classics, penmanship, history, composition, and simple arithmetic—all taught in Chinese characters, the Latin of the East. Here we have all the elements that go to make a home—wife and husband, parents and children. But the cheer and joyfulness that brighten a Christian home are painfully absent in a Corean family. But where authority alone reigns there may be weeping children, but no domestic happiness. There is, however, the hope that the children of Corea may soon come to know the Gospel, now that the country is open to the missionaries and that the fathers and mothers of the future may cast out their idols and austerities and train their little ones in the light of Jesus' example.

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Active Kansas Women.

PROBABLY the busiest women in any State of the Union to-day are those of Kansas. Hundreds of instances might be mentioned where Kansas ladies run stores, mills, bakeries, banks and even factories. Mr. Ewing Herbert, writing in the *Hiawatha World*, says: "There are a number of women ministers and physicians. In several towns and cities they have served as Mayors and members of Council, and one woman lawyer was the Assistant Attorney-General of the State. Several widows have taken up the business of the husband and carried it on with great success. One woman took a farm heavily mortgaged, paid all the debts, and raised a large family and greatly improved the farm and increased its value.

"The schools have about been given over to the women. They are county school superintendents, city school superintendents, principals, teachers, tutors. Teaching is woman's work. She is devoted to the scholars, and they mind her, too. Kansans want women to watch over their boys and girls and teach them love, purity, kindness, gentleness and knowledge.

But it must not be imagined, from this vivid picture that these Western women are oblivious of the duties of the home or the Church, because they are so energetically occupied in other fields. Indeed they are a most active and potent factor in the churches. Many are church office-holders, and a great majority are church workers. But they do not overlook the humbler home tasks, and their households are models of order, purity and attractiveness, their children illustrations of Christian training and their servants patterns of neatness and efficiency. Above all, they are households where the fear of the Lord and the hunger for his loving-service prevail. These brave Kansas women make the best of their lives.

HARVEY TALMAGE AND HARRY SPURGEON:
(*Twin Sons of Mrs. Susie Hunter, Bancroft, Mich.*)

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TABLE-TALK TRAINING.

ONE father has been accustomed to treasure up the best things of his experience or studies for each day, writes Mr. Trumbull, in *Hints on Child Training*, with a view to bringing them attractively to the attention of his children at the family table, the day's close, or at the next day's beginning. Another has had the habit of selecting a special topic for conversation at the dinner-table a day in advance, in order that the children may prepare themselves, by thinking or reading, for a share in the conversation. Thus an item in the morning paper may suggest an inquiry about Bismarck, or Gladstone, or Parnell, or Henry M. Stanley; and the father will say, "Now let us have that man before us for our talk to-morrow at dinner. Find out all you can about him, and we will help one another to a fuller knowledge of him." In this way the children are being trained to an ever-broadening interest in men and things in the world's affairs, and to methods of thought and study in their search for knowledge.

There is no end to the modes of conducting table-talk as a means of child-training; and there is no end to the influence of table-talk in this direction, however conducted. Indeed, it may be said with truth, that table-talk is quite as likely to be influential as a means of child-training when the parents have no thought of using it to this end, as when they seek to use it accordingly. At every family table there is sure to be talking; and the talk that is heard at the family table is sure to have its part in a child's training, whether the parents wish it to be so or not.

There are fathers whose table-talk is chiefly in complaint of the family cooking, or in criticism of the mother's method of managing the household. There are mothers who are more given to asking where on earth their children learned to talk and act as they do, than to inquiring in what part of the earth the most important archæological discoveries are just now in progress. And there are still more fathers and mothers whose table-talk is wholly between themselves, except as they turn aside, occasionally, to say sharply to their little ones, "Why don't you keep still, children, while your father and mother are talking?" All this table-talk has its influence upon the children. It leads them to have less respect for their parents, and less interest in the home table except as a place of satisfying their hunger.

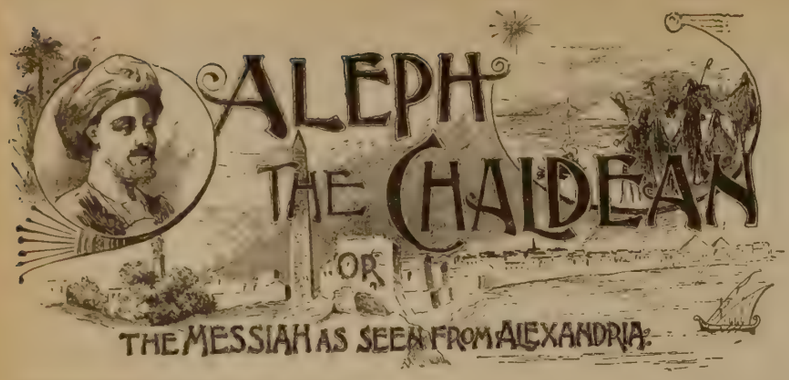
Table-talk ought to be such, in every family, as to make the hour of home meal-time one of the most attractive as well as one of the most beneficial hours of the day to all the children. But in order to make table-talk valuable, parents must have something to talk about at the table, must be willing to talk about it there, and must have the children lovingly in mind as they do their table-talking.

***

Be a Brother to a Brother.

THE way to do hard things easy is to do them for Christ. There was a little boy who never found the weather very cold when he was sawing wood for his poor mother, while she was watching him from the window. A smile from her always seemed to make the wind go down, and when the work was done and he got into the house with her and heard her say what a brave little man he had been, it made him wish that the day had been a little colder, and the sticks bigger and more knotty.

Many duties may appear hard, thankless, and of no very great importance now, but they will appear glorious when we come to hear the Master call attention to them from heaven. Nothing that is done for Christ is little, and everything done for him has much to do with making us like him. The one to whom we render the service may never thank us for it, but Jesus will. There may be many a Judas who will take what we will do as a matter of course, and care no more for our acts of love than the swine for pearls trampled under foot, but Jesus sees it all and has it written down in the Books of God as something that was done for him.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER II. *Continued.*

"THIS man speaks the truth," said a substantial-looking man hard by; "for, as I was passing here some time ago, I overheard this atheist sneering at all religion. Said I to myself, that man is a rogue. Is cheating too bad a thing for such a fellow to do? Hassan thinks not."

On this another cried out: "Some of us know Hassan. His word is good. I think as he does: that a man who has robbed himself of his conscience would not hesitate to rob a Phœnician of his goods."

"Exactly so," said another just behind, as he gave his neighbor a push toward the Cretan. "A man who does not believe in anything good believes in everything bad."

"Oh, the fellow is an imitation philosopher, is he? The genuine is bad enough, but an imitation is worse—mere husks. And husks are thrown away. Let's throw him away;" and the speaker drew his girdle a bit tighter.

"And I would not trust the rascal with a fig," cried another, as he shied a rather sorry specimen of the fruit at the Cretan.

"Hustle him out—hustle him out," cried several at once, throwing up their hands.

The crowd seemed on the point of doing it. The Cretan turned pale as he saw them moving upon him, and began to retreat toward the gate. Seeing this, some of the people ran and planted themselves in the way. Finding himself intercepted, the man jumped on a bench and cried in a frightened voice:

"Friends, do not harm me. I am only an agent in this matter. I do what I am bid. My principal is Malus."

Malus, Malus—the word passed from mouth to mouth in a low tone. It seemed magical. At once the outcry ceased. The billow of angry faces and hands that was rushing toward the Cretan suddenly stood still, and then slowly broke into many little whispering, murmuring whirlpools. The way to the gate was no longer barred, and the Cretan made his way to it precipitately, and disappeared. There was no danger of pursuit.

The Phœnician sat down again, and covered his face with his hands. Our two friends talked together for a few moments in a low tone. Then Aleph rose and went to the man; and, after exchanging a few words with him, conducted him to Cimon. A long conversation followed. At last Cimon came forward to the edge of the piazza, and beckoned for attention. He already had it—had indeed been having it for some time; but seeing the gesture, the people came nearer.

"I do not express any opinion," said the Greek, "as to the justice of this man's cause. We have not at present the means for judging that. But, unless all the usual marks fail, this is a case of genuine distress; and one that is not likely to be helped by a resort to the courts. The man confesses that he has been imprudent. Besides, the man is too poor to bear the expense of a suit. And if he could, a suit would probably be in vain. When the weak contend with the powerful, the weak must go to the wall. So, rightly or wrongly, the poor man will lose his debt; his family will suffer, and he will be in danger of losing all heart by losing in his old age the labor of years. I propose that we help him. The sum lost, though large to him, would not be large to us. A small contribution from each of us will set him on his feet again. Who of you will join me in making it, perhaps in righting a great wrong?"

And, stepping forward, he laid a piece of gold on the bench where the Phœnician had sat. Aleph rose and put another by the side of it. Hassan promptly came up and did the same. The example was followed by others, until at last Aleph, coming forward and examining the amount contributed, pronounced it quite sufficient to cover the loss. He handed the sum to the Phœnician.

The man seemed for a moment almost bewildered as he received it. He then fell on his knees and thank his gods in a few trembling words; then springing to his feet, he lifted up his voice and wept. At last he found words and composure enough to say to the people:

"My friends, you have saved me. I was ready to die; would gladly have died a few moments ago; but now I can live, because my family can. I bless you in the name of my little children. You may be sure that you have not helped a rogue; the facts are as I have given them. Before the gods I am an honest man, though I could not prove it before your judges. Again I thank you; and," turning to Cimon and Aleph, "especially these two friends, who, though strangers to me, have this day stood between me and ruin. If Sansciano ever forgets them, may . . ."

Here he fairly broke down, and suddenly turning to one of the pillars that supported the piazza, buried his face in his hands.

The sudden night of Egypt was now upon them, and the torches began to flame. After exchanging a few more words with the Phœnician, the two friends withdrew to their rooms; but not before they had caught a glimpse of a Roman uniform entering the little office near the gate of the court. Did it give them any uneasiness? I hope not. Borrowing trouble is poor business. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. And then, is there not a shield broad as the heavens above the good? Trust it, ye strangers, and go to sleep—if ye are indeed good.

Are they good men? For one, I am inclined to believe in them. Not so much because of their good looks, as because they look good. Not so much from what they have said and done during the few hours of our acquaintance with them, as from a certain—well, let the word be written, though deservedly somewhat unpopular of late—*intuition*. There is something wonderfully prepossessing in the look of both these strangers. It is hard to say what that something is that bespeaks confidence, but that it exists and speaks mightily there is no denying—at least by me. I seem to look right through those frank and fearless eyes into noble souls. It may be only a seeming. I shall not attempt to justify myself to the philosophers. If they choose to remind me that appearances are sometimes deceptive; that virtue is often very cleverly imitated; in short, that old proverbs declare that "All is not gold that glitters," and that "Fair outsides often have foul insides," I have nothing to say against it. I shall not argue the case with them. They would have the best of it from the arguing stand-point. Intuitions cannot be defended. So I will do nothing but express a modern opinion that such well-appearing people will turn out as good as they look. Even this, no doubt will look sufficiently foolish to some; and should they conclude to suspend judgment as to the character of Cimon and Aleph till they have seen more of the progress of the narrative, I shall not complain. They are acting sensibly—as the world goes. They certainly are on very safe ground. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a maxim whose authority cannot be controverted. And if, in the application of this maxim, they shall discover that the two strangers are no better than they should be, or as bad as the worst, I can only hang my head in confusion, and confess that experience is better than intuition.

CHAPTER III.

THE BANKER.

Whether Cimon and Aleph slept the sleep of the just we must leave to be settled in the progress of the narrative. I am, I again confess, prepossessed in their favor. At any rate, they slept so soundly that most of the guests of the khan had gone off on their various affairs before the two friends made their appearance.

Perhaps, too, they were delayed by a cause that did not delay many of their fellow-guests morning worship. It seems that they acknowledged Jehovah and a revelation from him; and it is to be presumed that such people began their day in the reasonable and old-fashioned way. When have devout believers not acted on the principle that prayer and provender hinder no man's journey. Besides, they breakfasted in heir own room; whereas most inmates of the kahn patronized the cook-shops that abounded in the neighborhood.

After the meal they went out and seated themselves on the bench they had occupied the evening before.

"The first thing to be done," said Cimon, "is to find a suitable banker and open an account with him for such Alexandrian funds as we may need. As one of our objects requires that we be unknown, and especially that our connection with your father should not reach the ears of Malus, we cannot use our draft on him except in case of absolute necessity. We must depend on the jewels. And they are far too valuable to be trusted to any but the best hands. If the Jewish family that had the alabarchate when I was here last is still in business, this would be the one to apply to. They were as noted for their integrity as for their immense wealth and influence at Rome. I will go and ask our deputy host whether they have now any representative in Alexandria."

After a short absence, the Greek returned with two canes in his hand, and with the information that the old banking house was flourishing more than ever in the person of Alexander, the son of the old Alabarch; that the son had succeeded to all his father's honors and more than his father's wealth; and that, as the imperial banker, his influence at Rome was supposed to be even greater than among his own people for whom he had lately enriched the nine gates of the temple at Jerusalem with gold plates of enormous value. It was generally understood in that city that he had lately prevented certain oppressive measures against the Jews of Antioch by threatening to withhold a loan. Some went so far as tell how many million sesterces(*a*) each minute brought him, and even supposed that he had discovered the art of turning base metals into gold.

"I am sorry that we did not ask Seti about the present Alabarch," said Cimon; "but I have no doubt from what I know of the family that he is the person to whom we should apply."

"I have also learned two other facts," he continued. "One is that the greatest galley in all the three harbors is Malus himself, and that the Cretan of last night is one of several small tenders that wait on the great ship and do its meaner work—which means that the oversight of the harbors and of the import trade has mainly fallen into the hands of Malus and his agents, and that the fear of him is on all small dealers, whom he could easily crush, especially as he is on the best of terms with the Roman authorities of the city. The other fact is that a Roman soldier was at the khan-office last night to inquire whether two men (describing us) were staying here. The deputy said that he managed not to enlighten the man much—as it was always safe to assume that what a Roman wanted to know ought not to be known."

"Would it not be well for us," said the young man, "to make some changes in our dress so as to embarrass such inquiries? . . . I am glad to see that you have brought in your hand something to help us discourage unpleasant recognitions," he added with a smile and a glance at the canes. "They have a tough and serviceable look."

"They certainly may be useful on occasion. But every gentleman in Alexandria is in the habit of carrying a cane; for us to do the same will help ward off notice as well as assault. Dogs and donkeys abound; and some of them walk on two legs. A stout stick, with your skill at fence and trust, will be almost as good as a sword. . . . As to making some changes in dress, I think your suggestion a good one. I also think that it would be well for you, at least, to dress somewhat more richly to-day, inasmuch as you must be the one to do our business with the banker. Till one is known appearance goes far. Meanwhile I will brush up my knowledge of the city and its people."

Cimon then produced his tablets and drew on them a rough plan of the city—one central street, two hundred feet broad, running between the lake and the sea from the gate of the Moon to the gate of the Sun, and called Emporium Street; this crossed in the middle at right angles by another street of similiar breadth, but of much less length, called the street of Canopus, ending on the west of the gate of Necropolis, and on the east gate of Canopus; these two main streets cut at right angles by all the rest; here, in the south-east, the Jews' quarter, occupying two of the five divisions of the city; there, north of this quarter and extending to the two harbors Eunostus and Kibutus, and including all the frontage on these harbors called Bruchium, the Greek and Roman quarters. These latter also include a narrow section of the city lying along the whole length of Emporium Street on the west. Just west of this section is Rachotis or the Egyptian quarter, in the southern part of which, on the highest ground in the city, stands the Serapeum, the famons temple of Jupiter Serapis.

"Entering at the gate of the Moon," continued Cimon, "you are to pass up Emporium Street till you come to the street of Canopus: here turn to your right, and after a short walk, you will find by inquiry the palace of the great banker."

Surely, the way was so plain that no guide would be needed. So, after making some changes in his dress, Aleph took his cane and set forth.

By this time the whole Alexandrian world, the most industrious and bustling world known in ancient times, was in full movement. Such tides of men surging from sea to lake and from lake to sea—such tides of donkeys and horses and camels going and coming—such a menagerie and roar of sounds from the tramp of thousands, the shrill call of traders hawking their wares, the cries of the animals and their drivers, the infinite clatter from the tools of artisans of every name pouring out from the open shops far and near! Slowly on went the young man, with eyes full of grave interest, along the splendid thoroughfare for two miles, till he came to the ornate square, half a league in circumference, from the centre of which one could, without changing his place, see the lake on the south and the harbors with their dividing mole (Heptastadium) and the Pharos on the north, as well as the sands of the desert at both ends of the street of Canopus. Turning down this street to the east under one of the magnificent colonnades that skirted it on either hand, he noticed as he advanced not only that the leading places of business were held by Jews (a fact that he had noticed on the other street), but that the farther he went the more people he saw with Jewish features.

Before he had gone very far, two young men with caps and black gowns, something like the present English university dress, hurried by him, one saying to the other as they passed:

"The earlier at the Alabarch's the better. First come, first served, you know."

Aleph quickened his pace so as to keep near them. They soon came to what seemed a fortress rather than a private dwelling or place of business—solid stone, no windows on the first story, length on the street several times that of an ordinary dwelling. Solidity and strength rather than show was the impression given—no elaborate carvings, no pillars of porphyry and cornelian, but plain, massive, mob-defying marble, in short an architectural *safe*. This structure was on a corner. Turning the corner, the young men came by a few steps to a small door. Aleph followed closely; and when the door opened to the others, he entered with them and was ushered into a reception-room close by, where many others were already waiting their turn to be called into the presence of the financial magnate.

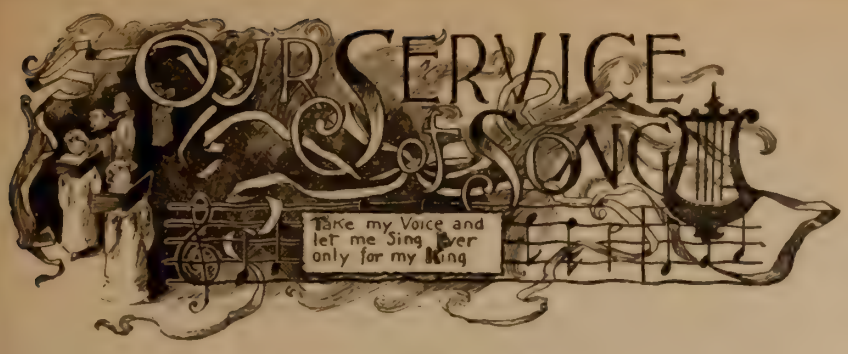
Soon a servant presented on a silver salver tablets to the new-comers, on which each should write his name. When the tablets came to Aleph he noticed that the names of the two young who had just written were *P. Cornelius, Serapeum*, and *Q. Metellus, Museum*. What did *he* write? After a moment's hesitation he wrote *Aleph, the Chaldean, khan near the gate of the Moon*.

There were several academic uniforms in the room (each with a conspicuous gold badge in front) that seemed well acquainted with one another, and not disposed to lose the time of waiting, possibly long, in silence. Some talked together with great enthusiasm of a boat-race that had come off the day before on the lake; others discussed the merits of various recent performances in the palæstra, especially those of a certain noted athlete and trainer who had just arrived from Rome. A knot of dudes were comparing breast-pins and finger-rings and experiences at the last fashionable party; or boasting of the successful tricks they had played on the lecturers at the Museum, and how they managed to evade many of the lectures and delude their parents with the idea that they were hard at work digging into all the sciences and philosophies and living like hermits on crusts and water. Some were ready to burst with merriment over some practical jokes they had played on some citizen or new-comer at the Museum.

(To be Continued.)

Sestertius—*a*. Roman (Augustinian) coin of small value.

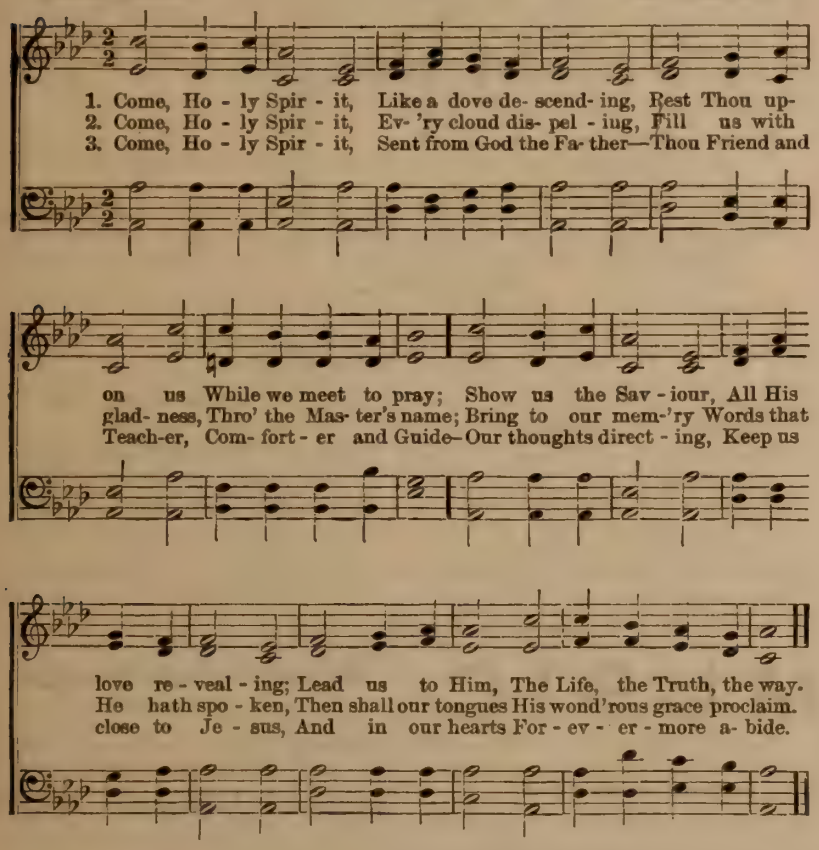
This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.



Come, Holy Spirit.

"I saw the Spirit descending from heaven like a dove."—JOHN 1: 32.

ROBERT BRUCE. IRA D. SANKEY.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S LIGHT.

(For The Christian Herald.)

THE day and night were meeting,
The shades were slowly deepening
And faintly, glimmering far, appeared the light:
Amid the daylight lingering,
Along the West still clinging,
It paled and scarcely reached the searching sight.

But as the shade grew denser,
The light became intenser,
And gleamed with fixed, unwavering brilliancy:
Though storm and gloom surrounding
The battered voyager bounding,
It shone and marked the way from danger free.

When many lights combining,
Around the Christian shining,
Pour forth a glorious flood of graceful light;
The cheerful, meek and ready,
With lamp all trimmed and steady,
Shines out his beams unnoticeably bright,

But when the life consistent,
From friends and home run distant,
And sin its shadows o'er the pathway throw;
Then, like the lighthouse gleaming,
The light of life is streaming,
And doth the narrow way the sinner show.

REV. H. S. BAKER.

Written off the Eddystone Light.

TAKE IT TO GOD.

HAST thou a care within so deep
It chases from thine eyelids sleep?
To thy Redeemer take thy care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

Hast thou a hope with which thy heart
Would almost feel it death to part?
Entreat thy God that hope to crown,
Or give thee strengh to lay it down.

Whate'er the care that breaks thy rest,
Whate'er the wish that swells thy breast,
Spread before God that wish, that care,
And change anxiety to prayer.

THE SOWER.

For the Sunday School Harvest-Home.

(Written for "The Christian Herald.")

LISTEN to the sweet old story
Told by Jesus long ago:—
How one day in early seed-time
Went a sower forth to sow.

As he sowed, some seed were scattered
By the wayside, hard and dry,
And on eager wing to snatch them
Came the birds from far and nigh.

Others fell on soil so stony,
That their sprouting, soon begun
In the scanty earth, soon ended,
Scorched and withered by the sun.

When the thorns were thickly rooted,
Others yet their places found,
And the thorns sprang up and choked them,
Shut them in and closed them round.

But on goodly ground and fertile,
Some fell also, we are told:
Rooting, growing, ripening, yielding
Thirty, sixty, hundredfold.

May our hearts, O Lord of harvest,
Soil of worth and fruitful be;
May Thy word take root within us,
Grow and bring forth fruit for Thee.

—REV. JOHN N. MCCORMICK.

Winchester, Can.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Once tried, used always."

WORKERS FOR CHRIST.

(Continued from first page.)

from all parts of the United States and Canada were present and gave their experience. One of the most useful features of this Convention was the Question Box, in which any worker could deposit his question and have it answered in the Convention.

At all these conventions perfect harmony prevailed and so valuable were the suggestions thrown out and so practically useful the lessons conveyed by the experienced workers whose methods were described by themselves and discussed by the Convention that we are justified in anticipating even better results this year.

On another page are portraits of four of the leaders in the Society of Christian Workers and a picture of the First Congregationalist Church, the commodious edifice in which the Convention will be held. The first portrait is that of Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago, the Chairman of the Committee. Mr. Torrey is well known as the Superintendent of Mr. Moody's Bible Institute in Chicago. The Hon. W. H. Howland, the Vice-Chairman, whose portrait we also publish, is a prominent business man of Toronto, and has been three times mayor of that city. He is a zealous Christian laborer, active in mission work and in philanthropic enterprises of various kinds. A third portrait is that of Rev. John C. Collins, the indefatigable Secretary of the Society whose work in organizing boys' clubs has been already mentioned. The fourth is that of Miss Bertha H. Wright, a member of the Committee and founder of the Young Women's Christian Institute of Ottawa, Canada, which grew out of an effort to improve the condition of young women in offices and stores, and has proved of inestimable value to that class. She is also at the head of other societies for the benefit of the friendless and fallen.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

cured me of the last one, when suffering intensely. I urge all who suffer similarly to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial." H. G. SAUNDERS.

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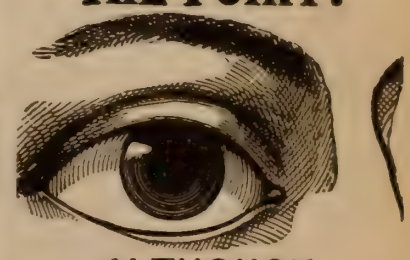

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Harry C. Webb, Rock Hall, Kent Co., Md. We have an Adventist in our village who says we are keeping the wrong Sunday? Is he right?

See answer to F. F. Milwaukee, in No. 28 of The Christian Herald.

J. E. Gregg, Chicago, Ill. Does the Bible say anywhere that the soul is immortal, or does it contain anything that leads to that belief?

See 1. Cor. 15: 52, 53, 54; 1. Timothy 6: 16; Romans 2: 7 and 2. Tim. 1: 10.

Teacher, Pittsburg, Pa. How long did Lazarus live after Christ raised him from the tomb?

According to Epiphanius he was 30 years old when restored to life and lived thirty years afterward.

Edith Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y. Is there any school where ladies can go who wish to study the Bible?

Yes; the Moody Institute at Northfield, Mass., is such a place. Write to the Manager for particulars.

A. J. Campbell, Reinbeck, Iowa. Where can I find a brief history of Missions in India?

The Encylopædia of Missions, by Rev. Edward Munsell Bliss, published by Funk & Wagnalls, N. Y., gives all the data on the subject.

G. Clarkson, Jacksonville, Fla., writes as follows:

In your paper of Sept. 16th, I notice a reply to Mrs. ——, Lisbon, Ga. If the lady wishes experience testimony of the most Biblical kind, she should procure Dr. Asa Mahan's "Out of Darkness into Light." It can be had of Garrigues Bros., Philadelphia.

Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. Why should there be a mobilized standing army in a civilized country like this? I believe that if we had none, other countries would be more afraid of us and of God.

A small standing army, such as we now have is a necessity for the protection of our borders. It is not kept for the purpose of inspiring awe in the breasts of European sovereigns.

H. Thompson, Lone Tree, Johnson Co., Iowa How many Popes have there been since A. D., 538, and up to 1798, and how many since 1800?

From Pope Vigilius (538) to Pope Pius VI. (1798), both inclusive, there were 197 Pontiffs. There have been six since 1800, including Pius VII., the successor of Pius VI., and the present Pontiff, Leo XIII.

A. C. Stephenson, Williamsville, Va. Why was Dan left out by the angel that was sent to seal the servants of God? (Rev. 7.)

It is surmised that the portion of the tribe which remained south was in time amalgamated with the tribe of Judah (as appears in the cities enumerated after the exile, Neh. 11: 35), while the northern section joined the Confederacy and shared in its dispersion.

R. Green, Kanakee, Ill. In II. Kings, 13, 21, it is stated that when burying a man, and as he was being let down into the sepulchre of Elisha, he touched the bones of the prophet and revived, and stood upon his feet. Does that justify Roman Catholics in trying to perform miracles with dead men's bones?

Certainly not. Scripture does not justify us in expecting any such result to follow.

C. B. E., Philadelphia. Was Simon the Leper the father of Lazarus? If not, is any mention made of his father? Is there any authority for saying that the young man who came to Jesus, to whom the Saviour said: "Go sell that thou hast and give it to the poor," was Lazarus?

There is no reliable authority for any of these assertions, although we know that some of them have been made.

A Subscriber, Freeman, Ont. Is it right for a Christian to sell tobacco?

This, like many other similar questions sent us by correspondents, must be wholly relegated to the individual conscience. Paul lays down a generous rule, when he says (Romans 14: 2, 3, 4), that the moderate likes and dislikes of our fellow-men must be borne with and not hastily condemned.

Ida E. McDonald, Morrisville, Md. Is it right to take a corpse in the church and hold the funeral services? Is it wrong to hold the funeral services in the church of one who was a member of a secret lodge?

As we have already explained in The Christian Herald, there is no special sanctity about the four walls of a church. It may be and frequently is put to a variety of social purposes. This being the case, we see no reasonable objection to holding funeral services in church, with the remains there. As to the propriety of holding the funeral services in church of one who has belonged to a secret lodge, it depends wholly on whether the deceased is entitled, by reason of his church membership and moral life, to this privilege. While we do not believe that Christianity is advanced by the influence of secret associations, which are too often simply a cloak for social excesses, still we should hesitate to declare any member of such an organization unworthy of being accorded the privileges of Christian funeral.

Mrs. B. D. McC., Norwich, Ct. How often did the Saviour appear after his resurrection?

Eleven times, according to the Scripture records, viz., to Mary Magdalene, to the women returning from the sepulchre, to Peter, to the two men going to Emmaus, to the apostles at Jerusalem, to Thomas and the others, to the the seven at the sea of Tiberias, to the eleven on a mountain in Galilee, to over fiver hunded brethren at once, to James, and, lastly, to the eleven at Mount Olivet.

Elizabeth H. Germond, Houston, Tex. Is it wrong for professing Christian women to wear birds on their hats and bonnets?

There has at different times been considerable agitation on this matter among the ladies. While it is cruel and un-Christian to slaughter birds for such a purpose, there are circumstances under which it would be no more wrong to wear the plumage of birds than the silk of the cocoon, or the fleece of the sheep. This, like many other matters, must be relegated to the individual conscience. If your conscience tells you it is wrong, then obey the inward monitor unhesitatingly.

S. S. Hauser, Winston, N. C. Do angels visit people and talk with them as they did in ancient times?

Not visibly or audibly. The reference to angels in Hebrews 1: 14, implies that God still employs them to minister to his children. Our not seeing them does not prove that they are not around us. Elisha's servant was at first unaware of their presence though the mountain was full of them (II. Kings 6: 17.) In the Christian dispensation, however, the Holy Spirit is the recognized channel of communication between God and man. Jesus said that he would be our guide into all truth (John 16: 13) and he is to abide with us forever. (John 14: 16.)

J. W. M., Kan. 1. Did Jacob really see God face to face when at the brook Jabbok? 2. Why were the Levites a special favorite of the Lord? 3. In what form was the serpent when he tempted Eve? 4. Why did not John write with "paper and ink" and what did he write with?

Jacob's mysterious wrestling has been a fruitful source of difficulty and misinterpretation. Jacob had left the land of Canaan, full of guilt and liable to wrath, and he was to enter it amid sharp contending, such as might lead to great searchings of heart, deep spiritual abasement and renunciation of all sinful and crooked devices. This was the conflict he had to undergo with "the angel of the Lord's presence." Jacob's inquiry for the name of his antagonist was unanswered. But he called the place *Peniel*, ("the Face of God,") in token of his nearness to Jehovah while the great struggle was going on. He had been overcome, yet, through the strength of his faith, he had prevailed and got the blessing. 2. Up to the time of the Exodus, the Levites had no special prominence over the other tribes. The work accomplished by Aaron and his greater brother, Moses, would naturally give much prominence to the family, however. Formerly, the system of priestly office had been for the eldest son of each family to be dedicated to the service of the Lord as a priest. The Levites were chosen by election to take the places of these elder sons in the priesthood. 3. Commentators conclude that it is reasonable to consider the story of the serpent as blending both the literal and symbolical. (Gen. 3: 4; 2. Cor. 11: 3; Rev. 12: 9; Rev. 20: 2; Gen. 3: 15; Col. 2: 15; Rom. 16: 20; 1. John 3: 8.) The most learned German interpreters take a similar view, Martensen and Lange both holding that the story is a historical fact, to be taken as a religious ideal or a symbolical form. Bishop Newton and others hold that the serpent represented the criminal principle which opposed itself to man in the temptation. 4. He meant that instead of writing a letter, he would come in person.

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JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo John,
When first I was your wife,
On every washing day, John,
I wearied of my life.
It made you cross to see, John,
Your shirts not white as snow,
I washed them with our home-made soap,
John Anderson, my jo.

Ah! many a quarrel then, John,
Had you and I thegither,
But now all that is changed, John,
We'll never have anither;
For washed with IVORY SOAP, John,
Your shirts ARE white as snow,
And now I smile on washing day,
John Anderson, my jo.

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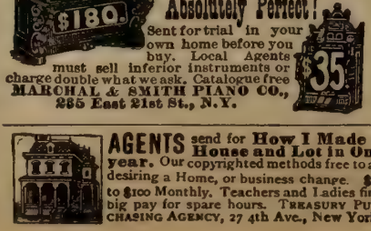

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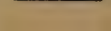

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He was overheard by his grandmother, a good old lady, of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached with difficulty her grandson. "John, John," said she, dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life, I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath day, and yet we have been always loaded with blessings; we have never wanted for anything. Granting that it might be done if there were a famine, John, or appearances of a long continuation of bad weather; but thus far, the year has been very dry, and if the grain get a little wet, there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides, God who gives the rain, gives the grain also, and we must take things as he sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech thee." At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the oldest understood the wisdom of her advice, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to one another, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, "everything must have a beginning, there is no evil in this, it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labor or in sleep, and he will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow." "John, John, within doors and out of doors, all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; but thou knowest that I am thy grandmother; I entreat thee, for the love of God, not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year." "Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances." "But, John," replied the good old lady, "God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have the grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy soul?" "Ah! don't be uneasy about that," exclaimed John, "and now, boys, let us go to work! time and weather wait for no man." "John, John," for the last time, cried the good old lady; but alas! it was in vain; and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves; it might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the despatch.

A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house, followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempest roar, let the elements rage, it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof." "Yes, John," said the grandmother solemnly, "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was thus speaking, the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was printed in every countenance.

A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations. "Oh!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the barn!" All hurried out of doors. The building was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning which had scarcely been well housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among all the men, who, but a moment before, were so well pleased. Every one was dejected and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind; she prayed, and incessantly repeated, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Oh Heavenly Father, let thy will, and not ours be done!"

The barn was entirely consumed, nothing was saved.

The farmer had said, "I have put up my harvest under my roof." "But above thy roof is the Lord's roof," had said his grandmother.

This teaches us the lesson, that all is in the hands of God, whether in the fields or in the barn; and what we endeavor to preserve from the rain can be reached in any place by him who commands both the rain and the thunder.

UNDER THE SHADOW.

UNDER the shadow of Thy wing
Thy sorrowing children hide,
Who, robbed of love's rare treasure here,
Alone—near Thee abide.

Lonely they are, yet friendless not;
For Thou their friend tho' seeming far,
To Thee they turn their yearning hearts—
In Thee they see their leading Star.

They never can such anguish know,
But Thou dost feel Thy children's pain;
For Thou hast felt the pangs of woe,
And know when love and faith were slain.

O hide them, Blessed Lord, we pray,
In holy place their spirits keep;
O may no sin tempt them to stray—
Thy trembling, weary, wand'ring sheep.

So may they lay the weary hand
As on the arm of loved one dear;
Too tired to think, too weak to pray—
They know and feel the Lord is near.

And so in shadow they do rest
Protected from the world's rude glare;
Securely on the Saviour's breast—
Encompassed by his angels fair.

And tho' the torrents rage and swell
And sorrow's bolt is falling near;
Yet sad, they answer, "He does well—
With love and trust we will not fear."

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THE HOMES OF EGYPT.

The Seclusion of Orientals Somewhat Relaxed—Mothers and Daughters—The Training of Children—Egyptian Music.

NO land in the world has exercised such a fascination for the inquiring mind as the home of mystery and magic, of arts and idols, of science and sorceries—the land of Egypt.

Throughout the Scriptures, the name of Egypt runs like a thread upon which much of the sacred narrative depends. Nor is modern history less indebted to Egypt than ancient, for the story of its greatness and its wonders is interwoven with the experiences of almost every nation under the sun.

It was a singular and fortunate coincidence that almost simultaneously with the publication of a new series of sermons by Dr. Talmage, the editor of this journal, dealing with Egypt and the recent discoveries there, regarded in the light of Bible revelation, there should also appear in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD the first chapters of the entrancing and beautiful story of "Aleph, the Chaldean," giving a vivid portraiture of Alexandrian society in the time of Christ. These are all the more timely and interesting in view of the great struggle that is now going on for the control of the land of the Pharaohs, which is apparently to pass out of the hand of its Moslem rulers who have held it for centuries.

Comparatively little is known of the domestic and social life of Egypt at the present day. Travelers, for the most part, have satisfied themselves with describing its ruined cities and temples, while explorers and archæologists have dug deep into its ancient soil to resurrect the antiquities that have illuminated its past. But the sons and daughters of the "Land of Misraim"—as it was known in Bible times—are passed over with so little notice that they are rarely considered. Yet they furnish a most interesting study in their present condition, as the descendants of what was once the most potential race on the globe. Probably no people in the world have retained so much of their ancient characteristics. In their indoor life and domestic arrangements, their clothing and adornments, their food, amusements and social relaxations, the Egyptians of to-day are almost the counterpart of their Coptic ancestors who lived and flourished a free and sovereign people thousands of years ago. In the cities of Cairo and Damietta, and even the much modernized Alexandria, we find, despite the large admixture of foreign population, those ancient traits still preserved in native households. Its rulers gone, its temples in ruins, the worship of its gods almost a memory, its people are yet as thoroughly "Children of the Nile" as in those days when Cleopatra sat enthroned in Alexandria, the last and worst of a wicked, royal line.

Egyptian women, except those of the very lowest class, dress in a highly picturesque fashion, the principal garment being a long, loose robe, reaching from the neck to the ankles and fastened at the throat with a silken cord or "draw-string." Wealthy ladies add to this a gown fastened at the waist by a bright-colored sash, made of ribbons. This gown is frequently of some richly-colored stuff. They are extremely fond of jewelry and display the inherited vanity of their ancestors, who were noted for their personal adornments and thus fell a prey to the spoilers. (Ex. 3:22.) Mummies are frequently found upon whose necks and wrists are beads, rings and armlets, the counterparts of those now worn in Egypt. In the portrait on this page—that of a typical "Daughter of the Nile," the prevailing style of garment for home-wear is shown. The figure is one that is familiar to most travelers who have been so fortunate as to be accorded the hospitality of an Egyptian home, where the daughter of the family, or it may be a favored slave, amuses the guest with her singing and playing. Besides the harp, the flute, the guitar, and a variety of stringed instruments that are believed to have originated in Egypt, there were also instruments of percussion like the drum, the cymbal, the timbrel, and the tambourine. The drum was confined almost exclusively to military uses; the maces—a pair of cylindrical instruments with handles—were employed only where a number of performers played together, and the timbrel and cymbals were used in chorus music. These latter instruments, which were sounded by the Israelites to celebrate their triumphant passage of the Red Sea and the submergence of Pharaoh's hosts, are among the Egyptian musical inventions that have come down through the generations. The tambourine is a favorite instrument on both festive and sacred occasions and is of three kinds, each rendering a different quality of sound. One is circular (as shown in our illustration) another square, and a third consists of two squares, separated by a bar. All are played by the hand and used as an accompaniment to the harp. From the Egyptian models have been derived the tambourines of Spain and Italy.

A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE.
(Reproduced from a Photograph brought from Egypt by Rev. Dr. Talmage.)

Brugsch, Prof. Piazzi Smith, the late Prof. Schliemann and other distinguished investigators, in the course of their excavations, have brought to light much of the marvelous history of ancient Egypt and many remarkable confirmations of the Bible. The faces on the sculptures and death-masks, and those upon the papyrus envelopes of the mummies, all bear the same racial characteristics that are found in the portrait. Such a face might have been seen in Memphis or Thebes in the days of the pyramid builders, or graven on the broken walls and shattered temples of Karnac and Luxor, identical in every feature and like no other face in the world. The Egyptians are not negroes but a branch of the great Caucasian family, slender in frame and of great strength. The women are well-formed and many are beautiful, with oval faces, small foreheads, almond-shaped eyes, long, crisp, black, wavy hair and warm, olive-tinted skin.

Socially, Egyptian women have suffered through Mohammedanism, which has robbed them of the the high respect they formerly enjoyed. They are now, like all women in Moslem countries, regarded as little better than slaves. This is one of the many evil results of the domestic system which the celebrated Turkish statesman, Fuad Pasha, so eloquently denounced as the principal barrier to the moral and intellectual elevation of Moslem women, and it also the chief obstacle to the progress of Christianity in the homes of Egypt. But all are not slaves of the harem system, although, unfortunately, all have been degraded by its effects on the nation. In the large cities, where the humbler classes form a majority of the population, there are many women who enjoy a good deal of freedom and among these much Christian progress has been made by earnest missionaries, who have established schools for the children. To those schools the mothers, too, frequently come, and there they drink in the first sweet draughts of that Gospel which declares the soul of woman—neglected by the Moslem faith—to be equally precious with that of man; and which would place her on a social equality with man and "let her own works praise her in the gates." (Prov. 31:31.)

Even the houses are unchanged. In the large cities and at the stopping-places along the Nile—whose sluggish yellow stream is now stirred by the modern steamboat—are seen low flat-roofed dwellings of every variety, shape and quality, ranging from the white villas and palaces of the rich, to the mud hovels of the poor. It is upon the housetops of the inferior dwellings that one sees most of native life from the outside. Built of mud bricks, they stand so low that even the goats find no difficulty in sauntering on the roofs, which are made receptacles for all sorts of odds and ends, palm branches, pitchers, and the like, from among which emerge numbers of pigeons or perhaps a flock of turkeys. These roofs are reached by a series of mud steps which serve to light and ventilate the apartments below. The streets, as a rule, are damp and unwholesome, the rooms musty and anything but fragrant and it is only on the housetops that fresh air can be obtained. In these old Coptic houses, it is not uncommon to find the wall unplastered, the windows mere apertures in the side of the building, guiltless of a glazier, and the doorways vacant. Still, bare as they are, they are *homes*, and careful Egyptian housewives can make them clean and inviting.

With few exceptions, the daughters of Coptic families grow up to young womanhood almost uneducated, their moral and intellectual natures undeveloped. They are mostly secluded and taught to sew, to sing, to play, and to perform the usual household tasks. Of the real purpose of life, the soul and the hereafter they are painfully ignorant. Their highest ambition is for a life of luxury, for skill in music, for personal decoration; the higher, nobler, sweeter traits of womanhood are neglected and stifled. Child at ten, woman at twelve, wife at fourteen, is the too familiar experience. When the light of the Gospel dispels the darkness of the ancient land, then the "Daughters of the Nile" will come to their true estate.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon, the Third of the Series on "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis." Text: "*The burden of Egypt.*" Isaiah 19 : 1.

WHAT is all this excitement about in the streets of Cairo, Egypt, this December morning in 1889? Stand back! We hear loud voices and see the crowds of people retreating to the sides of the street. The excitement of others becomes our own excitement. Footmen come in sight. They have a rod in the hand and tasseled cap on head, and their arms and feet are bare. Their garb is black to the waist, except as threaded with gold, and the rest is white. They are clearing the way for an official dignitary in a chariot or carriage. They are swift and sometimes run thirty or forty miles at a stretch in front of an equipage. Make way! They are the fleetest-footed men on earth, but soon die, for the human frame was not made for such endurance. I asked all around me who the man in the carriage was, but no one seemed to know. Yet as I fell back with the rest to the wall I said, This is the old custom found all up and down the Bible, footmen running before the rulers, demanding obeisance, as in Genesis before Joseph's chariot the people were commanded, "Bow the knee," and as I see the swift feet of the men followed by the swift feet of the horses, how those old words of Jeremiah rushed through my mind: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?"

Now, my hearers, in this course of sermons I am only serving you as footman, and clearing the way for your coming into the wonders of Egyptology, a subject that I would have you study far beyond anything that can be said in the brevity of pulpit utterance. Two hundred and eighty-nine times does the Bible refer to Egypt and the Egyptians. No wonder, for Egypt was the mother of nations. Egypt, the mother of Greece; Greece, the mother of Rome; Rome, the mother of England; England, the mother of our own land. According to that Egypt is our great-great grandmother. On other Sabbaths I left you studying what they must have been in their glory; the Hypostyle Hall of Karnac, the architectural miracles at Luxor, the Colonnade of Horemheb, the cemeteries of Memphis, the value of a kingdom in one monument, the Sphinx, which with lips of stone speaks loud enough to be heard across the centuries, Heliopolis and Zoan, the conundrum of archæologists. But all that extravagance of palace and temple and monument was the cause of an oppression high as heaven, and deep as hell. The weight of those blocks of stone heavier than any modern machinery could lift came down upon the Hebrew slaves, and their blood mixed the mortar for the trowels.

We saw again and again on and along the Nile a boss workman roughly smite a subordinate who did not please him. It is no rare occurrence to see long lines of men under heavy burdens passing by task-masters at short distances, lashing them as they go by into greater speed and then these workmen, exhausted with the blasting heats of the day, lying down upon the bare ground, suddenly chilled with the night air, crying out in prayer: "Ya! Allah!" "Ya! Allah!" which means Oh! God! Oh! God! But what must have been the olden times cruelty shown by the Egyptians towards their Israelitish slaves is indicated by a picture in the Beni-Hassan tombs, where a man is held down on his face by two men and another holds up the victim's feet while the officials beat the bare back of the victim, every stroke, I have no doubt, fetching the blood.

Now you see how the Pharaohs could afford to build such costly works. It cost them nothing for wages, nothing but the tears and blood of the toilers, and tears and blood are a cheap drink for devils. "Bricks without straw" may not suggest so much hardship until you know that the bricks were usually made with "crushed straw," straw crushed by the feet of the oxen in the threshing, and, this crushed straw denied to the workmen, they had to pick up here and there a piece of stubble or gather rushes from the waterside. This story of the Bible is confirmed by the fact that many of the brick walls of Egypt have on the lower layers brick made with straw, but the higher layers of brick made out of rough straw, or rushes from the river bank, the truth of the book of Exodus thus written in the brick walls discovered by the modern explorers.

That governmental outrage has always been a characteristic of Egyptian rulers. Taxation to the point of starvation was

CRUEL TASK-MASTERS.

the Egyptian rule in the Bible times as well as it is in our own time. A modern traveller gives the figures concerning the cultivation of seventeen acres, the value of the yield of the field stated in piastres:

Produce, - - - -	1802
Expenses, - - - -	993 1-2
Clear produce, - - -	808 1-2
Taxes, - - - -	493

Amount cleared by the farmer, 315 1-2

Or, as my authority declares, seventy per cent. of what the Egyptian farmer makes, is paid for taxes to the government. Now, that is not so much taxation as assassination. What think you of that? You who groan under heavy taxes in America? I have heard that in Egypt the working people have a song like this: "They starve us, they starve us, they beat us, they beat us, but there's some one above, there's some one above, who will punish them well, who will punish them well." But seventy per cent. of government tax in Egypt is a mercy as compared to what the Hebrew slaves suffered there in Bible times. They got nothing but food hardly fit for a dog, and their clothing was of one rag, and their roof a burning sky by day and the stars of heaven by night. You say, "Why did they stand it?" Because they had to stand it. You see along back in the world's twilight there was a famine in Canaan, and old Jacob and his sons came to Egypt for bread. The old man's boy Joseph, was Prime Minister, and Joseph—I suppose the father and the brothers called him Joe, for it does not make any difference how much a boy is advanced in worldly success, his father and brothers and sisters always call him by the same name that he was called by when two years old—Joseph, by Pharaoh's permission gave to his family, who had just arrived, the richest part of Egypt, the Westchester farms or the Lancaster farms of the ancients. Jacob's descendants rapidly multiplied. After awhile Egypt took a turn at famine, and those descendants of Jacob, the Israelites, came to a great store-house which Joseph had provided, and paid in money for corn. But after awhile the money gave out and then they paid in cattle. After awhile the cattle were all in possession of the government and then the Hebrews bought corn from the government by surrendering themselves as slaves.

Then began slavery in Egypt. The government owned all the Hebrews. And let modern lunatics, who in America propose handing over telegraph companies and railroads and other things to be run by government see the folly of letting government get its hand on everything. I would rather trust the people than any government the United States ever had or will have. Woe worth the day when legislators and Congresses and administrations get possession of anything more than it is necessary for them to have. That would be the revival in this land of that old Egyptian tyranny for which God has never had anything but red-hot thunderbolts. But through such unwise processes Israel was enslaved in Egypt, and the long line of agonies began all up and down the Nile. Heavier and sharper fell the lash, hungrier and ghastlier grew the workmen, louder and longer went up the prayer, until three millions of the enslaved were crying, "Ya! Allah! Ya! Allah!" Oh! God! Oh! God!

Where was help to come from? Not the throne, Pharaoh sat upon that. Not the army, Pharaoh's officers commanded that. Not surrounding nations, Pharaoh's threat made them all tremble. Not the gods Ammon and Osiris, or the goddess Isis, for Pharaoh built their temples out of the groans of this diabolical servitude. But one hot day the princess Thonoris, the daughter of Pharoah, while in her bathing-house on the banks of the Nile has word brought her that there is a baby afloat on the river in a cradle made out of big leaves. Of course there is excitement all up and down the banks, for an ordinary baby in an ordinary cradle attracts smiling attention, but an infant in a cradle of papyrus rocking on a river arouses not only admiration but curiosity. Who made that boat? Who made it water-tight with bitumen? Who launched it? Reckless of the crocodiles who lay basking themselves in the sun, the maidens wade in and snatch up the child, and first one carries him and then another carries him, and all the way up the bank he runs a gauntlet of caresses, till Thonoris rushes out of the bathing-house and says: "Beautiful foundling, I will adopt you as my own. You shall yet wear the Egyptian crown and sit on the Egyptian throne." No! No! No! He is to be the emancipator of the Hebrews. Tell it in all the brick-kilns. Tell it among all those who are writhing under the lash, tell it among all the castles of Memphis and Heliopolis and Zoan and Thebes. Before him a sea will part. On a mountain top, alone, this one will receive from the Almighty a law that is to be the foundation of all good law while the world lasts. When he is dead God will come down on Nebo and alone bury him, no man or woman or angel worthy to attend the obsequies. The child grows up and

MIRIAM'S SONG.

goes out and studies the horrors of Egyptian oppression and suppresses his indignation, for the right time has not come, although once for a minute he let fly and when he saw a task-master put the whip on the back of a workman who was doing his best and heard the poor fellow cry and saw the blood spurt, Moses doubled up his fist and struck him on the temple till the cruel villain rolled over in the sand exanimate and never swung the lash again. Served him right!

But, Moses, are you going to undertake the impossibilities? You feel that you are going to free the Hebrews from bondage: But where is your army? Where is your navy? Not a sword have you, not a spear, not a chariot, not a horse. Ah! God was on his side and he has an army of his own. The snow-storms are on God's side: witness the snow banks in which the French army of invasion were buried on their way back from Moscow. The rain is on his side: witness the 18th of June at Waterloo when the tempests so saturated the road that the attack could not be made on Wellington's forces until eleven o'clock and he was strong enough to hold out until reinforcements arrived. Had that battle been opened at five o'clock in the morning instead of at eleven the destiny of Europe would have been turned the wrong way. The heavy rain decided everything. So also are the winds and the waves on God's side: witness the Armada with one hundred and fifty ships and twenty-six hundred and fifty guns and eight thousand sailors and twenty thousand soldiers sent out by Philip II. of Spain to conquer England. What became of men and shipping? Ask the wind and the waves all along the English and Irish coasts. The men and the ships all wrecked or drowned or scattered. So I expect that Moses will be helped in rescuing the Israelites by a special weaponry.

To the Egyptians the Nile was a deity. Its waters were very delicious. It was the finest natural beverage of all the earth. We have no such love for the Hudson, and Germans have no such love for the Rhine, and Russians have no such love for the Volga, as the Egyptians have love for the Nile. But one day when Pharaoh comes down to this river, Mose

kes a stick and whips the waters and ey turn into the gore of a slaughter- ouse, and through the sluices and fish- onds the incarnadined liquid backs up to the land and the malodor whelms erything from mud hovel to throne- om. Then came the frogs with horri- e croak all over everything. Then this opie, cleanly almost to fastidiousness, ere infested with insects that belong to e filthy and unkempt, and the air buzz- and buzzed with flies, and then the stemper started cows to bellowing and rses to neighing, and camels to groan- g, as they rolled over and expired. And n boils, one of which will put a man wretchedness, came in clusters from top of the head to the sole of the t. And then the clouds dropped hail d lightning. And then locusts came swarms of them, worse than the grass- opers ever were in Kansas, and then kness dropped for three days so that people could not see their hand be- e their face, great surges of midnight ering them. And last of all, on the ht of the 18th of April, about eighteen ndred years before Christ, the Des- ying Angel sweeps past; and hear it night long, the flap! flap! flap! of his ul wings until Egypt rolled on, a at hearse, the eldest child dead in ry Egyptian home. The eldest son of raoh expired that night in the palace all along the streets of Memphis and iopolis and all up and down the Nile e was a funeral wail that would have the fold of the unnatural darkness if ad not been impenetrable.

he Israelitish homes, however, were ouched. But these homes were full of paration, for now is your chance, O vronged Hebrews! Snatch up what es of food you can and to the desert! imoons are better than the bondage have suffered. Its scorpions will not g so sharply as the wrongs that have g you all your lives. Away! The who was cradled in the basket of rus on the Nile will lead you. Up!

This is the night of your rescue. y gather together at a signal. Alex- er's armies and all the armies of old- time were led by torches on high s, great crests of fire; and the Lord ighty kindles a torch not held by hu- hands but by omnipotent hand. made out of straw or oil but kindled of the atmosphere, such a torch as world never saw before and never see again. It reached from the earth the heaven, a pillar of fire, that pil- ractically saying "This way! March way!" On that supernatural flam- more than a million refugees set eyes. Moses and Aaron lead on. n come the families of Israel. Then e the herds and flocks moving on ss the sands to what is the beach of rs now called Bahr-el-Kulzum but d in the Bible the Red Sea. And n I dipped my hands in its blue wa- the heroics of the Mosaic passage d over me.

ter three days' march the Israelitish ees encamped for the night on the of the Red Sea. As the shadows n to fall, in the distance is seen the of Pharaoh in pursuit. There were undred finest war chariots followed mmon chariots rolling at full speed. the rumbling of the wheels and the of infuriated Egyptians came down the darkness. But the Lord opened rystal gates of Bahr-el-Kulzum and nslaved Israelites passed into liberty hen the crystal gates of the sea roll- ut against the Egyptian pursuers. s about two o'clock in the morning the interlocked axle trees of the tian chariots could not move an either way. But the Red Sea un- ed the horses, and unhelmeted the ors, and left the proud host a wreck he Arabian sands. Then two ses arose, and Moses led the men one, and Miriam led the women in her, and the women beat time with their feet. The record says: "All the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." What a thrilling story of endurance and victory. The greatest triumph of Handel's genius was shown in his immortal dramatic oratorio, "Israel in Egypt." He had given to the world the oratorio of "Esther and Deborah," and "Athaliah," but reserved for his mightiest exertion at the full height of his powers the marshalling of all musical instruments to the description in harmony of the scenes on which we this morning dwell. He gave twenty-seven days to this production, with its twenty-eight choruses, enthralling his own time and all after-time with his "Israel in Egypt."

So the burden of oppression was lifted, but another burden of Egypt is made up of deserts. Indeed, Africa is a great continent for deserts, Libyan desert, Sahara desert, deserts here and there, and yonder, condemning vast regions of Africa to barrenness, one of the deserts three thousand miles long, and a thousand miles wide. But all those deserts will yet be flooded, and so made fertile. De Lesseps says it can be done, and he who planned the Suez Canal which marries the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean knows what he is talking about. The human race is so multiplied that it must have more cultivated land, and the world must abolish its deserts. 800 million of the human race are now living on lands not blest with rains, but dependent on irrigation, and we want by irrigation to make room for 800 million more. By irrigation the prophecy will be fulfilled, and "the desert will blossom as the rose." So from Egypt the burden of sand will be lifted.

Another burden of Egypt to be lifted is the burden of Mohammedanism, although there are some good things about that religion. Its disciples must always wash before they pray, and that is five times a day. A commendable grace is cleanliness. Strong drink is positively forbidden by Mohammedanism, and though some may have seen a drunken Mohammedan, I never saw one. It is a religion of sobriety. Then they are not ashamed of their devotions. When the call for prayers is sounded from the minarets the

THE MUMMIED PHARAOH.

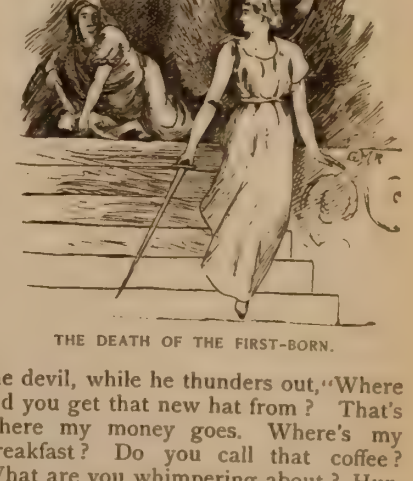
Mohammedan immediately unrolls the rug on the ground and falls on his knees, and crowds of spectators are to him no embarassment: reproof to many a Christians who omits his prayers if people are looking. But Mohammedanism, with its polygamy, blights everything it touches, Mohammed, its founder, had four wives, and his followers are the enemies of good womanhood. Mohammedanism puts its curse on all Egypt, and by setting up a sinful Arab higher than the immaculate Christ, is an overwhelming blasphemy. May God help the brave and consecrated missionaries who are spending their lives in combatting it.

But before I forget it I must put more emphasis upon the fact that the last outrage that resulted in the liberation of the Hebrews was their being compelled to make bricks without straw. That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. God would allow the despotism against his people to go no further. Making bricks without straw!

That oppression still goes on. Demand of your wife appropriate wardrobe and bountiful table without providing the means necessary: Bricks without straw. Cities demanding in the public school faithful and successful instruction without giving the teachers competent livelihood: Bricks without straw. United States Government demanding of senators and congressmen at Washington full attendance to the interests of the people, but on compensation which may have done well enough when twenty-five cents went as far as a dollar now, but in these times not sufficient to preserve their influence and respectability: Bricks without straw. In many parts of the land churches demanding of pastors vigorous sermons and sympathetic service on starvation salary, sanctified Ciceros on four hundred dollars a year: Bricks without straw. That is one reason why there are so many poor bricks. In all departments, bricks not even, or bricks that crumble, or bricks that are not bricks at all. Work adequately paid for is worth more than work not paid for. More straw and then better bricks.

But in all departments there are Pharaohs: Sometimes Capital a Pharaoh, and sometimes Labor a Pharaoh. When Capital prospers, and makes large percentage on its investment, and declines to consider the needs of the operatives, and treats them as so many human machines, their nerves no more than the bands on the factory wheel—then Capital is a Pharaoh. On the other hand, when workmen, not regarding the anxieties and business struggles of the firm employing them, and at a time when the firm are doing their best to meet an important contract and need all hands busy to accomplish it, at such a time to have his employees make a strike and put their employers into extreme perplexity and severe loss—then Labor becomes a Pharaoh of the worst oppression, and must look out for the judgments of God.

When in December of 1889, at the Museum at Boulac, Egypt, I looked at the mummies of the old Pharaohs, the very miscreants who diabolized centuries, and I saw their teeth and hair and finger nails and the flesh drawn tight over their cheek bones, the sarcophagi of these dead monarchs side by side, and I was so fascinated I could only with difficulty get away from the spot, I was not looking upon the last of the Pharaohs. Pharaoh thought he did a fine thing, a cunning thing, a decisive thing when for the complete extinction of the Hebrews in Egypt he ordered all the Hebrew boys massacred, but he did not find it so fine a thing when his own first-born that night of the destroying angel dropped dead on the mosaic floor at the foot of the porphyry pillar of the palace. Let all the Pharaohs take warning. Some of the worst of them are on a small scale in households as when a man, because his arm is strong and his voice loud, dominates his poor wife into a domestic slavery. There are thousands of such cases where the wife is a life-time serf, her opinion disregarded, her tastes insulted, and her existence a wretchedness though the world may not know it. It is a Pharaoh that sits at the head of that table, and a Pharaoh that tyrannizes that home. There is no more abhorrent Pharaoh than a domestic Pharaoh. There are thousands of women to whom death is passage from Egypt to Canaan, because they get rid of a cruel task-master. What an accursed monster is that man who keeps his wife in dread about family expenses, and must be cautious how she introduces an article of millinery, or womanly wardrobe without humiliating consultation and apology. Who is that man acting so? For six months—in order to win that woman's heart, he sent her every few days a bouquet wound with white ribbon, and an endearing couplet, and took her to concerts and theatres, and helped her into carriages as though she were a princess, and ran across the room to pick up her pocket-handkerchief with the speed of an antelope, and on the marriage-day promised all that the liturgy required, saying, "*I will!*" with an emphasis that excited the admiration of all spectators. But now he begrudges her two cents for a postage stamp, and wonders why she rides across Brooklyn Bridge when the foot-passage costs nothing. He thinks now she is awful plain, and he acts like



THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

the devil, while he thunders out, "Where did you get that new hat from? That's where my money goes. Where's my breakfast? Do you call that coffee? What are you whimpering about? Hurry up now and get my slippers! Where's the newspaper?" The tone, the look, the impatience—the cruelty of a Pharaoh. That is what gives so many women a cowed-down look. Pharaoh! you had better take your iron heel off that woman's neck, or God will help you remove your heel. She says nothing. For the sake of avoiding a scandal she keeps silent; but her tears and wrongs have gone into a record that you will have to meet as certainly as Pharaoh had to meet hail, and lightning, and darkness, and the death angel. God never yet gave to any man the right to tyrannize a woman, and what a sneak you are to take advantage of the marriage-vow, and because she cannot help herself, and under the shelter of your own home out-Pharaoh the Egyptian oppressor. There is something awfully wrong in a household where the woman is not considered of as much importance as the man. No room in this world for any more Pharaohs!

But it rolls over on me with great power the thought that we have all been slaves down in Egypt, and sin has been our taskmaster, and again and again we have felt its lash. But Christ has been our Moses to lead us out of bondage, and we are forever free. The Red Sea of a Saviour's sacrifice rolls deep and wide between us and our aforetime bondage. and though there may be deserts yet for us to cross we are on the way to the Promised Land. Thanks be unto God for this emancipating Gospel! Come up out of Egypt all ye who are yet enslaved. What Christ did for us he will do for you. "Exodus!" is the word. Exodus! Instead of the brick-kilns of Egypt come into the empurpled vineyards of God where one cluster of grapes is bigger than the one that the spies brought to the Israelites by the brook Eshcol, though that cluster was so large that it was born "between two upon a staff."

Welcome all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

CHRIST'S PRAYER.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 15. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 17 : 1-19. Golden Text, Heb. 7: 25.

OUR beloved Lord, after his last most precious teaching of his disciples before he suffered, let out his heart for them in prayer. Just this once, the true Holy of Holies, the inner sanctuary of the heart of the God-man, is laid before us. God give us hearts disciplined by the Holy Ghost, thoughts and wills bowed in holy adoration as we draw nigh to listen!

"Father, the Hour is Come."

Heaven, earth, hell; eternal life and eternal death, God's triumph, Satan's defeat, the glory of God and the salvation of man, all hung on that hour! "For the joy that was set before him," the redemption of his Church, his Bride, our beloved Lord, saw beyond death right into glory, beyond the redemption price to what it purchased! It was the hour on which the destiny of every immortal soul should hang. "Glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee; as thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he may give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." We can never know "the power of an endless life" but as we live it. The powers of the age to come, the light of eternity guages the reality, and the value or worthlessness of things temporal. The atmosphere of eternity becomes our natal air, the only air we can breathe, as we learn really to know him. Oh, how often have we sought to exercise power over the flesh! Oh how often have we attempted to conquer that which yields to no other sway but that of Jesus! He alone has "power over all flesh," the flesh in the demon-possessed Mary Magdalene as much as the flesh in the law-abiding Saul of Tarsus, or the guileless, but still unsaved, Nathaniel. "All power is given unto me both in heaven and in earth." He expects no other to exercise his power, but every disciple to believe in it and count upon it until they can say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Nothing but eternal life, Christ in us, can subdue the flesh.

"I have glorified thee on earth, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Nothing was left to be accomplished but Gethsemane and the Cross. A human life, in which self and sin had no part, had been lived on the earth; God had been manifest in the flesh, the fall of man had been tunnelled in the life of Jesus, and the way through the fall to the glory had been discovered in the holy life and the sacrificial death of Jesus. "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "And now, O Father, glorify thou me,"—me the Man—"with thine own self, with the glory which I had with thee"—as God—"before the world was." It was a prayer for the union of God and man, but it must come through death, and Jesus saw beyond death.

"I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world." The Word, the expression, the express image of the Father, had made man understand that Father's heart of love and his intense holiness, and the disciples began to understand that Jesus the Son was indeed the way to the Father. They could know the name or character of God as no Old Testament saint could, for they had seen "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." But who are these men given to the Son to whom the Lord Jesus has manifested his Father's name? They were given to him "out of the world." They had made their choice for Jesus, and given themselves. Their aim was to know God's will and do it. The Comforter, the Spirit of truth, abides forever with those who keep God's commandments; Jesus manifests himself unto those who keep his commandments, and he and his Father make their abode with those who keep his sayings and his words.

Am I one whom the Father has given to Jesus? is a natural question. Here is his description of these given ones. "They have kept my Word," "the words which thou gavest me . . . They received and know of a truth that I came forth from thee, and they believed that thou didst send me." "They are thine." "I am glorified in them." "The world has hated them because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." Such are the distinguishing marks of these given ones. Forgiveness of sins and the new birth are presupposed; these are the elite of the church of God who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." (Rev. 14: 5.) This means an entire, uncompromising separation in spirit unto God, a distinct, deliberate choosing of God before self, and before the world, day by day and on all occasions; it means a life habitually yielded, a will always laid down, a life led always in the presence of God.

Of these beloved ones, the Master says: "I pray for them." Nothing draws us so near to other souls as to pray for them, and to be prayed for by them. There is a oneness in the presence of God which ignores distance, position, education, and all that separates. The one Spirit, the one life, circulates in the members of the Body with intense reality. How wondrous that our great Intercessor entered into this oneness with those whom the Father had given him! His first prayer is, "Holy Father, keep them. I am no more in the world;

Holy Father, Keep

through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are." The greatest of all dangers comes from the spirit of self which divides the members one from another. It takes Divine power to maintain the unity of the members of Christ. Outward conformity will not do it, only God dwelling in us recognizes God dwelling in our fellow-members and greatness of the eternal unity in one life overpowers the temporary things which divide. God the Father is in charge to keep his children one. But there is a responsibility on our part, too. We must also "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith (we) are called in all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." (Eph. 4: 1-3). "And now, I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee." The Comforter is not come, what is to become of the helpless ones?

"While I was with them in the world I kept them in thy name . . . but now?" Oh the tender love which, at such an hour, just before Gethsemane and the Cross, could set aside his own burden to plead thus tenderly for them! And was he heard? Yes, while they forsook him and fled, while Peter denied him, the eye of that faithful Father saw them still, and it was still true, "All his saints are in thy hand," (Deut. 33: 3); not one was lost but the son of perdition. Is he our keeper still? And while we really trust and yield to him, shall we not be kept whatever the temptations, whatever the suffering, through which he leads us? Surely, yes, our God is engaged on our behalf, our God is in trust for us.

"I have given them thy word, and the world hath hated them, because they are

Not of the World,

even as I am not of the world." Jesus Christ's estimate of his people is that they are heavenly, not earthly, that they are "not of the world," even as he. There is nothing for a Christian to be ashamed of if he is snubbed by people of the world. The tests by which the world tries a man are his appearance, his wealth, his position, his property, his reputation; but the true disciple parts with all these, he sells all that he has, or signs it over to the Lord to dispose of, so that he possesses nothing whatever for which the world can value him; the world's treasures are *his* ashes, *his* treasures are imperceptible to the world. The world has no eye for his beauty, and they cannot admire it in his disciples. The followers of Jesus are intruders and strangers among the worldlings, and the more they become like Jesus, the more do they become misunderstood and hated. The world will not have Christ; "Away with him, away with him;" is their cry, and just as far as they see Christ in us, they will hunt us down to the very death. And yet it is in the midst of a world which hates and misunderstands us that we are called to live and witness! "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil," Just there, in the most impossible of surroundings, let them shine, light in the midst of darkness, lambs in the midst of wolves! "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." God teach us this great lesson, "For this cause came I unto this hour." I am commissioned, under orders, in trust with this hour, and all that comes out of it, for my Master! What a dignity this puts upon the simplest service.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for

Them also which Shall Believe

on me through their word; that they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." These words are like a Will and Testament which bequeaths to every "given" one the whole of this wondrous prayer of Jesus. But still the burden is principally on the one thought, *unity*. "That they all may be one," a unity as true, as eternal, as indissoluble as that which binds the Holy Trinity as One. And how? "I in them." Self is a divisive principle, it seeks its own. Christ, who is purely and utterly unselfish, unites. Christ in us lifts us above the narrowness of our own self-life, and binds us together, because the same life which is in one is in the others also.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THESE words spake Jesus and lifted up his eyes to heaven. A praying Saviour, blessed example! Oh! that all his followers knew the power of earnest prayer. Prayer is the key of heaven and faith the hand that turns it. Martin Luther knew its value when he said to a friend: "I have so much business to do to-day that I shall not be able to get through with less than three hours' prayer." How many of us would say, "I have so much business on hand that I cannot afford to spend more than three minutes in prayer!" May the Holy Ghost breathe upon us the spirit of true, earnest, heartfelt prayer, so shall obstacles be removed, rough places be made smooth, crooked things be straightened, and blessed peace follow the destructive storm.

> Oh what peace we often forfeit,
> Oh what needless pain we bear;
> All because we do not carry
> Everything to God in prayer.

Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me that they may be one as we are. In a sermon which a noted man of God once preached, this anecdote occurred, referring to his favorite topic of the union of all Christians: "I recollect," he said, "on one occasion conversing with a British sailor who gave me a good deal of his history. He told me that the most terrible engagement he had ever been in, was one between the ship to which he belonged and another English vessel, when, on meeting in the night they mistook each other for enemies. Several persons were wounded, and both vessels were much damaged by firing. When the day broke, great and painful was the surprise to find the English flag hoisted from both ships. They saluted each other, and grieved sorely over their mistake. Christians, sometimes, commit the same error. One denomination mistakes another for an enemy; it is night, and they do not recognize one another. What will be their surprise when they see each other in heaven's light! How will they salute each other when they understand and know each other better.

Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth. Perhaps few things tend more powerfully to impress the mind with the evidence attending true Christianity, than the fact, that many who have sat down to read the Bible to oppose it, have been compelled by the force of conviction to cordially embrace its truths.

Gilbert West and his friend, Lord Lyttleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. Fully persuaded that the Bible was an imposture, they determined to expose the fraud. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Lyttleton the conversion of St. Paul, for the subject hostile criticism. Both sat down to their spective tasks, full of prejudice and a conten for Christianity. But the result was extraord ary. They were both soundly converted. Th expected to meet and exult over an imposs exposed to ridicule, but they came together lament over their past folly, and congratul each other on their joint conviction that Bible was the Word of God. Their able inq ries have furnished two most valuable book favor of the Bible, one, entitled: *Lyttlet Observations on the Conversion of St. Pa* the other, *West's Evidences of the Resurr tion of Christ.*

He ever liveth to make intercession for Æschylus, one of the most celebrated poet Greece, had repeatedly and greatly distingu ed himself in several famous battles. But countrymen forgot their obligations, both his valor and his genius, and in compli with the voice of public clamor, he was justly sentenced to death, and would h been immediately executed had not his br er Aminius, who had lost a hand in the ser of his country, promptly throwing off cloak, presented the maimed arm to the v of his brother's judges. The appeal, tho silent, prevailed and Æschylus was pardo

And so if we look into Rev. 5 : 6, we s see Christ represented visionally there as sta ing between God and us, bearing in his g fied body the marks of death and sacrific moving and prevailing argument with the ther to give us the mercies he pleads for.

A SISTER'S EFFORT.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Nov "He ever liveth to make intercession them." Heb. 7:25.

DARKNESS was closing in one vember evening when Louise M ton opened the gate of the gro around Moreton Manor and hu along the path, thickly shaded overhanging trees, which led t old house half a mile off. She had gone a few steps when a ragged boy stepped o the shadow of the trees and spoke to her.

"Miss Moreton, aint it?"

"Yes, I am Miss Moreton; what do you with me?" Louise seldom spoke so abru but the boy startled her, coming out of darkness like a robber.

"Here's a letter for you. The gent was to give it to you unbeknownst; so I ed here instead of going to the house."

Louise's first impulse was to refuse to the letter. But she took it and hurried on was anxious that her father should not be waiting for his evening meal, which she l he would not touch till she was in her a tomed place at the table. That was the once occupied by her dear, dead mo Many other of that mother's places i household, far more difficult to fill than one at the table, Louise had tried to fill she had done so with more success than have been expected of one so young.

"Where is Louise?" Judge Moreton was ing fretfully at this moment and he sent of his sons to look for her. She now cam the room with her brother and the f gathered around the table. The judge d look at her, or he would have seen th face was very pale and that traces of tears on her cheeks.

Louise excused herself as soon as she do so after the meal was over, but, late night, when she knew that her father be sitting alone in his library immersed i law papers she went there to him. The looked up in surprise as she entered noticed the pallor of her face.

"My child you are ill," he said, "W the matter? You have been working too We must take better care of you. We c afford to have you sick."

"No, papa I am not sick. I have from Edward to-day. O Papa! do forgiv and have him back again. Don't fro the judge's face had clouded when she tioned the name—"he is my brother an own son. I cannot be happy while h want. It seems dreadful."

"My dear, it is his own fault. He br his punishment on himself. It is less t deserves. If he had had justice he wo in the Penitentiary."

"But, Papa, he has sincerely repented sure he is very sorry. Read his letter. H given up all his old ways and he says h the courses that led to his ruin."

"I am glad of that for his sake, but I it. People are apt to make good resol when they are suffering from the conseq of their sin and as apt to forget them they are restored. No I cannot forgiv and even if I could he could not come

s & Wright would have him arrested at . Do you know that his defalcation was nore than two thousand dollars?"
Yes, I know, but that is all paid. You me I could do whatever I liked with that thousand dollars that Uncle Thomas left and there was nothing I wanted so much o put Edward right, so I paid them his and they promised not to hurt him. O , do have him back *for my sake!*"
My child, you amaze me. It was sheer to spend your money so. Besides, that not put Edward right. He broke the law he can never get right until he has borne punishment prescribed for his crime."
But you don't wish him sent to prison, ı? It would do no one any good and it ld break his heart. He is quite changed. sure he would behave. I would promise, u would forgive him and have him back, ep him straight."
That is more than *I* could ever do. You t know what you promise Louise."
Oh! I am sure I could. He thinks so much y paying his debt, and he loves me dearly sure he would not grieve me. And I love so much. I am always thinking of him. orgive him *for my sake!*"
My child you have been so good and duti- did not think there was anything I could e you, but I do not think this is right. ever, I will think it over again and tell to-morrow."
ouise left him and went to her own room prayed that God would soften the father's t toward the repentant sinner. She was without hope but it was not time to re- . The next day her father told her sadly, firmly, that he could not grant her request. wept bitterly and wrote to her brother t her father had said.
ouise felt the disappointment more than or her father knew. The elasticity went of her step, she grew listless and weak, all her old time cheerfulness deserted her. ast, she became really ill and the family ician was called in. He treated her case ly at first; said her system lacked tone, he would soon set her right. But after a he began to look serious and even anx-
One day, after Louise had been under are for about a month he sought an in- ew with the judge. "I am afraid she will the doctor said plainly. "Sometimes delicate constitutions fail from some e we cannot reach. I thought it my duty epare you."
ıe judge went to his daughter's room. ooked very beautiful as she lay there and yes were full of pity for him.
'apa, I am going to leave you," she said, ave feared so for some days, and this ing I saw it in the doctor's face. I am he thinks so, too."
ly child, it will kill me to lose you."
'oor Papa, I know you will suffer. I wish ld stay with you. But now you will do thing in memory of me, will you not? k I should not mind dying if you would ise to have Edward back when I am
It would comfort you to be doing some- that I wanted so much. It will be my quest and dying people are always in- d, are they not?" she asked 'with the of her old sweet smile.
was not in the judge's heart to refuse. ssed her, and promised.
hank you, dear Papa, she said. "You ry good. You will find Edward's address desk. Take it with you now."
er in the day the judge told his daughter e had written to his son and told him to at once, so that she might see him be- ıe died. He did not tell her all he wrote. owe this," were his concluding words, our sister Louise. She sacrificed her for you and I believe her life is being love of you. You will be an ingrate if you prove false to her faith in you."
ise brightened in expectation of her r's coming. He was far off in a West- ıte and it would take him several days el home. But they had no fear that she die before he arrived. From the time ard that he was to come she revived. octor had no tonic at his command that have been so effective. "There is a for the better," he said. "If it can be ined, she may have a chance yet." All ouise hoped for was that she might live ıd a few days with her brother after he nd see him and his father fully recon- Then she could die in peace. But Ed- arrival gave a still further impetus to her y. It was long before the judge had any nce in the permanency of his son's refor- , but he was convinced at last and rejoic- he had yielded to the intercession of his er who loved the prodigal so much that s near dying on his account.

THE CLOSING PERIOD.

Prof. J. B. Dimbleby, Chronologist to the British Chronological and Astronomical Association, on Daniel's Great Prophecy.

RESPECTING the Second Advent, some remark that the Lord said, "Of that day and hour knoweth no man." The Greek does not really say this. The words are "Concerning that day and hour," which may refer more to the incidents connected with the Lord's coming than the time. But even if we do not know the day or the hour, we well understand the period. There is a statement made in Daniel 12: 10, respecting our knowledge of the great prophecies at the time of the end, and we must not overlook it. We are told that "the wise shall understand." This is written to encourage our study and to impress our minds with the fact that prophecies are written to convince us that the Scriptures are inspired. The "seven times" of the Gentile period thrice mentioned in Daniel 4: 23, 25, and 32; also by our Lord in Luke 21: 24, and St. Paul in Romans 11: 25, are 2,520 years. In connection with its first 1,260 years, let me point out what must be regarded as

A Remarkable Prophecy

in the book of Daniel. It is that the fourth beast, pagan Rome, had to begin to dominate over the saints in the year (*Anno Mundi*), 3970 1-2, and cease in 4636 1-2. Now what are the facts of history? Jerusalem became tributary to Rome in 3970 1-2, and in 4636 1-2 (638 A.D.,) the Saracens, who were Mohammedans, took possession of Jerusalem.

The Roman supremacy was therefore 666 years, as prophesied in Rev. 13: 18, and ended about 286 years after the copy of the Scriptures in the Museum was written! The following is another point of importance. In Rev. 13, the Mohammedan power is called a beast and ranks with pagan Rome. One beast continues 42 months, which are 1260 day-years, and the other 666 years. The two together make 1926, which added to the fore-mentioned 3970 1-2, the beginning of the universal empire of Rome, we again have 5896 1-2 (our 1898 1-2) as the fulfilment of the prophecy!

Here is a most important point for our consideration. Although the little horn, or Mohammedan power is to prevail for 1260 years, which end at 1898 1-4 A.D., yet there is no clear evidence that the Ancient of Days does not come to the mid-heavens some time previous to this date, and consequently the first resurrection—that of the holy dead—take place, and together with all living saints, who are then quickened, ascend to mid-heavens where the grand levee and assize occurs.

This Great Assize precedes the full and complete Restoration of the Jews, and the Millennium, or may be regarded as the beginning of both of them. It is denominated "that day" in Scripture, particularly by Isaiah, and to it the Apostle St. Paul alludes when speaking of the crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge would give him in that day. The glory of this day was revealed by the transfiguration on the mount. Thousands of Christians in England, America, and elsewhere, are expecting to see it, but great as is the interest on earth in the near revealing of the great salvation, the hosts of heaven are doubtless waiting with joy the hour when the "set time" arrives.

It is interesting to notice that our Lord said: "Jerusalem shall be trodden down by the Gentiles till the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled," and in Rev. 11: 2, we are told how long this treading down shall last, viz., 42 months, which are 1,260 days at thirty days per month—the days, as in other parts of Scripture, representing years. It is plain that Jerusalem is now being trodden down by the Mohammedans, and has been since the year A.M. 4636 1-2 (738 A.D.) so that the period of their domination must expire in 5898 1-2 (1898 1-4 A.D.) Therefore the Times of the Gentiles will end in 1898. Now as the oppression of the Jews ceases in this 1898 1-4, we must expect their restoration will then begin, because St. Paul says, "Blindness is happened to Israel till the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled (Romans 12: 25).

There are three living writers on the approximating fulfilment of prophecy, who are known as having given more investigation to this subject than any other men. I respectfully allude to the Rev. Grattan Guinness, Rev. M. Baxter, end Mr. John Steed, who compute the end of the 2520 years to be near 1898, where I place it. Perhaps one hundred writers could be mentioned, some of them men of eminence, who concur approximately in reckoning this date to be somewhere near the end of this century.

A WELL REMEMBERED SHIP.

RECENT outrages on American sailors in Chili recall the story of an aged citizen of New London, Conn., who was entertained recently at a banquet on board the U. S. frigate *Constellation*. He was the captain of a whaler until old age compelled him to retire several years ago. He is now in his ninety-fourth year. During a voyage he took in 1821, he went ashore at a Chilian port where he was arrested and charged with an offence of which he was innocent. He was taken into the interior and set to work in the mines. Being half starved and cruelly treated he grew desperate, and at last, at imminent risk of his life, made his escape. He found his way to the coast, and seizing an open boat, rowed out to sea. After drifting for several days and being several times almost drowned, he saw to his intense joy a vessel carrying the Stars and Stripes. It was the *Constellation*. He was taken on board, had the first good meal he had eaten in several months and was brought home. Recently, when the *Constellation* was off New London, the old man went on board and told his story. The officers gave him a warm welcome and held a banquet in his honor. He had not seen the old ship before, since it rescued him seventy years ago. There was no ingratitude in this for the old man was deeply thankful, but he had never had the opportunity of visiting the ship. The same plea, however, cannot be made for that numerous class of people who owe their rescue from Satan's bondage to the efforts of the Church of Christ yet neglect its services and do little or nothing for its support. (1. Timothy 6: 18.)

HOW TO RECOGNIZE NATIONALITY.

IMMIGRANTS at the barge office in New York often betray their nationality unconsciously. A visitor there inquired of one of the inspectors recently what country a party came from who were leaving the building. "Italy" promptly answered the Inspector. "How do you know? You did not see their faces," said the visitor. "Oh there is no doubt," was the reply. "You cannot always tell by their faces; their actions are the best guide. The men, you see, are carrying nothing whatever, all the luggage belonging to the party is being borne by the women. I have noticed thousands of Italians landing, but I have yet to see any one of the men carrying any burdens. You can pick out the North German immigrants by their walk. They have an indescribable way of walking, which can only be compared to that of a sailor. The carriage of the French immigrants is peculiar also. Naturally, the majority of those who come to this country are from the peasant class, and although none of them come over with wooden shoes, you would think that they were still wearing their wooden clogs from the awkward manner in which they move around. The Irishman generally comes armed with a stick, and if you take the trouble to examine it you will find that it is a blackthorn." It is by their walk and actions, too, that true members of Christ's kingdom are recognized. When men behave like the world and are selfish, greedy and unconcerned about the welfare of others they cannot be recognized as Christians however loud their professions may be. (Matt. 7: 20.)

A CRUEL WILL.

JUDGMENT was pronounced in the Court of Chancery at Trenton, N. J., on Oct. 20, in a suit to break the will of a millionaire. About twenty-six years ago a man settled at Smithville, N. J., and began business. He prospered and built a beautiful mansion. He made many large gifts to philanthropic enterprises and, when he died, he left all his large fortune to found an industrial school and other similar purposes. It came out after his death that he had a wife and four children in Vermont, whom he deserted before going to Smithville and to them he left nothing in his will, though they were in needy circumstances. They appealed to the court to refuse probate to the will, on the ground that the man was of unsound mind when he made it. There was no evidence of mental incapacity except that of his unnatural disposition of his property. The Chancellor, therefore, though with evident reluctance, pronounced in favor of the will. He held that the courts cannot reject a will on the sole ground that it does not comport with their ideas of justice and propriety, or even because it appears to be unjust and cruel. If a testator observes the requirements of the law and has testamentary capacity, he may lawfully make an unjust will. It is so in God's government of the world; men are not constrained to do right, and wrongdoing is not regarded as proof of mental incapacity. The fact, however, involves a fearful responsibility for all who know the good and deliberately choose the evil. (Luke 12: 47.)

A MERCIFUL EVICTION.

CROSBY STREET, New York, was in a state of turmoil on October 20 owing to an effort to evict twenty-four families, containing in all over one hundred persons, from a tenement house. An agent of the owner had notified them to leave, but they would not do so. Then he served them with a fresh notice requiring them to quit the premises within twenty-four hours; but they still remained. Finally a platoon of police entered the building and turned them out by force. They made a great commotion about and it as many of them were Italians, their compatriots, who are numerous in the district, turned out by the hundred to sympathize with them in their native language. Some of them were accommodated for the night in the police station, but others lighted fires on the street and made themselves as comfortable as they could camping out. The reason for the peremptory eviction was that the house was evidently unsafe and on the day when the people were turned out, a watchman, while passing, heard a loud crack in the wall, and gave warning to the Building Inspector. Wide fissures in the wall were clearly visible, and it would probably have fallen if it had not been promptly closed up. The people seemed in capable of realizing that the eviction was prompted by concern for their own safety. People who knew the circumstances thought them very foolish, but they were not so foolish as are impenitent sinners who show resentment when they are urged to flee from the wrath to come (Prov. 15:12).

CRIME DETECTED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

AN interesting series of experiments have been made by Dr. J. Jeserich with the object of rendering photography more efficient in the detection of forgery and poisoning. He has placed several of his plates on exhibition. He has shown, by enlarging photographs taken upon sensitized plates, that it is possible to detect certain kinds of forgery in the most unimpeachable way; for example, where a figure or a word has been altered—and this is one of the commonest kinds of forgery—the different inks employed appear in the plate in quite different colors. Similarly where a name has first been written in pencil and then traced over in ink, however carefully the pencil marks have been erased, some faint traces of the plumbago are sure to remain in the interstices of the paper, and these are revealed in the magnified photograph. Dr. Jeserich's photographs of hair and of pure and impure blood, before and after treatment with reducing agents, are also most curious, and the highest expectations are entertained of the use that may be made of them in murder trials. The evidence thus furnished will be of the most convincing kind, because it will not depend on testimony. It will be that of the criminal's own act revealed by the light of the sun. That will be the kind of evidence which at the last day will convict the guilty man whose sins have not been washed away by the blood of Christ, and it will leave him speechless. The enormity of sin will be revealed when it is set in the light of the great white Throne. (Luke 12: 2-3.)

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD
AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. de Witt Talmage
EDITOR.

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DANGEROUS BOOKS.

HOWEVER strong and exalted your character, never read a bad book. By the time you get through the first chapter you will see the drift. If you find the marks of the hoofs of the devil in the pictures, or in the style, or in the plot, away with it. You may tear your coat, or break a vase, and repair them again, but the point where the rip or fracture took place will always be evident. It takes less than an hour to do your heart a damage which no time can entirely repair. Look carefully over your child's library; see what book it is that he reads after he has gone to bed, with the gas turned upon the pillow. Do not always take it for granted that a book is good because it is a Sunday-school book. As far as possible know who wrote it, who illustrated it, who published it, who sold it. Young man, as you value heaven, never buy a book from one of those men who meet you in the square, and, after looking both ways, to see if the police are watching, shows you a book—very cheap. Have him arrested as you would kill a rattle-snake. Grab him and shout "Police! police!"

A SURE CURE.

THERE are those who get along without religion while going through great sorrows and calamities. We do not understand the philosophy which they have adopted, or the plan of procedure on which they have entered. They are a mystery to us; they are a mystery to the Church of Christ. We simply know that the only complete solace is in the Gospel of Jesus. The world has pointed out a great many wells of comfort, and it says if you will only drink deep enough, the thirst of the soul shall be slaked; but many of us have tried all these fountains, and come away more thirsty than when we went:

> Substantial comfort will not grow
> In Nature's barren soil;
> All we can boast till Christ we know
> Is vanity and toil.

When persons are sick, especially if it be a chronic illness, people come in and give a great many prescriptions, and tell how the prescribers were helped; and after a while, if a man has been sick long enough, he will have a hundred prescriptions, any one of which he is assured will cure him. He tries half-a-dozen or a dozen of them, and, perhaps, only increases his illness. Well, now, we are all sick with sin, and at times we are sick with sorrow. The world has a great many panaceas and a great many catholicons. It says: "If you will do this you will get better, and if you will do that you will get cured;" but we have, many of us, found out the fallacy of all such prescriptions. Jesus Christ comes in after the failure of all other attempts, and, as the Divine Physician, saith: "My grace shall be sufficient for you!" And many of us have found that it *is* sufficient.

NEWSPAPERS.

THERE are papers in New York that long ago came to perfection of shamelessness, and there is no more power in venom and mud and slime to pollute them. They have dashed their iniquities into the face of everything decent and holy. And their work will be seen in the crime and debauchery and the hell of innumerable victims. Their columns are not long and broad enough to record the tragedies of their horrible undoing of immortal men and women.

God, after a while, will hold up these reeking, stenchful, accursed sheets, upon which they spread out their guilt, and the whole universe will cry out for their condemnation. See the work of bad newspapers in the false tidings they bring! There are hundreds of men to-day penniless, who were, during the war, hurled from their affluent positions by incorrect accounts of battles that shook the money-market, and the gold gamblers, with their hoofs, trampled these honest men into the mire. And many a window was hoisted at the hour of midnight as the boy shouted: "Extra! Extra!" And the father and mother who had an only son at the front, with trembling hand, and blanched cheek, and sinking heart, read of battles that had never occurred. If an individual makes a false statement, one or twenty persons may be damaged; but a newspaper of large circulation that wilfully makes a misstatement in one day tells a hundred thousand falsehoods. The most stupendous of all lies is a newspaper lie.

ONLY JUSTICE.

THE heaviest stroke that comes down upon a fallen woman's soul is the merciless indignation of her sisters. If the multitudes of the fallen could be placed in a straight line, it would reach from here to the gates of the lost, and back again. But what of the destroyer? We take his arm. We flatter his appearance. We take off our hats. He is admitted to our parlors. For him we cast our votes. For him we speak our eulogies. And when he has gone we read over the heap of compost: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." In the fashionable city to-day there walk a thousand libertines. They are a moving pest. Their breath is the sirocco of the desert. Their bones have in them the decay of the pit. They have the eye of a basilisk. They have been soaked in filth, and steeped in uncleanliness, and consumed in sin, and they are all adrip with the loathsomeness of eternal death. I take hold of the robe of one of these elegant gentlemen, and pull it aside, and say, "Behold a Leper!"

CLOSE COMMUNION.

WE deplore the many sharp things that have been written in many papers on the fact that the chief body of the Baptists believe that they ought not invite to their communion table those who have not been immersed. They have as much right to have that belief as the Pedobaptists have a right to the opposite belief. We know close-communion Baptist ministers and open-communion Baptist ministers, and we do not find that the latter are any more genial, or earnest, or conscientious, or useful than the former. Let each denomination mind its own business, and cease meddling with others. If the communion table of the Baptist Church were the only one in the land, and you Pedobaptists were not allowed to sit at it, there might be some ground of complaint; but when there are thousands of communion tables all over the land, where the sprinkled as well as the plunged may partake, what are you making such a fuss about? If there are ten houses on a street where you are invited, and there is one that does not invite you, what an unreasonable thing for you to spend your time in throwing stones at the windows of the one closed house! Let each church make its own rules and stick to them. If we do not find things to suit us, in Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian, or Presbyterian Churches, let us go where we like them better.

LANTERNS WANTED.

THIS is a dark world to many people, a world of chills, a world of fog, a world of wet blankets. Nine-tenths of the men we meet need encouragement. Your work is so urgent that you have no time to stop and speak to the people; but every day you meet scores, perhaps hundreds and thousands of persons upon whom you might have direct and immediate influence. "How? how?" you cry out. We answer: by the grace of physiognomy. There is nothing more catching than a face with a lantern behind it, shining clear through. We have no admiration for a face with a dry smile, meaning no more than the grin of a false face. But a smile written by the hand of God, as an index or table of contents to whole volumes of good feeling within, is a benediction. You say: "My face is hard and lacking in mobility, and my benignant feelings are not observable in the facial proportions." We do not believe you. Freshness and geniality of soul are so subtle and pervading that they will, at some eye or mouth corner, leak out. Set behind your face a feeling of gratitude to God and kindliness toward man, and you will every day preach a sermon long as the streets you walk, a sermon with as many heads as the number of the people you meet, and differing from other sermons in the fact that the longer it is the better. The reason that there are so many sour faces, so many frowning faces, so many dull faces, is because men consent to be acrid and petulant and stupid. The way to improve your face is to improve your disposition. Attractiveness of physiognomy does not depend on regularity of feature. We know persons whose brows are shaggy, and whose eyes are oblique, and noses are ominously longitudinal, and the mouth straggles along in unusual and unexpected directions; and yet they are men and women of so much soul that we love to look upon them, and their presence is an evangelism. They get married sooner than the painted doll-babies that call themselves young ladies, and make home happy long after the curls have turned gray and the foot of the dance has turned into a rheumatic shuffle.

PRESENT EVILS.

MEN like to hear the frailties and faults of others chastised. With what blandness and placidity they sit and hear the religious teacher excoriate the ambition of Ahab, the treachery of Judas, the treason of Athaliah, and the wickedness of the Amalekites. Indeed, I have sometimes felt sorry for the Amalekites, for in all ages, and on all occasions, they are smitten, denounced, and pursued. They have had their full share of censure and excoriation. It is high time that in our addresses in pulpits, and in domestic circles, we turn our attention to the driving out of these worse Amalekites which are swarming in society to-day, thicker than in the olden time. The ancient Amalekites lived for one or two hundred years; but these are not weakened after a thousand years. Those traversed only a few leagues of land; these stalk the earth and ford the sea. Those had e a sword or spear; these fight with a m lion swords, and strike with a milli stings, and smite with a million catast phes. Those were conquered with h man weapons; but to overcome these must bring out God's great field-piec and employ an enginery that can sw from eternity to eternity.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. A. T. Pierson, D. D., commenced series of services for Pastor C. H. Spurgeon the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, on S day, Oct. 25th. The congregations morn and evening were large.

The American Institute of Christian Philo phy will hold its next meeting on Nov. 10 in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, N York. Rev. J. Hendrick de Vries of Yonk N. Y., will read a paper on "Calvinism and A

The International Sunday School Les Committee meets in New York on Nov. to arrange the next or Fourth Series of L sons. The committee invites suggestions f practical teachers and superintendents. Th should be addressed to Warren Randol Newport, R. I., and should reach him by N vember 9.

Rev. J. Scovill is holding services in Buff N. Y., at the Hudson Street Church. A d interest has been manifested and there h been many tokens of blessing. The mus part of the services is in charge of Mrs. Shim of Buffalo. Churches desiring to avail th selves of Mr. Scovill's services during winter may address him at Elmira, N. Y.

The Eighty-sixth Street Branch of the Yo Men's Christian Association in New York hold meetings every night at 8.30 P.M. du the Week of Prayer, November 8–14, W nesday excepted. Among the clergymen will assist in these meetings are Rev. E. W pole Warren, D.D., Rev. Abbot E. Kittred Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, and Rev. L. Haldemann.

Gipsy Smith commenced his services in Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, October 25. The church was crowded at first service and the earnest evangelist mo many of his hearers to tears. At the clos the services many remained for prayers several persons sent in the names of unc verted relatives and friends for whom asked the Evangelist and the Church to p

Rev. C. H. Yatman's Meetings at Newbu N. Y., have been wonderfully successful. attractive feature has been three illustr sermons, with object lessons. At the which was on "The Seven Silver Cup Life," Trinity Church was crowded to ex The newspapers of the city say that the terest in these meetings was intense a beginning, and has been growing through

The Board of Church Extension of the M Church has received a letter from a re of this journal enclosing a donation whic asks should be the beginning of a fund fo purchase of a Gospel Car. Having rea THE CHRISTIAN HERALD that the Prote Episcopal Church and the Baptist Church had such a car he was anxious that Methodists should do likewise. The Bo however, has decided against his proposal would have returned his money had he his name and address.

A Conference on Missions to the Jews be held in the Hebrew-Christian Churc St. Mark's Place, New York, November Three meetings will be held each day, bu evening meetings, which will commenc 7.45 o'clock, will be held in the Presbyt Church, corner of Fourth Avenue and Tw Second Street. Among the eminent min who have promised to take part are: George C. Needham, Albert and W. J. man, Bishop Nicholson, S. H. Kellogg, and Alex. McLean, D.D.

The Central Union Mission in Washin D. C., one of the best managed and most cessful missions in the whole country, brated its seventh anniversary on Octob The main hall of the mission has been every night during those seven years and vices have been held there. Besides this ral branch missions have been organized the Gospel wagon has made its journeys outlying districts and the workers have and preached to crowds. During the year no less than 872 persons have prof conversion at the meetings in the Missio 4,689 have made requests for prayer. the mission was organized, seven years there have been 3,438 conversions. philanthropic work the Mission has been as usual. During the year, it has furn lodging to 1,762 persons and given 3,335 while 200 persons have been clothed there

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Our Demand on Chili—La Marechale Booth-Clibborn's Visit—Hall Caine's Mission to Russia—Parnell's Successor—Strengthening our Navy—General Notes.

OUR trouble with Chili has, within the last few days, assumed a decidedly serious aspect. On Secretary Blaine's return to Washington, a conference was held at which President Harrison, and Secretaries Blaine and Tracey were present. The result was that instructions were immediately sent to U. S. Minister Egan, at Santiago, acting on which he appeared before the Chilian Junta and, in the name of the United States Government, demanded satisfaction and reparation for the outrageous assault upon the crew of the U.S.S. *Baltimore* in the streets of Valparaiso, and an immediate explanation of the entire affair. It is quite confidently asserted in official circles at Washington that the administration means to press matters with Chili until the latter gives some satisfactory explanation. An order has been given to the Navy Department to prepare at once a list of all vessels that can be sent to Chilian waters within ninety days, and this indicates that the government will be in readiness to make a formidable showing of naval strength, if necessary. There will, however, be no precipitate action, but due opportunity will be given to Chili to furnish explanation. It is strongly hoped that peaceful policies will prevail, but, in the present position of affairs, everything must depend upon Chili's answer and the attitude that government assumes regarding the insult to the flag. The President hopes to be able to announce in his annual message to Congress that the controversy has been satisfactorily adjusted. Within the time specified, the Navy Department will be able to equip for active duty in South Pacific waters the *Philadelphia*, *Kearsarge*, and *Concord* of Admiral Gherardi's squadron, the *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, and *Bennington* of Admiral Walker's squadron, and the *Newark* and *Petrel*, now at Boston and New York, respectively. All these could set sail for Valparaiso within 90 days. Besides, there are the *Baltimore*, now at Valparaiso, the *San Francisco* at Callao, and the *Boston* and *Yorktown* en route there. These, with the *Yantic*, *Thetis*, *Ranger* and *Mohican*, would give an available fleet of sixteen war ships—all modern, except four, and superior to any Chilian warship, except possibly the *Captain Prat* and *Esmeralda*. Chili has available three great battle ships, three armored cruisers, two large torpedo cruisers, five corvettes, and nineteen other armed boats of various sizes. The finest of these is the *Captain Prat*, one of the most formidable war vessels afloat, with an armament of eight great breech-loading guns and plates 12 inches thick and a speed of 19 knots an hour. If necessary, our own navy could hurry forward work on the now nearly completed monitor *Miantonomoh*, a vessel of such tremendous strength and armament that she could defy the entire Chilian fleet. But in all probability there will be no need of extreme measures with the South-American Republic, whose best interests, as well as those of the large body of English capitalists who have investments there, all lie in the direction of peace.

* * *

Traces of a Prehistoric Race.

As an exploring party was at work in the Gila Valley, Arizona, lately, a most interesting discovery was made. About ten miles from Gila Bend Station, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, is a hill about 800 feet above the valley, three sides of it almost inaccessible and the fourth so constructed that it could be held as a stronghold by a handful of troops against an army. On the summit are the ruins of a fortress with traces of *barrancas* and rode drawbridges, such as might have been used in some of the European castles in mediæval times. There are also the ruins of towers built of stone and cement, commanding the approaches to the fortress itself. Within the fortress are circles built with stone and cement, resembling modern rifle pits, and in these were found numerous flint arrow-heads and fragments of pottery and articles of warfare. Granaries for corn, cisterns and water-tanks had been hewn out of the solid rock, and on the enclosed summit were evidences that, at some remote period, a large number of people had settled down there, probably in a state of siege, with a determination to be self-sustaining. The only path to the fortress had been laboriously cut out of the granite sides of the mountain. These people, who belonged to a vigorous and industrious, but unknown race, unquestionably had a knowledge of architecture and mechanics; but in what remains of their once impregnable fortress, there has been found nothing by which they can be identified.

* * *

Will Redmond Succeed Parnell?

YOUNG, talented, and courageous, John E. Redmond, the Parnellite candidate for the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by Parnell's death, has come to the front as the self-announced "elected leader of the Parliamentary Party." He has already secured the support of a number of leading Parnellites, although John Dillon and the faction he represents have declared that he stands very little chance of being elected, unless the Tories withdraw their candidate and support him. Redmond is known as a politician of a vigorous and uncompromising stripe, one who does not hesitate to declare that he places little confidence in the Liberal promises to support a measure for securing autonomy for Ireland. Thus far the distinctive Parnellite element remains without a leader, and the division in the Irish ranks shows little prospect of being healed in time to make a solid front when Parliament opens.

JOHN E. REDMOND.

* * *

Chicago's World Fair Profits.

ALREADY the shrewd Illinoisans are figuring on the harvest of dollars to be reaped during the World's Fair. They estimate that ten million visitors will seek the Fair Grounds and that the average individual expenditure will be not less than $30. There are some who even place the figures a good deal higher; but in any event, the big Western City realizes that it has struck a bonanza and is determined to make the most of it. The calculations are based on past experiences in similar great Fairs. The World's Fair in London in 1851 netted $1,718,000, on an expenditure of $617,000; the Dublin Fair in 1853 made a loss; the Paris Fair in 1855 also made a loss, although 510,000 persons visited it; the World's Fair in London in 1862 had 6,250,000 visitors and that at Paris in 1867, 10,200,000 visitors. The Vienna Exposition of 1873 was profitable to all concerned and attracted 3,500,000 strangers. The Philadelphia Fair in 1876 had 9,910,000 visitors and that of Paris in 1878 sold 16,000,000 tickets, making an enormous profit to the Parisians and to trade generally. The great Paris show of 1889 returned a profit to the management of $1,600,000. Now, with all these experiences in view, Chicago estimates that the profit to the city in trade, will not be less than $500,000,000.

* * *

A Good-Natured Campaign.

IN spite of the efforts of the politicians to infuse an undue amount of excitement into the elections, owing to the nearness of the Presidential year, the canvass in almost all the states has been an unusually quiet and good-natured one. Even in New York, the amount of ante-election acrimony and vituperation has been remarkably small, and the Gubernatorial candidates, Flower and Fassett, have been quite Chesterfieldian in their mutual attitude toward each other. The prevailing politeness has extended to local candidates, and we find Messrs. Meyer and Boody, the Republican and Democratic rivals for the Brooklyn mayoralty, fraternizing pleasantly in public, together. In Massachusetts the struggle for Governor swamped all other interests, Russell and Allen each having warm friends in abundance. A feature germane to the canvass, was the Senatorial prospects of Henry Cabot Lodge, which were dependent upon the success of the Republican candidate. A peculiar incident was the desertion of the Republican for the Prohibition standard by a number of colored voters—a thing hitherto unheard of. In Pennsylvania, the Democrats made use of the charges of corruption against Mr. Quay, the Republican manager, to some advantage, as many Republicans, in the country more particularly, were thereby led to vote the other ticket. Probably the only really hot old-time contest was in Ohio, between Governor Campbell and Major McKinley for the Governorship. Major McKinley was indefatigable and went all over the State, making fully 100 speeches dealing with labor and the tariff, while the Governor bent his energies on the Western Reserve, where he addressed great audiences of farmers, speaking toward the close as often as five times per day.

* * *

La Marechale Booth-Clibborn's Visit.

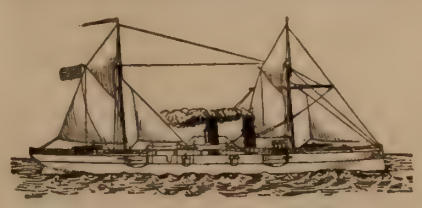
SINCE the death of Mrs. General Booth, of the Salvation Army, there is no more commanding female figure in the Army's work than that of La Marechale Booth-Clibborn, who arrived in this country from Paris a few days ago. It is now ten years ago since this lady, then a young girl, the eldest daughter of Gen. Booth, was sent to begin the work in the French capital. There she was received with sticks and stones, and she suffered persecution and even imprisonment for the cause she loved. Soon she was joined by Maud Ballington-Booth, then Miss Charlesworth, and the two young girls went among the rabid Communists, where even the police feared to venture, and preached the Gospel in their own way, quelling riots and facing wild crowds with sweet songs and brave faithful faces. Many times the two stood up before the Communists mobs at the peril of their lives. In Switzerland, even worse persecution was encountered. The brewers, saloon men, theatre managers and others instigated the people to violence and the Salvationist were expelled from the Canton of Geneva. For persistence in holding meetings La Marechale was imprisoned fourteen days at Neufchatel; but her heroism, and the plucky defence she made, were the means of turning public opinion in the Army's favor, and now its troops can sing and preach anywhere in the Swiss Republic. La Marechale, whose portrait is given above, is the wife of Commissioner Clibborn, formerly a Quaker Clergyman. She has been actively engaged in Salvation Army work since her ninth year, and her two baby daughters, Evangeline and Victoire, wear the scarlet sash and have ben consecrated to the same work. This is her first visit to the United States. She will speak in several cities, East and West, during her stay.

LA MARECHALE BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

* * *

Strengthening Our Navy.

IN view of the possible complications with Chili, the launching of a new protected cruiser


CRUISER NO. 10.

—a valuable addition to our navy—which took place last week, is of special interest. She is to be known as *Cruiser No. 10* and will have a displacement of two thousand one hundred tons, twin screws, a speed of eighteen knots per hour, and a main battery of rapid fire guns. These vessels are unique in their kind, and cost each about six hundred thousand dollars. Work is being pushed on several other cruisers of similar pattern, and when finished, the cruiser fleet will be among the swiftest and most effective warships of their size afloat. A sketch of *Cruiser No. 10* is shown above.

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Mr. Hall Caine's Mission to Russia.

ONE of the most brilliant literary men in Europe, Mr. Hall Caine, a native of the Isle of Man, has been commissioned by the Russo-Jewish Committee of London, to visit the Czar's empire, for the purpose of ascertaining and faithfully reporting the actual condition of the Hebrews there. So many conflicting stories have been received concerning their treatment by Russia that such an inquiry has become absolutely necessary, and the high character of Mr. Caine, whose portrait appears on this page, leaves no doubt that it will be faithfully carried out. Writers have gone from Europe and this country, and, after spending some time in different parts of the Czar's domain, have recorded the result of their observations in language that has excited the indignation and sympathies of the whole civilized world. Much of what has been written, however, is challenged by official sources as having been overdrawn. Rev. Dr. Adler, the Chief Rabbi of London, and the head of the Russo-Jewish Committee, representing the more conservative element among his co-religionists, believes that justice can be best served by a dispassionate estimate of the situation, which will enable the Committee to work intelligently for the relief of their fellow-Hebrews. Mr Caine is the author of many works that have achieved celebrity, some of them stories of powerful historic interest, and showing a literary grasp that recalls both Victor Hugo and Charles Kingsley.

MR. HALL CAINE.

NEWS NOTES.

The Liberals have won a decisive victory in the Chilian elections.

There are fully 50,000 unemployed men in New York at present.

Professor Snow, of the American Public Health Association, estimates that the chinch bug does $100,000,000 damage yearly.

A crisis is believed to be approaching in Papal affairs and the prospect of the Pope leaving Rome is again being discussed in European capitals.

Walt Whitman, the aged poet and philosopher, is failing and his death is shortly expected. He is now 73 years old and lives at Camden, N. J.

Emperor William of Germany, has removed his whiskers and the sale of photographs of the bearded Imperial countenance has been stopped.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has issued rules to enforce the attendance of young Indian children at the schools established on the reservations.

Mr. Dibbs, the leader of the Opposition in the New South Wales Legislature, has succeeded Sir Henry Parkes as Premier and has formed a new Cabinet.

Germany has adopted a new uniform for her infantry soldiers. All bright colors and white have been discarded, and light headgear has been substituted for the heavy helmet.

The trustees of the Baron Hirsch Fund for the the relief of the Hebrews in America are considering the advisibility of dotting the tenement districts of New York with free baths.

A train on the Burlington Road dashed into a misplaced switch near Monmouth, Ill., a few nights ago, and the entire train was ditched, four persons being killed and a large number injured.

Under the law passed by the last Congress, bids were opened at Washington last week for extending the ocean mail service in American steamships. This points to a large increase in our merchant marine.

An uprising in Paraguay, with the object of overthrowing the government of President Gonzales, has been promptly suppressed, the rebels beaten in a fight with the government troops and driven into Argentina.

Annexation meetings, to be held at Stony Point, Woodstock, St. Catharine's, Bothwell, Niagara Falls, Thamesville, Winnepeg, Sarnia, Amherstburg, and other Canadian towns, have been arranged for early dates. The annexation feeling is spreading at a rate that alarms the old-time Conservatives throughout the Dominion.

Pastor Spurgeon's Pulpit

ALL OR NONE.

I SHALL have five texts—one of them a good one, the other four bad. The first text is God's text. Exodus 10: 26:—"There shall not a hoof be left behind." That is God's text, and the whole sermon will illustrate it by exposing the compromises with which it was met.

The other four are Pharaoh's texts, or, if you like, the devil's, for that is exactly what the devil says to man. Exodus 8: 25:—"Pharaoh called for Moses and for Aaron, and said, go ye, sacrifice to your God in the land." That is his first proposal. Then we find him saying at the twenty-eighth verse, "I will let you go that ye may sacrifice to the Lord your God in the wilderness; only ye shall not go far away." That is the second of his compromises. In the tenth chapter, at the eighth verse you have the third. He said to them, "Go, serve the Lord your God; but who are they that shall go?" Adding, "Go now, ye that are men and serve the Lord." And Pharaoh's fourth and last proposal is in the twenty-fourth verse of the same tenth chapter:—"Pharaoh called unto Moses, and said, Only let your flocks and your herds be stayed."

Satan's Tenacity.

Satan is very loth to give up his hold on men. He is quite as loth as Pharaoh, and he must be driven to it by force of arms; I mean by force of divine grace, before he will let God's people go. Many of Satan's slaves altogether disregard the voice of God. For them there are no Sabbaths, no Bibles, no religion. Practically they say, "Who is Jehovah that we should obey his voice?" Now, when God means to save men he soon puts an end to this. For some reason quite unknown to the man— it may be quite unguessed by him—he feels uneasy: he is disturbed. He thinks one morning he will go up to a place of worship; not that he cares much about it, but he thinks that he shall perhaps be a little easier there. He takes his Bible: he begins to read a chapter. A very striking passage comes before his eye. He is not more easy, for the text has fixed upon him. Like a barbed shaft it has struck into his soul, and he cannot draw it out again. He is more troubled than ever. He begins to inquire a little about the things of God; there is some respect now outwardly to religion; the man is considerably changed.

First Movements.

You see him sitting under the word of God, and perhaps Satan says now, "Well, you are a fine fellow. You are beginning to occupy a seat Sunday after Sunday in the house of prayer. You have given up your evil habits to a large extent. You are quite a different man. Now you have done something very pleasing to God. You may rest content with this." And it is a very sad thing when men do rest content with such a paltry hope as can have come out of poor performances like these. But still they will stop just there if they can, for Satan does not mind where he makes men halt so long as they will stay under the dominion of sin, and refuse to come to Christ.

If the Lord drives a man from that by the solemn movements of the Spirit upon his soul, then the devil will say to him "How do you know that this is all true?" and he has not to go far before he finds infidels to help his unbelief. I am sorry to say that he can find them in the pulpit pretty plentifully, preaching their infidelities as "advanced thought"; and so poor souls get bewildered, and scarcely know their right hand from their left, and they begin again to relapse into a condition of indifference, and remain where they were.

Blessed be God, if he means to save such, he will, by push and pike, and point of bayonet, carry the day. They shall not rest where they are. The right hand of the Lord is stretched out still, and he will make the Pharaoh of evil yet know that Jehovah is stronger than he. Grace is mightier than nature, so at last it comes to this—that the man is driven to yield to God; and when he is driven to that point Satan comes in again with

His Compromises.

We are going to speak about these four compromises to-night. The first compromise is found in the eighth chapter at the twenty-fifth verse.

"Sacrifice to your God in the land."

"Yes," says the devil, "you must be a Christian, that is evident. You cannot hold out any longer, for you are too uneasy in your sins. You will have to be a Christian." "But," says he, "stop in the world and be a Christian. Remain where you are. 'Sacrifice to your God in the land'"; by which he sometimes means this: live in sin, and be a believer. Trust yourself with Christ, and then indulge yourself in whatsoever your heart desires. Do you not know that he is a Saviour of sinners? Therefore stop in your sin, and yet trust in him. Oh, I charge you, by the living God, never be duped by such a treacherous lie as this, for it is not possible that you can find any rest or salvation while you live in sin. My dear hearers, Christ came to save us from our sins, but not in our sins. He has built a hospital of mercy into which he receives the worst possible cases. All are welcome, but he does not receive them that they may continue sick, but that he may heal them and make sound men of them. What a fool a man is who thinks that he may drink and be a Christian, that he may cheat in his business and be a Christian, that he may act like the ungodly world in all respects, and yet be a Christian. It cannot be.

Complete Separation.

Yes, but Satan, retreating a little, says, "Well, now, of course I did not mean that you were not to give up your grosser sins; but I mean to tell you of something better. Love the world, and live with worldlings, and find your company and your joy among them, and yet be a Christian. Surely you are not going to throw up everybody, are you? You know you must not be singular. You must not make yourself an oddity altogether. You have many merry companions of yours, keep to them. They do not, perhaps, do you much good. Well, you must not be too particular and precise." So he says, "Continue in the world, and be a Christian." Shall I tell you God's word about that? "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." That is short, though not sweet. A man says, "Can I not put my hymn-book in one pocket and a pack of cards in the other, and so go to heaven and keep friends with the world?" No, it is not possible. "Let my people go, that they may serve me," is God's word. "Come ye out from among them; be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." Shun with horror Satan's old compromise: dream not that you can love the world, and yet have the love of God in you.

When the enemy cannot get on with that, he harks back a little, and cries, "That is very proper: you are hearing very faithful teaching this time, but listen to me! You can live for yourself, and be a Christian. Do not go out into worldly company, but enjoy yourself at home. You see you want to have your own soul saved. Well, live for that." This is only a subtler and

Uglier Form of Selfishness.

It is that, and nothing better. "Look." says Satan, "I do not ask you to be profligate with your money, be penurious with it: be very thrifty. Everybody will pat you on the back, and say, 'He is taking care of number one, and he is doing the right thing.' Come, now; and make a good thing of religion. Believe in Jesus Christ, of course, in order that you yourself may be saved, and then live all the rest of your life trying to hear sermons that will feed you, and read books that will comfort you, and become a great man among religious folks." Hateful advice! Do you not know, dear friends, that the very essence of Christianity is for a man to deny himself? So you must come out of that. Selfishness will not do. You must love the Lord with all your heart, and you must love your fellow-men. There must be an obedience to that command that thou "love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself," or else there is no coming out into safety. Thus the first compromise will not hold.

Secret Discipleship.

Pushed back from the first compromise, Pharaoh proposed a second, and this is found in the twenty-eighth verse of the eighth chapter:

"Only ye shall not go very far away."

Satan says, "Yes, I see your conscience tells you that you must come out from the world, and come out from sin, but do not go very far away, for you may want to come back again. In the first place, do not make it public. Do not join a church. Be like a rat behind the wainscot. Never come out except it be at night to get a mouthful of food. Do not commit yourself by being baptized, and joining the Church; do not go so very far as that. Just try, if you can, and save yourself from the wrath to come by secret religion, but do not let any one know it. There really cannot be any need of actually saying, 'I am a Christian.'" My friend, this is the very depth of Satan. This is what Satan would have with some of you, that you may fall by little and little. Therefore defeat him: come out boldly. Take up your cross, and follow Jesus. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

The tempter also says, "Do not be so very precise and exact. The Puritanic saints—well, people point the finger at them. You need not be quite so particular." By which he means this—that you may sin as much as you like so long as you

Do not Violate Propriety,

and that you are not to obey God thoroughly, but only to obey him when it pleases you. This is flat rebellion against God. This will never do.

"Well," he says, "if you are to be so precise do not be so desperately earnest. There are some of those Christian people who are always looking after the souls of others, and trying to proclaim Christ to everybody. You know they are a very dogmatic lot, and they are a great deal too pushing and fanatical. Do not go with them." Just so. He means, stand and serve the Lord, because you dare not do any other, but never give him your heart; never throw your soul into his cause. That is what Satan says; and do you think that such traitorous service will save you? If Moses had thought that going a little way into the wilderness would have saved Israel, he would have let them go a little way into the wilderness, and there would have been an end of it. But Moses knew that nothing would do for God's Israel, but to go clean away as far as ever they could, and put a deep Red Sea between them and Egypt He knew that they were never to turn back again, come what might, and so Moses pushed for a going forth to a distance; as I would in God's name push for full committal to Christ with everybody who is tempted to a compromise.

"Oh, but," Satan will say, "be earnest too. Yes, be earnest. Of course that is right enough, and be precise in all your actions; but do not be one of those people who are always praying in secret. You can keep an open religious profession going without much private praying, without heart-searching, without communion with God. These are tough things," says he, "to keep up. You will find it difficult to maintain the inward life, and preserve a clean heart and a right spirit. Let these go by default, and

Attend to Externals,

and be always busy and active; and that will do." But it will not do, for unless the heart and soul be renewed by the Spirit of God, it little matters what your externals may be. You have failed before God unless your very soul is joined unto him by a perpetual covenant that shall never be forgotten. What a blessing it is when a man can say—I have done with these compromises; I do not want to serve God and find favor with the world. I do not want to go just a little way from the world. I pray God to divide me from the world by an everlasting divorce, just as it was with Paul when he said, "The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

Pushed back from that, the enemy suggests another compromise in the tenth chapter, at verses eight and eleven:

"Go, serve the Lord your God: but who are they that shall go? Go now, ye that are men, and serve the Lord."

Yes, that is his next point. "Yes," he says, "we see what it has come to. You are driven at last to this—that you must be an out-and-out Christian; but, now," he says, do not worry your wife with it;

Do not Take it Home."

Or he says to the woman, "You are to follow Christ. You seem driven to that; but never say anything to your husband about it." Was not that a pretty idea of Pharaoh's—that all the men were to go, and were to leave the women and children to be his slaves? And that is just the idea of Satan. "You have plenty to do to look after yourself; but your wife—well, leave her to her own ways. Your husband—leave him to his irreligion." Let us answer him thus—"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." So said Joshua of old, and so let every man here say.

And the children. "Oh," Pharaoh says, "leave the children!" Do you not see he knew very well that, if they did that, they would themselves come back again? What man among us would go away into the wilderness, and leave his wife and children in slavery? Should we not want to come back to them? Should we not think that we heard their cries? Should we not want to look into their dear faces again?

Leave them in Slavery?

Oh, that cannot be! And yet let me say there are many professing Christians who seem as though they were themselves determined to be the Lord's, but their children should belong to Pharaoh and the devil. Well, the girls must go into society: of course, they *must* "go into society." And so everything is done to put them into places of danger where they will not be likely to be converted, and where, in all probability, they will become gay, and vain, and light.

Then a situation is looked out for the boy. How often there is no question about the master being a Christian! Is it

a business that the lad can follow without injury to his morals? "Nay, it is a fine roaring trade, and it is a cutting house, where he will pick it up in a smart way. Let him go there." Ay; and if he goes to perdition? Alas, there are Christian men who do not think of that! The children of some professors are offered up to the Moloch of this world. We think it a horrible thing that the heathens should offer their

Children in Sacrifice

to idols, and yet many professors put their children where, according to all likelihood, they will be ruined. Do not let it be so. Do not let the devil entangle one of you in that compromise, but say, "No, no, no; my house, God helping me, shall be so conducted that I will not put temptation in my children's way. I will not lead them into the paths of sin. If they will go wrong, despite their father's exhortations and their mother's tears, why, they must; but, at any rate, I will be clear of their blood, for I will not put them into places where they would be led astray."

Now the devil is getting pushed into a corner. Here is the man's whole house to go right for God, and the man gives himself up to be a Christian out and out. What now? "Well," says the enemy in the twenty-fourth verse,

"Go ye, serve the Lord; only let your flocks and your herds be stayed."

Just so. What does Moses say to that? "Thou must give us also sacrifices and burnt-offerings, that we may sacrifice unto Jehovah our God. Our cattle also shall go with us; there shall not a hoof be left behind; for thereof must we take to serve the Lord our God; and we know not with what we must serve the Lord, until we come thither." This was the divine policy of

"No Surrender,"

and I plead for it with you. Satan says, "Do not use your property for God. Do not use your talents and your abilities; especially, do not use your money for the Lord Jesus. Keep that for yourself. You will want it one of these days, perhaps. Keep it for your own enjoyment. Live to God in other things, but, as to that, live to yourself." Now, a genuine Christian says, "When I gave myself to the Lord I gave him everything I had. From the crown of my head to the sole of my foot I am the Lord's. I cannot leave my substance to be the devil's. That must come with me, and must be all my Lord's; for his it is even as I am."

The Christian takes the line which Moses dictated: "I do not know what I may be required to give. I know that I am to sacrifice unto the Lord my God, and I do not know how much. I cannot tell what may be the needs of the poor, the needs of the church, the needs of Christ's church all over the land. I do not know, but this I know, that all that I have stands at the surrender point. If my Redeemer wants it he shall have it.

Now, brothers and sisters, you that profess to be Christians, come you, stand right square out, and own yourselves wholly and altogether the Lord's. "My house is his, and my all is his. Whether I live or die—whether I work or suffer, all that I am, and all that I have, shall be forever my Lord's." This is to enter into peace: this indeed is to be clean delivered from the power of Satan; this is to be the Lord's free man; and what remains but with joyful footsteps to go onward toward Canaan, enjoying all things in him, and finding him in all things? This is to be a Christian of the true order. The Lord make you so by faith in his dear Son! Amen and Amen.

The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

WHITE SLAVES.*

IN the old time, after a tour of observation, a wise man came home to say, "So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter." If this report had been written by one who had been climbing with me through the tenement houses of not less than a score of Boston streets, conversing with the sewing-women, looking on their poverty-lined faces and their ragged children, breathing the poisonous air of the quarters where they work, and listening to their heart-rending stories of cruelty and oppression, it would be an appropriate summary of our observation. It is my purpose at this time to take you on a tour of observation. As well-lighted streets are better than policemen to ensure safety and good order, so I believe that the best possible service I can render the public is to turn on the light, and tell as plainly and as simply as I can, the story of what I have seen and heard and smelled in the white slave-quarters, which are a disgrace to our fair city.

I shall confine myself at first to the work of women and children in their own homes. Most of this work is parcelled out to them by middlemen who are known as "Sweaters." It is a foul word, born of the greed and lust for gold which pervade the most reckless and wicked financial circles of our time. The sweater takes large contracts and divides it out among the very poor, reducing the price to starvation limits, and reserving the profits for himself. Some of the women whose story I shall tell do not work for sweaters, but are treated almost as badly by the powerful and wealthy firms who employ them. In these cases the firm itself has learned the sweater's secret, and through an agent of its own is sweating the life blood out of these half-starved victims.

Fifteen Cents a Dozen.

Let us begin near at home with a South Boston case, which came to my notice through the dispensary doctor for the district. It is a widow with one child—a little boy scarcely three years old. The child is just recovering from a troublesome sickness, through which the doctor became acquainted with her. She has been sewing for a good while for one of the largest and most respectable dry-goods houses in Washington Street—a firm whose name is a household word throughout New England. Her sewing has been confined to two lines—cloaks and aprons. For some time she has been making white aprons—a good long apron requiring a yard, perhaps of material; it is hemmed across the bottom and on both sides, the band, or apron-string is hemmed on both sides, and then sewed on to the apron, making six long seams. For these she is paid fifteen cents *a dozen*! And beside that, this great rich firm, whose members are rolling in wealth and luxury, charges this poor widow fifteen cents expressage on her package of ten dozen aprons, so that for making one hundred and twenty aprons, such as I have described, she receives, net, one dollar and thirty-five cents! If she works from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock at night, she can make four dozen; but with the care of her child, she is unable to average more than three dozen, for which after the expressage is taken out, she receives forty cents a day for the support of herself and her child. Her rent for the one little room is one dollar per week. It is idle to say that this firm is compelled to do this by competition, for the material and making of these aprons cost less than ten cents, and the firm retails them ordinarily at twenty-five cents apiece.

Human Vultures.

The city abounds in organized firms of sharpers, who prey upon the necessities of the hard-pinched laborer. If there be anything in Boston that can rival the cruelty of the tenement-house sweat-shop you will find it in the dens of some chattel-mortgage sharps, whose business methods I have investigated. Here is a woman who made her living by making overalls at five cents a pair. Times of course were always hard with her. Her husband was out of work a good part of the time. At a period when they were in a specially hard strait, they borrowed ten dollars of one of these loan sharks. They were to pay two dollars a month interest on it. If at any time it ran over two or three days and the interest was not paid, so that the collector had to call for it, he charged and collected two dollars extra for calling. The money was secured by a chattel-mortgage upon every article of household furniture they possessed. These mortgages are ironclad, and put the people at the mercy of the man who holds them. In the course of fifteen months, under the cover of this loan of ten dollars, this firm managed to squeeze *forty dollars* out of the earnings of these people; and then they came to foreclose the mortgage and take away the furniture, and would have removed every household article they possessed had not the police officer on the beat, a man of noble heart and generous instincts, stepped in and agreed to become personally responsible for the amount. I know of another case, that of a Swedish family who "got behind," and could not pay the rent. Sickness came upon them and they borrowed fifty dollars. In a little over a year they paid sixty dollars in interest, but the principal had not been reduced one dollar. Some of the instalment firms are just as bad, and are often in league with these sharpers.

The Church's Duty.

To my mind Christianity stands to-day very much as it stood two thousand years ago, when Jesus hung upon the cross between two thieves. The anarchy which, atheistic and reckless, would destroy all law and all property, is one of the thieves, and the devotee of the gold-god of our time, who clutches his money-bags and says: "I have a right to get all the money I can and do with it what I please," is the other thief. Christianity stands between them; her mission is to change them both, and bring them with a regenerated purpose into brotherhood and fellowship.

All hail the dawn of a new day breaking,
When a strong armed nation shall take away
The weary burden from backs that are aching
With maximum work and minimum pay.

When no man is honored who hoards his millions,
When no man feasts on another's toil,
And God's poor suffering, starving billions
Shall share his riches of sun and soil.

*From *White Slaves* by Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., a startling exposure of the cruelties and oppressions practised in Boston, Mass., on the worthy poor. The classes described are not the criminal or the lazy poor but people who are anxious to work for a livelihood and who are being ground down to starvation wages by wealthy and reputable employers. Dr. Banks writes from personal knowledge and he could find similar and even worse cases in New York and other cities. Pp. 327; illustrated from photographs taken by the author; Published by *Lee & Shepard*, Boston, Mass.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Great Thoughts of the Bible; by Rev. John Reid, Wilbur B. Ketcham, New York, Publisher; Price, $1.50. A rich contribution to religious literature.

Elsket and Other Stories; by Thomas Nelson Page, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers; Price, $1.00. The latest and most entertaining work of the famous Southern author.

The High-Top Sweetings and Other Poems; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers; Price, $1.25. A volume of poems of nature and the affections.

Bird-Dom; by Leander S. Keyser, Boston, D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers; Price, $1.00. A collection of articles published from time to time by the author in various magazines. Mr. Keyser is the author of that delightful story "The Only Way Out," which appeared in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD in 1886.

The Perfect Calendar for Every Year of the Christian Era; Designed for practical every day use by Henry Fitch, New York, Funk & Wagnalls, publishers; Price, 50 cts.

Stories for Boys; by Richard Harding Davis. Pp. 204. Illustrated, Price $1. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

RESCUING THE WAIFS.

The Means Adopted by Practical Christian Workers for Making Good Christian Citizens out of the Boys of the Streets.

THE work among boys, which Rev. J. C. Collins will describe this week at the Convention of Christian Workers, in Washington, is one of the most hopeful of the many efforts devised during the past few years for the benefit of particular classes. It originated, as was briefly mentioned in the article on the Convention, which appeared with portraits and illustrations in this journal last week, with Mr. Collins himself and the Society of Christian Workers was so much impressed by the good already accomplished, that in 1887 it was formally adopted by the Society and special measures were taken for its extension and development. Since that time the movement has grown rapidly, new clubs have been organized and a very large number of boys have availed themselves of their advantages.

A Boys' Club as conceived by Mr. Collins, is simply a large, clean room as near as possible to the centre of the city. It has a library of about a hundred first-class boys' books, chiefly biography, history and travel. These are on open shelves at one end of the room, so that the boys may take them down themselves. Then there are the appliances for various quiet games. A few long tables and chairs, and with warmth and light the Boys' Club is complete. It is placed in charge of an earnest Christian young man, abundantly furnished with patience, tact and the love of souls. The club-room is opened about six or seven in the evening all through the winter, and is kept open till nine or half-past nine. The boys of the streets, whose homes are in some rear tenement, where there is neither comfort nor amusement, are not slow to appreciate a nice bright warm room where they can read an interesting book, or play a game of checkers or dominoes. They are glad to become regular members and spend their evenings there. Membership tickets are given free and are highly valued by the boys. That is the beginning. It is, however, only the peginning, though it is much to get the boys away from the pavement and the doors of the saloons. Mr. Collins has no faith in any system which is not religious. Bnt the first business is to get hold of the boys and, as he says, when he is angling he does not use a boat-hook. The initial letter at the head of this column is formed of a picture taken from a photograph of three barefoot boys who are fair specimens of those who come to a Boys' Club.

Now begins the real work of the Boys' Club. The Superintendent has his material with which to work. There is running water at hand and the boys of their own accord soon prefer to wash their faces and hands before sitting down; thus habits of cleanliness are formed. Then the Superintendent opens a penny Savings Bank and offers interest. As soon as a boy has five dollars to his credit he is advised to transfer his account to a regular Savings Bank; the habit of thrift is inculcated. Would any of the boys like to learn a trade? Carpentry, shoe-making, telegraphy, type-setting? Ten or fifteen boys can make up a class and by paying a small fee each—say twenty cents for ten lessons can help pay the cost of a teacher. Thus a habit of industry and self help is inculcated. Then, now and again, the Superintendent can arrange a field-day. Some kindly friend will come and play and sing, and another will give a reading or an interesting talk and the boys are pleased with the entertainment.

During this time the Superintendent is making acquaintances. The boys know that he is their friend or he would not have charge of a place like that. They tell him where they live and what they do. Would they not like to go to a Sunday School? The Superintendent knows where they will be welcome. He spends the early part of the day, before the club opens, in visiting the parents of members.

They have seen the improvement in their son and they welcome the instrument of it. Here is an opportunity for Christian work and helpfulness in many ways. They tell him their troubles and he gives them advice, perhaps induces them to attend church. The Superintendent also pays frequent visits to the Police Court. A boy has been arrested for some small offence. The judge knows that to send him to prison will be to help him on the way to ruin. He is willing to place him in the charge of such a man as the Superintendent of the Boys' Club, who knows how to handle boys and who promises to look after the boy and try to redeem him.

Although the movement is yet in its infancy and the number of towns in which Boys' Clubs have been organised is comparatively small, over eleven thousand boys have already been registered as members and have been influenced for good. Their ages vary from eight years to fourteen—that very critical period when a word spoken on the right side and a little care, which the father, sometimes careless, sometimes exhausted with his day's labor, is unable to give, may save a boy from evil and make a man of him. The work, of course, is restricted by the lack of funds at command. It costs about fifteen hundred dollars a year to establish and support such a club as we have described. The results cannot be estimated in dollars. One needs to know how much a boy is worth. Or, if money is to be the standard, how much the State will gain if that barefoot boy you meet in the street, Instead of growing up to steal, and to be maintained in prison for years, becomes an honest, self-supporting citizen. It would pay the State to provide funds for such a work, but it would be better if a few Christian men in every town and city would band together and furnish the means. If there are any such men in a city which has no such institution, who would enter on the Christ-like work they cannot do better than commuuicate with Rev. John C. Collins, New Haven, Conn., who will be glad to give them aid and advice.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS' PERSISTENCE.

IN answer to a question as to answers to prayer, George Muller, whose portrait and life appeared recently in this journal, told an incident of his own experience, which shows the patient faith of the man. He says:

I have had immediate answers to prayer, so many that I could reckon them by tens of thousands. If I say that during the fifty-four years and nine months that I have been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ I have had *thirty thousand answers to prayer, either in the same hour or the same day that the requests were made*, I should not go a particle too far. Often, before leaving my bedroom in the morning, I have had prayer answered that was offered that morning, and in the course of the day I have had five or six more answers to prayer; so that at least thirty thousand prayers have been answered the self-same hour or the self-same day that they were offered.

But one or the other might suppose all my prayers had been thus promptly answered. No; not all of them. Sometimes I have had to wait weeks, months, or years; sometimes many years. During the first six weeks of the year 1866 I heard of the conversion of six persons for whom I had been praying for a long time. For one I had been praying between two and three years; for another between three and four years; for another above seven years; for the fourth above ten years; for the fifth about fifteen years: and for the sixth above twenty years.

In one instance my faith has been tried even more than this. In November 1844, I began to pray for the conversion of five individuals. I prayed every day without one single intermission, whether sick or in health, on the land or on the sea, and whatever the pressure of my engagements might be. Eighteen months elapsed before the first of the five were converted. I thanked God, and prayed on for the others. Five years elapsed, and then the second was converted. I thanked God for the second, and then prayed on for the other three. Day by day I continued to pray for them, and six years more passed before the third was converted. I thanked God for three, and went on praying for the other two. These two remain unconverted. The man to whom God, in the richnees of his grace, has given tens of thousands of answers to prayer, in the self-same hour or day on which they were offered, has been praying day by day for nearly thirty-six years for the conversion of these two individuals, and yet they remain unconverted; for next November it will be thirty-six years since I began to pray for their conversion. But I hope in God, I pray on, and look yet for the answer.

NOT OF THE WORLD.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 15. John 15: 19; 17: 15, 16; 1. John 2: 15.

WHEN a man is conscious of being near death, his prayers for his family and friends are sure to be for blessings which he deems essential for them. He will no longer be with them to help them, to advise them, to protect them. What will they need? What does he desire for them? Jesus was in this situation. He had loved his own with an infinite love. He was about to give the highest conceivable proof of it by laying down his life for them. What does he desire on their behalf? His gaze stretches forward and he sees a mighty host being gathered through them and those who shall follow them. He is concerned about them too. He prays for all. They will be in danger. They will be surrounded with men of power and influence whose principles are diametrically opposed to those which he has been laboring to instil into their minds. Satan, who tempted him, will tempt them. The world will attract them with its pleasures and vanities. What is it that he desires for them? That petition, whatever it may be, will give us the key to his ideal of the Christian.

The occasion is very solemn. As we listen to the Great Teacher pleading with his Father for his beloved ones we learn what he desires for them and whatever we may have wished before this, we cease to wish it now and long only that his prayer may be answered. "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world." Why not? The Master has his own weighty reasons. If they were taken out of the world the light he has been kindling would be taken away. They are to shine. They are to enlighten the world, to tell men what he has been teaching them, to make known the way to better things. It would be ill for the world if they were taken away and he does not ask for it. Nor would it be well for them. Their faith was weak, they knew little as yet of the power at their command. Driven to bay, ostracized, confronted with enemies subtle and powerful, they would test their weapons and would be themselves as much amazed as their assailants at the effect. They would gain confidence, they would see lives transformed by the truths they were to utter, they would grow in patience, in faith and love. It would be well for them as well as for the world that they should not be taken away. An acorn was given to a Chinaman, and he was told that out of it an oak, like the one from which it fell, would grow. But he planted it in a flower-pot and kept it in-doors. It grew, but lacking the winds and storms which would have made it strong and hardy in the open air, it was dwarfed and feeble. The robust, vigorous, useful Christian is not developed in the cloister but in conflict with the world.

Jesus would not pray that his followers should be taken out of the world, but there was something for which he would pray. There is a pitiful, loving yearning in the words of that cry: that "Thou wouldst keep them from the evil." In the world, but not of it. Surrounded by evil, but not contaminated. That is Christ's desire. Influencing but not influenced. Kept unspotted from the world. It is a noble conception. The Christian in the workshop, in the office, in the store, in the bank, in the factory, on shipboard, among all kinds of evil, of seductive influences, yet holding fast to his faith, his virtue and purity, and from him radiating an influence which affects all who come in contact with him. He is a power because of the Divine life within him. The echo of his Lord's cry rings in his ears when temptation assails him, "That thou wouldst keep them from the evil," and he is strong in God's strength to resist. The selfishness, the greed, the jealous rivalry of the world are far down below the level on which he lives. He loves not the world nor the things of the world, for his affections are set on things above.

Jesus was praying for us who have believed on him "through their word." Has his prayer been answered so far as we are concerned? If *we* do not know, our friends and neighbors know, and the world knows. Does the world believe that that man has the spirit of Christ whom it hears depreciating his rivals, whom it sees pushing and crowding to secure the best place in the car for himself, who is harsh and overbearing to his employees, who makes hard bargains with those who deal with him, and who adds house to house and field to field knowing that thousands of his brethren, in the same city with him, lack the common necessaries of life? That man, if he be a Christian, has not been kept from the evil. And he has not been kept becaase he *would not* be kept.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Bertha A. Holmes may obtain all information as to the mode of organizing a Circle of King's Daughters by writing to the headquarters of the Order, 158 West 23d Street, N. Y., where crosses, etc., can also be purchased.

Robert A. Ward will find the Baptist Young People's Society practically identical in aim with the Society of Christian Endeavor, but it is, as its name implies, composed exclusively of members of one denomination. It therefore differs from the Society of Christian Endeavor in that point as the latter aims to unite in aggressive religious work, members of various denominations, who agree on the fundamental principles of the Gospel.

Henry Mendenhall. No, the officers of the Christian Endeavor Society do not receive any salary from the Society.

R. L. W. Each Circle of King's Daughters is practically independent. It can choose its own objects for aid and relief. The Central Council is composed of ladies living in or near New York City. Mrs. Margaret Bottome is President of the Order and Chairman of the Devotional Committee and of the Committee on Work for men and boys. She is the wife of a Methodist minister but the Order is undenominational.

THE WISCONSIN ASSOCIATIONS.

AT a State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Wisconsin held recently at Milwaukee, thirty-four associations were represented. The report showed that two new associations had been organized and no work discontinued. Thirty-five paid men are engaged in local fields; 113 local conferences and five district conventions were held against thirty-five last year. At these conferences $554.21 were raised for State work, and over one hundred conversions reported. Among the city associations, reports showed a large increase in membership, increase in professed conversions, better financial condition and more interest in Bible study.

The work among the lumbermen and miners was reported as in most excellent condition, thousands of miles having been travelled, hundreds of meetings held and much good done.

Other marked features of the convention were the midnight meeting at which ten men out of a large number gathered in from neighboring saloons, professed conversion; the meetings at the German Department; and the men's meeting at the central department led by L. W. Messer, which resulted in sixteen professed conversions.

A KING'S DAUGHTER IN SIBERIA.

A FORMIDABLE expedition, "In His Name," has been nndertaken by Miss Kate Marsden—a lady who wears both the Silver Cross and the Red Cross, indicating her membership in the Order of King's Daughters and in the Society of the Red Cross, which ministers to sufferers in war, epidemics, and overwhelming public calamities. She has had much experience in nursing the sick in many lands and is about to go to India to labor among the lepers. In studying the disease, preparatory to setting out, she heard that a remedy for it was to be found in Siberia, and she resolved to go there and see for herself. An interesting account of her journey is sent by Mrs. Mary B. Willard to the *Silver Cross*. It appears from this narrative that Miss Marsden had no difficulty in securing from the Czar such a passport as has given her access to prisons, convict establishments, and hospitals everywhere. She has, therefore, without losing sight of the primary object of her journey, had abundant opportunities of doing good by the way. She has been allowed to talk freely with the convicts on their way to the mines and deserts which are to be the scene of their exile, and also to those who have reached their destination. Her medical knowledge has enabled her to give physical as well as spiritual aid to her afflicted sisters. Mrs. Willard's object in writing is to raise a fund for Miss Marsden's use. That lady had sufficient funds for her journey when starting, but she was so touched by the miseries she witnessed that her kind heart would not allow her to part from the sufferers without leaving in their hands gifts of tea, sugar, and other comforts, and also copies of the Gospels. Many of these women are Nihilists and a large number of them are in utter ignorance of the Gospel. As Miss Marsden told them of Jesus their interest became intense and their longing to hear more of him was profound. She could not let the opportunity pass of giving a new Testament to those who would value it so much and who need it so bitterly. In this way the money set apart for her journey has been exhausted, and she is in need of funds to proceed to the farthest part of Siberia where the plant is said to exist of which she is in search.

"Before reaching Omsk," says Mrs. Willard, "Miss Marsden met Bishop Dionesius, a Greek priest who has labored for forty years in that part of Siberia in which she hopes to find the plant which is said to be a specific for leprosy, and he added his testimony to its existence among the wild tribes around Yakoutsk, and its efficacy in many instances personally known to him. Thus encouraged, Miss Marsden journeyed on alone, to Irkutsk, where she has a third of journey still before her.

"In the letter just received she has pencilled a little sketch of the barge on which she is to travel for many weeks up the River Lena. It is a kind of raft covered over, and on the cargo the passengers make their beds. The boats are floated by the current, which is very powerful, as far as Yakoutsk, and then burned for firewood, so it may be inferred that they are not built for comfort or endurance. Black bread for the voyage is laid in store and upon this the voyagers must depend for their food during the month. From Yakoutsk comes a long horseback ride of many hundred miles, into the leper regions, where Miss Marsden and a physician who accompanies her during this part of the journey expect to make their test of the herb which, through the kindness of Bishop Dionesius, they hope to find awaiting them in sufficient supply on their arrival in Yakoutsk."

The King's Daughters have reason to rejoice in having among their number a lady who who will venture on such a journey In His Name.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

THE International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations ask us to remind our readers of the Week of Prayer for young men, which is fixed for November 8–14. The address calls attention to the fact that the call to this season of prayer "comes to the American Association this year not only from our own International Convention at Kansas City, but with equal urgency from the more recent World's Conference at Amsterdam. From both meetings the outlook gained over the entire Association field indicates decided progress in work among young men. Not only have the American Associations grown in strength, numbers and useful work, but in other lands and continents similar advance is noticeable. To the World's Conference were brought encouraging reports of progress in Great Britain, Germany, France, Switzerland, Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Italy. In India, a national organization of the Associations has been affected, and to the committee of the World's Conference were added members from India and Japan. The Associations have more reason than ever before to heed this call of their representatives coming from both sides of the ocean, to a season of praise, thanksgiving and prayer for the blessing of God upon their work.

"The Committee urges upon every Association the importance of a unanimous and faithful observance of the Day and Week indicated. Special attention is also called to the recommendation of the Kansas City Convention that unusual attention and prayerfulness mark the observance of this season so that it may, by God's blessing, result in the conversion of the largest number of young men. That, in that time, every Association, however small, be urged to a special thank-offering to be used for the furtherance of the international work. The aid that can be rendered by such contributions to the great work laid upon the Committee by the Associations, is greatly needed and will be very welcome. All such collections should be forwarded to the treasurer, B.C. Wetmore, 40 E. 23d St., N. Y."

ONCE IN AWHILE.

IT is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song;
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything else goes wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day
They make up the items of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in awhile.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of Life in China and the Perils Endured by Missionaries and their Wives.

MISSIONARY work has a special attraction for the youthful Christian mind. Perhaps it is because in early life, the heart is overflowing with love and sympathy for the neglected and the oppressed; perhaps because there is in connection with a missionary career, particularly in eastern countries so much that is romantic and adventurous, that contemplation kindles in the young mind a fine enthusiasm and a desire to go out into the world and help spread the Gospel message abroad.

Uncle John, having spent some time in the Flowery Kingdom during his travels, was eagerly questioned by the junior portion of the household, whose interest had been stirred up by the news of the terrible peril of our missionaries in China.

"The Chinese," he said in explanation, "are the most exclusive people in the world. It was a hard fight for many years before they could be persuaded even to open a single port for purposes of commerce. A few were opened by treaty, and then the merchants found, to their dismay,—so bitter was the hostility to foreigners,—that no trading could be done unless the merchant vessels were protected by a naval force. The first missionaries who went to China took their lives in their hands, for they found the native priests—representing the three great religious sects, Buddhism, Confucianism and Taouism—determined to resent the introduction of Christianity. Although the government was disposed to be more liberal and even granted some privileges to the missionaries, the priests from time to time roused the fanaticism of the people and they attacked the missionaries and massacred the natives who had become Christians. This has been repeated of late years, and quite lately France, Germany, England and our own government succeeded in securing from the Emperor an edict addressed to all the governors of the provinces throughout the country, commanding them to protect the missionaries and afford all the necessary facilities for their work. But here again the priests, acting in conjunction with many secret societies that seek to overthrow the present government of China, were successful in making the edict useless. You have read in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD how the poor missionaries have been driven from their stations, their dwellings burned and robbed of their contents and their pupils subjected to terrible cruelties."

"Yes; we read about the attacks on the teachers at Hankow and other places," said Tom.

"Not only at Hankow, but at Wusuch, Wuhu, Ichang, and many other towns along the Yang-tse-kiang, the great commercial river of the Empire. The most important of the secret societies is the *Kolahui*, and, while it has instigated many of the assaults upon the missionaries, its real object is to procure the downfall of the present Emperor. But nearly every naval power has warships in Chinese waters now, and any attempt against the lives of missionaries will instantly be punished. Much as the missionaries are opposed to violent measures, it may become necessary to teach the Chinese a lesson that will secure foreigners protection in the future."

"Who were the first missionaries to China,?"

"The first I don't recall but among the earliest were the Rev. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, who is known as 'The Apostle of Hankow,' and the Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, the founder of the China Inland Mission. The latter paid a visit to the United States, quite lately. Both have done magnificent work in the Gospel field, and may properly be regarded as the pioneer missionaries in Central China. Griffith John was converted in boyhood, and after receiving an academic training, started for China in his twenty-third year, having solemnly dedicated himself to the work. He studied the Mandarin dialect, which educated men use there, as well as the language of the common people. In 1861 he went to Hankow, a large inland city on the Wangpoo River. Since then he has travelled much and preached the Gospel in almost every province in the kingdom. Besides he has done much good work fighting the vices of opium-smoking and gambling. All Chinamen are inveterate gamblers, and Mr. John has known them to gamble away even their wives and children."

A shudder ran through the little group on hearing this statement.

"The other eminent missionary, Mr. Taylor, was consecrated to God from his birth, as many children of Christian parents are. As a boy he took a great interest in China, and at fifteen he began to study in earnest for the work to which God had evidently called him. His education was very meagre. In 1853 he sailed and his experiences in the mission field for many years were very perilous and exciting. He was attacked by fanatical mobs, for preaching and distributing the Gospel, but the work of the Inland mission prospered in spite of persecution. His letters home were the means of stirring up the missionary spirit in many young men's souls, and a number joined him as helpers. There are now several hundred zealously at work, but there is room in that great land, with its 360,000,000 population, for many more, for there are entire provinces where Christ's message has never yet been delivered and where idolatry, superstition, and darkness prevail.

"China is a land of wide extreme and queer customs," continued Uncle John. "In the north, the children have red cheeks, like our own little boys and girls, and their skin is almost as fair, while in the south they are olive-complexioned. In the north are eternal snows; in the south smoking volcanoes. The ladies of Pekin and Hongkong totter about painfully on their compressed feet, about three and a half inches long and hardly bigger than those of a goat, trailing their dainty silks behind them, while the Tartar women, who leave their feet as nature made them, have really a fine carriage."

"How do they manage to keep their feet so small?" enquired one of the children.

"By a process called 'footbinding' begun when they are babies, like Sister Milly there" was the reply. "The four small toes are tucked in under the sole and they gradually become a part of it, while the heel is forced forward to meet them. But with all their faults and their peculiar way of doing most things backward, as it seems to us, the Chinese have some fine traits. Every year a Chinaman pays his debts. The obedience of children to parents is simply perfect. Then, they are the politest people in the world. Indeed, sometimes this politeness is carried so far that it is hardly agreeable to a guest, who is urged by his host to accept things he must never really dream of accepting. Another odd thing is that when cold weather comes, a Chinese father or mother doesn't go, as we do, and build a hot fire in the furnace. They put on extra clothing on the children and keep adding to their garments until they look more like overdressed dolls than anything else I ever saw. Still another strange thing is to find a literary family, where father and sons are really cultured, while the mother and daughters cannot even read. The common name in China is Wang—just as Smith is common here, only more so.

"But while one may like the novelty of an experience among them, an American can never get thoroughly accustomed to some things, eating with chop-sticks instead of knife and fork, for instance. Soup, dumplings, cakes, rice, chopped meats, chopped fish and a variety of delicacies such as birds' nest soup, sharks' fins, ducks' tongues and dishes that are found nowhere else in the world are set before you, and with as good a grace as possible you go through the formality of dipping your chopsticks into the different platters and taking the chances of ever getting the morsel to your lips. Yet there are 180,000,000 queues that nod an accompaniment to twice that number of chopsticks every meal time in China."

REV. GRIFFITH JOHN AND REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR.
The Representatives of two Great Missionary Societies in China.

The Family Altar.

IT is never forgotten in after life. Our sons and daughters feel stronger and thank God to the end of their earthly pilgrimage, that they were raised at the family altar. Away from home, even after they have erected their own family altar, they think of the time when father read in the family Bible, and father and mother, brothers and sisters bowed together at the throne of grace—and though separated from them, they join them in this holy and delightful soul-mellowing service.

> There is a scene, where spirits blend,
> Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
> Though sundered far, by faith they meet
> Around one common mercy seat.

Perhaps years after father and mother have entered into their rest, the children reverently remember how at home, at the family altar, Jesus so often shed the "oil of gladness on their head."

Family worship, says the *Evangelical Messenger*, is a power if engaged in spirit and in truth. Eternity alone will reveal the amount of good accomplished through this instrumentality. Should we not, every time we engage in family worship, expect and realize a sensation of the presence of Jesus? This would bring more fruit, more immediate results—more liberty in the praise of God.

* * *

FALL BLESSINGS.

ALREADY the poets are tuning their harps to wintry chords. One of them sings thus plaintively:

> It seems but yesterday and yet
> To-day I find my garden set
> In silver and the royster wind
> Made bold to pluck me by the gown.
> What time I wandered up and down
> The patch to see if left behind
> Was one last rose that I might press
> Against my withered cheek, and less
> Feel time unkind.

But the blessings of the Fall are with us us abundantly and there is cause rather for thanksgiving than for sorrow. What a delightful home is that where parents and children alike find reason for praise and thankfulness the year round!

"We have not only the present surroundings to make us happy," says Dr. Talmage, "but our minds are crowded with vivid reminiscences. The memory becomes a kaleidoscope, and every minute the scene changes. You give to the kaleidoscope of memory a turn and there they are, natural as life, around the eountry hearth on a cold winter night. Hear the hickory fire crackle, and see the shadows flit up and down the wall. Games that sometimes well-nigh upset the chair—"Blind Man's Buff," "Who's got the Button," "The Popping Corn," "The Molasses Pudding," and the witch stories that made the neighbors' boys afraid to go home after dark. Hickory nuts on one dish, roseate apples on the other. The boisterous plays of "More Bags on the Mill," "Leap Frog," "Catcher," around and around the room until someone got hurt and a kiss was offered to make up the hurt, the kiss more resented than the hurt. High old times! Father and mother got up and went into the next room because they could not stand the racket. Then, instead of compunctions of conscience, a worse racket. But now the scene is fading out. You had better turn the kaleidescope."

* * *

The Secret of a Happy Home.

THE beauty of home with Christian training and love and obedience is grandly illustrated in a chapter from the experience of a German family, which is related by John W. Kramer in his book: *The Right Road*. A teacher once lived in Strasburg who had hard work to support his family of nine children. Still they were his chief joy and delight. His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk if he had not trusted in his Heavenly Father, when he thought of the number of jackets, stockings, and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and the quantity of bread and potatoes they would eat. His house, too, was very close quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun which the merry nine made. But father and mother managed very well and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat at dinner the stranger looked at the hungry children about the table and said compassionately:

"Poor man! What a cross you have to bear!"

"I! A cross to bear?" cried the father, wonderingly. "What do you mean?'

"Nine children, and seven of them boys at that," replied the stranger; adding bitterly, "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the father with decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

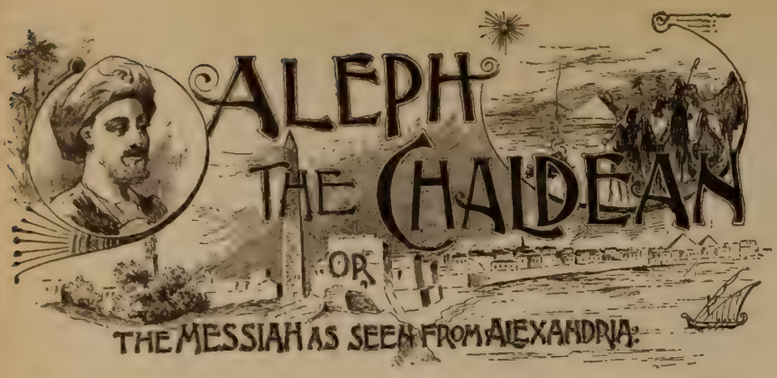
"Because I have taught them that noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?" The two little girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted, "Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father said to the guest: "Sir, if death were to come in at that door waiting to take one of my nine children, I would say"—and he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into the belief that I had one too many?"

The stranger sighed; for he saw that it was only disobedient children that make a father unhappy.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Aleph, a young Chaldean student, of a notable family arrives in Alexandria with his friend and companion, *Cimon*, a Greek, who has visited the city many years previously. During the journey down the Nile, the latter points out the various places of interest to *Aleph*, Egypt is under Roman rule, and the period is early in the first century of the Christian era. On landing, the friends encounter an aged Egyptian, *Seti*, to whom a drunken Roman officer is about to offer violence, when *Aleph* disarms the latter, very skillfully. *Seti*, is grateful to the youth and on leaving him warns him that he has made an enemy of the dissipated son of *Flaccus* the Roman Governor of the city. He also cautions him against *Flaccus* and also against *Malus*, a crafty Jewish trader of great influence. The two friends pass some time in viewing the sights of the city, after which *Aleph*, who is there on highly important business matters, seeks the great banker *Alexander*. Before visiting him, however, he learns some interesting facts regarding the man he is to see. *Alexander* is the Alabarch, or representative head of the orthodox Hebrews of Alexandria, a man of great wealth and influence, to whom the magnates of all nationalities, and even the government officials themselves, frequently resort for financial aid. His place of business is a vast, imposing building of great strength, and here at times come students, travelers with letters of credit, merchants and others. On arriving there, *Aleph* while he waits, amuses himself in studying the faces of those who, like himself have come for the purpose of doing business with the banker.

CHAPTER III. *Continued.*

THE two students who came in with Aleph seemed better to deserve the name. They had just come from a lecture by Philo, a brother of the Alabarch; and found much to commend in his ingenious attempts to Hellenize the Hebrew writers or to Hebraize the Greek—they were uncertain which way to put it.

They agreed that he was a very broad man and ready to do justice to great men of other nationality than his own. They were also hearing lectures on astronomy and Hipparchus in the observatory rooms at the Serapeum, as well as on the physics and metaphysics of Aristotle at the Museum.

Aleph was not sorry to have this little insight into student life in Alexandria; and considering the number of persons in the room on his arrival, he was expecting to have a still longer time to observe and listen, when, to his surprise and apparently to that of others around, a special servant came to conduct him to the banker.

After passing through a large room occupied by many persons busy at desks, and crossing a broad passage from which rose a flight of marble steps, they came to a small room plainly furnished, in which were seated two men. What was his surprise to recognize in one of them the Egyptian Seti! The pleasure he felt sprang at once to his face, as he advanced with a warm but modest greeting which the aged man cordially reciprocated, and then presented him to the Alabarch as "the young man of whom we have been speaking."

Alexander was a Jew to the slightest inspection. But his features though national were royally so, and might have belonged to Solomon. Their whole expression bespoke one accustomed to great thoughts and plans; while yet a certain watchfulness, like distant pickets about a royal encampment, looked out from far back in his frank and friendly eyes as of one who knows that all sorts of characters will come to a banker, and who knows how to protect himself on occasion. His manners were polished and courtly—as might have been expected of one who dealt only with the highest and most cultured classes, and was even a companion of princes. In watching him one felt sure that the man was larger than his wealth, however large that might be. He was still in the prime of life, and without a thread of silver in his dark hair and beard.

Alexander received the young man graciously, though with wide-open, all-observing eyes.

"I happened," said the Egyptian to Aleph, "to be with my son when your name was brought in; and, though you gave me no name yesterday, I fancied that the Chaldean was the friend I have occasion to remember, and that his first business would naturally be a banker. I had just finished explaining how we met when you came in."

"That I am as glad as surprised," returned the young man, "to see you here and in such a relation, you doubtless have already discovered. Perhaps I am the more glad because my business with this gentleman is such as may call for a word of friendly prepossession in my favor from one who is known here. For the present I am compelled to remain unknown. I can only appear as Aleph, the Chaldean, in company with his preceptor and friend, Cimon, the Athenian. So I have no papers to present on which to ask an open account for him and myself, within certain limits, with a banker. I have only certain jewels to place in his hands, of the value of which he must judge"—and he drew from the bosom of his tunic a small box which he opened and handed to Alexander.

The banker was surprised. In all his wide experience he had never fallen in with such brilliants—so large, so beautifully and variously hued, with such soft and mystic fires playing about them and raying out from their inmost depths. A pearl, a ruby, a sapphire, and a diamond—that was all; but, as Alexander turned the box this way and that, there flashed out upon him such lovely lights as he had never seen in the Imperial treasury at Rome, enriched as it was with the regalia of many nations.

After carefully taking out each gem and examining it on all sides, and then as carefully replacing it in its luxurious bed, Alexander at length fetched a long breath and slowly said:

"If any common stranger had brought me these remarkable jewels I should have demanded to know his name and station—in short, that he is the rightful owner of such a treasure. This would only be a common prudence. But I happen to have an uncommon father-in-law, who has a notion that he has a gift of reading character in faces and bearing, and who thinks so favorably of yours that he might quarrel with me if I should deal with you on strictly business principles. I should be sorry to have him do that. Besides, to tell the truth, I have something of his weakness for a good face and figure, and whatever else that indescribable something about you is that demands confidence. So I think I will venture"—and he threw an arch look and smile at Seti.

And he drew two sheets of papyrus toward himself. After writing for some time, he read over to himself carefully what he had written, and then handed the sheet to Aleph, saying, "Is this satisfactory?"

The young man read a full description of the box and its contents; an acknowledgment of the receipt of it as basis for credit to the extent of 200,000 aurei(1) or staters,(2) to be drawn upon at pleasure in large or small sums; also a promise to restore the jewels on repayment of sums advanced with a moderate interest.

Aleph pronounced the paper entirely satisfactory, and far more favorable than he had any reason to expect—adding, however, that he had no idea of making any large drafts on the sum pledged; as one of the objects he had in view in Alexandria would compel him to live in a very quiet and inexpensive way, even if it were not a matter of choice.

Alexander then proceeded to copy the document, and to affix his signature and seal to it and to the copy. He retained one and gave the other to Aleph, with a parcel of small slips of papyrus (3) each already signed by himself, but otherwise blank, saying:

"Whenever you wish current money, fill in one of these with the sum desired, in your own handwriting and with your name as given today, and present it in the room through which you passed in coming here. . . . Now I will put this treasure where it will be somewhat safer than it was when walking the streets of Alexandria under the protection of a cane,"—and he rose and took the box and his copy of the paper he had just executed to carry them into an adjoining room whose door, massive with iron, proclaimed the very citadel of the financial stronghold.

"Will you add this small parcel of valuable documents to the box?" said Aleph, as he again produced from the bosom of his tunic an elaborately tied and sealed parcel.

Alexander had hardly resumed his seat, after a few moment's absence, when a light step was heard descending the stairs in the neighboring passage, the door softly opened a little, then wider, and after a moment a young lady advanced into the room. Seti and Aleph were so seated that they could not well be seen from the door; and the maiden, seeing none but Alexander, went hastily up to him, put her hand on his shoulder, kissed his forehead, and said:

"Father, word has just been brought to me that my poor nurse, Miriam, who has come back to the city sick, is now dying, and wants to see me. May I take a servant with me and go? In the absence of my mother and brothers I thought I had better come directly to you, as I may need to be gone for some time, and you would be alarmed at my prolonged absence."

"Certainly I would have been. Take two servants: then you can send one of them back for anything that may be needed. Let the woman have every possible help and comfort. But, Rachael, do you not notice your grandfather?"—nodding his head toward Seti, who had risen and was coming toward her.

Rachael turned suddenly, with a faint exclamation of surprise, and sprang into the open arms of the Egyptian, exclaiming:

"When did you come? I thought you were still in Upper Egypt. How glad I am to see you, my dear grandfather—as glad as one can be whose foster-mother lies dying!"

"I will not keep you from her—only to answer your question by saying that I reached the city safely last evening, thanks to a young friend of mine. No particulars at present. Perhaps I will step in at Miriam's on our way home (I accidentally heard of her whereabouts this morning), and see if the leech has done his best, and, if not, whether old Egypt can do better."

"Do, grandfather," she pleaded, "and come soon: for I verily believe that the priest Seti knows more of the healing art than all the rest of Alexandria—the daughters of my people not excepted."

As she glided toward the door her eye rested for a moment with a startled look on Aleph. He had till now been unobserved. The tall form of Seti had been interposed. She hesitated a moment, as if to make sure that the young man was not some one whom she ought to recognize, and then hastened away.

Ah, those great, lovely eyes! It was but a second that their inquiring look rested on him; but they at once made him forget every other feature. He had not failed to notice her faultless figure, the queenly carriage of her head, the easy grace and even majesty of her every movement; and when she turned to greet Seti he had had full view of an exquisite face, hesitating between girlhood and womanhood—a face wonderfully luminous with a certain spiritual and lofty loveliness—but the moment her eyes shot their fires into his, all previous impressions vanished, and he saw nothing but eyes, eyes. In talking over the events of the day with Cimon at the khan in the evening, he could not, for the life of him, remember distinctly whether she was tall or short, dark or brown-haired, light-complexioned or otherwise—he could only remember the glorious eyes. But the young man was in Alexandria for a purpose, and a great one: and what had he to do with a maiden's haunting eyes? Just nothing at all. So he turned his own eyes to the business in hand: and the effulgent twin stars that had just risen above his horizon, contrary to the order of Nature, silently sank back again and disappeared—almost.

He rose to take leave. But Alexander said, "Wait a little," and touched a string. A servant appeared, to whom he gave some directions in a low voice. When he had dismissed the man, he said that he had just sent to notify those in waiting that no more business would be done to-day. He added that he usually closed business earlier on the sixth day of the week out of regard to the sacred seventh, and that so he had some leisure for conversation; if the young man would resume his seat.

"Speaking of our Sabbath," continued he; "reminds me that I ought to invite you to our place of worship for to-morrow: for I learn that you are not a worshipper of Belus?"

"Hardly," said Aleph with a smile.

"Nor a fire-worshipper?"

"By no means."

"Nor a worshipper of the sun, moon and stars?"

"I was not so taught," emphatically.

"But you were taught to worship the One God who made the heavens and the earth, and who spake by Moses and the other prophets.

"Even so: our family religion for generations has been that of the Hebrews—it being the most credible and satisfactory within our knowledge."

"Our common friend here could not tell me quite as much as this," said Alexander with a gratified look, "but I am glad to hear it, and hope to learn at some future time how your family came into possession of our faith. You observe our sacred day?"

"I do, as does also my companion. Though a Greek by birth, he is a Hebrew in religion. We will be pleased to accept your invitation for to-morrow. Where shall we find your place of worship?"

"We Jews are 300,000 strong. So there are several synagogues in the city; but two of these are much larger than the rest, and stand for two different schools of doctrine among us. The one with which I am connected is the *Diapleuston* and is on the street of Canopus, not far from here. The other is on Emporium Street, and is not so large as ours, but still has many substantial adherents, of whom Malus, our chief shipping merchant, is the most prominent. Indeed, I think that he is now the chief ruler of his synagogue."

"May I ask," inquired Aleph, "what the doctrinal difference between the two synagogues is?"

"The chief difference," answered Alexander, "relates to the degree of authority to be allowed to our Sacred Books. We of the *Diapleuston* say that their authority is final on all matters of which they speak—that their writers were so guided and guarded by Jehovah in composing them that they were at first perfectly free from mistake of all sorts: while the other school maintain that, while properly enough said to be of divine origin, our Scriptures have always been more or less mistaken in their teachings and need to be sifted by learned men. Especially are they prepared to admit the possibility of mistake to almost any extent in Moses and the earlier Scripture writers. Not a few deny that we have any Moses. What passes under the ancient name is really the invention of recent times."

"This is the result I should expect. One seems to be left at liberty to take as much or little of the Scriptures as suits him: for if parts of them are unreliable, and we have no sure way of determining where these parts are, we will be likely to locate them where our prejudices and inclinations say. The larger part of the Book may easily be considered secular or unimportant by one who wishes as much."

"Very true," said Alexander; "and see what the other synagogue, have actually come to! Some reject the doctrine of angels, some that of a human soul distinct from the body, some that of personal responsibility, and nearly all that of miracles and all other forms of supernaturalism in history, as well as that of a future state of settled character and destiny for men. And so on. Really, between them all, there is very little of the Sacred Book left. The sum of their doubts and denials would cover almost the whole of it. What is left is the brief revalation, that Malus, the Sadduccee, uses. His maxim is to discard what anybody doubts."

"This seems to me a sad state of things," said Aleph, fetching a long breath that was almost a sigh. "It would be almost unimaginable in the house of my fathers. Practically, these people are without a revelation. The only revelation to each is that bundle of guesses and notions which he calls his knowledge or judgment: and there are about as many different revelations of this sort as there are men; and, to my thinking, they are all about equally worthless. It is sad that circumcised people have some uncircumcised notions."

"A sad state of things, indeed," consented Alexander, "but we may console ourselves with the fact that this sad sort of people are a minority and a small one, and have been quite unknown among our people till quite recent times. I trust they will soon become unknown again. When the Messiah, whom we are daily looking for, comes and accrediting himself by signs and wonders, declares that not one jot or tittle of the law shall fail, even Malus will have a revelation that is worth the having."

"May he come quickly!" said the young man devoutly.

Alexander looked intently for a moment on the kindling and abstracted face before him, and then as devoutly said "Amen."

(To be Continued.)

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.

(1.) Aureus—a Gold Jewish coin, worth about $8.
(2.) Stater—a Standard gold coin, Greco-Roman period.
(3.) Ancient scrolls made of tree-bark, or the dried leaves of certain plants.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Josie C. Priest, Phila., writes:

I noticed that in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD information is wanted of the correct title of a poem which is "The Master stood in His Garden."

The music is by James McGranahan, and is in the book called "The Gospel Choir."

H. C. Call, No. Adams, Mass., referring to E. W. M.'s question, writes:

The Cabalists described seven heavens, each rising in happiness above the other; the highest being the abode of God and the most exalted angels. The term "Seventh Heaven," when used by clergymen, refers to the Heaven of Heavens. (II. Chron. 5 : 18.)

J. Bell, Nashville, Tenn. Who was the first missionary? Where do we find the first record of missionary work?

The first missionary of whom we have any account was St. Paul. See Acts 11: 29, 30, for the first recorded missionary collection, showing that the work had then actually begun. The pioneer missionary sent from this country to a foreign land was Adoniram Judson.

P. O. B., Berea, Cuyahoga Co., Ohio. Which is the latest and best translation of the Bible, according to modern investigation and comparison of languages, especially Hebrew and Greek?

The Revised Version, which may be had of almost any bookseller. The most eminent scholars in the world worked upon it for years together, and it is unquestionably what you want.

Subscriber, Newburg, Pa. What is the unpardonable sin?

There have been many theories on the subject. There is little doubt, however, that it consisted in ascribing to Satanic power the miracles worked by the Saviour. It showed so utter and complete a perversion of the moral sense as to indicate that the person was beyond the pale of mercy.

Miss S. C. Staunton, Va. What is the proper name to be engraved on bridal presents of silver, etc? Should the last initial be that of the bride's *maiden* name, or that of the groom's name, or can the initials of the given name of both parties be given with the surname of the groom?

The usual custom is to engrave the initials of both parties, if the gifts are given at the wedding. You had better consult a jeweler, however, as these customs vary.

S. F. Morse, Brunswick, N. J. Why may not the words: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," in Matt. 29: 18, be regarded as an interpolation, seeing that the Apostles neither taught nor used that formula and that it also lacks the necessary confirmation of two or three witnesses and was given before the New Testament or Covenant was confirmed by Christ's death and made forever unalterable thereby?

These words appear in the Revised Version which omitted all that was doubtful or not contained in the oldest manuscripts. The fact of their retention shows that they were in the oldest manuscripts, and we cannot go beyond the authoritative conclusion reached by the Revisers.

Subscriber (no address.) The tenth commandment forbids covetousness; is it wrong for me to wish I was as rich as So-and-So when I know I should use my money in doing good?

Covetousness is to wish for something in the possession of another. Probably you would be content for Mr. So-and-So to retain his money, too. It is not his money that you are wishing for, but simply that you might have money to use in God's service. If so, you are not coveting. The wish, however, is not to be commended. If you are trusting in God and believing that he arranges the lot of all his servants, would it not be wiser to be content with the lot he has arranged for you? You remember Agur's words, (Prov. 30: 9): "Give me not riches lest I be full and deny thee . . . Feed me with food convenient for me." You are right in endeavoring in all legitimate ways to gain money, but you are wrong and show a spirit of rebellion against God if you repine because riches are denied you.

S. Brantford, Ont., Can. If by expense, time, and culture, fruits, flowers and animals are greatly improved in usefulness and value, how much more essential is it that these factors should be employed in the culture of the human family? The comparative few who have wealth do bring up their children cultured ladies and gentlemen, but the great mass cannot afford it. How far in the direction of culture should this latter class go? Is a man justified in contributing largely to the cause of Christ at the expense of his children's culture? The great mass of the children of Christians are in this position from the cause named. Where shall the line be drawn?

The Mosaic law required one-tenth of the entire income to be devoted to the Lord. There is abundant evidence that a man who gives liberally is not impoverished thereby. (See Prov. 11: 24.) The spirit of Christianity requires every man to do the best he can for his family in the way of education and culture. (See 1. Tim. 5: 8.)

P. B. Rant, Williamstown. Where did the devil come from? By whom created? How did sin enter heaven?

Your questions have puzzled theologians for centuries, and have occasioned discussions which have had no profitable issue. There is no source of reliable information but that contained in Scripture and that is of a very meagre character. See Rev. 12: 7, 9, and 11, Peter 2: 4. The inference from those and other passages is that Satan was created by God as man was, that he was pure and innocent but like man liable to fall. That he did fall and was cast out of heaven. It cannot be conceived that God created an evil being, though, as we know to our sorrow, he did create a being who became evil. The whole subject is wrapped in mystery and the Bible writers are more intent on the practical question of teaching us how to be delivered from the power of Satan than in giving us his biography. The less we know of him and have to do with him the better for us.

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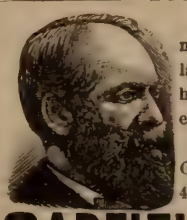

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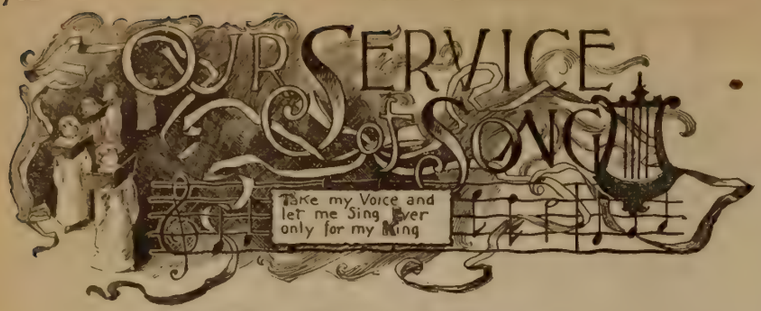
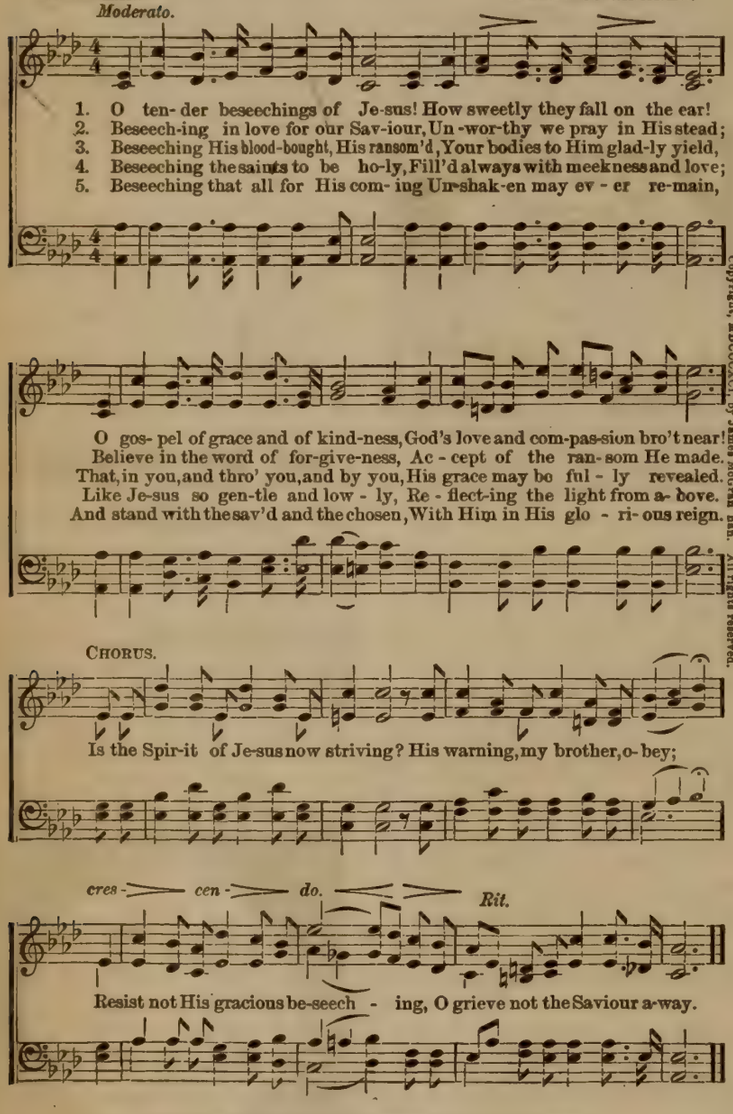


Beseechings of Jesus.

"As though God did beseech you by us."—2 Cor. 5: 20.

EL NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato.



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FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

ASSURANCE.

(For The Christian Herald.)

FATHER, my life seems dark and lone,
My way I cannot see;
The answer comes, in loving tone,
"Keep close, my child, to me."

Father, I'm weary and oppressed,
By burdens hard to bear;
"Lay here thy head upon My breast,
Thy griefs I'll gladly share."

Father, I'm sinful, helpless, weak,
My feet oft go astray;
"The erring, lost, I came to seek,
I'll be thy strength and stay."

Father, perplexing doubts arise,
That hide Thy face from me;
"But trust Me, and soon shall thine eyes,
Undimmed, My glory see." —*A. C.*

THE KINGDOM WITHIN.

To him whose form bends 'neath the care
Of sorrow's weight, so hard to bear,
And plods in self his dangerous way,
Strife will be long;
Unless, undone, he hails the day
Of praise and song.

But pilgrimage of hopeless woe
May change to sunlight's constant glow,
That spreads o'er fields of Paradise
Continuous morn;
And tinges all its vaulting skies
With light new-born.

And so the heart unveiled of sin
Brings forth to light bright gems within,
Which, like the first fair bloom of spring,
Will many hearts.
Refresh—and in the fountain bring,
Where Christ's love starts.

A sceptre's power rests in His hand,
That rules the glorious, better land
Of spirits clothed in shining light;
And shall rule here,
To banish far the gloomy night,
And darkness drear.

The heart, rejoiced, sings all along,
Till every word swells to a song;
And rising, winding, spreads afar
The rich-voiced strain.
It enters—yes! the gates ajar,
To rise again!

—LEWIS E. THOMPSON.

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"While thus engaged on work so fine,
Where skill and patience must combine,
How oft the thought must pain the heart,
That after all your care and art,
The handsome work that charms the eye
Ere long must soiled and ruined lie."

'Oh, no; you make a great mistake,
As no such thought our rest can break;
For should there come a soil or stain,
No ruin follows in their train;
However deep or dark they show,
The IVORY SOAP can make them go,
And all the brilliancy restore
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IT would be difficult to find anyone who ever really derived any permanent advantage from working on the Sabbath, although many in a small way of business—such as bakers and greengrocers—imagine that they would lose their trade if they were to discontinue the practice. There are, however, many persons now living and doing well who have thought otherwise, and who have prospered beyond their most sanguine expectations. A pleasing instance occurred to a young man, a baker by trade, who lived in a seaport town of Maine. He had resided in the place sufficiently long to form many pleasant connections, and to become greatly attached to his abode, when he was told by his employers that in consequence of some new arrangements, his services would be required during part of the Sabbath, namely, from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon. His employers, seeing that the young man was greatly perplexed, said to him:

"You can take a month to consider the matter, and then we will talk further on the subject;" intimating at the same time that unless he complied with the proposal they would be constrained, although unwillingly, to look out for another assistant.

The young man was greatly distressed; he desired to continue in the situation which he occupied till able to commence business on his own account, and there was certainly no hope whatever of his obtaining a similar situation in the town. His determination was, however, soon made; and notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his young friends, who entreated him not to ruin himself, he firmly yet respectfully made known to his employers that he could not work on the Lord's Day.

"Very well, then the matter is settled," was the brief reply. Nothing more was said; the master turned on on his heel, though not without a secret consciousness that the place of the young man would not be readily supplied—and the discharged journeyman went slowly to his lodging, hoping, as he turned round the corner, and passed the door of the baking-house, that he might hear the voice of his master calling him to return.

A week passed—then another; the faith of the youug man was sorely tried, but he remembered the promises of the Bible, and took courage; at length, when his savings were nearly exhausted, he wrote a letter to his family that he was going so Boston in quest of a situation, probably from thence to Portland; and that, in the event of his not succeeding, he should return in about a week. This done, he proceeded to put the letter into the post-office, and had nearly reached the place when he was beckoned across the street by an elderly tradesman, who asked him if had got a situation. On being answered in the negative, the baker, for such he was, said:

"Well, I have been thinking about retiring from the cares of business for some time past. I have no family, and have acquired sufficient to take me to my journey's end; so if you feel inclined to take my business you shall have it."

The young man answered that he would gladly embrace such a favorable offer, but having neither relations nor friends to assist him with the necessary capital, he should not be able to do so.

"Well I have thought that matter over, too," said the tradesman, "and the difficulty can be easily got over. Let the stock be valued by mutual friends, and an agreement drawn up and signed, and you shall pay me by installments. I know that you are a young man of sound principles, and therefore I will undertake to recommend you to those with whom I have been in the habit of dealing, as well as to those who deal with me. Never fear; do as I have done, trust in Divine Providence, and you will do well."

The agreement was made at once, and the young man returned to his lodging in high spirits; it was no longer needful to set out for Boston, nor yet to ask his friends to look out for a situation on his account. He wrote to them, indeed, and that on the same day; but his letter told only of joy and thankfulness. In about a fortnight he commenced business, and shortly after married a very respectable young woman. He is now a flourishing tradesman, with a good prospect of retiring from business "independent" at no distant period.

TWO GIRLS.

THERE is a girl, says a writer in *The St. Louis Advocate*, and I love to think of her and talk of her, who never comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend upon for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong, young figure is a staff upon which the gray-haired, white-faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother.

The girl who works—God bless her!—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living, or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her sewed into each silken gown. She is like a beautiful mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard.

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Abundantly and free,
Where smiles the softest, bluest sky
On sparkling, silver sea.

O, land of innocence and love
Without a grief or care!
Where children bound light as the wave
In search of treasures rare.

To heaven's light I see the bud
Ope dewy petals fair;
Its perfume light as angels' breath
Now fills the morning air.

The rose is withered, fallen, dead;
Of beauty naught remains
Save leaves which on the ground are strewn,
Soon lost by winds and rains.

Then do not idly sit and pine
For joys no more to be;
But see where flowers eternal bloom,
Beyond fair Canaan's sea.

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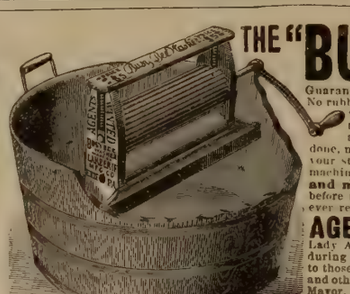

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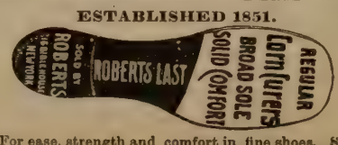

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AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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DOES CHILI MEAN WAR?

The Southern Republic Assumes a Defiant Attitude, Instead of Explaining the Killing of American Sailors in Valparaiso—The Official Despatches Indicate Warlike Possibilities—The two Fleets Contrasted.

IT is only a few months since the Chilian squadron visited the United States and its officers were feted and entertained at New York, Boston and other leading American ports. Uncle Sam's blue-jackets and the diminutive man-of-war's men of the Southern Republic fraternized together, while their official superiors exchanged many courtesies and compliments. At that time, also, our own State Department was in amicable communication with the government at Santiago on the reciprocity question, for Chili, as the leading Southern commercial power and the centre of the great nitrate traffic, was to be an important factor in the new commercial policy. The war with Peru several years ago, from which the Chilians had emerged victorious, had for a time prostrated Chilian commerce, but the national energies brought speedy recuperation. At the same time, that war had produced two evils of no common magnitude: it had burdened the country with a huge debt and unsettled the old conservative administrative methods, placing the reins of government in the hands of political factionists who did not hesitate to manage it to suit their own selfish interests.

ADMIRAL MONTT,
(*President of the Junta.*)

Jose Balmaceda, the President of Chili, was the most pronounced representative of this class of statesmanship. Rapacious and self-seeking to an intense degree, he conducted the govermental machine rather as a personal perquisite than a public office. At last his offences against constitutional government grew so rank in the nostrils of the Chilians that a formidable political party was organized which ultimately accomplished his overthrow; but only after a civil war, costing thousands of lives and many millions of treasure. Throughout the whole of that war, which was only recently ended, and whose progress was reported from time to time in the columns of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, the sympathies of our own government were on the side of the Congress armies representing the opposition to Balmaceda's tyrannical rule. But our warships that lay in Chilian waters for the protection of American interests—like those of other nations in guarding the respective foreign interests—remained neutral spectators of the struggle. Our minister to Chili, Mr. Maurice Egan, it is true, has been accused in some quarters of a too active sympathy with the Balmacedists, and of acting in an advisory capacity to the dictator, and thus giving special offence to the Congress Party and its leaders; but this is denied. Still, even the mere color of partisanship at such a critical period, was enough to inflame the excited Chilians, who were struggling bravely for their liberties, and the unfounded impression of American sympathy with their unpopular ruler undoubtedly gained a foothold sufficiently strong to furnish a clue to the undisguised resentment displayed by the Chilians toward our citizens now in that country.

It was in all probability this unfounded impression that was the provoking element in the Valparaiso affair. On October 16th. last, a party of seamen from the U. S. S. *Baltimore*, then in Valparaiso harbor, while in the city and walking about unarmed and unsuspicious of danger, were attacked by a Chilian mob with knives and pistols. During the melee, an armed force of police came upon the scene and when all was over a number of the Americans were lying unconscious; one, Charles Higgins, a boatswain's mate, was dead, another, Arthur Turnbull, was dying, and four others were dangerously injured. The character of some of the wounds showed that the police had used their bayonets on the unarmed Americans. Thirty-five of the sailors were arrested and dragged through the streets to jail from which they were afterwards released.

Immediately on this outrageous occurrence being reported by Captain Schley of the *Baltimore* and Minister Egan to the government at Washington, a despatch was sent by President Harrison's order to Mr. Egan, directing him to bring the matter to the attention of the Chilian government and inquire whether there were any qualifying circumstances within its knowledge, and whether it had any explanation to make of its failure to investigate the affair and bring the guilty persons to justice. The closing words of this dispatch were:

CHILI'S WARSHIPS.
Esmeralda (*in background*), *Almirante Lynch* (*right*), *Magellanes* (*left*).

You will at once bring to the attention of the Government of Chili the facts as reported to you by Capt. Schley, and will inquire whether there are any qualifying facts in the possession of that Government or any explanation to be offered of an event that has very deeply pained the people of the United States, not only by reason of the resulting death of one of our sailors and the pitiless wounding of others, but even more as an apparent expression of an unfriendliness towards this Government which might put in peril the maintenance of amicable relations between the two countries.

If the facts are as reported by Capt. Schley, this Government cannot doubt that the Government of Chili will offer prompt and full reparation.

To the utter astonishment of the government at Washington, a despatch was received from Minister Egan by cable, announcing that the Chilian Minister of Foreign Affairs regarded our government's despatch as formulating demands and advancing threats that were "not acceptable, nor could they be accepted in the present case or in any other of like nature." He insisted that he recognized only the jurisdiction and authority of his own country in judging and punishing the guilty in Chilian territory. An investigation had been going on, but it was secret, and the result could not be communicated, as it was still in progress. Meanwhile he could not admit that the Valparaiso disorders or the silence of his government should appear as an expression of unfriendliness toward the United States. This, which was in effect a repudiation of official responsibility for the killing of the *Baltimore's* sailors, was a veritable surprise, and at once started rumors of war, the opinion in many quarters in this country, and admittedly in Europe, being that the reply of Chili made war a probability. This display of hostility by Chili was heightened by the additional news that the Intendente of Valparaiso had refused to grant safe-conduct to the market boats of the *Baltimore* or to the officers who desired to come ashore in the evening, thus establishing a practical boycott on the American vessel.

THE PORT OF VALPARAISO, CHILI.
(*Where the U. S. S. Baltimore lay when the outrage of October 16th occurred.*)

Chili's unexpected course is partially explained by a glance at the peculiar condition of the political parties there at the present time. When President Balmaceda's government dissolved under the guns of the Congress armies, a Provisional government was formed, with George Montt, Commander of the Navy, as President and chief of the *Junta de Gobierno*, or governing body. But with the total disappearance of Balmaceda's power, there sprang into activity a number of factions, each body striving for the Presidency when the Provisional government should be superseded. At the present time there are several rival candidates in Santiago, and among them are various members of the Junta. Both in her army and navy, Chili may be said to be in fighting humor, and these candidates have apparently resolved rather to risk a diplomatic rupture with a friendly power than incur the disapproval of the Chilians in their present temper. With the elections settled, calmer and juster counsels would doubtless prevail. Senor Pedro Montt, the new Chilian Minister at Washington, states that his government will assuredly do justice in the Valparaiso matter, and that no Chilian official could have sympathized with the attack upon unarmed American sailors. In spite of the prevailing excitement, the opinion holds in high official circles that the affair will terminate satisfactorily and peacefully.

GEN. DEL CANTO,
(*Commander, Chilian Army.*)

Meanwhile the greatest activity prevails in naval circles in anticipation of possible hostilities. Our warships are being made ready as rapidly as possible for active service, and within the next few weeks a formidable fleet will be in waiting for emergencies. The President will take no further steps until Minister Egan's full report concerning the action of the Junta is received. It is even possible that our government may ignore the Junta altogether, and await the formation of a stable government in Chili, before enforcing our demands, as, in the present unsettled condition of affairs in that country, precipitate action by the United States would have the appearance of an unnecessary display of force toward a puny nation. Still, our naval chiefs, while quite ready for war if it comes, by no means underrate the strength of the Chilian navy. That country has thirty-two vessels of all grades available for service, of which two are ironclads, one a cruiser, two torpedo gunboats, three improvised cruisers and several other gunboats and cruisers of an inferior class. The U. S. warships *Baltimore* and *San Francisco* could not attack the Chilian fleet in the

(*Continued on page 714.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE GOSPEL ARCHIPELAGO.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon, the Fourth of the Series on "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis." Text: "*When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand;*" Acts 21: 3, and "*I John, . . . was in the isle that is called Patmos.*" Rev. 1: 9.

GOOD-BYE, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a post-mortem examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mummies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the Resurrection Day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the Museum at Boulac, his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite sixty-two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet long and having the head of a man and the body of a lion. We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history; Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable; the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation, the burden of which I tried to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Pliny when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

But Egypt will yet come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries like my friend, good and great Doctor Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchres of her fathers, and saw around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those whom she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self-sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

Good-bye, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer *Minerva* in the Grecian Archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travellers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travellers in America, the book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or as I shall call it, the Gospel Archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was: Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed and it is: Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book. My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left; we, going in the opposite direction, have it on the right.

The steamer had stopped during the night and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives rowed standing up as is the custom, instead of sitting down as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yea, when at Antioch Paul and Barnabus got into a fight—as ministers sometimes did, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done, I say—when because of that bitter controversy Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus which was his birthplace. Island wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Beaconsfield, who under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown. We went out into the excavations from which Di Cesnola has enriched our American museums with antiquities and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear-bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild. The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fevers that sweep its coast and the clouds of locusts that often blacken its skies, (though two hundred thousand dollars were expended by the British Empire in one year for the extirpation of these noxious insects, yet failing to do the work) and the frequent change of governmental masters, hinders prosperity. But when the islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in ages past will be eclipsed by the agricultural and commercial and religious triumphs of the ages to come. Why is the world so stupid that it cannot see that nations are prospered in temporal things in proportion as they are prospered in religious things. Godliness is profitable not only for individuals but for nations. Give Cyprus to Christ, give England to Christ, give America to Christ, give the world to Christ, and he will give them all a prosperity unlimited. Why is Brooklyn one of the queen cities of the earth? Because it is the queen city of churches. Blindfold me and lead me into any city of the earth so that I cannot see a street or a warehouse or a home and then lead me into the churches and then remove the bandage from my eyes and I will tell you from what I see inside the consecrated walls, having seen nothing outside, what is that city's merchandise, its literature, its schools, its printing-presses, its government, its homes, its arts, its sciences, its prosperity, or its depression, and ignorance, and pauperism, and outlawry. The altar of God in the church is the high-water mark of the world's happiness. The Christian religion triumphant, all other interests triumphant. The Christian religion low down, all other interests low down. So I thought as on the evening of that day we stepped from the filthy streets of Larnaca, Cyprus, on to the boat that took us back to the steamer *Minerva* which had already begun to paw the waves like a courser impatient to be gone, and then we moved on and up among the islands of this Gospel Archipelago.

The Island of Patmos.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone, a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smokestack, or meet him under the Captain's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel Archipelago and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the ratlines Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths. "Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in sepulchral voice: "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unseasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands and famous in heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.

This island has had a wonderful history. With six thousand Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against two hundred thousand warriors under "Solyman the Magnificent." The city had three thousand statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which has always since been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building and was seventy cubits high, and had a winding stairs to the top. It stood fifty-six years and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for nine hundred years, it was purchased to be converted to other purposes, and the metal, weighing seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, was put on nine hundred camels and carried away. We were not permitted to go ashore, but the lights all up and down the hills show where the city stands, and nine boats come out to take freight and to bring three passengers. Yet all the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours or days that Paul stopped there. As I stood there on the deck of the *Minerva*, looking out upon the place where the Colossus once stood, I bethought myself of the fact that the world must have a God of some kind. It is to me an infinite pathos—this Colossus not only of Rhodes, but the colossi in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching-up and feeling after God. Foundered human nature must have a supernatural arm to help it ashore. All the statues and images of heathendom are attempts to bring celestial forces down into human affairs. Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever-present God, and that through Jesus Christ he comes into our hearts and our homes, and with more than fatherly and motherly interest and affection he is with us in all our struggles and bereavements and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus, and the day will come when the Christ, whom Paul was serving when he sailed into this harbor of Rhodes, shall take possession of that island.

As we move on up through this archipelago, I am reminded of what an important part the islands have taken in the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two hemispheres must have them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, and then the small ounces, and no one thinks of despising the small weights, so the continents are the pounds and the islands are the ounces. A continent is only a larger island and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the island of Salamis produced Solon and that the island of Chios produced Homer, and the island of Samos produced Pythagoras, and the island of Coos produced Hippocrates.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the Archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mitylene, but I had rather, in this sail through the Grecian Archipelago, see

that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulses quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist. Domitian could not stand his ministry and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing

THE MYSTERIOUS SPHINX.

boat to these dismal rocks, and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home, and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkabie that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his *Divina Commedia* during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his *Les Miserables* exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made to them. So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the Archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the famished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven, "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks and each wave has a voice and all the waves together make a chorus and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is to-day while we sail them in the *Minerva*, and they were like glass and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame, and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea, he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "As a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homesick and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern,

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks and seven stars in his right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up, and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging-gardened, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipers cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust and the smoke and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled. And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands, and they who were sick are well, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight, I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern, nerveless and exhausted. Too much was it for human eye to look at. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

ST. JOHN IN PATMOS.

My friends, I would not wonder if you should have a very similar vision after awhile. You will be through this world, its cares, and fatigues, and struggles, and if you have served the Lord and have done the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying bed were a Patmos. It often has been so. I was reading of a dying boy who, while the family stood round sorrowfully expecting each breath would be the last, cried, "Open the gates! Open the gates! Happy! Happy!" Yes, ten thousand times in the history of the world has the dying bed been made a Patmos. You see the time will come when you will, O child of God, be exiled to your last sickness as much as John was exiled to Patmos. You will go into your room not to come out again for God is going to do something better and grander and happier for you than he has ever yet done! There will be such visions let down to your pillow as God gives no man if he is ever to return to this tame world. The apparent feeling of uneasiness and restlessness at the time of the Christian's departure, the physicians say, is caused by no real distress. It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortal endurance. It is only heaven breaking in on the departing spirit. You see your work will be done and the time for your departure will be at hand, and there will be wings over you and wings under you, and songs let loose on the air, and your old father and mother gone for years will descend into the room, and your little children whom you put away for the last sleep years ago will be at your side, and their kiss will be on

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

your foreheads, and you will see gardens in full bloom, and the swinging open of shining gates, and will hear voices long ago hushed. In many a Christian departure that you have known and I have known there was in the phraseology of the departing ones something that indicated the reappearance of those long deceased. It is no delirium, no delusion, but a supernal fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come and they will say in heaven, "May I go down to show that soul the way up? May I be the celestial escort? May I wait for that soul at the edge of the pillow?" And the Lord will say, "Yes. You may fly down on that mission." And I think all your glorified kindred will come down, and they will be in the room, and although those in health standing round you may hear no voice, and see no arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall break, the cry will be, "Follow me! Up this way! By this gilded cloud, apast these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God!" As on that day in the Grecian Archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people and God himself shall be with them and be their God, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

SOUVENIRS FROM OLIVET

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Momentoes to "The Christian Herald" Readers.

THERE is perhaps no spot in the wide world that is dearer to the Christian heart than Mount Olivet, under the shadow of whose ancient trees Christ wandered with his disciples, as he taught them those blessed truths that have come down to his children as a rich inheritance. When Dr. Talmage, the editor of this journal, together

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

with Mr. Louis Klopsch, its publisher, visited the Holy Land last year, they were greatly attracted by the beauty of the olive trees on the sacred hill, which are justly regarded by travellers as the most famous of their kind to be found anywhere. These trees, some of which are very ancient, grow, in places, so thickly as to retard development and therefore are pruned at certain seasons of the year. Arrangements were made to secure a number of these limbs thus cut off, and they were placed in the hands of skilful wood workers in Jerusalem, who cut them into sections of convenient size, and then, with the assistance of other workmen from the village of Bethlehem, polished them so perfectly that the natural beauties of the rare wood, in all its rich, dark traceries and veinings, were brought out in the highest relief.

The heart of the olive is unlike that of any other tree; it is deep and dark, with a faint reddish tinge. Under the hands of the polishers, a transparency is imparted to the surface of the wood that reveals all its beauties. Cut into perfect sections nearly an inch thick and averaging twelve square inches surface measurement, and beautifully surrounded by the natural and fragrant bark of the tree, this beautiful wood constitutes an ever eloquent reminder of most tender and touching scenes during our Saviour's ministry on earth. Dr. Talmage has kindly undertaken to send to each new subscriber and all who renew, one of these unique and beautiful gifts. The large number of our subscribers who have already received their souvenirs have testified in glowing terms their appreciation, and have universally expressed unqualified approval and pleasure at the gift.

One of these enthusiastic recipients, a few days ago, forwarded the following verses to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which we deem so meritorious that we gladly give them publication:

A SERMON IN WOOD.

ONLY a beautiful block of wood,
From the branch of an olive tree:
Whose leaves kissed a spot where Jesus stood,
In the garb of humanity.

I place it upon my open palm,
And gaze on its radiant face;
Till my heart o'rflows with joyous psalm,
To the praise of redeeming grace.

It tells of the Mount most sacred made,
By the pressure of holy knees,
Bending in prayer in the silent shade,
Of its friendly old olive trees.

It tells me of yonder sunlit height,
Last touched by the wounded feet,
Of Him who thence took homeward flight,
To the City with golden street.

But He is coming to stand some day,
On Olivet's sunny slope;
And I for its dawning fervently pray,
While watching and waiting in hope.

Blessings upon the reverend hand,
That brought it from over the sea;
Souvenir dear of the Holy Land!
Sweet sermon in wood to me!

Brighton Heights, S. I. J. VAN TASSELL.

WILL all who subscribe before January 1st next and all who renew their subscriptions during the same time, kindly state that they wish one of these souvenirs, if so disposed?

CHRIST BETRAYED.

S. S. Lesson for Nov. 22. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 18 : 1-13. Golden Text, Mark 14: 41.

JUDAS was not present when Jesus prayed his last wondrous prayer with his disciples; Judas was on other business. While the Saviour was pouring out his heart in its great petition that all he had, his glory, his love, his very being, might be shared with his disciples, counting them dearer than life itself, one of the twelve was consummating his treachery in selling his Master for thirty pieces of silver, by heading the band of men who came to take him. The holiest hour of communing with the Master, and the most sinful hour which a treacherous pretender had ever spent were

One and the Same!

Why does the Lord permit evil, and that even amongst those professing to be his own? Why does he not now send his angels and gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them which do iniquity? Let his own Word answer, "For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you." (1. Cor. 11: 19.) To a true disciple, no trial is so keen as that which touches the Master's kingdom. After Paul had enumerated all his trials of hunger, thirst, nakedness, shipwreck, robbers, and then persecution, imprisonment, stoning —he gathers them all into one category— "those things which are without." Those things touched that part of Paul which was crucified with Christ; there was an inner man which remained untouched by them. But, "besides all these things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." These outward things were borne by Jesus who upheld him, but this care of the Churches was a holy fellowship with Christ's sufferings which he shared with Jesus with his people; "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?" (II. Cor. 11: 28-30.) One who enters into the true meaning and reality of the Church as the Body of Christ is far more deeply moved by that which touches that Body than by any personal, family or business trouble. Judas had "cast out devils" in the name of Christ, in his name had done "many wonderful works." (Matt 7: 22.) Judas was one of the twelve who had gone out and "preached that man should repent, and cast out many devils, and anointed with oil many that were sick and healed them" (Mark 6: 12, 13), he had been a minister of life, and healing, and peace, and now he had in his possession the money for which he had sold his Master to his enemies! "He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me." From the agony of Gethsemane the Master passed to the treachery of the betrayal, and then on to the shame and death of the Cross.

It was immediately following on his death-struggle in Gethsemane that Judas, the betrayer, approached his Lord with a band of men allotted to him by the chief priests and elders. The worldly Church has always men of money at command to stay the progress of the Cross, the teaching and practice of Jesus, which is so contrary to her spirit, for the world is not crucified to the outward church nor yet the outward church to the world. Jesus entered that garden as the Sacrifice and Ransom price for the sins of the whole world and he bore upon him the burden of those sins. Judas too, carried in with him a price—it was the price of blood, the guilty gain by which he thought to benefit himself and probably counted that the Man who had such power over the wind and waves and death itself, could easily deliver himself: and why then should not he make what profit he could out of the occasion? It was a devilish argument, and one that Satan has used more than once, to lead into awful sin those who have been connected with the work of God. Profit to himself at a loss to Jesus: this is what it means!

It was an aggravation of insult when the band of soldiers led by Judas, came "with lanterns and torches and weapons." Jesus said: "Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves for to take me? I sat daily with you teaching in the temple and ye laid no hand on me." (Matt. 26: 55.) "Whom seek ye?" "Jesus of Nazareth." "I am he." His hour was come, and he knew it. There was no shrinking back from the known will of his Father. "I have set my face like a flint and I know I shall not be ashamed." He had just said to his disciples: "Sleep on now, and take your rest; it is enough: the hour is at hand: behold the Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." (Mark 14: 41.) Sinners! Judas and his crew were included in the term, the once disciple had his part with the unbelievers! (Luke 12: 46.)

But while Jesus, the Lamb of God, did not so much as open his mouth in resistance, some irresistible power took possession of the people. "As soon then as he had said unto them, I am he, they went backward, and fell to the ground."

The Presence of Jesus,

without a word, without a sign from him, was a power in itself before which they could not stand! No sermon ever has the same power over sinners' hearts as this same presence of Jesus, seen and felt in some of his disciples. In Francis de Sales, Bishop of Geneva, in the sainted Fletcher of Madely, it was the presence of Christ which made them remarkable; men could not fail to take knowledge of them "that they had been with Jesus."

A second time, Jesus put the same question, "Whom seek ye?" and received the same answer. He knew what was before him: He must tread "the winepress alone" and even in that moment of his arrest, he made provision for his disciples who were just about to forsake him. There was no warrant out against them. "If ye seek me, let these go their way; that the saying might be fulfilled which he spake, Of those which thou gavest me, I have lost none." The disciples, who had not understood the way of the Cross, who had persisted in looking for a temporal, earthly kingdom, with Jesus as its head, were taken aback. They had never looked for final defeat. With all the mighty power which Jesus had exercised over the winds and the waves, over earthly bread to multiply it, over water to turn it into wine, and over sickness and death itself—how could it be that he should not now, in this supreme moment, slay with one breath his opposing enemies, shine forth as in the moment of his transfiguration, and cause thousands of angels to proclaim him Lord? They could not understand it because they had not learned that lesson so unwelcome to them, the way of the Cross. They had not understood that Jesus came to save others, not himself, and to teach us to save others while we lose our own life and all which is life to us. Their hopes were blasted, they "forsook him and fled!" He knew it would come to this. They could never become true disciples till they had learned there was no real endurance nor faithfulness in them. They must become nothing in their own eyes. Thus by disciples Jesus was betrayed, forsaken, and afterwards denied. Yet, "having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end." (John 13: 1.) He would still succeed in making them to be conformed to his image, as he was the express image of his Father, and even then he loved them with an unchanged love. It was

Personal Gain

for which Jesus was betrayed. He came on earth as the avowed enemy of self and selfishness. The appeal of the chief priests, "He saved others, let him save himself, if he be the Christ, the chosen of God," (Luke 23: 35), found no response in his heart. "Pity thyself, Lord," was an appeal to a self which had ceased to be. (Matt. 16: 22.) "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will but the will of him that sent me." (John 6: 38.) Every disciple who lives for self betrays Jesus in his measure. We cannot follow Jesus on any other road than that which he has trodden— the way of self-renunciation, the way of the Cross. The common attempt of men to reconcile both worlds, and to tack on to a life of selfish worldliness a measure of religion sufficient to obtain a name for it and to be considered a respectable member of a church— this can no more pass current with God than could the attempt of Simon Magus to obtain the Holy Ghost for money! Christ is either

Represented or Betrayed

by each one of us. Ananias and Sapphira believed, the atonement of Christ was their souls' anchor, but while it was possible for them to assume an untrue position and pretend to have given to the Lord what they really retain for themselves, they were betraying Jesus, and in those days of Holy Ghost power, death followed the sin. Every disciple in those days really and practically renounced all that he had, and ceased to be the owner of any earthly possession, because he so really threw in his cause with the Son of God, who left the throne of the universe to die for him. Such an idea as to make a convenience of the precious blood of Christ to obtain salvation, and then to live a life, the very principles of which ran exactly counter to the principles which governed him, seemed to occur only to Ananias and Sapphira.

But now, is it not the ordinary life of a professing Christian to fence off, so to speak, certain moments, on Sunday certain hours, of his life to be spent in religious observances; certain moneys, certain words and thoughts; and then to give his life as a whole to maintaining himself, pleasing himslf, exalting himself, amusing himself and those who belong to him? What is this but the sin of Judas? What is this but selling Jesus for silver, the position, the pleasure of a lost world? "If *any* man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." There are but two ways, the way of the Cross, or the way of Judas the betrayer; the esteeming of Jesus above all else, or the selling Jesus for something else, for money, for a valueless reputation, for miserable and shortlived pleasures, in short, for self and its claims. We are saved for Jesus' sake, saved that we may follow, and be like him.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

WHEN Jesus had spoken these words he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron. Christ the impersonation of true bravery who fearlessly faced his betrayal into the hands of his adversaries, the buffetings, the crown of thorns, the death on the cross, goes to the garden of Gethsemane and there for three hours agonizes in earnest, heartfelt prayer for strength to sustain him in this the time of his supreme trial. What an example for all time to the tried and tempted of all generations! The Lord help us all to learn the important lesson the Master here teaches his children and in every time of trial and perplexity seek divine help and guidance, always remembering that the greater our need the greater the occasion for ardent prayer.

At one time in the life of Luther, there was a critical moment in the affairs of the Reformation. Bitter persecution prevailed with extraordinary power and threatened every one. These were days when faith could only cling. There were but few friends to the reformers, and these had but little strength. Their enemies were strong, proud, cruel, arrogant. But Luther relied on his God and at this time with his favorite hymn in his heart, "A mighty fortress is our God," he went to the Lord in prayer, and prayed that omnipotence would come to the help of their weakness. Long he wrestled alone with God in his closet, till like Jacob of old, he prevailed. Then he went into the room, where his family had assembled, with joyous heart and shining face, and raising both hands, and lifting his eyes heavenward exclaimed, "We have overcome, we have overcome!"

This was astonishing as there was not the slightest indication that could bid them hope for relief. But immediately after that the welcome tidings came that the Emperor, Charles V., had issued a proclamation of "Religious Toleration in Germany," thus ensuring to Luther and his followers imperial protection in their efforts for religious liberty.

Surely the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and none that trust him seek his help in vain.

Judas then, having received a band of men and officers, cometh thither. Here is an unworthy disciple of Christ betraying his master for sordid gain. Denounce him as we may there are plenty of the same kind of disciples in the church to-day. They are influenced in their church relations and their contributions to the good cause solely by their hope of gain. Some are Christians because it helps them in a financial sense, others because it gives them a standing in the community, others again because it gives them power.

There was a certain missionary out West who was trying to build a church. He tried to induce the different farmers and storekeepers to subscribe towards this new enterprise. Among those who put down their names on the subscription list was a miserly old farmer from whom the young missionary never expected a cent. A day or two afterward, the minister met the farmer.

"Good morning, my friend," he remarked as the farmer's wagon stopped at the roadside. "I am very glad to find your name down for a hundred dollars for our Church. I hardly expected such a generous gift from you."

"Wa'al," said the old farmer, "I was kinder surprised me own self, to be sure; but I said to myself, a real pooty church on that there field, will *double the value of my corner lots.*"

Whom seek ye? They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth. Here were people seeking Jesus with as earnest a determination of finding him as anybody ever did, yet the motive that actuated them was an utterly unworthy one. And so all through the ages people have sought and served Christ from motives that apparently were pure and commendable yet in fact entirely selfish and reprehensible. But while men may be deluded, God who seeth the heart and knoweth our innermost secrets can never be deceived.

There was a certain king who wanted to build a cathedral, and that the credit of it might be all his own, he forbade any from contributing to its erection, in the least degree. A tablet was placed in the side of the building and on it his name was carved as the builder. But that night he saw in a dream an angel, who came down and erased his name, and the name of a poor widow appeared in its stead. This was three times repeated, when the enraged king summoned the woman before him and demanded:

"What have you been doing? and why have you broken my commandment?"

The trembling woman replied: "I love the Lord and long to do something for his name, and for the building up of his church. I was forbidden to touch it in any way; so in my poverty, I brought a wisp of hay for the horses that drew the stones." And the king saw that he had labored for his own glory, but the widow for the glory of God.

TREACHERY PUNISHED.

A Story of the S. S. Golden Text for Nov. 22, "The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners." Mark 14: 41.

LATE one winter night a man stepped quickly down the stoop of a not very respectable-looking house, saying to another man who stood in the doorway and evidently lived there: "All right, Kennedy, I'll bring him. Good-night." He turned around as he spoke facing the man in the doorway, and consequently did not see another man on the sidewalk close to him. With this man he collided as he started homeward. He apologized and was proceeding on his way when the newcomer hailed him.

"Hello! Craven, is that you? Going home? We'll walk together. You still go to old Kennedy's, I see. I should quit it if I were you. I know it is hard when you are in the way of going. I found it so in my case, but I have been very thankful I made the struggle. It is nothing but gambling, call it what you will, and it's bad in all ways. You lose more money than you gain, and you lose your energy and interest in business. Such men as you and I have no business in such places. We cannot afford it."

"You are about right, Harvey," said the man addressed as Craven, "I have been making up my mind to quit, but I can't do it just now."

"Why not? You are running a risk every time you go there. How much would your position in the bank be worth to-night if it had been old Mowbray you ran against just now, instead of me?"

"I suppose it would not be worth a cent. The old man has been very good to me; I owe everything to him, but he would have no mercy if he knew what kind of a house Kennedy keeps and that I go there. But I am not likely to run against him. He is never out so late, nor in this neighborhood."

"Well, some one else may see you and tell him. Who was that I heard you promising to bring with you just now."

"Why I am ashamed to tell you, Harvey," Craven answered. "It's a cruel thing, and I hate to do it, but old Kennedy has me in his power. He holds some pretty heavy notes of mine for money advanced to me when I was badly hit, and he is threatening me. He won't renew unless I take young Mowbray there and introduce him. I let it out one night that the young fellow wanted to see such a place and Kennedy insists that I bring him. If I don't he will ruin me."

Don't do it, Craven; it's worse than murder. It will break his father's heart to have his son become a gambler and that fs what it will end in. You admit that the old gentleman has been your best friend; you can never be so ungrateful as to repay him by helping Kennedy to ruin his son. Why, you would be as mean as Judas—meaner than a dog to do it."

"You use hard words, Harvey. But what am I to do?"

"Don't do it at any price, Craven. It is the price of the young fellow's blood. I would face the music—I would do anything rather than yield. Besides, Kennedy is not to be trusted. You might never get what he promises you, and if you did he would still have it in his power to ruin you. Do you remember that old Norse legend of Earl Hakon and his thrall?"

"No, I have not read books as you have. What is it?"

"The story runs that the Earl was hard pressed in his struggle with King Olaf. He had fought bravely but was beaten. He knew he must hide or he would be killed; so taking one thrall (bondsman) who owed everything to him and whose fidelity he thought was secured by a thousand acts of kindness, he applied to an old friend for shelter. She hid the two men in a subterranean room excavated under the yard where her cattle and swine were kept. There they were safe and she fed them herself. But one day, Olaf came that way and the two men could hear him speaking to his soldiers above the place where they lay. He was promising a large sum of money to anyone who would bring him Earl Hakon's head. In the dim light of their hiding-place the Earl saw a look of cupidity steal over his thrall's face. But it seemed impossible that one who owed him so much could betray him. But that night while Hakon slept the thrall fell upon him and cut off his head with the axe. He carried it to King Olaf, and told his story. Olaf was a man of rough honor, he paid the thrall the promised reward. But the treachery disgusted him although it was so useful, and having paid the money and so redeemed his word, he ordered the thrall to be beheaded, and his head was exhibited on the town wall beside that of the Earl's. That was the end of that piece of treachery, and I predict that if you do your piece, you will have as much reason to rue it as had the thrall."

"What a horrible story, Harvey; but I see your meaning. I guess I will not oblige Kennedy, but it will make him mad now that I have promised. I must think it over."

Harvey did not see Craven again for some weeks, but as he heard nothing of any exposure he feared that the tempted man had yielded to the temptation. He was not long in doubt. Among his mail one morning was a letter from Craven. Harrassed by the man in whose power he was, bowed down with remorse for the treachery he had committed, he had fled the country and begged Harvey to go to the venerable father and break the news to him, in the hope that it might not yet be too late to rescue his son from utter ruin.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The following are the subjects selected by the Evangelical Alliance for the Week of Prayer which, as usual, will begin on the first Sunday of the new year—January 3, 1892:

Sunday sermons. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." (Isa. 34: 1-5.) "The unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." (Eph. 4: 3.)

Monday. Confession, praise and prayer for spiritual blessings.

Tuesday. The Church of Christ: for the presence of the Saviour, and the gift of the Holy Spirit to comfort, sustain, direct, quicken and inspire.

Wednesday. For Families and Young People, Sunday Schools, Day Schools and Associations of Young Men and Women, Colleges, and Training Institutions.

Thursday. For Nations and the World, Sovereigns, Rulers, Soldiers and Sailors.

Friday. Missions to the Heathen.

Saturday. Missions to the Jews and Home Evangelization.

The Bible and the Newspaper

SHABBY DIMES.

Numerous complaints are being made in New York and many Southern cities about the new dimes which have recently been issued by the New Orleans Mint. A few days ago a man was arrested in St. Louis for having a number of them in his possession. A store-keeper gave him in charge, the police, like the store-keeper believing that they were counterfeits. They are rough at the edges looking as if they were of base metal on which tin-foil had been clumsily put on. The man was discharged on the evidence of a bank-teller who said that although the coins looked like counterfeits, they were genuine, but had been made from the imperfect dies which the Government still uses at the New Orleans Mint. The public will soon get accustomed to them, but at present the rough edges cause car-conductors and others to regard them with suspicion. Sometimes genuine Christians are suspected of being hypocrites for an analogous reason. The rough edges in speech and manner arouse a suspicion that they do not possess that love for the brethren which we are taught to expect as an evidence of conversion. (1. John 2: 10.)

A SIGNIFICANT JUDGMENT.

A decision of serious importance to the elevated railroads in New York City has been pronounced by the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. The decision was given on the complaint of the owner of property abutting on the line of the Sixth Avenue Road that the company refused to pay him compensation for the depreciation of the property. The Chief Justice promptly launched an injunction against the company restraining them from operating the railroad until they had paid the complainant $20,000 for damages. The plea of the company was that no claim had been presented by the owner of the property until the company had acquired the right to their roads by ten years' occupancy. The Chief Justice dismissed the plea on the grouud that the inaction of the owner did not signify acquiesence in the injury, but was due to his hope that the aggressor would abate the nuisance or compensate him voluntarily. If, he said such a plea was admitted, "a wrong-doer would be entitled to plead the aggravated character of his own conduct as a defense, and thus violate the rule of law, as well as the plainest principles of equity." The company's error is a common one among men who persistently sin against God. But God says, "These things hast thou done and I kept silence . . . but I will reprove thee." (Ps. 50: 21.)

TO IMPROVE THE ARMY.

Several practical suggestions are made by Gen. A. V. Kautz. commander of the Department of the Columbia, in his annual report to the President. He entered the army as a private forty-five years ago, and he justly considers that the experience he has gained in the various grades through which he has passed qualifies him to speak authoritatively on the needs of the army. He contends that its efficiency would be vastly increased if its standard was raised. He says: "The army should become, to a certain extent, an educational institution, and each post, as far as practicable, a military school, with the object of qualifying every enlisted man, as far as possible, to be able to instruct and prepare the citizen who volunteers to serve in time of war. For this purpose the recruits for the army should be obtained from the young, intelligent, and energetic sons of patriotic citizens, and the army should cease to be the refuge of the inefficient, indolent, and wandering element of the country." He holds that the latter class has caused the army to lose the respect of the country and the way to regain it is to get better men, educate them, and impress them with the idea that they are been trained to instruct others if an emergency should arise. The same idea might be advantageously impressed on everyone who enlists in Christ's army. In that case the emergency is not a contingency, but a certainty; for the army is always in the field, confronted by the enemy. New recruits would be more efficient if their seniors in the service were qualified and willing to give them instruction. The Apostle Paul expressly enjoined that the truth should be committed to "faithful men who shall be able to teach others also" (II. Tim. 2:2.)

NATURALIZATION REFUSED.

Before an election there are generally many applications for naturalization papers and this year has not been an exception. Usually they are granted without much inquiry, but some instances are reported in which the judges rejected the applications. In one case, a number of Hungarians, Poles, and Italians were brought into a court at Scranton, Pa., and papers were claimed for them. They proved that they had been in the country the five years required by law and expected the papers as a matter of course. The judge questioned them and found that they knew nothing about the Constitution. He therefore declined to grant the papers as the applicants could not know to what they were pledging their fealty. Another case was at Uvalde, Tex., where the applicant was a Bavarian. He, too, had fulfilled the requirements of the law. He had also studied the Constitution, but, on further questioning avowed himself a Socialist and a disciple of Herr Most. The judge, on hearing the avowal, rejected the application, giving as his reason the opinion that such a man was on principle opposed to the Constitution, and therefore would not make a good citizen. The inference from the two decisions is that a man must, before being admitted to the privilege of citizenship, understand the principles of our government and also be in harmony with them. The same requisites are necessary for admission to Christ's kingdom. The members of it must both know and obey. (Luke 11: 28.)

AN UNWITTING BRIDE.

A complaint is made by a young lady in Chicago, who came with her parents to this country from Germany about two years ago, that she has been deceived by her lover. She made his acquaintance since her arrival here. As he was of a respectable family and apparently a worthy young man, her parents gave their consent to the engagement, but as both the lovers were very young the parents stipulated that there should be no marriage for at least two years. But about two weeks ago, while the young people were out together, the young man told the girl that their betrothal was not regular unless it was recorded before the city officials and proposed that they have the matter attended to at once. He took her to some public office where they were asked a number of questions, which, being unfamiliar with the language, she did not clearly understand, but she made the answers which her lover told her to make. She supposed that the ceremony was only a betrothal, but she has since learned that it was a valid marriage. She and her parents are indignant at the deception practised upon her and steps are being taken to have the marriage annulled. A mistake of an opposite kind is often made in reference to that union with Christ of which marriage is a type. In that, people are apt to mistake the betrothal in which they promise themselves to him, in the enthusiasm of a revival, for the real vital union which can only be effected by being born again. (John 3: 3.)

DECEIVED BY A MIRAGE.

The crew of the new American barkentine *Steadfast* arrived at Philadelphia a few days ago. The *Steadfast* had been wrecked on the Island of St. Croix in the West Indies while on her voyage from Port of Spain to Philadelphia. The crew say that when the lofty peaks of St. Croix were sighted, the intervening atmosphere seemed to be of a peculiar light color, and it became impossible to detect the sky from the island, everything assuming a similar shade and color resembling the cirro-stratus clouds which hid the entire lower portion of the island. The peaks appeared to be about twenty miles away. The *Steadfast* was kept under easy sail and perfect control. Everything went well until a grinding sound was heard, and a sudden tremor went through the ship. The vessel crashed over the reefs, and was soon fast on the rocky shore where her wreck still remains. Many a soul has been shipwrecked in a similar way. The atmosphere of this life is very deceptive and often the voyagers while thinking they have plenty of time to change the course are horrified by discovering that the end has come and there is no remedy. (Prov. 27: 1.)

A USE FOR WASTE SAND.

In a scientific journal an interesting description is given of a process for turning to account a material which has heretofore been regarded as worthless. It comes from the factories in which plate glass is made. It appears that the grinding of plate glass is accomplished by means of wooden plates covered with iron, between which quartz sand abundantly moistened with water is brought; by this manipulation or grinding, consisting in a constant moving to and fro of the grinding plate over the plate to be ground, the quartz sand becomes mixed with particles of iron and sand, and after losing its sharpness is cast aside as waste. This sand contains about fifteen per cent. of glass particles and two per cent. of iron, and the discovery has been made that it forms an excellent material for the manufacture of bricks. These bricks are especially desirable for use in factories of chemical products, particularly in those of sulphuric acid. The sand will now no longer be regarded as waste but will be saved and used for the purpose described. It may be hoped that the time will come when the human refuse which is now neglected and often finds its way to the penitentiaries will also be turned to account. The grace of God can turn it into stones for his temple. (Eph. 2: 19-21.)

A SOLDIER'S CRIME.

Exceedingly painful are the circumstances surrounding a case, now pending in a criminal court of Boston, Mass. Shortly after the war, a colonel commenced business in Boston in connection with an eminent firm of commission merchants. The city welcomed him for he bore an honored name, and during the war he had been repeatedly praised in dispatches as the hero of feats of personal valor, as well as for skill and discretion as a commander. It was a brilliant record of which any man might be proud. He was received by the best society and became a Past Commander in the Grand Army of the Republic. On October 17 the city was amazed to learn that he was a prisoner on a charge of forgery. He had forged a signature on a note for a hundred dollars and had negotiated it. General regret is everywhere expressed, but no one supposes that because of his bravery he will escape punishment for his crime. Having broken the law he must suffer, in spite of his high position and brilliant record. It would be well if men realized that divine justice proceeds on the same principles. Then there would be an end to the false hope that the impenitent sinner will be pardoned if he stands high in public esteem and has given liberally to religious enterprises. (1. Cor. 13: 3.)

A NOVEL WALL-PAPER.

A house-decorator in Buffalo, N. Y., recently received an order to put wall-paper on the walls of every room but one in a mansion in a fashionable quarter of that city. He was curious to know why an exception was made of that room, and was informed that it was occupied by the eldest daughter of the owner of the house and she had papered it herself. Thinking he would like to see how she had done the work, he availed himself of an opportunity to enter the room. He found the walls covered with the backs of envelopes, each addressed to the young lady. For several years she had saved the envelopes in which her letters came, and when she had sufficient for the purpose, she used them as wall-paper. The letters were pasted in the order of their coming, and made quite a serial story. They were of all shades and sizes and of several tints, and one can easily trace the regular mail from her constant correspondents, while here and there is one which has some special significance. The owner of this collection would not change it for any wall-paper Buffalo could furnish or import. It would not be as interesting to a stranger as it is to the owner, because only she knows what messages those envelopes covered. It is so with the events in the life of a child of God. The world may know of those events, but their true significance and the lessons learned from them are only known to the soul to which through them God was manifesting his will (Ps. 32: 8).

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Bible House, New York City.

REST A LITTLE.

SOME of our young people have read till they are crazed of learned blacksmiths who at the forge conquered thirty languages, and of shoemakers who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers, and of milliners who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is that no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance may do as much harm as good. Because Napoleon slept only three hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Saragossa, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of a recitation. We are told of how many books a man can read in the five spare minutes before breakfast, and the ten minutes at noon, but I wish some one could tell us how much rest a man can get in fifteen minutes after dinner, or how much health in an hour's horseback ride, or how much fun in a Saturday afternoon of cricket. He who has such an idea of the value of time that he takes none of it for rest wastes all his time.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

IN the choice of religious newspapers seek those that are vivacious. Secular dulness may be excusable—religious dullness never. If a man is busy all the time on dull subjects and amid dull people you cannot blame him for getting dull; but when a man comes to write or speak in regard to the most exhilarant and exciting of all themes, the love of Christ, the glories of heaven, the imperative necessity of Christ's religion—and is dull in what he writes, or dull in what he speaks, you come to the conclusion that he has mistaken his calling. When a young man comes before church courts for examination as a candidate for the ministry, we ask him: "What is natural religion? What is revealed religion? What do you mean by the attributes of God? What do you mean by the decrees of God?" All these questions ought to be asked, no doubt, but there is one question which we ought to ask also; "Can you keep people awake when you are talking to them?" Now what is true in regard to religious address is true in regard to a religious newspaper. Let no newspaper come into your house that has stupid essays about God, or that is filled with pious twaddle or mental insipidity. One of the greatest slanders on the religion of Jesus Christ is dullness, is stupidity.

A religious newspaper ought to come into your house like a fresh breeze off a meadow, instead of like the dank air of a cellar-door that has just been opened for ventilation.

In this matter of selecting religious newspapers, choose those that will give you help for both worlds. Such a paper will teach you how to be a better man, to be a better woman, to be a better child. It will help you in merchandise, in mechanism, in your studio, in your law office, in your school teaching, in anything you are called to do. But, above all, if it is the right kind of a paper, it will open before you the gates of heaven. A religious newspaper that calls to no repentance, exhibits no Christ, kindles the soul with no exhilarant anticipation of heaven, is a dead failure. A religious paper that pretends to tell you how to live in this world, without telling you how to prepare for then ext world, will help you neither for this nor for that. O that all our religious journals might come up to a higher standard of influence. May God help us to an intelligent and saving choice in the selection of religious newspapers!

INSIPID RELIGION.

MUCH of the Christian character of the day lacks in swarthiness and power. It is gentle enough, and active enough, and well-meaning enough, but it is wanting in moral muscle. It can sweetly sing at a prayer-meeting, and smile graciously when it is the right time to smile, and makes an excellent nurse to pour out with a steady hand a few drops of peppermint for a child that feels disturbances under the waistband, but has no qualification for the robust Christian work that is demanded. One reason for this is the ineffable softness of much of what is called Christian literature. The attempt is to bring us up on tracts made up of thin exhortations and goodish maxims. A nerveless treatise on commerce or science in that style would be crumpled up by the first merchant and thrown into his waste-basket. Religious twaddle is of no more use than worldly twaddle. If a man has nothing to say, he had better keep his pen wiped and his tongue still. There needs an infusion of strong Anglo-Saxon into religious literature, and a brawnier manliness and more impatience with insipidity though it be prayerful and sanctimonious.

He who stands with irksome repetitions asking people to come to the Saviour, while he gives no strong, commonsense reason, why they should come, drives back the souls of men. If, with all the thrilling realities of eternity at hand, a man has nothing to write which can gather up and master the thoughts and feelings of men, his writing and speaking are a slander on the religion which he wishes to eulogize. Morbidity in religion might be partially cured by more outdoor exercise. There are some duties we can perform better on our feet than on our knees. If we can carry the grace of God with us down into every-day practical Christian work, we will get more spiritual strength in five minutes than by ten hours of kneeling. If Daniel had not served God, save when three times a day he worshipped toward the temple, the lions would have surely eaten him up. The school of Christ is as much out-of-doors as in-doors. Hard, rough work for God, will develop an athletic soul. Religion will not conquer either the admiration or the affections of men by effeminacy, but by strength. Because the heart is soft is no reason why the head should be soft. The spirit of genuine religion is a spirit of great power. When Christ rides in apocalyptic vision, it is not on a weak and stupid beast, but on a horse—emblem of majesty and strength: "And he went forth conquering and to conquer."

RIGHT INFLUENCES.

CHRISTIAN character has to be developed in a very unfavorable atmosphere. If the wind blow for seven days from the east, in May weather the flowers do not put forth as much bloom as they will in one day if the wind blow from the west; and much of the time the atmosphere is most unfavorable to Christian life and Christian character in many of our histories. The wind seems always to be blowing from the east.

CAN AFFORD TO WAIT.

SOMETIMES in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes it is necessary to resist, but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly-discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gin and steamboat—waiting long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and magnificent silence. Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks; caricatured everywhere, yet waitiug and watching with his telescope to see the coming-out of stellar re-inforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him—ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth, and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust from the palace gate.

An Arctic explorer found a ship floating helplessly about among the icebergs, and going on board he found that the captain was frozen at his logbook, and the helmsman was frozen at the wheel, and the men on the outlook were frozen in their places. That was awful, but magnificent. All the Arctic blasts and all the icebergs could not drive them from their duty. Their silence was louder than thunder. And this old ship of a world has many at their posts in the awful chill of neglect, and frozen of the world's scorn; and their silence shall be the eulogy of the skies, and be rewarded long after this weather-beaten craft of a planet shall have made its last voyage.

STRUCK ON THE HEAD.

THE coroner's jury have come in: Facts: A fight in a grog shop. Michael wants a drink. The bartender refuses to let him have it. Michael wants a drink so much he leaps over the bar to get it. Bartender takes up a bottle, and with it breaks Michael's head. The verdict of the coroner's jury so declares it. But this is not a peculiar case. The bottle is breaking more heads to-day than is any weapon. We talk not of the hearts but of the heads. Our literary and newspaper men are so pressed of hard work, and kept up so late nights, and so exhausted of nervous energy, that many of them are taking artificial stimulants to keep up. They show it in their eyes and cheeks, and some of them in the inflammation of the end of their nose. They are gradually going down. Every year they are able to do less and less. After a while they will disappear, and the doctors will apply a high-sounding Latin term to the style of their decease. But all the world will know that they were killed by the same weapon that slew Michael. Struck across the head with a bottle.

BRIEF NOTES.

Dr. T. J. Barnardo, the friend of London street waifs, has this year sent out three hundred and seventy boys and girls to Canada, making nearly five thousand in all from the commencement of his work.

Unfermented wine has been used by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's desire at the Communion Service in the London Metropolitan Tabernacle for several years. Mr. Spurgeon signed the total abstinence pledge in 1866.

The total number of Protestant pastors, evangelists, and teachers now engaged in spreading divine truth in Italy is five hundred and fifty-three; the Protestant Churches and preaching stations number four hundred and seventy-nine.

Bishop Thoburn, writing from India, says: "In our mission over eleven hundred persons of all ages have passed over from the ranks of heathenism and taken their place among the Christians during the past twelve months, and this movement still continues."

Evangelist Arthur Crane is conducting revival services at East Rochester, N. H. The Baptist and Methodist Churches are uniting in the work. Bible readings are held every afternoon and a praise service and gospel address every evening. Mr. Crane's permanent address is Hudson, Mass.

The School Board of East Feliceana, La., has been obliged to make a rule prohibiting boys coming to school armed with revolvers. The rule was made at the request of the Superintendent of the District, who said it was a common custom for boys, even in the lower grades, to attend school thus armed.

Mr. M. Dean, who is going as a Y. M. C. A. Missionary to Africa has travelled from St. Paul, Minn., to Lockport, N. Y., a distance of over a thousand miles, on his bicycle. On his arrival in New York he will give up that mode of travel, and take the steamer for his field of labor at Freetown, Sierra Leone.

A branch of the New York Port Society was opened in Brooklyn at 339 Furman Street, on November 1. It will have a free reading-room for sailors, where there will be Bibles and Testaments in various languages besides religious periodicals. Writing materials and other conveniences are provided for the sailors.

The Lucy Webb Hayes Deaconesses' Home and Bible College for Home and Foreign missionaries in Washington, D. C., is now ready for the reception of students. The course of study is two years. It is under the control of the Women's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. Mrs H. M. Teller is President of the Board of Directors.

A delegation of Indians visited Oregon Conference to beg for a church. They came by wagon road three hundred miles to the nearest railway station, and then two hundred miles by rail to Salem, Oregon. This delegation was from the Klamath Indian Reservation in Southeastern Oregon. Five hundred miles of travel to ask for Gospel privileges!

Rev. George C. Needham has removed from Manchester-by-the-Sea to New York. His address is 132 Bible House. He is engaged in a series of Union Evangelistic meetings in Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Needham, who has been seriously ill, is now recovering, but will not be able to resume her lectures or literary work for some time.

Rev. E. W. Oakes, of Manchester, N. H., whose labors among young men in the Bowery, New York, were so wonderfully blessed some years ago, expects to resume Evangelistic work next year. His church at Manchester is anxious to retain his pastoral connection, but recognizes the call of God in this matter. Possibly some arrangement may yet be made for Mr. Oakes to continue pastor and devote a portion of his time to Evangelistic work.

Rev. W. T. Lambourne commenced a series of services last Sunday at Bamber Hall, Greenville, N. J. We are glad to learn that God is abundantly blessing his labors on this side of Atlantic as he did in London. Wherever he has preached here the churches have been filled and souls saved. Though a stalwart Baptist and an earnest believer in the Premillennial coming of the Lord, Mr. Lambourne seems to be as successful in Methodist and Congregational Churches as in those of his own Denomination.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Great Earthquake in Japan—A Proposed Royal Marriage—Walt Whitman Dying—The Irish Riots—A Week of Storms—A River Steamer Burned—General Notes.

WITH the return of Secretary Blaine to the National capital, there is new activity in the reciprocity programme. During his absence it has not stood idle, as Assistant Secretary Foster has been getting in shape the material necessary for the conclusion of treaties with the Argentine Republic, Chili, Mexico, the West Indies, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Delegates from Barbadoes and Trinidad, the two most important of the British West Indies, are expected here shortly for conference. At present the trade of these islands is less with the United States than it is with England by many millions. Mr. Blaine contemplates a reciprocal agreement that will open their markets to American products. Other countries with which we shall seek reciprocity in the near future are Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Peru. With the first-named, negotiations are now going on at the Mexican capital. The chief trouble will be with the Argentine Republic, whose treasury is so depleted that she would not suffer seriously if she lost our trade.

* * *

A Mississippi River Horror.

TWENTY persons lost their lives during a fire on the Mississippi River steamer, *Oliver Bierne*, which was burned to the waters, edge at Milliken's Bend, near Vicksburg, a few nights ago. She was loaded with cotton and carried eighty deck and twenty cabin passengers. So swift was the speed of the flames that the passengers had no time to dress, and lost everything but their night clothes. There were many narrow escapes. Capt. Thorwegian was the last to leave the burning vessel, having to slide down a guy rope from the upper deck. A number of bodies have been recovered. The loss on boat and cargo is estimated at $100,000; partly insured.

* * *

A Dying Poet.

WORN with age and many infirmities, the venerable poet, Walt Whitman, is failing so rapidly that his death is believed to be near at hand. For a considerable time past he has been unable to walk, and his daily rides around Camden, N. J., (where he lives), in a little hand-carriage have been discontinued. Since he took to bed, the paralysis of the lower part of the body is moving upward, and his doctors say it must soon reach his heart. The aged invalid, realizing the nearness of the end, has made due preparation, and has even selected his burial-place in the quiet little cemetery of Harleigh Village beside some oak and chestnut trees. He is now 73 years of age and has passed a life full of vicissitudes. Mr. Whitman's writings, although not always calculated to merit high critical approbation, have made him famous because of their striking originality and force.

WALT WHITMAN.

* * *

A Piute Princess Dead.

ONE of the most remarkable Indian women in this sountry, Sarah Winnemucca, a princess of the Piute nation, died recently at the home of her tribe, on a ranch near Lovelocks, Mont. When a child, Sarah was taken to San Jose by her grandfather, who was the pilot of Gen. Fremont across the Sierra Nevada, in California discovery days. She was educauted at the Sister's School Mission at San Jose, and afterward returned to her tribe, and acted as interpreter. During the many wars of the Piutes and the peace negotiations at different times, when Gen. Crook was United States military commander, she acted the part of a peacemaker. She accompanied Gen.. O O. Howard in his expedition against the Bannocks in 1878, and afterwards came east and lectured in New England. She was the author of a volume entitled, "Life among the Piutes." She taught an Indian school among her own people, and about twenty years ago married Lieut. Bartlett, U.S.A. Her memory will long be held in reverence by the Piute Indians.

* * *

A Great Earthquake in Japan.

HIOGO, a seaport of Japan, on the island of Hondo and about twenty-two miles distant from Osaka, one of the principal cities, was visited by an earthquake recently, causing great loss of life and damaging property over a wide area. The earthquake shock was felt as far as Osaka, and was so severe that thousands of houses were thrown to the ground, many of the occupants being crushed beneath the falling buildings, while others succeeded in escaping from their crumbling homes, only to meet death in the streets. 18000 houses were destroyed on Hondo Island, where 2000 persons perished; at Gifu 5000 houses were wrecked and several thousand lives lost, all the leading public buildings were destroyed. It is impossible at present to state the loss of life, but it is believed that it will not be less than 10,000. The towns of Nagoya, Gifu and Oguki were destroyed. A map showing the territory affected by the seismic disturbance is given above.

SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

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Heroism at Sea.

A STORY of heroism on the sea comes from San Francisco where Capt. Eggett of the Yankee clipper ship, *Charles Dennis*, which foundered off Cape Horn on Sept. 5th. has arrived with a portion of his crew. The *Dennis* left San Francisco with a cargo of coal, June 6th. and when off the coast of Uruguay, during a gale, she sprung a leak. All the resources known to nautical science were applied, but the water steadily rose in the hold and August 31st. the disabled vessel encountered a cyclone. Five of her crew were injured by the heavy seas that swept her deck, and she was in a sinking condition amid mountainous waves when the Yankee clipper, *Belle of Bath*, was sighted. Despite the hurricane, the *Belle* stood by and succeeded in rescuing the entire crew of the *Dennis* with her life-boat. Captain Eggett was the last to leave the sinking vessel. On the last trip of the life-boat from the *Belle*, the waves ran so high that she could not approach the *Dennis*, and the captain and his men were compelled to leap into the sea. Hardly were they picked up when the *Dennis* gave a lurch and disappeared, leaving not a spar to mark the spot where she went down.

* * *

Street Fighting in Ireland.

AN affray between the Parnell and McCarthy factions occurred in the streets of Cork at the close of a county convention, a few days ago. Bad blood has existed between the rival bodies for a long time, and since Parnell's death this animosity has been intensified by the efforts of Dillon, O'Brien and McCarthy to break up the Parnellite organization, no less than by the attitude they assumed toward the dead chief, whom the Parnell men idolized. Dillon and O'Brien were passing through the streets accompanied by a procession of their adherents, when they were suddenly attacked by a number of men, armed with pitchforks, pikes and clubs. Both sides fought desperately until a detachment of mounted police appeared on the scene and put the combatants to flight, striking them right and left with the flat of their sabres. A large number of persons were injured and the hospitals were crowded with patients, suffering from wounds inflicted by sticks and stones. A portrait of William O'Brien carried in the procession, was riddled by stones, and the bandsmen were put to flight and their instruments wrecked. Bombs were exploded in front of the office of the *National Press*, the organ of the McCarthyites, threatening the building and its inmates. Several of the Catholic clergy have added to the exasperation of the Parnellites. One of them, Father Fidelis, went so far as to declare that "the most depraved monster who ever lived was now swept off the face of the earth." Further disturbances are expected as the campaign progresses.

* * *

Moving Gen. Grant's Tomb.

GENERAL GRANT'S remains have been laid in their final resting-place. Last week the tomb in Riverside Park, New York, was moved twenty-five feet to the northward, the entire mass of stone and masonry, weighing little less than one hundred tons, being lifted by heavy timbers and jack-screws and moved inch by inch by lateral pressure. Hydraulic pumps and a number of huge levers were brought into requisition to move the monument to its final foundation. The new bed of the monument is twenty-five feet deep, of solid cement and easily capable of sustaining the weight of the heavy superstructure. Blocks of granite and marble have been reared above it, but the body itself has not been disturbed. The operation of moving the tomb occupied nearly a month.

* * *

A Week of Storms.

Storms inland, and heavy gales on the coast have been experienced at different points during the week, the most destructive being a tornado, which swept over part of Ohio. The town of Conneaut was a bad sufferer from this storm; streets were blocked by falling buildings and wreckage; factories were damaged, and a large amount of valuable stock destroyed; smokestacks were blown down and many fine residences unroofed. The total loss in Conneaut is placed at $100,000. On the lake, many vessels were swept before the gale, the crews narrowly escaping with their lives. The Lake Shore Railroad buildings were wrecked; telegraph wires were prostrated and general damage done over an area of one hundred miles.—A large part of the town of Cimmaron, Oklahama Territory, was swept by fire, hundreds of farms being denuded of crops, houses and barns consumed and stock perishing. The fire is in the timber and may burn for a week to come, and it is feared that a number of persons have perished. Cimmaron City, a small town northeast of Guthrie, the capital, is completely wiped out. Destructive wood fires are also reported from Indiana. The Swedish bark, *Mora*, was dashed to pieces on the rocks of Mona Island, between Hayti and Port Rico, and the captain and crew swept overboard. Nine of the crew were drowned.

* * *

A Royal Match Proposed.

One of the most interesting rumors in connection with the recent mission of M. de Giers, the Russian statesman to Italy, is that while at Monza, he laid before King Humbert a proposal for a marriage between the Duke of Naples, heir apparent to the Italian throne, and Princess Xenia, of Russia. This union, if carried out, would bind the interests of the two countries and give the Czar a powerful ally. It would also have the effect of weakening the triple alliance, as Italy would then be pledged to the support of Russia in a manner that would preclude the possibility ot continuing present relations with Germany and Austria. In the event of a war involving Germany and France, Italy would remain neutral. There is still much speculation as to the result of M. de Giers' mission. Princess Xenia is described as beautiful and highly accomplished. A portrait of the Duke of Naples is given above.

DUKE OF NAPLES.

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Tennessee's Convict Labor War.

THE war on the convict labor system in the Tennessee mines took an unexpected turn a few days ago, when the free miners, having been refused relief by the legislature and the mine owners, assembled in great force, and overcoming the prison guards at Briceville and Coal Creek, liberated three hundred and twenty convicts and burned the stockade. They supplied the released convicts with citizens' clothing and ordered them to leave the State, which they did. The authorities are making efforts to recapture the convicts. It is feared that an attempt will be made to release the convicts in other parts of the State.

NEWS NOTES.

In some parts of Russia, the forests are full of Jewish refugees, who are dying of starvation.

The Czar has abandoned his projected trip to the Crimea, though fear of assassination by the Nihilists, it is said.

Nineteen dwelling were destroyed by an incendiary fire at Clinton, N. J., last week, involving a loss of $100,00.

North Dakota was visited by a blizzard last week doing immense damage. The wind blew at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

The Emperor William's organ, the *Reichsanzeiger*, has startled Berlin by a strong editorial deploring the prevalence of immorality in that city, and urging the local authorities to adopt resolute measures for its suppression.

Madagascar natives have massacred the French military escort of Dr. Heziat, the Chief of the Medical Staff of the French Colony. The massacre occurred at a point on the Betsiboka River, where the doctor's party was ambushed.

Mr. Jesse Seligman, the well known banker of New York, is now in Berlin for the purpose of interesting foreign financiers in arriving at some international agreement in the interest of bi-metallism. Germany is said to favor the bi-metallic standard.

The Yaquis Indians are on the warpath and the Mexican government is about to send troops against them. The Cherokee Indian lands will shortly be opened to settlers. There are several million of acres, now occupied by four tribes, to be opened.

The Catholic School question has become a burning one in Manitoba. Premier Greenway has decided in behalf of the Government to appeal from the decision of the Supreme Court at Ottawa, which declares the law abolishing Catholic Schools unconstitutoinal.

It is rumored that France and Russia have proposed the organization of a European Peace League, as a counter-movement to the Triple Alliance. The object is to invite Servia, Montenegro, Sweden, Denmark, Greece and other governments to join with the two leading powers in the new League.

The famous British Grenadier Guards, who were sent to Bermuda last year for insubordination, have again become rebellious — this time on account of their rations being of inferior quality. For flinging the rations out of the barrack windows at Windsor, an entire Company of the Third Battalion were arrested as mutineers.

New York is to have a Tilden Library, after all. By agreement with Mrs. Hazard, a grandneice of the late Gov. Tilden, the executors will be allowed $2,000,000 to carry out the library project. The Court of Appeals gave the entire estate to the contestants of the will, thus voiding the library bequest, and the gift comes quite unexpectedly.

The subsidence of the floods in Spain reveals appalling evidence of loss of life and damage to property. There are still many districts under water, however, and communication between several large towns is cut off. In Tortosa the streets are like rivers. In the Province of Tarragona, the villages are completely isolated, crops lost, live stock drowned and human life rendered extremely perilous.

The Maverick National Bank of Boston, the most prominent financial institution in New England, has suspended. It had been in a shaky condition for a year past, and many heavy deposits were withdrawn. Three hundred banks, South and West, are among the depositors, and there are 1200 individual depositors. Millions of the bank funds are said to have been wasted in speculation. Nearly $2,000,000 in deposits were withdrawn in the last ten days.

In his annual report, Major Gen. Schofield makes a strong plea for the reorganization of the Army. He declares that the entire military force of the United States would be inadequate to prevent great loss of life, in the event of a general Indian outbreak, and recommends that several thousand men be added to the present enlisted strength. The experiment of enlisting Indians has thus far satisfactory, and he thinks should be

BAD LODGERS.

"O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?"—Jeremiah 4: 14.

ONE notices in reading such a chapter as this fourth of Jeremiah that the change which God required in the Jewish people was a very deep and thorough one. It was not only the washing of their hands, the cleansing of their outward lives, but the washing of their hearts from wickedness; and the Lord did not alone require of them that they should cease from wicked actions, but even from vain thoughts. The like demand he makes of us, for he saith by the mouth of his servant James, "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double minded." This makes our holy religion such a weighty and solemn business. If it were wholly a matter of outward ordinances, we might take the child and sprinkle it, or might bring the adult and plunge him; or we might admit all to a table where they should eat and drink such consecrated materials as should save them. This would be all easy enough, and hence men cling to a religion of ceremonies; for heart religion is troublesome, and the ungodly cannot endure it. Ritualism is

The Most Popular Religion

in the world, because it is all "Hi! Presto!" Done in a minute—nothing to think of, nothing to care about, nothing to sorrow over. It is all a mere matter of form, which men leave to their priests, as they leave their deeds to be drawn up by their lawyers, and their physic to be prescribed by their doctors. The little that is wanted of them can be done without thought, and they can go on in their sins as pleasantly as ever.

Next to that in popularity is the religion of mere morality. "Yes, we know we do amiss: we will amend. Gross vices shall be lopped off as stray branches that run over a wall. We will at once purge ourselves from everything for which our fellow-men would blame us. Is not that enough?" Many hope it is, and live as if they felt sure it was, But the religion of the Word of God is not so. It is, "Rend your hearts, and not your garments:" hence ceremonies are not enough: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength:" hence outward actions are not enough.

Now to our text, "How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" Bad lodgers. Some people have admitted bad lodgers into their chambers. I have known a good many people troubled with them; and there is no use in keeping them; they must be sent adrift. So the text says, "How long shall vain thoughts lodge within thee?"

The Identity of the Lodgers.

I. First, then, here are certain bad lodgers; and I should not wonder if some people here have found and furnished chambers in their hearts and heads for these mischievous tenants whose name is "vain thoughts." Many thoughts may be called vain because they are proud, conceited thoughts. Thus, whenever a man thinks himself good by nature, we may say of his thoughts, "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity." If you are unrenewed, and dream that you are better than others because your parents were godly, it is a vain thought. If you have never been born again by the Spirit of God, and are trusting in your infant baptism, it is a vain thought. If you have an idea that you do not need to come to Christ as a poor, helpless sinner; that you do not want the same kind of change as others; that, indeed, there is a private way to heaven for you, and you have found the silver key of it, you have made a mistake—it is a vain thought. You will have to be born again, or else *if you are not born twice*

You Will Die Twice.

Every thought of self-righteousness is a vain thought, every idea, moreover, of self-power—that you can do this and do that towards your own salvation, and that at any time when it pleases you you can turn and become a Christian, and so there is no need to be in a hurry, or to seek the help of the Holy Spirit:—that also is a vain thought.

Now, perhaps I speak to some here who really are very nice sort of people, at least they feel they are, for they go to a place of worship where they are not often spoken to very personally; and if the minister does speak pointedly, they say, "I do not think he has any right to talk in that way; people should be charitable." It is supposed to be charitable, you know, to allow people to go down to hell without warning them. My charity leads me to try as far as I can to break up all shams, and I am sure that self-righteousness is all a sham, a deadly delusion, a destructive error. It is ruining tens of thousands of people—good, quiet, harmless, inoffensive people—people, too, that are generous in their business, and kind, and all that, and who therefore conclude that they are safe for time and eternity. They say, "Well, now, I don't know that I have done anything so very wrong; I do not see that I need repentance and faith, or that I need come as that poor thief did on the cross, and just look to Christ and say, 'Lord, remember me.'" Dear friend, I must address you in the language of the text, "How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" for they are all vain, every one.

Another sort of vain thoughts may be ranged under the head of

Carnal Security.

The poet says, "All men think all men mortal but themselves," and often as the saying is quoted never was a proverb more generally true. Men go out to their daily business and they say, "Many that wake this morning will never see the sun go down"; but they themselves talk of what they will do in the evening, as if they were sure of surviving. We know all of us that life is very uncertain, yet multitudes are hazarding their souls upon the uncertainty of that life, under an inward belief which they would not dare to express, that somehow or other they are sure not to die just yet. What is such security but a vain thought?

I know another set of thoughts: they are better looking, but they are equally vain, for they promise much and come to nothing: they are vain because they are fruitless. These vain thoughts are like the better order of people in Jerusalem—good people after a sort—that is to say, they really thought that as God threatened them with judgments, they would turn to him. Certainly they would. They had no intention of being hard-hearted. Far from it; they owned the power of the prophet's appeal; they felt a degree of awe in the presence of the just God as he threatened them, and of course they meant—they meant to wash their hearts, and they meant to put away all their forbidden practices; not just yet, but by-and-by. They would not wait very long: of course not. A long delay would be very dangerous, but they might safely tarry a little longer. They had an engagement which would take them into worldly company, and so they must wait till that was over; and they had formed close connections which they could not very well break, and so religion must be

Regretfully Postponed

for a more convenient season. They were in a certain business which they could not easily get out of for a term of years; but they would—oh, they would—certainly; certainly they would attend to God and their souls. Though they did not say so in words, yet their faces appealed to the preacher pleadingly,—"Do not press us too much just now. We are honest people; we acknowledge the bill. Let it run a little longer." They mean to enjoy the love of God one of these days, and they hope to wind up their lives in a saintly manner. Well, now, my friend, has not that been the style of your thought for a great many years? Did not you think like that when you were a child—when you were yet fresh to the ways of religion, and had not yet learned so much of other ways as you have now? Do you not remember those early impressions—those tears at night, those child-like cries of Jesus, your mother's Saviour? You were on the borders of Immanuel's land, and there was only a step between you and life. You wished that the step was taken, but, still—well, there was a reason why it should not be taken just yet: and so you dared to bid the Lord wait your leisure, as if he were a beggar at your door to whom you were under no obligation. Alas for this constant delaying!

Where Will it Land You?

In some, who I hope are saved, their vain thoughts lie in a similar direction: they trust that they have believed, but they are slow to obey their Lord in publicly avowing their discipleship. They know that the gospel has two precepts—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," or, in other words, "He that with his heart believeth, and with his mouth maketh confession of him, shall be saved." They resolve that they will one of these days make a confession of their faith; such is their fixed intention, but the time is not yet come, for at present they are filled with questionings as to their condition. They once felt sure that they had faith. Had they confessed it then, that certainty might have continued. They have so long kept in abeyance their obedience to their Lord that they begin now to question, and perhaps rightly, whether they have really believed. The Lord Jesus has said, "He that confesseth me before man, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven." But, then, somebody would laugh at them: they would have

A Cross to Carry,

and this hinders them, and therefore they postpone obedience to an indefinite period. But this cowardice is not intended to last for ever: they are going to be very brave one of these days: you shall see them performing great exploits. They intend before very long openly to say, "I am on the Lord's side;" they will come forward and display their colors; they will be the bravest of the brave; only not just yet. "How long shall thy vain thoughts"—thy ineffectual promises of obedience to Christ — "lodge within thee?"

Now, I shall come closely home to some here whom I love in the Lord if I say that resolutions to be very useful, prayerful, and holy are often little better than vain thoughts, because they are encumbered with procrastination. There are many who love the Lord, who have never done much for him; their mind is made up to rise to a higher life; they will give more time to Bible-reading and prayer; they

Will Live Nearer to God:

they will grow quite strong Christians; and when that happens then they are going to do some great thing—I do not know quite what form their resolution is to take; but they will do something extraordinary. They will enter the Sunday School and bring scores of little children to the Saviour's feet. They are going to serve the Lord by personal exertion, or to give to the cause of God very largely of their substance. It has been on their hearts a long time to be bountiful benefactors to the poor, to the church at home, and to missionaries abroad. They have not given much yet; but before long they intend to overflow like gushing fountains which send forth rivers of water. They are resolving: when will they come to acting? Some men brood so long over their future intentions that they all of them become addled eggs, and nothing whatever is hatched. O man, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it," do it, do it "with thy might.' I have thus mentioned to you several groups of bad lodgers, of whom the text says, "How long shall vain thoughts lodge within thee?"

Their Faults.

II. Now, secondly, let me show what bad lodgers they are. Vain thoughts get admittance into our heads and hearts, and there they make themselves at home, and do mischief without end, They run upstairs and downstairs, and all over the house, and they multiply every day; but they are dreadful pests, the worst lodgers the soul can harbor. For, first, they are deceitful. What deceptiveness it is on the part of any man who knows to do good and does it not, that he should think to put off God with empty promises. Oh, I would turn such a lodger as that out. David said, "He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my house." Do not suffer these vain thought to lodge a day longer; for they disgrace you, and place you in jeopardy.

Vain thoughts are bad lodgers, for they pay no rent; they bring in nothing good to those who entertain them. What good does it do to any man to harbor in his mind the empty promise of future repentance. I would rather hear a man say straight out, "Now, look here: I never mean to repent or believe, my mind is made up as to that matter." This, at least, is truthful: that man will, perhaps, change his mind, or God will change it. But that other man—the soft, putty-like being, the India-rubber man, squeeze him; pull him out: force him together again; do what you will with him; he gets back into his old shape. There is no solid stuff in him, you cannot make anything of him. These

Irresolute Men,

"unstable as water," cannot excel; they are neither good for use nor for ornament; and we have plenty of this class: are you one of them, my friend? If so, God help you to get rid of these bad lodgers of instability, self-sufficiency. and constantly promising, because they pay no rent.

The next reason for the ejectment of these lodgers is this: that they are wasting your goods and destroying your property. Why, you are wasting time; you are wasting thought; you are wasting opportunity; you are wasting the Gospel under which you sit. These bad lodgers are causing you such daily loss that before long you will be utterly ruined unless you can cleanse your house of them. You cannot afford to give them shelter: send them packing at once.

Worst of all, these vain thoughts are bad lodgers because they bring you under condemnation. There have been times when to entertain persons was treason, and many individuals have been put to death for harboring traitors. Rebels con-

demned to die have been discovered in a man's house. and he has been condemned for affording them a hiding-place. Now, God declares that these vain thoughts of yours are

Condemned Traitors.

Are you going to harbor them any longer? If a lodger came to your house, and after a while a policeman called and said, "You rented your front room, I think?" "Yes." "What kind of a person is your lodger and what is his business?" I think after one or two visits of that kind you would say to your lodger, "I shall be obliged if you will go somewhere else," for you would not enjoy the idea of having a suspected person within your doors. Nobody does. Now, these vain thoughts, these self-righteous thoughts, these boastings in self, they are something more than suspected: they have been judged and condemned to die; and oh, let not your heart become a haunt for things that God abhors.

III. That brings me to the question

What to do With Them?

The first thing is to give them notice to quit at once. Let there be no waiting. When a man is converted it is done at once. There may be a long process by which he comes up to it, and there may be a long succession of light-breakings before he gets clear about it; but there is a turning-point. There is a line, thin as a razor's edge, which divides death from life, a point of decision which separates the saved from the lost. Did you ever notice in our Lord's parable of the prodigal son, the decision of the repenting one? He said, "I will arise and go unto my father;" and he arose and came to his father, and, as I heard a quaint divine say, he did not give his master a day's notice. The narrative tells us that he had joined himself to a citizen of that country, who had sent him into the fields to feed swine. He ran off there and then, just as he was. If he had gone to see his master and had said, "Sir, I am obliged to go home and see my father," if he had stopped to purchase better linen, and a fairer suit of clothes before he went home, he would have died of hunger at the swine-trough. But, instead of that, he did the right thing: he ran for his life directly; and that is what you must do. Quit, quit, vain thoughts. Oh, that they would go at the bidding!

Suppose that these vain thoughts will not go just when you bid them begone. I will tell you what to do to get rid of them: starve them out.

Lock the Door,

and let nothing enter upon which they can feed. I would have you unconverted people say, "We confess that we have fed our vain thoughts, but now we will not go where they can get food. We will not go to ungodly amusements, nor into evil company, nor will we talk with idlers on our way home." Send into your heart what you know vain thoughts cannot be nourished upon, what will be poison to them. Give them God's Word. Read it and study it, and cry to God to have mercy upon you. Do nothing which will help these vain thoughts to live.

I will tell you a secret, and then I have done. The best way in the world that I know of is to sell the house over their heads. Let the house change owners. When you have done that, you know, it will be the new owner that will have the trouble of turning them out; and he will do it. I recommend every sinner here that wants to find salvation to give himself up to Christ. Come out, you vain thoughts. They will not come out. Notice to quit we give you: and they will not go. Give the house over to a new owner, and let him come, and he will drive them out, and he himself will come and live there, and his divine Spirit will come and fill every chamber with his own presence, and there shall be no fear that these bad lodgers shall ever come back again. God bless this simple word to many, for his name's sake. Amen.

WHEN CHRIST COMES.

BY REV. JAMES SMITH.*

WHAT is the next great event that is to disturb the present course of testimony and startle the worlds of the living and the dead? We are in the rapids of this age, and we are nearing the next crisis in God's purposes with man. We are in the period represented by the iron and clay—feet and toes—of the great Gentile image. The stone cut out of the mountain was seen smiting the image not on the head of gold, or on the breast of silver, or on the loins of brass, but on the brittle and unstable feet and toes made of incohesive elements. The image being thus smitten on the weakest part, the great imposing structure suddenly collapsed and became "like the chaff of a summer threshing-floor." Dan. 2: 35. This event is drawing nigh; and the more pleasing and consequent event, the filling of the whole earth by

The Demolishing Stone,

the conquering Kingdom, is that for which we are eagerly longing. There is a Divine order in the future, just as there has been in the past. Every event has its "due time" in the ways of God. And before the smiting of the image, before the filling of the earth by the Kingdom of the God of Heaven, before the abolition of existing powers and principalities, and the yielding up of the Kingdom to God even the Father, there is an event, at the very door, in which we, as Christians, are immediately and personally concerned. Our hope is Christ's coming and consequent glory.

What, then, is it that believers need to fit them to share glory with Christ? "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God," (that is, man as he is, in the body, flesh and blood) "neither doth corruption inherit incorruption," (that is, man as his body is, when death has transpired, corrupted). Believers are, as we say, dead and living; and when Christ comes he is to deal with that double condition, because, at his coming for his own, he will find many millions living and dead. He is coming for his people as a Saviour—for, "our commonwealth is in heaven, whence we leok for a Saviour," and "he is to be seen a second time, apart from a sin-offering unto salvation." This is the salvation unto which we are begotten again and which is "ready to be revealed." (1 Pet. 1: 2-5.)

A Threefold Deliverance.

By grace, as we stand in Christ, we are already "meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," but we are not yet fully meet in all respects to share and enjoy glory. Sin's penalty is forever gone; sin's power has been broken in our hearts; but sin's presence is still our sorrow. Living saints have sin in them, and their bodies are subject to mortality; dead saints are done with sin, as justified ones their spirits are made perfect, but their bodies are in the grip of corruption. Hence we can now say that "they that are Christ's at his coming" shall have a threefold salvation wrought for them, fitting them for manifestation in glory. That is to say, the remaining traces of the curse will be forever abolished, namely, sin, mortality, and corruption. Corruption will be abolished by resurrection, mortality will be destroyed by transformation: and sin will disappear at Christ's bidding, when "the mortal part is swallowed up by the life."

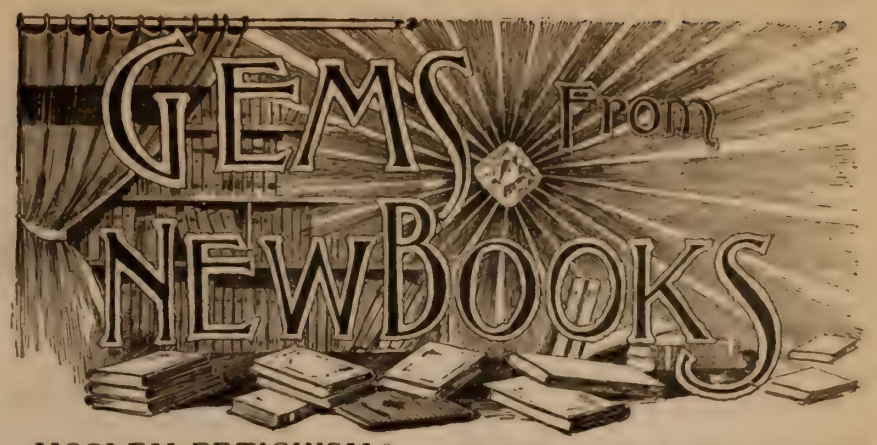
Christ asserted that all that are in the graves are to be raised by his voice (John 5: 28, 29), but he hints at a distinction, on the ground of character, of a "resurrection of life" and a "resurrection of judgment," as Paul, later on, spoke of a "resurrection both of the just and the unjust." Thus we see how Christ's teaching prepared for all the amplifications of the Apostles. John and Paul agree in making the resurrection of the dead

A Double Event,

the resurrection of the just coming before the resurrection of the unjust. Moreover, Paul is inspired to say that the changing of living saints takes place along with the raising of dead saints; while John is inspired to inform us that "the thousand years" come in between the two raisings of the dead. Henee it is that Jesus propounded the doctrine of a "resurrection out from amongst dead men" (not a resurrection from death or of all the dead, but leaving part of the dead behind;) and hence, also, John could speak of a "first resurrection."

This "first resurrection" is in three stages. Christ is the "first fruits" of it, the first sheaf of the harvest, and earnest of all the rest; then "they that are Christ's at his coming; and, finally, those beheaded during the reign of the beast. It is when John sees these last-named martyrs "live," and have "part in" it, that he is led to exclaim, "this is the first resurrection."

* From his article in the *Watchword*.



MOSLEM FETICHISM.*

THE Negro tribes that have been won to the allegiance to the Prophet of Mecca are Moslem in little more than name. Mohammedanism has engrafted itself upon the ancient paganism of the country, and has merely modified the form of the fetichism, which is the real religion of the people. Charms and amulets are their trust still, only the charms and fetiches, instead of being stocks and stones, are Arabic texts from the Koran (which they cannot read) sewn up in strips of red leather and tied around the neck to preserve the wearer from danger. The Moslem mallams of West Africa, who go about writing the infallible charms referred to, and giving them to those who are willing to embrace Islam, are stigmatized by Schweinfurth as "incarnations of human depravity." In most cases they do not even know the meaning of the Arabic words they write. At Lagos and other large places, there are schools for teaching them to write the texts, but this done merely as a mechanical process.

Missionary Perils in Burmah.

In 1840, Messrs. Kincaid and Abbott, missionaries of the A. B. M. U., at Bassein, were compelled, by cruel persecution inflicted by the Burmese officials upon the Karen converts to remove to Arakan and from Sandoway, the nearest practical point, to render aid to the suffering converts on the other side of the western Yoma mountains. The way was difficult, long and dangerous. From four to ten days were required in crossing the mountains; tigers, elephants, leopards and formidable serpents inhabited the mountains and if they did fall a pray to these, Burmese officials were waiting at the passes of the mountains to arrest, imprison, torture or kill them. Yet such was the earnestness and determination of the Bassein Karens to learn the way of salvation, that in the twelve years which followed, many thousands ventured through these rugged passes and came to Sandoway to receive baptism and instruction. Some of them, probably a majority, returned to Bassein and established churches there, over which native pastors, ordained in most cases, in Arakan, presided, and these were often obliged to meet in secret and were subjected to fines, imprisonment and torture and some of the native preachers to death by crucifixion. Some fell victims to the wild beasts, to starvation, or to the slow tortures and death which the Burmese officials saw fit to inflict. Cholera and other deadly diseases hurried many of them into their graves.

"Pwanku," the Chinese Creator.

Pwanku (the mythological Chinese Creator), is described as having formed the world about 2852 B. C. With chisel and mallet he cut out the earth; the sun, moon and stars are all his works; his head became mountains; his breath, wind and clouds; his voice, thunder; from various parts of his body came fields and rivers and trees, and, finally, from the insects he created came man. After him came a trinity of powers, who ruled for thousands of years and to them are ascribed many of the inventions of ancient times. . . . During the reign of the emperor Ping-ti, (Peace) was born in Nazareth, that king who came to bring peace to the world. Tradition ascribes to St. Thomas the honor of first preaching the Gospel to the Chinese. Whether he was the first one or not, there is no doubt that Christian truths were taught in China at an early period of the Christian era. The first authentic account of early missionary effort is given in the tablet which was discovered in Si-ngan-fu, in 1625.

The Mystic Nusairiyeh.

The origin of the Nusairiyeh people seems lost in the obscurity of antiquity. Their religious practices sustain the theory that they are descended from some of the ancient heathen tribes of Palestine. They inhabit Northern Syria and Cilicia, and number about 300,000 souls. They are practically pagans although they claim to be followers of Mohammed. They worship Ali Ibn Abu Taulib, the prophet Mohammed and Suleyman the Persian, and consider Ali the father, Mohammed the son and Suleyman the Holy Spirit—a perfect trinity, but they pay their chief adoration to Ali. They teach that he created Mohammed, that Mohammed created Suleyman and Suleyman created five great angels who created the universe and that each angel is entrusted with the management of some part thereof. They consider that the moon is Ali's throne, and that the dark part, commonly called the "man in the moon," is Ali, with a veil thrown over his face, but that hereafter the veil will be removed and all true believers will see him as he is. They believe the sun is Mohammed and pay divine honors to it. They worship fire, the wind, the waves of the sea, and anything that manifests power; the shades of the dead, the living, even men of influence and renown among them. They believe in the transmigration of souls and hold that the Moslem sheiks enter the bodies of asses at death, the souls of Christian priests enter the bodies of swine, and the souls of Jewish rabbis the bodies of apes. A part of their religion consists in keeping their belief secret from strangers and refusing to reveal it under any circumstances, even in the face of death.

Christ and the King of Edessa.

Eastward over Syria to the Persian Gulf, the Aramaic was the common language—the vernacular of Christ and his Apostles. . . . Abgar, king of Edessa, in Mesopotamia, hearing of the fame of Jesus and that he was persecuted by the Jews, sent him a letter inviting him to Edessa to live and to heal the king of his malady. The reply of Christ was that his mission to the Jews was not complete; but after his ascension a disciple would come and teach the people of Edessa. This disciple was Thaddeus. He reached Edessa, saw the king, healed and converted, and thus planted the mother-church of the East. The king's son refused the Christian faith and persecuted the Christians. (These facts are attested by ancient documents in the British Museum.)

* From *The Encyclopædia of Missions: Descriptive, Historical, Biographical, Statistical*, with a full assortment of maps, a complete bibliography and lists of Bible Versions, Missionary Societies, Mission Stations, and General Index. In two volumes, edited by Rev. Edwin Munsell Bliss, published by *Funk & Wagnalls*, New York. 1340 pp., price, $12. A great and most important work, giving in exhaustive array all the essential facts concerning the missions of all denominations and countries.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Nature and Man in America: by N. S. Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. A series of essays on the relation of man to the creative Power which works in Nature, the effect of geographical conditions on the development of peoples and kindred subjets. Pp., 290; Price, $1.50; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Incarnation of the Son of God; by Charles Gore, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. This volume contains the Bampton Lectures for 1891. Pp., 296; Price, $1.50; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Essays on English Literature; by Edmond Scherer. Translated by George Saintsbury. Among the writers criticized by Scherer, are: George Eliot, Thomas Carlyle, and John Stuart Mills. Pp., 309; Price, $1.50; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Lyra Heroica: A book of Verse, selected and arranged by William Henley. Comprised here are selections from the works of Ben Jonson, George Herbert, William Cowper, H. W. Longfellow, William Morris, and many others. Pp. 364; Price, $1.25; Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Divorce of Catharine of Aragon: The story as told by the Imperial Ambassadors resident at the Court of Henry VIII, with copious index. Pp 476. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Exegesis: an Address delivered at the Opening of the Autumn Term of the Union Theological Seminary by Rev. Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. Pp 47. Price 30 cents. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Poet and Player: Essays on Literature and the Stage; by William Davenport Adams; New York, A. C. Armstrong & Son. Price, $1.25.

The Bookworm; an Illustrated Treasury of Old-time Literature. New York, A. C. Armstrong & Son. 380 pages. Price, $3.

Talks to Sunday School Teachers: By Joseph Goodwin Terrill. Pp 192; price 75 cents. Published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y.

DOES CHILI MEAN WAR?

(*Continued from first page.*)

port of Valparaiso with any chance of success, especially under the guns of Fort Iquique or Valparaiso, and the Chilian vessels *Imperiale* and *Iconagua* each carry guns heavy enough to pierce the armor of our cruisers. Their torpedo boats, too, are superior to ours. The most formidable vessels in the Chilian fleet are the *Capitan Prat*, *Esmeralda*, *Magellanes* and *Almirante Lynch*, the three last of which are shown in the illustration on the first page of this issue. The still unfinished *Prat* is 6,900 tons, built of steel and her armor is 12 inches thick at the water line. She has a speed of from 12 to 17 knots an hour, and would be more than a match for any vessel in our fleet except the *Miantonomoh*. The latter, naval experts assert, could hold the entire Chilian fleet at bay in the harbor of Valparaiso without damage to herself, so heavy is her armor and so large the calibre of her guns. The *Almirante Cochrane* has a very heavy battery of rifled Armstrong guns and a speed of 12 or 13 knots; the *Huascar*, the smallest of the Chilian fleet, has 4 1-2 inches of steel armor, and the twin cruisers, *Presidente Errazuriz* and *Presidente Pinto*, are as good as any of their kind afloat. The *Esmeralda* is the best sailer and the most famous vessel in their navy, being 3,000 tons and carrying a heavy steel armament. The corvettes *Abtao*, *Chacobuco*, *Magellanes*, *O'Higgins* and *Pilcomayo* are all serviceable boats, though not first-class. To oppose this formidable showing our own navy has the *Newark*, the *Chicago*, the *Philadelphia*, the *San Francisco*, the *Charleston*, *Atlanta* and *Boston*—all fine vessels, and some nearly equal in size and armament to the Chilian ships. We have also four gunboats, the *Petrel*, *Yorktown*, *Bennington* and *Concord*, each going sixteen knots and carrying six-inch guns. The *Detroit*, a new cruiser, has just been launched and could be got ready in time for service. The *Lancaster*, *Charleston* and *Marion*, at distant points, could also be called into service in Chilian waters. It would not be necessary to recall the *Alert*, *Monocacy*, *Palos* and *Alliance*, which are now in Chinese and Japanese waters looking after American interests there. The *Miantonomoh*, it is believed, can be ready within a few weeks and this formidable warship will be a most effective aid in the event of actual hostilities.

How Europe regards the Chilian embroglio may be gathered from the tone of the leading foreign newspapers, which uniformly express surprise at the arrogance of the little republic and predict ultimate disaster for Chili, should she go so far as to provoke hostilities. The general opinion abroad seems to be that matters will not be pushed to extremities. An English view is that our own resolute attitude is due largely to the nearness of the Presidential election here and that Jingoism is at the bottom of Mr. Blaine's demands on the Junta. Some English newspapers assert that the appointment of Mr. Egan who was formerly connected with the Irish Land League was an insult to Chili. One London newspaper declares: "War would mean the practical extinction of Chili, who could not avoid being crippled to such a degree as to forever thereafter exist only on the sufferance of the great republic of the north."

It is undeniable that the anti-American feeling is very pronounced in Chili. Senor Pedro Montt, the Chilian Minister at Washington, has received intelligence from his government that the investigation is being conducted with due diligence, but the message conveys no expression that is regarded as satisfactory. Under the circumstances, Minister Egan has been instructed to go on board any United States warship that may be available, should any overt act be committed by the Chilians. This would mean the absolute severance of all diplomatic relations with Chili. Our legation at Santiago has been placed under surveillance and a rupture might occur in that quarter at any moment. It is reported that a number of political refugees are sheltered at the legation, none of them being Americans. It would be a matter for regret if, in affording these fugitives shelter, Minister Egan has compromised this government. No details have yet been received on this point.

It is hardly conceivable that a nation of little more than two millions of people, which has just emerged from a costly war, should assume such an attitude toward a power hitherto friendly as to insult our flag as Chili has done. The most conservative sentiment in the United States, however, believes that America can best uphold its prestige by calmly awaiting the issue of events, instead of taking the initiative and precipitating a war, the result of which would inevitably be the prostration of Chili by the stronger power.

THE LIFE OF JUDAS.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 22. John 6: 70, 71; 12: 4-6; Matt. 26: 14-16.

PRECISELY what the motive of Judas was in selling his Master it is difficult to divine. It is almost inconceivable that the small sum promised him—which is supposed to have been worth only sixteen and a half dollars—could have been a temptation to so hideous a crime. There is an intimation in John 12: 4-6 that he was avaricious and dishonest, and when those vices develop and ripen in a man he is liable to commit in the gratification of them, sins meaner and baser than commonly debase human nature. Still, the temptation does not seem adequate as a motive to a deed so foul. That a man could actually have lived with Jesus, have seen his wonderful works, have listened to his transforming teaching and have observed his life of labor and self-sacrifice and yet have been willing to contribute to his death, is a marvel which the desire to make a small sum of money does not explain. It also leaves unexplained the reason for his suicide. If avarice had been the sole motive, if he had deliberately reckoned that the thirty pieces of silver would compensate him for his treachery there was no apparent reason why, after receiving payment, he should have been so overwhelmed with remorse; and especially, why he should have returned the money. That, even in the hour before his death, was an act which no man would have done whose sole object had been to get the money.

It has been thought, and with some reason, that Judas had a deeper motive. He may have dwelt on the strange and marvellous powers exhibited by Jesus. As he had seen him by a word deliver the demoniacs, had witnessed the feeding of the multitude, the resurrection of Lazarus, and the stilling of the storm on the sea of Galilee, he may have shared the opinion of his fellow-disciples that Jesus was the predicted Messiah, the very Son of the Highest. Why then did he not assert himself? Why was he leading the humble life of a mere teacher, when he should be a king! He had the right and the power as Judas knew, by personal observation. His self abnegation may have been a mystery to the man. And dwelling upon it he may have come to the conclusion that Jesus was not only wanting in a proper ambition for himself, but was negligent of the interests of his followers. If Judas had pondered the promise that those who were with Jesus in his humiliation should share in his glory, he may have asked why was he so slow in bringing that glory to them? The disciples were suffering because of the timidity or humility of their Leader. Why should not Judas himself precipitate a crisis which would compel Jesus to assert himself and use his supernatural powers in the preservation of his life? No time so favorable as that of the feast after that triumphal entry, when all the heads of the people would be in the capital to witness the revelation and make Jesus king. We can fancy, in making his bargain with the priests, his exultation in the thought that they would find it not so easy to take Jesus as they supposed. They would discover the wonderful supernatural power there was in him, which Jesus would exert when threatened with death. He would be confirmed in the idea that his plan was succeeding when he saw the posse fall on their faces in the garden. That was what he had been expecting. Jesus at last was beginning to make his power felt as he had never done before. But when he afterward saw him yield himself, saw him carried away to judgment unresistingly, saw him insulted and humiliated without retaliation and at last condemned, then he realized that Jesus was resolved not to exercise his power in his own defence. We can understand now his cry of agony, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood!" His scheme had failed. Evidently he had misunderstood his Lord. Then remorse took hold of him. He had thought he was wiser than his Master, knew more of the world and how to attain its honors. Now he learned that he had done irreparable mischief. He could not bear to live; and, having cast from him the pitiful price of his crime, he departed and hanged himself.

So understood, the conduct of Judas, a worldly ambitious man, is consistent throughout. It teaches us never to do evil that good may come. Never to imagine that our own ideas of the divine government are better than God's. Never to blame him even by a thought when he does not interfere for our own defence, or for the vindication of good men under a cloud, as we felt sure he would. And, above all, to distrust ourselves, knowing little of the depth of depravity in our own nature, watching vigilantly against the evil and when we see others falling into sin not joining in the chorus of condemnation, but, conscious of the possibility of our own falling, asking like the disciples, "Lord, is it I?"

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A MICHIGAN SOCIETY.

WE are glad to learn from a correspondent that a Christian Endeavor Society has just been formed in connection with the Second Reformed Church at Muskegon, Mich. It has opened with about fifteen members, but as they are all earnest, zealous workers, their numbers will soon grow as they do in other churches. The officers of the Society are: President, Mr. Joseph Banninga; Vice-President, Mr. N. C. Van Der Linde; Secretary, Mr. Henry Steketu; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Alice Brandt; Treasurer, Miss Jennie Banninga. It is gratifying to learn from our correspondent's letter that much help in the Christian Endeavor work is gained from THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

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THE ILLINOIS ASSOCIATIONS.

A CHEERING report of Young Men's Christian Association work in Illinois has been issued by the State Executive Committee. Delegations of Illinois and Knox College students have visited forty-five different towns, holding evangelistic meetings for young men, and more than fifty young men have professed conversion. Twenty-four conferences have been held by local associations. The committee's report says: "There never before has been a summer when there was constantly reported so large a religious interest among young men as this season from the local associations, the 'college boys,' and the local conference work. Contributors and friends will also be glad that no previous summer has seen such generous responses along the financial lines. At a time of the year when the streams of subscriptions usually dry up, they have this season been constant and encouragingly large."

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THE NEW JERSEY CONVENTION.

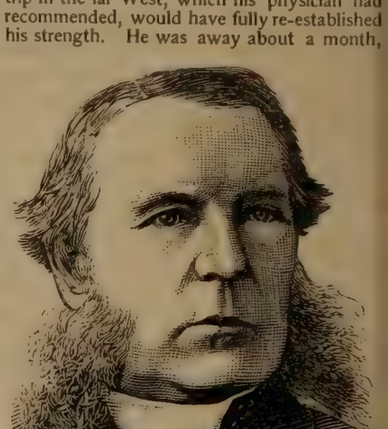
THE following is an extract from the report of the New Jersey State Committee of Christian Endeavor Societies, read at the recent Convention at Newark by the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Halsey Hammond. The number of members of the society in the State are classified as follows: Active members, 18,612; associate, 5,802; total, 24,414. Number of societies: senior, 432, junior, 40. The societies are divided by denominations as follows: Presbyterian, 104 senior, 15 junior; Baptist, 93 senior, 8 junior; Reformed, 77 senior, 10 junior; Methodist Episcopal, 35 senior, 2 junior; Congregational, 19 senior, 5 junior; Methodist Protestant, 13 senior; Lutheran, 3 senior; Christian, 5 senior; Seventh Day Baptist, 2 senior; African Methodist Episcopal, 2 senior; Reformed Episcopal, 1 senior; missions and unions, 18 senior."

The following officers were elected by the convention: President, the Rev. G. S. Sykes, of Beverly; vice-presidents, J. L. Scudder, of Jersey City; the Rev. Dr. J. Clement French, of Newark; the Rev. Frank Everett, of Trenton; secretary and treasurer, Miss Caroline H. Brookford, of Belvidere; executive committee, Willard S. Hamilton, of Newark; Miss Alice B. Spongenberg, of Netherwood; Dr. Caldwell Morrison, of Orange; Edward L. Fara, of Camden; George Jones, of Bridgeton.

THE LATE DR. TIFFANY.

The Famous Methodist Episcopal Pastor is Summoned to His Eternal Rest.

PROFOUND sorrow has been occasioned in many cities, and in many homes in far distant States, by the news telegraphed from Minneapolis, Minn., that Dr. O. H. Tiffany is dead. He had ministered in so many large cities, had been prominent in so many public enterprises that those who mourn his death are a vast multitude. Dr. Tiffany had been unwell for more than six months, but not so seriously as to cause alarm. It was hoped that an extended trip in the far West, which his physician had recommended, would have fully re-established his strength. He was away about a month,



DR. O. H. TIFFANY.

(*From a photograph by Davis Garber, New York.*)

but when he returned he was not so well as when he started. However, he resumed preaching, and on October 4th, he went to Red Wing, Minn., where the Conference was in session and where he had undertaken to preach. He had pronounced but a few sentences of his sermon when he fell down in the pulpit in a faint. He was carried out and, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey, he returned to his home in Minneapolis. In spite of the best medical care and the loving attentions of his daughter, he grew worse, was unable to take nourishment and became feeble and emaciated. On Friday night Oct. 23, he became unconscious, and never spoke afterwards. The next day, about three in the afternoon, he passed away.

Otis Henry Tiffany, was born in Baltimore, sixty-six years ago. He was descended from an English Puritan family which settled in Attleborough, Mass., about 1640. His father, Comfort Tiffany, removed from Massachusetts to Maryland and commenced business, which in time became very prosperous, and from which he retired with a considerable fortune. Otis received the rudiments of education in Baltimore, and afterward studied at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., from which he graduated in 1844, taking honors in Mathematics and civil engineering. It had been his intention to make civil engineering his profession, but God had other work for him to do, and the indications of his call to the ministry were so clear after leaving college, that he placed himself under the care of the famous Dr. McClintock of the Methodist Episcopal Church for a course of theological study. He was ordained deacon in 1848 and an elder in 1850. In the meantime he accepted an invitation to become professor, first of Greek and afterwards of Mathematics, in Dickinson college.

Exclusively pastoral work, however, was the sphere to which Dr. Tiffany felt himself called, and in 1860 he resigned his professorship and became pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago. Since that time he has occupied in succession some of the most influential pulpits in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Grace Church, Chicago, St. James Church, New Brunswick, N. J., St. Paul's Church, Newark, N. J., the Metropolitan Church, Washington, D.C., Trinity Church, Chicago, St. Paul's Church, New York, Arch Street Church, Philadelphia, Madison Avenue Church, New York, St. James Church, New York, and finally Hennepin Avenue Church, Minneapolis, were some of his most important appointments. Everywhere his ministry was greatly blessed, the congregations were built up, aggressive work was organized and prosecuted, and when the time came under the law of the church for him to leave, his departure was deeply regretted by the people.

HIS OWN.

(For The Christian Herald.)

SO many little ones to teach
The better way;
So many little feet to guide
Upward, each day:
So many little hearts to help
Keep pure from sin;
So many little, precious souls,
For Christ, to win.

Oh! teacher, weary not; your task
Angels might do,
And falter not, nor faint; your strength
God will renew.
Watch o'er the little flock, and guard
With loving care,
"For these are mine," God saith, "yea, these
My jewels are." —*A. C.*

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells Why the Camel is one of the Most Useful Quadrupeds in the World.

THE children had been debating among themselves the question which was the most generally useful among the animals in man's service, and, very naturally, there had been a wide diversity of opinions. Tom held that the horse furnished the best example of valuable service to man, while Ted supported the claims of the dog to recognition. Of course, the girls would not hear that any animal, tame or wild, should be named as the equal of the cat—their domestic pet.

In this state of conflicting opinion, Uncle John was appealed to as arbiter.

"You are all doubtless right in what you claim for your respective proteges," he said. "But I think there are others of God's creatures worthy of being included in the contest for favor. The mule is a most admirable servant and the elephant, also; yet for all-round usefulness, I should place the camel in the very first rank. There are a hundred services he performs for his master that could probably be done by no other animal..

"I remember riding a journey of some two hundred miles in Syria, on an Arabian camel—a *Deloul*, or swift-footed animal. Usuf, my servant who rode another, had charge of both beasts and they were handsome and intelligent animals, being of a valuable breed. The Arabian saddle camel may be called the thoroughbred of his species. He is clean-limbed and intelligent, and goes like the wind, often traveling as much as two hundred miles in twenty-four hours. The Bactrian, or two-humped camel and the Toorkee breed, which has but one hump, cannot compare with him in swiftness.

"During my stay in the East, I learned many of the peculiarities and excellences of the camel. Usuf, among others, spoke enthusiastically of his animals. 'The camel,' said he, 'is eyes, nose and ears for his master when travelling. His milk supplies sustenance; he is not troubled with hunger or thirst, having four stomachs and a reserve supply in his hump, on which he can live while on a tedious journey through the desert.'"

"Live on his hump!" exclaimed the children.

"Quite so," replied Uncle. "The hunch on his back is composed of muscular fibre and cellular substance adapted for the accumulation of fat, and when he is in good condition it is large and well filled out; but when he goes long without food, it shrinks because it is supplying the want of other sustenance. This gives him an extra supply of food without eating. And when he does need to be fed, he is the most abstemious of beasts. A pound of dates, or beans, or barley will appease his craving for a long period. He will draw a plough or cross a desert with equal readiness. His hair supplies material for cloth, pencils and brushes. His flesh is eaten and is esteemed a delicacy. He can carry seven or eight hundred pounds of baggage—twice as much as a horse or a mule. He is patient and a stranger to fear, although he will resent ill-usage. He is never refractory when rightly treated. Now what other animal possesses so many useful qualities? Swifter in the main than the horse, a natural guide—for he never loses the path in storm or darkness—temperate, obedient, strong, with a scent twice as keen as the best trained hound, and sight as far reaching as an eagle's, enabling him to discern water and shelter afar off, and thus frequently to save life—he is surely the king of four-footed servants. He is certainly so regarded in the East."

"But great men prefer horses," remarked Tom.

"Omar the Conqueror rode into Jerusalem on an Arabian camel," answered Uncle John "Mohammed entered Damascus on one. The wise men who came to Bethlehem also rode on camels. Pharaoh gave camels to Abraham as we are told in the twelfth chapter of Genesis. The Queen of Sheba came to Solomon with a caravan of these animals. All through Oriental history the camel occupies an honorable place, in war and peace, and to-day in a large part of the East, it is the most highly thought of among man's dumb servants. So you ought to remember the camel when you come to decide finally as to the comparative usefulness of the four-footed animals."

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A Young Wife's Prayer.

"I ONCE knew in the West," writes a lady to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, "a happy couple, who had a pleasant home, though there was nothing to make it so except Christian grace. The house was a mere hovel with but few neceesaries of life indoor or out; bnt there was no corroding care, for God was there. At onetime the husband had a broken leg which had been mis-set and caused such suffering that he feared he could not live until a doctor came. He prayed for relief; instantly it came, he suffering no more pain until the limb was re-set. Oh, what an encouragement that was! I thought then and there, could I be so honored for one short time, I would pray without ceasing and in everything give thanks the rest of my life.

"My own peculiar Christian experience I give hoping to receive enlightenment, and possibly encouragement, through the columns of your delightful journal. When young I married into an irreligious family, and was not long in finding out that my husband's home training was very uncongenial. The start was a 'parting of the ways.' Years rolled on and one day I resolved to carry my trouble to the throne of grace. Shutting myself in a darkened room I there devoutly pleaded with God for the conversion of my husband. I had a season of prayer three days in succession, when, on the morning of the fourth day, my husband said, in a sarcastic tone:

"'I have just awakened from a dream in which you were praying for me.'

"Imagine my surprise, and oh! that tone on a sensitive young heart! Fear was stronger than love, and in a flash my heart responded: 'I leave you alone with your God.'

"I had no doubt, nor other thought, than that through prayer, God had caused the dream, and if God was really so very present, he was all-sufficient. For nearly twenty years my my heart's retort on that eventful morning was carried out.

"Meanwhile my husband's religious views became modified, and, as the mile-stones gathered, he became Christian-like, so that I often felt that he opened his heart to God in prayer. My lips were then unsealed, and now I am resting in the belief that the ways that were so parted will meet at the gate 'over the willow,' if not before. On looking back upon that particular season of prayer, and of the dream, I believe it to be no interposition of God, but of soul-speaking. Of the doubts and fears I will not speak, or the times in which my soul seemed hushed to silence through discouragement. However, through all gleams the star of Faith, which grows brighter as I near the shore, and, as a child ceases not to importune an earthly parent for its heart's desire, just so I plead and commune with my shepherd Lord." PATIENCE.

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Thoughtful Children.

SOMEBODY has written a beautiful poem on "The Little Cavalier:"

He walks beside his mother,
And looks up in her face;
He wears a glow of boyish pride,
With such a royal grace.
He proudly waits upon her,
Would shield her without fear,
The boy who loves his mother well—
Her little cavalier.

USUF AND HIS ARABIAN CAMEL.
(See "Uncle John's Talks.")

No boy can be his mother's cavalier unless he is a thoughtful boy. A thoughtless boy doesn't remember to wait upon his mother—his mother waits upon him. Some boys whom we have seen love their mothers very dearly, and they will go off to play and leave the coal scuttle empty or the wood-box unfilled, or something else to be done, when they know there is nobody but mother to do it for her. There is no home, no matter how much hired help there is in it, but that there are a great many things the children can do for the comfort of the loved ones there. Anything done for love's sake, and by loving hands, is so much better appreciated and enjoyed than anything done by hired hands.

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HAPPY WOMEN.

A HAPPY woman! A woman whose temper is buoyant, sprightly and cheerful—whose bosom is a perennial fountain of love and joy, and on whose cheek the smile of content and gladness plays continuously, bright and cheering as the solar ray, such a woman is a treasure beyond all price. Happy, thrice happy, is the man who possesses such a treasure. Her presence operates like a cordial, inspiring joy and vigor; it throws a brightness over the darkest scenes of life, and, amidst its disturbances and disquietudes, sheds repose upon a troubled spirit.

Men make a fearful mistake when they marry for beauty, or money, or talent, or style; the sweetest, most valuable wives, are those who possess the magic art of being constantly cheerful and happy, and in whose bosom, whether rich or poor, high or low, the bright sparkling fountain of joy bubbles up musically in their hearts. Do they live in a straw-thatched cottage, the firelight that flashes in its humble grate becomes brighter than gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Do they eat brown bread, and drink cold water from the spring, it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's costly dishes and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is too serious to prevent them from making the best of it. Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not call up an answering gleam?

A smile is always a lovely sight. "A merry heart," says Scripture, "doeth good like a medicine." Oh, our joyous tempered people know not half the good they effect; but the woman whose expressions of look, voice, and gesture, are all expressions of joy and gladness brings back a portion of the bliss of Eden, and becomes a minister of mercy, in whose bosom misery loses nearly all its anguish. No matter how crabbed you feel, Mr. Grumbler; no matter if your brain be packed full of meditations on the afflictions and trials of life, and your stomach with pills and tonics, only set yourself down by the side of one of those smiling, cheery women—listen to her sprightly conversation, yield yourself up to the influence of her spirit, and we are not afraid to predict that she will soon effect a cure.

Oh! these happy women! how often their tender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would cause strong men to bow themselves. How often their delicate hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch! How we look forward through the weary toilsome day to their fireside smiles. How often then their cheerful eyes see joy and beauty, where we behold only clouds charged with thunder. No one knows—no one ever will know—until the day of judgment, how much we owe to these helpful, cheerful, uncomplaining women.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Aleph, a young Chaldean student, of a notable family arrives in Alexandria with his friend and companion, *Cimon*, a Greek, who has visited the city many years previously. During the journey down the Nile, the latter points out the various places of interest to *Aleph*. Egypt is under Roman rule, and the period is early in the first century of the Christian era. On landing, the friends encounter an aged Egyptian, *Seti*, to whom a drunken Roman officer is about to offer violence, when *Aleph* disarms the latter, very skillfully. *Seti*, is grateful to the youth and on leaving him warns him that he has made an enemy of the dissipated son of *Flaccus* the Roman Governor of the city. He also cautions him against *Flaccus* and also against *Malus*, a crafty Jewish trader of great influence. The two friends pass some time in viewing the sights of the city, after which *Aleph*, who is there on highly important business matters, seeks the great banker *Alexander*. Before visiting him, however, he learns some interesting facts regarding the man he is to see. *Alexander* is the Alabarch, or representative head of the orthodox Hebrews of Alexandria, a man of great wealth and influence, to whom the magnates of all nationalities, and even the government officials themselves, frequently resort for financial aid. His place of business is a vast, imposing building of great strength, and here at times come students, travelers with letters of credit, merchants and others. On arriving there, *Aleph* while he waits, amuses himself in studying the faces of those who, like himself have come for the purpose of doing business with the banker. While he talks with *Alexander*, in the latter's office, *Rachel*, the banker's beautiful daughter, enters and informs her father of the serious illness of her aged nurse, whom she is about to visit. *Aleph* on concluding his business, accepts *Alexander's* invitation to come to the *Diapleuston* Synagogue on the following day.

CHAPTER III. *Continued.*

DURING this conversation, Seti maintained an unbroken silence—his arms folded, his face impassive as an eagle's. He seemed to be hearing as well as seeing with those ancient eyes of his that never once left the face of Aleph.

They both rose at the same time—Seti saying that he would walk along with the young man and point out the Diapleuston in passing.

The Alabarch courteously escorted them through the now vacant room to the door; saying to Aleph, as he parted, "Remember at the third hour to-morrow. Come half an hour earlier."

Turning into the street of Canopus, and going westward under the colonnade, they soon came to a corner on which stood an imposing structure of white marble. As Aleph glanced down the side street he saw that the length of the structure was immense; as he passed to the front he saw that its breadth was nearly as great. A central part raised on a lofty pediment, surmounted by a gilded dome, and supported in front and on either hand by immense monolith columns, was surrounded on all sides at a little distance by low marble cloisters—save where a broad flight of steps led up from the street to the great doors. From the wide platform at the top the great columns rose in elaborately wrought clusters, each supporting an ornate capital, architrave, frieze, and cornice: while, behind the front was alive a with spirited sculpture in relief of the Feast of Tabernacles.

I must not forget to add that at one angle the low cloisters swelled into a graceful and lofty tower that ended in a parapet.

"From behind that parapet," said Seti, pointing, "are sounded the seventy silver trumpets that summon the Jews to their worship; for here is the Diapleuston to which you have been invited."

They passed on to another crossing.

"Let us turn down this street," said the Egyptian. "It is less crowded than the thoroughfare, and equally direct for both of us, as I learn that you are staying for the the present near where we landed yesterday. Besides, I wish to stop for a few moments with the sick woman. I am afraid of these Alexandrian leeches. Once in every five or ten years they get a new fashion of treating diseases and call it science."

They turned south and soon came to a humble house, where Seti knocked. The door was opened by a shiftless-looking Greek who, on request, pointed to a door within which the sick woman could be found. On entering, they found her on a rude bed, supported almost in a sitting posture by the daughter of Alexander, who sat behind her. She was a woman of middle age, very emaciated, eyes closed, lips parted, chest laboriously heaving, apparently unconscious.

"Oh, grandfather, I feared you would not come," exclaimed Rachel (who was bending over the invalid), in a subdued voice, "feared you would be too late,—I am afraid you are too late. The leech says that nothing more can be done"—and the tears dropped fast from the lovely eyes.

The rich dress worn at home had been exchanged for one exceedingly plain and suited to her present sad and humble surroundings. But the change did not detract from her superb loveliness. On the contrary, the exquisite graces of feature and figure became all the more apparent in the absence of the distractions of extrinsic ornament; and a new light born of a heavenly pity and self-forgetfulness was shining in her face.

Without replying to her words, Seti advanced to a casement and door, and threw them widely open on a small court.

"But the leech, grandfather, said that the fresh air must be excluded."

"Did he bring this?" said the Egyptian, taking up from the bed a partly unrolled manuscript. He read aloud: "*The Psalms of David translated by the Seventy.*"

"That is mine," said Rachel. "I brought it with me, and have read from it to Miriam while she could listen. It was her only comfort, besides prayer."

"What have you learned about her case?"

"You know that she left us two years ago to marry a man whom we could not approve: and until yesterday we did not know what had become of her. Then I had a message from her husband, who is a Greek, that she was sick at this place. I went to her at once and found her very weak and low with this fever; and gathered from her with great difficulty that she had led a life of hardship and exposure since leaving us, had sometimes been in the extreme of want, but was ashamed to make her situation known to us after having rejected our counsel. So she had gradually been worn down by want and disappointment until this fever seized on her and found an easy victim"—and the fair head drooped with a sigh to the hot forehead that rested against her shoulder.

"Has she asked for nothing?" inquired Seti.

"Not of late. When I first came she wanted water, and asked for it constantly. But the leech said she must not have it. It would chill her and finally make the fever worse. He would only allow her lips to be moistened occasionally with a sponge."

"Her lips are trying to move now. Can you hear anything?"

"Nothing."

Seti stooped and put his ear close to the lips of the dying woman. He shook his head.

"Old age," said he, "has its disadvantages, and dull ears are one of them. Perhaps my young friend here can help us"—and he beckoned to Aleph, who had remained at some distance.

The young man at once came forward, and, kneeling by the bed, laid his ear to the twitching lips. For a few moments he seemed not to breathe at all. As Seti looked down on that noble head with its wealth of youth and strength in broad contrast with the sharp, worn features of the sick woman, he said to himself: "It is the head of Horus, the sun-god."

At length Aleph rose. "She says water, water—that and nothing else."

"Give her water, then," commanded Seti.

"But the leech, grandfather!" interposed the maiden, anxiously.

"No matter what the leech says. I too am a leech. Let her drink freely."

Aleph took up the water-jar that was standing by the bed, poured into a large cup that was near till it was almost full, and held it to the lips of the woman—saying to Rachel as he did so: "It is the way of my country." The dry lips closed spasmodically over the rim of the cup, and did not release it until not a drop was left. She opened her eyes. A faint sigh of relief reached the younger ears.

"Give her another cup," said Seti.

She drained that also: then whispered "Heaven," so that theyall heard, and almost a smile hovered upon her wan features. Great drops stood on her forehead, and she quietly sank into sleep.

"Now lay her down softly," said the Egyptian to the maiden, "and let her sleep. She will do well. What has she eaten?"

"Nothing since I have been here. The leech said that food would not nourish her: it would only nourish the fever."

"Has she never asked for anything in particular?"

"The woman who was here when I came tells me that before nurse became so weak she asked for fried lampreys and onions. But the leech said that she could not ask for a worse dish. It would kill her outright. And, what was worse, it would kill him too; for it would ruin his practice to allow such a thing. It was against all rules."

"Never you mind his rules. Tell the woman—but here she is; I will tell her myself," aud he turned toward a peasant woman, who had just softly entered and was standing embarassed at the presence of strangers. "When this sick person wakes, let her drink all the water she wants. Then ask her if she can think of anything she would like to eat, calling over to her all the eatables you can think of, and whatever she chooses get for her, even though it is fried lampreys or fried dragons. Do you understand?"

"Yes, my lord; but the leech——"

"Will see that these instructions are obeyed. If not, send word at once to this lady. . . . Now, Rachel, you ought to go home at once. Though you are not unaccustomed to such work as this, I can see that you are tired and worn. If you were of the fainting sort I should hold out my arms to catch you from falling—your cheeks are so white and your eyes so——"

She would have fallen had she not hastily staggered toward him and caught his arm.

"Yes, grandfather, I think I had better go home as soon as possible," she said in a low and trembling voice. "The closeness of the room till you came, together with the anxiety and excitement, has been too much for me. But the open air will set me right."

"Ought not the lady to have a sedan?" in-Aleph. "I saw a stand at the last corner as we came."

"Certainly," said Seti: "and where are the two servants, Rachel, who come with you?"

"Are they not at the door! I left them there, to be within call."

"I did not notice them when we came. Did you?"—turning to Aleph.

Aleph shook his head. "Allow me to go for a sedan," said he, "And we will see the lady safely home."

"Thank you—that will do."

Aleph hastened away. During his absence, which was short, Rachel reclined; and on his return with a chair and two stout porters he found her much revived and quite disposed to dismiss the vehicle as being unnecessary. But this Seti would not permit. And she speedily found that he was right; for, on trying to walk to the door, she found it necessary to accept support from both men. But the open air of the street seemed to recall her strength at once, and she entered the sedan without help.

Seti walked before the vehicle to guide. Aleph walked behind—every now and then quieting the motion of the bearers by a word, and once or twice venturing to draw aside the curtain and inquire in a grave, sympathetic way how the lady was enduring the jolting. The answer was satisfactory and cordial: and when the house of Alexander was reached she professed to feel as well and strong as ever, and proved it by darting up the steps without aid. Turning, as the door opened, she threw down thanks and adieu with the gesture of a goddess and disappeared.

"There goes the Gem of Alexandria," murmured Seti to himself.

Aleph said nothing, but he thought that, whatever the gem, it was a wonderfully fine casket that contained it. He was sure that he had never seen a finer. And those eyes! As he turned away the twin stars again ventured to show themselves above his horizon in all their dewy splendors. But what had he to do with a maiden's starry eyes? Just nothing at all. So back the timidly sank to the horizon's edge; but refused to go farther. They must wait till they had burned a path through.

That evening at the khan, Cimon and Aleph compared experiences. Cimon had revived his acquaintance with the city, but had not found any of his old acquaintances. Thirty years and more had dismissed all of them to new homes or to the Necropolis. No directory made it possible for him to be sure but that, somewhere in the great city, some one whom he had known as a young man was still living with whitening locks; but no doubt nearly all of his generation were dead. That was the way of things in Alexandria: as it is everywhere else.

Cimon was sad that night. O Time, thou mighty thief, when will government apprehend thee and bring thee justice! Or, better still, when will it take thy scythe from thee, and put thee into some reformatory to learn giving instead of stealing, addition instead of subtraction, flowing instead of ebbing, the art of ever setting poor men forward from strength to strength instead of backward from weakness to weakness! Well, that is what will be done some day—for some. For whom?

IV.

THE SYNAGOGUE.

If the reader is curious to know how the two friends passed the long Sabbath morning, before it was time to go to the synagogue, I can inform them. They prayed apart, they prayed together; they produced a copy of the Septuagint and read what the prophets had written about the Messiah. They found many mysteries, and much material for conversation, until the dial in the centre of the court told them that it was time to be moving.

On their way up Emporium Street they kept to the right side for two reasons—because the right was the first reached, and because on that side the current of people was in their own direction. And a current it was. Men women, and children, with Jewish faces and apparently dressed in their best, in great numbers were leisurely moving northward. Aleph was tall enough to look over the heads of most of the people before him and noticed in the distance the living stream turning into a building. It occurred to him that this building was probably the synagogue of Malus, of which the Alabarch had spoken. He was confirmed in this idea by the light behavior of most about him. The principle of reverence was neither in their feet nor in their faces. And as for their tongues—these seemed to have the freedom of all the days of the week. They were talking shop, talking ships, talking fashions, talking gossip—talking everything but politics and religion. These last topics they prudently left to the Romans and "whom it might concern."

When they came to the synagogue they saw that it was large; though by no means as large and imposing as the Diapleuston. They lingered a little among the many standing on the street in order to get a better view. Just then came a group of persons more richly dressed than the rest, and for whom the rest made way with special deference as they mounted the steps. One of these, whose dress was particularly showy, turned when he had reached the last platform, and looked down among the people as if seeking some one. His eye rested on Aleph. Both Cimon and Aleph noticed an involuntary start. It could hardly have been greater if the man had received an unexpected blow.

He was a man of middle stature, somewhat past middle life, and more than middingly obese. His face was a curiosity. It was as round as a full moon, and as pocked; but the great peculiarity of it was characterless or wooden expression. It neither laughed nor cried, it neither promised nor threatened, it was neither happy nor miserable, it was neither saint nor sinner. Yet one hesitates a little over this last statement. There was a certain thin, very thin, something about the face that asked to be considered religious. But to the eyes of our friends it seemed sanctimoniousness instead of sanctity, a gauzy white veil which however well worn, is no part of the person and can be put off at pleasure. Perhaps they were mistaken. Sudden judgments sometimes shoot wide of the mark. And it was but a moment they had in which to study his face before he disappeared within the synagogue.

Cimon turned to a by-stander, and asked: "The ruler of the synagogue?" The man bowed assent.

"I wonder," said Cimon, musingly, as they passed on, "whether Malus recognized your father in you. You resemble him strongly—as he was, thirty years ago."

(To be Continued.)

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

J. B. Gullison, Bear River City, Utah. 1. What was the mark God set upon Cain? 2. Explain about the land of Nod where Cain got his wife?

There are many matters upon which Scripture is silent, and concerning which there has been no revelation since the Bible was written. Your inquiries are of this category.

S. S. K., Point Judith, R. I. 1. Where can I procure the Life of Harriet Newell and at what cost? 2. What are the National Songs?

1. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to inform you. 2. The national songs are "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Subscriber, Centre Moreland, Wyoming Co., Pa. Had Christ brothers and sisters in the flesh, as we term it, or were they only spiritual brethren?

We have the evidence of the Jews, who said: "Are not his brethren and sisters still with us? Is not this Joseph, the carpenter's son?" (See also, Matt. 12:46,47,49; 13,55; Mark, 3:32; John 2:12; Acts 1:14.

Subscriber, Salem, N. J. We read that at the Last Supper, Jesus took bread and blessed it; he also took the cup and gave thanks. Is it Scriptural for the pastor to call upon a deacon or a member to ask a blessing on the bread or the cup?

It is unusual, but in evangelical churches, less regard is paid to minute forms than to the spirit of the Communion service.

I. M. Aldrich, Northbridge, Mass. 1. What language would a missionary to Palestine have to learn? 2. Where can text books of the same be procured? 3. Have the Baptists any mission stations there? 4. To whom should a request for prayers to the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting be addressed.

1. Turkish or Arabic, failing which, French, German or English. 2. From the American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, or the Presbyterian Board of Missions, Philadelphia. 3. No. 4. Address Mr. J. C. Lanphier, 115 Fulton Street, New York.

A. Darms, Franklin, Wis? 1. Did Mohammed act justly in rejecting Christianity, after having come in contact with it, and teaching a monotheistic religion, in order to dethrone idolatry? 2. Was Mohammedanism of any benefit to Christianity, in view of the 80,000 Christians who were killed near Damascus?

1. No man can be said to act justly who rejects Christianity. 2. The early Christians regarded Mohammedanism as a "hammer" sent to punish the Church for its shortcomings. It certainly was of no benefit, unless viewed in this afflictive light. Mohammedanism has been the curse of the world and the enemy of civilization for ages.

R. B. M., Sisson, Cal. Is there a remedy for a state of things in which I am rejected as a juror because I admit that the evidence of a saloon-keeper would have less weight with me than the evidence of a person engaged in another business?

There is no remedy except the abolition of the business of saloon-keeping. The attorney for the saloon-keeper could do no other in the interest of his client than to challenge you after your admission and the judge was probably correct in thinking that your prejudice against the business might prevent your giving an absolutely impartial verdict.

J. K. Z., Green City, Mo. What is the significance of the terms "exchangers" and "Usury" in the Parable Matt. 25: 27.

The words are translated "bankers and interest" in the Revised Version. Christ was teaching by familiar illustration. It was not uncommon for an employer to intrust sums of money to his servants to be used in trading or in loans. His words must not be construed as expressing approval of usury. The lesson conveyed is that the talents God has given to men are to be used in his service and that he will call them to account for the use made of them. If the Christian has not done his utmost to serve God with the means at his command, he will not be held guiltless.

M. R. C., Madisonville, Ky. What is usury in the Bible sense of the term? Is it right to charge interest on money loaned?

Usury is oppressive interest, the taking advantage of the necessity of the borrower and charging him a rate of interest calculated not on the value of the loan, but on the urgency of his need. The transaction is perfectly legitimate when the borrower, needing capital in his business or for some definite object, borrows money from those who have it, and pays for the use of it out of his profits. It is then a mutual accommodation and the lender is justified in charging the regular market rate. If the lender asks a higher rate on account of the risk of his money being lost, or because the borrower for various reasons has not access to funds, then it is usury and the transaction is unchristian even though the borrower is willing to pay the higher rate.

L. B. Decker, Ind. Are justification and sanctification received at the same time? If not, when is the latter received and is it received instantaneously?

Justification is received when the sinner trusts in Christ. Sanctification begins at that time and is a life-long process. It is not instantaneous, though there are times of unusual blessing in the Christian's life when the Spirit is suddenly given in larger measure than before, and he rises to a higher level of insight and is conscious of a large accession of God's grace. There are also seasons of depression, but the trend is in the direction of perfect sanctification.

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☞ See *New York World* and *Philadelphia Press*, May 18 and 19, 1890; also *Christian Observer* and *Medical Journal*, April 9, 1890. The *Christian Evangelist*, May 30, 1890, says editorially: "The Kola Plant is a gift direct of God, to sufferers from Asthma, and His blessing will rest upon Stanley and associates, explorers of the Dark Continent. It is an unfailing cure for Asthma." ☞ Remember, No Pay Until Cured.

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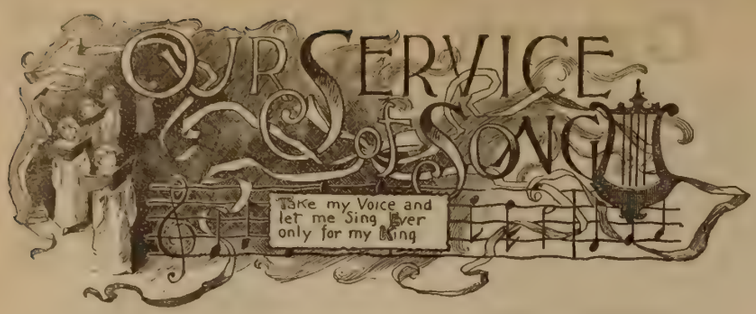
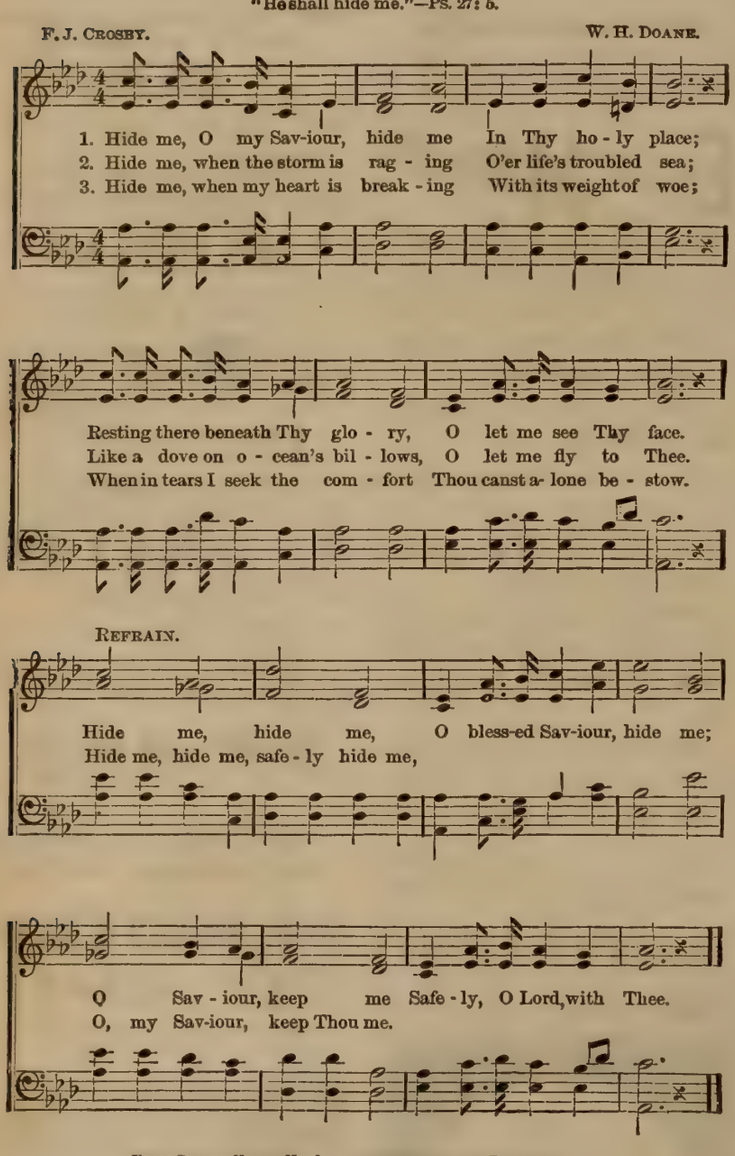


Hide Me.

"He shall hide me."—Ps. 27: 5.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

WHO is my neighbor, O, dumb and blind!
Have you missed all these years your chance to be kind
To the many that need what you have to give,
To help them a better life to live.

Not always money, but always love?
As full and free as our Father's above.
Is a way the poorest and weakest can show,
Something of heaven in hearts here below.

A love that will reach beyond earthly ties,
And the favored few whose smiles we prize
Out to the fallen on life's highway,
The sin-sick soul that has gone astray,

Pour the oil of kindness upon the wounds
That have long been a stranger to friendly sounds;
Follow with helpful, generous deeds,
For noble acts are better than creeds.

Lead him for shelter, healing and rest
To the Great Physician who gives the best,
The warmest love, the tenderest care.
To the sinner that comes in faith and prayer.

—AGNES J. BEARD.

HIS LOVE.

As flows the river calm and deep
In silence toward the sea
So floweth ever and ceaseth never,
The love of God to me.

What peace he bringeth to my heart,
Deep as the soundless sea,
How sweetly singeth the soul that clingeth,
My loving Lord, to Thee.

How calm at even sinks the sun
Beyond the clouded west;
So tempest-driven, into the haven,
I reach the longed-for rest.

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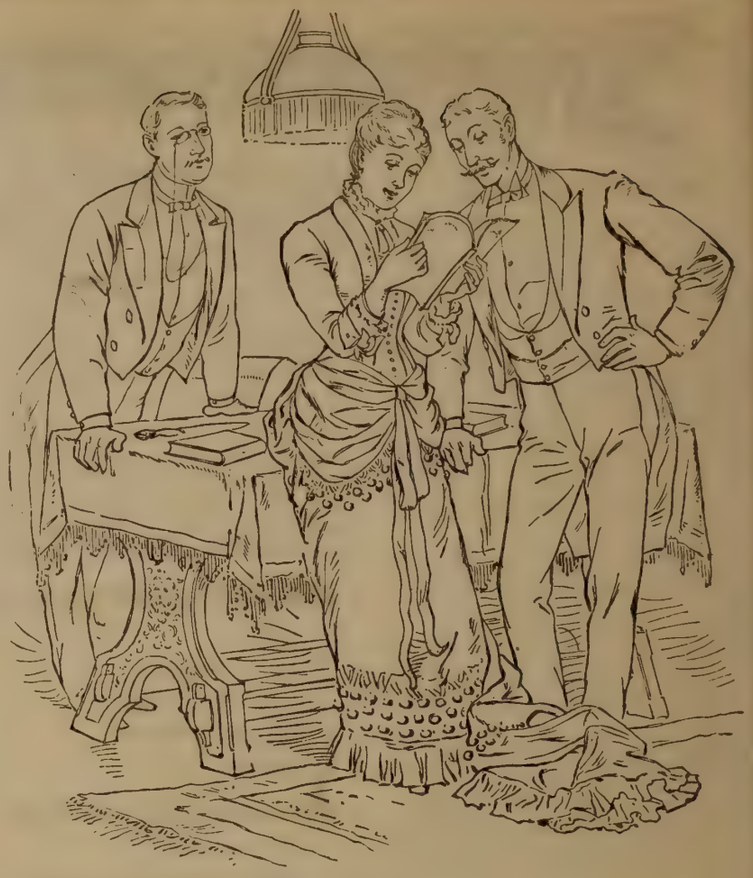
Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"take no other."



TAKE THE HINT.

WHENE'ER an anxious group is seen
Around some monthly magazine
Or paper that is daily whirled
To every quarter of the world,
And merry peals of laughter rise
As this or that attracts the eyes,
The smiling crowd, you may depend,
Above some illustrations bend
That advertise the strength and scope
And purity of IVORY SOAP.

But while they smile or praise bestow
And wonder whence ideas flow,
The fact should still be kept in mind
That people of the knowing kind
Will heed the hints or lessons laid
In rhymes and pictures thus displayed,
And let no precious moments fly
Until the IVORY SOAP they try,
And prove on garments coarse and fine,
The truth of every sketch and line.

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Premium with an order of $20.00.
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Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

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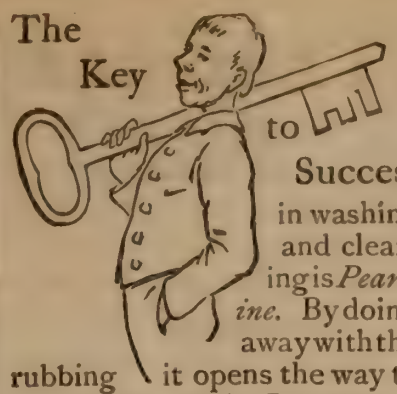
MACKAY'S LAST ADVICE.

DR. ALEX. MACKAY, whose portrait and life appeared in this journal shortly after his death had prepared just before his last illness a series of articles on the best methods of missionary work in Africa. They embodied the results of a long and laborious experience in Uganda and other difficult spheres. They were found among his effects when they reached his home in Scotland and are now published by an English journal. One of his most weighty utterances is the following:

"The agency by which, and probably by which alone, we can Christianize Africa, is the African himself. But he must first be trained for that work, and trained, too, by the European in Africa. Just as the mountains of ironstone in the continent are perfectly useless until first quarried, smelted, and forged by European tools—so the untrained African mind is absolutely powerless to effect any beneficent results unless first thoroughly trained by those of European tempering. This, too, must be done in Africa itself, for if the European in Africa has proved a difficulty, the African educated in Europe has proved a still more unsuitable instrument for his country's good. It behooved us, therefore, to select with the greatest care a few centres to which Europeans shall have easy access, and where they shall be able to live under comparatively healthy conditions, centres within easy reach of natives within a wide area. None but *teachers*, born teachers, need expect to be able to train Africans to be teachers in their turn. Unless this point is carefully guarded, it will ever prove a weak link in the chain. It has too often been supposed, because a man is a University graduate, or taken Holy Orders, that, therefore, he knows *how to teach*. Few greater delusions have prevailed, and Africa has suffered in consequence. . . . It seems to be overlooked by very many apparently zealous advocates of missions that in the command to go and Christianize the nations, we are expressly told the *method* by which we are to achieve success, namely, by '*teaching them.*'"

Who rules in this town?
Depends on the question up.
The lamp-chimney question—what sort do you break?
Whatever sort your dealer deals in.
How, do you think, he selects his chimneys?
He buys those that cost him least; he can get the regular price for them; and the faster they break the more he sells. That's how he reasons.
Tell him you want Macbeth's "pearl top" or "pearl glass," tough glass, transparent, clear, not foggy, fine, of right shape and uniform. Tell him you'll pay him a nickel more a piece, and that will cover his extra costs twice over. Tell him you don't propose to break any more. Try your hand at ruling.
Pittsburg. GEO. A. MACBETH & Co.



in washing and cleaning is *Pearline*. By doing away with the rubbing it opens the way to easy work: with *Pearline*, a weekly wash can be done by a weakly woman. It shuts out possible harm and danger; all things washed with *Pearline* last longer than if washed with soap. Everything is done better with it. These form but a small part of the—Why women use millions upon millions of packages of *Pearline* every year. Let *Pearline* do its best and there is no fear of "dirt doing its worst."
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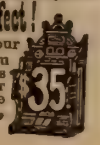

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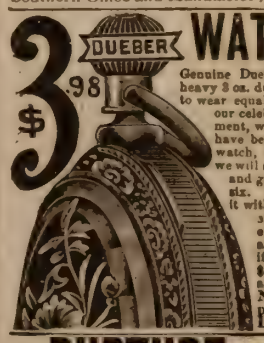

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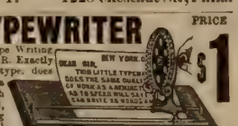

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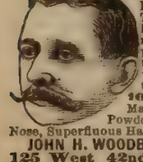

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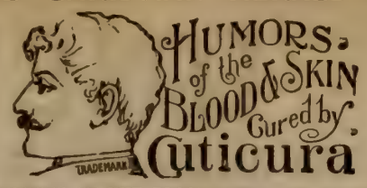

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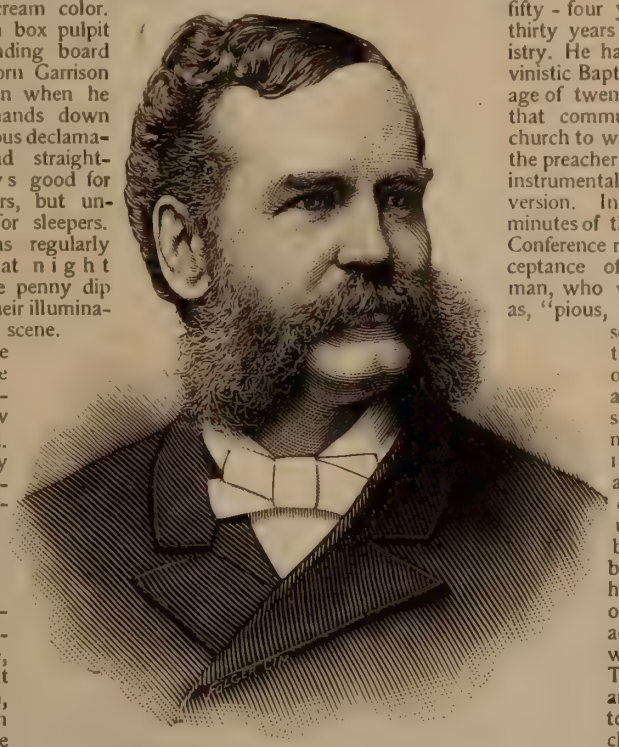
AN HISTORIC CHURCH.

The Approaching Celebration of the Fifty-first Anniversary of Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York — Its Present and Former Pastors and their Work.

THE old home! Every heart is responsive to the words. The boy who has left it for school or college delights to return to it. The man of middle age, although he may have prospered and acquired a more modern and more elegant dwelling, thinks of the old home with reverence and love, and the aged man finds his memory reverting to it with its tender associations of boyhood days, which seem to be nearer to him than the days of mid-life. Not less dear to the Christian is the sanctuary in which he sat as a boy and where he was born again. The edifice is a sacred one to him, not by reason of any consecration ceremony performed by ecclesiastics with pomp of ritual, but by the prayers offered within its walls, the pleadings of men who, moved by the Spirit, sought to persuade men to be reconciled to God, and still more by the emotions he experienced there in his own soul. It was there that he heard the words uttered which startled him and made him conscious of his own need of a Saviour; thither, hungering for guidance and light, he went to hear the preacher, like Bunyan's Evangelist, tell him the way to the wicket-gate; there the distress and anxiety of his soul were lifted and the peace which passeth understanding took their place, to be with him all through his life, his comfort in sorrow, his strength in trial, and to be his support in the hour of death. The new birth, the beginning of the new life! No wonder that he loves the place in which that life began and he first saw the Light that lighteth the world!

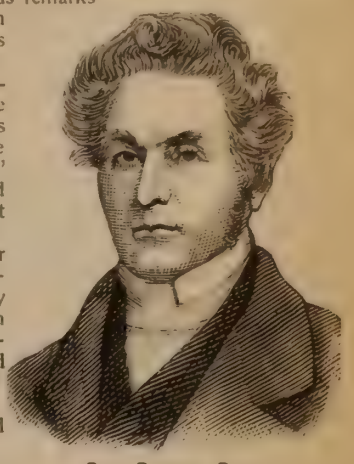
In the hearts of a host of people, not only in this section but in many and distant States, is so enshrined the famous church whose fifty-first anniversary will be celebrated next Sunday. Bedford Street Church, New York, is, among American Methodists, a classic name, associated with eminent fathers of Methodism and endeared by memories of marvellous outpourings of the Spirit, of which it has been the scene. And its memories are not confined even to that period. They embrace the older edifice of which it is the successor. That church, a picture of which forms the initial of this page was built in 1810 when Methodism in America was only forty-four years old. A fine new church it seemed to the congregation that moved into it from the carpenter's shop, where, before that time, it had been worshipping. There was no longer any need for Brother Wallgrove, the carpenter, to cease work at noon on Saturdays, clear away his lumber and tools, sweep the floor, and bring in planks to seat the fifty or sixty persons who would fill the shop at the next day's services. The church had now a home of its own, built on five lots on the corner of Bedford and Morton Streets—land bought at two hundred and fifty dollars a lot. It was a little out of the way, but the ministers who came from a distance to preach, and the families who came to hear, were accompanied after the night-service by a volunteer guard of the young men of the congregation, who saw them safely through the desolate country then lying between the church and Broadway. They were proud of their church. Its sides were shingled, and painted cream color. It had a high box pulpit with a sounding board which Freeborn Garrison split in twain when he brought his hands down on it in vigorous declamation. It had straight-backed pews good for earnest hearers, but uncomfortable for sleepers. Its floor was regularly sanded, and at night candles of the penny dip variety shed their illumination on the scene. But souls were saved there and the congregation grew and flourished.



REV. JOHN J. REED, D. D., PASTOR.

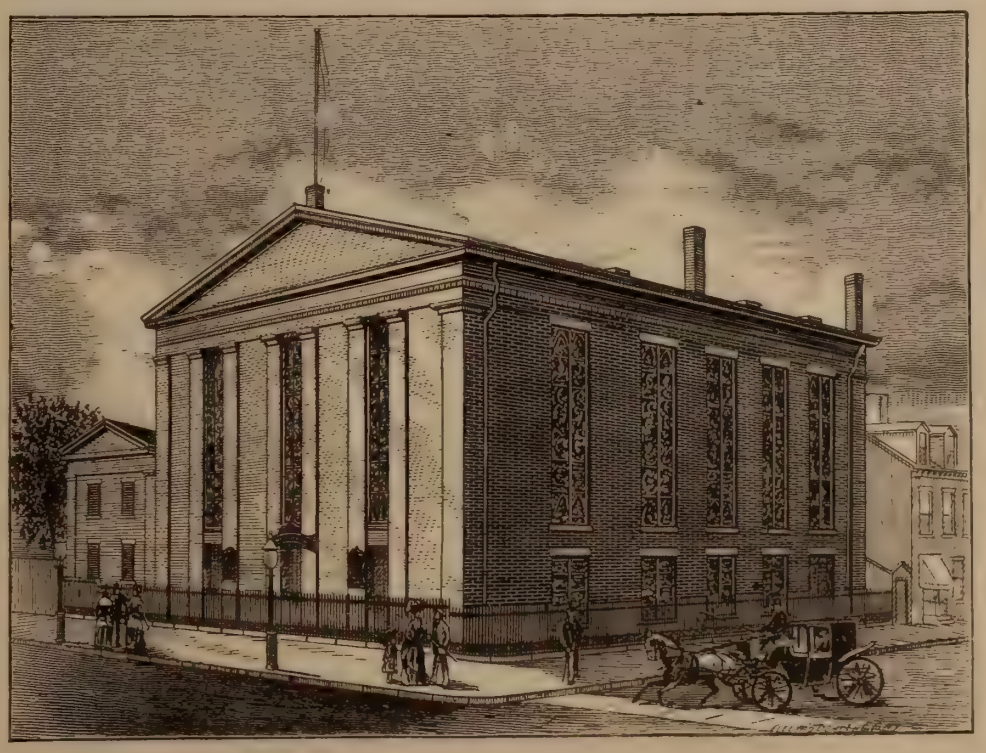
For thirty years the congregation worshipped in its fine new church. One evening in 1840, the pastor, Rev. Phineas Rice, whose portrait is here given, preached from the text: "The place is too strait for me; give place to me that I may dwell." (Isa. 49: 20.) That was the last sermon preached in that edifice. Services were held temporarily in a hall and the church was pulled down. On June 5, 1840 the corner stone of a new building was laid by the celebrated Rev. Rob't Newton of England, then on a visit to this country. By November 19, it was ready for occupation and it was formally dedicated, Bishop Hedding preaching the dedication sermon. That is the edifice now in use, a picture of which appears on this page.

The pastor at the time was Phineas Rice, fifty-four years old and thirty years in the ministry. He had been a Calvinistic Baptist, but at the age of twenty he quitted that communion for the church to which belonged the preacher who had been instrumental in his conversion. In 1807, the minutes of the New York Conference record the acceptance of the young man, who was described as, "pious, clear of debt, sound in doctrine, and zealous." Each one a quality desirable in a minister. In 1809, his name again appears on the minutes. His brethren had by that time had the benefit of two years' acquaintance with him. They made another effort to describe his character. It may be supposed that he was still as pious and zealous and had not got into debt, but the Conference this time, does not say so, being possibly satisfied with its former record. Phineas on this occasion is described as, "*a little funny*, acceptable, and sound in doctrine and discipline." He was "accepted and recommended for deacon's orders." The good man was an earnest and successful preacher and doubtless was not liked by his hearers any the less for the quaint, humorous remarks which led his brethren to describe him as "a little funny." Bedford Street prospered under his ministry though he admitted that he "had preached the church down to its foundation and a new church up and had reduced its membership from nine hundred to seven hundred of whom there were still two handred whom he was quite willing to part with to any one who wanted them." Apparently a man of Gideon's temperament was this worthy pastor who wanted no one around him but men in earnest and ready to work. But if he had, as he appears to have thought, five hundred such persons in membership, he must have had a force with which a great deal of good could be done.



REV. PHINEAS RICE.

Benjamin Griffin was Mr. Rice's successor, and among the pastors who followed were several whose names become famous in the Church: Laban C. Cheney, O. V. Amerman, Seymour Van Deusen, Jarvis Z. Nichols, John P. Newman, John E. Cookman, William H. Ferris, Elias S. Osbon, George Van Alstyne, W. McKendee Darwood and James S. Chadwick are a few of the names on the list of the Church's pastors.



BEDFORD STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEW YORK.

As the city grew, and that "desolate country between Bedford Street and Broadway," previously mentioned, became covered with dwellings so completely that every available inch of ground was occupied, the old church thrived and became a power for good in the district. It was a church for the masses, a place where if a man went as one of the masses, he was apt to discover that he must appear as an individual before the bar of God, and he would learn, too, that Christ was ready to save him personally, no matter how humble and insignificant he might be. A competent authority states that from the time of the church's origin to the present day, the number of sinners who have been brought to Christ in that building has not averaged less than one hundred persons a year. Some of these remained there to work for the Lord, but many went to other cities to carry there the good news which had transformed them. One friend of the church and a zealous worker in its Sunday School had occasion only recently to visit a distant city, and employed a hackman to drive him to the various places he wished to call at. A remark not often heard from a man in that occupation

(*Continued on page 725.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon, the Fifth of the Series entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis." Text: "*Great is Diana of the Ephesians.*" Acts 19 : 34.

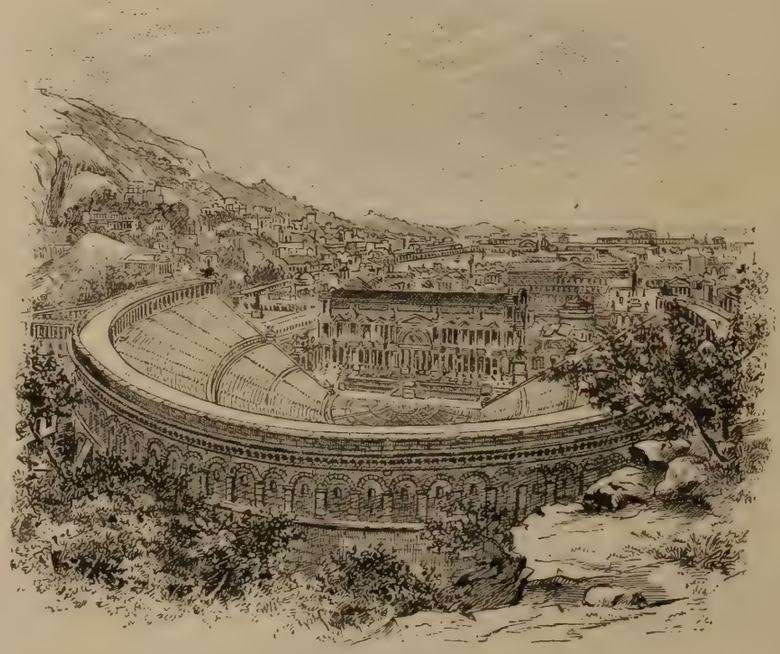
WE have landed this morning at Smyrna, a city of Asiatic Turkey. One of the seven churches of Asia once stood here. You read in Revelation, "To the church in Smyrna write." It is a city that has often been shaken by earthquake, swept by conflagration, blasted by plagues, and butchered by war, and here Bishop Polycarp stood in a crowded amphitheatre and when he was asked to give up the advocacy of the Christian religion and save himself from martyrdom, the pro-consul saying: "Swear and I release thee; reproach Christ," replied: "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?" When he was brought to the fires into which he was about to be thrust, and the officials were about to fasten him to the stake, he said: "Let me remain as I am for he who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also without your securing me with nails to remain unmoved in the fire." History says the fires refused to consume him, and under the winds the flames bent outward so that they did not touch his person, and, therefore he was slain by swords and spears. One cypress bending over his grave is the only monument to Bishop Polycarp.

But we are on the way to the city of Ephesus. We must see Ephesus—associated with the most wonderful apostolic scenes. We hire a special railway train, and in about an hour and a half we arrive at the city of Ephesus, which was called "The Great Metropolis of Asia," and "One of the eyes of Asia," and "The Empress of Ionia," the capital of all learning and magnificence. Here, as I said, was one of the seven churches of Asia, and first of all we visit the ruins of that church where once an Æcumenical Council of two thousand ministers of religion was held.

Mark the fulfilment of the prophecy! Of the seven churches of Asia, four were commended in the book of Revelation, and three were doomed. The cities having the four commended churches still stand; the cities having the three doomed churches are wiped out. It occurred just as the Bible said it would occur. Drive on and you come to the theatre, which was 660 feet from wall to wall, capable of holding 56,700 spectators. Here and there the walls arise almost unbroken, but for the most part the building is down. Just enough of it is left to help the imagination build it up as it was when those audiences shouted and clapped at some great spectacular. Their huzzas must have been enough to stun the heavens. Standing there, we could not forget that in that building once assembled a riotous throng for Paul's condemnation, because what he preached collided with the idolatry of their national goddess. Paul tried to get into that theatre and address the excited multitude, but his friends held him back, lest he be torn in pieces by the mob, and the Recorder of the city had to read the Riot Act among the people who had shrieked for two mortal hours till their throats were sore and they were black in the face: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Now, we step into the Stadium. Enough of its walls and appointments are left to show what a stupendous place it must have been when used for foot races and for fights with wild beasts. It was a building 680 feet long by 200 feet wide. Paul refers to what transpired there in the way of spectacle when he says, "We have been made a spectacle." Yes, Paul says, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," an expression usually taken as figurative, but I suppose it was literally true, for one of the amusements in that Stadium was to put a disliked man in the arena with a hungry lion or tiger or panther, and let the fight go on until either the man or the beast or both were slain. And was there ever a more unequal combat proposed? Paul, according to tradition, small, crooked-backed and weak-eyed, but the grandest man in sixty centuries, is led to the centre, as the people shout: "There he comes, the preacher who has nearly ruined our religion. The lion will make but a brief mouthful of him." It is plain that all the sympathies of that crowd are with the lion. In one of the underground rooms I hear the growl of the wild beasts. They have been kept for several days without food or water in order that they may be especially ravenous and bloodthirsty. What chance is there for Paul? But you cannot tell by a man's size or looks how stout a blow he can strike or how keen a blade he can thrust. Witness, heaven and earth and hell, this struggle of Paul with a wild beast. The coolest man in the Stadium is Paul. What has he to fear? He has defied all the powers, earthly and infernal, and if his body tumble under the foot and tooth of the wild beast, his soul will only the sooner find disenthralment. But it is his duty, as far as possible, to preserve his life. Now, I hear the bolt of the wild beast's door shove back, and the whole audience rise to their feet as the fierce brute springs for the arena and toward its small occupant. But the little missionary has his turn of making attack, and with a few well-directed thrusts the monster lies dead in the dust of the arena, and the Apostle puts his right foot on the lion and shakes him, and then puts his left foot on him and shakes him—a scene which Paul afterwards uses for an illustration when he wants to show how Christ will triumph over death—"He must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet;" yes, under his feet. Paul told the literal truth when he said: "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," and as the plural is used I think he had more than one such fight, or several beasts were let loose upon him at one time. As we stood that day in the middle of the Stadium and looked around at the great structure, the whole scene came back upon us.

But, we pass out of the Stadium for we are in haste for other places of interest in Ephesus. To add to the excitement of the day one of our party was missing, No man is safe in that region alone unless he be armed and know how to take sure aim and not miss fire. Our companion, Dr. Louis Klopsch, now the publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, had gone out on some explorations of his own, and through the gate where Paul had walked again and again, yet, where no man unaccompanied should adventure now. But, after some time had passed, and every minute seemed as long as an hour, and we had time to imagine everything horrible in the way of robbery and assassination, the lost traveller appeared, to receive from our entire party a volley of expostulation for the arousal of so many anxieties.



ANCIENT EPHESUS.
In the foreground is the Amphitheatre in which Paul was condemned.

In the midst of this city of Ephesus once floated an artificial lake, brilliant with painted boats, and through the River Cayster it was connected with the sea, and ships from all parts of the known earth floated in and out carrying on a commerce which made Ephesus the envy of the world. Great was Ephesus! Its gymnasia, its hippodrome, its odeon, its athenaeum, its forum, its aqueducts (whose skeletons are still strewn along the city), its towers, its castle of Hadrian, its monument of Androclus, its quarries, which were the granite cradle of cities, its temples, built to Apollo, to Minerva, to Neptune, to Mercury, to Bacchus, to Hercules, to Cæsar, to Fortune, to Jupitor Olympus. What history and poetry and chisel and canvas have not presented has come up at the call of archæologists' powder-blast and crowbar.

But I have now to unveil the chief wonder of this chiefest of cities.. In 1863, under the patronage of the English Government, Mr. Wood, the explorer, began at Ephesus to feel along under the ground at great depths for roads, for walls, for towers, and here it is—that for which Ephesus was more celebrated than all else beside—the temple of the goddess Diana, called the sixth wonder of the world, and in 1889 we stood amid the ruins of that temple, measuring its pillars, transfixed by its sculpture, and confounded at what was the greatest temple of idolatry in all time. As I sat on a piece of one of its fallen columns, I said, "what earthquake rocked it down, or what hurricane pushed it to the earth, or under what strong wine of centuries did the giant stagger and fall?" There have been seven temples of Diana, the ruins of each contributing something for the splendor of all its architectural successors. Two hundred and twenty years was this last temple in construction. Twice as long as the United States have stood was that temple in building. It was nearly twice as large as St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Lest it should be disturbed by earthquakes, which have always been fond of making those regions their play ground, the temple was built on a marsh, which was made firm by layers of charcoal covered by fleeces of wool. The stone came from the quarry nearby, After it was decreed to build the temple, it was thought it would be necessary to bring the building stone from other lands, but one day a shepherd by the name of Pixodorus, while watching his flocks, saw two rams fighting, and as they missed the interlocking of their horns and one fell, his horn knocked a splinter from the rock and showed by that splinter the lustrous whiteness of the rock, The shepherd ran to the city with a piece of that stone, which revealed a quarry from which place the temple was built, and every month in all ages since, the Mayor of Ephesus goes to that quarry to offer sacrifices to the memory of that shepherd who discovered this source of splendor and wealth for the cities of Asia Minor. In removing the great stones from the quarry to their destined places in the temple, it was necessary, in order to keep the wheels, which were twelve feet in diameter, from sinking deep into the earth under the unparalleled heft, that a frame of timbers be arranged over which the wheels rolled. To put the immense block of marble in its place over the doorway of one of these temples was so vast and difficult an undertaking that the architect at one time gave it up, and in his chagrin intended suicide, but one night in his sleep he dreamt that the stone had settled to the right place, and the next day he found that the great block of marble had by its own weight settled to the right place. The temple of Diana was four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred and twenty feet wide. All Asia was taxed to pay for it. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high. and each the gift of a king, and inscribed with the name of the donor. Now you see the meaning of that passage in Revelation, just as a king presenting one of these pillars to the temple of Diana had his own name chiselled on it and the name of his own country, so says Christ: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write upon him the name of my God and the name

of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem and I will write upon him my new name." How suggestive and beautiful!

In addition to those pillars that I climbed over while amid the ruins of Diana's Temple, I saw afterwards eight of those pillars at Constantinople, to which city they had been removed, and are now a part of the Mosque of St. Sophia. Those eight columns are all green jasper, but some of those which stood in Diana's Temple at Ephesus were fairly drenched with brilliant colors. Costly metals stood up in various parts of the Temple, where they could catch the fullest flush of the sun. A flight of stairs was carved out of one grape vine. Doors of cypress wood, which had been kept in glue for years and bordered with bronze in bas-relief, swung against pillars of brass, and resounded with echo

BURNING THE BOOKS OF MAGIC.

upon echo, caught up, and sent on, and hurled back through the corridors. In that building stood an image of Diana, the goddess. The impression was abroad as the Bible records, that that image had dropped plumb out of heaven into that Temple, and the sculptors who really made the statue or image were put to death, so that they could not testify of its manufacture and so deny its celestial origin. But the material out of which the image of Diana was fashioned contradicts that notion. This image was carved out of ebony and punctured here and there with openings kept full of spikenard so as to hinder the statue from decaying and make it aromatic, but this ebony was covered with bronze and alabaster. A necklace of acorns coiled gracefully around her. There were four lions on each arm, typical of strength. Her head was coronetted. Around this figure stood statues which by wonderful invention shed tears. The air by strange machinery was damp with descending perfumes. The walls multiplied the scene by concaved mirrors. Fountains tossed in sheaves of light and fell in showers of diamonds. One painting in that temple cost $193,750. The treasures of all nations and the spoils of kingdoms were kept here for safe deposit. Criminals from all lands fled to the shelter of this temple, and the law could not touch them. It seemed almost strange that this mountain of architectural snow outside did not melt with the fires of color within. The temple was surrounded with groves, in which roamed for the temptation of hunters, stags and hares and wild boars, and all styles of game, whether winged or four-footed. There was a cave with statue so intensely brilliant that it extinguished the eyes of those who looked upon it, unless, at the command of the priests, the hand of the spectator somewhat shaded the eyes. No wonder that even Anthony and Alexander and Darius cried out in the words of my text: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

One month of each year, the month of May, was devoted to her worship. Processions in garbs of purple and violet and scarlet moved through it, and there were torches, and anthems, and choirs in white, and timbrels and triangles in music, sacrifices and dances. Here young men and maidens were betrothed with imposing ceremony. Nations voted large amounts to meet the expense of the worship. Fisheries of vast resource were devoted to the support of this resplendence. Horace and Virgil and Homer went into rhapsodies while describing this worship. All artists, all archæologists, all centuries, agreed in saying: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Paul in the presence of this Temple of Diana incorporates it in his figures of speech while speaking of the spiritual temple. "Now, if any man build upon this foundation, gold, silver, precious stones, &c.," and no doubt with reference to one of the previous Temples which had been set on fire by Herostratus just for the fame of destroying it, Paul says: "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, &c.," and all up and down Paul's writings you realize that he had not only seen, but had been mightily impressed with what he had seen of the Temple of Diana.

In this city the mother of Jesus was said to have been buried. Here dwelt Aquilla and Priscilla of Bible mention, who were professors in an extemporized theological seminary, and they taught the eloquent Apollos how to be eloquent for Christ. Here John preached, and from here because of his fidelity he was exiled to Patmos. Here Paul warred against the magical arts for which Ephesus was famous. The sorcerers of this city pretended that they could cure diseases, and perform almost any miracle, by pronouncing these senseless words: "Aski Cataski Lix Tetrax Damnameneus Aision." Paul having performed a miracle in the name of Jesus, there was a lying family of seven brothers who imitated the Apostle, and instead of their usual words of incantation, used the word Jesus over a man who was possessed of a devil, and the man possessed flew at them in great fierceness and nearly tore these frauds to pieces, and in consequence all up and down he streets of Ephesus there was indignation excited against the magical arts, and a great bonfire of magical books was kindled in the streets, and the people stirred the blaze until thirty-five thousand dollars worth of black art literature had burned to ashes.

DIANA OF EPHESUS.

But, all the glory of Ephesus I have described has gone now. At some seasons of the year awful malarias sweep over the place and put upon mattrass or in graves a large portion of the population. In the approximate marshes scorpions, centipedes and all forms of reptilian life crawl and hiss and sting, while hyenas and jackals at night slink in and out of the ruins of buildings which once startled the nations with their almost supernatural grandeur.

But here is a lesson which has never yet been drawn out. Do you not see in that Temple of Diana an expression of what the world needs? It wants a God who can provide food. Diana was a huntress. In pictures on many of the coins she held a stag by the horn with one hand and a bundle of arrows in the other. Oh, this is a hungry world! Diana could not give one pound of meat, or one mouthful of food to the millions of her worshippers. She was a dead divinity, an imaginary God, and so in idolatrous lands the vast majority of people never have enough to eat. It is only in the countries where the God of heaven and earth is worshipped that the vast majority have enough to eat. Let Diana have her arrows and her hounds; our God has the sunshine and the showers and the harvests, and in proportion as he is worshipped does plenty reign.

So also in the Temple of Diana the world expressed its need of a refuge. To it from all parts of the land came debtors who could not pay their debts and the offenders of the law that they might escape incarceration. But, she sheltered them only a little while, and while she kept them from arrest she could not change their hearts and the guilty remained guilty. But, our God in Jesus Christ is a refuge into which we may fly from all our sins and all our pursuers, and not only be safe for time but safe for eternity, and the guilt is pardoned and the nature is transformed. What Diana could not do for her worshippers, our Christ accomplishes for us.

Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Then, in that Temple were deposited treasures from all the earth for safe keeping. Chrysostom says it was the treasure-house of nations; they brought gold and silver and precious stones and coronets from across the sea, and put them under the care of Diana of the Ephesians. But, again and again were those treasures ransacked, captured or destroyed. Nero robbed them, the Scythians scattered them, the Goths burned them. Diana failed those who trusted her with treasures, but our God, to him we may entrust all our treasures for this world and the next, and fail any one who puts confidence in him he never will. After the last jasper column has fallen and the last temple on earth has gone into ruins and the world itself has suffered demolition, the Lord will keep for us our best treasures.

But, notice what killed Ephesus, and what has killed most of the cities that lie buried in the cemetery of nations. Luxury! The costly baths, which had been the means of health to the city, became its ruin. Instead of the cold baths that had been the invigoration of the people, the hot baths, which are only intended for the infirm or the invalid, were substituted. In these hot baths many lay most of the time. Authors wrote books while in these baths. Business was neglected and a hot bath taken four or five times a day. When the keeper of the baths was reprimanded for not having them warm enough, one of the rulers said: "You blame him for not making the bath warm enough; I blame you because you have it warm at all." But that warm bath which enervated Ephesus, and which is always enervating except when followed by cold baths (no reference, of course, to delicate constitutions), was only a type of what went on in all departments of Ephesian life, and in luxurious indulgence Ephesus fell, and the last triangle of music was tinkled in Diana's Temple, and the last wrestler disappeared from her gymnasiums, and the last racer took his garland in the Stadium, and the last plea was heard in her Forum, and, even the sea, as if to withdraw the last commercial opportunity from that metropolis, retreated down the beach, leaving her without the harbor in which had floated a thousand ships. Brooklyn, New York, London and all modern cities, cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic! take warning. What luxury unguarded did for Ephesus, luxury unguarded may do for all. Opulence and splendor God grant to all the people, to all the cities, to all the lands, but at the same time, may he grant the righteous use of them.

Gymnasiums? Yes, but see that the vigor gained in them be consecrated to God. Magnificent temples of worship? Yes, but see that in them instead of conventionalities and cold pomp of service, there be warmth of devotion and the pure Gospel preached. Imposing court houses? Yes, but in them let justice and mercy rule. Palaces of journalism? Yes, but let all of the printing presses be marshalled for happiness and truth. Great post office buildings? Yes, but through them day by day, may correspondence helpful, elevating and moral pass. Ornate dwelling houses? Yes, but in them let there be altars of devotion, and conjugal, filial, paternal and Christian fidelity rule. London for magnitude, Berlin for Universities: Paris for Fashions: Rome for Cathedrals: Athens for classics: Thebes for hieroglyphics: Memphis for tombs: Babylon for gardens: Ephesus for idolatry, but what shall be the characteristics of our American cities when they shall have attained their full stature? Would that "Holiness to the Lord" might be inscribed upon all our municipalities. One thing is certain, and that is that all idolatry must come down. When the greatest goddess of the earth, Diana, enshrined in the greatest Temple that ever stood, was prostrated at Ephesus, it was a prophecy of the overthrow of all the idolatries that have cursed the earth, and anything we love more than God is an idol, and there is as much idolatry in the Nineteenth Century as in the First, and in America as in Asia.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA.

As our train pulled out from the station at Ephesus, the cars surrounded by the worst looking group of villains I ever gazed on, all of them seeming in a wrangle with each other and trying to get into a wrangle with us, and we moved along the columns of ancient aqueducts, each column crowned with storks, having built their nests there, and we rolled on down towards Smyrna, and that night in a Sailors' Bethel, we spoke of the Christ whom the world must know or perish, we felt that between cradle and grave there could not be anything much more enthralling for body, mind, and soul, than our visit to Ephesus.

A LEAF ON A DEAD HAND.

Very pathetic is the story told by an English officer who served in the Crimean war. He says that after the battle of Inkermann, when they were burying the dead, they found the body of a soldier who had been fatally wounded, but had sufficient strength to crawl to a place of shelter to die. When his corpse was lifted reverently by his comrades it was found that his hand was resting on an open pocket Bible. The officer looked at the page and found that it was the eleventh chapter of John's gospel, in which are the words: "I am the resurrection and the life," etc. The man's blood had flowed and congealed in the frosty air so that as his body was raised the leaf adhered to his hand and was torn out of the book. He was buried with the leaf still there—a mute pledge of the resurrection.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

S. S. Lesson For Nov. 29. By Mrs M. Baxter: John 19: 1-16. Golden Text, Rom. 4: 25.

IT was no easy task which the chief priests and elders of the people had undertaken in seeking to prove a criminal charge against Jesus, the Son of God. He had stood his trial before the ecclesiastical court, and, although he made no defence, and answered not a word, nothing could be proved against him. He "did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." All they could do was to hand him over to the civil authorities, and this they did without delay. And thus it came to pass that Jesus, the Son of the living God, stood accused before a heathen governor. But he stood there, not for himself, but as our Representative.

"What accusation bring ye against this man?" was the necessary question with which the proceedings opened. "If this man were not an evildoer, we should not have delivered him up to thee," (R. V.) was the answer. But such an answer conveyed no direct charge, and the governor, understanding the true state of the case, appealed to the prosecutor to take the case out of court: "Take ye him, and judge him according to your law." But this did not answer the purpose of the persecuting chief priests, they aimed at nothing less than the death of him whom they hated because of his power, his holiness, and the influence which he exerted among the people. Therefore they objected: "It is not lawful for us to put any man to death." How little they knew that in this very objection they fulfilled his own prophecy that he should be delivered into the hands of the Gentiles! Thus they were ignorantly strengthening his cause.

Their only hope of enlisting the civil authority on their side was to prove Jesus a political offender. They must have suggested to Pilate that he was dangerous to the government. Thus Pilate addressed him, saying: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" Jesus knew the treachery of those who prosecuted him. His heart, even at that moment, was going out after souls, he saw Pilate's soul just balancing in the scale, and asked him: "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" "Am I a Jew?" the judge retorted. "Thine own nation, and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?" The governor was accustomed to hear charges of robbery, murder, insurrection and other crimes. But here was a prisoner against whom no charge was laid, but that a rabble, amongst whom many were children, had followed Jesus, mounted on a young ass, into Jerusalem, and cried, "Hosanna to the Son of David." And Jesus had allowed them to salute him thus! Pilate could see no danger to the government in this spontaneous and humble tribute of gratitude and homage to their benefactor. Jesus answered:

"My Kingdom is not of this World:

if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews, but now is my kingdom not from hence." A kingdom, but not of this world, consisting, not of broad acres, not of populous towns, not of mighty armies—a kingdom in which earthly power was at a discount—this was incomprehensible to Pilate! He had heard of the miracles done by this man, and how he served the poor as willingly or more so than the rich, expecting and taking no reward, how he shunned earthly honor, how his followers were the most harmless of the populace; and now he declares that his policy is one of non-resistance, that he and his servants will not fight that he may be delivered from the Jews;—never had Pilate such a prisoner to deal with! But Pilate's prisoner is our example; his policy is ours. It is not for the followers of Christ to strive. We do not come out of our difficulties by resisting, but by enduring; the way of deliverance for us is ever God-made, not self-made.

"Art thou a king then?" said Pilate. "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice." More and more Pilate was conscious that he had no ordinary criminal, no ordinary man, to deal with: money, honor, power, which most men strive for and sin to gain, were no object to this man, so vehemently accused, yet so manifestly innocent, whose kingly sceptre reigned over a kingdom of truth. Pilate was at sea—worldly men always are at sea—regarding a question of *truth*, and he asked him, "What is truth?" O, had Pilate waited for the answer, and had he yielded himself to him who is "the way, the truth, and the life," he never would have figured in all the creeds of Christendom, in terrible juxtaposition to the crucified Son of God, in those well-known words, "he suffered under Pontius Pilate!" But he was judge; he must give sentence: he went out unto the Jews and said: "I find in him no fault at all. But ye have a custom that I should release unto you one at the passover: will ye therefore that I release unto you the King of the Jews?" Alas for the answer: "Not this man, but Barabbas."

Anyone, but not Jesus!

"Barabbas was a robber." What is it in human nature which shrinks instinctively from close contact with Jesus? Why was it that the high priest was glad to get him off his hands? Why was it that Herod, when he was brought before him, "sent him again to Pilate?" Why was it that Pilate sought, by every means in his power, to get rid of the responsibility of condemning or acquitting him? Why was it that the worst and most dangerous character was welcomed by the Jewish authorities rather than that Jesus should be set at liberty? Why is it that now men of the world will go anywhere to avoid a personal interview with a man who lives much in the presence of Jesus? Is it not because the presence of Jesus makes manifest all things as they are? "Whatsoever doth make manifest is light." "Every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved." Men are discovered in the presence of Jesus, his holy light shines through that which they can hide from their fellow creatures, and from their own selves. Jesus is always the Prophet, and the searcher of hearts, until he gets our consent to be the Saviour.

Human Nature

does not like to be brought to book. "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and yet it dresses itself up in smiles and fair speeches, until it has persuaded itself that it is not so bad after all! There is something of the Pharisee about most men by nature, and the word of Jesus is applicable to most unrenewed men and women: "Ye are like unto whited sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity." Our natural hearts are full of unbelief in God, and possess an instinctive dread of coming to close quarters with Him. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed, can be." (Rom. 8: 7.)

"Then Pilate therefore took Jesus, and scourged him, still uncondemned. It was gratuitous suffering which was heaped on him. It needed the eye of faith to see, when they crowned him with thorns, how, in very deed, he wore as his crown of glory the very sufferings which came out of the curse of sin. These thorns were the insignia of his Kingship over sin, disease, misery, death. No other sceptre can reign in such a world, over such an empire, but God hath "put all things under his feet" and he has all power over this dominion caused by the fall.

In mockery, the ignorant soldiers cried "Hail, King of the Jews:" but Pilate? what of him? Weak man that he was, he swayed between the desire to retain the favor of the people and the twinges of conscience which assailed him, for having acted unjustly to an innocent man. He went forth again to them, and said: "Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him." It was the second time he had made this assertion, and yet he dared not act upon it. He brought forth Jesus, arrayed in regal purple, but with a crown of thorns, and said:

"Behold the Man."

"Crucify him, crucify him" was the only answer from the Chief Priest's party. "Take ye him and crucify him: for I find no fault in him," was Pilate's reply. But he could not thus easily get Jesus off his hands. The Jews replied: "We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God." The timid Pilate "was still more afraid," and asked his Prisoner: "Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no answer, and the governor said: "Speakest thou not unto me? Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?" Jesus answered: "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin." The Prisoner pronounces on the sin of the Judge! Was ever such a trial?

Pilate made every effort to extricate himself from his dilemma, and release Jesus. But he could only do it by a decisive action. It was in his power, he might have done it, but he feared for his popularity and for his standing with the emperor. His soul was nearly won, when the Jews cried: "If thou let this Man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend: whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." The die was cast, the wretched man became a tool of the enemy, self interest won the day, and he yielded: "Behold your King." "Away with him, away with him," was the fierce reply. "Shall I crucify your King?" "We have no king but Cæsar." And thus Pilate was overcome, and committed for execution him whom he knew to be innocent, and whom he saw and felt to be possessed of a power which was not of man! And this mock trial, this condemnation for things that he knew not, Jesus accepted at his Father's hand, to save us from real trial before the bar of God, and the condemnation which we have merited, O how justly. "He was delivered for our offences."

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THEN Pilate therefore took Jesus and scourged him. Pilate vacillated. He knew Jesus to be innocent and entirely undeserving of punishment. Had he then and there acted up to his convictions he would to-day occupy one of the proudest positions in the world's history. But he hesitated, he sought to compromise, he thought by inflicting a little punishment the pity of the Jews would be aroused, their wrath appeased, and the prisoner liberated. But he had miscalculated, and having gone one step in the wrong direction he opened the way for the perpetration of the most outrageous crime ever committed. From this let us learn that vacillation or indecision or moral cowardice is sin and that our only safeguard lies in the moral courage to do our whole duty even under the most trying circumstances, for "he that knoweth the right and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes."

Chrysostom, before the Roman Emperor, was a beautiful example of true moral courage. The Emperor threatened him with banishment, if he still remained a Christian. Chrysostom replied: "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me." "But I will slay thee," said the Emperor. "Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of the true faith, again, "for my life is hid with Christ in God!" "I will take away thy treasures." "Nay, but thou canst not," was the retort, "for I have more than thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there." "But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left." "Nay, and that thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness, "for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee, there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me."

If thou let this man go thou art not Cæsar's friend. The time for decision had now come as it comes to every man. Shall it be Christ or Cæsar—Christ or the world—right or wrong. In every life there is a time when we come to the forks of the road and a decision that determines destiny must be made, and made at once. It may involve sacrifices of a most serious character, but it must be made. Have we the courage to decide for the right no matter what the consequences?

Mr. Moody tells of a boy, the son of drinking and godless parents, who would not allow him to attend either church or Sunday School. But one day he got into one of Mr. Moody's meetings and a kind-hearted man pointed him to Christ. Now, when Christ gets into a boy's heart that boy cannot help but pray. The father came home one night under the influence of drink and heard his son praying. He went to him and said, "I don't want you to pray any more. You have been to some of those Christian meetings, and if I hear you pray again I'll flog the life out of you." But the boy was filled with God and he couldn't help praying. The door of communication was opened between him and Christ, and his father caught him praying again. In a great rage he shook him and said: "Didn't I tell you never to pray again? If I catch you at it once more, you'll leave my house." He thought that would stop him. It was a time of sore trial. The boy had to decide between Christ and his home, but it did not take him long to determine his course. Not long after this his father had been drinking more than usual, and coming home found his son offering up prayer. He caught the boy in his grasp and said, "Didn't I tell you never to pray again, you canting little hypocrite? Get your things packed and leave the house." The little fellow hadn't many things to pack—a drunkard's boy never has—and before leaving the house he went to his mother's room. "Good-bye mother," said he. "Where are you going?" inquired she. "I don't know where I'll go, but father says I cannot stay here any longer because I have been praying," he replied. The mother knew it wouldn't do for her to try to keep the boy when her husband had ordered him away, so she drew him to her bosom and kissed him and bade him good-bye. He went to his brothers and sisters and amid many tears kissed them good-bye also. When he came to the door his father was there and the little fellow reached out his hand and, saying, "Good-bye, father, I'll pray for you as long as I live," he left the house, humming:

> Jesus, I my cross have taken,
> All to leave, and follow thee;
> Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
> Thou from hence, my all shalt be;
> Perish every fond ambition,
> All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
> Yet how rich is my condition!
> God and heaven are still my own.

He hadn't been gone many minutes before that father came to himself. He rushed after his boy and when he had found him cried out: "Come back my boy; if religion is dearer to you than home and parents, I want to have it myself."

NOOR MAHAL'S PERIL.

A Story of the Sunday School Golden Text for Nov. 29.

AKBAR, the wisest of the Mohguls of India, whose reign, nearly three centuries ago, is still enshrined in Hindoo history as one of the most brilliant that ancient empire, had conquered the beautiful kingdom of Cashmere. He built the famous palace of white marble at Agra, which was known all over the world as the white palace of Fettihpoor-Shikri. He was the first of the Moslem monarchs to accord a hearing to the Christian missionaries who were sent to Agra by the Bishop of Goa, and he was also the first to institute free public schools in India. When Akbar died, his son Selim, better known as Jehan Ghir, "The Conqueror," interred the dead monarch in a magnificent mosque and reigned in his stead.

At that time, India was a land of Mohammedans, Brahmins and fire-worshippers. Christians were without influence, until Noor Mahal, the daughter of a poor Persian nobleman—a young girl of a most sweet and lovable nature—became the wife of Jehan Ghir. This gentle being exercised a more potential influence in the Mohammedan court than was ever before known in the kingdom of the Mohguls. So wise, refined and noble was her mind, that she was known throughout the whole kingdom as "The Light of the Palace." Born a Parsee, a Moslem by marriage, she yet listened eagerly to the words of the missionaries who had free audience, and showed a deep interest in the message they brought.

Jehan Ghir, the king, was a man of blood with many crimes on his head, committed before he had married his gentle spouse. A rebellion arose in the kingdom and Mohabat Khan, a powerful noble, took the king prison-

er and to punish his crimes, decided to put him to death. When Noor Mahal heard of her husband's captivity, she raised an army and, mounted on an elephant, herself led the troops against Mohabat Khan; but her army was scattered and the young queen fled to Lahore for asylum.

Then the wily Mohabat resolved to compass her death by stratagem, for he well knew her great influence with the people of the Empire, who loved their good queen. So he offered the king his freedom, if the latter would write a letter to Noor Mahal, inviting her to share his captivity. To this the weak and unscrupulous Jehan consented, and betrayed the devoted wife to her enemies; for when she came, being lured by the letter, she was instantly made a prisoner. Once in Mohabat's power, she recognized that her fate was sealed. She was to suffer for the offences of the recreant king, who had delivered her to her enemies as the price of his liberty, as Judas sold his Master.

Noor Mahal did not repine at her impending fate. Something of the fortitude of the Christians had entered into her soul, and her pure and blameless life was not embittered by sad reflections. She grieved only for her husband, who was about to add to his offences by an innocent death. So she pleaded to see him once again, and Mohabat granted her prayer, but took care himself to be present. It was on the day set for her execution that she met her treacherous husband, the king, once more.

When she stood before him, silent and uncomplaining, her eyes full of love and tenderness and compassion for his weakness, the iron nature of Jehan gave way, and he, remembering that he was shortly to be made free by her death, burst into a passion of tears. Remorse overflowed his soul. He gazed at his enemy and then at his wife, who stood with her hands meekly clasped, and her veil thrown back from the pale, compassionate features.

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" he cried, sorrowfully, as he dropped on his knees.

Then, turning to Mohabat, he pleaded so earnestly and eloquently for her life that the rebel chief was deeply moved.

"Jehan Ghir," said Mohabat sternly at length, "thy craven heart deserveth pity. I have already passed my word to thee, that thou shouldest be free. But the noble and faithful woman, thy wife, who stands here now thy substitute for the death, thou having yielded her to my hand, deserves a better fortune. Take her, Jehan Ghir," he added in a kindlier tone, "and with her take back thy throne of Delhi. And, while thou livest, remember that it is thy queen who, in being restored to her throne, has atoned for thy past crimes and treacheries. Live and repent, Jehan Ghir, and emulate her high example who has loved thee even in thy sins and would have died to save one so worthless as thou art. Mohabat cannot harm so pure and noble a soul as hers."

And with a low obeisance he withdrew.

Many years Jehan reigned in Delhi with his beautiful queen. Mohabat Khan became their friend; his fierce nature had been subdued by the wondrous power of Noor Mahal's great love, surpassing any that woman had ever shown since the world began, and which, in later ages, was told to the Christian children of India as being like the still greater and divine love of Him "who was delivered for our offences and was raised again for our justification." (Romans, 4:25.)

SUNSET ON GALILEE.

'TWAS sun-set! and the waters,
All aglow with mellow light,
Looked so quiet, calm and restful,
As day gave way to night,
That the lonely, silent watcher
Kneeling on the cold damp earth,
Lifts His eyes in speechless longing
To the home which gave Him birth.

See! the arms are outstretched now,
And His eyes are dim with tears,
As the trembling lips call: "Father,
Help Thy Son to quell their fears!
May their faith grow brighter, clearer,
As each trial o'er them rolls,
Draw them ever nearer, nearer,
Only purify their souls!"

Do'st thou know this Man of Sorrows
With the eyes of heavenly hue?
Can'st thou give up all and follow
When and where He leadeth you?
Oh! for faith! the faith of Jesus,
As He knelt by Galilee;
As the winds and sea obey Thee,
Christ, my Saviour, make thou me!

—SADIE E. EATON.

The BIBLE And the NEWSPAPER

A MANUFACTURER'S PERSISTENCE.

ONE of New York's citizens quotes an amusing illustration of the persistence of advertising manufacturers. Many years ago he wanted some information about artificial limbs, so wrote for a circular to a manufacturer. The circular was instantly sent, and ever since the manufacturer has persistently followed him up. No matter how often he changes his address, every time the firm issues a circular descriptive of artificial limbs it always comes to hand. Being sound in limb, he has, of course, never bought any of the articles so eloquently described in the circular, but his name is down in the manufacturer's books, and in that one establishment he is held to be a crippled person. The mistake is obvious in his case, both to himself and those who know him, but if the firm was urging him to purchase a remedy for some insidious disease, the mistake might not be so obvious; as the man himself might have the disease without being aware of it. Then the firm's persistence in urging him to take a sure remedy might be well-timed and he would be wise in ascertaining if he had occasion for it. That is the case of some who are amused or annoyed by the persistence of ministers and Christian workers in urging them to seek salvation through Christ. Thinking they are whole they believe they have no need of a physician and they reject the only means of salvation. (Matt. 9: 12.)

A PATIENT'S SURPRISE.

A FEW days ago a man presented himself at Bellevue Hospital for treatment. He told the doctors he was suffering from rheumatism in his leg and it had been growing worse for three weeks past until he was not able to work. Asked what made him think it was rheumatism he said he had described the pain to a druggist, who without examining the limb told him it was rheumatism and sold him some liniment to rub it with. The Bellevue doctors made an examination and found that an abscess was forming in the leg. They concluded that it must arise from some foreign substance, so they put the patient under ether and cut into it. They found a bent pin over an inch long which the man must have swallowed at some time unconsciously and which must have worked its own way from the stomach into the limb. Had they accepted the former diagnosis and treated him for rheumatism the consequences to the patient might have been serious, yet the man himself had insisted that no operation was necessary and would not believe until the pin was shown to him. His case was like that of some whom Christ heals. Until the Holy Spirit enlightens them they imagine that the reformation of some evil habit or some slight improvement of life is all that is necessary to their spiritual health and cannot realize that the source of the evil is so deep-seated that only by receiving a new heart can they be made whole. (John 3: 5.)

A BOY HERO.

IN an old country-house near Clinton, N.Y., a few days ago a boy of fifteen and his sister eighteen years old, were eating their mid-day meal, their parents being away from home. The boy rose from the table and was about to go into the next room when he heard a crash. Looking around he saw the ceiling of the room fall in, and the whole mass of joists, boards, and the corn, which had been stored in the upper room, fall on and about the table at which he had been sitting a moment before. His sister was caught and pinned down to the floor by the boards and timbers, and but for the fact that she had been thrown near the stove she would have been instantly killed. The boy secured an axe and began the work of rescuing his sister. Cutting his way through the fallen flooring he found that her arm was held down by a joist. Then it was discovered that the stove had been broken and fire was starting in the debris lying on it. The girl saw the peril she was in, and begged her brother to chop her arm off with the axe and release her, but the boy only redoubled his exertions, and cut through the joist and liberated his sister. He dragged her out of the burning house and then set to work to put out the fire. When he was satisfied that the conflagration was extinguished, he ran for a doctor to his sister, who had fainted, She was badly cut and bruised but it is thought she will live. A work analogous to that the brave lad did for his sister needs to be done for a large part of humanity. Christ intended that his church should do it by relieving them of the weight of superstition, oppression and misery that was keeping them down and to rescue them from destruction. Christians who are concerned only for the well-being of their own souls, and whose religious life consists only in hearing sermons, reading good books, and regularly attending church, heedless of the suffering and misery around them, are recreant to their duty. (Matt. 25: 42–48.)

AN ELECTRICAL PROBLEM.

ELECTRICIANS are laboring earnestly to solve a problem which at present seems insoluble. A fortune awaits the man who can find out how to renew the delicate little loop of carbon within the pear-shaped incandescent electric lamps. Millions of these lamps are now turned out every year, and after burning for about six hundred hours each, they are useless. The glass and the two minute threads of platinum, which convey the current to the arc of carbon, are as good as when the lamp left the factory, but the arc is broken or burnt through and there is no light in the lamp. The majority remain in working order until the failure of the carbon loop, which is the soul of the lamp. Its frail tenure of life depends on the outer air being excluded. When first inserted in the glass bulb there is an aperture in the lower part of the bulb, from which the air is exhausted and the aperture is then sealed by the bead or point of glass seen on every lamp. The vacuum in the bulb, however, is never absolutely perfect and it is the rarified particles of air remaining, which cause the carbon to slowly burn through. When that happens, the lamp is useless, for no way has yet been found of renewing the carbon, and afterward exhausting the air. An analogous problem in human nature has exercised the minds of philosophers in all ages. If selfishness, and other propensities to evil could be eliminated from man's nature the light of the soul would shine clear and bright, but no human power can do that, and there is, therefore, darkness where there should be light. But what the philosophers have failed to do God does, by giving a new heart and renewing a right spirit within the man. (Ps. 51: 10.)

NONDESCRIPT FLAGS.

AN order has been issued by the Secretary of War to correct a practice which he deems a military abuse. There are institutions in many States where military instruction is given to the students by an officer detailed for the purpose by the Federal Government. Arms, ammunition, and equipments are also provided by the Government. In several instances the secretary has learned that it is the custom, on occasions for the hoisting of a flag to run up the flag of the State or even a flag peculiar to the institution. The Secretary holds that the acceptance by a State institution of arms and ammunition and the detail of an officer for the purpose of military instruction, establishes the national character of that institution. Hence he considers that the National Government has the right to require that its flags shall be used wherever its equipments are used. It is understood to be the purpose of the War Department to withdraw all support and details of officers from institutions refusing to comply. The principle underlying Mr. Proctor's order is just, and it applies to churches as well as military colleges. Some of the denominations are more anxious to insist on their denominational peculiarities than they are to proclaim their fealty to the Great Head of the Church. (1 Cor. 1: 10–13.)

AN HISTORIC CHURCH.

Continued from first page.

led the traveller to ask him about his life. "Oh!" said the hackman, "I never go to saloons, I have been a Christian man for more than twenty years. I was converted at Old Bedford Street Church in New York." It was apparently a conversion that had been permanent, not to be obliterated by change of surroundings and the temptations of a trying occupation in a great city. That was the kind of conversion which the pastors of Bedford Street longed for as seals to their ministry.

Last year, Bedford Street celebrated its Jubilee with a week's services. Four bishops took part, several former pastors came and related their reminiscences and many old members travelled from other cities to bring golden-wedding gifts to the old church. It was a time of rejoicing for all. The visitors were delighted to find their old church home thriving and prosperous. The commodious parsonage, at 43 Morton Street, had been paid for and furnished, seven thousand dollars had been spent in improvements and not a dollar of debt encumbered the church. Nor was the spiritual aspect less cheering. The pastor, Rev. John J. Reed, D.D., was working in the spirit of his predecessors in every way in which the Spirit of Christ might lead him, and God was blessing his labors.

Dr. Reed, whose portrait is on first page, is still pastor of the time-honored church. He is an active, energetic, polished gentleman in the prime of life, an eloquent preacher and an indefatigable worker. He is widely known in connection with a remarkable movement which he initiated and which he calls "The Children's Hour." It is a very simple but very popular arrangement. Every Friday afternoon at half past three o'clock the children know that they will find Dr. Reed in the lecture-room. By bright, entertaining talks, object lessons and in other ways, Dr. Reed makes the time pass pleasantly for them, and the children go away pleased and instructed. It is not at all uncommon for five hundred children to be gathered together for "The Children's Hour." So successful has this institution been under Dr. Reed's management that many other pastors have introduced it in their churches and are reaping its fruits. Dr. Reed is a native of New York, was educated at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, and Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and was for five years Professor of Latin and Greek in the Pennsylvania Military Academy at Chester, Pa. Westfield, N. J., was his first pastoral charge, and he held several other charges in the Newark Conference. In 1881, he was transferred to the New York Conference and became pastor of the Washington Square Church. Thence, at the earnest call of St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, he went to that city where he labored successfully at St. Paul's and subsequently at the Walnut Hills Church. Several other churches in Western Conferences had urged their claims for a pastoral term, but Bedford Street, New York, was anxious to secure him, and Dr. Reed could not resist the call from the city of his boyhood days. The Walnut Hills Church bade him farewell at a magnificent entertainment on April 15, 1889, in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, which will not soon be forgotten in the Queen City. The assembly was a significant proof of the high esteem in which Dr. Reed was held by the whole community. A further tribute came from Ohio Wesleyan University, which conferred upon him the degree of D. D.

It is a very arduous work that Dr. Reed is prosecuting at Bedford Street in these days. During the past ten years there has been a remarkable change in the population of the district. Formerly it was known as the "American Ward" of New York, but of late the tendency to move up-town has changed all that. A large majority of the new comers are foreigners and Roman Catholics and now almost the whole district has been Romanized. Most of the Protestant Churches also have changed their location. Almost alone, Bedford Street now holds the fort for Protestantism in the district. Missionary work has to be done as a matter of duty and Dr. Reed pleads earnestly for helpers from other churches to aid him in this difficult work. Pastor and people are thoroughly in earnest and will gladly welcome any consecrated worker from the Methodist uptown churches who desires to serve the Master by giving time and labor to winning souls for Him in this populous field.

The anniversary services on Sunday next, November 22, to which reference has been made, will consist of an all-day prayer-meeting, with change of leaders every hour, from 9 a. m. to 10 p.m. Dr. C. H. Payne is expected to preach at 10:30 a.m., and Dr. J. O. Peck at 7:30 p.m. It promises to be a great day in the old church.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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The prayers of the readers of this journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editor, and those whose sermons, articles, or labors for Christ are printed in it; and that its circulation may be used by the Holy Spirit for the conversion of sinners and the quickening of God's people.

GOOD ASSOCIATIONS.

LET no young man or woman go in a social circle where the influences are vicious or hostile to the Christian religion. You will begin by reproving their faults, and end by copying them. Sin is contagious. You go among those who are profane, and you will be profane. You go among those who use impure language, and you will use impure language. Go among those who are given to strong drink, and you will inevitably become an inebriate. There is no exception to the rule. A man is no better than the company he continually keeps. It is always best to keep ourselves under Christian influences. It is not possible, if you mingle in associations that are positively Christian, not to be made better men or women. The Christian people with whom you associate may not be always talking their religion, but there is something in the moral atmosphere that will be life to your soul. You choose out for your most intimate associates eight or ten Christian people. You mingle in that association; you take their counsel; you are guided by their example, and you live a useful life, and die a happy death, and go to a blessed eternity. There is no possibility of mistaking; there is not an exception in all the universe or ages—not one.

FRIGID CHURCHES.

HOW often it is that the old church of the village has a large congregation and a good minister. Neither pastor nor people have ever been excited about anything save once, when a resident of the city moved into the village and tried to distract the church by suggesting a young people's prayer-meeting; but the officials formed themselves into a line, as at a fire, and passed buckets of cold water till the danger was put out.

About the last item of fresh news they seemed to have heard was that Moses slew an Egyptian, but they said not much about that for the reason that they did not want to commit themselves, or spoke of it in such a guarded way that if they wanted to change sides on the question they could do so without sacrificing their manliness. The last church that Rip Van Winkle attended before getting drowsy was that. On the day he left they were asleep, and when he woke up they were asleep yet. The dominie has not prepared a new sermon for ten years. The paper is very yellow—a color he prefers, since it looks like the parchment on which the Scriptures were originally written. The same Thanksgiving discourse does for every year with this slight change: He has two slips of paper, one marked *A*, the other *B*. If it has been a prosperous year, then on Thanksgiving day he uses the slip marked *A*; but if the corn and potatoes have been poor, he uses the slip *B*. Everything in that church is comfortable, fat and easy. But a few good men, wanting a little more life, build a second church and call a devoted minister. Their means are small and the times hard. The old minister does not like the new one, and takes every opportunity of keeping him humble. Old minister goes around one afternoon to hear young minister, who is, of course, embarrassed, and does not do as well as usual, and nearly breaks down in the sermon. Old minister looks mortified, puts his head down on the pew in front to hide his embarrassment, and goes home wondering how any people can stand such preaching. The second church finally goes down. It had been under a broadside fire ever since the day it was dedicated. There was room for two—yea for four—religious societies, but first church did not think so. Ofttimes was the experiment tried again, but no sooner did a Methodist or a Baptist, or Episcopal head lift above the water than there came from the old-established meeting-house of the place a volley of anathemas. Such things are occurring in many places. Oh, let us give everybody a chance!

POST MORTEM ABUSE.

I HAVE read all that has recently been recently written about Abraham Lincoln as a spiritualist, and I do not believe a word of it. This is the only kind of slander that is safe. The protracted discussion has made only one impression on me, and that is this: How safe it is to slander a dead man! You may say what you will in print about him, he brings no rebutting evidence. I have heard that ghosts do a great many things, but I have never heard of one as printing a book or editing a newspaper to vindicate himself. Look out how you vilify a living man, for he may respond with pen, or tongue, or cowhide; but only get a man thoroughly dead (that is, so certified by the coroner) and have a good, heavy tombstone put on the top of him, and then you may say what you will with impunity. But I have read somewhere in an old book that there is a day coming when all wrongs will be righted; and I should not wonder if then the dead were vindicated, and all the swine who have uprooted graveyards should, like their ancestors of Gadara, run down a steep place into the sea and get choked. The fact that there are now alive men so debauched of mind and soul that they rejoice in mauling the reputation of those who spent their lives in illustrious achievement for God and their country, and then died as martyrs for their principles, makes me believe in eternal damnation.

PULPIT PRAYER.

LET not the prayer of him that conducts public service go up solitary and alone, but accompanied by the heartfelt ejaculation of all the auditory. We sit down on a soft cushion, in a pew by architectural skill arranged to fit the shape of our back, and are tempted to fall into unprofitable reveries. Let the effort be on the part of every minister to make the prayer and the Scripture reading and the giving out of the hymn so emphatic that the audience cannot help but respond with all the soul.

Let the minister, before going into the pulpit, look over the whole field and recall what are the styles of bereavement in the congregation—whether they be widowhood, orphanage or childlessness; what are the kinds of temporal loss his people may recently have suffered—whether in health, in reputation, or in estate; and then get both his shoulders under these troubles, and in his prayer give one earnest and tremendous lift, and there will be no dullness, no indifference, no lack of multitudinous response.

The reason that congregations have their heads bobbing about in prayer-time is because the officiating clergyman is apt to petition in the abstract. He who calls the troubles of his people by their right names, and tenderly lays hold of the cancers of the souls before him, will not lack in getting immediate heartfelt, if not audible, response.

STIR THEM UP.

THERE has somehow got abroad an impression among our young ministers, that the people will not take the unadulterated Gospel. It is thought that instead of the theory that men are corrupt and unsavable, save through Christ, we must flatter them with the idea that there is good enough in them, if it could only be brought out—we must flatter them, and tell them what fine fellows they are, and that if they have a little fixing-up they will be all right. Hence, religion is often presented as a weak sentimentality rather than an infinite necessity. To please the fastidious taste of the day, we must make our sermon a sort of cream meringue, light and frothy, and sweet, and almost vanishing at the touch of a spoon. O vast mistake! The people are hungry for a stout gospel with bones in it. The greatest novelty for an audience now is Repentance and Faith. The people are ready to hear, if if we are not too great cowards to speak it. Do not let us be patting them on the backs when we ought to be rousing their souls.

GOOD FOOD.

THE world wonders that, with such a rousing theme as the Gospel, and with such a grand work as saving souls, the ministry should ever be nerveless. Some ascribe it to lack of piety, and some to timidity of temperament. We believe that in a great number of cases it is from the lack of nourishing food. Many of the clerical brotherhood are on low diet. After jackets and sacks have been provided for the eight or ten children of the parsonage, the father and mother must watch the table with the severest economy. Coming in suddenly upon the dinner-hour of the country clergyman, the housewife apologizes for what she calls "a picked-up" dinner, when, alas! it is nearly always picked up. Congregations sometimes mourn over dull preaching when themselves are to blame. Give your minister more food and he will have more fire. Next to the divine unction, the minister needs blood; and he cannot make that out of tough leather. One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolted bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain-food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and doughnuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. Tea-parties, with hot waffles, at ten o'clock at night, make namby-pamby ministers; but good hours and substantial diet, that furnishes nitrates for the muscle, and phosphates for the brain, and carbonates for the whole frame prepare a man for effective work. When the water is low, the mill-wheel goes slow; but a full race, and how fast the grists are ground! In a man the arteries are the mill-race and the brain the wheel, and the practical work of life is the grist ground. The reason soldiers fail in some some of the battles was because their stomachs had for several days been innocent of everything but "hard-tack." See that your minister has a full haversack. Feed him on gruel during the week and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the "parson's nose" in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind.

BRIEF NOTES.

The secretary of the Skin and Cancer Hospital at Fordham, N. Y., asks us to acknowledge the receipt of $10.50 from "Humble Servant" who read the account of the hospital in this journal and desired to help the work.

The Chinese Government have paid to the Rev. Thomas Branfill, acting chairman of the Wuchang district, £3,000 for the widowed mother of the late Mr. Argent, the missionary, who was killed a short time ago by rioters.

Special services for young men were held at the Eighty-sixth St. Branch of the Y.M.C.A., New York, during the week of prayer November 8–14. Dr. Abbot E. Kittredge, Dr. E. Walpole Warren and other clergymen conducted the services.

The American Evangelization Society has been organized with offices at 11 and 13 Thomas Street, New York, to send forth consecrated men to preach Christ in any church or mission regardless of sect or creed. The secretary is Mr. S. J. Betts, 117 Newman Avenue, Bayonne, N.J. Churches in need of an Evangelist for special work may find the man they need by communicating with Mr. Betts.

The Vanderbilt Mission, New York, a picture of which appeared in this journal on June 10, was used for public service for the first time on Nov. 1. The building is not yet quite finished, so the formal dedication has not yet taken place. The Rev. G. P. Cartensen who will have charge of the Mission, was anxious to commence its work as soon as possible so has not waited for the completion of the edifice.

The New York Sunday School Association held the first of its Winter's meetings on November 9, in the Collegiate Reformed Church, 29th Street and Fifth Avenue. Mr. Ralph Wells presided and Dr. William T. Sabine and Dr. David James Burrell delivered addresses. The Association now holds weekly meetings for teachers in various churches for the study of the next Sunday's international lesson. Mr. Ralph Wells, Dr. Schauffler and other eminent gentlemen conduct them.

A meeting to give moral support to the citizens of Louisiana who are struggling to rid themselves of the Louisiana Lottery was held in New York on November 12. Among the eminent clergymen who signed the call for the meeting were Bishop H. C. Potter, Dr. George Alexander, Dr. Charles F. Deems, Dr. Edward Judson, Dr. Lyman Abbott and Dr. C. H. Parkhurst. The brave Christian men who are laboring amid many discouragements to save their state from reproach, will be glad to learn how heartily the Christians of all denominations in New York wish them success in their efforts.

The first "Edition" of the People's Palace in connection with the Tabernacle at the corner of York and Henderson Streets, Jersey City, N. J., was opened on November 9. Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, Dr. A. H. Bradford and other ministers interested in philanthropic Christian work attended and made addresses. Dr. John L. Scudder, the pastor of the Tabernacle, has done wonderful work among the poor, which has been fully described in this journal. He is now endeavoring to raise funds for the completion of the edifice which will be a great benefit to the poor of the city.

Contributions to the fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgment to the amount of $59.50. They are from: "Ayr" $10; "Friend" $10; Paterson, N. J., $1; Marple, Pa., $1; Franklinville, N. Y., $1; Tyler, Wash., $3; "Friend" $3; Dutchess Junction, N. Y., $3.50; "Stranger" $3.50; East Shelburne, Mass., $5; Martin, Mich., $8.50; Olmitz, Kans., $10. These amounts, for which in behalf of the beneficiaries, we thank our friends, enable us to comply with the request of many of these hard-working ministers who urgently need just the help this journal is adapted to supply. When a contribution to this fund is received, the publisher of The Christian Herald places on the mailing list for a year as many names of colored ministers from the list of those applying for the paper as there are dollars in the contribution. Each contributor (except anonymous ones) receives by mail the name and address of the minister or ministers who benefit by his contribution and each minister is informed of the name and address of the person to whom he is indebted for the paper.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Chilian Troubles—Chicago Anarchists Arrested—Our New Silver Coinage—An English Palace Burned—The Quebec Scandal—Brazil Under a Dictator—General Notes.

WITH the choice of Admiral Jorge Montt as President of Chili, the prospect of an early settlement of our misunderstanding with that government is greatly improved. President Montt and his brother Senor Montt, the Chilian Minister at Washington, are both warm friends of this country. At the same time, there is still a very strong feeling in Santiago against Minister Egan and it has been charged anew that he is sheltering enemies of the government in the American Legation. These stories have been repudiated by the government at Santiago, some of them being of a character calculated to excite a rising against the Legation. One of the sensational fabrications alleged that a plan had been concocted among the refugees in the Legation for the assassination of Gen. Canto, Commander-in-Chief of the Chilian army. Meanwhile all our navy yards are busy getting the war vessels ready and the construction and repair departments in the yards have not seen so much activity since the days of the Civil War. One serious defect, in the event of naval war just now, would be our lack of torpedoes in outfitting our warships. Chili is said to be plentifully supplied with these. It is believed that President Harrison will back up our next demand upon Chili with a formidable display of naval strength followed by an ultimatum if necessary. On the twelfth instant, the resignation of the Chilian cabinet was announced, this step being due to the fact that the Liberal deputies failed to elect Councillors of State, in accordance with an agreement previously made with the ministers. A mixed cabinet was then organized to carry out a non-political programme, President Montt having stipulated that his administration was not to be bound politically.

* * *

Brazil Under a Dictator.

WHEN Manuel Deodora da Fonseca, one of the ablest of Brazil's military leaders, was called to the Presidency immediately after the dethronement of Dom Pedro, he was the unanimous choice of the country and his administration till very lately progressed smoothly and satisfactorily. But, like all other South American nations, the Brazilians are divided into many factions representing bitter political enmities and jealousies. For a time Fonseca succeeded in harmonizing these discordant elements. Recently a breach occurred between Congress and the President on the question of an expansion of the currency, the President and Cabinet favoring inflation and Congress opposing it. The latter not only killed the inflation bill but passed an impeaching bill over the Presidential veto, whereupon Fonseca, disregarding the Constitution, declared the Congress dissolved, although the budget was as yet untouched. The press was muzzled, martial law was declared in the capital, and a military tribunal was established. Attempted disturbances were promptly suppressed. A revolt against Fonseco's distatorship broke out in Rio Grande do Sul, one of the southern provinces, and a band ot insurgents captured the town of Santa Anna. It was reported that several garrisons had gone over to the insurgents, and even that government troops had deserted Fonseca and fraternized with the rebels. Street riots occurred in Rio Janeiro, caused by a disturbance in a theatre, where a number of students who hissed were turned out by the police, and a street fight followed. Appearances indicate that neither the army nor the navy will be entirely loyal to Fonseca, and very serious trouble is expected in the near future. New elections have been called in Brazil and the difficulties may possibly be settled by the choice of a Congress agreeable to Fonseca's plans. The followers of Dom Pedro, the exiled Emperor, have actively fomented the troubles, and but for Fonseca's prompt assumption of dictatorial powers, might have succeeded in overturning the Republic, and opening the way for a monarchical restoration. A portrait of President Fonseca is given in this column.

FONSECA THE DICTATOR.

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Major McKinley's Election.

Now that the election is a thing of the past, it becomes clearer that the one prominent feature of the campaign was Ohio. Contrasted with a majority of the states where no national issues were at stake, the election of Major William McKinley, the father of the protective tariff, furnished evidence that the tariff is still a vital question which may reasonably be expected to command a large share of attention in the approaching Presidential struggle. In a recent address, Major McKinley stated his belief that the judgment of most Americans did not approve the constant agitation of the tariff issue, in view of the fact that nothing in the line of effective legislation can at present be accomplished. A similar opinion has been expressed on different occasions by leading Democrats; yet the present prospect points to tariff and currency as the overshadowing issues next year. A portrait of Major McKinley (whose career has already been sketched in these columns), appears on this page.

MAJOR WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

* * *

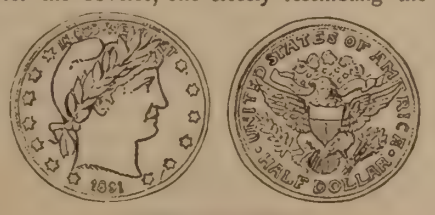
England Swept by Great Gales.

FURIOUS gales, doing an immerise amount of damage by land and sea, have been experienced in Great Britain and along the western coasts. A large number of vessels and hundreds of lives have been lost. The iron ship *Benvenue*, bound from London for Sidney, was wrecked in the English Channel and several of her crew perished. Even ocean steamers were compelled to seek shelter and the quartermaster of the White Star steamer *Britannic*, was swept overboard and drowned. The steamer *Hawarden Castle* was wrecked at the mouth of the river Mersey and her crew perished. In the coast cities of France and Spain and along the North Sea the damage was widespread, houses being unroofed and life-saving stations demolished.

* * *

Our New Coins.

WITH the beginning of 1892, the National Mint will issue a new silver coinage of dimes, quarters and half-dollars, the designs for which have already been approved and the models made by Charles E. Barber, the engraver at the Philadelphia Mint. The design of the new half-dollar is shown in the illustration. In selecting the head of the Goddess of Liberty for the obverse, one closely resembling the



THE NEW HALF-DOLLAR.

figure used on the coins of the French Republic has been adopted, being slightly different in its lines from that on any of the other coins now used here. Liberty is represented looking to the right, with a dignified and almost severe expression, and wearing a Phrygian cap. In the band or fillet over the front of the head is inscribed the word: "Liberty," and at the top of the coin is the motto: "In God we Trust." Around the edge are thirteen stars, representing the thirteen original states, and at the bottom is the date. The reverse shows the eagle with the national motto *e pluribus unum* and the usual inscription. The new quarter dollar and dime will have the same head on the obverse as the half-dollar.

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An English Palace Burned.

SANDRINGHAM HALL, the Prince of Wales' residence in Yorkshire, was partially destroyed by fire recently, during the absence of the Prince and his family in London. The fire broke out in the upper story and was only extinguished after eight hours' work by the firemen. While the upper stories were more or less wrecked and the lower rooms damaged by water, the art gallery was hardly injured. On the ground floor were some famous objects of art, and many of the treasures brought from India and other distant countries by the Prince, and these escaped undamaged. The loss is estimated at $100,000. A picture of Sandringham Hall is given in this column.

SANDRINGHAM HALL.

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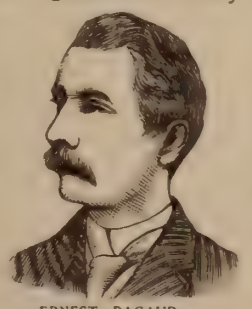
Chicago Anarchists Arrested.

FOR sometime past, the Anarchists have threatened another outbreak in Chicago, and the police have been specially watchful of Grief's Hall, a noted Anarchist resort, said to be the place where the fatal Haymarket Riot was plotted. A few evenings ago, the Anarchists met to commemorate the death of Spies and Parsons, two of the leaders who were executed several years ago. The interior of the hall was draped in red flags and speeches of a violent and incendiary character were being delivered, when a strong detachment of police broke in and dispersed the meeting, arresting twenty-five Anarchists, some of the latter armed with pistols and other weapons. During the struggle accompanying the arrest, the drapery was torn down and the entire front of the wooden building damaged. The police claim to be in possession of startling information, pointing to another plot as desperate as that of the Haymarket affair. A number of guns were seized and taken to the Central Office. The Anarchists threatened that within a short time Chicago would be shaken as it has not been since the famous outrage of 1886. It is claimed by the parties arrested that the meeting was not of an Anarchist character but was a peaceable assembly of workingmen, but this is denied by the authorities.

* * *

The Quebec Municipal Frauds.

GRADUALLY the facts connected with the Quebec Public Works scandal are coming out and our Canadian neighbors are naturally shocked at the revelation of so much corruption in official circles. Minister Chapleau has already resigned his seat in the Dominion Cabinet on account of the disclosures, and Premier Mercier of Quebec is now engaged in a bitter controversy with the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, for the same reason. A leading factor in the present trouble is Ernest Pacaud, whose portrait is given in this column. Some years ago, the Baie de Chaleur Railway was granted a charter by the Quebec government. Ex-Governor Robitaille, L. S. Riopel and others were interested. The company failed to meet its obligations to the contractors and its charter was revoked. Then a syndicate was formed, known as the Cooper-Thom Syndicate, which assumed all the old company's debts and secured a subsidy of 800,000 acres from the government, the land being valued at 55 cents per acre. Mr. Armstrong, a contractor, held a claim against the old company for nearly $300,000 and offered to take $175,000 if paid immediately. Being eager to settle, he employed Pacaud, who is owner of the government newspaper organ, *L'Electeur*, to negotiate the matter, the latter being promised $100,000 for his services. Acting-Premier Garneau issued Provincial letters of credit for $175,000 on the subsidy account, but the banks demanded that the letters be endorsed by wealthy citizens before accepting them. One man, P. Valliere, endorsed, and received as his reward a contract for $200,000 for furnishing the Montreal Court-House, which he afterward sublet for $75,000. Pacaud was paid for his share of the work in five checks. It was alleged that $5,000 of this corruption money was used for a draft for 25,000 francs, which was sent to the Premier, then in Paris. When this leaked out, Governor Angers instantly gave Mercier the alternative of a royal commission of investigation or dismissal from office. This is the present status of the scandal which has shaken the Dominion to its political centre.



ERNEST PACAUD.

NEWS NOTES.

The labor candidates in the English municipal elections have carried thirty seats.

Grand Duke George, son of the Czar, is dying of consumption at Livadia, in the Crimea.

Plots to overthrow the government of Portugal are giving the monarchy great uneasiness.

A disease, known as Asiatic black tongue, has broken out at Sheridan, Ind., and several deaths have occurred.

The Naval Court of Inquiry has exonerated Commander Cowles from responsibility for the wreck of the U. S. C. S. *Despatch*.

Six men were killed and seven injured by an explosion in No. 1 shaft of the Susquehanna Coal Mine at Nanticoke, last week.

Gen. E. Burd Grubb, U. S. Minister to Spain, was married in London a few days ago, to Miss Violet Sopwith, a wealthy Scotch lady.

Hiram Lester, aged 124, and Mrs. Mary E. Mosely, aged 80, were married at Atalanta, Ga., lately. The groom claims to be the oldest man in the world.

The proceedings in the *Itata* case have been abandoned, the United States Circuit Court holding that the steamer committed no violation of our neutrality laws.

The Cork election passed off very quietly. John E. Redmond, who aspired to succeed Parnell, was defeated, and Martin Flavin, a merchant of Cork, elected.

Timothy Healy, an Irish M. P., was horsewhipped by Mr. McDermott, a nephew of Parnell, for speaking disrespectfully of Mrs. Parnell, during a speech he made at Longford.

The government is preparing to strengthen our Pacific Coast defenses against possible attacks. It is considered not improbable that Chili, in the event of war, might attack in that quarter.

The condition of Sir William Vernon Harcourt's eyesight is such that his retirement from politics seems certain. He will never be able to assume the Liberal leadership as Mr. Gladstone's successor.

Seventeen miners were dashed to death in the Anaconda Mine near Butte, Mont., a few nights ago. They were descending in a cage when the rope gave way, and they were hurled lifeless to the bottom.

Archduke Johann, of Austria, who, over a year ago, gave up his title and position at court, and with his wife set sail for South America on a vessel of which he was captain, has been heard from. The ship was wecked off the cost of Chili, and the archduke, who took the name of Johann Orth, took service in the Chilian army and fought during the late rebellion.

Governor Buchanan, of Tennessee, has determined to send back the released convicts to the mines, and a guerilla warfare in the Coal Creek district is expected as the free miners are equally resolved to prevent their return. Nearly one-half the prisoners liberated by the miners have surrendered to the authorities, being tired of hiding in the mountains and hunted like wild beasts. Many, however, have escaped into Kentucky and may never be caught, and returned to prison.

During his journey through Germany, the Czar was the special object of Emperor William's solicitude. The greatest precaution was observed lest harm befall his Russian Majesty while on German territory. In vain the Kaiser tried to have a meeting with Alexander. The latter sent word by an attache that "he had decided to follow a pacific policy and any interview he might have with William could not change his opinion." This was done to put in question the pacific intentions of the Emperor himself.

EYES OPENED.

"And God opened her eyes."—Genesis 21 : 19.

THERE was a well of water close to Hagar all the while though she saw it not. God did not cleave the earth and cause new waters to gush forth, nor was there need. The well was there already, but for all practical purposes it might not have been there, for she could not see it. The water was spent in her bottle, her child was dying with thirst, and she herself was ready to faint, and yet the cool spring was bubbling up hard by the spot. It was needful that she should see the well, quite as needful as that the well should be there, and therefore the Lord in great compassion led her to see it, or as the text puts it, "God opened her eyes."

This is a small matter compared with the creation of a new fountain, but our God does very little things as well as very great things

When There is Need

for them. The same God who divides the Red Sea, and makes the Jordan to be dried up, opens a poor woman's eyes. The same God who came with all his chariots of fire to Paran,and with all his holy ones to Sinai, and made the mountain utterly to smoke in his presence, is he of whom we read, "and God opened Hagar's eyes." The infinite Lord is at home in doing little things; he counts the stars but he also numbers the hairs of our heads.

There may be persons present who want but very little to enable them to enter into eternal life: they need only that their eyes should be opened. May the Lord grant them that favor! Oh that he may now bid many a Hagar see his salvation! Why should the thirsty souls wait any longer? Everything is ready: they are on the borders of salvation, but they need that their eyes should be opened. Our subject at this time shall be the opening of eyes, taking rather a wide range, because it is a wide subject.

I. Our first head shall be that if our eyes were further opened

The Result

to any one among us would be very remarkable. We are at present limited in our range of sight. This is true of our natural and physical vision, and of our spiritual vision; and in each case when the range of sight is enlarged very remarkable discoveries are made. God has been pleased to open the natural eyes of mankind by the invention of optical instruments. What a discovery it was when first of all certain pieces of glass were arranged in connection with each other, and men began to peer among the stars! What a change has come over the knowledge of our race by the invention of the telescope! How much of truly devout, adoring thought, and of deep,intense, unutterable reverence has been born into the world by the Lord's having in this sense opened men's eyes!

Equally marvellous was the effect upon human knowledge when the microscope was invented. We could never have imagined what wonders of skill and of taste would be revealed by the magnifying glass, and what marvels of beauty would be found compressed within a space too small to measure. Who dreamed that a butterfly's wing would display art and wisdom, and a delicacy never to be rivalled by human workmanship. The most delicate work of art is rough,crude, raw compared with the commonest object in nature; the one is the production of man, the other the handiwork of God. Spend an evening

With the Microscope,

and if your heart be right, you will lift your eye away from the glass to heaven, and exclaim, "Great God, thou art as wonderful in the little as thou art in the great, and as much to be praised for the minute as for the magnificent." Our physical eyes thus opened by either glass reveal great marvels, and we may infer from this fact that the opening of our mental and physical eyes will discover to us equal wonders in other domains, and thus increase our reverence and love towards God.

Suppose, dear brethren, that our eyes could be opened to all our past lives. We have seen them, for we have travelled through them; but it was very cloudy when I went that way; I do not know how it was with you. None of us have our eyes thoroughly opened yet; we have hitherto been travelling through life as men who journey in a mist. Even the things which have come close to us, and have most affected us, have been hidden, as it were, in that which is not light, but darkness visible. And now if we could look back upon the whole length of our life, forty, or fifty or sixty, or seventy years, with our eyes opened, how singular it would look! Our childhood—how different that period would now appear with

God's Light Upon it.

Those struggles for a livelihood; we thought them hard, but we already begin to see what discipline there was in them, and how necessary they were for us. Those losses and crosses—why even with our present partial sight we can see how much they were for our good. Yet there remain in life some singular things which we cannot as yet explain. Why was the favorite son taken away just when all our hopes were to have been fulfilled in him? Why was the husband struck down when the little children were so dependent? Why was the wife removed when a mother's care was most needed? Why fell that daughter sick so suddenly? Why were we ourselves baulked in the moment of success? If our eyes could be opened so that we could see what would have been if things had gone differently we should all of us thank God that our lives were ordered as they have been.

A Father's Dream.

Have you never heard of one who was grievously lamenting the death of his favorite son, and falling asleep dreamed that he saw his boy alive again and that he beheld the life which that son would have led. It was such a life that he wept in his dream, and waking he blessed God that his son could never act according to what he had seen in the vision. It was better that he should be dead. Repine no more, my sorrowing friend, for that which you would have kept in your bosom might have turned into a viper,that which you thought a treasure might have burned in your heart like coals of fire. Providence has ordered all things wisely, and if our eyes were opened we should bow in adoring reverence and magnify the God who hath done all things well. Our vision will be strengthened one day, so that we shall see the end from the beginning, and then we shall understand that the Lord maketh all things work together for good to them that love him.

And now suppose, again, our eyes should be opened on the future. Ay, would you not like to spy into destiny? My curiosity is, probably, as great as yours, but still it is balanced by another faculty, and I protest that if I could see into to-morrow I would

Refuse to Look.

There is a desire in man to know what lines have been written for him in the book of fate—whether they shall be bright or dark. Ah, dear friend, if your eyes could be opened as to all that is to happen, what would you do? If you were wise, and knew your future, you would commit it unto God: commit it to him though you do not know it. If you were wise you would wish to spend that future in his service if you knew it: spend it in his service though it is hidden from you. If you knew what would happen you would feel great need for faith; you do not know what will happen, but your need of faith is precisely the same. Trust you in God, come what may.

And what, once more, if your eyes could be opened to

Look into Heaven?

Where it is we do not know. It is not very far away. At any rate the glorified know what we do here, for they rejoice over one sinner that repents. Evidently, too, it takes not long to travel thither, for it was eventide when Jesus told the thief that he should be with him in paradise that very day, and you may be sure he was there. Oh, that we could see the place of unveiled glory and unmingled bliss as we shall see it in an instant when our Father's messenger, called death, shall strike the scales from our eyes, or rather, remove these dim optics with which we blunderingly see, and let our naked spirit gaze on the reality of things without these hindering eyes, which do but inform us of their outward show. Oh. what glories shall we then see! What splendor, above the light of the sun! What music, sweeter than harpers harping with their harps! What glory! Solomon knew not the like of this.

II. In some things

Our Eyes must be Opened.

Those I have spoken about are desirable in a measure, but these are absolutely necessary. For instance, as to the divine salvation, our eyes must be opened. Hagar's case was a strange one. Picture it. She is thirsty, and her boy is dying: her instincts are quickened by her love to her child, and yet she cannot see a well of water. There it is! Close to her! Do you not see it? Just there. She cannot see it till her eyes are opened. It is as plain as a pikestaff, but she does not perceive it. Now, this is a graphic representation of the position of many a seeking sinner. There is the way of salvation, and if there is anything plain in the world, it is that road of life. The fact that twice two make four is not plainer than—believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Look unto the Son of God and live: what can be more simple? And yet nobody did understand the doctrine of "believe and live" till God opened his eyes. The well is there, but the thirsty soul cannot see it. Christ is there, but

The Sinner Cannot See

him. There is a fountain filled with blood, but he does not know how to wash in it. There stand the words, "Believe and live," simple words that need no explanation, legible by their own light, and so plain that a wayfaring man, though a fool, may comprehend them; yet, till the eternal light flashes upon the darkened eyeballs of the sinner, he cannot, and will not perceive the self-evident truth.

Whence this inability to see? I suppose Hagar's eye was somewhat darkened by her grief. She was broken-hearted, poor woman, and therefore her eye was not so clear as usual. So some souls have such grief for sin, such sorrow for having offended God, such fear of wrath to come, that they cannot perceive the truth which would comfort them. What aileth thee, poor soul? What aileth thee? It is well that thou dost grieve for sin, but Christ has come to put it away. It is well that thou dost mourn thy lost estate, but Christ has come to save thee, and there he is right before thee if thou canst but see him.

It was unbelief, too, that darkened Hagar's eyes. God had appeared to her years before, you remember, when she was in very much the same plight, and he had then given her a promise that he would make of her son that was to be born a great nation. She might have reflected that this could never happen unless the boy's life was preserved, and since he could not live without a drink of water, she should have felt confident that water would be forthcoming. She was unbelieving, but it is not ours to judge her; for, alas,

We are Unbelieving, Too.

Anxious soul, is that thy case? Oh, if thou couldst believe! Truly, thou hast good cause. It should not be hard to believe what God says, for he cannot lie; but, still, unbelief darkens many an eye.

There are many who cannot see because of self-conceit. When great self feasts his eye upon his own good works or religious performances, of course he cannot see the way of salvation by Christ alone. The Lord take these scales from thy eyes, poor sinner, for self is a great maker of darkness. I use very homely metaphors. I have sometimes even employed what the more refined call vulgar expressions: I would be more vulgar still, if I could thereby help a soul to see Christ. I tell you Jesus is near to you, and within your reach, and that salvation is close at your foot. You have but to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. But I know that, after all is said and done, if you ever see Christ it will be because the Holy Spirit opens your eyes. I cannot open them, nor any other mortal man; for since the world began it hath not been known that any man has opened the eyes of one that was born blind. Oh, that the Lord would be pleased now to open the eye of every sinner here to see salvation in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

III. I must leave that point, and finish with one more. In our present case it is

Very Desirable

that our eyes should be opened. To many it is imperatively needful at this very moment, for if not now recovered from their blindness they will die in their sins. In this great throng there are some to whom it is pre-eminently desirable that their eyes should be opened at once to see what the inevitable result of their present mode of life will be, for their blindness is the source of great peril to them. That young gentleman who is spending his money upon the racecourse and loose society, I should think he might see with half an eye what will come of his conduct. The devil never runs express trains to hell: there is no need for it, for you can go there fast enough by race-horses. The turf has furnished to many an express method of ruining their fortunes and their souls. Get into that line of things, and all it means, and all the society that goes with it, and your future needs no prophet. Many young men do not think till it is too late to think. I wish I could put a cool hand upon that hot brow and stop that young man and make him stand still and consider, O that the Lord would open his eyes.

On the Verge.

And that young woman who has begun to look (not much, as yet) on what is called gaiety. Ah, the Lord stay thee, my sister, and open thy eyes ere thou goest one step farther, for one step farther may be thy ruin. And that tradesman who has begun—no, he has not quite begun as yet,—but he is thinking about a course of trade which will land him in something more shameful than bankruptcy, I pray the Lord to open his

eyes that he may see matters in the true light. I see a man before me who is about to commit moral suicide. O for a gleam of light just now, and a touch of that finger which can open blind eyes. I cannot particularize and go into every case, but I have upon me a strong impression that I am speaking to some young man whose future depends upon his prudent pausing and careful consideration before he puts his foot down again. One step more, and you fall. I beseech you, stand still and hear what God would speak to you now. Turn thee, turn thee from thy sin and seek thy Saviour now, and he will be found of thee at once, and there will be a life honorable and bright before thee to his glory.

Sight in the Palace.

Now, leaving all these themes of thought, I would remind you that we are about to gather at the communion table and there we would sit with opened eyes. Those who love the Lord cannot endure to sit as blind men in his palace, but they long for all the sight which grace can give them.

First, we would have opened eyes that we may see Jesus to be very near to us. Do not think of him just now as if he were far away in heaven. He is there in his glorious personality, but his spiritual presence is here also. Did he not say, "Lo, I am with you alway;" and "If I go away I will come again"? He abides with us by his Spirit forever.

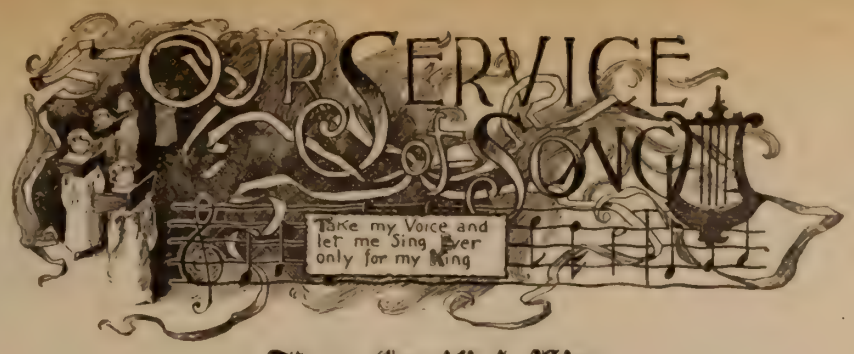
We desire that you may have your eyes opened to see what you are in Christ. You complain that you are black in yourselves; but you are most fair in him. A good man went the other day to visit a poor child who was dying, a child whom the Lord had taught many things, and the dear little fellow as he put out his wasted hand said, "So strong in Christ." He could hardly lift a finger, and yet he knew that his weakness was clothed with power in Christ. We are poor puny things, but we can do all things through Christ. We are poor foolish things, but we are

Wise in Christ.

We are good-for-nothing things, but yet we are so precious in Christ, so dear to God in Christ, as to be numbered with his jewels, and known as the Lord's peculiar portion. We are sinful creatures in ourselves, and yet we are perfect in Christ Jesus and complete in him. These are strong expressions, but as they are scriptural, they are assuredly true.

Lastly, dear friend, may the Lord open your eyes to see what you will be in him. Ah, what will you be in Christ? In a very little while we shall be with him. Let our eyes be opened to behold by faith the glory soon to be revealed. It may almost make you laugh for joy to think of your head wearing a crown—that poor head of yours. These poor aching knees, and weary feet, there will be no more toil for them. That poor scantily furnished room, and hard fare, and narrow means, and weary labor will all be exchanged for mansions of rest, bread of bliss, and new wine of delight. You know each pavement stone between here and your house, for you come so often to the Tabernacle, but you will be walking the streets of gold before long to the eternal temple above. Instead of noisy streets you will traverse paths of rest, amid the songs of seraphs and the psalms of the redeemed, and that, perhaps, within a month. Certain of us are nearer heaven than we think. Let our hearts dance for joy at the bare thought of such speedy felicity. Let us go on our way blessing and magnifying him who has opened our eyes to see the glory which he has prepared for them that love him, which shall be ours ere long. God bless you for Christ's sake.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

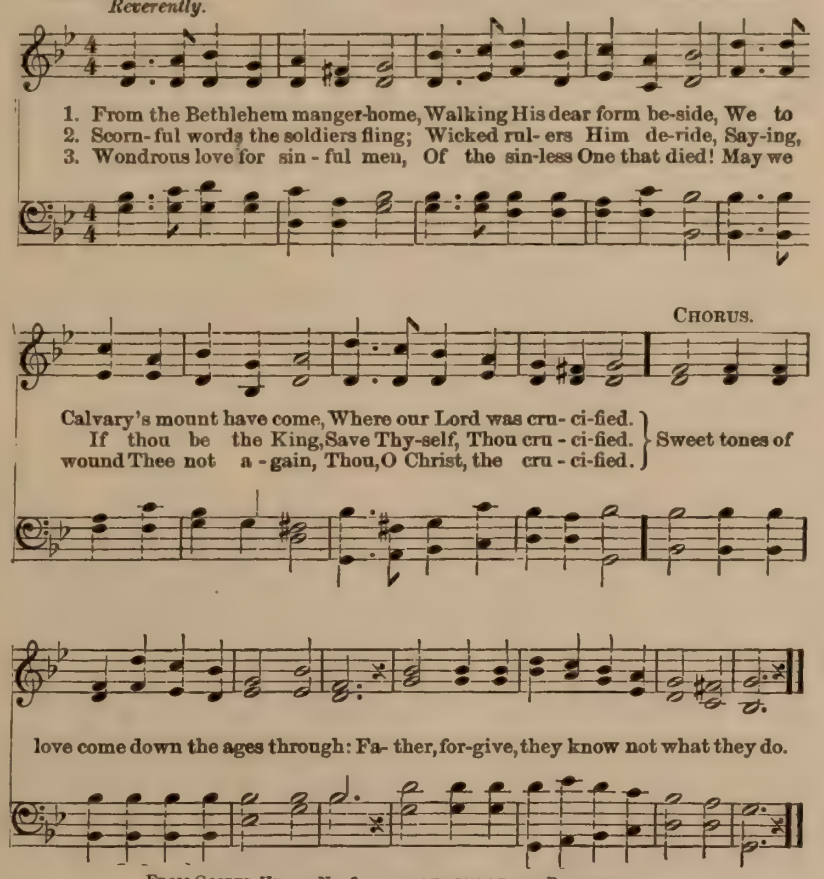


They Crucified Him.

"——and parted his garments."—MATT. 27: 35.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. GEO. F. ROOT.

Reverently.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE WATERED LILIES.*

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." (II. Cor. 4: 7.)

THE Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with tend'rest care;

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That His flow'rs were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to His feet, in the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to Me;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim:
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him!

He poured forth the living water
Over His lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That His labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flow'rs;
But He used the earthen vessel
To carry the living show'rs.

And to itself it whispered,
As He laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lie in His pathway,
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain,
And perhaps some day He may use me
To water His flow'rs again."

* A. H. McC., writes, concerning this beautiful poem: "The writer, Miss Viney, was an invalid, and beautifully describes her own case in the 4th verse."

AN ABSENT-MINDED TRAVELLER.

Talking recently with an official in a large railroad station, he expressed the opinion that no men living so needed the virtue with which the Patriarch Job was gifted as did a man in uniform on duty in a railroad depot. One instance in point he gave by way of illustration: "Only yesterday," said he, "when a train came up to this platform, a man asked me, 'Is this my train?' and I said, 'Where are you going?' he replied. 'Ay, but I don't know, I've forgotten.' 'Well,' I said, 'If you don't know, I don't, you must think, and tell me, then I shall know if this is your train or not. And,' he continued, 'he was some time before he could remember.'" There are not many travellers so absent-minded as that one, but how many are busy on the journey of life, who, if they were suddenly asked the question, "Whither goest thou?" they either do not know, or at best say, "I hope I am going to heaven." It would be well if they would consider and turn in the right direction.

WAR CLOUDS.

Is the War Foreshadowed by Journalists the one Predicted by Daniel?

SINCE M. de Blowitz, the famous correspondent of the London *Times* issued his warning to Europe that a general war would probably come from the gathering of the great Powers into two camps—Germany, Austria and Italy in Triple Alliance on the one side and Russia and France allied on the other—all the world has been watching the progress of international events with keen interest. No observers have been more intent than have been students of prophecy, who saw in the outline of the probable future, which the experienced journalist so graphically sketched, a situation resembling that described by the prophets as the one which would be evolved before the second advent of our Lord. Their studies have led them to expect a re-arrangement of the map of Europe in which the kingdoms surrounding the Mediterranean Sea and covering the territory of Cæsar's Roman Empire will number only ten, corresponding to the ten toes of the image, described in Daniel's second chapter. This rearrangement could scarcely be made without war and it will be very likely to come from such a war as M. de Blowitz foresees. When that territory is resolved into ten kingdoms, prophetic students will know that the end is very near.

Recent events tend to confirm M. de Blowitz's statements. He assured us that in spite of the fraternization of royalties there was no real cordiality between them. That underneath the compliments and fraternal greetings of the Sovereigns there was distrust and though monarchs and statesmen were talking of peace, they were in their hearts expecting war. He believed that no long time would elapse before even the appearance of friendship would be cast off and the slights and affronts which precede an open rupture would be witnessed. Confirmation of this prediction appeared on Nov. 4, in the New York *Herald* in a cable despatch from M. St. Cere, one of its correspondents in Europe, who, says the *Herald* in an editorial, "points out a dark spot on the horizon—the Czar has again passed through Germany without stopping, thereby a second time within three months offering an unmistakable snub to the Emperor William. M. St. Cere does not go so far as to say that war is near, but is convinced that all reconciliation between Romanoff and Hohenzollern is impossible, and this is a fact with which the political world will have to count." The significance of the Czar's act is more marked in view of the fact that the Emperor of Germany has twice visited the Czar in St. Petersburg while the Czar passes through Germany without a greeting. That the Emperor understood the slight, was evident from his remark that though the Czar would not visit him "he goes to Copenhagen every year just like a city merchant to dine on a Sunday with his father-in-law." Personal resentments on the part of monarchs do not lead to wars now, as they did in past ages, but they are more liable to do so in Russia and Germany than in any other countries in Europe. The general apprehension of impending trouble is also expressed by the London *Echo*, a well informed journal, in an editorial from which the following is an extract:

The Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy may be a guarantee of peace, but the Dual Alliance between Russia and France is more likely than otherwise to be provocative of war. Neither Russia nor France would, if isolated, enter on a war against any of the members of the Triple Alliance, because assailing one would make enemies of the three. What one powerful nation like France or Russia would not do single-handed, the two allied together might undertake with less hesitation. And the fear is now that a Dual Alliance has been entered into, that a comparatively slight provocation, in the present temper of France, might precipitate hostilities.

It cannot be denied that a change for the worse has, within the last two or three months, come over the spirit of France. There is a fiercer war feeling in France against Germany to-day than there has been for years past. The feeling is finding expression in the speeches of public men, in newspaper articles, and the confident attitude assumed. France will say to-day and do to-day what it would not say or do before the understanding with Russia. Whatever in reality may have been agreed between the two Governments (it may be much or it may be little, and it is more likely to be little than much), it has increased the chances of war, because fuel has been added to the fire, and sparks may produce a conflagration.

What may be said of France is applicable in a less degree to Russia. Russia, for the time, feels France almost at her feet. Russians are *feted*, and everything Russian is flattered by Frenchmen. This is the most curious fact of modern times. The Russian Bear and the Gallic Cock are fraternizing and swearing eternal friendship. Russia asks for the loan of twenty millions sterling; France offers seven times that sum; and we are told in magniloquent language that the two nations possess between them one hundred and forty millions of inhabitants, and that they have it in their power to mould the destinies of Europe and of Asia. In the meantime Germany, which was vigilant before, has to keep her eye on the frontier, and keep her hand on the sword. Germany has, in fact, to pay an immense price for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. And not only Germany; Austria and Italy are in the swim. And not only Germany, Austria, and Italy, but all Europe. Everything is in a state of unrest and uncertainty, partly, if not mainly, because German military authorities, in a moment of victory, annexed Alsace-Lorraine. The difficulty has assumed enormous and alarming proportions. Should a war break out, it cannot be a small one, and may be a great one, the greatest perhaps of this century, and a war which will write its history on desolated nations, and disgrace civilization. The present agonizing suspense is only an evil next to war.

THE GOSPEL ON THE CANALS.

ON August 6, of last year, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD published a picture of the Mission Boat, which the Rev. R. W. McAll was using on the Seine and at the seaports on the coast of France, for Gospel services. The work was continued again this summer and with marked success. The services on board the boat were not only well attended and by the class they were designed to reach, but there were permanent results in the conversion of souls and in introducing the Gospel in places where Protestant teaching was unknown. So much good has been done, and, there being no rent to pay, the cost has been so small, compared with the cost of the work in Paris and other large cities,

THE GOSPEL BOAT FOR FRENCH CANALS.

that Mr. McAll is now trying to extend it by getting a boat which can be used on the smaller rivers and canals of France. "Nearly all French rivers have been 'canalized'," says the *American McAll Record*, "wherever they were not naturally navigable, and have been provided with locks and a towing path. They are connected by fine artificial canals, some of them marvels of engineering skill, cutting through regions most unfrequented by tourists. Such a canal runs through the heart of Brittany, for example, that most picturesque and even yet almost unknown country. It has been made by uniting a number of Breton rivers, and thus opens interior communication between the great naval seaport, Brest, and the rich commercial city, Nantes. In both of these cities Mr. McAll has established mission stations which are now flourishing and could be made the headquarters of the work. With a good boat suited to the navigation of the canals it would be possible to penetrate into the remotest regions of France and bring to a people, who for generations have sat in darkness, the marvellous light of the Gospel." It is estimated that the boat (a picture of which is here given) will cost about $6,000 of which $1,000 has already being raised. If the balance can be secured, it will be possible to traverse thousands of miles of inland waterways and reach innumerable small towns and villages now unenlightened by the Gospel.

"How glorious," says the *McAll Record*, to thus carry the tiddings of great joy to charcoal burners and wood cutters in lonely forests, to dwellers in farm hamlets, to the citizens of small towns, to thousands upon thousands to whom the story, old to us, is absolutely new and undreamed of.

FORTY COMING WONDERS.

A NEW and enlarged edition has been issued of Rev. M. Baxter's famous work on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible entitled *Forty Coming Wonders*. It contains 540 pages and fifty full-page illustrations of the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. In an appendix is a resume of the opinions of eminent expositors of prophecy, ancient and modern. Price (including postage), seventy-five cents. May be had of Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

AFRAID TO DO RIGHT.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Nov. 29. John 19:8; Luke 23 : 23, 24; Mark 15:15.

PILATE'S character has always been a fruitful subject of argument. Before the *Acta Pilati* in Greek and the two Latin epistles purporting to have been written by him to the Emperor about Christ, were discovered to be spurious, the problem was more difficult than now. Apart from those documents his character presents no traits that are unfamiliar to us. Unhappily, the type is only too common even in the fuller light of our day. Everyone knows men who can be so persuaded, or bullied, or threatened that they will do what they believe to be wrong. Men, too, with an ambition to be popular, who to gain popularity, or, having gained it, to avoid losing it, will act contrary to their conscience. A Congressman or State official whose term has nearly expired and who is hoping for a re-election, might be placed in a similar dilemma. His honest opinion about some question on which he must take action may differ from that of the party whose votes elected him and on whose votes he must depend for re-election. Has he the courage to act as he believes right, or will he waive his own opinion and act as the party wishes? If the latter, he is a man who in Pilate's place would have acted as Pilate did. A business man who, as a youth, has adopted high principles as to the strict line of integrity that a Christian should follow in business, enters business on his own account. Competition is severe and his rivals are crowding him. They are unscrupulous in advertising and other business details. Will he use their weapons, misrepresent his goods, underpay his employees and resort to tricks common in the trade, but intrinsically deceptive, in order to maintain his position? If so, he is a man who in Pilate's place would have acted as he did? The instances might be multiplied indefinitely.

Pilate was the Roman procurator of Judæa acting under the governor of Syria. He was the sixth who had held the office. He was appointed in A. D. 25-26 and governed for ten years. It is believed that he was descended from a manumitted slave, but German tradition gives it that he was the illegitimate son of Tyrus, king of Mayence, and, being sent to Rome, committed a murder, for which he was banished to Pontus, where he was successful in subduing the barbarous tribes and so earned the Emperor's favor and was rewarded by being made procurator of Judæa. He outraged the religious feelings of the Jews by setting up the Roman eagles in Jerusalem and by acts of corruption and severity which the Emperor, had he known of them, would have disapproved. We learn from Josephus that his yielding to the people in the case of Jesus did not save him from disaster. In A. D. 36, he was summoned to Rome to answer the complaint of cruelty brought against him by the Samaritans, and Eusebius adds that being wearied with a succession of misfortunes he killed himself.

That he was anxious to save Jesus was evident. His perception that there was really no basis for a capital charge; and that the accusations of the priests and the mob were prompted by envy and jealousy, is manifested plainly in each of the accounts we have of the trial. But he was anxious to conciliate the people. The thinly vailed threat of exposure to the Emperor, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Cæsar's friend" made him tremble. It would not injure him at Rome if the details of *this* case were reported to the Emperor, but if he exasperated the Jews in this case, they could send other reports of his administration which would have injured him and so he was willing to oblige them by sacrificing the prisoner. Jesus must have appeared to him a common man whose fate was of small account as compared with his own interests, and he gave him up. Little could he have imagined that to the end of time that one act of his life would set his name on a pinnacle of infamy from which it would never be taken down. Little could he have dreamed that the Prisoner, for whom he would not sacrifice his interests, would one day have millions of followers, who would stand ready to give up life itself for him and count it glory to die in his cause. Little do men realize now, when they sacrifice Christ, that they may win money, or power, or popularity, what they will miss when Christ comes in his glory.

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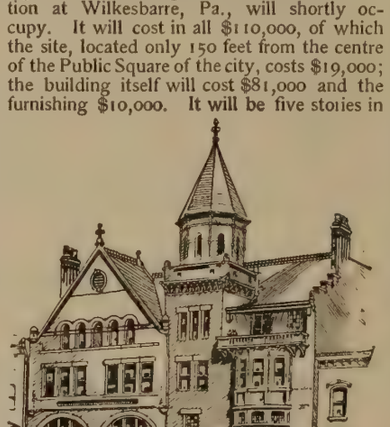
A NOTABLE BUILDING.

THE imposing edifice, a picture of which appears in this column, is an evidence of what an earnest aggressive Young Men's Christian Association can do when it has made up its mind to have a new home. This is the building which the Young Men's Christian Association at Wilkesbarre, Pa., will shortly occupy. It will cost in all $110,000, of which the site, located only 150 feet from the centre of the Public Square of the city, costs $19,000; the building itself will cost $81,000 and the furnishing $10,000. It will be five stories in



NEW Y.M.C.A. BUILDING FOR WILKESBARRE, PA.

height, and the whole will be used for association purposes except the three stores on the ground floor and a few lodging rooms on the top floor. The arrangements are excellently planned and will ensure convenience of access to every branch of the Association's work and adequate accommodation for each department. In the basement at the rear will be the gymnasium and plunge-baths. On the second floor are located the large auditorium, men's meeting-room, library, reading-rooms, members' parlor and reception-hall. The third floor contains the upper part of the auditorium, which is two stories in height, the kitchen, dining-rooms, class-rooms, etc. The top floor is divided up into smaller rooms, some of which are occupied by the janitor and various officers. The committee in charge and the energetic secretary, Mr. S. M. Bard, deserve to be congratulated on the excellent arrangements, and the association on the beautiful and commodious home it will have for its beneficent work.

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WORDS TO BREAD WINNERS.

GIRLS who are earning their own livelihood and who wear the silver cross often long to know how they may do something worthy of it. Mrs. Bottome has a few words for such girls in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She says: What shall I say to you who work day and night—school-teachers, stenographers, dressmakers—standing behind counters? You who write—"We have little leisure, because after school, or office hours, we study, practice and are at work in home duties"? Now, you say to me, "What shall we do?" O, you brave girls, what shall I say? I should say "do nothing," if I had not met a noble girl in the middle of the State of New York, who was engaged, just as you are, and who told me that the greatest joy she had was in going to the almshouse every Sunday afternoon, as a King's Daughter, to help and cheer those who were so much worse off than herself. And she had formed a Circle of her friends, and they were as happy as they could be over some old women who thought they were angels because they visited them every Sunday afternoon. And when I saw a number of girls, whose wages did not exceed three dollars a week, supremely happy finding some poor folks that they might bring them and wait on them at a Thanksgiving supper prepared by these same girls, I said, "Well, I give it up!" So I will not say to you, "do nothing," for I know how much you are doingand, I am so thankful for it. Keep clearly before your mind the one thought of being helpful to others. The way will open; the opportunity will come to you. May be it will be the winning of others in the store where you work to put on the cross; to help them to be patient with people who are trying, or to cheer some girl who is despondent. Do not think any work small that helps one human heart.

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A CALIFORNIA CIRCLE.

AMONG the reports of Circles of King's Daughters noticed in the *Silver Cross* is a very interesting letter from a member of a Circle in Oakland, Cal. The writer says: "There had been some members in the original Circle who were not Christians. One young lady said: 'I cannot join the new Order, for I am not the King's Daughter.' The Circle could not give her up, and agreed to be united in prayer for her, and their prayer has been answered, for she has been converted.

"We have a 'Whatsoever Ten,' a 'Silent Ten,' and a 'Financial Ten.' The last appears as though it had no spiritual sides, but it has. When we organized we took five cents each of our money and consecrated it to the Master's use. With it we purchased something, which was marked ours, and sold at a small advance, and the new amount expended a second time. We have a year in which to use our money, and then we will meet and give the history of each five cents. My five cents has, in three months, become $1.25." This same Ten has each a box which receives all the dimes and half dimes we do not really need. For instance, if we walk when we expected to ride, that fare goes into the box; and we find we can save a good many ice-cream and soda treats.

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THE NEW YORK SOCIETIES.

How valuable is the aid rendered to the work of the Church of Christ by the Societies of Christian Endeavor, may be realized by the figures recently presented to the New York State Convention at Utica. Mr. Jackson, the State Secretary, announced that during the past year there had been no less than 7200 conversions reported. Several of the speakers, referring to the fact, regarded it as the mere beginning of a much greater harvest yet to come; but what does it mean? Seven thousand young people rescued from the power of sin and pledged to Christ. Seven thousand new influences affecting their families, their companions, and the towns in which they live. The fact realized in its momentous meaning as to themselves and others is thrilling. The State now has 2200 Societies with a membership of 120,000, of which three-fourths are active members and one-fourth associate members. The societies are divided among the denominations as follows: Presbyterian, 720; Baptist, 530; Methodist, 350; Congregational, 250; Reformed, 210: Disciples, 38; Lutheran, 20; Quaker, 10; Episcopal 15; Union, 70. We now have something over forty-five Unions in this State. The Convention elected the following officers for the year 1892: President—Rev. H. W. Sherwood, of Rondout. Vice-President, Rev. G. E. Soper, of Rochester. Secretary, H. D. Jackson, of Buffalo. Treasurer—Geo. W. Cooper, of Albany.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN MISSOURI.

AT the recent Convention of Christian Endeavor Societies in Missouri, held at Springfield, the following figures were given by the Secretary: There are now in the State of Missouri 527 societies with over 20,000 members, an increase of 170 societies and 5,000 members over last year. The number of Junior societies has been doubled. One unique society was that at Jefferson Barracks, the only Christian Endeavor society in the United States Army. The State treasurer reported a balance in the treasury, and asked for voluntary offerings to carry on the work of the ensuing year. In fifteen minutes $900 were pledged.

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WE shall be glad to receive from readers who are members of Christian Endeavor Societies, the King's Daughters, etc., reports of the progress of the work in their localities and of any new methods which have been found successful.

TEACH ME THY WAY.

DARK cometh down ere it be late;
I stand amid the shades, and wait,
Not knowing whether left or right
Will bring me to the open gate
Where I can pass to home and light,
O God, with whom is endless day,
Guide Thou my steps; teach me Thy way.

Bid the light shine; and call me where
Thy presence fills the strengthening air,
And wisdom, justice, love and peace
Make all Thy world serene and fair,
And righteousness and joy increase
This is the goal. But far I stray;
O bring me back, teach me Thy way.

The distant lights like beacons shine;
The city they illume is mine;
The friends I love are gathered there,
Give me Thy help, O Guide divine,
For hope and faith are in my prayer;
And morn will break and I shall stand
At day-break in my father-land.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About the Japanese Volcanoes and the Great Idol of Buddha.

THE great earthquake in Japan and the dreadful loss of life it occasioned were discussed in the family circle, and the children naturally expressed sorrow for such a calamity.

"Although we have had at different times earthquake shocks in this country," said the father, "we know nothing of the horrors of living in a land where such disasters are frequent."

"Yes," spoke up Uncle John, "Japan is, above all others, the land of earthquakes."

"Have you been there, uncle?" said Thomas, the others listened intently for the traveler's answer.

"It is now four years since I visited Tokio," said Uncle. "You know the Empire of Japan, or *Dai Nippon*, as the natives call it, consists of a chain of islands lying between Russia and China, the entire archipelago being nearly 6,000 miles long and 2,000 wide. The largest island is called *Hondo*—which is simply the Japanese way of saying 'main country.' In shape, the group of islands is like an archer's bow, curved at either end, the arrow-rest or centre being at Tokio, the capital city. All the land that rises from the sea between Kamschatka and China is really a chain of volcanoes. Many of these are in a constant state of eruption, and one group of islands has been called by the natives *Kuriles*, which means 'smoke vomiters.'

"On the island of *Hondo*, where the earthquake took place three weeks ago, there are many great volcanic mountains, the largest being *Fusiyama*, which is worshipped as sacred by the natives, and from whose altitude of 12,280 feet, smoke almost continually escapes. To ascend Fusiyama, we took steamer to Kobe, going thence by train to Osaka and then going up the Kamagawa to Kioto; then we traveled inland in *jinrikshas* or native carriages drawn by hand, until we reached a village near the base of the mountain. At a glance, the geological features of the landscape are understood; here and there a circle of woods, winding around the mountain, and as we went higher, great cones of lava and cinders, forming a mountain cap four miles wide. At different points along the upper road priests are met selling relics and trinkets to pilgrims, for the ascent of Yokohama is regarded as a sacred pilgrimage of which the Japanese are very proud. Indeed, a native would rather suffer death than do anything to desecrate the mountain. Quite recently a number of Americans formed a plan to climb Fusiyama and let off skyrockets at the summit. When the two guides found out this purpose they refused to proceed, and as the Americans would not turn back, the guides committed *harikari*—slew themselves with knives, rather than anger the gods of the mountain. We bought long staves from the priests which helped us considerably, for the path was terribly steep and rocky as we went higher, and ropes and even ladders had to be used."

"At last you reached the top?" inquired one of the children.

"Yes," replied the traveler, smiling. "We had expected to find a plateau with a depression in the centre caused by the crater, but instead we found a rocky circle of lava three miles wide, in huge masses, some of them two hundred feet high, and the whole enclosing an irregular crater about two miles in circumference and two hundred feet deep. The pilgrims occupy little huts dug out of the lava rocks, and we slept in one of these that night."

"What priests were those you met there?" was asked.

"They were both Shinto and Buddhists. Shinto is the oldest worship in Japan and is still recognized as the state religion. Shintoism has as many gods as the ancient Greeks and Egyptians; ancestors are deified and almost every family has one or two gods of its own. A high official in Tokio told me there were 150 great Shinto temples in the country and nearly 200,000 smaller shrines and temples, many of them mere little huts, or images set up by the wayside. I was not surprised when he added that there were 50,000 preachers and 35,000 monks in the empire. Buddhism has a strong following in the centre or most civilized portions of the Empire.

"Our party visited the oldest Buddhist temple in the empire. It is at Naro where in a magnificent structure which took eleven years to build, is enshrined the largest idol in the world,—an image of Buddha, representing the god's body down to the waist. As we advanced, the *Dai-Butz*, as the priest called it, loomed up seventy feet high,—the god sitting on an immense stone platform ten feet high and 200 feet across—a huge, olive-colored, ugly figure of bronze. The face, which is utterly expressionless, is sixteen feet long, the eyebrow alone being five and a half feet in length and the mouth three feet across. This mammouth image and its temple were built in the reign of the emperor Shiomu 1527 years ago, and were almost destroyed by Taira Shigenira, a rebel chief, 432 years later, but were afterwards rebuilt. Again, nearly 500 years after, during a war between feudal chiefs, the image and temple were levelled to the ground."

"They didn't show much respect for their big idol, did they?" was suggested.

"Not a great deal," replied Uncle John, "but about 700 years ago it was rebuilt, and the big Buddha was set up again, his mouth, eyes and flabby face wearing the same inane expression as it did when old Shiomu had him hammered out of bronze, centuries before. I noticed spider-webs strung across the ceiling, some of them recklessly touching the face of the idol, and one had irreverently stuck fast to his nose.

"Christianity has made considerable progress in Japan since 1858, when several ports were opened to trade, and the American missionaries established themselves. One of the most active missionaries in recent years was Mr. J. McLain Brown, whose work among the young men of the University of Tokio was conducted under the auspices of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, which supplied the funds and enabled him to carry it on successfully. He was at first connected as a volunteer worker with the Central Mission of Tokio, which was burned down, and he then began the independent mission work with a view of training young Japanese students for the Christian ministry. He labored earnestly in this field until his health gave way and he was compelled to return to the United States."

"Do they have the Bible in Japan, Uncle?"

"Oh yes. Translations of the Scriptures are now widely distributed and in hundreds of places where there were formerly idol shrines to the Buddha, and Shinto gods, churches and missions have sprung up, elevating the whole empire morally and spirtually."

THE GREAT STATUE OF BUDDHA AT NARA, JAPAN.
(It is the largest idol in the world and was set up 1524 years ago.)

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The Power of Example.

A GOOD example exerts an influence that may cover a lifetime. A well known Christian merchant of Philadelphia not long ago had an urgent telegram calling him to see an old friend residing in a suburban town. When he arrived he found his friend very ill and only expected to live for a few hours. In early life, as young men, they had met in that city, in business relations, and it was at that period that the close bond of personal friendship was formed. The one who was about to pass away, had in his young manhood, a cousin, a beautiful young lady, in this city, in whose society both these friends passed much time. On one occasion she gave an elegant party, at which both were in attendance. During the evening when refreshments were served, she came to the friend of her cousin and asked him to drink with her a glass of wine. Very fond of her the young man was sorely perplexed, but finally declined saying: "I will do anything for you that I properly can, but I cannot drink the glass of wine" Turning from him with somewhat of an air of displeasure, she said: "Well, I will go to ——" (her cousin), "He will drink it with me." She crossed the room to her cousin, extended the invitation to him with the air of confident expectation, but he also declined, greatly to her astonishment and not a little to her chagrin.

In this last interview, many years afterward, one thing which passed between those two old friends was the statement of the one who was about to die, to the effect that he was at that time an observer across the room of what transpired with his cousin, and though he had never before thought of abstaining from intoxicating beverages, influenced by the example of his friend, he determined to decline. He wished now to make acknowledgment of gratitude for this eventful incident in his life, which had saved him from excesses and ruin which, in his case, would have almost certainly followed the continuance of the drink habit.

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A FAMOUS WOMAN'S CHILDHOOD.

FREDRIKA BREMER, the great authoress, and her sisters used to hide in the rooms of their governess or nurse when they heard the step of father or mother. The first duty of each morning was to go to their mother, not for a kiss and a loving look, but to be criticised and scolded if they did not enter the room gracefully.

They had to curtsey at the door, walk slowly up to Madame Bremer, and kiss the tips of her extended fingers. Fredrika could never stand, sit, walk or curtsy well enough to please her mother, writes a recent biographer, and she was often obliged to go through the whole performance several times, and be blamed for her awkwardness besides.

Madame Bremer had three principles in the government of her children—two of which were good and one which was very bad. They were to be kept in ignorance of the evil that is in this world, they were to be thoroughly taught by the best professors, and they were to eat as little as possible. She fancied that eating as much as they wished would make them dull about learning, and vulgar-looking as well; she desired her daughters to become sylph-like and slender.

Breakfast consisted of a tiny basin of cold milk and a very little piece of thin, hard rye biscuit. Dinner was always eagerly welcomed, for then the children were always allowed to eat of three of the four or five dishes which composed the meal; they tasted very good to the poor, half-starved things. At night, the rye bread and cold milk appeared again. Miss Bremer's sister declared in after life that she never had seen bowls so small as those used at home.

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Mother-Training.

WHEN the child is in the mother's arms and under the father's care, writes the Rev. S. H. Virgin in *Occident*, and the visible work of informing the mind and molding character by outward impressions has begun, there must needs be a clear idea of the relation of parent to child, as well as of the impressibility of the child, for any successful work of training. I am sure there is great lack here. The sculptor who had no plan, the weaver who had no design, the lace-worker who had no pattern would produce nothing acceptable. A blow such as a child sometimes receives in an impulse of correction would destroy months of work in other departments. Everything also impresses the young child, from the pattern of the mother's dress to the paper on the wall of the room. Tones of voices are interpreted in the child's soul and direct its rapidly unfolding being.

If all these matters would enter into the parent's thought, the work of training would be much simplified. The substitution of principle for impulse would also better the training. Correction in haste and under strong feeling defeats its purpose. A stubborn purpose has been implanted in the child's soul at the time of a hasty and unbalanced reproof.

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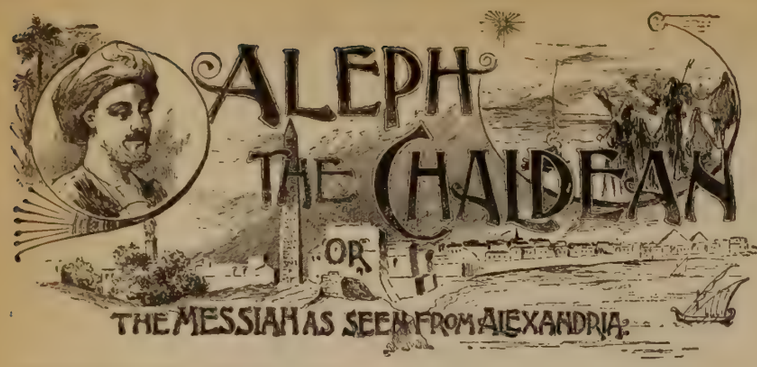
Harmonious Living.

LET us, as far as in us lies, not unnecessarily offend, provoke, or irritate others with whom we may be associated in life. To this end, we must scrupulously respect their rights, whether of person, of family, or of property, all which are recognized in the moral law, and which constitute the basis of society. We must also strictly regard the feelings of others, those tender, quick sensibilities with which God has guarded our social relations, and which are in their proper development and exercise a mark of refined and elevated character. And we must further respect even the infirmities of others. Some are constitutionally over sensitive—touchy; some are so through age, and some are so through ill health. Some are specially sensitive upon certain subjects, or with us because of certain experiences in the past. Now, these may all be weaknesses, which ought not to be indulged. Nevertheless, we must regard them—just as a judicious parent regards the shrinking modesty of a timid child, just as we all humor the whims of a dear old grandmother, and tenderly consider the nervousness of a sick friend.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER IV. *Continued.*

AS they came up to the Diapleuston there burst from the summit of the side tower a chorus of trumpets—rich, soft, yet far-sounding Looking up they saw seventy men standing behind a circular balustrade and chanting through silver trumpets toward all points of the compass.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts," went sounding broadly forth over the city.

They were met just within the doors by Alexander himself—to whom Aleph presented his "preceptor and friend" Cimon. The Alabarch received them with great courtesy, and thanked the young man for the service rendered to his daughter the day before; and when Aleph expressed the hope that she had quite recovered from her in disposition, he said:

"Quite so, she tells me; and so I have brought her with me to give thanks for the good news this morning received that her nurse continues to mend."

And he led the way toward a distant canopy not far from the centre, near which his daughter was sitting. She was simply dressed and closely veiled; but Aleph had no difficulty in recognizing the exquisite shape and bearing of the Gem of Alexandria.

Alexander then said that he had asked them to come somewhat in advance of the congregation, partly in order that they might have time to look about them, and to get familiar with the building before the services begin.

"Walk about freely," he continued, "until the trumpets cease summoning; then return and occupy the seats yonder (he pointed.) They are reserved for visitors in accord with us. Meanwhile I have to meet the elders."

He bowed himself away; and they began to look about them. But few people had yet come in. It was the largest and finest synagogue in the world. Just before them, abutting on the east side of the building, was a low platform surrounded by a delicate silver railing and surmounted in part by a canopy of cloth of gold. Under this was an ornate seat curiously wrought in various precious woods. Near the front of the platform stood an equally elaborate reading-desk, with several rolls upon it. By the side of the platform was a door by which Alexander had disappeared: and in front of the platform, arranged in several semicircles, were the famous seventy gilded chairs for seventy elders of thy synagogue. Back of these were the seats for the families of the elders with a narrow aisle separaitng the males from the females. On the first seat to the left of this passage sat Rachel. Behind these seats, and skirted by immense columns on either hand, ran a broad aisle from end to end of the synagogue. The building was so long that the signal for the responses had to be given by a flag to the more remote worshippers; for all were supposed to join vocally in the prayers as read at the centre, though addresses to the people were made simultaneously at several other platforms placed at convenient intervals. The walls were covered with Scripture verses in both Hebrew and Greek, beautifully done in mosaic, one wall with prayer, and other with praises, a third with the Ten Commandments, a fourth with the leading Messianic prophecies. One mystery of the building was the pleasant illumination without any sign of windows or sources of artificial light.

While they were lingering over the Messianic inscriptions they suddenly awoke to the fact that the synagogue was becoming thronged and that the trumpets were about concluding their sonorous chant. So they made their way back, as rapidly as the incoming stream of belated worshippers would allow, to the seats whiche had been shown them.

Amen, sang the trumpets in long-drawn note from their tower. Amen, answered the packed multitudes on their knees. The door at the side of the platform opened; and the seventy elders, with Alexander and another young man, who strongly resembled him, at their head, entered in long, flowing robes elaborately fringed and decorated on the breast with phylacteries, letters in gold. The leaders ascended the platform: the others passed on to the gilded chairs. The Alabarch seated himself under the canopy: his companion advanced to the lectern, bowed his head upon it for a moment, then placed the talith on his head—and at once the service began.

Began with a doxology—spontaneous, universal, mighty; flooding the whole temple with rhythmic billows of uplifting sound. As the last note died away, the man at the desk began to read from a roll that vivid picture of the consequences to Israel of both obedience and disobedience contained in Deut. 28th—read them sonorously and with great distinctness, but not without something of the artificial and professional in his tone—read them with here and there a word of comment which did not always content itself with the literal sense instead of an allegorical and mystical one. This reading concluded, he waved a small flag; and all the people broke out again into a doxology—this time the entire psalm, beginning with, "Praise ye the Lord; praise the Lord, O my soul; while I live will I praise the Lord," in a rapid and triumphant march of unified sound. He then proceeded to read on his knees, the people all kneeling, the prayer contained in the psalm that begins "Give ear, O shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock, thou that dwellest between the cherubims shine forth;" at the conclusion of which he waved his flag again and a universal Amen arose. This was followed by readings from the prophets of selections commonly understood to point to the Messiah. Again the flag waved, and the people exclaimed as with one voice, but in a plaintive tone:

"Though he tarry long, he will surely come."

The reader then became a preacher. His theme was the Messiah. He spoke of the certainty of his coming, of the time and other circumstances of it, of the character and functions that would belong to him, of the way in which he would prove himself, and of the universal current expectation of Him among their own people, He showed that from the beginning of the race hints of him had been given—hints that gradually enlarged and brightened as the ages rolled on, until, in the later prophets, all veils were removed and the dimmest eye could see the King that cometh in the name of the Lord. As to the time—he shared the common belief of the present and the last generation that the time was near, if not already arrived. How could the dates of Daniel be reconciled with any other view? To be sure, some allowance should be made for round numbers: it would not do to say that this or next year is the time for the Coming; but after all it is safe to say in a general way that we are living in the times of Christ. It ought not to surprise them if he should come to-morrow. As to the family from which he is to spring, the place of his birth, the forerunner, Elias, he is to have, there is and can be but one opinion. Exactly how he will prove himself to the people it were hard to say: perhaps by a supernatural beauty and glory of person, perhaps by a mysterious inward voice speaking to the whole nation as it spoke to individual prophets, perhaps only by his wonderful success over all obstacles in becoming our Redeemer and King.

The preacher evidently did not deem it wise to be at all specific on this last point—the conquering and kingly character of the Messiah—in a city held by the Romans for the Cæsars. He contented himself with glittering generalities. He spoke ornately and enthusiastically of the prosperity and felicity of Israel in the golden age that was sure to come. What the Gentiles call by that name was a poor thing compared with that which was knocking at the doors of the Chosen People.

He, however, cautioned his hearers not to allow themselves to be impatient in their waiting for this good time. Their faith might be tried. They must be on their guard against pretenders. It would not be strange if the current expectation should itself produce false Christs. It would seem indeed as if this had already happened. At this moment, as most of them knew, there was a man in Judæa who was making much noise with his claims, but whom the principal men of the nation did not feel able to accept. When the true Messiah comes he doubtless will commend himself to the natural leaders of the people. Meanwhile the people should rest quietly in their various places and occupations.

When the orator had finished, the Alabarch rose and gave the usual invitation to approved persons to speak—immediately adding, however, that he saw that one of their own elders, Simeon the son of Simeon, had returned from Jerusalem, and that whatever account he could give of religious matters there would be acceptable.

A venerable-looking man rose from among the Seventy. He brought salutations from the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem. They had been much disturbed over the case of Jesus of Nazareth to whom the preacher had just referred. The multitude were disposed to listen to him; attributing to him many signs and wonders, and asking whether he is not the Messiah. It was not clear, however, that he himself had put forward any such claim. His Messiahship seemed to be merely an inference of the multitude from his wonderful works at a time when all are on the lookout for the Shiloh. As to the reality of these wonderful works, the brethren of the Great Council and the principal men generally do not seem to call it in question. They concede that Jesus has, with a word or a touch, cured all sorts of incurable diseases; given sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, wholeness to the maimed, reason to the insane, and even life to the dead. Two of them, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, a cousin of the great teacher Gamaliel, go further than this, and affirm that no man could do such mighty works unless God were with him. "If such deeds could not prove a Divine mission, they were at a loss to see how such a mission could ever be proved. How was Moses authenticated?" But the rest agree in ascribing the marvels to magic and evil spirits; especially as there never has been known a time when so many people seemed possessed with demons. They say that they are compelled to resort to this explanation, not merely by the fact that Jesus speaks so unfavorably of the ecclesiastical authorities and of their oral traditions, but still more by the fact that he does not answer in origin, appearance, or aims to the Messiah. The Messiah comes from Bethlehem, Jesus from Nazareth: the Messiah comes from the royal family of David, Jesus from a peasant family of no property or social standing; the Messiah is a mighty King and Deliverer, Jesus is plain in his appearance, associates even with publicans and sinners, and has nothing of the warrior and statesman about him—in fact, says that his kingdom is not of this world. He has even been understood to give out that his mission here is to teach and suffer, rather than to conquer and reign. Such a person differs so widely from what they have been accustomed to expect and from what the Sacred Books have been supposed to promise, that the leading brethren in Judea, with the exceptions mentioned, are unanimous in ascribing the miracles of Jesus to the Evil One, and in trying to break his influence with the people. Whether they will succeed seems doubtful. But their determination to do so is very strong and will probably lead to severe measures. He was sorry not to be able to judge of the man from personal observation; but Jesus at the time was in Galilee, and could not be reached in the time at command. Besides, it was evident that a visit of Simeon to Jesus would be looked upon as a discourtesy by the chief men, so high runs the tide of feeling.

Such in a few words was the purport of what Simeon said in more.

The reading of the psalm beginning, "Give the king thy judgments O God, and thy righteousness to the king's son;" the waving of the flag; Amen and Amen by the people, as with one voice, concluded the service.

The congregation rapidly disappeared through the many doors that suddenly revealed themselves; for the architect had thought it possible that occasion might arise for a hasty evacuation of the premises—had also thought it possible to have the means of egress as unnoticeable by a stranger as were the means of light. But a few of the elders, among whom were Alexander and the preacher, gathered about Simeon, whose chair stood near the danghter of Alexander. Cimon and Aleph had also lingered; it may be with the idea of making some inquiry of Simeon or the preacher. Seeing this, the Alabarch beckoned them near, and, simply introducing them as co-religionists, proceeded to say to Simeon:

"I am sorry that you were not able to see and hear Jesus for yourself."

"My desire was strong to do so: and I did my best to get as near as possible to personal observation. I sought reliable information from all quarters. There seemed to be no difference of opinion, even among his greatest enemies, as to the reality of his miracles."

"What do you understand," inquired another elder, "to be the general character of his teaching? How does he treat our Sacred Writings?"

"With the highest honor. It is agreed on all hands that no word has fallen from him that savors of irreverence toward the Law and the Prophets; on the contrary, he makes them final authorities on all matters of which they speak; and when he rebukes the leaders of the people it is in their name. He does not belong to the synagogue of Malus."

"That is a great point in his favor," said another. "But are his own manners and morals blameless in the view of the Law?"

"I must confess that I heard nothing to the contrary—not being able myself to see wrong in a religious teacher eating and drinking like other people, or in his being accessible to the lowly and sinful."

"Have not I heard you say, brother Philo," said Alexander to the preacher, "that the chiefs of the people charge Jesus with blasphemy? Blasphemy can hardly be considered a point of good behavior."

"I spake as I heard," said Philo. "Perhaps Simeon can tell us whether I heard correctly."

"It seems," said Simeon, "that Jesus has sometimes spoken of himself as the Son of God; and, in a mysterious way, of a certain unity between himself and his heavenly Father; and, probably, it is this lofty way of speaking of himself which has given occasion for the charge of which you speak."

"Do not the prophets sometimes use language equally strong about the Christ?" asked Cimon, deferentially.

"For example," said Aleph: "His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father."

"Such passages, I believe, have always been understood by many among us as declaring that the Christ will not be a mere man, but will have something of a Divine quality about him," said Alexander, reflectively.

"Perhaps, then," added Cimon, "it is not so much the magnificence of the claims of Jesus that has led the fathers at Jerusalem to view him as a blasphemer, but rather the striking contrast between such claims and the humble appearance and circumstances of him who makes them, and which have already led them to decide against him. Of course, if he is not the Christ, such lofty pretensions are blasphemous—not otherwise."

"But it appears to me," said another elder, Ben Abner, whose dress was specially showy, phylacteries many, and air specially haughty, that the humble condition of the man is itself decisive against him. Our wise men, for generations, have understood from the Scriptures that the Messiah would appear in great splendor as a conqueror and king. For my part I expect no other Messiah, want no other, will have no other. I hope they of Jerusalem will away with the impostor." He spoke with flashing eyes.

"So I think," said half a dozen voices with emphasis and gesture.

"Possibly the friends of Jesus would say," returned Simeon coolly, "that great endings sometimes have small beginnings, and that there is time enough yet for outward splendor. Indeed, I happen to know that this is what some of his friends do say. But others claim, and I must confess that this is what Jesus himself seems to teach, that the prophets have been misunderstood; that the kingdom and the glory and the conquests of which they speak are spiritual and perfectly consistent with a lowly and even suffering Messiah. And for evidence they appeal to the prophecies of Isaiah and other Scriptures. Perhaps our friend Philo, who believes so thoroughly in the allegoric and spiritual meanings of our sacred Books, will not blame this interpretation as some do."

Philo smiled at this, and said that he never intended to spiritualize away the Scriptures. It would be very hard for him to give up the brilliant hopes that had so long been entertained as to the times of the Messiah and what he would do for his Israel.

(To be Continued.)

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of The Christian Herald. Back numbers on application.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

R. J. Adams, Neosho, Mo. See answer to M. C., Vandalia, Mich., in next column.

The poem: "The Master walked in his Garden," concerning which inquiry was made in this column, will be found on page 729 of this issue.

I. Newton McQuoid, New Concord, O. The question: "Does God justify the State in taking a murderer's life?" was fully discussed in No. 35 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Subscriber, Millington, Morris Co., N. J. Write to the Librarian, Cooper Institute, for information desired.

Victor Eli Sherman, Leonardsburg, O. 1. Was the Sabbath kept by Adam and Eve, and the people of that time, before the commandments were given on Mount Sinai? 2. What was Lot's wife's name? 3. Who first advocated temperance and where?

1. See Gen. 2: 3, 12. As Adam was the Lord's husbandman he probably followed the Divine example. 2. Not given. 3. Father Mathew, in Ireland.

Mrs. M. Hatch, South Eastern, N. Y. Will you please inform me where I can find the poem of which one verse is as follows:

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright, shining, like the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

Probably some reader of the THE CHRISTIAN HERALD can furnish the information asked.

Mrs M. E. S., Beloit. What evidence can you give that the soul realizes its existence as soon as released from the body, or that it does not remain in an unconscious state until the resurrection?

See answer to C. K. J., Philadelphia in No. 9 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. See also the Saviour's words to the thief on the cross: "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

J. H. N., Luton, Iowa. Is it denying the Master when in a testimony meeting we do not at the request of the minister rise and speak?

No; no man has a right to demand your testimony unless you feel impelled to give it. It should come freely and voluntarily. At the same time, if any man who believes in Christ and has experienced salvation through him, remains unmoved when the opportunity for publicly confessing the Master arrives, we cannot conceive the condition of such a man's mind.

Subscriber, Amsterdam, N. Y. 1. Is the moral character of George Washington questionable? 2. Does Fanny Crosby dictate her hymns? 3. What are the addresses of William Winter, Robert Burdette, Ex-Gov. St. John, and Edna Dean Proctor?

1. Consult a standard biography. We know no other source of reliable information. 2. We believe so, as she is blind. 3. Address Mr. Winter at N. Y. *Tribune*, Mr. Burdette at Brooklyn *Eagle*, Mr. St. John at Topeka, Kan. Miss Proctor's address we do not know.

A Subscriber, N. Y. City. What authority have public speakers for using the plural "we" when referring to themselves individually?

None that we know of. The first person is generally used in public speaking and the plural in editorial writing—the latter being a time-honored custom to avoid the appearance of egotism in expressing opinion. As the editor speaks *for* his public and the orator *to* his public, the same rule does not apply.

Garrett Jones, Allenton, N. J. What is the difference between the Protestant and Catholic Bibles?

There are typical and verbal differences in the translations. Besides, the Douay or Catholic Bible divides the Commandments differently, and includes several apocryphal books and other portions found in the Vulgate, but expurgated from the standard English Scriptures of the Protestants, known as King James' Bible, which is now being gradually superseded by the Revised Version.

Constant Reader, Oberlin, O. 1. Do the signs of the times at the present day point to the downfall of our Republic? 2. What nations are now on the decline? 3. What countries have fallen through corruption? 4. What per cent. of the people of the United States are Christians?

1. Official extravagance and corruption, and private immorality are infallible premonitions of a nation's decadence. In proportion as these prevail is the danger of our Republic's downfall. 2. Most notably Turkey and Spain. Rome, Egypt, Babylon, Persia and Greece. 3. In speading of our religion as a nation, it would be proper to classify the entire population as Christian, as distinguished from such other religions as Mohammedanism, Buddhism and Confucianism, but it is impossible to individualize and estimate how many are agnostics, how many infidels, and how many actual converts and followers of Jesus, in the highest spiritual sense.

Subscriber, N. Y. City. Your issue of October 14, has the question, "Can a man who has two living wives be a Christian, provided he has a divorce from the first one?" and is answered by referring to Mark 10: 11, 12 as being the Saviour's own words on this point. Now is not Matt. 19: 3-10 just as good authority, and does it not teach that the pure are not to be sacrificed to the impure?

If a divorce has been obtained on the Scriptural grounds, from the first wife, it is justifiable. A Christian is allowed to procure a divorce on such grounds as Christ indicated. (see Matt. 19: 9.)

E. R. Williamsville, Va. Did Paul refer to the Old or to the New Testament in his remark to Timothy about the Scriptures being able to make him wise unto salvation? 2. Timothy 3: 15.

Timothy could not have been familiar from a child with the New Testament in the form in which we have it. The very epistle in which the words occur, which forms part of the New Testament, obviously could not have been written then. Probably the Gospel of Mark was in existence, but it is doubtful if any other part of the New Testament could have been accessible to the boy. The Old Testament, however, would be taught him by his mother, who was a Jewess, and who appears to have had charge of him after the death, or in the absence of his Greek father. Christ's words in reference to the Old Testament Scriptures (John 5 : 39), justify Paul's declaration.

M. C., Vandalia, Mich. What are the best helps for a poor man, who is just entering the ministry? What kind of books should he have and where can he procure them?

The best helps are *Henry's Commentaries*, a good *Biblical Encyclopedia* and an *Oxford Teachers' Bible*. The Commentaries can be procured second-hand of some bookseller; the Encyclopedia will cost more and may require some saving and self-denial; the Oxford Teachers' Bible you can procure by sending $2 and a new subscriber to THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. These three furnish a whole library of valuable information to the beginner in the ministry.

THE BEST

protection
against sudden
changes in the weather
is to purify
the blood
with

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes
and enriches
the life-current, and
makes the weak
strong.

Has Cured Others
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THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST AT HAND. It says in Ecclesiastes 4: 15, "I considered all the living which walk under the sun, with the second child that shall stand up in his stead." Who are these living? Who is this second child? A sermon will be held forth by J. Wiele at the Christian-Israelite Church, 108 First Street, New York, Sunday, November 15, at 7:30 p. m. Seats free. Service will be held every second Sunday evening through the season. Two different books on this doctrine can be obtained at 12 cts. each. Address J. Wiele, 143 North Sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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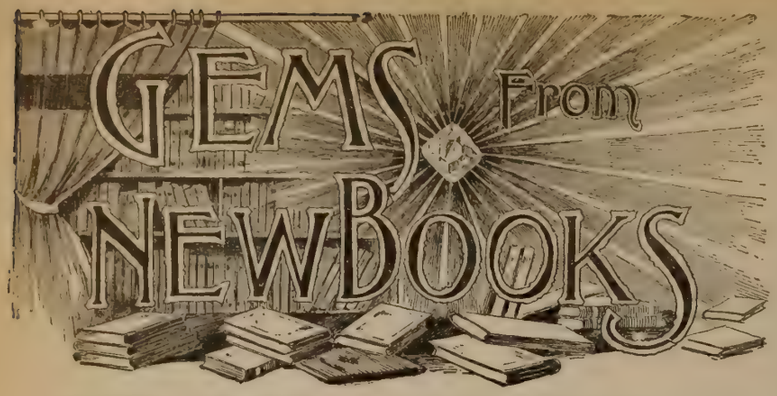
☞ See *New York World* and *Philadelphia Press*, May 18 and 19, 1890; also *Christian Observer* and *Medical Journal*, April 9, 1890. The *Christian Evangelist*, May 30, 1890, says editorially: "The Kola Plant is a gift direct of God, to sufferers from Asthma, and His blessing will rest upon Stanley and associates, explorers of the Dark Continent. It is an unfailing cure for Asthma." ☞ **Remember, No Pay Until Cured.**



ACROSS RUSSIA.*

Czar Peter's Metropolis.

ST. PETERSBURG, like Washington, is a city of magnificent distances. The streets are wide and very long and with few exceptions, far from clean. The open squares are of immense size; the houses and public buildings are upon the same scale, and yet the impression which is produced upon the mind is not, one of grandeur but of attempted greatness. There is a saying of a Russian poet: "Human hands built Rome; divine hands created Venice; but he who sees St. Petersburg, may well say 'This town is the work of the devil.'"

Peter the Great knew what he was about, when he founded his capital on the morasses of the Neva. He wanted, as Algaroth says, "a window by which the Russians might look out into civilized Europe." He knew that his subjects were barbarians and that if Russia was to rise in power and hold a place among the nations, civilization must come in, and it could come in at that time only by way of the Baltic Sea. He meant to bring the arts of civilized life into Russia and also to draw the Russian nobles away from the Asiatic indolence of the interior provinces to an active and bustling seaport, connected with the western world, and he accomplished his purpose. Thieves, criminals and noblemen alike were compelled to assist in building the city, for two thousand of the former who had been sent to Siberia were set at work here, and every noble and merchant was obliged to build a house in the new city. The wild beasts disputed the territory with its inhabitants even after Peter had built his own house, and a church to St. Peter and St. Paul.

How an Emperor Died.

The vanity and emptiness of earthly treasures was brought forcibly home to the heart, when we went from these magnificent rooms (in the Winter Palace), to the chamber where Nicholas the First died during the Crimean War. It was a small plain room, with his hard camp-bedstead, military cloak, helmet and sword, just as they were left thirty-six years ago. After the battle of Alma, his constitution yielded to the enormous strain which had been put upon it, but his fortitude did not desert him. When his physician told him he must die, he simply said: "I forgive my enemies; telegraph to my subjects: 'Your Emperor is dying.'" Then he blessed his children and grandchildren, thanked his ministers and the army for their bravery at Sebastopol, and calling his son to his bedside, he said: "My great wish has been to take upon myself all the toils and duties of a sovereign, and to leave you a flourishing and well-ordered empire. God has ordered otherwise. Now, I am going to pray for Russia and for you. After Russia, I have loved you more than anything else on earth." And so he died. Alas! the successor from whom he so tenderly parted was to meet a fate tragical and piteous beyond most of the royal tragedies which history records.

A Russian Betrothal.

In former times there was an interesting ceremony here on Whit-Monday, called "choosing the bride." Young women, arrayed in their best clothes and ornamented with all the jewels they could beg or borrow, were ranged in lines by their mothers under the trees. The young men were paraded up and down in front of the blushing beauties by their fathers. If there were any signs of mutual interest or attraction between the young people, the parents would converse and manage to introduce the children to each other. An acquaintance followed and the way was clear for negotiations, betrothal and marriage. So eager were the mothers to make good matches for their daughters that in order to increase their attractiveness, they sometimes loaded them with gold and jewelry till their natural charms were quite hidden. There is a story of one Russian mother who, being at a loss to think of any fresh charm, made a necklace of silver-gilt teaspoons.

In the Thieves Market.

The "Thieves' Market" (in St. Petersburg) is a strange sight! We drove there under a careful escort. Several thousand acknowledged thieves were crowded into stalls, and shops, and booths, and tents, and in the open square, with their goods on the dirty pavements. The din was frightful and a more repulsive and dreadful mass of human beings I have never seen. The cunning and eager faces, with thin lips and quick, glancing eyes of restless fear, haunted my dreams for many nights. Beautiful silver and clothing worn to rags, false jewels and bad bank notes are for sale. It is a capital place for a foreigner to be cheated and robbed. We were warned to remember the service where it is said "we brought nothing into this world and it is certain that we can carry nothing out;" for the stranger who goes in full, may not get away without having his purse cut out of his pocket, his handkerchief removed and the very rings stripped off his fingers. Kriloff gives a conversation between two Kupzi which illustrates how the rogues in the bazaar cheat and circumvent each other. "See, cousin," says one, "how God has helped me to-day. I have sold for 300 roubles some Polish cloth that was not worth half the money; it was to an idiot of an officer, whom I persuaded that it was fine Dutch. See—here is the money—30 fine red bank notes, absolutely new."

"Show me the notes, my friend. They are every one of them bad. Out upon you, fox! Do you let yourself be cheated by a wolf?"

* From *Across Russia; From the Baltic to the Danube;* by Charles Augustus Stoddard. Pp. 258; price $1.50. *Charles Scribner's Sons,* Publishers, New York. The unbiased record of an interesting journey through the Czar's Empire.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sunshine in Life: Poems for The King's Daughters. Selected and arranged by Florence Pohlman Lee. About two hundred authors are represented in this volume, including Charles Wesley, Sternhold, Doddridge, Barbauld, John Milton and Keble. Pp. 405; price $1.50. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 West 23d St., New York.

Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist? by Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard. Pp. 264; price $1.50. Published by Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia.

History of Calvary Baptist Church, New York: Prepared under the Direction of the Officers of the Church. Elegantly bound and beautifully illustrated. Published by E. Scott, 134 West 23rd St., New York.

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They are also clear, transparent, not misty or milky; they fit and stand upright; shape and proportions are right to direct the draft upon the flame.

They cost a little more than rough and wrong chimneys of common glass that break continually.

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Other Important Articles Include a series by the distinguished American poet, Edmund Clarence Stedman, on Poetry; Edward Eggleston on American Speech; a great series on the American Indian—"The Indian's Side"; interesting illustrated papers on "The Jews in New York," their family life, customs, etc., with other papers on New York life; articles on the Government of Cities; articles by famous French musicians (Gounod and others); papers by the well-known war-correspondent Archibald Forbes, etc.

TWO MAGNIFICENT ISSUES

Are the November and December numbers (November begins the new volume). In the former are first chapters of Rudyard Kipling's great novel, Bill Nye's "Autobiographies," etc., etc. December will be a superb Christmas number, full of engravings and interesting reading, with a cover printed in gold. Do not miss these issues. A year's subscription costs $4.00. Subscriptions are taken by newsdealers and booksellers generally, by postmasters, and by the publishers. Remit by post-office or express order, bank check, draft, or in registered letter.

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No. 6.—For 50 cts., and 4 cts. for Postage, 5 Christmas Booklets, including one shaped booklet in the form of an animal.

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Paper by the Pound. We guarantee our prices **lowest** in America. Sample sheets of paper and envelopes from **10 cts.** a pound and upward, with prices and number of sheets to a pound, sent on receipt of **15 cts.** These papers are the correct sizes and finish for fashionable correspondence.

SPECIAL OFFER. **On orders of $10 and over we will prepay freight charges to nearest railroad station. Club your orders with friends and take advantage of this. Agents and dealers should correspond with us.**

Engraved Visiting Cards. For $1.75 we send a copperplate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding and Class-day Invitations, Street Dies, Crests and Stamping. Samples free on application. All the work is done on our premises. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards. We guarantee satisfaction.

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H. H. CARTER & CO., 3 Beacon Street, Boston.

COALS OF FIRE.

A New Way of Catching a Thief and What Came of It.

A MAN had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a member of the Society of Friends. Every night he would go softly to the crib, and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Friend's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very annoying, and must be stopped —but how? One said, "take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes and fire." Others said, "catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Friend was not prepared to enter into such measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time to bring about his reformation, if possible, so he fixed a trap close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The neighbor proceeded on his thieving mission at the hour of midnight, bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust in his hand to seize some corn, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it. In vain he tugged and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it more secure. After a time the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disagreeable watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber, but lo! there was no rest or sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Friend looked out of his window and found that he had "caught his man."

What was to be done! Some would say, 'Go out and give him a good horse-whipping, just as he stands, and then release him; that will cure him." But not so said the Friend. Such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"How does thou do?" said he as he came within speaking distance. The poor culprit made no answer but burst into tears.

"Oh, fie!" said the Friend, as he proceeded to release him, "I am sorry that thou hast got thy hand fast. Thou hast put it into the wrong place or it would not have been so."

The man looked crest-fallen, and begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat.

"Stay, friend, thy bag is not yet filled. Thou needest corn, or thou would not have taken such pains to get it. Come, let me fill it," said the Friend.

The poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag, while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercise with the pleasantest conversation imaginable, all of which was like daggers in the heart of his mortified victim.

The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped to be soon out of the presence of his tormenter. But again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the Friend, as the man was about to hurry off, having uttered once more his apologies and thanks. "Stay, Ruth has breakfast ready ere this; thou must not think of going without breakfast. Come, Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable. This was "heaping coals" with a vengeance! In vain the mortified neighbor begged to be excused, in vain he pleaded to be released from this so great a punishment. The Friend was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast being over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped his victim to shoulder the bag, "if you need any more corn come in the daytime and thou shall have it."

With what shame and remorse did the guilty man turn from the dwelling of the Friend! He never again troubled the Friend's corn crib. He at once repented and became a reformed man. He was afterward heard to relate, in a meeting, the substance of this story and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Friend had so mercifully pursued to arrest him in his downward career.

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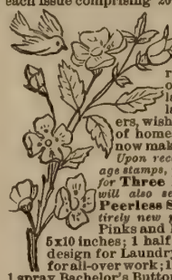

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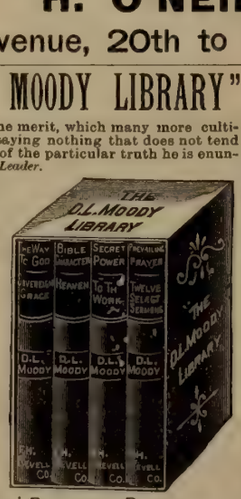

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THANKSGIVING JOYS.

A Happy and Contented Nation's Gratitude to the Lord of the Harvest—Pleasant Memories of Old Time Thanksgivings.

EVERYWHERE give us full organ to-day. Pull out the glad stops, and while we pray and while we sing let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Gather your families together. Let your children be arrayed in their brightest robes. In the morning let the temples of God ring with hosannas, and in the night let your homes be filled with congratulation, laughter and song. Turn on all the lights, bracket, chandelier and candelabra. Throw another armful of firewood on the hearth and let the fire blaze out cheerily. When you and I are gone and our children go out and look at the place where we sleep, may they be enabled to say: "There rest the father and mother who knew how to make their children happy on Thanksgiving Day."

On such a time as this shall we not render thanksgiving to God? It was not a great while ago when governments forbade all religious assemblages; now they invoke them. The father, the husband, and the brother sit now at the end of the pew through custom—a custom established in the dark ages of persecution, when it was necessary for the male members of the family to sit at the head of the church pew, armed for defence of those who could not defend themselves. Now, on Thanksgiving Day we meet in churches at the call of secular authority.

No Thanksgiving ever found so many happy and contented people in the United States as this. There were more good breakfasts this morning than any other Thanksgiving morning since this national habit was established. The coffee was better, the intermixture of chiccory less observable, and the butter was honest butter, made in honest churns, and the milk was milk, and the meat you could chew, and more people rose from the table thankful than on any similar morning.

Then we have not only the present surroundings to make us happy, but our minds are crowded with vivid reminiscences. On a day like this, the memory becomes a kaleidoscope, and every minute the scene changes. You give to the kaleidoscope of memory a turn and there they are, natural as life, around the country hearth on a cold winter night. Hear the hickory fire crackle and see the shadows flit up and down the wall! Games that sometimes well-nigh upset the chairs and witch stories that made the neighbors' boys afraid to go home after dark. Hickory nuts on one dish, roseate apples on the other. The boisterous plays of "More Bags on the Mill," "Leap Frog," "Catcher," around and around the room until some one got hurt and a kiss was offered to make up the hurt, the kiss more resented that the hurt. High old times! Father and mother got up and went into the next room because they could not stand the racket. Then, instead of compunctions of conscience, a worse racket. But now the scene is fading out. The old fireplace is down, and the house is down with it. One of those boys went to sea and was never heard of. Another became squire in the neighboring village. Another went to college and became a minister. Another died the following summer, and they are all gone, and you had better turn the kaleidoscope quickly or you will get us all crying.

There! Turn it no further, for I want to see that old Thanksgiving dinner. Father at one end, mother at the other end, the children between, wondering if father will ever get done carving the turkey. Oh, that proud, strutting hero of the barnyard, upside down, his plumes gone and minus his gobble. Stuffed with that which he can never digest! The day before at school, we had learned that Greece was south of Turkey, but at that table we found that turkey was bounded by grease. The brown surface waiting for the fork to plunge astride the breast-bone, and with knife sharpened on the jambs of the fireplace, lay bare the folds of white meat. Give to the boy disposed to be sentimental the heart. Give to the one disposed to music the drumstick. Give to the one disposed to theological discussion the "parson's nose." Then the pies! For the most part a lost art. What mince pies, in which you had all confidence, fashioned from all rich ingredients, instead of miscellaneous leavings which are only a sort of glorified hash! Not mince pies with profound mysteries of origin! But mother made them, chopped the meat for them, spiced them, sweetened them, flavored them, and laid the lower crust and the upper crust, with here and there a puncture by the fork to let you look through the light and flaky surface into the substance beneath. You deluded New Englanders can talk till you are gray about your pumpkin pies for Thanksgiving day; give me an old-fashioned New Jersey mince pie. Of the ten at that table all are gone save two—some in village church-yard, some in city cemetery—but we shall sit with them yet at a brighter banquet. Better turn the kaleidoscope

The present as well as the past demands your gratitude. I step into your house. You say it is rather small. That is nothing. A large house is a great trouble to keep clean. Small houses are cosy. Beside that, a great house gives children too large expectations. and when married and they have to take a smaller one, they are discontented, saying, "I was never used to such cramped apartments." These lights of your house have flashed upon many a joyous scene, and if the walls could speak they would tell of social party, and Christmas tree, and neighborhood merry-making. These keys have thrummed a carol or wept under the touch of your child, and the portfolio in the rack hath many a well-worn song of Oaken-Bucket and Old Arm-chair. Instead of the rough-hewn rafters and bare walls among which your grandfathers entertained their guests, your walls bloom with wonders wrought by painter's pencil or engraver's knife or sculptor's chisel.

I step into your nursery, and am greeted by the song and laughter of your children. They clap their hands. They hide. They bound away. What bright eyes! what quick feet! what happy hearts! You expect those hands will smooth your locks when they are gray, that these feet will run to your ministration when you are sick, and that these eyes will weep for you when you are gone. Be thankful to-day that upon your household has come the brightness of childhood.

I step into your dining-hall, and I find that all the world has been waiting on you. Men grew weary and worn in making that carpet. Cabinet-makers toiled faithfully in making this furniture. Sailors were lashed to the storm in bringing you these foreign delicacies. Flocks and herds have fallen under butcher's knife to please your palate. And summer sun and howling storm and drifting snow have sent luxurious contributions to your table.

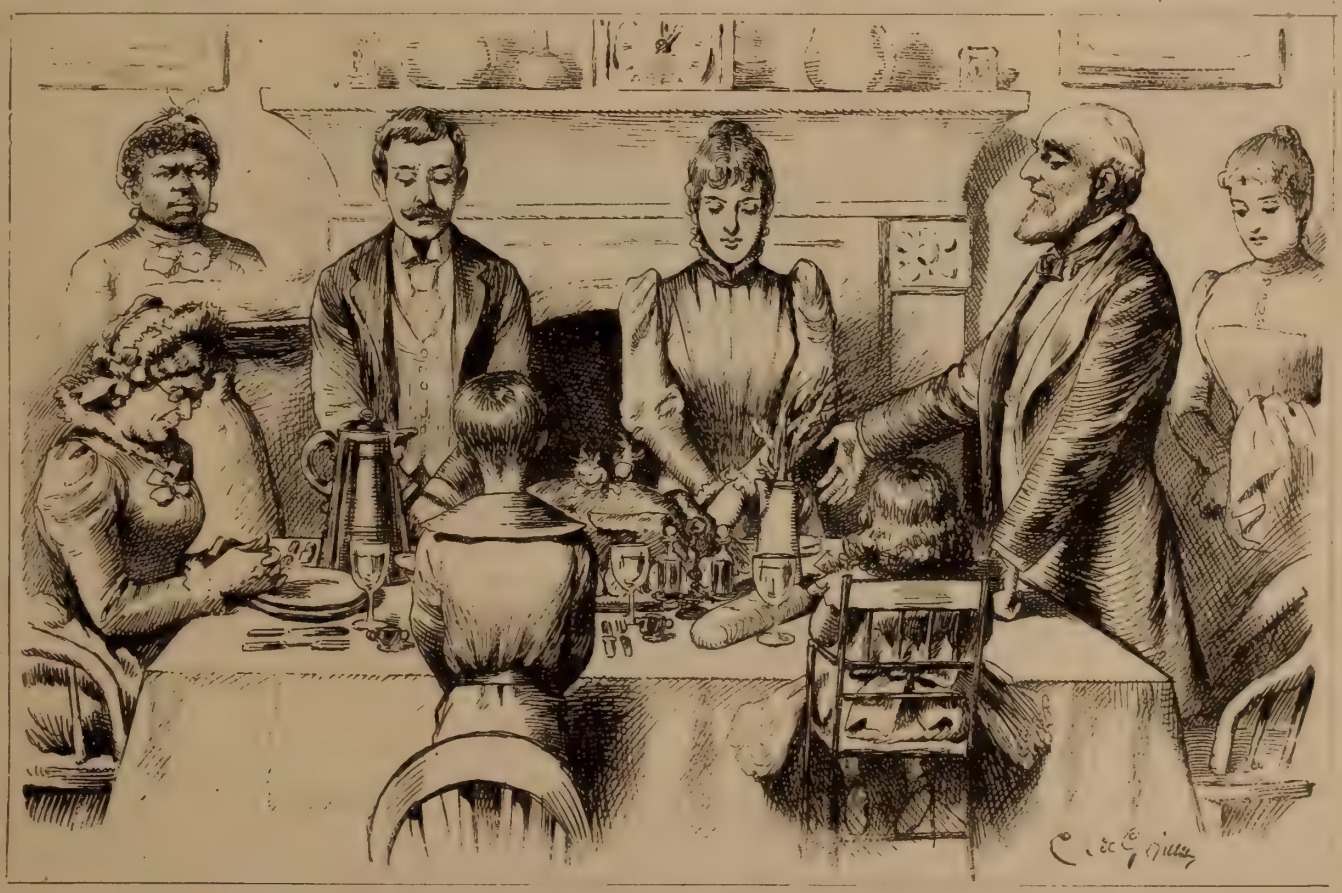
I step into your library and I find the tables are covered with magazines and newspapers and books fresh from all the publishers. Historians and pamphleteers and fabulists and philosophers of all ages seem to await your bidding.

I am away out in the centre of a field where the harvests of all nations are being reaped. Here is the great American sheaf. Sheaf of wheat, sheaf of rice, sheaf of corn, sheaf floral, agricultural, pomological, mineralogical, literary and moral prosperities—all bound together in one great sheaf. It is kingly, and on its brow is the golden coronal of all the year's sunshine, and in its presence all the sheaves of European and Asiatic harvests bend and fall down, feeling their littleness.

Oh, the sheaf, the golden sheaf, the over-topping sheaf of American prosperity. Other nations surpass ours in antiquities, in titled pomp in art galleries; but in most things their sheaf must bow to our sheaf. I have an idea that the most favored constellation of immensity is the one of which the earth is a star, and of the hemispheres the western is the most favored, and that of the zones the temperate is the most desirable, and that the United States are the best part of the American continent. The best place on earth to live is here Had it not been so, there would have been 800,000 Americans last year moving into Europe instead of 800,000 Europeans moving into America.

Our national sheaf is larger this year and more golden and more regal and riper and more richly grained than at any time since the Pilgrim Fathers settled New England or the Hollanders founded New York or the Huguenots took possession of the Carolinas. Sheaf of sheaves! While all others bow before it, let it bow in turn before the good Lord of the unparalleled American harvest Before him come down all the corn shocks. Before him come down the sheaf of governmental sceptres, the sheaf of battle spears, the sheaf of barbaric arrows, the sheaf of commercial yard-sticks, sheaf of joy, the sheaf of family reunion, the sheaf of thanksgiving. All the sheaves of the harvest-field bowing down low at the feet of the great Husbandman

T. De Witt Talmage



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IT seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn, I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States, and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth to-day is America. The signature of an American President and Secretary of State will take a man where an army could not. Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful Sovereign, the Queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne-room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away. But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market-place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul the Christian logician flung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market-place was the centre of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazaars were set up for merchandise of all kinds, except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the value of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platœans must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters. The market-place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging, and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

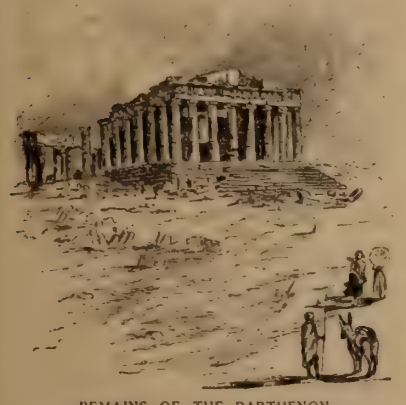
Paul had been out there no doubt for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures when he tells us: "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incorruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still there. The Stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and held forty thousand spectators. There is to-day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the Emperor, sat on yonder height, one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot-racing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers-on we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race with the race in this very Stadium, as he says: "Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat, and my friend's freedom from such encumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of a race of "laying aside every weight."

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top, and three hundred feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the centre of all things—Greece, the centre of the world; Attica, the centre of Greece; Athens, the centre of Attica, and the Acropolis the centre of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it: Verres plundered it. Lord Elgin, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, got permission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the General, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it, and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it, that I needed no magician's wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear morning in 1889, it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and Ictinus planned it, and Phidias chiselled it and Protogines painted it and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in, and you ascend by sixty marble steps the propylæa, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost two million three hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamented gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only one day lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him; its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come never again to fly away, and hence this temple to "Victory without Wings,"—a temple of marble, snow-white and glittering. Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet square. But, the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost $4,600,000. It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-six columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticos, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysius, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weaponry from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver-footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away. Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray-colored stone; figure of a Sphinx, on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of Liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured, and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze. There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But, walk on and around the Acropolis, and yonder you see a statue of Hygeia, and the statue of Theseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicum, a little way from the city. I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages, and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive and striped with silver, and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shone as though it were an aerolite cast off from the noonday sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

RUINS OF THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hill top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But, there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or

hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wiseacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheatre, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a mad-cap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passive and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant-looking man rose to speak. In that audience were Scholiasts, who knew everythiug, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their



REMAINS OF THE PARTHENON.

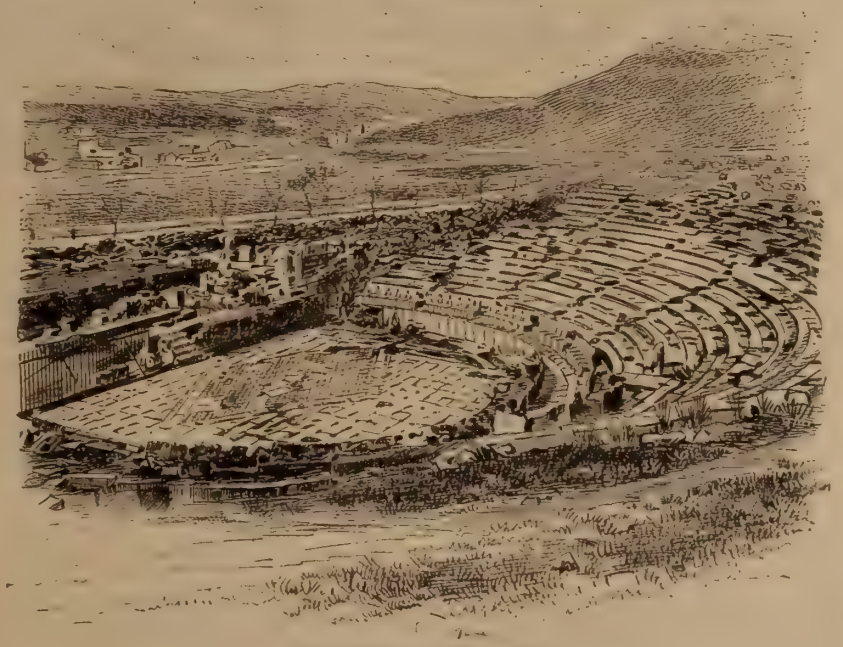
craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hypercriticism and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1889, I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the Queen, through Mr. Tricoupis, the Prime Minister, and had placed in yonder Memorial Wall, I read the whole story, Bible in hand.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that Pandrocus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D.D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semicolon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say: God "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Oh, Paul! Is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erechtheium, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey. "No more!" responds Paul, "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill, will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out: "hath made of one blood all nations," Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Æschylus, and Pericles, and Phidias, and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climacteric, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now, he will close by hurling two at once — the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were: "Because He hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative: that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever heard. At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment, the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to pieces. The record says: "Some mocked." I suppose it means that they mimicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off his impassioned gesticulation, and they cried out: "Jew! Jew! Where did you study rhetoric? You ought to hear our orators speak! You had better go back to your business of tent-making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back, and those weak eyes from? Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of Resurrection and Judgment. Now, little old man, climb down the side of Mars Hill and get out of sight as soon as possible." "Some mocked." But, that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of Resurrection and Judgment.

As in Athens, that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, I stood half way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of eventide, I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past;" said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future;" replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead. My law-givers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung. I will never again see a column lifted. I will never again behold a goddess crowned." Mars Hill responded: "I, too, have had a history. I had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheath the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past. Oh, Acropolis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods at all. Your Boreas could not control the winds. Your Neptune could not manage the sea. Your Apollo never evoked a musical note. Your god Ceres never grew a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightnings. But the God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the astounded assemblage on my rough heights, is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land, and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever." Then, the Acropolis spake and said, as though in self-defence: "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "your Plato laboriously guesssed at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul, divinely inspired, declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue but expired as a suicide. Your Miltiades was brave against earthly foes, yet died from a wound ignominously gotten in after-defeat. But my Paul challenged all earth and all hell with this battle-shout: 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,' and then on the 29th of June, in the year 66, on the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headsman had given one keen stroke, took the crown of martyrdom."



THE THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS.

After a moment's silence by both hills, the Acropolis moaned out in the darkness: "Alas! Alas!" and Mars Hill responded: "Hosannah! Hosannah!"

"MARS HILL."

Then, the voices of both hills became indistinct, and as I passed on and away in the twilight, I seemed to hear only two sounds—a fragment of Pentelicon marble from the architrave of the Acropolis dropping down on the ruins of a shattered idol, and the other sound seemed to come from the rock on Mars Hill, from which we had just descended. But we were by this time so far off that the fragments of sentences were smaller when dropping from Mars Hill than were the fragments of fallen marble on the Acropolis, and I could only hear parts of disconnected sentences wafted on the night air—"God who made the world"—"of one blood all nations"—"appointed a day in which he will judge the world"—"raised him from the dead."

As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, and the exciting scenes of the day passed through my mind, I thought on the same subject on which as a boy I made my Commencement speech in Niblo's Theatre on Graduation Day from the New York University, viz: "The moral effects of sculpture and architecture," but further than I could have thought in boyhood, I thought in Athens that night that the moral effects of architecture and sculpture depend on what you do in great buildings after they are put up, and upon the character of the men whose forms you cut in the marble: yea! I thought that night what struggles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the Gospel might have full swing: and I thought that night what a brainy religion it must be that could absorb a hero like him whom we have considered to-day, a man the superior of the whole human race, the infidels but pigmies or homunculi compared with him: and I thought what a rapturous consideration it is that through the same grace that saved Paul, we shall confront this great Apostle, and shall have the opportunity, amid the familiarities of the skies, of asking him what was the greatest occasion of all his life. He may say: "The shipwreck of Melita." He may say: "The riot at Ephesus." He may say: "My last walk out on the road to Ostia." But, I think he will say: "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indignant Areopagites, and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva, and the majesty of the Parthenon, and all the brilliant divinities of the Acropolis. That account in the Bible was true. My spirit was stirred within me when I saw the city wholly given up to idolatry!"

CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 6. By Mrs. M. Baxter, John 19 : 17-30. Golden Text, I Pet. 3: 18.

LET us not forget, as we draw near reverently to the cross of Jesus, that his death was perfectly voluntary. He of whom it could be said: "In him was life," and who said of himself, "Because I live, ye shall live also," had perfect control over his own life, as he had over the lives of others. He himself says: "I lay down my life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." Life and death are alike subject to him. When he suffered it was not by compulsion, no other priest could offer such a sacrifice. Christ "through the eternal Spirit

Offered Himself

without spot to God!" He saw all human nature under the curse, and the slaves of sin unable to extricate themselves. "Death passed upon all men for that all have sinned." (Rom. 5: 12.) And Jesus devised a wondrous plan whereby, in his own person, he would meet death in unanswerable righteousness. He would silence the mouth of the adversary for ever. He would make it possible for himself to die who was the life itself, and in him the whole fallen race should receive its death sentence. He "emptied himself, and took upon him the form of a servant," (Phil. 2: 7), that proud, defiant, human nature might be able to empty itself and serve.

When Pilate had given the death warrant to the expectant Jews, they led Jesus away, and shortly after, he might have been seen, toiling under the weight of the cross to which he must be nailed.

"Bearing His Cross!"

"Whosoever will came after me, he says, "let him deny himself, and take up [or bear] his cross, and follow me." The world hates the cross, shuns hard things, shields itself from suffering. The true disciple accepts the cross, to which he must be nailed, not gloomily, and in a martyr spirit, but cheerfully, out of love to his Master.

Arrived at the place of public execution, where the worst of criminals suffered, they crucified Jesus. He "endured the cross, despising the shame," (Heb. 12: 3), because of the joy before him." To him it was the hour when the Son of Man was glorified. Oh how often is that which man despises glorious in the sight of God! This was a death out of which the life of a world should come; this was a shame which should bring glory to God throughout an endless eternity. Man heard the sentence of Pilate and saw the terrible execution of a supposed criminal. But how did things look on the heaven side? All which earth calls heroism pales before the death of the Son of God. Many a devoted man has died for his country because it was *his*, and his interests were bound up in it. But here was One who gave his very life for his *enemies*, for those who hated him! On the earth side, it looked as though all was lost, the claim of Jesus to be the Jews' Messiah had failed in this ignominious way, and the Leader who had raised such great expectations in many hearts was actually undergoing his execution as a common felon! His disciples who had been faithful up till now, abandoning him, no eye to pity, no hand to save;—it was a lost cause in the eyes of man. But, on the heaven side ...w different! It was "God manifest ... the flesh," who hung there, tasting death for every man, that he might take away the sting of death, and place himself between man and death. Thus, in his own person, he abolished death as being man's conqueror, so that they who keep his saying should not see death, but the glory, even in the moment of dissolution.

From the heaven side, the dark, awful clouds of sin, which rested on him, and shut out even his Father's face, was penetrated by the sunlight of his own sacrifice. As the Man, the second Adam, he accepted and bowed beneath the penalty of sin, shouldering the mighty liability of a world's guilt, and in the bowing of his head to the stroke, He "bore our sins in his own body on the tree," and fulfilled the law by suffering capital punishment on behalf of every son of man, since he, as Creator, was infinitely more worthy in himself than the whole created race for which he suffered. That which looked like shame on earth's side was glory in heaven. The intrinsic, infinite superiority of Jesus was so manifest all through his sufferings and death. In Gethsemane, under the unspeakable agony of that hour of bloody sweat, he was nevertheless so above his sufferings, in his wondrous freedom from every thought of self, that he could excuse his sleeping disciples in the words, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." When the officers from the Chief priests came, under the conduct of Judas, to apprehend him, and they "went backward, and fell to the ground because of the power of his presence, Jesus was still the unresisting Lamb, mightier in his submission than he could have been in resisting. Heaven's light could mark all this. Man is tainted by evil association, but Jesus could touch the leper without being defiled, could let the abandoned woman weep over, wipe, and kiss his feet, with the only result that the holy purity in him flowed out to and cleansed her. And now, as he hung upon the cross, between two thieves, he was still Master of the situation, and he could say to the former malefactor, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." (Luke 23: 43.) Wherever Jesus was on earth, he was as the Lamb, meekly enduring, opening not his mouth, and yet, in suffering, he conquered.

Pilate himself wrote the title or accusation which must be posted on the cross, to justify the execution of Jesus: it was simply

"The King of the Jews."

The chief priests objected, and said to Pilate: "Write not, The King of the Jews; but that he said: I am the King of the Jews." "What I have written I have written," was Pilate's curt reply. It told of the governor's own conviction, it spoke of the Saviour's rightful authority, it preached to the chief priests their high treason against their best Friend. Even in this there was a conquering power. The last testimony of Pilate was to the justice of his claim, as his first testimony had been to his innocence. There were some then, as there are some now, whose one object is to make some gain for themselves out of all which happens. The clothing of the executed criminal was the perquisite of the soldiers, and while the Saviour hung in his dying agony, the parting of his garment was taking place beneath the cross. O how many there are who want to make a profit out of religion, something for time and sense. There are some who want to have a hand in the management of the work of God, because they like to be important; it is like the parting of the garments of Jesus, getting their own spoil regardless of his sufferings. Unable to part his seamless coat, woven, no doubt, by the grateful hands of the women which followed him, they cast lots, and so fultilled the Scriptures, "They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture they did cast lots."

"Now these stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene." This mother had kept so many things "and pondered them in her heart," who had seen him through all his wondrous life and knew, before any other human being knew it, that he was the Son of God (Luke 1: 35); but how far she understood his death for sinners we know not. Then there was the other Mary, and Mary Magdalene, three representatives of the weakest among the weaker sex, and yet attracted to the cross, when the disciples were standing afar off.

Those who have no credit to maintain, no unyielding opinions to give up, can afford to be seen at the cross. The world is crucified to them, and they unto the world by the cross of Jesus. (Gal. 6: 14.) They have cast in their lot for Jesus, and they stand or fall with him. So long as we cherish some life, some hopes, some desires, some plans, some reputation of our own, we are not yet crucified to the world, the world still has something in us.

This little group was repaid for the fellowship they showed with Jesus at such an hour. One of his dying looks was upon them, one of his dying utterances was to them. Looking on his mother, and then upon the one disciple who stood with them, he said, "Woman, behold thy son;" and to John, "Behold thy mother." Two words, but such a revelation of the tenderness which filled that heart just breaking under the load of man's sin. Mary had got her portion, she had not borne the cross so deeply in her own life in vain. Jesus understood; it was enough.

The end approached, but that every Scripture might be fulfilled, he said, "I thirst." The little alleviation to be gained by the sponge filled with vinegar did not satisfy the heart which thirsted for a lost world. One more word: "It is finished:" "And he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost." And now, no soul of man who believes and yields himself up to God need be lost; no power of sin need hold sway; the battle has been fought and won.

LESSON POINTS.

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

AND he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull. What a sad place it must have seemed to our dear Saviour, yet oh how he has enriched and endeared it to the heart of every true believer! There is no spot on earth to which by faith we turn with greater tenderness, greater love, greater joy, greater confidence, and greater comfort than to Calvary, the refuge of every sin sick-soul.

When on Calvary I rest;
God in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face
Full of beauty, truth and grace.
Here I would forever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me—
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

Out in our western country, in the autumn, when men go hunting, and there has not been any rain for months, sometimes the prairie grass catches fire, and when the wind is strong the flames may be seen rolling along, twenty feet high, destroying man and beast in their onward rush. When the frontiersmen see what is coming what do they do to escape? They know they cannot run as fast as the fire can run. Not the fleetest horse can escape it. They first take a match and light the grass around them. The flames sweep onward, they take their stand in the burnt district and are safe. They hear the flames roar as they come along; they see death apparently bearing down upon them with resistless fury, but they do not fear. They do not even tremble as the ocean of flame surges around them, for over the place where they stand the fire has already passed, and there is no danger. There is nothing for the fire to burn. And there is one spot on earth that God has swept over. Eighteen hundred years ago the storm burst on Calvary, and the Son of God took it into his own bosom; and now if we take our stand by the Cross we are safe, for time and for eternity.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother and his mother's sister and Mary Magdalene. Not a Jewess was to be found among the crowd of priests and the rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to the infamy and the agony of the cross. Chateaubriand gives a fanciful but an agreeable reason for the fact that the Jewish women are so much handsomer than the men of their race. He says Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands and sons. The women of Judæa believed in the Saviour, and assisted and soothed him under affliction.

A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him, the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought him balms and spices, and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. Christ on his part extended mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother-in-law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water. His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. Surely the reflection of some beautiful ray may have rested on the brows of these Jewesses.

For Christ also hath once suffered for our sins. And if we by faith accept his sufferings and the sacrifice which he in his own body made for us, forgiveness and remission of sin and life everlasting become accomplished facts.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy;
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

There is an affecting passage in Roman history, which records the death of Manlius. At night and on the Capitol, fighting hand to hand, he had repelled the Gauls and saved the city when all had seemed lost. Afterward he was accused, but the Capitol towered in sight of the Forum where he was tried, and as he was about to be condemned he stretched out his hand and pointed, sadly, to the arena of his triumph. At this the people burst into tears, and the judges could not pronounce sentence. Again the trial proceeded, but was again defeated, nor could he be convicted, till they had removed him to a low spot, from which the Capitol was invisible. What the Capitol was to Manlius, the Cross of Christ is to the Christian.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up:
It cheers with hope the gloomy day
And sweetens every bitter cup.

INNOCENT SUFFERERS.

A Story of the Sunday School Golden Text for Dec. 6. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins." I. Peter 3: 18.

DULL, leaden skies, rain drizzling intermittently, damp, slimy pavements and a foggy atmosphere went to make up a dull day. It was depressing even in the best streets, but it was absolutely doleful in those narrow thoroughfares in which aristocratic citizens and retired merchants used to live seventy years ago, but where the very poor now find cheap lodgings. Still more gloomy was it in a rear room of one of those houses where a woman sat sewing, by the light of a small oil lamp. She had fixed a piece of paper around it to form a shade, so as to get all the light she could on her work. It was only a small room, but half of it was in darkness. A voice came out of the darkness:

"Mamma, I am not asleep."

As if in answer, the woman sang softly and very sweetly a soothing hymn-tune. She had a beautiful voice which had evidently been well cultivated.

"I wish Regy would come," said the same voice plaintively when the song ceased. "Isn't it most time, mamma?"

"He'll be here soon, darling," said the mother. "He is trying to sell all his papers before he comes, I expect."

Almost as she spoke a quick, light step was heard on the stairs and a boy about ten years old opened the door. "I'm through, mother," he said. "Did pretty well to-night," and he showed her a few nickels and pennies. Then he went over to the dark part of the room whence the voice had come and said, "Hello, Clara, you awake still? Time you were asleep long ago. I'll lie by you and sing you off." A grateful kiss could be heard and "dear Regy" before the singing began. Soon the song tapered off into a light murmur and then silence, stirred slightly by the regular breathing that announced that Clara was asleep. The boy rose carefully so as not to disturb the sleeper and treading very softly seated himself on an empty soap-box near his mother's feet.

"Going to work late to-night, mother?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy, I have a great deal to do yet."

"You were working before I got up this morning and I suppose you have been at it all day. It's hard isn't it?"

"I don't mind that Regy if we can manage to live, I'm thankful I can get work. Many poor creatures can't get it to do."

"You shan't do it when I'm a man, mother. I'll work for you. I know I can. A gentleman said to-day, I was a bright, smart boy and sure to get on. I'll push on and get a better business and then you shall have some rest, and Clara shall go to school."

"Be a good boy, Regy; always be honest and truthful and I shall be satisfied. I can work, though it is very good of you to think of working for me."

"I know what I'd like to do, mother I'd like to take you into a restaurant and buy you

a real good dinner. I went by the door of one to-night. You should just have smelled the stuff they were cooking. You ought to have had something better than bread."

"That's all you have, my boy, and I am glad you can have that."

"Oh it is enough for a strong boy like me, but I'd like to see *you* have a good dinner. If I only knew how, I'd get some money for that. You didn't always have to live like this did you, mother?"

"No, Regy, I used to have plenty of money and pleasure when I was a girl in the old home. Ah, that was a happy life. I wonder how the old place looks now. Just about the same I expect. It is fifteen years since I saw it. A fine old house, Regy, with beautiful gardens all around it." A tear dropped on her work as she spoke. She wiped her eyes quickly and resumed the stitching which must not be interrupted even to weep.

"You could not go back there and take us, could you, mother?"

"Oh, yes, they would be glad to have us, but what would poor Papa do?"

"He'd miss you, wouldn't he? Say, mother, what ought I to say when people ask me about him. I don't like to say he is in prison. What shall I say?"

"Are you often asked, Regy?" The tears began to fall again. The boy saw that she was distressed and he said nothing, but rose and gently and lovingly stroked the shining hair abundantly streaked with gray long before its time.

"Could you bear to tell me, mother, why they sent him to prison?"

"It is best you should know the truth, my boy. Your father is one of the best and kindest men and he had many friends. Some of them were bad men. He was fond of pleasure, and they persuaded him to join them in many things he should not. He lost his business because he did not attend to it, and he secured situations and lost them in the same way. He sank lower and lower, and at last he took what was not his own. It was found out and he was sent to prison. You were very little then, and Clara was a baby. He has been in prison a long time, and he has a long time still to stay. It has been very hard to earn money enough to keep us, but God has helped me, and he will help me through."

"What a bad man papa must be, to have made you suffer like that!"

"Do not let me ever hear you say that again, Reginald," said the mother almost fiercely. "I will not let you or any one say such a thing. No one knows how he was tempted. You must be sorry for him. He is sorry, too. He is a better man now, and when he comes out he will work for us and make up for all we have suffered."

"If he had not done wrong you would not have had to suffer," said the boy, bluntly. "That don't seem right for God to let you be miserable because papa did wrong. Why don't you go back to the home you talked of just now where you could be happy?"

"And leave him in prison? Never!" The mother looked at her son as if he were a tempter. "My staying here," she went on, "and being faithful to him is all that keeps him up and I will do it to the last. The innocent must suffer for the guilty. It is a law. Thank God it is! or how would we be saved. If Christ had not died for our sins what should we have done. Oh, if my sufferings could help my husband!" She was talking to herself now and had forgotten Regy's presence. She recalled it and continued, "Papa knows something of what we are suffering and he grieves more over that than over his own hardships. It will do him good. He will be more careful afterward. He will not forget what his wrong-doing has cost us. I am going to see him to-morrow. Now go to bed, so you may be awake early in the morning."

Two men stood watching the visitors leave the prison the next day. "Look at that woman," said one to the other. "I know her. She is a born lady. She might be living in luxury now if she chose to desert her husband and go to her father's house. She will not do it; she is killing herself with work and hardships that she may be near him. Every month on his visiting day she comes and spends the day with him. She looks thinner and older each time. I wish we could get her husband pardoned. If he is not she will not live to see him at liberty."

"What kind of a man is her husband?"

"Oh he was a most unmitigated knave; but I guess he is a changed man now. This devotion of her's has touched him as nothing else could. If I were the Governor I would pardon him for her sake."

A BISHOP CLIMBS A SPIRE

A LITTLE over ten years ago, the spire of Christ Church Cathedral, New Zealand, was partly destroyed by an earthquake. Its restoration was immediately commenced by a family named Rhodes, who had built it originally. When the last brick was about to be laid on the top of the spire, the honor of placing it there was reserved for Bishop Julius, who ascended to the dizzy height in a chair attached to a wire rope. On reaching the top, the Bishop received a solid silver trowel with which the last brick was "well and truly laid," and then descended. The foundation stone of the Cathedral was laid by Dr. Harper, then Bishop of Christ Church, and the engraving on this page shows his successor on his way to the summit to perform the ceremony of "laying the last brick," a novel and dangerous undertaking, but one from which the courageous Prelate did not shrink and accomplished safely and successfully.

A BISHOP CLIMBS A SPIRE.

THE ROLL CALL.

THE vet'rans are coming! They come one by one;
Ceased now is the drumming and bugles' sharp tone.
The trumpet is sounding full, long, loud, and dread,
Awakening all sleepers, e'en ocean's hid dead.

Each carries his banner in conflict oft scarred:
With trophies of triumph, though spotted and marred.
Their Captain was Jesus, their flag was his Cross,
His blood bought their armor, and cleansed them from dross.

Through an enemy's country they travelled full long,
But visions of Home often cheered them along;
But now it is ended, the warfare and strife.—
Now the Palm and the Crown—the beginning of life.

The heavens have parted, the White Throne appears;
The Books are now opened—the Roll Call each hears.
Back, traitors! Come children! God gathers his own—
Swing wide, Gates of Triumph, that lead to the Throne!

—MARTHA T. OVERTON.

The Bible and the Newspaper

MENIAL WORK.

REPORTING the trial of a lawsuit in Detroit, Mich., for arrears of salary, a local journal prints a remarkable expression used by the plaintiff. The claim was made on a clergyman by a gentleman who had acted as his curate for two years. There was no documentary evidence and some doubt existed whether the services rendered were honorary or were to be paid for. The plaintiff was asked what was the nature of the services, and he replied that he did the "menial work." Requested to be more definite, he answered that by menial work he meant visiting the poor, reading and praying with the sick and attending the funerals of impoverished members of the church. "That," he said, "I consider menial work." If he is correctly reported, and if he used the word in its customary sense, it is well that his engagement has terminated. No man who has the spirit of the Master, who washed the feet of his disciples, counts services rendered to his people a menial occupation. The humblest service done for Christ's sake is honorable. (John 13: 14, 15.)

A CONFUSING BOUNDARY LINE.

RECTIFICATION of a boundary-line is being urged by a Boston journal. It says that much confusion exists among the residents of the contiguous parts of Cambridge and Somerville on account of the division of the two towns. The line that now separates them cuts across lots, runs through yards, and divides houses. Unless a person knows the neighborhood he cannot tell whether he is in Cambridge or Somerville. The owner of one house can sleep in Cambridge and eat his breakfast in Somerville, yet remain all the time under one roof. Through the front doorway he can go to business by way of Cambridge, and through the rear doorway by way of Somerville. Several owners of houses have to pay taxes in both cities because the line cuts off corners of their houses. An effort is to be made to remove these complications, either by amalgamating the towns, or by making a new boundary-line, which shall run through the middle of the streets, so that at least the residents may know to which town they belong. The same knowledge is essential in the spiritual world. Many people are not sure whether they belong to the kingdom of Christ, or the kingdom of the world. They are the people, too, who live near the boundary-line and are not openly decided for Christ. In spite of the efforts being made by such people, the two kingdoms can never be amalgamated. The only safe course for anyone in doubt is to pray and strive to get nearer to God. (II Cor. 6:17, 18.)

THE DEADLY QUICKSAND.

NEAR Plattsmouth, Nebraska, is an extremely dangerous road which it is safe to travel only in the summer. In the spring and fall it is especially perilous. Certain portions of it, at those seasons, become quicksand. A local journal says that all the people of the district know of the danger and avoid the road by taking a long detour over a hill. A signboard is set up at the fork of the road to warn strangers. A few days ago, a gentleman from Joplin, Missouri, who was in the neighborhood, rode along the road on horse-back. It being near nightfall he did not notice the warning board. He had ridden a long distance that day and thought he would like to walk a little, as it was a beautiful evening. He therefore dismounted and left his horse, an intelligent, docile animal which was a pet of his, to follow him. He walked for some distance, and then sat down on a bank to wait for his horse to overtake him. The animal was grazing as he came along and was not in sight. The man fell into a doze, and on awakening was alarmed to find that his feet and legs up to the knees had sunk in the sand. When he tried to withdraw them, he could not. They were firmly grasped, and he realized that he was held by quicksand. He knew the meaning of it and, throwing himself back, struggled to free himself. The only result was to sink deeper. He shouted for help, but none came. The sand drew him in up to the waist, and then he gave himself up for lost. It was getting dark, and he thought with a groan that he would never see the sun rise again. But he thought of his horse, and gave a call which it always answered. It trotted up to where he lay, and the man reached up and grasped it firmly. Then he urged him on. The pain was excruciating; it seemed as if his limbs were being torn off, but he held on, and in a minute or two the horse had drawn him on to firm ground. He lay down to recover from the terrible strain and then mounted and rode back, thankful for his narrow escape. Sometimes, the mental and spiritual agony a man has to bear before he is separated from the sinful habits which are dragging him down to perdition is as hard to bear as was this man's strain. Many shrink from it and are lost, but he who realizes his true condition clings to Christ at any cost and is delivered (Matt. 5: 29-30.)

FREE BUT DID NOT KNOW IT.

COMPENSATION for twenty-four years' service was claimed in a suit tried in a court in Kansas City, Mo., on Nov. 9. The plaintiff, a quadroon, testified that she was born in slavery in the year 1840. She lived on her owner's estate performing domestic service until the year 1887. After the war she was prohibited leaving the premises except in the company of a member of the family. She was not allowed to have any communication with people of her own race and if any came to the house she was sent on some errand to the upper stories so that she might not have any conversation with them. She could not read or write and had never heard of the emancipation proclamation. During all the time she received no compensation but that of a slave—food and clothing. When at last she learned that slavery had been abolished long ago, she left her service and sued for her wages, which, at five dollars a month, made a total of $1440. An informality in the pleadings rendered her suit a failure but she will renew it. Ignorant as the woman is, she had too much sense to remain in slavery after learning that she was free. It is much to be wished that all who are in bondage to sin and Satan would manifest similar promptitude in claiming their freedom when they hear that Christ has purchased it with his blood. (John 8: 32-36.)

BOTH NEGLIGENT.

AMONG the anecdotes of James Russell Lowell which have come to light since his death, is one that he used to tell against himself. It appears that when a young man he spent a summer vacation in the White Mountain district. In the course of a walk through the Franconia Notch he made the acquaintance of a man who was attending to a saw-mill. The man kept on feeding the teeth of the mill with logs as he talked to the visitor. Lowell asked him which was the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain. "Dunno," said the man, "never seed it." Lowell expressed his amazement that any one living so near such a marvellous spectacle, which people came from long distances to see, should never have cared to gaze upon it. How far had he come, the man asked. Lowell told him with some pride that he was from Boston. "Du tell," exclaimed the man. "I'd like to see Bawston. I'd like to stand once on Bunker Hill. You been there often likely?" Lowell had to admit that he had never been there. "Law!" exclaimed the man, "You live in Bawston and never been to Bunker Hill. Well!" His astonishment was as great as Lowell's had been, and both realized, as the sawyer said, that "what a man can see any day he never does see." Unhappily the same characteristic of the human mind often operates to the loss of the soul. People who have been familiar with the Gospel from childhood, to whom the offer of salvation is made every week are often those who put off

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CONGRATULATIONS FOR CHRISTIANS.

IT is with some half-past five in the morning and some faint streaks of light. With others, it is seven o'clock and thus full dawn. With others, it is twelve o'clock at noon, and you sit in the full blaze of Gospel pardon. I bring you congratulation. Joseph delivered from Potiphar's dungeon, Daniel lifted from the lion's den, Saul arrested and unhorsed on the road to Damascus. Oh! you delivered captives, how your eyes should gleam, and your souls should bound, and your lips should sing in this pardon. From what land did you come? A land of darkness. What is to be your destiny? A land of light. Who got you out? Christ, the Lord. Can you be so placid and unmoved while all heaven comes to your soul with congratulation, and harps are strung, and crowns are lifted, and a great joy swings round the heaven at the news of your disenthralment? If you could realize out of what a pit you have been dug, to what height you are to be raised, and to what glory you are destined, you would spring to your feet with "Hosanna."

In 1808, there was a meeting of the emperors of France and Russia at Erfurt. There were distinguished men there also from other lands. It was so arranged that when any of the emperors arrived at the door of the reception-room, the drum should beat three times; but when a lesser dignitary should come, then the drum would sound but twice. After a while, the people in the audience-chamber heard two taps of the drum. They said: "a prince is coming." But after a while there were three taps, and they cried: "The emperor!" Oh! there is a more glorious arrival at your soul. The drum beats twice at the coming in of the lesser joys and congratulation of your soul; but it beats once, twice, thrice at the coming in of a glorious King, Jesus the Saviour, Jesus the God. I congratulate you. All are yours—things present and things to come.

WATERED GARDENS.

WE have by this severe autumnal drought been reminded how much we are dependent upon God for rain. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through these aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until every root and leaf and flower was saturated. That is like the Church. The Church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; but it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river, the stream thereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the Gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another. Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh! was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know that the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply of water. I came to the latter place (Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted; but by an inducement, which always seemed as applicable to an Englishman as to an American, I got in, and then the gardener, went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and all over the high, broad stairs it came foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and wave in gleesome wrestle, tumbled at my feet. So it is with the Church of God. Everything comes from above; pardon from above, joy from above, adoption from above, sanctification from above. Oh! that now God would turn on the waters of salvation, and that in all our churches we might find "Elim, with twelve wells of water, and three-score and ten palm-trees."

SECRET PRAYER.

THERE is one great secret of advancement in religious experience, and that is secret prayer. It is very easy to come into a public assemblage, and stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our head and lift up our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning, or at noon, or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, and for scores of years,—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help.

SUNDAY PLEASURES.

GOD says, in Isaiah: "If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, thou shalt walk upon the high places." What did he mean by "doing thy pleasure?" He referred to secular and worldly amusements. A man told me he was never so much frightened as in the midst of an earthquake, when the beasts of the field bellowed in fear, and even the barn-yard fowls screamed in terror. Well, it was when the earth was shaking and the sky was all full of fire that God made the great announcement: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Go along through the streets where the theatres are open on a Sabbath night; go up on the steps; enter the boxes of those places of entertainment, and tell me if that is keeping the Sabbath holy. "O," says some one, "God won't be displeased with a grand sacred concert." A gentleman who was present at a "grand sacred concert" one Sabbath night in one of the theatres of our great cities, said that during the exercises there were comic and sentimental songs, interspersed with coarse jokes; and there were dances, and a farce, and tight-rope walking, and a trapeze performance. I suppose it was a holy dance and a consecrated tight-rope. I am not certain, however, about that; but this I know, it was a "grand sacred concert." We hear a great deal of talk about "the rights of the people" to have just such amusements on Sunday as they want to have. I wonder if the Lord has any rights. You rule your family, the Governor rules the State, the President rules the whole land; I wonder if the Lord has a right to rule the nations and make the enactment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and if there is any appeal to a higher court from that decision, and if the men who are warring against that enactment are not guilty of high treason against the Maker of heaven and earth. They have in our cities put God on trial. It has been the theatres and opera-houses of the land, plaintiffs, *versus* the Lord Almighty, defendant, and the suit has begun, and who shall come out ahead, you know. We have just such rights as God gives us. He has never given the right to man to break his holy Sabbath, and as long as his throne stands he never will give that right.

IMPORTANCE OF TYPE.

WE try to present what we have to say in good plain type. Every few years there goes through China the ophthalmy, a disease of the eye which leaves thousands of people in partial or total blindness. Small print is doing the same work in this country. There are type-founders blasting the eyesight of the people. There are publishers who pride themselves on the number of words they can get within a square inch, and under the process we are suffering a great national ophthalmy. Better not read at all than kill your eyes with poor print. God gives us only two organs of sight, and the penalty of trifling with them is life-long twilight or midnight of vision. There is consequently a great rush upon opticians for spectacles. Girls and boys of fifteen at school must have their eye-glass astride the nose. There was a fearful sarcasm in the action of the man who used to come on the railway train at Albany with spectacles for sale, as much as to say, "with those fine-print books and newspapers you have been slaying your eyes all the way from Buffalo; I come in as an optical undertaker, just to try on you this coffin of spectacles." Young men and maidens, nothing you can hang on the bridge of your nose in the way of eye-glasses can give you such dignity or grace as a clear eye, blue or black or hazel, unharmed by dissipation, unextinguished by the type-setters. Authors and publishers are often chagrined at the blunders of the printing-press. A Frenchman, having counted three hundred typographical errors in his favorite book, gave up the ghost, and got out of the world as soon as he could. We wonder that a similar departure was not witnessed when one of our popular magazines was, by mistake of the printer-boy, called "The Epileptic Review." But the worst of all typographical errors is that of small type. Let publishers not forget the failing sight of the old. As age comes on, father and mother cannot go out as much as they used to, and are more dependent upon reading for entertainment. Put not before their diminished sight typography that blurs and confounds them. In plain print tell them the news of the world out of which they go, and the news of the world which they are about to enter. Let the hymn-book, and the Bible, and the religious newspaper be in distinct letter-press. The poorest compliment ever paid to the Lord's Prayer was the cutting it in small letters on a five-cent piece. It is a hard thing for an octogenarian to "read his title clear" in blurred type. It is a grand thing to have a page so plain that old age can read it either with or without spectacles. Mother had two pairs—her "near-sighted" spectacles and her "far-sighted" ones. She wore them both at once—one upon the forehead, the other on the nose, the distance of the object deciding which pair she would use. But one day she took off the "far-sighted" spectacles with which she had often looked toward heaven, and put on the "near-sighted" ones; it was just as she went into the Gate.

BRIEF NOTES.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Rev. C. H. Yatman, the eminent and successful Evangelist, has undertaken to write a series of articles for this journal giving helpful hints to soul-winners. The first of these articles appears this week on page 745. No man is better qualified than Mr. Yatman to give advice on this subject, as he has had a long and wide experience in the work, and God has richly blessed his labors.

The Non-Partisan Women's Christian Temperance Union has been holding its annual meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y Its final session was held on Nov. 13 in Association Hall. Reports were read from various districts showing the progress of the work.

The Protestant Episcopal Congress held its Fourteenth session in Washington, D. C., last week. It opened November 17th, and sat for four days. Ex-Senator George F. Edmunds presided at the first session. The Congress discussed various subjects of momentous interest to the church.

Rev. John L. Scudder, pastor of the People's Tabernacle, in Jersey City, finds that the estimates for the portion now complete of the People's Palace have been exceeded, owing to unforeseen circumstances. He is in debt to the extent of nearly a thousand dollars. He, therefore, asks the help of Christians in sympathy with the philanthropic work he is doing.

Rev. C. H. Yatman has had wonderful success in his meetings at Scranton, Pa. The closing services were held on November 22, in the Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal Church. They commenced in the early morning and continued all day. The Jubilee service at 10:30 A. M., when the converts were received into Church fellowship will never be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

The Congregational Club of Chicago has adopted a series of resolutions expressing its belief that the United States Senate ought to ratify the Brussels Treaty for the suppression of the slave trade and the traffic in intoxicating liquor in Africa, which has been ratified by all the seventeen governments represented except the two Republics of France and the United States. The Club also urges other religious bodies to give formal expression to their opinion, in the hope that the Senators may realize that in withholding ratification they are antagonizing the wishes of the religious public.

Dr. L. W. Munhall concluded his three weeks' services at Beatrice, Nebraska, on November 13. They have been marvellously successful. The Beatrice *Daily Express* says, that there have been over three hundred conversions during the meetings, and adds: "No such movement has ever been aroused in the city before. The heartfelt thanks and good wishes of the citizens will follow the Evangelist wherever he may go." Some of the conversions have been of men previously active in their opposition to religion in any form. Dr. Munhall is now laboring at Grand Island and hopes to go thence to Wisconsin.

Mrs. Sophie B. McNeal, who has been laboring in self-supporting work for Christ in Lucknow and other cities of India during the past five years, has now returned to the United States and is delivering lectures on the evils which are hindering the progress of the Gospel in that land, especially the new and alarming increase in intemperance and the use of opium. The information she has to impart having been gained by personal investigation is especially valuable to churches interested in missionary work. Her address is 196 Osborne Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

The World's Women's Christian Temperance Union opened its annual convention in Boston, Mass., on Nov. 13. Three thousand delegates were present representing every State and Territory in the Union. The meetings were held in Tremont Temple, but it was necessary to hold overflow meetings in Park Street Church and Bromfield Street Church, which were both crowded to their utmost capacity. The Union has grown prodigiously during the year, and has largely extended its work. Its receipts for the year were $25,259. The size and spirit of the meetings proved that the ardor and energy of this mighty agency for moral reformation is undiminished, and that its power has not been impaired by the secession of some of its members who separated from it on political grounds.

Current Events

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Our Commander in Chilian Waters—Brazil's Revolution—Bishop Merrill Ill—A Vast Russian Conspiracy—The World's Crops—Is Drinking Increasing?

RUMORS of a renewal of our diplomatic trouble with Italy over the New Orleans affair, are current at the National Capital. The Hon. A. G. Porter, our Minister to Rome, has returned unexpectedly, and this gave rise to the report that Italy had sent an ultimatum, seizing the opportunity when our government was embarrassed by the Chilian affair and our navy absent beyond immediate recall. An unofficial explanation is that Minister Porter has been granted leave of absence at his own request, but it is significantly added that he will remain away from his post until the Italian Premier, Rudini, makes some friendly advances that would justify his return. This, in effect, might mean the severance of diplomatic relations between the two countries. The *Italia*, a leading Roman paper, asserts that it has information that the United States government has recognized the responsibility for the New Orleans lynching affair and is prepared to pay indemnity to the relatives of those Italian citizens who lost their lives through the violence of the New Orleans mob. No confirmation of this statement has come from Washington.

* * *

Our Navy and Chili.

THE naval squadron destined for service in Chilian waters, in the event of our trouble with that government terminating in hostilities, is now all ready for duty. A number of the vessels sailed under sealed orders sometime ago, and the balance of the squadron awaits final instructions from the Navy Department. Rear Admiral Gherardi, who will command the entire squadron, is an officer of life-long experience and tried reputation, who may be depended on to prove equal to any emergency that may arise requiring decided action. His portrait is given in this column. On the Admiral's arrival at the point where the squadron will rendezvous. Admiral Brown will place himself and his vessels under Admiral Gherardi's orders. New complications have arisen in Chili's domestic affairs in consequence of the resignation of certain members of the Cabinet, and there is strong political antagonism and discontent which for the time overshadow the trouble with this country. President Montt and his friends are doing all they can to restore harmony. Balmaceda's former Minister of Agriculture, Gandorillas, has committed suicide, dreading punishment by the new government, and ten Balmacedist officers have been sentenced to banishment from the country. President Harrison has formally received Senor Pedro Montt as Chili's diplomatic representative, and an exchange of courtesies and assurances of good will has taken place, which augurs well for a friendly solution of these present difficulties.

ADMIRAL GHERARDI.

* * *

Balmaceda's Crowning Crime.

IF nothing else were chargeable against Balmaceda, the late Dictator of Chili, who died by his own hand, the horrible butchery of over one hundred young men, belonging to the leading families of Santiago, which took place by his orders at Lo Canas, in August last, is enough to stamp him as a modern Nero, undeserving of pity in his misfortunes. The details of the tragedy have just come to light. About one hundred and fifty young Santiagans agreed to form themselves into a body to assist the Congressional Army on its arrival at Valparaiso. On August 17 they met by appointment at the Lo Canas estate, belonging to Don Carlos Walker Martinez, and situated about ten miles from Santiago, their their purpose being to rouse the populace in the capital against the Dictator the moment Balmaceda's troops were withdrawn to fight the Congress army. There was a traitor in the band, and at daybreak on the 18th, the rendezvous was surrounded by government troops. Several of the young Constitutionalists succeeded in effecting their escape by bribing Balmaceda's officers, but the others were ruthlessly massacred, their bodies mutilated and treated with a barbarity that would shock even the wildest savages. The outrage has stirred up Chilians greatly, and the government is determined to bring to justice all concerned in the massacre.

* * *

Brazil's Rebellion.

WHILE it is more than probable that Brazil will emerge from its present troubles, an unimpaired member of the great sisterhood of Southern Republics, there are many who indulge hopes of a different character. As is well known, the exiled Dom Pedro has never abandoned his ambition of being restored to the throne he suddenly abdicated a year ago, and his adherents have not ceased to make propaganda wherever possible to that end. The Dom has no son, and his haughty daughter Isabelle, and her husband Comte d'Eu, were none too popular with the Brazilian people; but he has other relatives who belong to the throne-hunting Bourbon family and who would eagerly welcome a stroke of fortune that brought the Brazilian throne under their control. Prince Augusto de Bourbon, the favorite grandson of Dom Pedro, has been mentioned in recent despatches as about to arrive in Rio Janeiro, presumably to forward the imperial interests. He is the eldest son of Dom Pedro's daughter, Leopoldine, who married Prince August of Saxe-Coburg in 1867, and he is nine years older than the son of the Princess Isabelle, Dom Pedro's eldest daughter. Educated under the personal supervision of Dom Pedro, he was for years regarded in Brazil as the heir presumptive. Even now, although Isabelle's son stands between him and the throne in the line of legitimate succession, he would, in the event of a restoration, be more likely to be called than a descendant of the woman who, with her intriguing husband, the Comte d'Eu, was largely the cause of precipitating the troubles that brought about the Empire's final overthrow. A portrait of Prince Pedro Augusto is given on this page. The province of Rio Grande do Sul revolted against Fonseca, and a skirmish has occurred between the Dictator's troops and the rebels. Fonseca will take the field in person. Forty thousand revolutionists are said to be marching on Port Alegre, and several naval vessels have joined the revolt. The Governor of the Province has resigned and affairs are now conducted by a provisional government. A decisive battle is expected shortly.

PRINCE PEDRO AUGUSTO.

* * *

Is Drinking on the Increase?

SOME very significant facts are set forth in the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, just issued, which may well furnish food for reflection to thoughtful Americans. In a single group of statistics, there is contained more material for temperance advocates than could be secured in a lifetime of personal observation. While the amount of taxes collected from tobacco showed a decrease of a million dollars since last year, that collected on spirits was over $83,000,000—the largest ever recorded and considerably in excess of 1890. During the year, 693 stills, most of them illicit, were destroyed and 378 persons arrested. The total number of distilleries operated is now 4,049 and the total product of spirits for the year was nearly 115,000,000 gallons, or about 7,000,000 more than in 1890. The quantity held in warehouse on June 30 was 113,000,000 gallons—the largest stock ever registered. And this is entirely outside of the vast amount of unregistered and illicit stuff which is put on the market in defiance of the law. At the present time, the wholesale liquor dealers have on hand in the neighborhood of fourteen million gallons and the retailers about fifty-two million gallons. This enormous national reservoir of whiskey is without a parallel in any country in the world in proportion to population, except Great Britain. Distributed among our population it would allow nearly two gallons of spirits for every man, woman, and child in the Union.

* * *

A New Russian Conspiracy.

SIXTY members of the Russian nobility and a number of persons belonging to the upper and middle classes have been arrested in Moscow, charged with a conspiracy against the imperial government. The ramifications of the plot are said to extend throughout the whole Empire, and the object, unlike most Russian conspiracies, was not to take the Czar's life, but to secure the creation of a representative assembly. This has long been a dream of many Russians of the better class. Naturally, so many arrests have caused tremendous excitement in St. Petersburg. The police first found traces in that city of the new movement, and soon learned that its headquarters were in Moscow. A feeling of uneasiness exists over the whole empire and the marshals of the nobility have been warned that they will be held responsible for any demonstrations against the government that may be attempted in the different provinces. Students at the different schools and universities are under special surveillance. Meanwhile the situation is rendered more critical by the troubles in the famine districts, where the peasants, driven to desperation by hunger, are committing acts of lawlessness which the police seem powerless to prevent.

* * *

The Crops of the World.

A LEADING American statistician has just completed an estimate of the world's crop of wheat and rye, which makes a most gratifying showing for this favored land. Our wheat crop is placed at 600,000,000 bushels, of which 265,000,000 are exports; Canada's wheat crop is estimated at 45,000,000; exports 15,000,000; Great Britain's crop will not exceed 68,000,000 bushels, of which 4,000,000 will be of a quality so poor as to be unfit for bread. The United Kingdom requires 232,000,000 bushels of wheat, indicating an import of 168,000,000 bushels, to which should be added 1,800,000 bushels of rye. France's wheat crop will be about 232,000,000 bushels—a shortage of 110,000,000 bushels, and her rye is 10,000,000 bushels below the average. Italy has 124,000,000 bushels of wheat, indicating an import of 28,000,000 bushels, while Germany's wheat is 18 per cent. below an average, and rye 20 per cent. below, indicating an import of probably 114,000,000 bushels of both grains. In Austro-Hungary, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal and Holland, the crops are also estimated as below average. Altogether, the apparent deficits in the crops of foreign countries will approximate 455,000,000 bushels of wheat and 335,000,000 rye, while the surplus of exporting countries is 377,000.000 wheat and 30,000,000 rye, leaving the whole crop-raising world short 78,000,000 bushels of wheat and 305,000,000 rye. As we hold the bulk of the surplus, it is very evident that the United States of America will be largely the means of feeding the world this year.

* * *

Ex-King Milan's Renunciation.

THAT eccentric European potentate, Ex-King Milan, has signed a renunciation of his legal and constitutional rights in Servia, his former kingdom. This effectually removes him from the field of European politics where he has for years been an uncertain and troublesome quantity. The story of his quarrel with Queen Natalie his abdication of the throne in favor of Prince Alexander, his son, in March 1880, and the subsequent dissensions of the ex-King and queen have already been referred to in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Milan was born in 1854 and succeeded to the throne in 1868, after the assassination of his uncle Prince Michail Obrenovitch, by a band of conspirators. In 1875, Milan married Natalie Keschko, the daughter of a Russian military officer of the Imperial Guard, and Prince Alexander, the present king of Servia was born Aug. 17, 1876. In 1885, Milan invaded Bulgaria with an army, under the pretext that that country had violated the treaty of Berlin by annexing Eastern Roumelia. After a brief campaign, in which Milan demonstrated his cowardice, the Servians were defeated. Milan divorced his Queen in 1888, and the latter sent a protest against the divorce to every court in Europe, declaring it illegal, but it was never revoked. For several years past, Milan has spent the greater part of his time in Paris. A portrait of the young King Alexander is given above.

KING ALEXANDER I.

* * *

Bishop Merrill's Illness.

FROM Chicago come the intelligence that Bishop Stephen M. Merrill, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is dangerously ill. Bishop Merrill has won a distinguished reputation as an authority on ecclesiastical law, and is a conspicuous and influential member of the Bench of Bishops. He was born in Ohio in 1825, entered the ministry in 1846 and, in 1866, was made editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*. He is a devoted Christian, a strong and brilliant polemical writer and has produced several books that have attracted wide attention. He is, moreover, a fine parliamentarian, and with his broad spirituality and thorough knowledge of ecclesiastical law, has frequently presided in General Conference in very trying debates. His demise would occasion a serious loss to the Methodist Church in this country. A portrait of Bishop Merrill is given above.

STEPHEN M. MERRILL, D. D.

NEWS NOTES.

San Salvador is the latest applicant for reciprocity with this country.

New York has narrowly escaped a water famine owing to the prolonged drought.

The Argentine Radicals have assured President Pellegrini that no revolution will be attempted.

Belgian capitalists have subscribed $3,000,000 for building a railroad through Mashonaland, Southeast Africa.

Seventy-seven persons were drowned in the Bay of Bengal, during a cyclone which swept the Andaman Islands.

A blizzard visited Minnesota, last week, and there were heavy snowstorms in Iowa, North Dakota, Colorado, and adjoining States.

P. W. McNally, an Irish patriot, died last week in Dublin, and his funeral was the occasion of a monster demonstration, second in size only to that of Parnell.

Fifty miners narrowly escaped death in the Leggett's Creek Coal Mine near Scranton, Pa., a few days ago, owing to the sudden flooding of the mine.

The entire family of Charles Bethers, of Columbus, O., was burned to death by a tenement fire last week, including father, mother and three children.

Col. Donn Piatt died at his home, Mac-o-chee, Ohio, last week of the grip. He was a noted political and general author, had been editor of several papers, and was a famous correspondent during the Civil War.

The Mexican rebels have sustained a defeat under Catarino Garcia at Guerrero, on the Rio Grande, and a quantity of their ammunition has been captured by the government troops under Col. Ceron.

Comanche, the war-horse who was the sole survivor of the Custer massacre, died at Fort Riley, Kan., a week ago of old age. He was one of the original mount of Custer's famous Seventh Cavalry, and had been in almost every battle with the Indians during a dozen years.

Governor Buchanan of Tennessee is in correspondence with the War Department in relation to the rebellious miners in that state. He finds himself unable with the aid of State troops to control the 6,000 armed miners who might at any moment be reinforced by 20,000 others from adjoining states.

Pastor Spurgeon's Pulpit

UNDER ORDERS.

"He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed and walk."—John 5: 11.

JUST a few observations upon the narrative itself. It was a feast day, and Jesus Christ came up to Jerusalem to find opportunities for doing good among the crowds of his countrymen. I see all the city glad; I hear the voice of rejoicing in every house as they hold high festival and eat the fat and drink the sweet. But where does Jesus keep the feast? How does he spend his holiday? He walks among the poor, whom he loves so well. Behold him in the hospital. There was one notable Bethesda or house of mercy in Jerusalem: it was a poor provision for the city's abounding sickness, but such as it was it was greatly prized.

Onr Lord was at Home

amid this misery, for here was room for his tender heart and powerful hand. He feasted his soul by doing good. Let us learn this lesson, dear friends, that in the times of our brightest joys we should remember the sorrowful, and find a still higher joy in doing them good. Blessed shall they be who, like the Lord Jesus, visit the sick and care for them.

Coming into the hospital our Lord noticed a certain man whose case was a very sad one. There were many painful cases there, but he singled out this man, and it would seem that the reason for his choice was that the poor creature was in the worst plight of all. If misery has a claim on pity, then the greater the sufferer the more is mercy attracted towards him. This poor victim of rheumatism or paralysis had been thirty-eight years bound by his infirmity. Our Lord selects the worst case to be dealt with by his curing hand, as a type of what he often does in the kingdom of grace, and as a lesson of prudence to us, instructing us to give our first aid to those who are first in point of need.

Help for the Unworthy.

The man whom Jesus healed was by no means an attractive character. Our Saviour said to him when he was healed, "Sin no more, lest a worst thing come unto thee," from which it is not an improbable inference that his first infirmity had come upon him by some deed of vice or course of excess. In some way or other he had been guilty of that which brought upon his body the suffering which he was then enduring. Now, it is considered generally to be a point beyond all dispute that we should help the worthy but should refuse the worthless, —that when a man brings a calamity upon himself by wrong-doing we are justified in letting him suffer, that he may reap what he has sown. Now, I venture to say that our Saviour never taught us to confine our alms to the deserving. He would never have bestowed the grand alms of grace on any one of us if he had carried out that rule; and if you and I had received no more at the hands of God than we deserved, we should not have been in this house of prayer.

In addition to the supposition that this man had at some time been grossly guilty, it seems pretty clear from the text that he was a poor, shiftless, discouraged, inanimate, stupid sort of body. He had never managed to get into the pool, though others had done so who were as infirm as himself. He had never been able to win a friend or secure a helper, though from the extreme length of his infirmity one would have thought that at some period or another he might have found a man to place him in the pool when the angel gave it the mystic stir. The Saviour's asking him, "Wilt thou be made whole?" leads us to think that he had fallen into such a listless, despairing, heart-sick condition, that though he came daily to the edge of the pool as

A Matter of Habit,

he had not only ceased to hope, but had almost ceased to wish. Our Lord touched the chord which was likely to respond, namely, his will and desire to be made whole, but the response was a very feeble one. This poor man evinced none of the shrewdness of the man born blind, who answered the Pharisees so keenly; he was of quite another type, and could do no more than state his own case to Jesus. Thank God, even that was enough for our Lord to work with. The Lord Jesus saves people of all sorts. So here he chose this poor simpleton of a creature and wrought a great marvel upon him, to the exceeding praise of his condescending grace.

As for the cavilling Pharisees, you observe that they took no notice of the glorious fact of the man's cure; they wilfully ignored what Christ had done, but they fell full swoop upon that little, insignificant circumstance that it had been done on the Sabbath day, and then they concentrated all their thoughts and emotions upon that side issue. They say nothing of the man's being restored, but they rage because he carried his bed on the Sabbath day. It is much the same with the men of the world. The fact that Christianity is doing marvels in the world, such as nothing else ever did, they persistently forget, but that fact is what you and I must as persistently remember. This poor man did so. He did not much else, but that he had been made whole he did know, and from that fact he justified himself in what he had done. "He that made me whole, the same said, take up thy bed and walk."

I. First, then, this is our justification for what we do when we obey Christ. This poor man

Could Not Defend the Action

of taking up his bed and walking, for his enemies were learned in the law and he was not. You and I could defend it very easily, for it seems to us a very proper thing to do under the circumstances. The weight of his bed was not much more than that of an ordinary great coat it was a simple rug or mat upon which he was lying; there really was no violation of God's law of the Sabbath, and therefore there was nothing to excuse. But the Rabbis laid down rules of which I will give you but one specimen—"It is unlawful to carry a handkerchief loose in the pocket;" but if you pin it to your pocket or tie it round your waist as a girdle you may carry it anywhere, because it becomes a part of your dress. To my unsophisticated mind it would have seemed that the pin increased the ponderous burden, and that so there was the weight of the pin more than was necessary! This was quite a weighty business according to Rabbinical estimates. The most of the Rabbinical regulations with regard to the Sabbath were absolutely ludicrous, but this poor man was not in a position to say so or even to think so, for, like the rest of his countrymen, he stood in awe of the scribes and doctors. These learned Pharisees and priests were too much reverenced for this poor creature to answer them in their own manner; but he did what you and I must always do when we are at all puzzled;—he hid behind the Lord Jesus, and pleaded, "He that made me whole, the same said unto me, take up thy bed." That was quite enough for him, and he quoted it as if he felt that it

Ought to be Enough for Them.

There are certain ordinances to which a Christian man is bound to attend, about which the world raises a storm of questions. The world does not take notice that this man was once a drunkard and has through divine grace become sober, and so has become a good father, and a good husband, and a good citizen. It lets that miracle pass by unheeded, but he is going to be baptized, and they at once object to the ordinance, or he is going to join a Christian church, and straightway they jeer at him as a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, as if it matters what sort of name they give him so long as he is a better man than themselves, and is redeemed from sin, and taught to be upright, and chaste, and pure in the sight of God. If we go to the communion table, and revilers say, "What is the use of eating a piece of bread and drinking a drop of wine? Why think so solemnly of so small a matter?" We reply, he that made us whole, the same said, "Do this in remembrance of me." We abjure what he has not ordained, but we cling to his statutes. If he had

Commanded a Rite

still more trivial, or a ceremony still more open to objection in the eyes of carnal man, we would make no further apology than this:—He who has created us anew, and given us a hope of heaven, and led us to seek after perfect holiness —he has bidden us do it. This is our final reply, and although we could find other justifications they would be superfluous. Stand that for our defence—the Saviour commands.

The same apology applies to all the doctrines of the gospel. I say again, ungodly men will not admit, or if they admit it they ignore it, that the gospel works a marvellous change in men's hearts. If they want proof we can find them instances by hundreds, and by thousands, of the reclaiming, elevating, and purifying power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The gospel is daily working spiritual miracles, but this they forget, and they go on to find fault with its peculiar doctrines. Justification by faith they frequently quarrel with. "Well now," they say, "that is a shocking doctrine: if you teach men that they are to be saved by faith alone, and not by their works, of course they will lead loose lives; if you continually declare that salvation is of grace alone, and not of merit, the inevitable result will be that men will sin that grace may abound."

A Complete Answer

to this calumny is that believers in justification by faith and in the doctrines of grace are among the best and purest of men, and that as a fact these truths work holiness; but we do not care to argue thus; we prefer to remind our adversaries that he who has caused us to be regenerate men himself taught us that whosoever believeth in him shall be saved, and declared that he that believeth in him hath everlasting life.

The same applies also to all the precepts which the Christian is called upon to obey. For instance, if he is true to his colors, he keeps himself aloof from all the sinful pleasures, practices, and policies of the world, in which others take delight, and consequently the ungodly world says that he is singular, precise, and self-opinionated. This is the answer for all Christians—"He that made us whole, the same said to us, ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Come ye out from among them and be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." If you follow the precepts of the Lord Jesus Christ you may meet all charges of singularity by urging the supremacy of the Saviour, whose power has made you a new creature. Where his word is, there is a power to which we bow at once.

II. And now, secondly, the cure brought

An Obligation.

"He that made me whole, the same said unto me, Take up thy bed, and walk." The argument takes this form: first, if he made me whole he is divine, or he could not do this miracle; or, to say the least, he must be divinely authorized: and if he be divine, or divinely authorized, I must be bound to obey the orders which he issues. Is not that a plain argument which even the poor, simple mind of the paralytic man was able to grasp and wield? Let us try and feel the force of that argument ourselves. Jesus who has saved us is our God; shall we not obey him? Since he is clothed with divine power, and majesty, shall we not scrupulously endeavor to know his will, and zealously endeavor to carry it out in every point, as his spirit shall enable us?

In addition to the divine character which the miracle proved and displayed, there was the goodness which shone in the deed of power and touched the poor man's heart. His argument was—"I must do what my great Deliverer bids me. How can you think otherwise? Did he not make me whole? Would you have me, whom he has thus graciously restored, refuse to fulfill his desire? Must I not take up my bed the moment he gives me strength to do it? How can I do otherwise? Is this to be a recompense I pay to my good Physician, at once to refuse

To do what He asks of Me?

Do you not see that I am under an obligation which it would be shameful to deny? He restores these limbs, and I am bound to do with them what he orders me to do with them." There was no answering such reasoning. Whatever might have been the claim of Jesus upon others, he clearly had an indisputable right to the loyal obedience of one whom he had made perfectly whole.

Follow me briefly in this, brothers and sisters. If you have been saved by the grace of God, your salvation has put you under obligation henceforth to do what Jesus bids you. The Lord has been pleased to put away your sin, you are forgiven: but does not pardon demand amendment? Shall we go back to the old sins from which we have been cleansed? Shall we live in the iniquities from which we have been washed by the blood of our Lord Jesus? That were horrible to think of. It would be nothing less than devilish for a man to say, "I have been forgiven, and therefore I will sin again." There is no remission where there is no repentance. The guilt of sin remains on that man in whom the love of sin still remains. Let us practically feel the force of this, and follow after purity and righteousness henceforth.

III. Enough, however, upon that; for now we call your attention, in the third place, to the text under

The Sense of Constraint.

"He that made me whole, the same said unto me, take up thy bed and walk." He made him whole by saying, "Rise, take up thy bed." Oh it must have been a wondrous joy to the long enervated, nerveless, powerless frame to be capable of healthy motion, to be equal to bearing a heavy burden. The joyful man rolled up his bed, threw it on his back, and marched abroad with the best of them. The bed-carrying was part of the cure, and proof of the cure. The paralytic man had not been called upon to deliberate as to whether he should rise or not, but Jesus said, "Rise," and he stood

upright: the same word said, "Take up thy bed," the bed was up at once, and according to the last word "walk," the man walked with delight. It was all done by the power of the one thrilling sentence, which

Tarried not to be Questioned,

but accomplished the purpose for which the Lord had sent it. Not unwillingly did the restored man carry his bed, yet he did it of constraint, for the same power which made him whole made him obedient. What I want you to feel is this—"I cannot help obeying Christ, for by his Holy Spirit he has spoken me into a life which will never die."

Brethren, look at this, and be instructed and warned, Do you feel reluctant this morning to enter upon your Lord's service, because of conscious weakness? Has the devil tempted you to draw back from obedience, because of your unfitness? Do you hesitate? do you tremble? Surely you need to draw near to the Lord again, and hear his voice anew. Take your Bible and let him speak to you again out of the word, and may the same thrill which awoke you out of your death sleep wake you out of your present lethargy. There is need that the living word of God should come home to your inmost soul again with the same miraculous power which dwelt in it at first. "Lord, quicken thou me," is

David's Prayer,

but it suits me every moment, and I think the most of God's people would do well to use it daily. "Lord, speak life unto me now as thou didst at first. Speak power, speak spiritual force into me." "The love of Christ constraineth us," says the apostle; this constraint is what we want to feel more and more.

My last word is a practical lesson. The church of God on earth at this present time anxiously desires to spread her influence over the world. For Christ's sake we wish to have the truths we preach acknowledged, and the precepts which we deliver obeyed. But mark, no church will ever have power over the masses of this or any other land, except in proportion as she does them good. "Look at what we were," is a vain appeal: men only care for what we are. The sect which glorifies itself with the faded laurels of past centuries, and is content to be inactive to-day, is near to its inglorious end. The history of a congregation or a sect is of small account compared with the practical good which it is doing. Now, if any church under heaven can show that it is making men honest, temperate, pure, moral, holy, that it is seeking out the ignorant and instructing them, that it is seeking out the fallen and reclaiming them, that in fact it is turning moral

Wastes into Gardens,

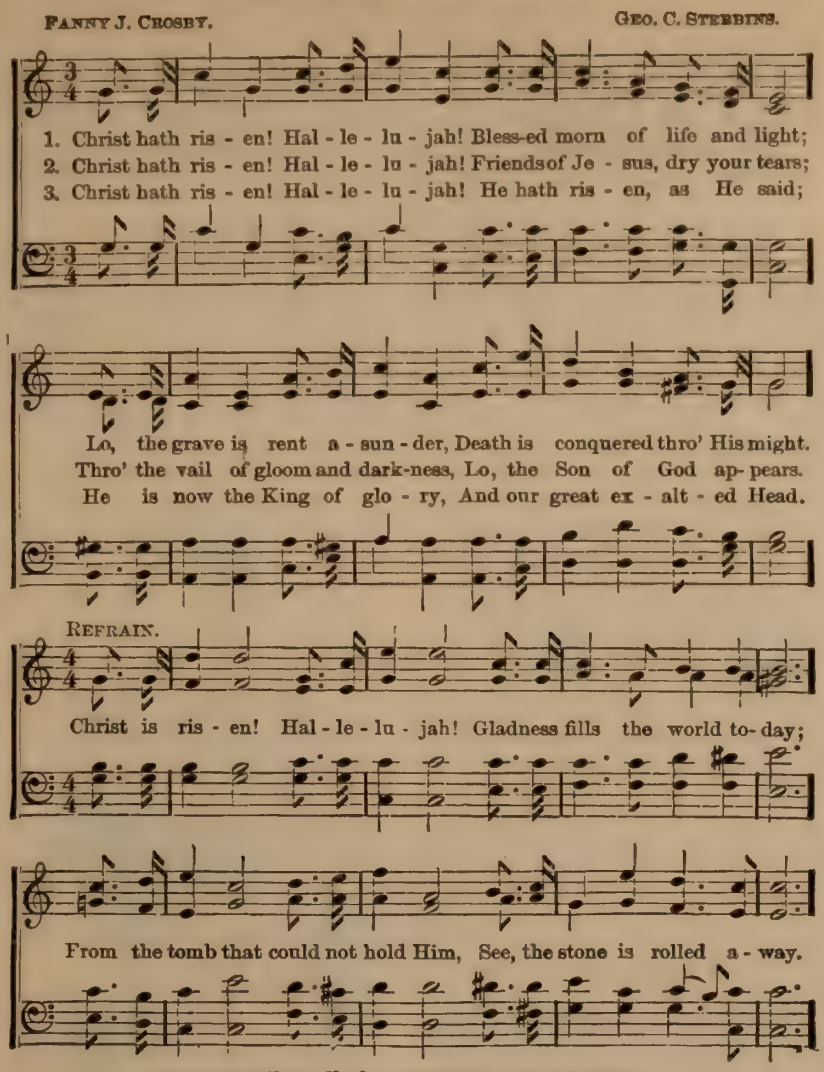
and taking the weeds and briars of the wilderness and transforming them into precious fruit-bearing trees, then the world will be ready to hear its claims and consider them. If a church cannot prove its usefulness the source of its moral strength will have gone too; and, indeed, something worse than this will have happened, for its spiritual strength will have gone too; for a barren church is manifestly without the fruitful Spirit of God.

Oh, that the church of God would believe in Jesus' power to heal sick souls. Recollect this man, thirty-eight years sick, had been longer ill than Christ had lived on earth. He had been seven years afflicted before Christ was born. And even so this poor world has been long afflicted. Years before the Pentecost, or the birth of the present visible church, the poor sinful world lay at the pool, and could not stir. We must not be hopeless about it, for yet the Lord will cast sin out of it. Let us go in Jesus Christ's name and proclaim the everlasting Gospel, and say, "Rise, take up thy bed, and walk," and it shall be done, and God shall be glorified and we shall be blessed.

Christ is Risen.

"For he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

APOCALYPTIC PRECIS.

The Plan of the Book and the Order of the Series of Revelations.

BY PASTOR J. L. FULLER*

JOHN'S revelation received while he was a prisoner in Patmos as the book itself proves is from beginning to end, the book of the coming of the Lord. Now this coming has for its object two things: the redemption and glorifying his church; and the victory over and judgment of his enemies. Hence, in the beginning, the Lord addresses his church by telling her how and by what means she is to prepare herself to receive him, so that he may come to her for salvation and not for judgment. This is the purport of the seven epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, which we take to be representatives of the Church of Jesus Christ.

With the fourth chapter of the book begins

The Series of Visions.

First, we see throned in heaven, governing in holiness and mercy, the Lord of the universe, surrounded by the heavenly Council, who worship him, the All-Powerful Creator of all things: he from whom all things come forth, has also set the ends of the world. This end is as yet a hidden one; hence it appears to the seer in the shape of a book with Seven Seals in the hands of him who sat upon the throne (chap. 5: 1.) Into whose hands shall God consign, *i. e.*, to whom shall he confide the explanation and the carrying out of that consummation of the world? Nobody in heaven or on earth is worthy but the Lamb which was slain and by his blood created a new manhood. Hence the Lamb now approaches and receives the book from the One on the throne, and the hosannas of all creation. That to which it had laid the foundation through its sacrificial death; it is now to carry out to its completion, the new world for redeemed mankind: for such is the consummation of God's world-plan.

With the sixth chapter the Lamb begins to open the

Seven Seals

of the Book. By the opening of the first four, we learn the events that are to inaugurate that consummation, and to prepare men for it.

They are: (1) the triumphant progress of the Gospel throughout the world, and in its support; (2) Famine; (3) War; and (4) Pestilence. Whether these will eventually procure the purpose for which they were sent, so that at last the whole human race will be ready to enter the new world, the Fifth Seal tells us (chap. 11: 9, etc.) From this we learn how the Gospel meets with such opposition in the world, that those who receive it are persecuted unto death, and their blood cries to God for vengeance. Hence the consummation cannot come until the world, hostile to the Gospel, shall have been destroyed in the judgment. Only in the judgment, symbolised in the Sixth Seal, is the last obstacle removed, and then the last Seal can and does reveal to us (chap. 8: 1) the new dawn of peace and salvation. Thus the Seven Seals show us how and by what means the coming of the Lord will be prepared and brought about, and why it is that he will not lead his people to that end without judgment.

But before the Seventh Seal shows us that final end,

A Double Vision

is introduced to the Seer (chap. 7: verses 1-8 and 9-17.) We are to learn from them, what will be the condition of God's Church when this judgment will come upon the earth. But it is a twofold Church which is shown us. It is (1) The old Testament Church, now converted to its God, which, in its corporate capacity as a nation, outlives the woes of the fifth Seal; and (2) The Church gathered from among the Gentiles, which, passing through persecution, will be saved and presented before the throne of God and the Lamb. If we give their proper place to these two visions among the Seven Seals, they give us the predestined future of the course of the world towards that consummation of God's government of the world.

(To be Concluded.)

*From his article in the November number of *The Prophetic News*, Edited by Rev. M. Baxter, which contains also articles on "The Six Successive periods of three hundred years;" "The Present Gap or Break in Jewish History" and several other articles on prophecy by eminent expositors. Price six cents; seventy cents a year. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 93 Bible House, N. Y.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

HELPFUL HINTS

On Soul-Winning and Bible-Study.

I AM often asked, "What is the best handbook on Revivals?"

There is but one answer to that question,—"*The Book of Acts;* that's God's encyclopædia on soul-winning."

There are thousands of pastors, tens of thousands of teachers and hundreds of thousands of people in the pew, who want a big revival this winter.

The pessimism in me has been all shaken out by the multitude of glorious workers I've found in the Church who, while, maybe, a little cold on the exterior, have the hot fires of holy zeal burning within: these want a revival of no mean kind; one that is born of God; one that has less of man and method in it, and more of the Holy Ghost.

Now, the question is, can such a season of soul-winning be had, and if so—how?

How?

I'm not sure but that the best thing is to answer: "*How not to have it?*" I'll give seven hints on that side:

REV. C. H. YATMAN.

1st. By trusting in man and man-made methods:
2nd. By expecting the planting of sea-shore pebbles to produce wheat-field harvests, or human words and wisdom to yield new births:
3rd. By continuance of the old barren ways and means:
4th. By unwillingness to follow the leadings of the Spirit:
5th. By disregard of God's revelation to us through the history of past revivals:
6th. By social and secular features displacing spiritual power:
7th. By sinful neglect of holy means.

All or any of these will bring a Church to the dryness of the bones in Ezekiel's vision.

Lots of them there now! But let us get to the other side, quick.

How can we have a good, big and lasting revival?

I answer: *Meet the conditions God has named*; easily found in the two great Revival Chapters of the Bible—Joel 2 and Acts 2.

I venture to say, if you will begin at the twelfth verse of the first-named chapter, and go on to the end, then get the swing of conquest in the Pentecost chapter, there is no power on earth or hell that can keep back the flood-tide of salvation that will set in; stick to these two chapters, don't go rambling all over Pentateuch, Psalms, Prophets and Pauline epistles.

It's a fact that whenever, and whereever revival seed is sown from these bins of God's truth, there comes a mighty harvest of souls.

Try it; *try it.* Don't question it, or quarrel over it, *but try it.*

Remember the chapters—Joel 2 and Acts 2.

It's no use reading them *first* before people, or to people, or with people. Get alone, and read with only God and the angels by.

Let the preacher go to the church some week-day morning, when sexton as well as people are away: take a pew midway from door to pulpit, don't think of reading for full

ten minutes, look around, ask what all you see means, and then out of the absolute silence, let God speak.

Glance up where the preacher stands, and then over the pews, speak aloud two words: "GOD and ETERNITY," and listen. The very stones will speak, as though they were children raised up unto Abraham. Follow this by prayer, real prayer, for the Holy Spirit's presence in power. *then* read the chapters, read and think.

Dinner may pass, supper may come and go, with your place vacant, but you will have bread they know not of. The promise in Psalm 20: verse 2, will be fulfilled to you, and to your people you will go, leading them as you have been led in these Scriptures, and the vision of Isaiah 35, will as surely be true to the flock of your care, as that Christianity followed Calvary.

Soul-Winning Texts.

Daniel 12: 3; James 5: 20; II. Corinthians 9: 8; John 5: 24; Isaiah 12: 2; Joshua 1: 8, 9; John 14: 12.

Success will crown the soul-winner who determines he will be crowned with nothing else. They win who believe they can.

Unction from on high will be the secret of all success in saving souls. Better try to lift the mountains than work without this power. But mountains will be grains of sand to him who tarries successfully at Jerusalem for the Holy Ghost.

Common Sense is mightier than an army to turn men from sin to God. He who has most of this will most successful be.

Earnestness that tramples under foot hindrances, and makes things bend or break, will be to the man whose life work is winning men to Christ like the rod in Moses' hand.

Sword of the Spirit, in consecrated hands, wielded with judgment and power, is the weapon of victory. Without it the winner of men will be powerless; with it he can break in pieces thousands of stony hearts.

Sympathy and success never part company. The deeper the first, the higher the last. The more of the one the more of the other. *Love never fails.*

Mr. Spurgeon speaks of "ministers' fainting fits." Well, the soul-winner will have them quite as often; blue days with no sunshine and plenty of fog. Spend these days where the fragrance and perfume of the "Rose of Sharon" can reach you. Get beneath no juniper tree when the terrible heat of scorching days falls upon you; rather seek the shade of the Rock of Ages. When your case seems going against you, then away to your Advocate and Counsellor. He will deliver, for FAITH INSURES THE FINAL VICTORY.

A HINDOO CONVERTED IN NEW YORK.

WHILE the workers attached to the Berachah Mission in West Thirty-second Street, were holding their usual open-air service at the corner of Eighth Avenue a few weeks ago, a young native of India who was passing was attracted by the singing and stayed to listen. After the open-air exercises were ended, he was among the number who accepted the invitation given to attend the service in the Mission. There, he was observed to be listening intently to the earnest Gospel address in which, as is always done in that House of God, the way of salvation through Christ was clearly explained. At the close of the service, one of the Christian friends spoke to him and learned that it was the first time he had ever been told what Christianity really is and means. He told his story, from which it appeared that he was a veritable heathen, though otherwise a man of intelligence and education. He said he prayed regularly every day to his gods, which were represented by little golden images, and he brought them with him to this country. Never a day passed without his spending a portion of it in this idolatrous worship. He was much affected by what he had heard, and made no objection when it was proposed to pray with and for him. The prayer was heard. The Holy Spirit revealed the truth to his heart and the man became an earnest inquirer. Since that time he has been a frequent visitor at the Mission and has testified to the power of the Saviour over his heart and life. It seems that he had been but a few days in New York when he was at that open-air meeting. He had travelled from his home in Upper India to Calcutta and thence to America. He has given evidence of his sincerity by destroying his idols, having, as he naively observes, no use for them since he has found the real God. As soon as the business which brought him to America is completed he will return to India and he declares that it will be his joy to tell his family and friends the glad news which has changed his whole life and filled his heart with happiuess and peace.

SELF SACRIFICE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 6. II Cor. 5: 14, 15. I John 3: 16; I Peter 2: 22-24

HE died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto him who died for them. The great mystery of the Cross becomes plain in these words. Paul says that Christ died for this. It was the law of self-sacrifice and the divine law giver set the seal to it with his own blood. The Christian, then—that is the man who is like Christ, the man who desires that in him shall be achieved the object for which Christ died—is the man who does not live for himself. He lives for him who died for him, and when he asks himself how he can live for Christ, he finds the answer in Christ's own words and life. Christ left us, an example that we should follow in his steps. Whatsoever is done for one of his brethren, he regards as done for him. Is there any one who wishes to render him a service? The opportunity is always at hand; let the service be rendered to some one in need, and for Christ's sake.

The familiar story of one who lent a young beginner in business the capital he needed, and when, after some years, the borrower offered to repay it, refused to take it, saying, "lend it to some one else who is in such need as you were in," gives the key to the law. An infinite obligation is laid upon the believer by the death of Christ. He can never repay it; but he can obey—he can show his gratitude in a way appointed, and that way is to live for others as Christ lived and died for him. It is an all-embracing, an intensely radical principle, going to the very roots of man's being, reaching every spring of action, transforming every motive, working in the smallest actions of life.

The story is told of a ship on fire in mid-ocean. The boats are filled with passengers and crew. Though they try to keep together they are separated in the night. In one boat are two brothers. The boat is over-crowded and it becomes apparent that, unless a vessel is sighted soon, all will be lost. Some must be sacrificed for the sake of the others. They decide to draw lots and he on whom the lot falls is to be thrown overboard. The lot falls on the elder of the two brothers. Then the younger protests. "I will die instead," he says. "My brother has a wife and children depending on him, while I am alone." Finally his offer is accepted and he is thrown overboard. But the love of life is strong, and the man swims after the boat. Becoming exhausted, he rests a hand on the gunwale. A hard-hearted sailor warns him off and when his warning is unheeded raises an axe and cuts off the hand. The swimmer clings with the other hand. That, too, is severed. The men in the boat can bear no more. They say, "We will live or perish together," and they take the maimed man back into the boat and they bind up his wounds. An hour or two later a sail is seen and all on the boat are rescued, and taken safe to land. What shall the elder brother do? Will he work for the brother who volunteered to die in his place and who cannot work for himself, now that he has lost his hands? Or will he forget the service and leave his brother to starve? As he decides, we judge of his character. As we judge, we judge ourselves. Christ died for us that henceforth we should not live unto ourselves. Are we too busy working for our own interests, accumulating a fortune, providing for future ease, striving for honor and power to think of him and what he wishes? Then so far as we are concerned Christ died in vain. Our eternal future may be secure. God knows. But our lives are not redeemed; we are living to ourselves. We are defrauding Christ of the object for which he lived and for which he laid down his life.

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A NOBLE KING'S DAUGHTER.

VERY hearty is the welcome accorded to Lady Henry Somerset on her visit to the United States. She is Vice-President of the English branch of the King's Daughters, and in that capacity is their guest. But there are other organizations which claim her as a member, for Lady Somerset is deeply concerned about the condition of the poor and those who by their own fault or misfortune are in trouble, and is always ready to aid any well devised scheme for their benefit. Last week she took a prominent part in the meetings of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union in Boston, Mass. She is President of the British Women's Temperance Association, and had much to tell of the work that Association

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

is doing across the Atlantic. Her interest, too, in the work of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes among the London poor was manifest in an impassioned address she made on October 17th in New York, when she told with matchless pathos what she had seen of the privations and hardships of the denizens of the London slums. Women wept and men felt their eyes grow dim as they listened to these stories of sorrow which the high-bred lady told in plain simple words, but evidently with heartfelt sympathy. "It is time," she said, in eloquent pleading, "that Christian men and women should cease to sit contented in the plenty of their comfortable homes unconcerned about those who are suffering and starving around them." She could speak, too, in sympathy with women of her own class, many of whom, she said, were sad at heart because of the sorrow they knew of, but could not alleviate, and the burdens that they knew their humble sisters were bearing without their help. They have their sorrows, too, Lady Henry said; hearts weary of gaiety and pleasure, travelling in spiritual darkness, longing for light, yet too weak to follow where it leads even when they recognize it. Of all the grand work she is doing in England, her King's Daughter badge is the symbol. She works in many organizations, but the spirit of the King's Daughter is in them all. The order may well be proud of such a member.

Lady Henry Somerset, whose portrait is here given, is the wife of the second son of the Duke of Beaufort and a daughter of Earl Somers.

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AN OFFICIAL RECOGNITION.

IT is gratifying to learn that the Ohio Synod of the Reformed Church has officially recognized the Christian Endeavor movement and called the attention of the pastors to its advantages. The following were the resolutions passed by the Synod:

First—That we commend the Y. P. S. C. E. to the careful consideration of our pastors, and request them to investigate carefully its claims, methods and actual workings, with reference to its introduction into their midst.

Second—That classes, as far as practical, appoint classical organizers to push systematically this work forward.

Third.—That as soon as convenient this Synod open a column in the statistical report in order to record its numerical strength.

Fourth—That a committee be appointed to arrange a course of reading covering the history, polity and doctrines of the Reformed Church for the Y. P. S. C. E. societies.

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AN EXCELLENT C. E. PLAN.

WE are glad to give all publicity to a plan devised by the Christian Endeavor Union of Chicago which embraces one hundred and fifty-seven Societies. The circular issued fully describes the plan and therefore speaks for itself. All that needs to be said about it should be said to the Christian Endeavor Societies of every large city, and that may be said in the words of the Master to the man who asked him "Who is my neighbor?" "Go and do likewise." This is the circular:

The Correspondence Committee of the Christian Endeavor Union hopes to provide a Christian welcome and a church home for every new-comer to Chicago, to extend the greeting of Christ's love to men and women, before they are met by the almost overpowering temptations of our city life. Thousands of young men, and many young women, come to Chicago to make their way in business, not knowing when they come a single person in the city, no one from whom to get advice, help, sympathy, or the home love that helps so many of us to keep right, or which comforts and restores us after a fall. To them, eager for companionship and for a little happiness, the saloons, theatres, concert halls, billiard rooms, race tracks open wide arms of welcome. Shall Christ's Church not go out and bring them in?

How do we hope to do this? If the Corresponding Secretary of any C. E, Society, or any member of any such Society, or any Christian in the world, knows one who is coming, or has come, to Chicago, whom they wish to have surrounded by Christian influence, welcomed by Christians into Christ's Church, or helped in any way, let them write a letter to the Secretary of the C. E. Correspondence Committee, 148 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. In this letter let them give the full name, the Chicago address, a description of the person to be welcomed, their denominational preferences, and any particulars which would guide us. The Secretary will send the letter to the member of the Society nearest the address given, and that member will immediately call on the new-comer, and extend to him all Christian courtesy and every privilege his particular branch of Christ's Church can offer.

This is the plan. Will you pray that God will make it fruitful for good, and make every member of the Committee faithful? Will you help by spreading information and by sending us names of those who, like us, need Christ's love and help and care?

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THE NEW YORK CIRCLES.

THE annual meeting of the King's Daughters of New York State was held on November 23rd, in Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in New York. We go to press too early to give a report of the proceedings, but the indications at the time of writing are that the Assembly would be one of intense interest and very numerously attended. Among the speakers whose names are on the programme, are Lady Henry Somerset, Vice President of the English Order (whose portrait is given on this page), Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, the treasurer of the same organization, beside many leaders in the American Order.

✠

NEW HEADQUARTERS.

CONGRATULATIONS to the King's Daughters are in order. The home of the Central Council and the Headquarters of the Order have been transferred to more commodious quarters at No. 158 West Twenty-third Street, New York. This change has long been needed. The old quarters in Twenty-second Street have been outgrown. They were sufficient so long as the number of members was small and the business and correspondence could be carried on with a few officers and clerks, but that time is past and more room and more conveniences were imperatively demanded. The new home is well adapted to the work to be done there and it is easy of access to visiting members. It will do for the present, but we should not be surprised if in the not far-distant future a few wealthy members of the order should feel prompted to present their sisters with a permanent home of their own, that they may sit under their own roof, if not under their own vine and fig-tree, where no rent-collector can make them afraid.

HOME THANKSGIVINGS.

Uncle John Tells About the First Thanksgiving Day and how it was Celebrated.

THANKSGIVING is a season of pleasant memories. As the households of America gather around their well-laden tables to-morrow and the members realize that turkey is still the national bird and that pumpkin pie-making is not yet a lost art, the abundance of cheer, the flow of good feeling and the hearty appetites with which all will attack the dainties spread before them will open the heart to generous impulses. We are well-disposed to all mankind on Thanksgiving Day. The beggar will not knock at our door in vain, and the poor family on the next street, whose son and only dependence for support was lamed last week, will be remembered before we ourselves have fed. The spirit of true thankfulness to the Divine Giver comes upon us mightily as a nation, and we feel that we would indeed be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge God's surpassing goodness to our beloved land.

This was the feeling in one little household, day before Thanksgiving. The weather cool, and clear, and seasonably bracing; mother busy superintending the preparation of the feast for the morrow, and deeply immersed in the mysteries of pies, puddings and toothsome sauces; father expected at home for a whole holiday, and Cousin Martin the special guest of Tom and Ted and the girls for the occasion. Two big baskets of good things including, it was whispered, turkeys, or at least chickens, had been sent away by Jane the maid-of-all-work, to be put by two poor families in the neighborhood where they would do the most good. Kate, the cook, was to be seen occasionally at the door of the kitchen, which was guarded with extreme jealousy, while there occasionally issued thence a sound of simmering, and stewing, and basting, accompanied by a fragrance that was eagerly sniffed by the youngsters.

Having nothing else to do, meantime, the young folks besieged Uncle John with inquiries about to-morrow's anticipated feast.

"Dear me!" said the traveler with a reminiscent sigh, as he turned his toes toward the glowing fire, "I remember those Thanksgiving times we used to have at the old home, down East. Such pies and fat turkeys, and such nuts, and apples, and games, after the dinner! Mother—that's grandma', you know—invented all sorts of amusements for us boys and girls, and when we were tired playing 'Blind Man's Buff,' or popping corn on the fire, father would tell us again the story of the first Thanksgiving, and how the Puritans kept it in the olden time."

"Do tell us about it, Uncle," cried the children with one voice.

"Well, you know of course from your histories, when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. It was on the occasion of their first harvest, in 1622, that the good Governor Bradford sent four men out hunting for game for the impoverished colony, that 'that they might in a more special manner rejoice together' over God's goodness in giving them an abundant crop that year. There had been times when the colony came very near starving; but now there was a prospect of plenty for all. The Puritans were very simple folks; they didn't observe any of the festival days of the Church of England and believed in worshipping the Lord in the most primitive manner. Almost their first act after landing at Plymouth Rock was to assign a 'Lord's-Day meeting-place' for themselves—'a timber fort, strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements.' To this church they walked every Sabbath, three in a row, until 1648, when a larger and better one was built. So it was no doubt from this unpainted log meeting-house, built square with clay filled in between the chinks and a straw-thatched roof and earthen floor that the first Thanksgiving prayer and praise ascended to heaven for the good things of the year. The boys and girls of the colony met there in the bleak weather warmly wrapped, and joined in the services with their elders—a very different place from the fine churches we have nowadays, and calculated to be used as a fort, in case of attack by the savage Indians. Everybody had a special interest in going to church in those days, for every able-bodied colonist had helped to build the meeting-house. Some had cut and driven logs for it, others had given their own labor and that of their horses, and I can believe that even the young lads lent a hand where they could.

"After the special services at the meeting-house were over," he continued, "the colonists sat down to the feast for which the four hunters had provided game. Wild turkeys may have been cooked, although we are not told about this; at any rate, we know that very soon after, when Thanksgiving had become a fixed yearly festival, turkey was the honored and universal dish all through the colonies. But you may be sure there was plenty pumpkin pie. A year afterward, Governor Bradford appointed a day in July, 1623, as a day of Thanksgiving for rain, for the drought had been terrible; another day was appointed to give thanks for the arrival of supplies from the mother-country, and after this third festival day the custom was fairly established. There is a beautiful poem on the suuject by by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, in which that first Thanksgiving Dinner in 1622 is described. Here are some of the verses:

"AND now," said the Governor, gazing
Abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings,
And covered the meadows o'er,
'Tis meet that we render praises
Because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest
Be thanked for his sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford,
(By the grace of God to-day,
And the franchise of his good people),
Governor of Plymouth, say
Thro' virtue of vested power—
Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November,
Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

"So shoulder your matchlocks, masters;
There is hunting of all degrees;
And fishermen, take your tackle
And scour for spoil the seas:
And maidens and dames of Plymouth,
Your delicate crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving,
And make it a feast for joy."

At length came the day appointed;
The snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the Meeting-House belfry
Rang merrily out for all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth,
Who hastened with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster
As he fervently thanked the Lord.

And when Massasoit, the Sachem,
Sate down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches
Of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—
With a blow on his brawny chest—
He muttered: "The great Good Spirit
Loves his white children best."

And then, when the feast was ended,
With gravely official air,
The Governor drew his broadsword
Out from—its scabbard there,
And, smiting the trencher near him,
He cried, in heroic way:
"Hail! Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub thee
Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

"When the Dutch governors ruled in New Netherlands, and the English governors in New York, they adopted the good old Puritan fashion of Thanksgiving Day, and during the Revolutionary War it became a national day, Congress itself taking action about it. You may remember, too, that General Washington recommended a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. Now, the President's proclamation is followed by that of the Governors of the different states all over the Union. So the godly gratitude of the little company in Plymouth has set the pattern for a festival which, next to the Fourth of July, is the dearest to the hearts of America parents and their children."

"They don't have Thanksgiving all over the world, do they?" asked one of the little auditors.

"In a way, they have; but Uncle Sam's little boys and girls have a special Thanksgiving Day all to themselves. In the older countries, the nations almost without exception set aside a day to render thanks to the giver of the harvest. But even Thanksgiving isn't new, for the ancient Jews had the Feast of the Wheat-Harvest or 'First-fruits,' and then, what more nearly corresponds with our own day, the Feast of Tabernacles or 'Ingathering of the Harvest.' They lasted seven days each and were the greatest seasons of rejoicing in the whole year. On both occasions the people were commanded to appear in the Temple or Tabernacle and make their offerings.

"This year," said Uncle John, in conclusion, "we have the grandest crops, the finest pumpkins, the biggest and reddest apples, the best ears of corn and, of course, the primest, fattest and sweetest turkeys in the world. We're going to feed pretty near half of Europe, too, for their crops have failed badly. So when you sit down to dinner to-morrow, and when Kate brings in the great turkey, done to a lovely brown and fit for a king to eat, remember all these things, and add to your papa's offering of thanks to the Giver of all gifts, a humble tribute from your own hearts to him who invites us to come before his presence with thanksgiving and a joyful noise."

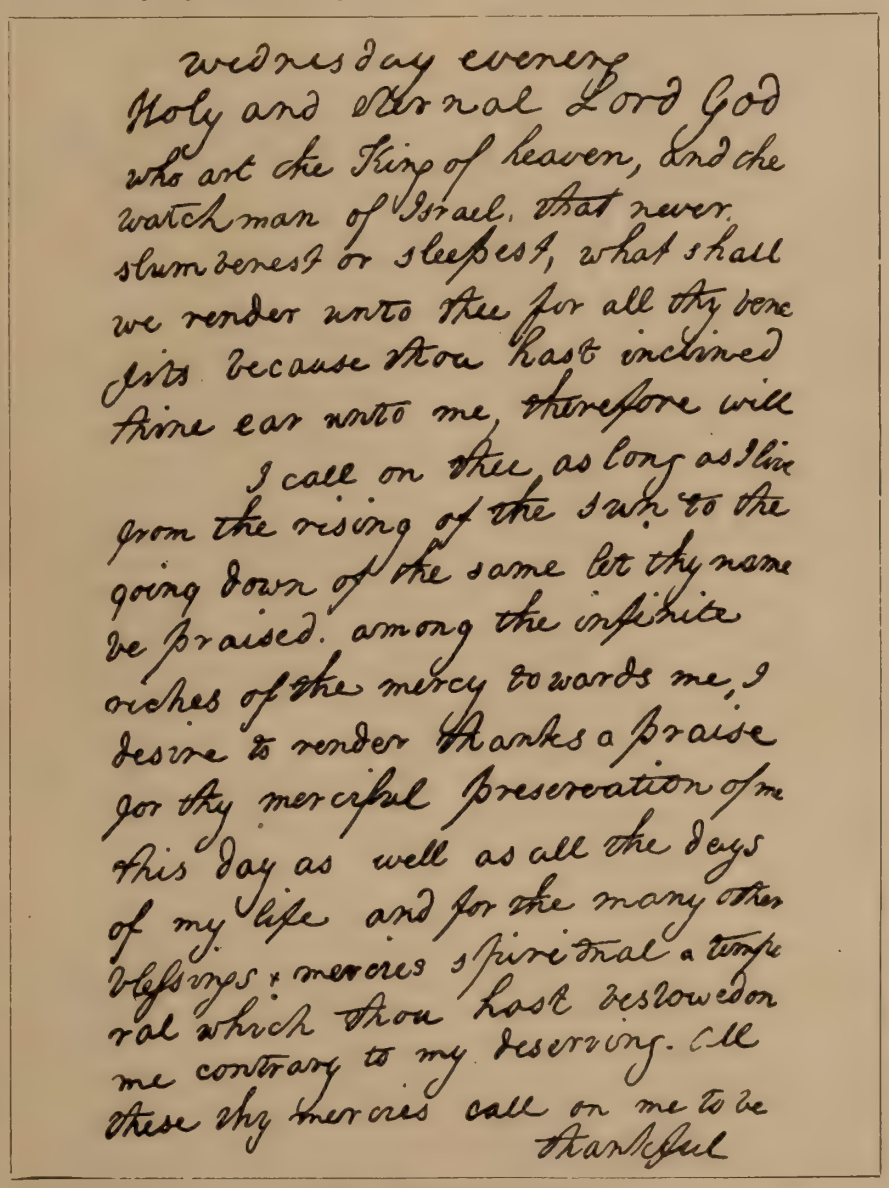
* * *

The Coming Girl.

THE coming girl will cook her own food, will make her own living, and will not die an old maid. The coming girl will know how to work, will not endeavor to break the hearts of unsophisticated young men, will spell correctly, understand English before she affects French, will preside with equal grace at the piano or wash-tub, will spin more yarn for the house than for the street, and will not despise her plainly-clad mother, her poor relations, or the hand of an honest worker.

She will walk five miles a day, if need be, to keep her cheeks aglow; will mind her health, her physical development, and her mother; will adopt a costume both sensible and conducive to health, will not confound hypocrisy with politeness; will not place lying to please above frankness.

She will not go to Paris, but to reason for her fashions; will not aim to follow a foolish fashion because milliners and dressmakers decree it; will not torture her body, shrivel her soul with puerilities or ruin it with wine and pleasure. In short, the coming girl will seek to glorify her Maker and to enjoy mentally his works. Duty will be her aim, and life a living reality.

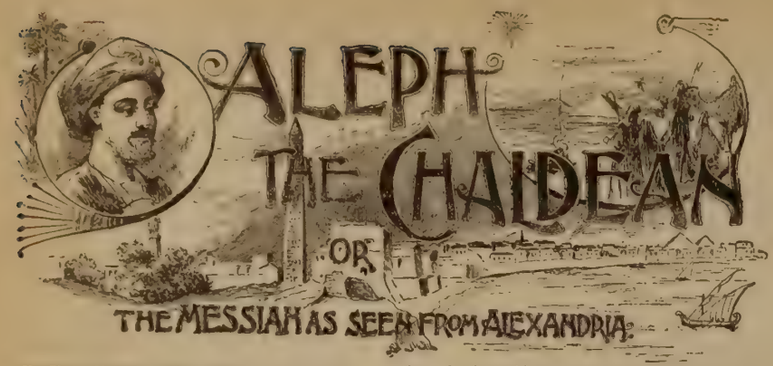

wednesday evening
Holy and Eternal Lord God
who art the King of heaven, and the
watchman of Israel, that never
slumberest or sleepest, what shall
we render unto thee for all thy bene
fits because thou hast inclined
thine ear unto me, therefore will
I call on thee as long as I live
from the rising of the sun to the
going down of the same let thy name
be praised. among the infinite
riches of thy mercy towards me, I
desire to render thanks & praise
for thy merciful preservation of me
this day as well as all the days
of my life and for the many other
blessings & mercies spiritual & temp
oral which thou hast bestowed on
me contrary to my deserving. all
these thy mercies call on me to be
thankful

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S PRAYER.*

(From his original private MS. never before published.)

AS a matter of interest to Christians everywhere and especially to those in our own land, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD to-day lays before its readers a most precious relic, being a fac-simile reproduction of a page from the manuscript prayer-book of George Washington. The question is frequently asked: "Was Washington a Christian?" and the little book from which the page printed above is taken furnishes indisputable evidence of the deep interest "The Father of His Country" took in spiritual things. The book in question—which is about the size of an ordinary 24-page memorandum book—was the property of Lawrence Washington, a relative of the first President, and afterward passed into the possession of William Evarts Benjamin, of New York, who has now arranged for its publication. The book contains prayers, in Washington's own chirography, for every morning and evening during the different days of the week, and is written with the neatness and plainness that were characteristic of the great patriot. These prayers abound in earnest thought, expressed in simple, fervent language, and cannot fail to afford an insight into the secret of his strength. No one can read them without having a grander conception of Washington's character.

* *The Daily Prayers of George Washington*, with an historical introduction by the Rev. Charles F Deems, 24 pages, postpaid, price 25 cents. Beacon Publishing Co., New York.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER IV. (*Continued.*)

"I SHOULD not have so much difficulty," said Alexander, "with the present humble condition of Jesus, and the spiritual character of his claims, as with the apparent fact that he was not born in Bethlehem and is not a son of David—as the Messiah must be."

"That has been my great difficulty," said Simeon. "It is everywhere claimed in Judea that Jesus is a Galilean, a Nazarene, and of parentage so humble that he is on that account in disfavor with even the people of Nazareth."

Aleph ventured to inquire whether some branches of David's line had not, in the course of centuries, sunk into an humble condition; and whether it was not possible that Jesus belonged to some such decayed branch—also, whether he might not have been born in Bethlehem, though brought up elsewhere?

"I think," said Simeon, "that we are hardly entitled to say no to either of these questions of the young man. I myself was born in Jerusalem, though brought up in this city. The family of David is now lost among the common people; and, though it can be recovered in our genealogies, I never could learn that the enemies of Jesus have taken the pains to examine them with reference to his claims. Having settled in their minds that such a Messiah as Jesus is neither what they expected nor wanted, they easily accepted without examination such rumors in regard to him as agreed with their wishes and foregone conclusions. So, at least, it seems to me."

"Can you tell us about what the age of Jesus is?" asked Cimon.

"He appears, I am told, somewhat less than forty; perhaps he is not much more than thirty years. I took special pains to inquire about this; partly because of an experience of my father's some thirty years ago, and partly because of wide-spread rumors at that time of a remarkable birth which had just taken place in connection with celestial phenomena. However, the matter was kept as close as possible from fear of Herod. My father at that time was living in Jerusalem—a very old man and as saintly as old. For a long while he had expressed to his family an assurance that he should live to see the Christ. One day he came home from the temple with a radiant face, saying that he was now ready to depart, for he had just seen and held in his arms an infant which an inward Divine voice told him was the Messiah. He then lay down, calmly closed his eyes, and departed in a peaceful sleep. This I had from my sister, for I was in Alexandria at the time. All this was widely known at the time, but was spoken of by the people under their breath on account of the jealousy and cruelty of the rulers. Now at that time Jesus must have been an infant."

"And we happen to know," said Aleph, looking at Cimon, "that the name of the infant concerning whom such remarkable things were told was Jesus—though we may not at present tell how we came by the knowledge."

As Aleph said these words he could not well help noticing three things—the cordial look that Simeon gave him, the look of exasperation on the face of Ben Abner, and the start made by Rachel, whose attitude of earnest attention throughout the conversation would have been evident enough even if her veil had not been gradually drawn somewhat aside as she watched the speakers. Alexander also noticed the start. Perhaps he feared a return of yesterday's faintness. He bent over her, and spoke in a low tone. She shook her head.

"However, we will go home," said he, "as soon as I have put off these vestments."

"He retired to the vestry, followed by the other elders.

Aleph approached the maiden and said that he had been glad to hear from her father that her nurse continued to mend, and expressed that she herself was none the worse for her indisposition of yesterday.

"Not at all," she said, promptly; "but I was absorbingly interested in the subject of the conversation, and was, I confess, startled by what you said of your knowledge of the infant Jesus. You were not then born."

"No, lady; my knowledge is altogether second-hand, but is none the less certain for that. My friend here has some original knowledge in the case; but both of us have, in addition to this, sources of information that are beyond all question."

"I very much fear," said she with a sigh, "when I hear Ben Abner and others, that our people will be found treating a new prophet as they have ever treated prophets. What do you think?"

"I also have my fears."

"But you also have knowledge; and if at any time it becomes consistent for you to share your knowledge with others, none will welcome it more gladly than I. Till then I believe in it and—in you"—and her eyes, which till then had been unconsciously perusing his face as she spoke, sank before his, and the loveliest color deepened on the loveliest features that the Chaldean, or even the more experienced Greek, had ever seen.

What was that? A confused sound as of a struggle and disputing voices came from the direction of the great door on the street of Canopus. This was soon followed by the noisy tramp on the marble pavement of what seemed in the distance a body of soldiers. As they came nearer they were seen to be indeed some twelve Roman soldiers in full armor, carrying at their head a standard—the legionary standard, consisting of a pike surmounted by a silver eagle, on whose spread wings stood an effigy of the emperor, with this superscription in large capitals—DEUS TIBERIUS CÆSAR.

The soldiers were were followed at a short distance by a weeping, groaning, threatening crowd of Jews who had tried, it would seem, to prevent the entrance of the party with their desecrating symbol, and were now following them with lamentations and execrations.

As the band came near, Aleph easily recognized in the leader of it the drunken officer whom he had disarmed on the Nile. Almost as soon the two friends were recognized by the Roman; and, with an oath, he at once led the way to where they stood (they had planted themselves in front of Rachel), although at that moment Alexander and his elders were hastily coming forward from the vestry.

"I have found you at last," the man cried, as he disposed his soldiers in a semicircle, "and you will not easily escape me."

Alexander had now come up.

"As the head of the community worshipping here, I demand to know for what purpose you have come into this sanctuary with standard and arms?"

"To give you and your friends," the officer replied with mock solemnity, "an opportunity, which no doubt you will gratefully accept, to pay an act of religious worship to the great god Tiberius Cæsar—after this manner," and he kneeled before the standard, and, with both hands lifted, cried, "*Great God, I worship thee.*"

Rising, he exclaimed, "Now I have set you an example—copy it, every one of you!"

The crowd behind groaned and hissed.

The officer shook his fist at them and shouted, "Be still, you snakes and swine; your turn will come shortly. Let your betters lead off. It is their privilege. Come, begin, Pontifex Maximus!"—turning to Alexander.

"I demand of you by what authority you make this demand on us," demanded the Alabarch.

The Roman pointed to the image of the emperor.

"Do you mean to say that an order has come from Rome for violating the sanctuaries of the Jews, and revoking the edicts which from the founding of the city have guaranteed to us our own religious views and usages?"

"The Roman senate has decreed Divine honors to the emperor; and his image has been received and worshipped in every place of worship in this city, saving the synagogues of the Jews. Now you shall have your turn."

"That is no answer to my question. The Jews have always had special privileges in this city, and one of them is to refuse worship to every god but their own. Again I ask, has this privilege been recalled by the emperor since yesterday: for yesterday I received a personal letter from him in which he promised to abate nothing from our privileges."

The Roman made no answer, but conferred with one of his men in a low voice. After a moment's delay, Alexander continued:

"It is plain that you have no authority from the emperor for this outrage. Have you for it the authority of the governor, or of the prefect of the city? I await your careful reply."

"We are carrying out the wishes of the representatives of Rome in Alexandria," said the fellow, sullenly.

"And that is no answer to my question. Are we to understand that Avilleus Flaccus, or Urbanus Civicus, undertakes on his own responsibility to set aside the decrees of kings and emperors for four hundred years, those of the reigning emperor included, and has expressly sent you here to-day for this purpose?"

"We did not come here," said the officer with a face that was fast becoming purple, "to be catechised."

"You came here," said Alexander, sternly, "to commit an outrage—came as a private venture of yourself and a few mischievous companions, and without authority from your superiors. You deserve heavy punishment, and I hope you will get it. Now begone from the sanctuary which you have profaned!"

"*Begone!*" echoed the elders. "BEGONE!" shouted and screamed the mob from behind.

"Whatever privileges you cursed Jews may have, they certainly do not belong to these men"—pointing at Cimon and Aleph. "These are no more Jews than I am. And for aught I know the same is true of this woman. We will see"—and he stepped toward Rachel to lift her veil.

"Stand back," said Aleph sternly, as he placed his hand on the breast of the man and sent him staggering back on his men.

Before the man could recover himself, Alexander interfered: "This lady is my daughter; and as for these men, they are of our faith, and as co-religionists are entitled to our immunities."

"And if it were not so," said Aleph, "it may be well for this man to know that under no conceivable circumstances would we pay religioues worship to the emperor, though quite ready to pay the magistrates all due observance."

"We will see," cried the Roman in a transport of fury, as he rushed on the young man with his drawn sword. "Down on your knees to the standard this instant, you renegade, or by Jupiter, I will put you on your knees for the rest of your life," and he struck at his knees.

Aleph caught the blow with his cane. Whereupon the officer lost all self-restraint and made a rapid succession of strokes and thrusts that sought life. But Aleph had evidently learned the art of fence; his cane was as good as a shield and met the sword a every point. At last, after a desperate lunge, the sword went flying aloft; and both Cimon and Aleph had seized its master.

"EXPEL THEM!" shouted Alexander to the crowd of Jews that was now surging and roaring like a maddened sea, "Expel them with your canes and your hands! They have forced an entrance into our sanctuary, they have profaned it with an idol, and now they have sought to stain it with the blood of unarmed men. EXPEL THEM, I say!"

The mob needed no spur. They threw themselves on the soldiers, already cowed by what had passed, and in a moment were dragging them, disarmed and unresisting, behind Cimon and Aleph with their prisoner. Had it not been for the example of coolness and forbearance set by our friends and an occasional moderating word from them, the people might have torn their prisoners limb from limb. As it was, the soldiers had no gentle handling. They had little armor left on them when they reached the great doors. They had gotten many an accidental elbowing and tripping. Somehow the people had stumbled heavily and found it hard to recover themselves. There were few parts of these Roman bodies which had not become intimately acquainted with both the point and broadside of a cane. Their captain suffered least—in fact, suffered nothing beyond the shame and uneasiness of being held fast in iron hands.

When those hands were taken off, just outside the great door, he suddenly drew a knife from a fold in his sash and made a pass at Aleph. But both friends were vigilant; and Cimon, while beating off the knife with one hand, with the other dealt the rascal such a blow on the head that his helmet flew off and went clattering down the steps into the street. He followed staggering. The people behind, seeing only the cuff and the result, cheered, and very cheerfully followed the example supposed to be set them. Each soldier received such a hearty cuff and push as he went down the steps as made his descent little less than a fall.

Once down, they were not allowed to linger. The blood of the people was up; and they followed the soldiers in their precipitate flight a long distance with menacing cries and gestures, and with such missiles as they happened to find in the street.

Meanwhile the friends had been called within the synagogue by Alexander, and the great doors fastened. What consultation took place it is not necessary to record. There *were* consultations; and that, too, of a very political and secular sort. The situation of the Jews was always delicate. There was much reason to fear that the morning's disturbance would seriously embroil them with the authorities at both Alexandria and Rome. What should be done? If any one has light, let him speak out at once—*though it be Sabbath.*

But none had scruples. The ideas of the Alexandrian Jews of the first century were not exactly like those of some of their ancestors in the time of Maccabees, who refused to defend themseves against their enemies on the Sabbath because self-defense was work, and that too of the severest sort. The children had become wiser if not better. They had come to believe that self-preservation is a work of necessity, not to say of mercy; and were ready to fight the idolaters seven days in the week, if necessary, for even a less matter than self-preservation—as we have seen. They would not consent to be martyrs till they had tried hard to be victors. They would not be idolaters, and they did not want to be rebels. They wanted to preserve their religion, and also wanted to preserve themselves. Was it possible? *Let us see*, said the Seventy, as they resumed their gilded chairs. So the men who did not hesitate to fight a battle on the Sabbath did not scruple to consult on that day how to prevent the battle from souring into a defeat. Were they wrong in this?

Cimon and Aleph answered in the negative. I am not sure but that I agree with them. Doubtless a council of war *may* be as holy as a prayer-meeting. I once knew of one that was holier, but that began with a prayer.

But a narrative is like a star—it perishes if it stops moving. So let us proceed.

V.

THE UNIVERSITY.

EARLY the next morning, Cimon and Aleph transferred themselves and their effects to a small khan in the Egyptian quarter of the city. This was done for the following reasons:

The events of the Sabbath seemed to make it prudent to withdraw from public notice as much as possible. Of course, the son of Flaccus was a source of danger: and then the seeming look of recognition on the face of Malus, which both of them had noticed, was not a pleasant feature of the situation. It was the silent lightning on the horizon. They felt it even more important, just then, to keep out of the sight of the Jew than it was to keep out of the sight of the Roman. Especially after an incident that occurred on their way back from the synagogue.

As they came down the steps of the Diapleuston, they noticed a Jew across the street, watching them. Before they had gone far, Aleph, happening to look behind, saw the man following, and spoke of it to Cimon. They walked slower—at length very slowly. The man slackened his pace to suit. They walked faster—at length very fast. The man quickened his pace correspondingly. It was annoying.

"Let us go to meet him," said Cimon, "and see if he will retreat."

He stood still, in some confusion, till they came up.

"Can we do anything for you?" inquired the Greek. "If so we are at your service."

"I certainly owe you an apology," stammered the Jew. "The fact is, I was in the synagogue at the time of the disturbance, and was so struck with the very great likeness of this young man to one whom I saw many years ago that I determined to wait for his coming out and to follow him. I now have an opportunity to thank you both for standing up so boldly and effectually for us to-day."

(To be Continued.)

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.

THE CURSE OF INDIA.

Hira Lal Kumar, the Hindoo Quaker, on the Odious Opium Traffic of his Native Land.

TWO young and highly educated Hindoos, Hira Lal Kumar and K. RamChundra, have just returned to England from a visit to this country, undertaken for the purpose of arousing American sentiment against the opium traffic in Hindustan. Both are law students at Oxford, England, where they went to complete their education, with the view of practicing at the bar in India. Hira Lal Kumar, who is a member of a very old and distinguished Hindoo family, tracing its descent back to a period anterior to the Moslem era in that country, became a Christian several years ago, and lately united with the Quaker Brotherhood in England. For two years past he, with Mr. Chundra, has labored to stir up public sentiment in the United Kingdom against the traffic in the baleful drug which is proving the curse of the Hindoos.

HIRA LAL KUMAR.

Swarthy, strongly-built and turbaned, Mr. Kumar has an earnest and intelligent face and bright, suave manner that at once inspire confidence. He is an enthusiast in the crusade against opium and eloquently explains many of the misapprehensions that now exist regarding the Indian product and its relation to the moral and commercial welfare of the Empire.

"It is a popular error," he said, "to suppose that if the opium trade were taken away, the native population of India would suffer. I have heard on every side the objection raised that the Hindoos would starve if the raising of opium were prohibited; but it is not true. Only the Europeans in India and a few interested traders among the natives would be the sufferers. The best land is monopolized in its cultivation, and this land could be used to raise almost any other crops, wheat, rice, cotton, or anything that grows on Indian soil. It is the policy of the English rulers of India, despite their protestations to the contrary, to keep up the opium trade.

"Opium is the curse of India! It ruins our people, morally, mentally and physically; it keeps them poor, because it keeps the finest and most productive land in the hands of the opium-growers, instead of devoting it to wholesome crops to supply our wants. Under the sanction of the British government about 4,500 tons of this drug are grown annually, one-fourth of which is consumed in India. The traffic has originated and extended under the English, and they are responsible before God for its results. It has been fostered at the expense of the morality of 700,000,000 Hindoos and Chinese, and has brought disgrace upon the name of Christian, and been a serious barrier to missionary labors. All this has been done in fifty years. I understand it reaches the homes of many wealthy men and women in America. It has been found almost impossible to prevent smuggling the drug; the only remedy is to limit its production. To secure this object, we have petitioned the British government and people, as we now appeal to the American people, to aid in this righteous war against an evil that is slaying my own nation and injuring others also.

"Ram Chundra and I are mere students in England and our means are limited. Out of my allowance from home, I have paid my expenses thus far, including my visit to America and the printing and other expenses connected with the anti-opium crusade. We have already received the cordial co-operation of many good people in the United States and promises from others. In England we are endeavoring to have Parliament take up the matter in the true Christian spirit."

The women of Western India have petitioned the Christian Women of England in the interest of the crusade. Ever since the days of John Bright's championship, the Quakers of England have been warm friends of the Hindoos, and bitter enemies of the opium trade, and the two young Hindoo law students have found among the Friends their warmest supporters. Ram Chundra is a native of the Presidency of Madras, while Hira Lal Kumar is from Calcutta, where he was born in the village of Utterpara, in 1864. He is a member of the Honorable Society of Gray's Inn, London, the oldest legal society in the world. Both young men have exhausted their funds in pushing the crusade and creating sentiment with the ultimate view of Parliamentary action, but they consider that in this they have done no more than their duty as Christians.

A portrait of Mr. Kumar is given on this page. Any readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD who may feel sufficiently interested in their mission to aid in its furtherance, can do so by forwarding their contributions to Hunt & Eaton, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City, by whom all moneys so received will be sent to Hira Lal Kumar, 38 Hayfield Road, Oxford, England.

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☞ See *New York World* and *Philadelphia Press*, May 18 and 19, 1890; also *Christian Observer* and *Medical Journal*, April 9, 1890 The *Christian Evangelist*, May 30, 1890, says editorially: "The Kola Plant is a gift direct of God, to sufferers from Asthma, and His blessing will rest upon Stanley and associates, explorers of the Dark Continent. It is an unfailing cure for Asthma." ☞ **Remember, No Pay Until Cured.**

THE PURITAN SUNDAY.*

SETTLERS were eager to build meeting-houses; for these houses of God were to them the visible sign of the establishment of that theocracy which they had left their fair homes and had come to New England to create and perpetuate. But lest some future settlements should be slow or indifferent about doing their duty promptly, it was enacted in 1675 that a meeting-house should be erected in every town in the colony; and if the people failed to do so at once, the magistrates were empowered to build it and to charge the cost of its erection to the town. The number of members necessary to establish a separate church was very distinctly given in the *Platform of Church Discipline:* "A church ought not to be of greater number than can ordinarily meet convenientlie in one place, nor ordinarilie fewer than may convenientlie carry on church work." Each church was quite independent in its work and government, and had absolute power to admit, expel, control and censure its members. The first meeting-houses were simple buildings — square log-houses with clay-filled chinks, surmounted with steep roofs thatched with long straw or grass, and often with only the beaten earth for a floor. It was considered a great advance and a matter of proper pride when the settlers had the meeting-house "lathed on the inside and so daubed and whitened over workmanlike." The second Roxbury church was set on a high hill, and the story is fairly pathetic of the aged and feeble John Eliot, the glory of New England Puritanism, that once, as he toiled patiently up the ascent to his dearly loved meeting, he said to the person on whose supporting arm he leaned: "This is very like the way to heaven; 'tis uphill. The Lord by his grace fetch us up."

The Old Pews.

In the early New England meeting-houses the seats were long, narrow, uncomfortable benches, which were made of simple, rough, hand-riven planks placed on legs like milking-stools. They were without any support or rest for the back; and perhaps the stiff-backed Pilgrims and Puritans required or wished no support. Quickly, as the colonies grew in wealth and the colonists in ambition and importance, "spots for pues" were sold (or "pitts" as they were sometimes called) at first to some rich or influential men who wished to sit in a group together, and finally each family of dignity or wealth sat in its own family-pew. Often it was stipulated in the permission to build a pew that a separate entrance door should be cut into it through the outside wall of the meeting-house, thus detracting grievously from the symmetry of the outside of the edifice, but obviating the necessity of a space-occupying entrance aisle within the church, where there was little enough sitting-room for the quickly increasing and universally church-going population. As these pews were either oblong or square, large or small, painted or unpainted, and as each pew-holder could exercise his own "tast and discresing" in the kind of wood he used as well as in the style of finish, much diversity and incongruity of course resulted. Many of the pews in the old meeting-houses had towering partition walls which extended up so high that only the tops of the tallest heads could be seen when the occupants were seated. Permissions to build were often given with modifying restrictions to the aspiring pew-builders, as for instances is recorded of the Haverhill church, "providing they would not build so high as to damnify or hinder the light of them windows," or of the Waterbury church, "if the pues will not progodish the hous."

Lengthy Exercises.

Dr. Lord of Norwich always made a prayer which was one hour long; and an early Dutch traveller who visited New England asserted that he had heard there on Fast Day a prayer which was two hours long. These long prayers were uuiversal and were highly esteemed—a poor gift in prayer being a most deplored and even despised short-coming. Whitefield prayed openly for Parson Barrett of Hopkinton, who could pray neither freely nor well, that "God would open this dumb dog's mouth"; and everywhere in the Puritan church, precatory eloquence as evinced in long prayers was felt to be the greatest glory of the minister, and the highest tribute to God. The colonists could not leave the meeting-house before the long services were ended, even had they wished, for the tithingman allowed no deserters. In Salem, in 1676, it was "ordered by ye selectmen yt the three constables doe attend att ye three greate doores of ye meeting-house every Lordes Day at ye end of ye sermon, both ye forenoone and afternoone, and to keep ye doores fast and suffer none to goe out before ye whole exercises be ended." As the years passed the church attendants became less reverential and more impatient. A minister, about to preach in a neighboring parish, was told of a custom which prevailed there of persons living at a distance rising and leaving the house ere the service was ended. He determined to teach them a lesson, and announced that he would preach the first part of his sermon to the sinners, and the latter part to the saints, and that the sinners might leave as soon as their portion had been delivered. Every soul remained to the end of the service.

* From *The Sabbath in Puritan New England* by Alice Morse Earle, a series of most delightful sketches of the Puritan in his church life with characteristic anecdotes. Pp. 335; price, $1.20; published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*, 745 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Wire and the Wave; A tale of the Submarine Telegraph, by J. Monroe (with many Illustrations). Pp 288; Price $1.40. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, Union Square, New York.

Jesus the Messiah; by Alfred Iidersheim. A condensation of his famous large work. Elegantly bound and beautifully illustrated; pp 645; Price $3.50. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph, 38 West Twenty-third St., New York.

The Preacher and His Models; by Rev. James Stalker, D.D. The Yale Lectures on Preaching for 1891; pp 284. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 51 East 10th St., New York.

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It is not possible to give, in a brief space, an account of all the features in preparation, but the following announcements will indicate that the material is deficient neither in importance nor range of subject :

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Paris Theatres and Concerts will be the subject of four articles by **W. F. APTHORP.** Among the illustrations are some by M. Morand, the artist of the Theatre Francais and himself a playwright.

Rapid Transit in Cities. Two articles of great importance by **MR. THOMAS CURTIS CLARKE,** the well-known engineer.

The Nicaragua Canal, Speed on Railways, etc. Two articles on the **NICARAGUA CANAL,** the result of a special investigation of the present state of the undertaking, elaborately illustrated. There will be articles on the **AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS** (as the only profitably operated government system existing), by **D. H. NEALE;** on **THE SPEED OF LOCOMOTIVES** (which is just now attracting special attention), by **H. WALTER WEBB;** and on the **GREAT WATER-WAY FROM CHICAGO TO THE OCEAN,** by **LIEUT. CHARLES C. ROGERS, U. S. N.** Illustrated.

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The Illustrations of the Magazine, during the coming year, will be of increased interest and beauty. Not only have the services of the best American artists been enlisted, but also several French painters and illustrators, whose work represents the very highest standard, have been engaged. Among others, **CHARLES DELORT, L. MARCHETTI, ALBERT LYNCH, EUGENE MORAND,** and many others whose works and names are equally well-known.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson will continue to contribute to the Magazine during 1892. In addition to the serial **"THE WRECKER,"** which is now appearing, there will appear, in an early number, an account of a journey which Mr. Stevenson, the grandfather of the novelist, made with Sir Walter Scott.

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Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Hafstein Pjetersson, Grund P. O. Manitoba, Can. He may either read his sermons or deliver them without reading, as he prefers. You can get a biography of Dr. Talmage in his book entitled: "The Mask Torn Off," published by Fairbanks & Co., Chicago.

George Rank, Cush Creek, Pa. Where will I find information relative to the stones used in building the temple at Jerusalem, their size, etc?

See Josephus' *Wars and Antiquities of the Jews*, and Lightfoot's *Prospects of the Temple*. The former is probably the oldest authority extant.

J. P. A. Do Christ's words in Matt. 12: 32 imply, that sin is forgiven in the world to come?

No; neither in this passage nor in any other does Christ hold out hope that the sinner dying impenitent will be pardoned in the next world. As to this particular sin he declares positively that it cannot be.

Constant Reader, Halifax, N. S. Was Peter converted at the time he denied Christ?

Yes; Christ had previously said to him "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona," and he had received a revelation. Christ had even predicted his fall and promised to pray for his restoration. The word "restoration" implies a prior state of safety.

W. Hamlin, Alton, Ill. Please explain for me the 19 and 20 verses of the third chapter of I Peter.

The passage referred to is a mysterious one and difficult of interprestation. Many have thought that these people referred to by the Apostle were the people before the Flood and that Christ designed to afford them another opportunity for salvation. This, however, is not an orthodox view.

Jacob C. Baker, Philadelphia. 1. Can a car conductor who works on the Sabbath Day be a Christian? 2. Is it right for a Christian to ride on the cars on the Lord's Day and use them to go to church?

1. A Christian would endeavor to get out of such an occupation as soon as possible, or of any occupation that called for labor on the Sabbath. 2. In extreme cases where it is impossible to reach church otherwise, it may be justifiable. Under all other circumstances, no.

E. F. H., Monmouth, Ill. If St. John was inspired, how do you account for his referring to the "four corners of the earth," when the earth is really round? (Rev. 7: 1.) It would appear to people of our day that he was one of the flat-earth fraternity.

It does not appear that inspiration, in any case, carried with it to the intelligence of the writer a scientific knowledge of physical matters. The Bible writers doubtless supposed the earth was round and that the sun revolved about it. Inspiration only covered the understanding of revelation in spiritual things. It is equally supposable that the Biblical writers were in strict accord with the scentific knowledge of their times.

S. S. Scholar, Brooklyn, L. I. Who first compiled the books of the Old and New Testaments? 2. Who was the first Missionary sent from the United States and in what year? 3. When was the first Missionary Society in the United States organized?

1. It is believed that the work of collecting "the sacred books" was commenced by Ezra in the fifth century before Christ. As the various books were added, subsequent to that time, the question arose whether the books of Esther, Ecclesiastes, Canticles and those now forming the collection know as the Apocrypha should be included in the sacred canon. The Council of Jamnia, which was convened about ninety years after Christ decided to admit the first three and to exclude the Apocrypha. The Councils of Hippo in 393 A. D., and Carthage in 397 A. D., admitted part of the Apocrypha and the Council of Trent in 1546 admitted the whole of it. Since the Reformation, however, the decision of the Council of Jamnia has been accepted by the Protestant Churches. The Canon of the New Testament, as we have it, was settled by the Council of Carthage in 397 A. D. 2. Adoniram Judson who sailed in 1812 is believed to have been the first Protestant Missionary from the United States. 3. In 1810 when the American Board was organized.

James McCall, Chillicothe, O. 1. Who were the pre-Adamites? 2. Where do we find mention of them in the Bible?

1. The Pre-Adamites, so-called, were the supposed inhabitants of the earth anterior to Adam. The projector of this idea was Isaac de la Peyrere, a Calvinist of Bordeaux, who, in the year 1655, published a treatise holding that Adam was the progenitor of the Jewish race, only, and that the Bible is the history of Adam and his descendants. He held that other races existed on the earth before Adam, although no record concerning them remains, and the law of Moses took no account of them whatever. Peyrere also held that as the world "was not then under the law," the Pre-Adamites were guilty only of natural evil. It is proper to add that Peyrere afterward retracted almost all of his speculative opinions. 2. They are mentioned nowhere in the Bible.

E. K. Stauffer, Barry, Ills. Please give a synopsis of Christian Science.

Christian Scientists hold that if the mind is at one with Christ, all merely physical sensations, such as pain, anxiety and care, are nothing and cease to have power over the individual; that the secret of the Science is oneness with Christ and that as soon as this oneness is attained, consciousness of the mere material mind ceases; that one who has the science developed can by the laying on of hands relieve physical suffering; that the material mind and its affairs can, by the exercise of full faith, be practically obliterated and the spiritual mind gradually developed to complete union.

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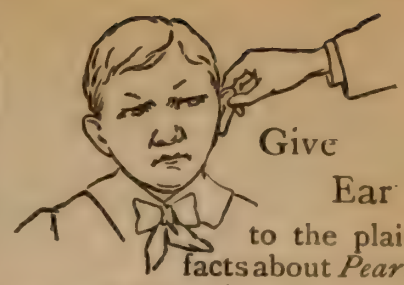

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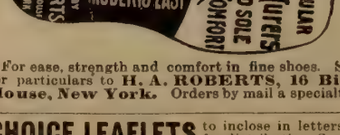

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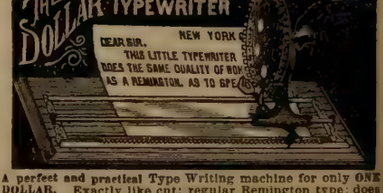

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A TRIP UNDERGROUND.

Dr. Talmage Relates his Experiences in the Nunnery Coal Mine—The "Cellars of the Earth"—The "Cage"—Lives Spent away from God's Sweet Sunshine—Where Seven Hundred Miners Toil.

"ALL RIGHT!"

COLORADO last summer, we were invited again and again to descend into mining-shafts. "No! I thank you!" was our invariable answer, for we had all of underground life we desire one day in England. We accepted an invitation to plunge into the Nunnery Colliery, one of the coal mines near Sheffield. We put on caps and overcoats as protection from the blackness of the coal. Each one is armed with a small lantern. After taking a long breath, in case we should not very soon get another opportunity, we step into what might be called a rough elevator, but which is called "a cage." We stand in the centre and throw our arms over a bar and hold fast.

The sides of the cage are not tightly enclosed, and the only door at the entrance on either side is the body of the guide, who stands there to keep the passengers in their place in case of panic. We are to drop six hundred and sixty feet. About the capacity of the machinery to drop us we have no doubt, but the question is about the sudden halt at the bottom of the mine. With steam power we are lowered, only one rope of steel at the top of the cage deciding whether the three of my party and our two guides shall stop at the foot of the shaft or go on to a landing-place in the next world.

"All right?" asked the men standing on the outside of the cage, with upward inflection of voice.

"All right," answered one of the guides, with downward inflection.

We had suggested to an attendant that we were in no hurry to get to the bottom, and that there were several trains that could take us in time to our next engagement, and therefore we might as well be dropped a little more deliberately than usual. But all that had no effect.

The signal given, down we went. We had the sensation of being parted about the region of the waist-band. We had fallen from hay-mows in boyhood and from apple-trees, and had been swung higher than we wanted to swing, but this was a compression of all those disagreeable feelings into one wrench of the ribs from the hip-bone. We were told it was only a minute, but it must have been a minute stretched six hundred and sixty feet long.

Arriving at the bottom we stepped into an arched room and stopped a few minutes to get our eyes and lungs used to the darkness and the atmosphere. Then one guide ahead and one guide behind, and by the dim light of our lanterns we started through the long black corridors. Past us rushed trains of cars laden with coal. Further and further we went into the darkness, that seemed the more appalling as it parted for a little at the touch of our lights. Beams of wood keep up the roofs of coal, while the sides looked as if any moment large masses might roll down.

This mine, after being worked twelve years shows no signs of exhaustion. Seven hundred men are still plunging their crowbars and pickaxes. This is what does so much to make England great. This is a chilly world, and all nations must have coal. The Duke of Norfolk owns these mines, but all England feels the advantage of this indescribable wealth hidden in the cellars of the earth.

Talking with the miners, they all seem cheerful and unharmed by the eternal shadows in which so much of their lives are spent. They pass eight hours in the mine, and then have sixteen hours out. A stout, tall miner by the name of Henry Walters told us that he had been working in the mines forty-five years. There are few men toiling above ground who look as healthy as this man, for nearly half a century toiling underground. But it is a hard life anyway you make it. Standing down here amid the foundations of the earth, the memories of colliery accidents at Blantyre, and Rizca, and Hartley, came shuddering and groaning through the wilderness of underground night. It will take the resounding blast of archangelic trumpet to fetch up the bodies of the miners from such entombment.

"WE STARTED THROUGH THE LONG, BLACK CORRIDORS."

For four shillings a day, which of us would like this banishment from the sunshine? A sepulchre is not inviting, whether built out of coal or limestone. Sitting and walking all day long in the light that bathes the streets and fields, or streams through our windows, do we realize sympathetically how many thousands of men spend their lives in the midnight, hewing more midnight from the sides of the caverns? But how suggestive that out of these chunks of darkness that tumble to the miner's feet we secure warmth and light for our homes, and momentum for our steamships. The brightest light of this world we chip out of its darkness. Out of our own trials we get warmth of sympathy for others. Our past troubles are the black fuel which we heave into the furnace of future enterprises. As the miners cut the wealth of England out of the caverns, so we may hew out of the midnight caverns of misfortune the brightest treasures of character and usefulness.

But we must say good-bye to these underground workers. We get into the "cage" and prepare for ascent. The guides warn us that as we near the top and the speed of the "cage" is slackened, the sensation will be somewhat distressing. Sure enough! We get aboard, throw our arms over the iron bar with a stout hug; the signal of "all ready" being given we fly upward. Coming near the top at the slackening speed it seems as if the rope must have broken and that we are dropping to the bottom of the mine. A few slight "ohs," and the delusion passes, and we are in the sunlight. Bless God for this heavenly mixture! There is nothing like it. No artifice can successfully imitate it. You need to spend a few hours deep down in a mine to appreciate it. In the contrast it seems more mellow, more golden, more entrancing. You take off your hat and bathe in it. You feel that the world needs more of it. Sunshine for the body. Sunshine for the mind. Sunshine for the soul. Sunshine of earth. Sunshine of heaven. In the words of the old philosopher, "stand out of my sunshine!"

The diamond is only a crystallization of coal. Carbonate of lime rises till it becomes calcite or aragonite. Red oxide of copper crystallizes unto cubes and octahedrons. Those crystals which adorn our persons and our homes and our musuems have only been resurrected from forms that were far from lustrous. Wonderful transformation! The carbon becomes the solitaire. When God wants jewelry he comes down and digs it out of the depths of darkness and sin. These souls are

"AGAIN WE FLY UPWARD."

the crystallization of mercy and he puts them on and wears them in the presence of the whole universe. The coal makes no resistance. It hears the resurrection voice in the mountain and it comes to crystallization, but the heart resists. The trouble with you, my brother, is the coal wants to stay coal. Give sin full chance in your heart and the transformation will be downward instead of upward. Instead of a crystal it will be a cinder. Charred ruin instead of glorious crystallization.

Look here! We are up out of the mine, and what do we want any more of these miners' lamps? They might as well be extinguished. Their faint flicker is absurd in the face of the noonday. They were useful to show us where to tread among the seams of coal. They were good to light up the genial faces of the miners while we talked to them about their wages and their families. Lamps are valuable in a mine. But blow them out, now that we stand under the chandelier which at twelve o'clock at noon, hangs pendent from the frescoed dome of these blue heavens.

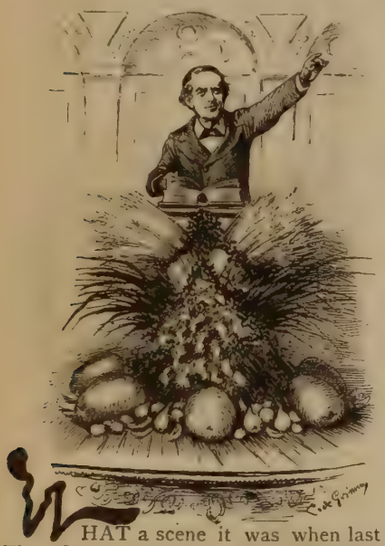
So all the tallow dips of earthly joy will be submerged when the Old Belfry of the next world strikes twelve for celestial noon. Departure from this world for the good will be only getting out of the hard-working mine of earthly fatigues into the everlasting radiance of Edenic mid-summer. Come now! Stop moralizing and drop that lantern of the collieries.

T. De Witt Talmage

The Tabernacle Pulpit

ANOTHER ANTHEM.

DR. TALMAGE'S latest Sunday morning sermon, preached amid the emblems of the bountiful harvest with which the Tabernacle had been decorated for Thanksgiving Day, and which remained in their places. Cotton, rice, wheat, sugar-cane, rye, oats, corn and products of North, South, East and West were on the platform and on the fronts of the galleries. Dr. Talmage's text was: *"Beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl: both young men and maidens; old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord."* Ps. 148: 10,12,13.



WHAT a scene it was when last Thursday at the call of the President and Governors, this nation assembled to chant the praises of God! But the day was too short to celebrate the Divine goodness of such a year. The sun did not rise over Brooklyn until one minute before seven o'clock that morning, and it set four o'clock and thirty-five minutes that evening. What a small space of time in which to meditate upon twelve months of benefactions. So I add to that day this Sabbath morning service, and with the fruits and harvests of the earth still glorifying the pulpit and the galleries, ask you to continue the rehearsal of the Divine goodness.

By a sublime egotism man has come to appropriate this world to himself, when the fact is that our race is in a small minority. The instances of human life, as compared with the instances of animal life, are not one to a million. We shall enlarge our ideas of God's goodness and come to a better understanding of the text if, before we come to look at the cup of our blessing, we look at the goodness of God to the irrational creation.

Although nature is out of joint, yet even in its disruption I am surprised to find the almost universal happiness of the animal creation. On a summer day, when the air and the grass are most populous with life, you will not hear a sound of distress unless, perchance, a heartless school-boy has robbed a bird's nest, or a hunter has broken a bird's wing, or a pasture has been robbed of a lamb, and there goes up a bleating from the flocks. The whole earth is filled with animal delight—joy feathered, and scaled, and horned, and hoofed. The bee hums it; the frog croaks it; the squirrel chatters it; the quail whistles it; the lark carols it; the whale spouts it. The snail, the rhinoceros, the grizzly bear, the toad, the wasp, the spider, the shell-fish, have their homely delights—joy as great to them as our joy is to us. Goat climbing the rocks; anaconda crawling through the jungle; buffalo plunging across the prairie; crocodile basking in tropical sun; seal puffing on the ice; ostrich striding across the desert, are so many bundles of joy; they do not go moping or melancholy; they are not only half supplied; God says they are filled with good.

The worm squirming through the sod upturned of plowshare, and the ants racing up and down the hillock, are happy by day and happy by night. Take up a drop of water under the microscope, and you find that within it there are millions of creatures that swim in a hallelujah of gladness. The sounds in nature that are repulsive to our ears are often only utterances of joy—the growl, the croak, the bark, the howl. The good God made these creatures, thinks of them ever, and will not let a plowshare turn up a mole's nest, or fisherman's hook transfix a worm, until, by eternal decree, its time has come. God's hand feeds all these broods, and shepherds all these flocks, and tends all these herds. He sweetens the clover-top for the oxen's taste; and pours out crystalline waters, in mossed cups of rock, for the hind to drink out of on his way down the crags, and pours nectar into the cup of the honeysuckle to refresh the humming-bird; and spreads a banquet of a hundred fields of buckwheat, and lets the honey-bee put his mouth to any cup of all the banquet and tells the grasshopper to go anywhere he likes, and gives the flocks of heaven the choice of all the grain-fields. The sea anemone, half animal, half flower, clinging to the rock in mid-ocean, with its tentacles spread to catch its food, has the Owner of the universe to provide for it. We are repulsed at the hideousness of the elephant, but God, for the comfort and convenience of the monster, puts forty thousand distinct muscles in its proboscis.

I go down on the barren sea-shore and say, "No animal can live in this place of desolation;" but all through the sands are myriads of little insects that leap with happy life. I go down by the marsh and say, "In this damp place, and in these loathsome pools of stagnant water, there will be the quietness of death;" but, lo! I see the turtles on the rotten log sunning themselves, and hear the bogs quake with multitudinous life. When the unfledged robins are hungry, God shows the old robin where she can get food to put into their open mouths. Winter is not allowed to come until the ants have granaried their harvest, and the squirrels have filled their cellar with nuts. God shows the hungry ichneumon where it may find the crocodile's eggs; and in arctic climes there are animals that God so lavishly clothes that they can afford to walk through snow-storms in the finest sable, and ermine, and chinchilla, and no sooner is one set of furs worn out than God gives them a new one. He helps the spider in its architecture of its gossamer bridge, and takes care of the color of the butterfly's wing, and tinges the cochineal, and helps the moth out of the chrysalis. The animal creation also has its army and navy. The most insignificant has its means of defense: the wasp its sting; the reptile its tooth; the bear its paw; the dog its muzzle; the elephant its tusk; the fish its scale; the bird its swift wing; the reindeer its antlers; the roe its fleet foot. We are repelled at the thought of sting, and tusk, and hoof, but God's goodness provides them for the defense of the animal's rights.

Yea, God in the Bible announces his care for these orders of creation. He says that he has heaved up fortifications for their defense—Psalm civ., 18: "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies." He watches the bird's nest—Psalm civ., 17: "As for the stork, the fir-trees are her house." He sees that the cattle have enough grass—Psalm civ., 14: "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle." He sees to it that the cows, and sheep, and horses have enough to drink—Psalm civ., 10:11; "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills; they give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst."

Amid the thunders of Sinai God uttered the rights of cattle, and said that they should have a Sabbath. "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy cattle." He declared with infinite emphasis that the ox on the threshing-floor should have the privilege of eating some of the grain as he trod it out, and muzzling was forbidden. If young birds were taken from the nest for food, the despoiler's life depended on the mother going free. God would not let the mother-bird suffer in one day the loss of her young and her own liberty. And he who regarded in olden time the conduct of man toward the brutes, to-day looks down from heaven and is interested in every minnow that swims the stream, and every rook that cleaves the air, and every herd that bleats, or neighs, or lows in the pasture.

Why did God make all these, and why make them so happy? How account for all this singing, and dancing, and frisking amid the irrational creation? Why this heaven for the animalcule in a dewdrop? Why for the condor a throne on Chimborazo? Why the glitter of the phosphorus in the ship's wake on the sea, which is said to be only the frolic of millions of insects? Why the perpetual chanting of so many voices from the irrational creation in earth, and air, and ocean—beasts, and all cattle, creeping things, and flying fowl, permitted to join in the praise that goes up from seraph and archangel? Only one solution, one explanation, one answer—God is good. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

I take a step higher, and notice the adaptation of the world to the comfort and happiness of man. The sixth day of creation had arrived. The palace of the world was made, but there was no king to live in it. Leviathan ruled the deep; the eagle the air; the lion the field; but where was the sceptre which should rule all? A new style of being was created. Heaven and earth were represented in his nature. His body from the earth beneath; his soul from the heaven above. The one reminding him of his origin, the other speaking of his destiny—himself the connecting link between the animal creation and angelic intelligence. In him a strange commingling of the temporal and eternal, the finite and the infinite, dust and glory. The earth for his floor, and heaven for his roof; God for his Father; eternity for his lifetime.

The Christian anatomist, gazing upon the conformation of the human body, exclaims; "Fearfully and wonderfully made." No embroidery so elaborate, no gauze so delicate, no color so exquisite, no mechanism so graceful, no handiwork so divine. So quietly and mysteriously does the human body perform its functions, that it was not until five thousand years after the creation of the race that the circulation of the blood was discovered; and though anatomists of all countries and ages have been so long exploring this castle of life, they have only begun to understand it.

Volumes have been written of the hand. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the Pyramids, and hoisted the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. In it the white marble of Pentelicon mines dreamed itself away into immortal sculpture. It reins in the swift engine; it holds the steamer to its path in the sea; it snatches the fire from heaven; it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth

THE HAND AND THE HARP.

with all the cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. A hundred million dollars would not purchase for you a machine as exquisite and wonderful as your own hand. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

Behold the eye, which, in its photographic gallery, in an instant catches the mountain and the sea. This perpetual telegraphing of the nerves; these joints, that are the only hinges that do not wear out; these bones and muscles of the body, with fourteen thousand different adaptations; these one hundred thousand glands; these two hundred million pores; this mysterious heart, contracting four thousand times every hour—this chemical process of digestion; this laboratory, beyond the understanding of the most skilful philosophy; this furnace, whose heat is kept up from cradle to grave; this factory of life, whose wheels, and spindles, and bands are God-directed. If we could realize the wonders of our physical organization, we would be hypochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the machine would break down. But there are men here who have lived through seventy years, and not a nerve has ceased to thrill, or a muscle to contract, or a lung to breathe, or a hand to manipulate.

I take a step higher, and look at man's mental constitution. Behold the benevolence of God in powers of perception, or the faculty of transporting this outside

world into your own mind—gathering into your brain the majesty of the storm, and the splendors of the day-dawn, and lifting into your mind the ocean as easily as you might put a glass of water to your lips.

Watch the law of association, or the mysterious linking together of all you ever thought, or knew, or felt, and then giving you the power to take hold of the clue-line, and draw through your mind the long train with indescribable velocity—one thought starting up a hundred, and this again a thousand—as the chirp of one bird sometimes wakes a whole forest of voices, or the thrum of one string will rouse an orchestra.

Watch your memory—that sheaf-binder, that goes forth to gather the harvest

THE STARS FOUGHT AGAINST SISERA.

of the past, and bring it into the present. Your power and velocity of thought—thought of the swift wing and the lightning foot; thought that outspeeds the star, and circles through the heavens, and weighs worlds, and, from poising amid wheeling constellations, comes down to count the blossoms in a tuft of mignonette, then starts again to try the fathoming of the bottomless, and the scaling of the insurmountable, to be swallowed up in the incomprehensible, and lost in God!

In reason and understanding, man is alone. The ox surpasses him in strength the antelope in speed, the hound in keenness of nostril, the eagle in far-reaching sight, the rabbit in quickness of hearing, the honey-bee in delicacy of tongue, the the spider in fineness of touch. Man's power, therefore, consisteth not in what he can lift, or how fast he can run, or how strong a wrestler he can throw—for in these respects the ox, the ostrich, and the hyena are his superior—but by his reason he comes forth to rule all: through his ingenious contrivance to outrun, outlift, outwrestle, outsee, outhear, outdo. At his all-conquering decree, the forest that had stood for ages steps aside to let him build his cabin and cultivate his farm. The sea which raved and foamed upon the race has become a crystal pathway for commerce to march on. The thunder-cloud that slept lazily above the mountain is made to come down and carry mail-bags. Man, dissatisfied with his slowness of advancement, shouted to the Water and the Fire, "Come and lift!" "Come and draw!" "Come and help!" And they answered, "Ay, ay, we come;" and they joined hands—the fire and the water—and the shuttles fly, and the rail-train rattles on, and the steamship comes coughing, panting, flaming across the deep. He elevates the telescope to the heavens, and, as easily as through the stethoscope the physician hears the movement of the lung, the astronomer catches the pulsation of distant systems of worlds throbbing with life. He takes the microscope, and discovers that there are hundreds of thousands of animalculæ living, moving, working, dying within a circle that could be covered with the point of a pin—animals to which a rain-drop would be an ocean, a rose-leaf a hemisphere, and the flash of a fire-fly lasting enough to give them light to several generations.

I take a step higher, and look at man's moral nature. Made in the image of God. Vast capacity for enjoyment; capable at first of eternal joy, and, though now disordered, still, through the recuperative force of heavenly grace, able to mount up to more than its original felicity: faculties that may blossom and bear fruit inexhaustibly. Immortality written upon every capacity: a soul destined to range in unlimited spheres of activity long after the world has put on ashes, and the solar system shall have snapped its axle, and the stars that, in their courses, fought against Sisera, shall have been slain, and buried amid the tolling thunders of the last day.

You see that God has adapted everything to our comfort and advantage. Pleasant things for the palate; music for the ear; beauty for the eye; aroma for the nostril; kindred for our affections; poetry for our taste; religion for our soul. We are put in a garden, and told that from all the trees we may eat except here and there one. He gives the sun to shine on us, and the waters to refresh us, and food to strengthen us; and the herbs yield medicine when we are sick, and the forests lumber when we would build a house, or cross the water in a ship. The rocks are transported for our foundation; and metals upturned for our currency; and wild beasts must give us covering; and the mountains must be tunneled to let us pass; and the fish of the sea come up in our net; and the birds of the air drop at the flash of our guns; and the cattle on a thousand hills come down to give us meat. For us the peach-orchards bend down their fruit, and the vineyards their purple clusters. To feed and refresh our intellect, ten thousand wonders in nature and providence—wonders of mind and body, wonders of earth, and air, and deep analogies and antitheses; all colors and sounds; lyrics in the air; idyls in the field; conflagrations in the sunset; robes of mist on the mountains; and the "Grand March" of God in the storm.

But for the soul still higher adaptation: a fountain in which it may wash; a ladder by which it may climb; a song of endless triumph that it may sing; a crown of unfading light that it may wear. Christ came to save it—came with a cross on his back; came with spikes in his feet; came when no one else would come, to do a work which no one else would do. See how suited to man's condition is what God has done for him! Man is a sinner; here is pardon. He has lost God's image; Christ retraces it. He is helpless; Almighty grace is proffered. He is a lost wanderer; Jesus brings him home. He is blind; and at one touch of him who cured Bartimeus, eternal glories stream into his soul. Jesus, I sing thy grace! Cure of worst disease! Hammer to smite off heaviest chain! Light for thickest darkness! Grace divine! Devils scoff at it, and men reject it, but heaven celebrates it!

I wish you good cheer for the national health. Pestilence, that in other years has come to drive out its thousand hearses to Greenwood and Laurel Hill, has not visited our nation. It is a glorious thing to be well. How strange that we should keep our health when one breath from a marsh, or the sting of an insect, or the slipping of a foot, or the falling of a tree-branch might fatally assault our life! Regularly the lungs work, and their motion seems to be a spirit within us panting after its immortality. Our sight fails not, though the air is so full of objects which by one touch could break out the soul's window. What ship, after a year's tossing on the sea, could come in with so little damage as ourselves, though we arrive after a year's voyage to-day?

I wish you good cheer for the national harvest. Reaping machines never swathed thicker rye, and corn-husker's peg never ripped out fuller ear, and mow-poles never bent down under sweeter hay, and wind-mill's hopper never shook out larger wheat. Long trains of white-covered wagons have brought the wealth down to the great thoroughfares. The garners are full, the store-houses are overcrowded, the canals are blocked with freights pressing down to the markets. The cars rumble all through the darkness, and whistle up the flagman at dead of night to let the Western harvests come down to feed the mouths of the great cities. A race of kings has taken possession of this land—King Cotton, King Corn, King Wheat, King Rice, King Grass, King Coal.

I wish you good cheer for civil and religious liberty. No official spy watches our entrance here, nor does an armed soldier interfere with the honest utterance of truth. We stand here to-day with our arms free to work, and our tongues free to speak. This Bible—it is all unclasped. This pulpit—there is no chain around about it. There is no snap-

THE ORCHARDS BEND DOWN.

ping of musketry in the street. Blessed be God that to-day we are free men, with the prospect and determination of always being free. No established religion: Jew and Gentile—Arminian and Calvinist—Trinitarian and Unitarian—Protestant and Roman Catholic—on the same footing. If persecution should come against the most unpopular of all the sects, I believe that all other denominations would band together, and arm themselves, and hearts would be stout, and blood would be free, and the right of men to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences would be contested at the point of the bayonet, and with blood flowing up to the bits of the horses' bridles.

For mercies temporal and spiritual let consecrated lives be offered. Wherever God's light shines and God's rain descends, and God's mercy broods, let the thanksgiving arise!

HOME.

THERE lies a little city in the hills,
White are its roofs, dim is each dwelling's door,
A peace with perfect rest its bosom fills.

There the pure mist, the pity of the sea,
Comes as a white, soft hand, and reaches o'er
And touches its still face most tenderly.

Unstirred and calm, amid our shifting years,
Lo! where it lies, far from the clash and roar
With quiet distance blurred, as if thro' tears.

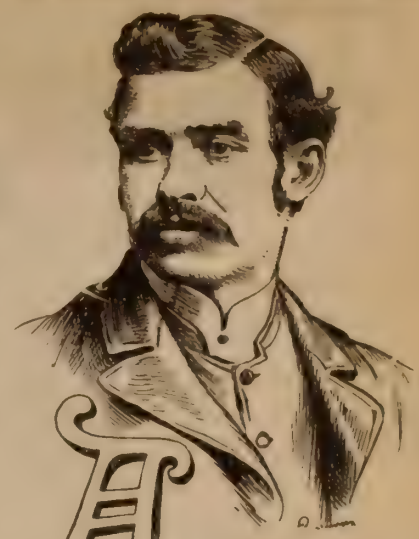
O heart, that prayest so for God to send
Some loving messenger to go before
And lead the way to where thy longings end.

Be sure, be very sure, that soon will come
His kindest angel, and through that still door
Into infinite love will lead thee home.

—E. R. SILL.

A CRISIS IN A CHURCH.

Fire in the Breakers of a Coal Mine Impoverishes the Members of a Baptist Church.



A PATHETIC story of a church's need comes from the mining village of Kingston, Pa. There is a Baptist Church there which has been doing valuable work. It was organized in 1886 and its membership and congregation were drawn from the miners and their families. One by one a small company of saved men was gathered, and they brought in others until their was the nucleus of a church. They put aside from their scanty earnings money toward the building fund for a church home. A little assistance was received from outside and eventually, in 1886 the church was erected and dedicated.

The church grew and prospered, souls were saved and a hopeful mission work radiated from that centre. The Chnrch called the Rev. T. E. Richards to the pastorate. He was then engaged in City Mission work in New York. His education for the ministry had been obtained in England under the superintendence of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, by whom he was strongly recommended as an able, earnest, devoted worker. He accepted the call and has been laboring there for upwards of three years. The portrait of Mr. Richards is at the head of this column.

About a month ago a heavy misfortune befell the members of the little church. Nearly all of them were employed in the mines and the work of the majority was on the great "breakers," where the coal passes between the rollers and is broken and screened ready for sale. These breakers are gigantic contrivances as will be seen from the accompanying illustration which is reproduced from a

THE BREAKER OF THE KINGSTON MINE.

photograph. About midsummer of this year a fire broke out and two of the breakers were burned. Work, of course, was immediately suspended, and no less than fifteen hundred persons were thrown out of employment. Contributions to the church are of necessity discontinued. Mr. Richards has been urged to leave the church and seek a pastorate elsewhere, but he has cast in his lot with his people, and is resolved to stay with them in their trouble, when they most need his ministrations. Mr. Richards is not afraid of the hardships he must endure during the three or four months which must elapse before the burned breakers are rebuilt. What, however, does give him and his people anxiety is the debt on the church. He asks help in this matter. If he can obtain money to pay the interest for a time until the people are able to take up the burden, all will be well, otherwise the church is in danger of foreclosure. If any of our readers are willing to help in the crisis, and will send contributions to this office we will forward them.

CHRIST RISEN.

S. S. Lesson For Dec. 13. By Mrs M. Baxter John 20: 1-18. Golden Text, Rom. 8: 34.

THE disciples of Jesus never understood, till they were filled with the Holy Ghost, the great truth of the resurrection. In vain had he taught them that he must suffer, and be killed, and be raised again the third day. Peter saw in such an announcement only something to be avoided, and his carnal heart said, "Pity thyself, Lord, this shall not be unto thee." (Matt. 16: 21, 22.) And when, after his transfiguration, Jesus charged them that they should tell no man what things they had seen, until the Son of Man had risen from the dead, "they kept that saying with themselves," questioning one with another what the raising from the dead should mean. Even Martha, the sister of Lazarus, did not understand him when he said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." (John 11: 25, 26.) His declaration, "If a man keep my saying, he shall never taste of death," only stirred up the anger of the Jews to the point of stoning him. And when the Sadducees questioned him about a woman who should, according to the Jewish law, become the wife of seven brethren in succession, no light dawned upon them from the answer, so full of wondrous truth; "The children of this world (or age) marry and are given in marriage; but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that (age) and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage: neithcan they die any more; for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the

Children of the Resurrection."

It is no wonder then that when Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus obtained possession of the body of Jesus, all their arrangements were made for the continuance of his body in the grave—myrrh, aloes, winding sheet, all spoke of death, and no sign appeared of any expectation that he should rise again. And yet, when once the Holy Ghost had fully taken possession of the disciples, "Jesus and the resurrection" was their one universal, unwearied theme. However far the disciples had mentally received the truth of the resurrection of their Lord, it is very evident that it had not become a practical reality to them, or they would have anticipated it, and not been stumbled by the judgment and the cross.

But there was one woman who, having once learned of Jesus, could find no rest elsewhere. With the other women, Mary Magdalene had "rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment" but without the other women, she came, on the first day of the week,

"While it was yet Dark,"

waiting neither for light nor for companionship to the sepulchre. A woman out of whom had been cast seven devils, felt her need of nearness to a crucified Saviour. It is such as follow Jesus even to the grave through reproach and alone, without waiting for the fellowship even of the nearest and dearest, who understand "the power of his resurrection and the fellowship of his sufferings." Theirs is a life out of death; death to all which seems gain on earth. Mary's conceptions were not yet enlightened by an indwelling Holy Ghost: she looked only for a dead Saviour, helpless in the tomb.

The first glimmer of light discovered to her what she had not expected—the stone was taken away, the tomb was open and empty! He whom she had sought was not there. She could run now, dark as it was, to tell the disciples, Peter and John, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." Did it never strike her that he was risen? Could she not connect the empty tomb and the displaced stone with his own repeated words about his resurrection? O how slow of heart we are to believe! O how prone our hearts are to rest in what we have experience, in the region of earthly things, rather than heavenly! Peter and John run to the sepulchre, investigate, and find all there but the body of the Lord; linen clothes and napkin, neatly folded as though the tenant of the sepulchre had departed quietly, and John "saw and believed." Having made their investigation, both of them, John as well as Peter judged there was nothing more to be done, and "they went away to their own home." But Mary could not go away, she was in no hurry to leave the place, a mystery was before her and she gave time to think of it. Peter and John might have been the first witnesses to the resurrection of Jesus if they could have had patience. "Blessed are all they that wait for him." "The two disciples went away unto their home;" no home claim drew Mary from the sepulchre. Mary understood what Martha did not—that listening and taking in what he had to teach was the hospitality which Jesus craves beyond all else from his own.

Mary could not understand, but she could wait, her home was the presence of her Lord. The Holy Ghost was not yet given, Mary was at sea, the Shepherd was gone, the Comforter had not come, what could she do but weep! Blessed are they who cannot live independently of their Lord, who cannot take a step alone, whose life is meaningless except as it is filled, directed, empowered by God. As she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb. It was no casual glance, she gave time for God to focus her eyes to the things of heaven, and she saw "two angels in white sitting, the one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain." Life in the tomb, heaven's messengers where earth's hopes failed, such was the reward of the patiently waiting one. God takes time to make his children conscious of heavenly things; they who are always in a hurry have senses more open to earth than heaven, to man than God.

"Women, why weepest thou?" "Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." It was the angels who asked the question which called forth this despondent answer. Then she turned herself, and saw one whom she supposed to be the gardener, but Mary knew not how God was filling her vision more than she was aware with that which earthly eyes were dull to perceive. The stranger asked her the same question: "Woman why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" "Sir," she answered, "if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will bear him away." A weak woman bear the corpse of a strong man! But Mary saw no impossibilities. If she could see again only the corpse of her Lord, she would be satisfied. Jesus living or Jesus dead she must have. One word recalled her—"Mary!" It was the voice of Jesus, and all her soul, all her faith, her love, the surrender of her whole being, went ont in that one word, "Rabboni, Master." Thus Mary learned the truth of the resurrection.

To be crucified with Christ is our daily lesson—not only saved by his cross, but nailed to his cross, by which the world is crucified to us, and we unto the world. (Gal. 6: 14.) But every death to our will, our plans, our hopes, our purposes, our self-life, is a resurrection.

God Brings Life out of Death,

but they who are tired of the tomb, and go away to their own home, or their own work, or their own thoughts, in a critical moment, when God is closely dealing with them, come much more slowly to the resurrection. Resurrection is really life which cannot die, coming in on the death of the life that can die; it is the divine taking the place of the human. "Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with him through faith of the operation of God, which hath raised him from the dead." (Col. 2: 12.) Faith in God's working, looking only from the human to the divine,—this is our preparation in everything for resurrection, and there is a death and resurrection going on in all our lives. Everything which is of man must pass through death, through disappointment; "that no flesh should glory in his presence."

Jesus put Mary to the test. "Rabboni," if it meant anything, must mean that he should have his way, and that she was at the disposal of her risen Lord. "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." "But go to my brethren, and say unto them. I ascend to my Father and to your Father," to my God and your God." Mary was rewarded; separated from her own life and her own self-satisfaction, her Master revealed to her the wondrous relationship to God which is the resurrection following on a practical death to the life of self. "My Father and your Father," for you and I are one; "my God and your God;" and he spoke of ascending. Heaven was opening to Mary as she let go earth and time, and sense; fellowship with Jesus was dawning upon her in a wondrous way; the Master became the Brother, and yet her God, and Mary, through the shed blood of her Lord and his resurrection, became a citizen of heaven!

Shall we, must we, be so immersed in the things of time and sense, our own home, our own work, our own family, our own reputation, that Jesus will be unable to unveil to us the joint heirship with him which he has purchased for us? Mary was in a new world; leaving her Lord without regret, because his will was dearer to her than her own. She "came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had said these things unto her." Thus was Mary the first witness of the resurrection.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

So they ran both together. There is an energy about agility that will often give a man a fortitude which he might otherwise not have possessed. We can picture the gallant regiment at Balaclava, riding into the valley of death at a dashing gallop, but we could scarcely imagine their marching slowly up to the guns, coolly calculating all the deadly odds of the adventure. There is much in enthusiasm and zeal in the Lord's service, and it is well at times to "run with alacrity." First thoughts are best in the service of God, they are like Gideon's men that lapped. Second thoughts come up timorously and limpingly, and incite us to make provision for the flesh. They are like those men whom Gideon discarded because they went down on their knees to drink. They took things too leisurely to be fit for the Lord's battles.

The late Dr. Arnot used to tell a story of his being at a Scotch railway station where he grew weary of waiting for the train to move. He inquired of one of the trainmen what the trouble was, and asked if it was want of water? "Plenty of water," was the prompt reply, "*but it's no' biling.*" We have no lack of religious machinery in church and Sabbath school. The engines are on the track and the trainmen are in their places; and if there is little or no progress may it not be because the water is "no' biling!"

"It does my soul good," said Mr. Beecher, one night at Prayer meeting, "to hear such cheerful testimonials to the value of Christ's presence and blessing in affliction. At night, when a railroad train, having stopped at a station, is about to start again, in order that the conductor may know that everything is as it should be, the brakeman on the last car calls out through the darkness, 'All right here!' and the next man takes up the word, 'All right here!' and the next echoes, 'All right here!' and so it passes along the line full of reassurance for everybody, and the train passes on."

It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again. Our Golden Text is only part of a verse, and it certainly is very fragmentary. In the full verse, the Apostle Paul boldly asks "who is he that condemneth?" and then he volunteers the answer, full of hope and peace and comfort: "It is Christ that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." What then have we to fear when he who is our risen Saviour is both Advocate and Judge?

A woman deeply convinced of sin came to her minister and producing a handful of sand said: "Do you see this, sir?" "Yes," said he, "it's sand." "But do you know what it means?" "I do not know exactly what you mean by it. What is it?" "Ah, sir," said she, "that's me, and the number of my sins they cannot be counted." And then she exclaimed: "Oh, wretched creature that I am! How can such a wretch as I ever be saved?" "Where did you get the sand?" asked the minister. "At the beach." "Go back then to the beach, take a spade with you, dig, dig, dig, and raise a great mound, shovel it as high as ever you can, and leave it there. Then take your stand by the sea shore and watch the effects of the waves upon the sand." "Oh, sir," she exclaimed, "I see what you mean—the blood—the blood of Christ; it would wash it all away."

KIOLANI'S ORDEAL.

A Story of the Sunday School Golden Text for Dec. 13. Romans 8: 34.

AMONG the lands that have come out of the darkness of idolatry and superstition to the light of the Gospel, few are more beautiful than the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific Ocean. These islands are in great part volcanic formations, and two lofty peaks, each two and a half miles high, that rise on the horizon and attact the eye from afar, stand as huge and terrible reminders of a time when twin volcanoes poured forth torrents of liquid fire, consuming and obliterating everything from shore to shore. One is silent now, and its peak is white with perpetual snow, but the other is ominously dark, its sides seamed and scored with lava and bedded with cinders. This is Kileaua, one of the most active volcanoes in the world. Its crater is a mass of flame, from six to nine miles in circumference, and above the summit hangs a continual vapor which at night shows fiery red, reflecting on the sky the furnace within the bosom of the mountain.

When the Christian missionaries first came to Hawaii, they found the islanders in dread of a goddess whom they named Pele, and whom they believed to be the deity of the burning mountain. Within the seething crater of Kileaua, Pele dwelt, so the heathen priests taught, and the shining strands of lava that overflowed and streamed down the sides of the volcano were the glossy threads of the goddess' hair. She was terrible in her wrath, and while she permitted the priests and occasionally some favored Hawaiian to climb Kileaua's rocky sides, no woman might venture the ascent. The moment a female foot touched the lower verge of the mountain, Pele's wrath would break out and involve the island in general destruction.

Such was the superstitious bondage in which the good missionaries found the islanders. Many of them gradually became convinced of the folly and wickedness of this heathen worship, and adopted the Christian belief, but the cloud of superstition still hung around Kileaua, and a very large majority of the Hawaiians clung to their idolatrous worship of the goddess, and trusted implicity in the crafty priests.

It was in this crisis that a brave Christian woman, Kiolani, the wife of Naihe, a chief of the nation, and the leading public orator of the kingdom, was inspired to undertake the redemption of her country from heathenism. This could only be done by boldly attacking their superstitions in their very stronghold—the Temple of Pele. Thousands of men had been slain by the goddess—so the priests declared — and so the islanders, knowing only that their brothers had perished, believed. No woman had ever dared to offend this goddess by attempting the ascent of Kileaua; the few who had touched the lowest verge of the mountain had been struck dead by Pele's breath.

"It is madness!" urged the little band of Kiolani's Christian friends. "Even if you escape the angry priests, Pele will surely slay you."

"I will trust in the One true Maker of Heaven and earth," was the brave reply.

"You cannot hope to reach her temple, where the terrible sights and sounds would overcome you," they still pleaded. "Stay and live. Her hair will strangle you; you will perish on the wild crags, and the slippery sheets of burning lava, or be choked amid the cinders or buried in the heated soil. Besides, no one can live in the vapor of the sacred mountain. The goddess will surely punish a trespasser."

"I must go," replied Kiolani resolutely, as with folded and prayerful hands she faced her entreating friends. "See, Lauani, I have the sacred berries. Our priests tell us it is forbidden to touch them and that for a woman to place them on Pele's lips would mean death for all her kindred."

With frightened faces, the men shrank back from Kiolani. Lauani, her friend, fell at her feet, and with eyes flowing with tears, added reproaches to entreaties.

"I am in God's hands, my friends," said Kiolani, as she rose to make her final preparation for the journey.

Already the priests, ever suspicious of the Christians, had been informed of her determination. Enraged beyond measure at the woman's daring, and terror-stricken at the prospect of losing their influence with the people, they emerged from their sanctuary among the crags in force and barred the way with threats and warnings. They mocked at Kiolani and predicted that Pele would surely kill her; but she was soon far up the mountain's side, not even turning back to wave farewell to the friends who stood below, disconsolately mourning her as one already given over to the wrath of the goddess.

Many hours passed and a thick veil hung over Kileaua's summit. The sun went down and the sky above reflected the lurid fire that hissed and danced in the crater. One by one, the mourners in the valley left their places and went sadly to their huts, deeming Kiolani no more. The priests smiled at each other and wagged their heads, and said that Pele had claimed another sacrifice. And darkness settled over Hawaii.

It was gray dawn when Naihe, with Lauani and another, sought the foot of Kileaua. All three had passed a sleepless night. They met together and spoke tenderly of the excellences of the one who had gone from them. Naihe lifted his strained eyes to Kileaua, and there, half-way down the mountain's side, descried his beloved wife, Kiolani. With a shout of delight and a fervent exclamation of thanks to God, he ran forward to meet her. At the same instant the two friends also observed her, and while Lauani followed in Naihe's footsteps up the craggy sides of Kileaua, the other sped down to the village and, ere the reunited husband and wife had reached the base of the mountain, hundreds of people had hastily gathered to verify the strange report of Kiolani's return. The clamor aroused the priests and they, too, came down from their rocky sanctuary, greatly troubled at this wonder.

"Kiolani has come back from the dead!" was the cry of the people. "She has been up within the sacred circle of fire, and has braved the wrath of Pele."

And they surrounded Kiolani on every side and kept the priests back, till the wanderer who had thus passed from death to life should tell of her adventure.

"Let the priests come forward," cried Kiolani, firmly. "This message is from a greater than Pele, whom they worship; it is from the Ever-living God. Let them see for themselves that Pele had no power to slay me, as they foretold; that I have indeed, with God's help, been in the crater of Kileaua and am here alive. I have seen the fiery gulf and have cast the sacred berries into the sea of flame, while I cried, 'If I perish by Pele's wrath, then let my people dread her power; but if I live and return safe, then let them know that Jehovah the Almighty is our God, and that his breath kindled these flames and his hand restrains their fury, O, all ye people of Hawaii, behold how vain are the gods of your priests and how vain the worship ye pay to Pele, and turn and serve the Lord and believe in his Son, Christ Jesus."

Thus by the Christian courage of a woman was the true religion of Jesus Christ established in Hawaii, and the worship of Pele forever stamped out on these beautiful islands. The story of Kiolani's sacrifice, of her miraculous preservation on Mount Kileaua and her return after being mourned as one dead, is held dear in the Christian homes of the Sandwich Isles, where mothers tell it to their children as they speak of the great sacrifice of "Christ that died; yea, rather that is risen again." (Romans 8: 34.)

SUBMISSION AND REST.

THE camel, at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest again.

My soul, thou too should to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift the load
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou to-morrow meet
With all to-morrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load;
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn
That God may give thee daily care;
Assured that he no load too great
Will make thee bear.

The Bible and the Newspaper

A JEW LIBELLED.

IN the Supreme Court of Onondaga County, New York, a suit has been brought by a Jew of Syracuse, N. Y., against a Jewish journal for libel. The plaintiff in his complaint alleges that in a recent issue, the journal in question spoke of him as a Christian and the accusation caused him to "lose the respect, confidence, love, esteem, and the patronage of his brother Hebrews;" that he was brought into "scandal, infamy, and disgrace with and among his neighbors to the extent of causing it to be suspected and believed by the said neighbors and citizens that the plaintiff had been guilty of the offence herein mentioned, to wit, of being a Christian," and he claims compensation to the amount of $2500. It is probable that the charge has really injured the man. It is a pity that it should be false. If it were true he would have no need to apply to the courts as he would have the consolation that Jesus gives to all who suffer for bearing his name, that they who have lost houses or lands for his sake shall receive a hundred-fold. (Matt. 19: 29.)

A REUNION IN AN ALMSHOUSE.

A vow has been broken involuntarily by a man and his wife in Massachusetts. They were married nearly sixty years ago and for some years lived happily together in one of the towns in the northern part of the State. But trouble came; there were frequent quarrels and at last in a moment of anger, they separated, each registering a solemn vow that they would never live under the same roof again. They went their ways and for fifty years they never saw each other. The husband degenerated into an idle, thriftless fellow and about two years ago, at the age of eighty-five, he was admitted into the county poorhouse. The wife did well for a time, but a long sickness absorbed her savings, and she, too, being too old and infirm to support herself, fell into extreme poverty. She is seventy-eight years of age and not likely to live many months. It became necessary that she should be cared for at the public expense, and she has been taken to the same poor-house in which her husband is sheltered. Thus, in spite of their solemn vow, husband and wife are living again under the same roof. Doubtless they would have kept up their separation to the end if their poverty had not brought them together again. Many a man who in the days of prosperity separated from his God and became a backslider wandering in sin, has been similarly brought back by adversity. (Ps. 119: 67.)

A MISTAKE ABOUT A STATUE.

Two ladies stood gazing intently, one day last week, at the gilded figure of Diana, which has recently been placed on the top of the tall tower of Madison Square Garden, New York. One of the ladies was somewhat excited and, regardless of the attention she was attracting from passers-by, gave forcible expression to her vexation. "I never was more mistaken in my life," she was heard to say. "My father and brother said the statue faced the north, but I insisted that it faced the west. I was looking at it only yesterday, and I felt as sure as I did of my own existence that I saw its face turned to the west, and I said I would prove I was right and I would bring you as a witness. Now we shall have to admit they were right. - It certainly does face the north. I was wrong and I never felt more chagrined in my life." The ladies turned away to continue their walk, but at the corner of the street they gave another look at the big figure. It no longer faced the north, but was looking eastward. Then they perceived that it was a weather-vane, and its position varied with the wind. The statue was fulfilling the purpose for which it was set up and the ladies had no reasonable cause of complaint against it. So much, however, cannot be said for some professing Christians about whom a similar mistake is sometimes made. When on Sundays their faces are set heavenward, and on week days are set toward the world, eagerly pursuing its riches and pleasures, different opinions may be formed of them by people who see them on different days. The correct opinion is that given by the Apostle who adds the warning that double-minded men must not expect to "receive anything of the Lord." (James 1: 6, 7.)

ROPE-CLIMBING MADE EASY.

It is more difficult to climb a rope than people who have not attempted it suppose. Firemen, sailors and others in spite of long practice find the effort fatiguing and painful. An attempt to aid them has been made by an ingenious inventor who has recently patented his device. It consists of two boards joined by a hinge and held firm by strong clamps. The rope passes through the centre and on the upper side are leather loops into which the climber thrusts his feet. When the feet are raised and the weight of the body is supported by the hands, the rope passes easily between the boards, but when the feet are pressed downward the rope is gripped firmly and the climber can rest on a secure standing-place until he is ready to make a new lift with his hands. The device, therefore, reduces the labor of climbing and also prevents the danger of the man slipping down again. The latter advantage is important, for the climber is very apt to slip back unless he has a very firm grip of the rope. It is so in spiritual matters. Reaction too often follows a period of religious exaltation in a revival or other seasons of special privileges, and the height attained is lost in a time of depression. Mechanical devices are not available in such a case and there is no remedy for him who would rise but to keep a firm hold, through faith, on God and pray for strength to resist the attractions of the world, "forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before." (Phil. 3: 14.)

DELUDED LABORERS.

FIVE Italians were working hard for several days last week on a dock in New York getting freight on board a steamer about to sail for Palermo. They worked with a will and talked cheerfully with each other. Shortly before the time for the steamer to sail and when their work was done, they mysteriously disappeared. When the vessel had been about twelve hours out, the five men came up from the lower deck. They were reported to the captain as stowaways. They indignantly denied the charge. A voyage to Italy had been promised them, they said, as payment for their labor in loading the ship. The captain repudiated any promise of the kind. He had placed the work of lading in the hands of a contractor who was to employ and pay his own help. The contractor, it appears, had engaged the men and instead of paying them in money promised them a free voyage home. At the last, he set them at work on the lower deck, and ordered them to remain there for some hours. The vessel had been delayed by contrary winds so that she was still within easy reach of Long Island when the men were discovered. The captain, therefore, put them in a boat and sent them ashore, advising them to hunt up the contractor who had employed them and sue him for their pay. The men were grievously disappointed, but they will probably recover compensation. There is reason to fear that many persons are similarly deluded as to their hopes of reaching heaven. All will be disappointed who expect to get there as a reward for good works, (Gal. 2: 16.)

CRAZED BY A TOY.

DEALERS in conjurors' paraphernalia have been selling, for some time past, a toy resembling Planchette, the little instrument which a few years ago caused much discussion among the spiritualists. The new toy is named "Ouija" and it is supposed to answer questions submitted to it, the answers being given by a revolving pointer, centred on a dial, around which the letters of the alphabet are arranged. On Nov. 18 a lady in Bridgeport, Conn., purchased one of these toys and the next day she and a friend proceeded to experiment with it. The lady had a serious reason for obtaining information. She is engaged to be married to a railroad official who is frequently away from home on his business. She was in doubt about the sincerity of his love, so she asked Ouija if he was faithful to her and would marry her. A negative answer was spelled out by the toy. She turned pale when the answer was given, but retained her composure by a strong effort. The next night however, she was found wandering about the streets in a demented condition. She was placed under medical care, and tranquilizing medicines were administered. She became more calm, but utterly melancholy. The only connected sentence she utters is, "Ouija said so, and it is so." The doctors say she must have been under nervous strain for some time and it only remained for the mysterious toy to snap the delicate cord. As the lady did not live in a remote age when the Oracles were consulted, nor in a heathen land where questions are decided by the condition of the organs of slaughtered animals, but in a land of Bibles, it is a pity that she should have resorted to superstitious methods of ending her suspense. If she had consulted the Word she would have learned how true light comes to one "whose way is hedged in." (Job 3: 23.)

A PATIENT REJECTED

A DISTURBANCE in a physician's residence on the East Side of New York a few days ago attracted a crowd, and a policeman was sent for. On making his way in he found the physician in a wildly excited state, acting like a madman. He hurried to a street box and sent out a call for an ambulance and then returned and controlled the excited man by force. In a few minutes the ambulance arrived, the physician was placed in it and driven to Bellevue Hospital. To the surprise of the attendant the receiving surgeon refused to admit the patient. No sooner did he see him than he recognized him as a patient who had already been under treatment there twice and had been discharged as cured only two days before. "He is a cocaine habitue," said the surgeon, "and he is suffering from an overdose. We can do nothing more for him; we have cured him twice." Being asked what should be done with the man, as it would be dangerous to take him home, where he might do injury to himself or his family, he replied: "Better take him to the police station." This was accordingly done, and the physician was detained as a prisoner. There was nothing else to be done, as the hospital surgeon knew he had no power which would reach the patient's will, and without that there was no hope of a permanent cure. The case shows the inferiority of human to divine power in the treatment of such sufferers. When the drunkard or the vicious man gives himself up to Christ for salvation he receives a new heart and is strong in the strength of God. (Ezek. 11: 19: 20.)

A CHRIST-LIKE MISSION.

A REPORTER assigned to a murder case in Mulberry Street, New York, the other day, made a discovery that surprised him. The houses there are dark and dingy. Poverty of the most squalid type abounds all around. Drunkenness and vice are everywhere. The house the reporter entered had nothing in its externals to distinguish it from its neighbors. The entrance was as mean and paintless, the hall as dark and dirty, and the passages narrowed off into apparent solidity in the gloomy recesses of the interior, as in the other houses. But he noticed within, a door freshly painted and the windows were clean and polished. Opening that door he was astonished to see marks of refinement and elegance. Exquisite pictures were on the walls, a bookcase filled with choice volumes, vases with beautiful flowers, signs of culture were all around. He was amazed and inquired what was the meaning of this oasis in the moral desert. He learned that a few months ago two young ladies hired the rooms and had lived there ever since. They were college graduates, holding diplomas as physicians. They attended the poor and prescribed for them, accepting such fees as they could afford to pay, and in many cases gratuitously. Living in the midst of the squalor and misery, they were exerting an influence for good throughout the neighborhood. "What can have impelled them to such a life? What can be their motive?" asks the reporter. The answer is not far to seek. The words of the Apostle explain the principle which animates them: "Because he laid down his life for us, we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren," (1 John 3: 13.

THE CHRISTIAN HERALD AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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SAVE THE CITIES.

THE destitution of most cities has been mapped out. Get a map of the neglected portions of your own city. Do you know anything about it? Do you walk through the streets in the morning going to business, and at night returning from business, without any idea of the wretchedness in your city? Who will enter on this work of city evangelization? Not those whose nostrils are easily offended with bad odors. Not,those whose chief work it is to look after a refined taste. Not those who are more fearful of having their patent leathers soiled, than that thousands of souls will go on unblessed.. I hear coming up through all the streets of the city a cry of bereavement uncomforted, of drunkenness unpitied, of uncleanliness that knows no way of reformation. Behold the gambling hells! Behold the grog-shops! Behold the houses of sin! O where are the Christian men and women in the strength of Christ to go out and invite the lost, the abandoned, back to the heart of an all-forgiving God? Where are the John Howards to carry light into the dungeons? Where are the Elizabeth Frys to take the message of heaven to the abandoned? Where are the Harlan Pages to preach Christ at the street corners? Oh, Lord Jesus, didst thou weep over the city and shall we stand stolidly looking at all this wreck of broken families, and broken fortunes, ond broken hearts? Weep out, O Church of God! Weep for the children of the street, born in the straw, nurtured in infamy, and schooled in shame. Weep for the victims of evil habits, over whom the Juggernaut hath gone, grinding into crimson mortar their blood and bones! Weep for the filth, and the squalor, and the living sepulchres of metropolitan crime. What is it I hear? Hark! it is the shriek of the dying populations of our cities. They want bread, they want medicine. they want clothes, they want the Bible, they want Christ, they want Heaven. They have no comfort for this life; they have no hope for the life to come. Wake up! Why stand ye here all the day idle? If you can't save a multitude of them, can't you save one?

There must be a field somewhere. Sea captains are generally sympathetic, and when they are going over the water, and see a signal of distress hoisted, they bear down upon the ship and take her passengers from the wreck. But there havs been cases when these men have been hard-hearted, and seen a signal of distress, but paid no attention to it, and came into port. How they have been execrated by the sailors and the people of the country. What do you think will be said of us in eternity if it shall be found out that we voyaged on through life only careful about our own comfort while all around us there were signals of distress lifted, but we cared not for the suffering. Ah, is there no work for you to do? Join some of the regiments; belong to the artillery, or the cavalry, or the infantry of the Church.

THE WELSH.

IN all departments of American life we feel more and more the influence of Welsh immigration. It is good blood, and it is corrective of many kinds of blood not so good. Those of us who have seen the Welsh in their native country know that they are the most genial and hearty of all people. When they laugh they laugh, when they cry they cry, and when they cheer they cheer, and there is no half-way work about it. Their language is said to be only second in sweetness and rhythm, but the English tongue seems to be crowding it out. The melody of the Welsh vernacular we must, however, take on faith. We give our readers an opportunity of practising the music of the names of some of the Welsh valleys, such as Llangollen, Maentwrog, and Ystwyth; of some of the Welsh medicinal springs, such as Llanwrtyd, Trefriw, and Llandrindod; of some of the Welsh mountains, such as Pencwmcerwyn and Aanfawddwy. If you are at all puzzled with the pronunciation of these names, you will please get one of the Welsh dictionaries, entitled: "Dymchwelaid allor uchely Pab." And if then you cannot succeed you will perhaps stop, and be as ignorant as I am of the language which the Welsh say has in it capacities for tenderness, and nice shades of meaning, and pathos, and thunderings of power beside which our English is insipid.

Within comparatively a few years the English government has found Wales to be her most valuable treasure-house. She has the largest coal fields in Europe, and in vertical thickness the strata surpass the world. Her iron, and lead, and copper, and zinc, and silver, and gold, must yet command the attention of all nations. Her minerals, unlike those of most countries, are within fifteen or twenty miles of the sea, and hence easily transported.

Considering the fact that the language is spoken by less than a million of people, the literature of the Welsh is incomparable for extent. The first book was published in 1531, and consisted of twenty-one leaves. Four years after, another book. Eleven years after, another book which they strangely called "The Bible," containing the Alphabet, an Almanac, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and something about their national games. An astounding "Bible" that was. Eighteen years after this another book appeared. The slow advancement was because the prominent men of the English nation wanted the Welsh language to die out, on the supposition that these people would be more loyal to the throne if they all spoke the English language. But afterwards, the printing-press of Wales got into full swing, and now books and periodicals by thousands of copies are printed and circulated in the Welsh language. But, excepting a few ballads of an immoral nature, corrupt literature dies as soon as it touches this region. Many bad English novels that blight other countries cannot live a month in the pure atmosphere of these mountains. The fact is, that the Welsh are an intensely religious people, and one of their foremost men declares that in all their literature there is not one book atheistic or infidel.

The grandest pulpit eloquence of the centuries has sounded through these gorges. I asked an intelligent Welsh lady if there were any people living who remembered the great Welsh divine, Christmas Evans. She replied, "Yes! I remember him—that is, I remember the excitement. I was a child in church, and sat in a pew, and could not see him for the crowd, but the scene made on me an indelible impression." For consecrated fire, the Welsh preachers are the most effective in the world.

Taken all in all, there are no people in Europe that more favorably impressed me than the Welsh. The namby-pamby traveller, afraid of getting his shoes tarnished, and who loves to shake hands with the tips of the fingers, and desires conversation in a whisper, would be disgusted with Wales. But they who have nothing of the fastidious in their temperaments, and who admire strength of voice, strength of arm, strength of purpose, and strength of character, will find among the Welsh illimitable entertainment.

BRIEF NOTES.

An invitation has been sent to Rev. Francis E. Smiley to hold union Evangelistic services in Asbury Park, N. J. The call is signed by the pastors of all the Churches and the Executive officers of the Y. M. C. A.

During Pastor C. H. Spurgeon's recent illness, no less than 7,000 messages of condolence and sympathy were sent to him. He is convinced that his restoration from the verge of the grave was granted in answer to the many prayers offered in his behalf by Christians in all lands.

The American Sunday-School Union has done excellent work in the North-west. During the past three years it has established 5,261 Sunday Schools in needy or destitute communities and has organized from those schools 335 churches. There are now 22,887 teachers in the schools and 186,017 children.

The prophecy that swords will be beaten into ploughshares is a long way from fulfilment, but Gen. Booth has made a beginning in that direction. He has received from the British Government a gift of 30,000 soldiers' helmets which were battered and spoiled in India and Egypt, and has set his salvage corps to picking them to pieces for re-making into articles for domestic use.

Rev. S. Anderson, D. D., who has been laboring in the McAll Mission stations in France is now reporting on that work to the American McAll auxiliaries. On Nov. 17 he addressed a meeting in New York at which he spoke in enthusiastic terms of the success of the French work. The American auxiliaries sent the sum of $40,000 last year to Mr. McAll for the support of his work. Dr. Anderson urged a continuance of the subscriptions which are much needed.

Jerry McAuley Mission in Water Street, New York, celebrated its nineteenth anniversary on Nov. 22. Mr. R. Fulton Cutting presided at the afternoon meeting. The mission, which was established by the late Jerry McAuley is doing a wonderful work for God, under the conduct of Mr. S. H. Hadley. Many testimonies were given at the meetings by men whose lives have been transformed by the blessing of God on the services held there.

The Chinese Sunday School Association, at its recent meeting in Greenwood Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., discussed the scheme of organizing Chinese missions in the centre of the Chinese quarter in Brooklyn, New York and other cities. It was proposed to give secular as well as religious instruction in these missions. The plan was finally held over for further consideration and to ascertain how many workers would be willing to give their services and what financial aid could be secured.

A meeting will be held on Dec. 17, in the Managers' Room, Bible House, New York, of the International Peace Committe appointed last year by the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church. This committee was intrusted with the duty of communicating with the representatives of other Christian denominations throughout the world, inviting them to unite in a general petition to the Governments of all nations to organize an international tribunal for the settlement by arbitration of international disputes. The committee will hold a general conference in Cooper Institute after its meeting when delegates from the churches are invited to attend. The delegates are requested to send a notification of their appointment before the meeting to the Chairman of the Committee, Rev. W. A. Campbell, D. D., Richmond, Va.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

HELPFUL HINTS

On Soul-Winning and Bible-Study.

THE WIFE'S CHAPTER.

PROVERBS XXXI.

THIS week we get a chapter for the Brides—that have been, are, and those who expect to be.

No girl should ever get married till this chapter out of the book of wisdom is fully written on her heart.

It's written by a woman; no one else could have well given it. Oh! I well know it comes from King Lemuel, but he was only an amanuensis. The first verse don't close till it tells how his mother taught him these things. It takes a woman to pen such words.

No position in this old world bigger than motherhood, and to get that, there must first be wifehood, which precedes the other as naturally and necessarily as root, trunk and branch precede blossom and fruit.

Architects, carpenters and builders can make houses, but it takes a wife to make a home; and it takes a heap of heaven to make a good wife.

A man, a real man, I mean a genuine man, won't marry a butterfly! He wants a heart comforter, a head soother and a home maker.

The next young men's mass meeting I hold, I'm going to advise the marriageable portion to get a photograph of this chapter, then look up its counterpart, and see a clergyman quick.

How to Mark Your Bible.

"Have one to mark, one of your own, one with good print, marginal references, well bound in silk, printed on nice paper that will stand ink. One with a text book bound in the back is the best.

"Might as well use other people's hats or shoes as to use other people's Bibles. I'd sell my clothes any day to buy a good one, if I had none.

"Mark the first page with your name and your life text, and then add your year text, as the years come and go.

"Make memoranda of your conversion, and the dates of great spiritual blessings. If some earnest prayer gets a mighty answer, make a note of it, with a reference to the promise which brought the blessing.

"Make the promises stand out by underlining them with ink. When you find a promise for gold, mark that. There are hundreds of Bible verses that centre around Haggai 2: 8. I always go to them when in need of money, then work, and it always comes.

"Mark the books and chapters; for instance, at the beginning of Exodus write 'Book of Redemption;' over Jeremiah write 'The Backsliders' Book;' over James write 'Work;' over the eleventh chapter of Hebrews write 'Faith Chapter;' and Proverbs 31; 'Wife's Chapter,' and so on, till each chapter and book is well marked.

"Take the promises for Grace and mark them. Why, II. Corinthians, 9: 8, is as powerful as an army. One promise like that is better to trust in than forty centurion bands.

"You want the passages marked that will help you in dealing with inquiries of every kind. Then, too, you want the texts that will help you to help weak and discouraged Christians.

"When souls come into the light, put their names in your book, then when you see them, pray for them.

"Now and then a stanza of some hymn will be so blessed to you that you will want to copy it on the blank pages.

"Have some blank pages put in with rubber; when full you can take it out. Also have a place where you can make a note of good illustrations. Lastly, have your own plan; but have one. If you don't make a note of the good things, they will go from you. Put your own name alongside of the best promises; mine is written many times all through my Bible; this makes them more personal to me, and thus the Bible becomes a very precious book. I'd not take a thousand dollars cash for my own Bible. It's priceless."

Don't overdo it. Some Bibles are so marked up, that God's word is second, and human thought, notes and words, first. This is not right.

It's a great thing to preach a big sermon, full of Christ and salvation, but I believe in heaven it will count as much for the one who goes out and gets some lost sinner to come and hear it.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

End of the Brazilian Rebellion—A Double Water Famine—The Next National Convention—Europe's Spectre of Famine—Launching a Cruiser—A Noble Author Dead.

LIKE his predecessor, Dom Pedro, President Deodoro da Fonseca has yielded to the determined opposition of the Brazilian people and resigned his office. The revolt in Rio Grande do Sul threatened to extend to other provinces, but the Dictator's army and navy were believed to be equal to its suppression and he had made preparations to that end when a spark of revolt broke out in the Capital which was quickly fanned into a conflagration. The people of Rio Janeiro rose in arms against the Dictator's government. An armed force, on Nov. 23, attacked the naval arsenal. Fighting had begun and there was general expectation of a desperate battle when Fonseca, foreseeing defeat inevitable, put an end to the revolution by resigning, together with the members of his Cabinet. When this became known, the people went wild with joy. In retiring, Fonseca announced Floriana Peixotto, Vice-President of the Provisional Government, as his temporary successor. The state of siege was at once declared at an end. For a time, owing to the excitement, business in the capital was suspended but no disorder followed. It is expected that acting-President Peixotto will convoke Congress promptly and that all military operations directed against the people of Rio Grande do Sul will be suspended. The vice-President has not figured prominently in recent political affairs, and is therefore the more acceptable to the people, although it is by no means certain that his authority will be confirmed. At the moment of Fonseca's resignation, the revolt in the provinces had assumed very formidable proportions. The States of Bahia and Pernambuco had armed with the purpose of joining the revolt, and there was disaffection in the northern provinces. Many families were leaving the country. The Rio Grande do Sul Junta, through Gen. Barreto, the revolutionary governor, had informed Fonseca, in response to his overtures, that it would only accept terms when he resigned the Dictatorship, obeyed the Constitution and reorganized the public service. Fonseca was recruiting his army by enlisting immigrants—principally Germans and Italians. The Junta had 50,000 troops and six warships, besides a plentiful armament of cannon and torpedoes. The popular impression that Fonseca's real object was to establish a personal rule was the means of strengthening the Junta greatly.

* * *

The Pride of Our Navy.

PATRIOTIC Americans must feel a thrill of national pride in contemplating the splendid warship that was launched at Philadelphia on December 1. The latest addition to our navy has been christened the *New York*. She is an armored cruiser with great offensive and defensive qualities, and is acknowledged to be the superior of any naval vessel we have thus far constructed, except possibly the harbor defence monitors. Experienced officers declare her ability to cope successfully with any naval vessel afloat. She is larger than any other vessel of the White Squadron, very swift, and Secretary Tracy declares emphatically that "there is not her equal afloat in any of the great navies of the world." The *New York* has four decks, carries a powerful armament of eight-inch and four-inch guns, six-pounders, one-pounders and Gatlings. Her length is 380 feet, and her highest speed 20 knots an hour.

* * *

The Next National Convention.

AFTER a hot rivalry between several cities in view of the approaching Republican National Convention, Minneapolis has secured the prize. San Francisco had offered free transportation to delegates. New York put forward her claims in vain. Chicago seemed indifferent whether the Convention met within her borders or not. Omaha, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Detroit, and a few other cities were also candidates for the honor. Boomers for the different cities gathered in force at Washington and the contest was a very lively one. The final ballot by the Republican National Committee (after seven had been taken fruitlessly) gave Minneapolis twenty-nine votes, Cincinnati fifteen and New York three. The "Twin City" people were delighted beyond measure at the result.

* * *

More Christians Massacred in China.

Intelligence comes from China of another frightful massacre of Christians in that country. From the meagre reports thus far received, it seems that armed bands have for some time past have been marauding and pillaging in the North. They burned the Belgian Mission stations at Taylor and Sanchi, and killed over one hundred converts to Christianity. The local governors ascribed the raid to Mongolian robbers, and troops were sent to the scene. It is impossible, at present, to tell the number of European victims. There is a very strong suspicion that the government is insincere in its pretence of searching out the perpetrators of the massacre, and that the real criminals will be permitted to escape.

* * *

A Religious Revolt in Persia.

INTELLIGENCE from Teheran, the Persian capital, states that the mujtohid or high priest of the Shiah sect—the leading religious denomination in that country with a following estimated at 7,000,000—recently inspired a rebellion in the northern province of Mazanderan. A battle took place between the rebels and the royal troops, resulting in the defeat of the former, with two hundred killed. Many prisoners were taken and it is expected that they will be summarily dealt with. The high priest was among those captured. The Shiahs or Shiites are found in several countries, those in Persia being known as the Haidar sect, who believe in metempsychosis and the descent of Deity upon his creatures, He sometimes appearing in the person of an imam, etc. They all believe in Mohammed. The cause of their rebellion is not stated in the despatches.

* * *

Will Europe face a Famine in 1892?

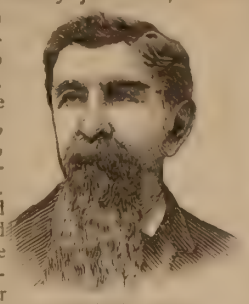
IN last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD, reference was made to the very interesting estimate by a wellknown statistician regarding the crops of the world. To-day we give a portrait of the statistician in question—Mr. C. Wood Davis of Kansas. Mr. Davis' calculations, it will be remembered, showed that in nearly all the European states there would be serious crop deficiencies, while in our own country, the surplus would be in the neighborhood of 250,000,000 bushels of wheat available for export. But the entire crop-raising portion of the globe will still show a deficiency of 78,000,000 bushels of wheat and over 300,000,000 of rye. These estimates, taken in conjunction with the latest advices from Europe, indicate that several transatlantic nations will probably be brought face to face with famine next year. Count Lyof Tolstoi, the Russian social reformer, has published a demand that the government at St. Petersburg declare without delay whether the stock of grain is sufficent to last through the next summer, and advocates the purchase of corn in the United States in time to avert the famine and the terrible social disturbances that are sure to attend it. He declares that, from his own calculations, the stock will be insufficient, and urges the government to guarantee to feed the people until the next harvest. His two daughters have set a noble example by opening a free refectory for the famine-stricken on his estate. On the other hand, the Russian *Official Messenger* states that the stock on hand is abundant for the time being, but in view of the coincidence of opinion among European statisticians and of the calculations of Mr. Davis this assurance would seem to be a questionable one. Meanwhile the Czar has forbidden the exportation of Russian wheat.

C. WOOD DAVIS.

* * *

The Farmers' Alliance.

ONE of the events of the near future which is attracting considerable attention from politicians all over the country just now, is the National Convention of the Farmers' Alliance, which is to meet in Indianapolis. The President of the Alliance is J. L. Polk, an editor of Raleigh, N. C., who lately aspired to succeed Mr. Vance in the United States Senate, and who is said to have claimed for the Alliance the credit for the political upheaval of last year. Whatever position the Alliance may take in the Presidential campaign is yet a matter of speculation. It is announced that its Congressional candidates will be pledged to the support of the Sub-Treasury Bill and other Alliance ideas. The coming Convention will, in all probability, decide the future course of the Alliance, whether it shall organize as a Third Party or keep on its old lines and leave members free to act with either of the old parties where they do not antagonize Alliance principles. There are several factions in the organization at present, but the leaders believe all discords will be successfully harmonized when the convention meets. A portrait of President Polk is given above.



PRESIDENT POLK.

* * *

A Poet-Governor Dead.

Alvin P. Hovey, Governor of Indiana, who died last week, was a remarkable instance of the possibilities that are open to poor boys in this country. He was born in Mount Vernon, Ind., and received but little education, being apprenticed to a brickmaker when he was thirteen years old. Alvin studied in his leisure time, and a few years later was a teacher in the village school. While teaching he read law, and at 21 was admitted to the bar. In 1850 he was chosen as Supreme Court Judge of his Judicial District. He served all through the war with distinction, and came out of it a Brigadier-General. At its close he entered the diplomatic service and, on returning home, went to Congress where he was always an active an energetic member, especially where measures affecting the welfare of ex-soldiers were concerned. He was a writer and poet of no mean order, and much of his verse has attained a wide circulation. Among his friends he was known as the "Poet-Governor."

* * *

A Double Water Famine.

BY a singular coincidence, the cities of New York and Brooklyn were both threatened with a water famine last week. Continued drought had so reduced the supply in the great Croton reservoirs, which feed the metropolis, that the householders were warned not to waste the precious water, and the whole city of a million and a half souls was put upon short allowance until copious rain fell and the reservoirs were replenished. The neighboring city of Brooklyn, which is liberally supplied from several large reservoirs, found itself suddenly in an even worse condition than New York, through an accident to its main service reservoir, where an embankment gave way, breaking the water conduit and burying a number of laborers under thousands of tons of debris. Four men were taken out dead and several others were badly injured. Immediately after the cave-in, the water supply of the larger part of Brooklyn was shut off. Besides the inconvenience in households, many business establishments, factories, etc., were compelled to be idle through lack of steam, and thousands of workmen were thus direct losers by the accident. The broken main, which was quickly repaired, has a capacity of between 80,000,000 and 100,000,000 gallons per day.

* * *

A Noble Author Dead.

IN the death of the Right-Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, England's Ambassador to France, the literary world loses one of the most brilliant writers of the present day. Earl Lytton was better known by his nom de plume of "Owen Meredith" than by his title, although he has for many years borne a prominent part in English diplomacy. He was born in 1831, and was the son of Baron Lytton, the famous novelist, but at the time of his birth his parent was then only plain Mr. Bulwer-Lytton. After receiving an education at Harrow and under private tutors, he entered the diplomatic service and came to this country as the private secretary of his uncle, who was then British Minister at Washington. In 1852, he was transferred to the Legation at Florence, and afterward successively served at Vienna, Copenhagen, Athens, and Lisbon. On his father's death in 1872, he became Baron Lytton, then Earl Lytton and Viscount Knebworth. During Disraeli's Premiership, he was appointed Viceroy of India and afterwards accepted the French mission. When he resigned the Viceroyalty in 1880, Lord Beaconsfield handed to Queen the resignation together with his own, and thus the two most remarkable men in the British Empire simultaneously went out of public office. The previous year, an attempt had been made in India to assassinate him by a man named Deesa, who was afterward found to be insane. For many years he had been a sufferer from cancer. He first made his debut in the literary world as the author of a volume of poems in 1855 and this was rapidly followed by other works of the same character. It is worth remarking that his first book was written while he was in Washington, attached to the legation. His *Chronicles and Characters*, issued in 1868, *Fables in Song*, *Ring of Amasis*, *The Wanderers*, *Servian Songs* and other books have attained world-wide circulation and demonstrated that he inherited a remarkable share of the genius of his gifted father. His latest task was writing his father's biography and editing all the latter's numerous political works.

NEWS NOTES.

The natives of Madagascar are again resenting the French Protectorate and a rupture is considered not improbable.

The English Tories, it is said, contemplate the introduction of a new Irish Government Bill in Parliament at an early date.

Bismarck is becoming very anxious and careworn, and the feeble condition of his wife is producing a marked effect on his own once robust frame.

The Royal nuptials of Archduchess Louise of Austria-Tuscany and Prince Frederick Augustus of Saxony, were celebrated at Vienna with great splendor last week.

After many months of drought, Texas enjoyed a much-needed rain last week. Thousands of tons of hay and many miles of fences were consumed by the drought.

Eight persons were bitten by a large Newfoundland dog in Newark, N. J., a few days ago. The animal which is supposed to have been mad, was finally killed.

Francis McGory, an iron-moulder, jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge into the East River on Sunday, November 22d, and was instantly killed. He is reported to have sacrificed his life on a drunken wager.

The Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D. LL.D., ex-President of Harvard College died in Boston, last week, in his 74th year. He was a noted writer, an authority on various educational topics and a scientist of wide acquirements.

The Spanish Cabinet has resigned, and Senor Canovas del Castillo new Ministry. The resignation was caused by the fact that the politicians of the country seemed to favor the programme of the Conservative party, rather than that of the Cabinet.

Count Schouvaloff, of Russia, who is now visiting Berlin, has met with a rebuff at the hands of the German bankers through whom he endeavored to reopen the German market to the Russian loans. There is little prospect of any of the loans being placed in Emperor William's territory.

Not the Berlin Bourse alone but the European Exchanges generally appear to have been affected by the recent heavy banking failures in the German capital. One of the heaviest losses by the insolvency of Hirscheld & Wolff was Prince Henry of Prussia who had 300,000 marks deposited with the speculative concern.

Letters from Valparaiso indicate a subsidence of the Chilian war furore, and a change in public sentiment regarding the *Baltimore* affair. The preliminary examination of witnesses concerned in the attack on our sailors is ended, and the result is awaited with deep interest. It is said the inquiry exculpates the Chilian police.

Ex-King Milan of Servia, who is now living most extravagantly in Paris, a few weeks ago received from the Regents of Servia four million francs, on condition that he would not cross the Servian frontier again and would abandon all his public and private claims on the country. His creditors immediately attached the bulk of the money.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

"God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."—1 Timothy 2: 3, 4.

I DO not intend to treat my text controversially. It is like the stone which makes the corner of a building, and it looks toward a different side of the gospel from that which is mostly before us. Two sides of the building of truth meet here. It would be very easy indeed to set ourselves in battle array, and during the next half-hour to carry on a very fierce attack against those who differ from us in opinion upon points which could be raised from this text. I do not see that any good would come of it, and, as we have very little time to spare, and life is short, we had better spend it upon something that may better tend to our edification.

God's Wish.

It is quite certain that when we read that God will have all men to be saved it does not mean that he wills it with the force of a decree or a divine purpose, for, if he did, then all men would be saved. He willed to make the world, and the world was made: he does not so will the salvation of all men, for we know that all men will not be saved. There will at the last be goats at the left hand as well as sheep on the right, tares to be burned as well as wheat to be garnered, chaff to be blown away as well as corn to be preserved.

Does not the text mean that it is the wish of God that men should be saved? The word "wish" gives as much force to the original as it really requires, and the passage should run thus—"whose wish it is that all men should be saved; and come to a knowledge of the truth." "But if he wishes it to be so, why does he not make it so?" Your question is only one form of

The Great Debate

of the ages,—"If God be infinitely good and powerful, why does not his power carry out to the full all his beneficence?" He has an infinite benevolence which, nevertheless, is not in all points worked out by his infinite omnipotence; and if anybody asked me why it is not, I cannot tell. I have never set up to be an explainer of all difficulties, and I have no desire to do so.

I thank God for a thousand things I cannot understand. When I cannot get to know the reason why, I say to myself. "Why should I know the reason why? I had rather trust my God. I am a poor silly child at my very best: my Father must know better than I. There stands the text, and I believe that it is my Father's wish that "all men should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth." But I know, also, that he does not will it, so that he will save any one of them, unless they believe in his dear Son; for he has told us over and over that he will not. He will not save any man except he forsakes his sins, and turns to him with full purpose of heart: that I also know. And so we will say no more about the matter, but just go on to the more practical part of the text.

Here is our proposition: It is by a knowledge of

The Truth

that men are saved. Observe that stress is laid upon the article: it is *the* truth, and not every truth. Though it is a good thing to know the truth about anything, and we ought not to be satisfied to take up with a falsehood upon any point, yet it is not every truth that will save us. We are not saved by knowing any one theological truth we may choose to think of, for there are some theological truths which are comparatively of inferior value. They are not vital or essential, and a man may know them, and yet may not be saved. It is

The Truth Which Saves.

Jesus Christ is *the* truth: the whole testimony of God about Christ is *the* truth.

This knowledge of the grand facts which are here called the truth saves men, and we will notice its mode of operation. Very often it begins its work in a man by arousing him, and thus it saves him from carelessness. He did not know anything about the truth which God has revealed, and so he lived like a brute beast. If he had enough to eat and to drink he was satisfied. If he laid by a little money he was delighted. So long as the days passed pretty merrily, and he was free from aches and pains, he was satisfied. He heard about religion, but he thought it did not concern him. He supposed that there were some people who might be the better for thinking about it, but as far as he was concerned, he thought no more about God or godliness than the ox of the stall or the ostrich of the desert.

Well, the truth came to him, and he received a knowledge of it. He knew only a part, and that a very dark and gloomy part of it, but it stirred him out of his carelessness, for he suddenly discovered that he was

Under the Wrath

of God. Perhaps he heard a sermon, or read a tract, or had a practical word addressed to him by some Christian friend, and he found out enough to know that "he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the Son of God." That startled him. "God is angry with the wicked every day:"—that amazed him. He had not thought of it, perhaps he had not known it, but when he did know it, he could rest no longer. Then he came to a knowledge of this further truth, that after death there would be a judgment, that he would rise again, and that, being risen, he would have to stand before the judgment-seat of God to give an account of the things which he had done in the body. This came home very strikingly to him. I have known men, when first they have come to a knowledge of this truth, become unable to sleep. They were shaken out of their deadly lethargy by a knowledge of the truth.

The truth is useful to a man in another way: it saves him from prejudice. Often when men are awakened to know something about the wrath of God they begin to plunge about to discover divers methods by which

They May Escape

from that wrath of God. Consulting, first of all, with themselves, they think that, if they can reform—give up their grosser sins, and if they can join with religious people, they will make it all right. And there are some who go and listen to a kind of religious teacher; who says, "You must do good works. You must earn a good character. You must add to all this the ceremonies of our church." Under such untruthful notions we have known people who were somewhat aroused sit down again in a false peace. They have done all that they judged right and attended to all that they were told. Suddenly, by God's grace, they came to a knowledge of another truth, and that is by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in the sight of God. They discover that salvation is not by works of the law or by ceremonies, and that if any man be under the law he is also under the curse. When they also find out that there is necessary a righteousness better than their own—a perfect righteousness to justify them before God, and when they discover that they must be made new creatures in Christ Jesus, or else they must utterly perish, then they are saved from

False Confidence,

saved from the error of crying, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. It is a grand thing when a knowledge of the truth stops us from trusting in a lie.

Moreover, it often happens that a knowledge of the truth stands a man in good stead for another purpose; it saves him from despair. Unable to be careless, and unable to find comfort in false confidences, some poor agitated minds are driven into a wide and stormy sea without rudder or compass, with nothing but wreck before them. "There is no hope for me," says the man. "I perceive I cannot save myself. I see that I am lost. I am dead in trespasses and sins, and cannot stir hand or foot. Surely now I may as well go on in sin, and even multiply my transgressions. The gate of mercy is shut against me; what is the use of fear where there is no room for hope?" At such a time, if the Lord leads the man to a knowledge of the truth, he perceives that though his sins be as scarlet they shall be as wool, and though they be red like crimson they shall be as white as snow. Now, when the soul comes to know that sin is put away by the atoning blood; when the heart discovers that it is

Not Our Life that Saves

us, but the life of God that comes to dwell in us; that we are not to be regenerated by our own actions, but are regenerated by the Holy Ghost who comes to us through the precious death of Jesus, then despair flies away, and the soul cries exultingly, "There is hope. There is hope. Christ died for sinners: why should I not have a part in that precious death?"

A saving knowledge of the truth, to take another line of things, works in this way. A knowledge of the truth shows a man his personal need of being saved. O you that are not saved, and who dream you do not need to be, you only require to know the truth, and you will perceive that you must be saved or lost for ever.

When a man comes in very deed to a knowledge of the truth about faith in Christ, he trusts Christ, and he is then and there saved from the guilt of sin; and he begins to be saved altogether from sin. God cuts the root of the power of sin that very day; but yet it has such life within itself that at the scent of water it will bud again. Sin in our members struggles to life. It has as many lives as a cat; there is no killing it. Now, when we come to a knowledge of the truth, we begin to learn

How Sin is to be Killed

in us—how the same Christ by whom we are justified, sanctifies, and works in us according to his working who worketh in us mightily, that we may be conformed to the image of Christ, and made meet to dwell with perfect saints above. Beloved, many of you that are saved from the guilt of sin, have a very hard struggle with the power of sin, and have much more conflict, perhaps, than you need to have, because you have not come to a knowledge of all the truth about indwelling sin. You will never overcome sin except by the blood of the Lamb. There is no sanctification except by faith.

Now, I think I hear somebody say, "I think I know all about this." Yes, you may think you know it, and may not know anything at all about it. "O, but," says one, "I do know it. I learned the 'Assembly's Catechism' when I was a child. I have read the Bible ever since, and I am well acquainted with all the commonplaces of orthodoxy." That may be, dear friend, and yet you may not know the truth. I have heard of a man who knew how to swim, but, as he had never been in the water, I do not think much of his knowledge of swimming; in fact, he did not really know the art. So there are many persons who think they know and yet do not know because they have never had any personal acquaintance with the thing. A mere notional knowledge or a dry doctrinal knowledge is of no avail. We must know the truth in a very different way from that.

How are we to know it, then? Well, we are to know it, first, by

A Believing Knowledge.

You do not absolutely know a thing unless you believe it to be really so. If you doubt it, you do not know it. If you say, "I really am not sure it is true," then you cannot say that you know it. That which the Lord has revealed in holy Scripture you must devoutly believe to be true. In addition to this, your knowledge, if it becomes believing knowledge, must be personal knowledge—a persuasion that it is true in reference to yourself. It is true about your neighbor, about your brother, but you must believe it about yourself, or your knowledge is vain. There must be a personal appropriation of what you believe to be true. That is the kind of knowledge which saves the soul.

But this must be a powerful knowledge, by which I mean that it must operate in and upon your mind. A man is told that his house is on fire. I will suppose that standing here I held up a telegram, and said, "My friend, is your name so-and-so?" "Yes." "Well, your house is on fire:" He knows the fact, does he not? Yes, but he sits quite still. Now, my impression is about that good brother, that he does not know, for he does not believe it. He cannot believe it surely: he may believe that

Somebody's House is on Fire,

but not his own. If it is really his house which is burning, and he knows it, what does he do? Why he gets up and goes off to see what he can do towards saving his goods. That is the kind of knowledge which saves the soul—when a man knows the truth about himself, and therefore his whole nature is moved and affected by the knowledge.

This knowledge when it comes really to save the soul is what we call experimental knowledge—knowledge acquired according to the exhortation of the psalmist, "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good"—acquired by tasting. Now, at this present moment, I, speaking for myself, know that I am originally lost by nature. Do I believe it? Believe it? I am as sure of it as I am of my own existence. I know that I am lost by nature. It would not be possible for anybody to make me doubt that: I have felt it. How many weary days I spent under the pressure of that knowledge! Do I know that I could not save myself? Know it? Why, my poor, struggling heart labored this way and that, even as in the very fire with bitter disappointment, for I labored to climb

To the Stars on a Treadwheel,

and I continued trying and trying and trying with all my might, but never rose an inch higher. I tried to fill a bottomless tub with leaking buckets, and worked on and toiled and slaved, but never accomplished even the beginning of my unhappy task. I know, for I have tried it, that salvation is not in man, or in all the feelings, and weepings, and prayings, and Bible readings, and church goings which zeal could crowd together. Nothing whatsoever that man does can avail him towards his own salvation. This I know by sad trial of it, and failure in it.

But I do know that there is real salvation by believing in Christ. Know it? I have never preached to you concerning that subject what I do not know by experience. In a moment, when I believed in Christ I leaped from despair to fullness of delight. Since I have believed in Jesus I have found myself totally new—changed altogether from what I was; and I find now that, in proportion as I trust in Jesus, I love God and try to serve him; but if at any time I begin to trust in myself, I forget my God, and I become selfish and sinful. Just as I keep on being nothing and taking Christ to be everything, so am I led in the paths of righteousness. I am merely talking of myself, because a man cannot bear witness about other people so thoroughly as he can about himself.

I am now going to draw an inference which is to be practical. It is this: in regard to you that are

Seeking Salvation.

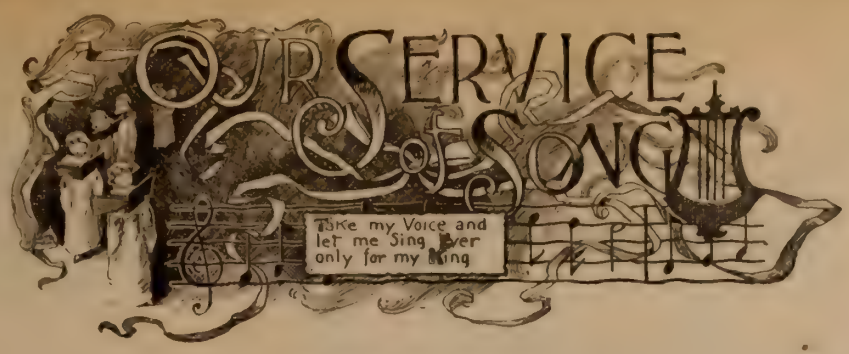
Does not the text show you that it is very possible that the reason why you have not found salvation is because you do not know the truth? Hence, I do most earnestly entreat the many of you young people who cannot get rest to be very diligent searchers of your Bibles. The first thing and the main thing is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but if you say, "I do not understand it," or "I cannot believe," or if there be any such doubt rising in your mind, then it may be because you have not gained complete knowledge of the truth. It is very possible that somebody will say to you, "Believe, believe, believe." I would say the same to you, but I should like you to act upon the common-sense principle of knowing what is to be believed and in whom you are to believe. I explained this to one who came to me a few evenings ago. She said that she

Could Not Believe.

"Well," I said to her, "now suppose as you sit in that chair I say to you, 'Young friend, I cannot believe in you:' you would say to me, 'I think you should.' Suppose I then replied, 'I wish I could.' What would you bid me do? Should I sit still and look at you till I said, 'I think I can believe in you?' That would be ridiculous. No, I should go and inquire, 'Who is this young person? What kind of character does she bear? What are her connections?' and when I knew all about you, then I have no doubt that I should say, 'I have made examination into this young woman's character, and I cannot help believing in her.'" Now, it is just so with Jesus Christ. If you say, "I cannot believe in him," read those four blessed testimonies of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. Do you know that many, while they have been sitting, as it were at the foot of the cross, have cried out, "I cannot help believing. I cannot help believing. When I see my sin, it seems too great; but when I see my Saviour my iniquity vanishes away."

Definite Search.

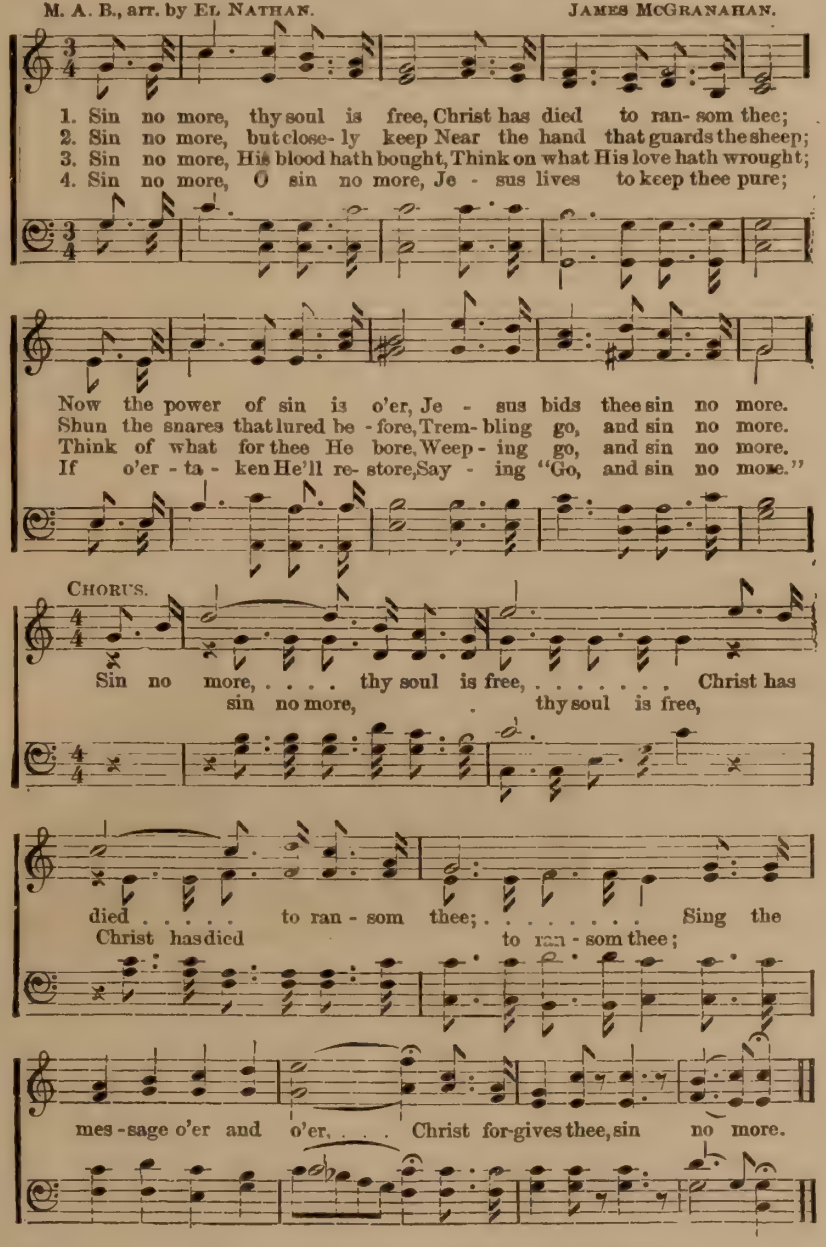
I want you to be like the woman who lost her piece of silver. She did not light a candle and then say, "Bravo, I have lit a candle, this is enough." She did not take the broom and then sit down content, crying, "What a splendid broom." When she raised a dust she did not exclaim, "What a dust I am making! I am surely making progress now." Some poor sinners, when they have been seeking, get into a dust of soul-trouble, and think it to be a comfortable sign. No, I'll warrant you, the woman wanted her groat; she did not mind the broom, or the dust, or the candle; she looked for the silver. So it must be with you. Never content yourself with the reading, the hearing, or the feeling. It is Christ you want. It is the precious piece of money that you must find; and you must sweep until you find it. Why, there it is! There is Jesus! Take him! Take him! Believe him now, even now, and you are saved.



Sin no More.

"Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—JNO. 8: 11.

M. A. B., arr. by EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS NO. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

IF you have never been home before,
I bid you come to-day;
Thy Father is waiting to welcome his child,
O sinner no longer delay.
Come home to-day, come home to-day,
Weary child, come home to-day.

If you have wandered away from his love
That he offers so full and free,
His arms are outstretched to welcome thee back,
For he never wanders from thee.
Come home to-day, come home to-day,
Weary child, come home to-day.

Thy Father's house is open now,
A feast is richly spread,
And he, in loving-kindness waits
To pour his blessings on thy head.
Come home to-day, come home to-day,
Weary child, come home to-day

O leave the allurements of the world,
For they are short at best;
But come into thy Father's house
For everlasting rest.
Come home to-day, come home to-day,
Weary child, come home to-day.

Away from home! away from God!
O, strange that it should be,
When lovingly the Father stands
And calls "Come unto me."
Come home to-day, come home to-day,
Weary child, come home to-day.

N. S. BAILEY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

FEAR not, dear friend, the texts thou taught,
Where least thou looked, good works have wrought,
By rocky paths through a rich land,
Thou sawest not the Father's hand,
Which sought the golden seed that fell,
By ways and byways led it well,—
O'er hill and vale the impress flew
With all the force its giver knew,
Till by the royal hand 'twas set,
A gem within his coronet.
Within the arc of roseate light,
Which hangs around the mercy seat
'Twill shed a mellow, holy flush
On her there kneeling at his feet. —A. E. S.

Silver Lake, Nov. 8, 1891.

APOCALYPTIC PRECIS.

The Plan of the Book and the Order of the Series of Revelations.

BY PASTOR J. L. FULLER.*

Continued from page 745

FROM the time that the reins of the world's governments shall be put into the hands of the Lamb for the bringing about of the consummation of God's government of the world, the Gospel will be proclaimed throughout the world, and will go forth conquering everywhere (Seal 1), and in support of its triumph, wars, famines, and pestilences must assist. (Seals 2-4.) But the unbelieving world rises in deadly enmity against the Gospel and its professors, persecutes and murders them, so that their blood cries to God for vengeance, and demands his judgment (5th Seal.) But before this happens, Israel is converted, and finds its preservation on earth; the rest will be

Translated to Heaven.

Now come upon the earth the terrors of the judgment (Seal 6), which will be followed by the blessed Sabbath rest of the New World (Seal 7) by which the curse of the world reaches the end proposed by God. Thus far reaches the first division of the visions, which gives us in great outlines the whole course of the world from the Ascension of Christ into heaven, until the time when it will have reached its destined end.

With chap. 8: 2 a new division begins which reaches to chap. 11: 18, that is of

The Seven Trumpets.

What relation have they to the Seven Seals? We read in chap. 8: 3, that the angel wafts his incense to God, that the prayers of the saints may find acceptance with him. These are the prayers of which we read (ch. 6: 10). The beginning of the Trumpet-visions, therefore, places us in the time when the voice of the saints, persecuted by the world, reaches the throne of God, and God prepares for the judgment. And the trumpet signs now show us the several blows by which the judgment is carried out. The first four are still comparatively light; they have their measure and their bounds. The First Trumpet strikes a third of the earth, viz., its productions (ch. 8: 7); that of the second, a third of the sea, to injure navigation and commerce (ch. 8: 8); that of the third, affects a third of the fresh waters, and so injures man in his health by vitiating the vegetable creation: while that of the fourth darkens one-third of the heavenly lights, and so sends terror into the hearts of men (ch. 8: 12). They are threatening beginnings of terrible judgments we have here to deal with; they are to see if the world will be warned. But the last three Trumpets, beginning with the eagle, pronouncing

The Threefold Woe

are now real judgment-woes upon the whole earth. Now, with the fifth Trumpet sound, a plague, lasting five months, breaks upon all mankind that belongs not to the number of the sealed. Israel is already converted and remains in its own land, preserved from this plague. It is so terrible that men will desire death, but death will not come. It is a terrible judgment: but one that still leaves them the chance of repentance (ch. 9: 1-12). But, as it has not this effect, a more terrible judgment follows (ch. 9: 13). It takes its origin from the world-city, spreads thence over the earth, and one-third of its inhabitants perish. The remainder might make this an occasion for repentance, but it remains hardened. Hence for the Seventh Trumpet there remains only the final judgment. This follows (ch. 11: 15-18), and in this wise: On the one hand, the servants of God receive the promised reward, while the corrupters of the earth receive their deserts, both the living and the dead. We are thus led to the contemplation of the final judgment itself.

The Seal of Seven Trumpets.

By this we learn where and how the seal-visions ought to be placed among the trumpet-visions. The end of them left us at the end of the fifth Seal; after the judgment of the last trumpet, nothing is left to prevent the beginning of the New World, and the time of the Seventh Seal begins. Thus the Seven Trumpets are only *an explanation of the Sixth Seal*, or a detailed indication of that judgment which is there spoken of only in a general way, and is to teach by what blows the judgment is to proceed; first, by calling to repentance, and then by taking vengeance on those who will not listen.

* From his article in the November number of *The Prophetic News*, Edited by Rev M. Baxter, which contains also articles on "The Six Successive periods of three hundred years;" "The Present Gap or Break in Jewish History" and several other articles on prophecy by eminent expositors. Price six cents; seventy cents a year. May be had from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, N. Y.

TO RESCUE THE FALLEN.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton's Effort to Establish a Chain of Missions Across the Continent for the Rescue of the Fallen.

NEARLY three years ago, in publishing the portrait and life of Mr. Charles N. Crittenton of New York, and an account of the Florence Mission which he founded, THE CHRISTIAN HERALD reported an interview with the philanthropist in which he sketched his future plans. It was his hope, he said, to establish a chain of such missions extending right across the continent, so that wherever vice flourished, there the followers of Christ might have a place from which they could work for the rescue of its victims. Considering how much money and time and labor had been required to establish the Florence Mis-

MR. J. R JOHNSTON, SUP'T OF FLORENCE MISSION.

sion in New York, and what a large sum was needed every year to sustain it on the lines which Mr. Crittenton believes alone give promise of success, his idea of multiplying these missions seemed somewhat visionary. It does not seem so visionary to-day. The *Examiner* of San Francisco, just to hand, describes the visit of Mr. Crittenton to that city and the founding of a Florence Mission there. It reports also that the missions founded by him in San Jose and Sacramento are flourishing and doing beneficent work.

With the story of the commencement of the work our readers are already familiar. THE CHRISTIAN HERALD has already told how, desiring to raise a memorial to a dearly loved daughter taken from him by death, Mr. Crittenton conceived the idea of establishing a mission which should bear her name, the object of which should be the rescue of fallen womanhood. Established in the notorious Bleecker Street, New York, it fulfilled the purpose for which it was founded. But it opened before the eyes of its founder a wider need. Since that time, Mr. Crittenton has placed the New York Mission in charge of devoted workers and set out on a tour of the world, that he might study the subject in its manifold forms and learn what plans were being adopted in other lands to counteract the evil. He has visited England, France, Germany, Italy, China, Japan and India, and has come back with much knowledge gleaned by actual observation. "It is here that my work lies," he said to the representative of the journal. "I shall not rest till I see a mission of this kind established in every great city in the United States." New Orleans, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Detroit are the cities he proposes to work in at first. He hopes to interest Christian people in those cities in the enterprise; give them the benefit of his experience in New York and the knowledge he has acquired by travel; help them in establishing a mission and arrange plans for co-operation. How valuable such help must be, will be realized by all who have attempted rescue work and have lived to see how many mistakes might have been avoided, and how much more efficient the mission might have been from the start had some experienced adviser been at hand to consult. Mr. Crittenton is delighted to take that position and is glad to accept all invitations to help from Christian people who want to embark in the Christ-like enterprise.

The portrait in this column is that of Mr. James R. Johnston, who is superintendent of the Florence Mission in New York during Mr. Crittenton's absence. Mr. Johnson has had considerable experience in mission work in Philadelphia and other cities, and for some time labored with Mr. Crittenton in the Florence Mission, of which he now has charge

A PLEDGE OF LIFE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 13. Comfort from the Story of the Resurrection. John 11:25; 14:19; Phil. 3:10.

IF a man die shall he live again? Long centuries ago Job asked that question, and men have been asking it ever since. The dead seem so utterly beyond the reach of resuscitation that it is not surprising that the question is asked incredulously. Who that has looked on a corpse and has seen decomposition in progress can believe that such a thing as that can live again? He who believes in miracles may expect and hope for it, but none beside. Faith alone furnishes the ground for hope when the great change has passed on the body.

The spectacle of a death may, however, suggest a doubt even to those who deny the possibility of a future life. The change is generally so sudden and so marked. One minute, intelligence looks from the eye, the lips speak words of endearment, the hand returns the clasp of affection, and the next minute all is vacancy. There is no response to appeals which a few minutes before would have awakened the strongest emotion; now, there is no feeling, no consciousness. What has happened? Something has left the flesh. Something invisible, intangible, which was the very essence of being has departed. We turn away from the inanimate form, feeling in every fibre of our being that our loved one is not there. It would be a mockery to call that cold, senseless frame the being we knew and loved. We touch it tenderly and put it away reverently, but our reverence for it is one of association only. It was so closely identified with the loved one, it was the visible, tangible presence, or covering of the being we held dear, but not himself. Then where is *he?* Did the *ego* leave that form in the moment of death? He is not here; then where is he? The human being has separated into two distinct parts, and it is of that departed part, not the part that remains with us that we think, when we think of him. With that our hopes lie.

As to that entity what, then, do we know? After leaving the body it gives no evidence, appreciable by the senses of living men, of its continued existence. Socrates and other philosophers have argued from analogy that it does live, but their arguments convince us only that separate existence is probable. They do not produce certainty, and it is certainty that the bereaved mourner craves. He obtains it in Christ. Not by argument, but by authoritative declaration. "He that believeth in me," he said to Martha, "though he were dead yet shall he live." But who is this who assumes to give such a promise? One who himself, in his own person, proved his power. The empty tomb, the living, moving, speaking body, that might be touched and handled were irresistible proofs of that *power*. Only one step further is necessary and the ground for that is given in the words: "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is the word of a conqueror. Coming unscathed out of the conflict he promises victory to those who trust in him. Thus he brings "immortality to light." The thought thrills the Apostle when he writes of it, and he desires to know the power of that resurrection, to have fellowship in the sufferings and become conformed to that death, that he, too, may attain the resurrection from the dead. That is the goal, and that the path by which it is to be reached. But fellowship in Christ's sufferings pre-supposes the Christ-like spirit, for only such a spirit, unselfish, wholly consecrated to humanity, bearing the burdens of others, could suffer as he suffered, and to be conformed to his death is to die daily to the world and all its ideals. Thus treading the same path the glorious end is attained.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN RICHMOND, VA.

IT is gratifying to learn that excellent work is being done in all parts of the South by Young Men's Christian Associations. Virginia especially is to the fore with commodious and beautiful buildings, energetic officers and devoted members. The last report gives the number of Associations in the State as sixty-four of which twelve had been organized within a year. During the same period, eight thousand dollars had been raised toward erecting buildings for Associations which were meeting in edifices they did not own. Evangelistic meetings had been held in several towns with the most blessed results. Evidently Association work in Virginia is very much alive.

The accompanying picture shows the home of the Association in Richmond. It stands at the corner of Sixth and Main Streets and covers an area of sixty by one hundred and ten feet. Its cost was $48,000. The aggressive Christian work it is doing in the city is, we are informed, most successful and is highly valued by the pastors of all the churches.

THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA.

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AN EPWORTH LEAGUE IN WISCONSIN.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The Epworth League of the Methodist Episcopal Church is rapidly growing in numbers and usefulness in the State of Wisconsin. The town of Kaukauna, Wis., has recently built and dedicated the first hall in that State. It is a gem of architectural beauty, and a present from Mr. N. H. Brokaw. It is thoroughly equipped—containing kitchen, pantry, ladies' parlor, dining and reading-rooms. At the opening, Mr. and Mrs. Brokaw made the public offering; the Rev. Henry Ostrom preached the sermon, and the pastor conducted the service of dedication. Upon the following evening, a grand banquet was given. A library of 1,000 volumes has been donated by the Methodists of Kaukauna, and will soon occupy the beautiful book-cases that line the walls of the reading-room."

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AN AFFILIATION IN CANADA.

AN effort is being made among the Methodists of Canada to promote a union between the Christian Endeavor Societies already organized in the Methodist Churches and the Epworth League as adopted by the heads of the church. The effort was endorsed by the Ontario Provincial Convention. Mr. J. W. Baer, the secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has had some correspondence on the subject with Dr. Withrow, of Toronto, who originated the idea of affiliation, and he reports hopefully of the movement in the *Golden Rule*. He says that the plan is to have the Epworth Leagues, which organized with the old constitution, reorganize with the revised constitution, taking the name *Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor*, as therein suggested, and that Christian Endeavor societies do likewise and adopt the same name and that all report to Rev. W. H. Withrow, D. D., of Toronto. In that connection, a few sentences from a letter just received from Dr. Withrow will be more than passing interest: "I have pleasure in sending some additional names of Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor. You will observe that more than half the leagues now organized are Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor. I am doing my best to induce all our leagues to become Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor, and you will observe that a resolution of the late convention at Peterborough recommends also that Christian Endeavor societies in Methodist Churches change their names to Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor." To this Mr. Baer replies: "Our Methodist Christian Endeavor societies should fall in line readily with this admirable plan, which stands for broad spiritual fellowship. I shall do all that I can to assist Dr. Withrow."

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR IN AFRICA.

THERE is a general impression that the Young People's Societies are adapted chiefly for home work in well organized churches in civilized lands, but it appears they prove useful also in Mission work. It will be remembered that at the recent great Convention at Minneapolis a cablegram was received from Natal in Africa where a Society had been organized by Rev. Charles N. Ransom. The *Golden Rule* now publishes a letter from him reporting progress. He says:

I fear you can have no idea of how slowly things move in Christian work here in Africa, and how great the barriers, both in numbers and quality, to immediate progress. The mission stations are comparatively far apart, travelling is tedious and expensive, and hence the brisk communication which carries the fire from heart to heart, and from town to town in America is impossible here. The interests of the Society are constantly on my mind. I wish I could spend all my time on this one thing. I long to carry on a correspondence here in Natal and in Cape Colony, which might help in the consideration of the advantages of the Y. P. S. C. E. and future organation. I hear good news from the society in Mapumulo, and the one in Amanzimtote was flourishing while Miss Ireland was there. I hope to be able to bring the interests of the Society to the attention of the mission in such a personal way that good results will follow.

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SPREAD OF THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE promptitude with which the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout the country has adopted the Epworth League is an evidence of its value and also of the alertness of churches and pastors to appropriate a good thing when they see it. A few facts concerning recent conventions which our friend Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert of Midland Park, N. J., kindly furnishes to us show how the League is flourishing in various sections of the country. In *Iowa*, the Atlantic District League recently convened at Harlem and reports were received fr m no less than twenty chapters. In *Kansas*, at the Convention nearly every church answered to the roll-call and reported large and steady growth. In *New York* State, League work is making wonderful progress. At the Convention recently held at Adams of that district seventy-five delegates were present and the District President Rev. C. C. Townsend, who presided, was able to congratulate the Convention on the vigorous and rapid development the League has shown in so short a time. The Watertown district which held its Convention at Carthage seemed to be similarly flourishing. In *Ohio*, a Convention of the Wooster District League was recently held at Doylestown at which Dr. De La Matyr of Akron gave an inspiring and congratulatory address. The League in that District and in the whole State is growing rapidly and will show even more encouraging figures than were then reported at the next Convention which will be held at Wadsworth in June next. In *Tennessee* the League is adopted in every Conference with enthusiasm. The General Conference which met at Chattanooga Nov. 17-19 and which comprises twelve annual Conferences, listened to testimonies to the value of the League from all the delegates who had witnessed its working and who recommended it strongly.

OLD THINGS ARE BEST.

OLD things are best. We wander
So strangely and so lonely
From here to that world yonder,
Why not grow fonder and fonder
In tried affections only?

Old friends are best. Their faces
Each year seem dearer, dearer,
And grow with new found graces:
Then, ah! the vacant places
But bring the living nearer.

Old homes are best. The laughter
That tells of childhood's pleasures
Beneath the ancient rafter
Surpasses all that's after
And all of manhood's treasures.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About the Golden Gate and the Moslem Traditions Regarding it.

SYMPATHY is a universal sentiment. The painful stories of the Hebrew persecution, that have been published all over the civilized globe, stir up within us a feeling of indignation against those nations that have been the means of inflicting so much suffering upon a race once peculiarly blessed. Even the little ones of the household, listening to these repeated tales of Russian barbarism and Turkish despotism, pour out the tribute of their young hearts in words of sympathy and commiseration.

Uncle John was not greatly surprised, therefore, when he was asked the other evening, by one of the circle not yet far advanced in her teens:

"Will the Jews ever return to Jerusalem?"

"That has been a question asked all over the world for centuries, my dear," he replied, gently. "The hope and prayer of every true Israelite is for the restoration of his race to their own land and to the City of David. And in late years there have been many signs that their return is not far off. But if you were to ask a Moslem about it, he would smile and show his white teeth as he muttered: 'Not while the Golden Gate is closed.'"

"The Golden Gate!" exclaimed the children.

"Yes; the most famous of all the gates of Jerusalem. It is walled up on the outside, and has been so since the Crusades. There is a tradition among the Moslems that if ever Jerusalem is conquered and the followers of Mohammed driven out, the conqueror will enter by the Golden Gate, and so they have walled it up securely. When in Palestine several years ago, I viewed this famous gate with deep interest. It is only walled up on the outside; the inside is really a double gate, and there is a courtyard where the Moslems assemble to worship. The gate is on the eastern side of the city and overlooks the valley of Jehoshaphat. There is another tradition connected with it, too, which the mention of the Valley recalls to my mind. Built into the wall beside the Golden Gate is a great pillar of porphyry, on whose top, according to a Moslem prophecy, Mohammed himself will stand at the last day to judge all the nations who will gather in the valley below. The Gate itself is a double arch of exquisite workmanship, but its surface shows the ravages of time, for it is actually crumbling into dust."

"Why was it called the 'Golden Gate?'" was asked.

"That name came from the fact that it was at one time connected with the one of the gates of the Temple, which, as you know the Bible tells us, were covered with gold. But the name cannot be traced farther back than the Crusades. Originally it was called the *Bab-el-Rameh*, or Gate of Mercy, and the Moslems speak of it as the *Bab-el-Dahariyeh*, or Golden Gate. Whatever the original structure may have been, the present gate is unquestionably of Roman origin, and belonged to the enclosure of the Temple built by the Emperor Hadrian upon Mount Moriah. The ancient name 'Gate of Mercy' was a peculiarly appropriate one, for it was by this gate, according to sacred history, that Jesus entered Jerusalem riding upon an ass, and the populace met him with palms in their hands, greeting him as a king. From the portals of the gate, one may see the winding road to Bethany, along which the Saviour came with his disciples that day. At the time of the Crusades the gate, which had then been discontinued as a thoroughfare, was opened once a year—on Palm Sunday—to allow the procession to pass through.

"Among the exiled Hebrews, the memory of the Holy City is kept alive by the recital of its ancient glories and of the promises for the fulfilment of which they pray daily. The song sung by the captives in Babylon is still echoing in the hearts of their descendants scattered all over the world:

THE "BABEL-EL-DAHARIYEH" OR GOLDEN GATE OF JERULALEM.
(From a photograph secured by Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land.)

Jerusalem, if I thee forget
Skill part from my right hand.

Everything points to their return to their own land before the close of the century. But they will return in unbelief. Not till they have rebuilt the Temple and restored its ancient glories will they be brought to know that the Messiah has come and that Christ, the rejected one, is he for whom Israel has looked these many generations. Then we may expect to see the Golden Gate reopened and true believers crowding its portals, through which the Moslems will have passed forever."

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Lessons of Self-denial.

CHILDREN of the present day, writes H. Clay Trumbull, in *Hints on Child Training*, especially children of parents in comfortable circumstances, are far more likely than were their fathers and mothers to lack lessons of self-denial. The standard of living now is very different now from a generation since. There were few parents in any community fifty years ago, who could buy whatever they wanted for heir children, or indeed for themselves. There was no such freeness of purchases, for the table, for the house, or the household as is now common on every side. Children then did not expect a new suit of clothes every month or few months. Often they had old ones made over for them from those of their parents or their elder brothers or sisters. There was still less planning by them for a summer journey with their parents to a mountain or a seaside resort. Self-denial or more or less of personal privation came as a necessity to almost every child in the younger days of many who are now on the stage of life. But how different now! It is every parent's duty to deny a child many things which he wants; to teach him that he must get along without a great many things that may seem very desirable; to train him to self denial and endurance at table, in the playroom with companions, and away from them; and the doing of this duty by the parent brings a sure advantage to the child. Whatever else he has, a child ought not to lack this element of wise training.

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A Word About Borrowing.

"MAY I not borrow from mother or sister?" you ask. Most assuredly, borrow if you must, though one never loves a constant borrower or solicitor of favors, and one should endeavor to get out of difficulty unaided if possible. But is it exactly borrowing to go to mother's room and take a handkerchief without leave? You and your sisters will always have more sincere regard for each other if each has respect for the other's possessions. It is not pleasant for you to find that your favorite handkerchief, or your pretty muff or much-needed hat pin, is missing when you wish to use one of them. Book borrowers are so numerons and so generally careless that reform in their case seems almost hopeless. Or have you an art study or a roll of music long ago borrowed? Return it right away. It is not so much that the article may be needed, though that is a sufficient reason for returning it, but an untidy habit of failure in this respect will lead you to be careless and neglectful about more important matters.

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PASSING YOUTH.

MOTHERS the world over naturally feel sad when their babies are children no longer, when the son steps out of the soft, pleasing light of childhood and into the stronger day of full manhood, when the daughter hesitates,

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where womanhood and childhood meet.

The time comes when, some day, the mother, who fair would keep her children by her always, realizes that they are lost to her. "What mother," writes the Rev. J. F. Elder in *Work at Home*, does not appreciate this subtle conceit of the poet:

In your small dreaming dresses of white,
With the wild bloom you gathered today
In your quiet, shut hands, from the light
And the dark you will wander away.

With less gold and more gloom in the hair,
When the buds have unfolded to flowers,
These faces may wake here as fair,
But older than yours by hours.

"Thus they are taken from us unconsciously and irresistibly. We cannot hide them from their destiny — from confronting life, with its cruel and crushing possibilities. They are early initiated into sickness and sorrow. Then come the perils of street and school; for mother cannot always watch, or be teacher. Presently they must seek a livelihood, and here wider and sometimes more vicious associations confront them.

"What ark shall we take for their shelter? Give them the memory of a happy home. It will be a safeguard and an inspiration. It was when he recalled his childhood's home that the prodigal came to himself and returned to his father's house. Be careful of their health. Don't coddle, don't overwork, don't over-feed, don't allow them the dissipations of society too young. Ground them in good principles — truthfulness, a keen instinct for honesty, a hatred of all forms of gambling, implicit obedience to authority. Inculcate temperance, by example and self-control, in all things."

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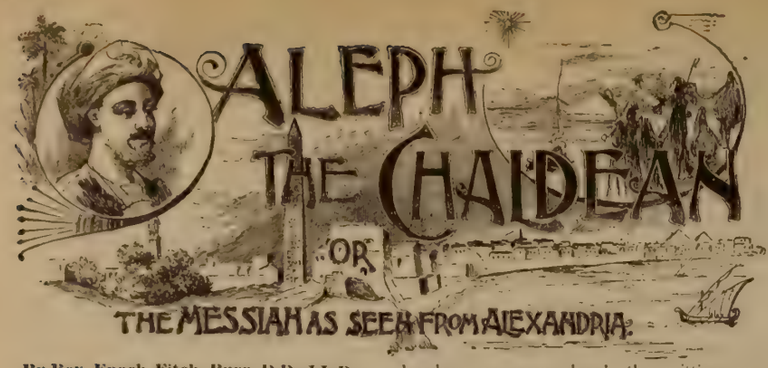
Mournful People.

THERE are some people who seem to afflicted with melancholia all their lives. The spirit of mournfulness pervades their every conscious act, and if in some moment of forgetfulness they permit themselves to be cheerful, they instantly assume their sad, familiar faces when they become fully conscious again. While such doubly-dolorous folks are bad enought o have in the house, they are ten times worse to have in meeting. Says a recent writer: "These mournful brethren are the death of the prayer-meeting. They look so doleful that a sight of them throws a chill over every one. Their voices are always in the minor key. They are full of lamentation and mourning. The degeneracy of the times, the backslidden condition of the church, the frivolities of the people, —all these weigh upon their spirits, and form the burden of their prayers and songs. They love to sing:

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still:
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Such people can get to heaven, but they kill a good many religious meetings, and discourage a great many faithful souls on the way."



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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SUMMARY OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Aleph, a young Chaldean student, of a notable family arrives in Alexandria with his friend and companion, *Cimon*, a Greek, who has visited the city many years previously. During the journey down the Nile, the latter points out the various places of interest to *Aleph*. Egypt is under Roman rule, and the period is early in the first century of the Christian era. On landing, the friends encounter an aged Egyptian, *Seti*, to whom a drunken Roman officer is about to offer violence, when *Aleph* disarms the latter, very skillfully. *Seti*, is grateful to the youth and on leaving him warns him that he has made an enemy of the dissipated son of *Flaccus* the Roman Governor of the city. He also cautions him against *Flaccus* and also against *Malus*, a crafty Jewish trader of great influence. The two friends pass some time in viewing the sights of the city, after which *Aleph*, who is there on highly important business matters, seeks the great banker *Alexander*. Before visiting him, however, he learns some interesting facts regarding the man he is to see. *Alexander* is the Alabarch, or representative head of the orthodox Hebrews of Alexandria, a man of great wealth and influence, to whom the magnates of all nationalities, and even the government officials themselves, frequently resort for financial aid. His place of business is a vast, imposing building of great strength, and here at times come students, travelers with letters of credit, merchants and others. *Aleph* visits *Alexander* and meets *Rachel*, the banker's beautiful daughter. *Aleph* on concluding his business, accepts *Alexander's* invitation to come to the *Diapleuston* Synagogue on the following day. At the Synagogue, impressive services conclude, with an address by one *Simeon*, just returned from Jerusalem, who tells the congregation about Jesus, concerning whom he made full inquiry and touching whose Divine nature the Jews were divided. A party of Roman soldiers invade the *Diapleuston*, and attempting to compel the Alabarch and worshippers to render divine homage to an image of the Emperor *Tiberius*, were forcibly expelled, *Aleph* and *Cimon* taking an active part in the ejection. On leaving the synagogue, the two friends are followed by a stranger whom they interrogate.

CHAPTER V. (*Continued.*)

"WELL," said Cimon, good-humoredly, "since we have now gratified your curiosity, perhaps you will not refuse to gratify ours by telling us who you are, and whom you suppose this young man to resemble."

"That is but fair," returned the Jew. "I keep a khan at the end of this street, near the gate of Canopus, as did my father before me. When I was a youth, there came to our place from Judea a caravan of eastern people, evidently of great distinction, on their way homeward by the Red Sea route. It was in this company that I saw a man whose appearance made such an impression on me that if I were a painter I could put him on canvas to-day: and this young man is his double—perhaps somewhat brightened by youth."

"I have to confess," said Aleph with a smile, "that I am a Chaldean; and also that all Chaldeans have a certain likeness to one another. But you must not forget that the imagination is a powerful faculty, especially among us Orientals, and has sometimes been known to see things that did not exist. But you can see for yourself, without any help from your imagination, that the peculiar way in which this conference has come about has attracted the notice of the street, and that the curious are beginning to thicken about us. So now let us separate; but, as soon as our affairs permit, we will seek you out and hear further about the pilgrims of whom you speak."

So they parted. But the incident, especially after reflection and conference early the next morning, determined the friends to withdraw as fully as possible from the Jewish and Roman quarters of the city, and to hasten certain inquiries as to Malus.

There are two kinds of prophecy—the natural and the supernatural. The latter is a spark from the Divine foreknowledge, granted occasionally to certain privileged persons. That our friends had anything of this I am not prepared to say; but they were reasonably well furnished with such foresight as reason and experience can give; and what they foresaw was very considerable annoyance and even danger if they should remain at their present quarters. So they determined to remove. This was not valor, certainly. As certainly it was not cowardice. But it was that good thing which we call prudence, and which sensible people think to be almost or quite as good as heroism itself. It was a wise precaution—the tacking of the ship when breakers are seen ahead, the putting on of armor when the arrows begin to fly, the striking tent and removing to higher ground when the morning sky is red and lowering, and there is a sound of abundance of rain.

Have I said that the strangers were in the habit of asking each morning for Divine guidance during the day? If not, I ought to have said it. And the habit was no empty form. When they had risen from their knees, they seemed free from anxiety as to what might happen, though not free from forethought and a disposition to be very active in pursuit of their objects. Queer people, were they not? Some would say they were very absurd as well as queer. However this may be, it is certain that Aleph and his friend did not stir a step that morning, even in the matter of planning, till they had sought leading from a wisdom above their own. And what they did that morning they may be counted on to do every morning while we follow their fortunes. Will it be of any service to them? Perhaps they have found in their Septuagint several passages like this, "Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall direct thy paths."

Perhaps Cimon found more difficulty than his young companion in keeping free from anxiety on account of what had occurred. He felt a responsibility for both.

"It seems unfortunate," said he, after their devotions, "not only that we should have been brought again into collision with the Romans, who can do so much to hinder at least one of our objects, but that it has come about in such a way as to attract to us the notice of the whole Jewish community. For, of course, yesterday's events will be public talk to-day, and everybody will be inquiring and surmising about the strangers. And I am very much afraid that Malus has already caught a spark that in such a gale will set all his suspicions and craft on fire. But as these seemingly untoward things could not well have been avoided by us, I cannot but hope that the untowardness is only in seeming. I have lived long enough to know that Divine leading can brighten seeming perils and disasters into blessings. But it seems a reasonable condition of Divine guidance that we try to act as prudently as we can, from the human stand-point. And prudence seems to require that we at once remove to the Egyptian quarter; that you matriculate in the University, and thus secure its immunities for yourself, as well as meet the wishes of your father that you hear for yourself the scholars of the west; and that I proceed without delay to make the inquiries we need to make in regard to Malus. These inquiries will have to be made as quietly and rapidly as possible; for if he should take the alarm, his craft and influence are evidently such that he might seriously embarrass our movements—if not baffle them.

And so it came to pass that the early morning found them established in a quiet khan, almost under the shadow of the Serapeum.

This does not localize them very definitely; for the Serapeum cast a very great shadow. The temple, or rather collection of temples, was, by all odds, the most imposing structure in Alexandria. It was built on an elevation, partly artificial, the ascent to which on three sides was by broad flights of steps and successive platforms; while on the north side the ascent began at the harbor and advanced by a grade easy for vehicles to the great propylon. This was purely Egyptian. To the right and left of it rose walls of syenite, high and massive enough to be the walls of a city, decorated with many towers, and inclosing the whole levelled summit of the hill with their somewhat irregular lines. Within these, at a little distance, and built of the same, though much finer and carefully wrought, stone, rose the complicated structures of the temple proper. It was a little city by itself. And, towering above all other structures, it seemed to protect Alexandria and defy the seas beyond.

Like most Egyptian structures it was most successful in giving to beholders the ideas of massiveness and vastness. Yet the airiness of the situatoin, combined with a mingling of the various Hellenic architectures with the Egyptian, seemed to relieve the ponderous pile of any air of heaviness. For Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Mother Isis and her vagrant daughters Doris and Ione and Cora, were all represented in the confused mass of templed structures designed to welcome all the classical creeds.

The most striking features of the temple, to one looking up to it from the street, were, perhaps, an enormous canopy that seemed to overhang the whole pile of buildings and a tower by its side that rose still higher. This tower was the famous observatory where Eratosthenes and Hipparchus had made their observations; and in the spacious halls at its base was deposited the greater part of the then existing Alexandrian library—consisiing of some 200,000 works collected by the Ptolemies, together with 300,000 parchments brought from Pergamos by Mark Antony for Cleopatra.

The Serapeum was under Egyptian control, but was greatly revered by devout Greeks and Romans as well as by Egyptians. Each nation regarded the god to whom the temple was dedicated and whose statue of mingled marble and silver and gold was there enshrined, as being the chief of all its gods—the Egyptians calling it Osiris, the Greeks Zeus, and the Romans Jupiter. For some reason, of late years, this statue had been kept in a dark room, and was seldom, if ever, shown to the people at large. They worshipped without the presence of any visible symbol of deity. The priests were numerous and of the highest rank. The chief of all was primate of all Egypt.

To its religious character the Serapeum added that of an institution of learning. Its priests had among their own people the reputation for wisdom which belonged to the ancient Egyptian priesthood among all nations—and not without reason. Their priestly duties being light, they spent much time in studying the sciences and philosophies as then known, and in training young priests to the same. In addition, the more eminent among them taught on certain topics in the Alexandrian School. They were recognized by the Ptolemies, and afterward by the emperors, as in all respects peers of the teachers located at the Museum.

Indeed, among people religiously inclined their standing was altogether superior to that of the secular professors. They were far more sober and practical in their teachings. They more boldly recognized religion and taught on lines parallel with it. They had stricter notions of what could propelry be called science and philosophy. A few facts blown up into prettily colored bubbles, and then tossed into the air on exhibition, and then collapsing, and then succeeded by another output of pretty emptinesses, and this by another, and so on—such were the substance and history of the better part of the ever-changing teaching of the Museum. The worse part had no foundation in facts at all. In fact, facts were scorned. They were vulgar. The lofty name of wisdom should be given only to great general institutions and the logical deductions from them. And as the teachers were by no means careful in either their premises or their processes, their conclusions were apt to be worthless when they were not pernicious. In short, the Museum was the child of Athens and the mother of Germany.

Accordingly, many of the noblest families in the neighboring countries turned their faces toward the Serapeum. They were disgusted at the laborious trifling. They were alarmed at the decay of faith. If their sons could not have something that deserved to be called knowledge, and knowledge without impiety and all the terrors, they did not want them to have it at all. But if they could have it thoroughly leavened with religious ideas—why, they would welcome it, be very glad of it, pour out for it their shekels or sestertii or staters freely. Such people found what they wanted in the priest-teachers of the Serapeum; and said to themselves that if religion is the supreme wisdom then are the ministers of religion the supreme professors.

All this Cimon recalled and spoke of when he found himself in the neighborhood of the temple. And he proposed that Aleph should matriculate there instead of at the Museum—as being the nearer and more conservative branch of the University, as well as more remote from the Roman headquarters.

"I do not think," said he, "that you will need to confine yourself very closely to the routine of lectures. Many of the more advanced students do not. You are already familiar through me with the main subjects discussed in both the Athenian and Alexandrian Schools: and I do not imagine you will hear much that is new; only you will hear the old said in a new way, with new illustrations and personal modifications, which is not without its advantage to a young man. And you will have what, perhaps, is a still greater advantage, that of mingling with and studying the leading young men of the West. As to the present preliminaries for admission to the School, you had better apply to Seti for information."

"And why not ask his advice, also," said Aleph, "as to how you had better proceed in the affair of Malus? It would be a safe thing to do. The priest is not in love with the trader."

"Perhaps," returned the Greek, "this is the best thing to be done. Still I feel reluctant to do it—at least till I have proved it necessary. It is a good rule not to call on others to help you till you have tried to help yourself. We must spare our friends as much as possible. And I do not see that any harm can be done by my going directly to the custom house and inquiring on what terms abstracts from the records can be made, or by my going to leading dealers and asking how the prices of goods have ruled in Alexandria for a term of years. Let me cautiously feel my way about to-day by myself: by the evening I shall be better able to see whether we need to call in help from outside."

As soon as Cimon had gone, Aleph inquired of the landlord at what part of the temple he should present himself. Climbing successive flights of steps that began almost at the khan, he came to the broad carriage-way of which we have spoken. As yet very few people could be seen upon it—none who seemed moving to the temple. This led him to think that very likely he was yet too early for the temple habits, and had better linger a little before seeking admittance. So he sat down on one of the stone seats, placed at intervals by the wayside for the convenience of the weary and the idle, and proceeded to study at his leisure the stately facade of the temple. While thus engaged he heard voices just back of the wall against which he was leaning.

A voice laughed heartily.

"Have you been at your cups so early?" said another voice, testily. "I should have thought that these leeks and onions would have set you to crying. That is what they do to me."

"Oh, it was such a capital thing! Why, the very gods themselves must be shaking with laughter—at least our Egyptian gods."

"Who ever heard of an Egyptian god laughing? Our deities never did that in the best days of the country. They who were as grim as fate when Thebes was in its glory are not likely to smile now when Thebes is dead, and a Roman garrison is in Alexandria, and a Roman Governor in the place of Seti."

"That is just it—now you are coming to the point!" cried the other; "it is just *because* there is a Roman garrison in Alexandria and a Roman Proprætor in the ancestral palace of Seti that our gods, calm and grave as they generally are, must have had a merry time of if yesterday."

"There, take that, you provoking Sphinx!" (and Aleph heard something strike against the wall). "If you do not expound your riddle right away it will be not two onions that your empty head will get, but a basket of them."

"Do you pretend to say that you have not heard what took place yesterday at the Diapleuston? Why, the whole city is ringing with it—at least the Jewish Quarter. The Roman Quarter will be silent enough, I warrant."

"Have heard nothing. Was in Canopus yesterday—came back before people were stirring this morning. What is it? Out with it, man!"

"And you be a true son of Egypt, now open your ears and mouth! Yesterday the Governor took a hundred soldiers and tried to make the Jews at the Diapleuston worship an image of the emperor. A magnificent young man in shining armor suddenly appeared on the scene, disarmed Flaccus, and encouraged the Jews to give the whole party a good drubbing. Which they did. The Romans were pommelled within an inch of their lives, then tumbled into the street, and then chased on a full run quite to Bruchium. Gods! what a treat to see Flaccus run! I would have given ten years of my life to see it. And now it is said that Alexander, the favorite banker of the emperor, and heavier with him than all the pyramids put together, has just written to the governor demanding an apology for his behavior; and threatening to report him to the emperor."

(To be Continued.)

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.

Questions & Answers

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A Subscriber. South Coventry, Conn. In the Book of Revelation we read of the New Jerusalem in which there is no sickness, for only the redeemed are there, and we read of the Tree of Life, the leaves of which are used for the healing of the nations. Who will they be that need healing?

Doubtless those who have just arrived there.

Mrs H. L. Glass, Walker, Linn Co., Iowa. Is it healthful to keep house-plants in a sleeping-room?

In some cases, where the plants are of an atmosphere-purifying character, their presence would be healthful. In others, they would be positively a detriment to health. A botanist or probably a physician could give accurate advice on this matter. It is recorded that a Viennese lady of rank died from the effect of air-poisoning, caused by the presence of a mass of fragrant plants in her boudoir.

Subscriber, Tulare City, Cal. Is a Christian minister justified in marrying a divorced person when the divorce has been obtained on the ground of abandonment, and when there was ground for the graver charge, but it was not alleged, lest the scandal should injure the children?

We think he would be justified. The question on which it is necessary for him to satisfy himself is, whether the person asking to be married has been divorced in the sight of God. If he believes that the sin, which the Scriptures recognize as justifying divorce, has been committed, then he is right in re-marrying the person who suffered the wrong, even though the divorce may have been granted by the courts on other grounds.

S. S. Scholar, Lower Gilmanton, N. H. 1. Who were the wise men who went to Jerusalem at the birth of the Saviour? 2. How did they know he was worthy of divine adoration? Had they data in regard to the prophecies concerning Christ? 2. Why did John, after having positive proof that Jesus was the Son of God, send two of his disciples and say to him: "Art thou he that should come or do we look for another?" 3. At what time did the Christian Sabbath supersede the Jewish Sabbath, and by whom was the change made?

1. The wise men were Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar. They were doubtless students of prophecy and acquainted with all the Scriptures relating to the coming of our Saviour. 2. John probably intended that they should satisfy themselves by personal contact with him. 3. See answer to Mrs. J. D., in No. 28 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Alex Kennet, Trenton, O. Why is not the washing of feet practiced in the Churches? Is it not as essential for the salvation of souls as the Communion service?

Footwashing was an ancient obligatory rite of Eastern hospitality. In John 13: 12, the Saviour is represented as performing this lowly service to his disciples. The principle involved is that love dignifies any service, however humble. In the early Christian Church it was observed as a duty. Luther opposed it as leading to hypocrisy, and the Lutheran Consistory of 1718 publicly condemned it. Several sects including Anabaptists, Moravians, and Mennonites, still regard it as a positive ordinance. It never obtained general recognition except in the East, where sandals are worn and the feet are peculiarly liable to be soiled by dust, etc. These causes do not exist in colder climates. Neither it nor the Communion service is essential to salvation.

J. De Voll, Gansevoort, N. Y. Was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea? If so, where did they get his mummy which is on exhibition?

All the evidence is against the theory that Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea. Some very interesting information, furnishing striking confirmation of the Bible narrative, has recently been obtained, by deciphering the inscriptions on ancient Egyptian monuments. From these it appears that the Pharaoh who "refused to let the people go" was named Menephtha. He was the youngest son of the great Pharaoh, Rameses II, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Hebrews and ordered the killing of the male infants, and whose death is mentioned in Exodus 2: 23. Menephtha was an old man, at least sixty, when he came to the throne, and was constitutionally timid and feeble. He joined with him in the government his brilliant son Seti, a young man resembling in person and character of his grandfather, the great Rameses. Seti was virtually king through his father, Menephtha, was king in name. The Bible alludes to Seti as "the firstborn of Pharaoh who *sat on the throne.*" (Exodus 12: 29.) This young man's tomb has been found, and a record of his achievements, showing him to have been a great general and administrator. But his name does not appear in the list of the Pharaohs and the inscription on his tomb shows that he never became king, but died suddenly, while still only a prince. The Bible tells us how he died. It was on the night when the angel slew the firstborn. Menephtha, as we know by the Bible narrative, pursued the Hebrews. He had no son now to take command as on former occasions. He was then an old man eighty-two years of age. What more likely than that, when he saw the Israelites descend into the Red Sea, he should send on his army and stay behind himself, not caring at his age, and at night to undertake so perilous a journey. The Egyptian records state that once before, on the eve of battle, when he should have led his army, the old man had a convenient vision, ordering him not to enter the battle but to give the command to his son. He doubtless excused himself on this occasion and so saved his life. A parallel case of a father and son reigning simultaneously is found in Belshazzar, who though exercising kingly functions, does not appear on the list of kings. He was associated in government with his father, Nabonnedus, and, like Seti in Egypt, died before his father. How he died Daniel tells us in his fifth chapter.

Harvey Haven, Chicago, Ill. A farmer finds that owing to the peculiar condition of the weather his whole one thousand acres of wheat ripen at once, though sown at different times. He strives his best to harvest the crop, but Saturday night finds a full day's cutting of one hundred acres yet to be done, grain so ripe that a storm would shell it all out and destroy it; the barometer and other reliable tests indicate a storm. He workes all the next day (Sunday) and harvests the wheat. Within an hour after the last shock is up, the storm commences, and continues until thousands of acres of his neighbor's standing wheat were totally destroyed. Did he "do well on that Sabbath day" and therefore not violate it, (Matt. 12:12) and would saving the property (ox) on the Sabbath, of Luke 14:5 justify this farmer in saving his grain on the Sabbath?

Conscience alone can decide whether such a course is justifiable as a work of necessity; but there are many Christians who rather than desecrate the Sabbath even in such a desperate case as our correspondent presents, would be satisfied to suffer heavy loss.

J. W. F., Hanover, Ala. If a man commits a murder and is tried and condemned, and afterward repents and God forgives him, ought he to be hanged? If God forgives him ought not men to do so, too?

Whether mercy should be extended to a condemned murderer, or whether the law should take its course, is decided by the Governor of his State who should be guided in coming to a decision by the circumstances attending the crime rather than by the criminal's subsequent behavior. The administration of justice could not be carried on if a criminal could escape the penalty of his crime by pleading that God had forgiven him. Every murderer would make the plea and there would be no way of testing the truth of it.

G. L., Rockford, Ill. 1. How can it be that Jesus was in the earth three days and three nights if he was buried on Friday and rose on Sunday? 2. Who first changed the day of rest from the seventh day to the first day?

The Jews were in the habit of speaking of parts of days as whole days. An example of this is found in II. Chron. 10: 5 and 12. The men were told (verse 5) to come after three days, and we are told (verse 12) they came on the third day. They had the same habit of speaking as to years. (Compare Deut. 14: 28 with 26: 12.) Thus Christ rose on the third day as is stated in other passages. (See Matt. 16: 21; 20: 19; Mark 9: 31; Luke 18: 33, etc.) The time would be counted as part of Friday, one day, Saturday, two days, Sunday morning, three days, or the third day. The phrase three days and three nights is probably the English equivalent of the Hebrew expression often used instead of days, "three evenings—mornings." (2.) The custom of devoting the first instead of the seventh day to worship originated with the Apostles. (See Acts 20: 7; I. Cor. 16: 2.) As the seventh day commemorated the rest of God at the Creation, the first day commemorated the resurrection of the Lord; and Christ honored the observance of it by appearing to the Church on that day during the interval between his resurrection and his ascension. (See John 20: 19.) According to the custom mentioned in the previous answer, the day referred to in John 20: 26 was doubtless also Sunday, that being the eighth day or, as a Jew would have said after eight days. The Emperor Constantine, in A. D. 321, enacted the first law making Sunday the legal day of cessation from business,

A TREATY WITH KING MESSENWAH.*

THE Hillmen had stopped about two hundred yards off, and were drawn up in two lines, shouting and dancing and hurling taunting remarks at their neighbors. The stolen cattle were bunched together back of the king. As Stedman walked steadily forward, with his handkerchief fluttering, and howling out something in their mother-tongue, they stopped and listened. As he advanced, his three companions followed him about fifty yards from the Hillmen before they made out what he said, and then one or the young braves, resenting it as an insult to his chief, shot an arrow at him. Stedman dodged the arrow and stood his ground without even taking a step backward, only turning slightly to put his hands to his mouth and to shout something to his companions, which sounded like "About time to begin on the goats." But the instant the young man had fired, King Messenwah swung his club and knocked him down, and none of the others moved. Then Messenwah advanced before his men to meet Stedman, and on Stedman's opening his hands to show that he was unarmed, the King threw down his club and came forward as empty-handed as himself.

"Ah!" gasped Bradley, Jr., with his finger trembling on his lever, "let me take a shot at him now." Gordon struck the man's gun up, and walked forward in all the glory of his gold-and-blue uniform; for both he and Stedman now saw that Messenwah was more impressed by their appearance and the fact that they were white men, than with any threats of immediate war. So when he saluted Gordon haughtily, that young man gave him a haughty nod in return and bade Stedman tell the King he would permit him to sit down. The King did not appear to like this, but he sat down, nevertheless, and nodded his head gravely. . . .

*From *Stories for Boys*, by Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 204. Price, $1.

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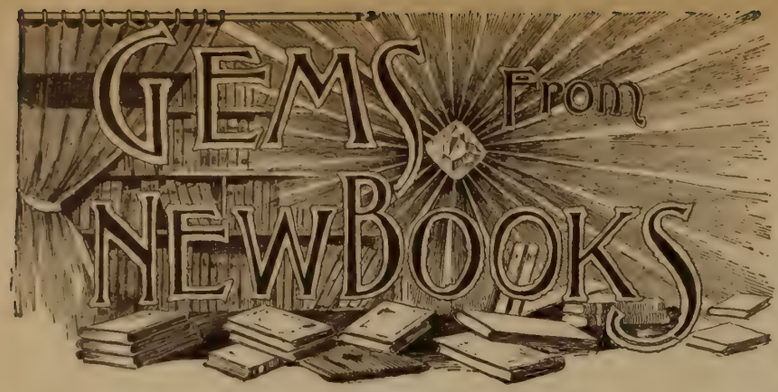

HUNGERING HEARTS.*

SOME hearts go hungering through the world,
And never find the love they seek;
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled
To hide the pain they may not speak.
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,
The voice in gladdest music thrill,
And yet, beneath them, all the while,
The hungry heart be pining still.

O, eager eyes which gaze afar!
O arms, which clasp the empty air!
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,
Not all unpitied your despair.
Smile patient lips, so proudly dumb,
When life's frail tent at last is furled,
Your glorious recompense shall come,
O hearts that hunger through the world!

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.†

THE geologist knows many facts which go to show that at a little depth beneath the earth's crust, in the outer verge of the high temperatures which exist in the earth's interior, rocky matter in a state of more or less complete fusion, is able to move with exceeding ease for great distances beneath the crust. The best evidence we find of such subterranean movements is afforded by volcanic ejections. The quantity of matter extruded by a volcano is very great. Thus in the case of Etna—a volcano of the second order of terrestrial cones—it seems likely, from certain computations which rest upon approximate data, that somewhere about 4,000 cubic miles of matter must have been ejected during the brief geological history of that cone—a history which extends back only to the early stages of the Tertiary period, or as we may say to the geological yesterday. We thus have the surprising fact that there may be discharged during the course of a few geological periods an amount of matter sufficient to cover the States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island to the depth of nearly half a mile.

MOUNTAINS AND SLAVERY.

THE effect of the Appalachian mountain system upon the distribution of slavery, and consequently upon the political and social history of this country, was of great importance. Slavery, as is well known, depended for its extension upon two important crops, both of which demanded a large amount of cheap labor. The institution rested on the industries of cotton and tobacco-growing. Only where one of these crops could be profitably tilled, did it ever firmly establish itself. A glance at the map will show that the Appalachian system widens as we go southward from Pennsylvania, until it occupies nearly one-fifth of the Southern States. In this section the character of the soil and form of the surface, and the climate, make the land unsuited for the extended culture of either tobacco or cotton. The result was that slavery never firmly established itself as an economic institution in any part of this vast territory. Here and there in the most fertile valleys a few slaves were employed; but there are counties in this area where a slave was never held. The natural result of this distribution in the negro population was that the mountain districts of the South were separated in their political motives from the plain country.

LONGEVITY IN AMERICA.

THE longevity of people in America is at least as great as in Europe. And this, despite the fact that men's lives in this country are more seriously taxed than in the Old World. We are supposed to be dying of overwork; but the fact is that, witnessed by the duration of life in the case of men who have appeared on the records of insurance companies, there is no indication that the term allotted to man is growing less in this country than it is across the seas. On the contrary, the evidence seems to point to the conclusion that the American man lives longer than those of the same race in the Old World. The rude experience of war indicates that our men are as enduring as any from other countries. But there is a considerable difference in the men born in the different parts of the United States. Measurements appear to show that the size of man increases, in a general way, as we go from the seaboard into the Mississippi Valley. Our race is safe upon this continent; we need have no apprehensions concerning the effect of the existing conditions upon its development. We may safely presume that the climate and other features of our continent—with perhaps the exception of the district about the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic country—are, on the whole, as well fitted for the uses of northern Europeans as any part of the mother-country. We may reasonably conclude that it suits the whole Teutonic branch of the Aryan race.

BABY BARTY AND MOTHER MIDGE.*

"MY dear young lady," she said, gently, "shall I tell you about him? Miss Wilmot found him; she finds them all. He was a mere baby! and nearly skin and bone when he came here. He and a sister a year or two older, were turned on the streets to beg, and the brute who owned them. I believe she called herself their mother, only the dumb beasts have more compassion on their young—had turned them out-of-doors to sleep. Oh! you look shocked, but one sees such cases in the paper. The little creatures were found on a doorstep one evening. Deb had taken off her frock to wrap around Barty, who was ill and coughing. Well, he did not last long; one could not wonder at that, after all that exposure and ill-usage; but we made him very happy as long as he lived. 'Mother Midge' was the name he gave me. No one knew what it meant, but Deb taught it to others. Well, I was sitting with him on my lap, one afternoon—I knew the end was near—and I was talking to him and Deb about heaven—for they were just like heathens—and, baby as he was, Barty was as clever and 'cute as possible. Just as I was talking, I felt his little, bony hand creep to my neck. 'I don't want no 'eavens' he whispered, hoarsely. 'I 'd like better to stop along o' Deb and Mother Midge.' Those were his last words. But may be he has changed his mind since then," finished the little woman, softly.

*From *Averil;* by Rosa Nouchette Carey; 256 pages illustrated; $1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co, Publishers, Philadelphia.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Our Bessie; by Rosa Nouchette Cary. Pp 256; price $1.25. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

All Around the Year, 1892: a calendar in colors, designed by J. Pauline Sunter; Price 50 cents, Lee & Shepard, Boston, Publishers.

Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth; by A. Layman (Second Edition). Pp 498; Price $1.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 745 Broadway, New York.

Gideon and the Judges: A Study, Historical and Practical, by Rev. John Marshall Lang, D. D. Pp 201; Price $1. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West 23d St., New York.

Ezra and Nehemiah; their lines and times. A volume of the excellent series entitled "Men of the Bible." Pp 182; price $1. Published by Anson D. F. Randolph, 38 West 23d St., New York.

Man an Open Book: a series of texts and essays on Craniognomy by James S, Doolittle. Pp, 380; Published at the office of Food, Home and Garden, Philadelphia, Pa.

Friendship, the Master Passion: a work on the nature and history of Friendship and its place in the world's forces by H. Clay Trumbull, author of "Kadesh Barnea," etc. Richly bound in cloth and enclosed in a box; 413 pages; price $3. John D. Wattles, Publisher, Philadelphia.

*From *The High-Top Sweeting* and other Poems by Elizabeth Akers, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, Publishers.

†From *Nature and Man in America*, by N. S. Shaler, Prof. of Geology in Harvard University; 290 pages, price $1.50. Charles Scribner's Sen, Publishers, N. Y.

BOOKS WITH A MISSION.

In these times of publishing activity, when hundreds of books, good, bad, and indifferent, are sent forth weekly to tempt the reading public, it is a positive satisfaction to have one's attention called to *books that have a mission;* books that are a pleasure to read and a gratification to lend. Prof. Drummond's come under this head; so also do the following:

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"Sunday was the day appointed for the services," says Mr. Finley, "and was also a feast day in the church. Early in the morning a brass band awakened us. It was parading the streets telling the people that the 'Festival of the Holy Spirit' was to be celebrated. At ten o'clock I held the first service, about one hundred persons were present. We sang the Gospel songs—offered prayer and I preached. After services we went to our house and conversed with many about the Bible. In the afternoon boys began to stone our house.

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Teach me that these trials sent me
May be blessings in disguise,

Bring my roving heart still nearer
To thy loving, tender side,
Till the thought of heav'n grows dearer,
And the Cross is sanctified.
Storms that here so rudely buffet,
Drift us nearer to the port;
Through each pang and sorrow suffer'd
Richer lessons we are taught.

Whereby faith may get a surer
Hold upon eternal things,
Till this life grows sweeter, purer,—
Finds in God its secret springs,
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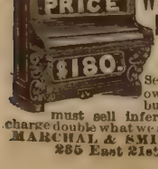

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ON MOUNT MORIAH.

The Ancient Site of Solomon's Temple now Occupied by two Famous Mosques — El-Aksa and its History—Strange Moslem Traditions Connected with the Sacred Place.

AMONG the architectural marvels of the Orient, there are few that excel in simple beauty of design or in grand and imposing effect, some of the Mosques to be found in Palestine. In approaching Jerusalem, the traveler's eye is caught by an edifice which rises so high that it can be discerned at a considerable distance. It is the Mosque of Omar which stands within the sacred enclosure known as the "Haram es-schereef" or the Noble Sanctuary, where once stood the Temple of Solomon and which is now occupied by several mosques, some of them of great beauty and rare architectural skill. The *Haram*, which occupies about one-fourth of the entire space enclosed within the walls of the city, is on Mount Moriah and on the top of the famous hill is the Mosque of Omar.

At the south end of the enclosure is the Mosque El-Aksa, originally a basilica or church, built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century in honor of the Virgin, and afterward converted into a mosque when the Saracens became masters of the Holy Land. It is a long structure, supported by many beautiful pillars while a noble facade of arches, surmounted by a range of pinnacles declares its Gothic type and shows the main part of the present building to have been in all probability the work of the Crusaders. Within are seven aisles all bearing different dates, and pillars of enormous thickness divide the nave from the side aisles, while a dome rises over the centre of the transept. The building is 270 feet long and 190 feet wide and within its strong walls once dwelt the Knights-Templar who fought for the redemption of Palestine from the Paynims, during the period when the struggle for the Holy City was the fiercest. In and around this ancient mosque, the battle often raged between the Christian warriors and the Moslems with desperate energy, and traditions assert, and the Rev. Dr. Geikie in his celebrated work on *The Holy Land and The Bible* declares, that the greater part of the ten thousand infidels who perished by the swords of the Christians fell in and around those courts and corridors.

Outside the main entrance there is a flight of steps leading down to a remarkable series of arched dome-shaped vaults, supported by great piers and pillars. The vastness of these substructures at once strikes the observer with amazement. When the platform on Mount Moriah was first prepared for the Temple of Solomon, it was necessary to raise, in those parts of the hill that sloped down abruptly, stanch substructures for the purpose of securing a wide and level area. This was done not by filling up the sloping parts of the hill with earth or rubble, but by the erection of arched vaults, sufficiently strong to defy the ravages of time. On a part of this arched platform, representing prodigious labor and expense, the Mosque of Aksa stands. A portion of the vaults has received the name of "Solomon's Stables," where, as the Bible relates, the king had "forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots." The rings in the stones used for hitching the horses are still visible. While these vaults are not comparable in point of antiquity with many Egyptian buildings, they possess a higher interest as forming the foundations of the first great temple ever erected on the earth to the service of God. To a thoughtful Christian mind they far out-rank in interest, the other attractions of El-Aksa, whose cloisters, colonnades porticoes and cypresses are said to have been brought from Stamboul to redeem a boast of Saladin that "a greater than Solomon has been here."

It was concerning these vast substructures that Flavius Josephus, the historian of the Jews, wrote: "And when they (the people) had built walls on three sides of the temple round about, and from the bottom of the hill, and had performed a work that was greater than could be hoped for, (in which work long ages were spent by them, as well as all their sacred treasures were exhausted, which were still replenished by those tributes which were sent to God from the whole habitable earth), they then encompassed their upper courts with cloisters as well as they afterwards did the lowest courts of the temple."

Until a recent date, Christians were not permitted to visit the Haram, to see the site of the Temple, now occupied by the mosques of Omar and El-Aksa. Even now it is usually demanded of the visitor that he should have either a Moslem policeman or an officer from the Consulate of his country to accompany him. The Haram is probably the most interesting spot in the world and has been held sacred through many centuries by the followers of three religions—Jews, Moslems and Christians alike. Among Hebrews it is revered as the site of the glorious Temple; among Christians it is deemed holy by reason of its connection with the life of the Saviour on earth, and Mohammedans worship it as second only to the *Kaaba* at Mecca. They declare that Mohammed on one occasion came to Mount Moriah and there commanded that all the faithful, when praying, should turn their faces toward Jerusalem. This belief has caused them to refuse permission to Jews and Christians to visit the temple grounds.

Some travelers have made a study of the various Moslem traditions connected with the Haram. These traditions mingle with and at times seems to confuse the genuine history of the sacred spot. The guides point out to the traveler where the sons of Aaron are buried; where Moses prayed; the imprint of the Saviour's foot, and the place where the Caliph Omar prayed after entering Jerusalem. The latter is a very narrow space between two pillars of El-Aksa, standing quite closely together and palpably worn and indented by the many pilgrims who have attempted to thrust themselves through the eight-inch opening. There is a Moslem superstition that if a man can pass between these pillars, his sins are forgiven him. As almost every pilgrim tries it, the disappointments are many.

Between the Mosque El-Aksa and the Mosque of Omar is a marble fountain known as *El-Kas* or "The Cup," under which are the great cisterns for storing the water conveyed from Solomon's Pools. These the Arabs still call *The Cisterns of the Sea*, the tradition being that the "Molten Sea," was located here.

The Mosque of Omar, which is on the highest part of the hill, has been called by the Moslems the *Kubbet-es-Sukrah*, or *Dome of the Rock*, from the fact that it contains, according to tradition, the sacred rock upon which Abraham was prepared to offer up Isaac. Ages afterward, this rock became the property of Araunah the Jebusite, who made use of it as a threshing-floor, and from him King David purchased it for an altar. This rock, the tradition further affirms, became the altar of burnt-offering in Solomon's Temple, and was ultimately the place chosen for the Saviour's Sepulchre. Mohammedan claims even go further, and affirm that the rock itself was brought from heaven and that a river from Paradise flows beneath it and waters the palm on which it rests.

THE MOSQUE EL-AKSA, ON PART OF THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.
(From a photograph secured in Jerusalem by Dr. Talmage.)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

OUR ROYAL BLOOD.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: *"Each one resembled the children of a king."* Judges 8: 18.

ZEBAH and Zalmunna had been off to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered, that the people had a royal appearance; "each one resembled the children of a king." I stand to-day before many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth, or patriotism, or intelligence. The name of Washington means patriotism, although some of the blood of that race has become very thin in the last generation. The family of the Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of forty millions of dollars in 1848 putting them to no inconvenience; and within a few years they have loaned Russia twelve millions of dollars, Naples twenty-five millions, Austria forty millions, and England two hundred millions; and the stroke of their pen on the counting-room desk shakes everything from the Irish Sea to the Danube. They open their hand, and there is war; they shut it, and there is peace. The House of Hapsburg in Austria, the House of Stuart in England, the House of Bourbon in France, were families of imperial authority.

But I come to preach of a family more potential, more rich, and more extensive —the Royal House of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are blood relations by the relationship of the Cross; all of us are the children of the King.

First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings, or princes in the ancestral line give lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made music at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on a white horse. When he returns, he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel, or in iron cages; but I hear the stroke of the hoofs of the snow-white cavalcade that bring them to the gates in triumph.

Our family name takes lustre from the star that heralded him, and the spear that pierced him, and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle, and the lilies that flung their sweetness into his sermons, and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world, and the Chief Joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chariot-wheels. Able to heal a heart-break, or hush a tempest, or drown a world, or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could ever boast of such an illustrious personage?

Henceforth, swing out the coat of arms! Great families wear their coat of arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion, or a dragon, or an eagle. Our coat of arms worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a Cross, a Lamb standing under it, and a Dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! Most significant of all family "coats of arms." In every battle

THE RESURRECTOR.

I must have it blazing on my flag—the Dove, the Cross, the Lamb; and when I fall, wrap me in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit, and clung to the Cross, and depended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

> Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
> On whom my hopes of life depend:
> No! when I blush be this my shame—
> That I no more revere his name.

Next, I speak of the family sorrows. If trouble come to one member of the family, all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery: the two persons at the ends of the line touch the battery, and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal, and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble sets its battery, all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian family, the sorrow of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one bereaved? We are all bereaved.

> Their streaming eyes together flow
> For human guilt and mortal woe.

If you rejoice at another's misfortune, you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats; and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul, and not the Dove of the Spirit.

Next, I notice the family property. After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons, and so much to his daughters, and so much to benevolent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled to-day to hear the will read. He says: "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostle he says: "All are yours." What! everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heir-looms" of the estate. They are very old, and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heir-looms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky-lost. The forests are full of chirp, and buzz, and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey-makers in the log, and beak against the bark, and squirrels chattering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky, make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud, and sets minaret and dome aflame stoops to paint the lily white, and the butter-cup yellow, and the forget-me-not blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the downcast and the lowly! Light for aching eyes, and burning brain and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood, and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet, and for sewing-girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heir-loom of our family. And so the night. It is the full moon. The mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors; and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, mingling as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window-pane into his cabin; and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and poured from brazen instruments that fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen, and the sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick-cradle than all night long this pale watcher of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth. Whose is this black-framed, black-tasseled picture of the night? It is the heir-loom of our family. Ours, the grandeur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the odors of the garden, the harmonies of the air.

You cannot see a large estate in one morning. You must take several walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take several walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them, and the cattle that pasture them—all these mountains, and the precious things hidden beneath them, and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane—all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk, go among the street-lamps of heaven, and see stretching off on every side a wilderness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's nativity. For us they will wheel into line, and with their flaming torches add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk, go around the Eternal City. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots, and the wedding-peal of its great towers. The bell

THE CHRISTIAN'S COAT-OF-ARMS.

of heaven has struck twelve. It is high noon. We look off upon the chaplets which never fade, the eyes that never weep, the temples that never close, the loved ones that never part, the procession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes, and exclaim: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise, we have to retreat, and hold fast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness, and thanksgiving, and triumph.

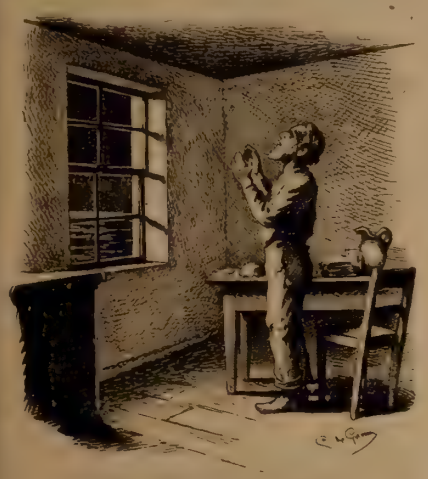
What think you of the family property? It is considered an honor to marry into a family where there is great wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his hand, saying, in the words of the Canticles: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away;" and once having put on thy hand the signet-ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth, and all the honors of heaven.

Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country-place where you grew up. You sat on the door-sill. You heard the footstep of the rain on the garret-roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the brook. You threshed the orchard for apples, and the neighboring woods for nuts; and everything around the old homestead is of interest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. In my Father's house are many mansions. When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth, and its park, nine miles in circumference, and its conservatory, that astonishes the world; its galleries of art, that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova, and Thorwaldsen; of the kings and the queens who have walked its stately halls, or, flying over the heather, have hunted the grouse. But all the dwelling-places of dukes, and princes, and queens, are as nothing to the family mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars, and swung the doors, and

planted the parks. Angels walk there, and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire, and the lowliest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem, and the shortest life an eternity.

It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the wonderful flower, Victora Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast, and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom, and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are grown with the ivy of many ages, and the urns at the gate-way are a-bloom with the century-plants of eternity. The Queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther, and Marie Antoinette, and Lady Huntingdon, and Cecil, and Jeremy Taylor, and Samuel Rutherford, and John Milton, and the widow who gave two mites, and the poor men from the hospital—these last two perhaps outshining all the kings and queens of eternity.

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married, and and went off to St. Louis, or Chicago, or Charleston; but perhaps once a year you come togetber at the old place. How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years! (Father and mother do not play on it.) How you bring out the old relics, and rummage the garret, and open old scrap-books, and shout, and laugh, and cry, and talk over old times, and, though you may be forty-five years of age, act as though you were sixteen! Yet soon it is good-bye at the car-win-



THE LIGHT IN THE CABIN.

dow, and good-bye at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace, and Mary, and Martha, and Charlie, and Lizzie, and all the darlings of your household—not pale, and sick, and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last, but their eye bright with the lustre of heaven, and their cheek roseate with the flush of celestial summer.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of lip to lip! What tears of joy! You say: "I thought there were no tears in heaven." There must be, for the Bible says that: "God shall wipe them away;" and if there were no tears there, how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What! child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And, with his one arm around us and the other arm around our loved one, he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee.

While I speak some of you, with broken hearts, can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "O blessed day! speed on. Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. I faint from listening for feet that will not come, and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, O day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have just once kissed thy blessed feet, I turn around to gather up the long-lost treasures of my heart. Oh! be not angry with me. One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encir-

THE MOUNT VERNON HOME.

cling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, heaven commingling with heaven!"

I was at Mount Vernon, and went into the dining-room in which our first President entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh! the banqueting-hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide; for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the River gather the twelve manner of fruits for that table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards, and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the Bread of which, if man eat, he shall never hunger. Take all the shot-torn flags of earthly conquest, and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his harp, and Gabriel with his trumpet, and Miriam with the timbrel; for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come and dine!

A WIDOW'S GIFT.

A CONTRIBUTION of a widow in Scotland to the cause of foreign missions had remarkable results recently. She was a poor woman, but out of her income she used to set aside a portion to send the gospel to the heathen. Frequently, it was necessary for her to economize in food in order to make her regular gift. For a week or two lately she lived on porridge, exclusively, that she might save the usual sum. "Get yourself a bit of meat," said a friend, who happened to see the old woman dining on her porridge, and the friend handed her a coin worth about ten cents. The widow took the money but on her way to the market it occurred to her that she had done very well with porridge and did not feel the need of meat, so she added the dime to her missionary gift. The Secretary of the Missionary Society heard of what the widow did and told the story at a missionary breakfast where the host and several of the guests were wealthy men and liberal givers. "How many of us," he asked, "have the spirit of giving that will match that? She can say as David did, she does not offer to God that which costs her nothing. How many of us can say that we have denied ourselves that we may give?" The men around the table listened, and presently one said: "I could give $2,500, but I should have to pinch for it. I'll do it," and he wrote a cheque for the amount. Others did the same, and when the secretary left he had cheques in his pocket of the value of eleven thousand dollars as the fruit of that widow's self-denial.

THE CHINESE RIOTS.

A Thrilling Description of the Disturbances at Ichang, related by an Eyewitness.

THE North China *Daily News*, in a recent issue, published a letter from a correspondent at Ichang, North China, containing the most detailed and circumstantial account of the disturbances there that has yet appeared in any newspaper. To the friends of Foreign Missions it has a special interest, and to-day we devote space to the more important parts of the correspondence.

On Wednesday, September 2nd, writes the eyewitness, it came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, taking the most wary by surprise, and the programme was carried out with a thoroughness and dispatch which are altogether unprecedented. There was no indication of danger until the signal of attack was given, and in twenty minutes all was over. On Tuesday, September 1st, a child was brought to the Roman Catholic Convent, and the ordinary papers were duly signed making it over to the Sisters. The child was represented to be a girl (only girls were received at the Convent), and when it was discovered to be a boy, the circumstance caused some uneasiness. On Wednesday morning parties appeared at the Convent declaring their child had been stolen, and saying it was within. In due course the child was produced and delivered to the claimants. Meanwhile a crowd had collected, but nothing serious was suspected, although, as was proper under the circumstances, information was sent to the magistrate. But the ring-leaders had also gone clamoring to the *yamen*, collecting the dregs of the city as they went along. Instead of shutting the *yamen* doors the magistrate with his runners and bodyguard proceeded to the Convent, taking the crowd along with him. The military commandant of the rank of Chentai was also on the scene with a large number of soldiers, and some show was made of protecting the Convent.

All at once a rush was made for the house in the adjoining compound belonging to the American Episcopal Mission. The gate was smashed in; two trumpets were blown, and a man beating his breast, shouted out, "Come on brothers, slay the foreigners; I am willing to die for you." The riot had commenced, but so little sign was there of anything stirring going to happen, that the coolies whom the Rev. Mr. Sowerby had carrying earth in the compound never left off their work or went to see what was doing next door. In came the rioters with a rush; one of the foremost men snatching a spade from a coolie and aiming a murderous blow at Mr. Sowerby, who managed to disarm this assailant. The coolies shouted at him to run for his life. By jumping a fence and running Mr. Sowerby was just able to reach the Consulate in an exhausted condition. From the Consulate he was able to get on board the *Paohua* with no further adventure.

To set fire to the American Mission house was the work of an instant, and as soon as the signal of destruction was given, yamen runners and soldiers fell back, nor did either military or civil mandarins give a single order to protect life or property. It is particularly to be noted that against Mr. Sowerby, whose house was the first burned, there was not even the semblance of a grudge. In less time than it takes to write it, the torch was applied to the convents the sisters, seven in number and of various nationalities (French, German and British,) escaping as best they could down a lane to the river, escorted by Father Braun, a very powerful man, and formerly an officer in the German army. To give them their due, officials and soldiers also escorted the sisters.

The mandarins seemed to receive some rough usage. As soon as the steep bank of the river was reached, the sisters were thrown headlong over it by the very soldiers who had aided in their protection so far, an incident fortunately noticed on board the *Paohua* which was anchored opposite, and Captain Lewis instantly launched a boat, which proceeded to the rescue and found the sisters and Father Braun exposed to the full fury of a shower of missiles, in a sampan without oars into which they had scrambled. The ship's boat took the sampan in tow, and the whole party were soon in safety on board the *Paohua* which had steam up to run down any boatloads of rioters who might attempt to board, and was defended by the repeating rifles of Captain Lewis, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Grouleff. Right down to the river bank the orphans in the Convent had clung to the sisters, but they were violently seized by the soldiers and were kept back. It was now suspected that a number of children must have been burned in the Convent.

Down the lane at the end of the English Consulate and along the streets in front of it, the rioters swept with the violence of a tropical storm, but not a finger was lifted against the Consulate. The house, owned by a native—mandarin's secretary—in which the Rev. Mr. Deans and Dr. Pirie of the Church of Scotland Mission lived, Captain Cain's house (empty); the mat shed in front of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co.'s godown, Dr. Creagh's house inhabited by Dr. Aldridge, of the Customs, and the Franciscans Mission, were fired simultaneously. The pick-axes made short work of the doors, and no time was wasted by the slightest attempt to loot. Mr. Cockburn was in a boat on the river within 50 yards of the scene and saw the whole thing done.

A mandarin was in Mr. Cockburn's compound vociferating: "Do not burn Mr. Cockburn's house; you all know him, he has been here over ten years and does works of charity (*hao-sz*); take any thing you want, but do not burn his house." The American Episcopal Mission and a native house within the city, and the Church of Scotland Mission Station outside the north gate, are safe. No protection was given, but everything was as quiet as on ordinary occasions. If Christianity be offensive to the Chinese and Mission work felt to be a grievance, it is passing strange that the very centres of proselytising should not have a single stone cast at them. What happened at Ichang should convince all parties that it is not this or that individual class of Europeans that is aimed at, but at Europeans without distinction of nationality or occupation.

Mrs. Roberts and daughter, of Shanghai, visitors to Ichang, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn and five children, Dr. Pirie, Mr. Deans and Mr. McNair, of the C. I. M., from Shasi, all reached the steamer *Paohua* in safety.

Crowds of those caught with burdens of wood charred have been lodged in the *yamen*, but the mandarins durst not lay a finger on any of the real criminals. They are no doubt prepared to inflict any punishment demanded by the foreign powers on the miserable creatures they have arrested, the very utmost limit of whose offences does not exceed petty theft. More than all this there was an open attempt to commence the riot ten days before it actually occurred. At that date three Chinese entered the Scotch Mission by the back door, loudly demanding to be shown the place where the foreigners picked out children's eyes.

Making their way to the church in which a native helper was preaching, they commenced tossing the seats about and shouting abuse which need not be repeated. Then seeing the various proclamations which have been issued in reference to the riots on the lower river posted up in front of the Church, one of them went up to them and shouted out: "These, too, are fabrications of the foreigners. Not one of them is genuine nor bears the proper seals. I am an official myself and know the seals to be forgeries; see, here is a proper seal," pulling something from his pocket. By this time a crowd had collected, contrary to expectation the people of the neighborhood, among them a military graduate, stoutly interfered, saying they all knew what was done in the Mission, and they would permit no disturbance to be raised by such slanderous statements. Then taking him by the shoulders they forcibly ejected him and saw him safely to his home. What he said was not all false. He turned out to be a military office, named Wang, of the rank of Wai-wei. Through the council, who personally examined the witnesses, the Chentai was informed of what had taken place, aad a reply was received that Mr. Wang had got a black mark put against his name, three of them being enough to ruin a man.

The bearing Ichang has on the rest of China cannot be appreciated without knowing that the Chentai is an official of exceptional honesty and energy, who has heretofore been regarded with good reason as very friendly to Europeans. For China his soldiers are in an excellent state of discipline. But he is a Hunan man, and his soldiers are from Hunan. Hunan people in the employment of officials are at the bottom of everything. Sufferers in the riot simply escaped in the clothes they stood in. They saved absolutely nothing, and the houses fired were burned to the ground. Fortunately there has been no loss of life, but infuriated men brandishing knives mean murder, and had the *Paohua* not been in port there would have been a sadder tale to tell.

THE RISEN CHRIST.

S. S. Lesson for Dec. 20. By Mrs. M. Baxter. John 21 : 1-14. Golden Text, Col. 3: 1.

THE risen Jesus, "having made peace through the blood of his Cross," met his disciples with an authoritative message of peace. On the resurrection evening, when the disciples were assembled together with closed doors for fear of the Jews, Jesus, who has the key of every door in earth and heaven, stood in their midst, and said, "Peace be unto you." And, as a seal to his message, "He showed unto them his hands and his side, the eternal witness that the chastisement of our peace was upon him," and that "with his stripes we are healed." And he reiterated this word as the guarantee from him for their commission: "Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." And breathing out his eternal life upon them, he said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, Divine peace and Divine power."

One of the eleven was wanting. In moments of crisis, it is well when the Lord's "little flock" keep together, there is

A Power in the Unity of the Body

of Christ, and their "gathering together unto him," of which many Christians have no conception. It was when all were gathered together into one place, that the Holy Ghost was poured out (Acts 2: 1–4); it was when many were gathered together praying, in the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, at Jerusalem, that Peter was delivered from prison by the angel. (Acts 12.) But Jesus knew when Thomas, who, not having been present with the disciples on the resurrection evening, should be found again in the company of the disciples. And although Thomas had lost a full week in unbelief, and had come behind the ten remaining disciples in his apprehension of Divine things, through his absence from the company when Jesus manifested himself, yet the Master appeared with the same salutation: "Peace be unto you," and conquered the unbelieving disciple by calling him to touch those very wounds which were still fresh from the Cross.

When Thomas was conquered, Jesus could go, as he had foretold, into Galilee. (Matt. 28: 7, 16.) There, six of his disciples met him, and Thomas was one of them; the strife who should be the greatest which occupied them even to a few hours before Jesus suffered (Luke 22: 21), seems to have ceased; the prayer of Jesus (John 17: 20), "that they all may be one," was beginning to be fulfilled. And yet it was

A Time of Suspense,

the definite direction for which they were to wait for the Holy Ghost after Christ's ascension, was comparatively easy. But now all was indefinite; their hopes and expectations had been crushed, their expected king had been crucified, they were ready to think they had been cruelly deceived in thinking him to be the Christ when he manifested himself as risen from the dead. And yet he did not proclaim himself to the world, there was nothing even in his resurrection which could make them other in the eyes of men than despised followers of a condemned and executed criminal. Had they left all and followed him for this? Simon Peter's energy could not stand the strain, he must do something; and he said: "I go a fishing." What; could he not be true to his vocation for which he had left his ship and his former surroundings? The example was followed: "We also go with thee." But "that night they caught nothing." Jesus was not with them; he had taught them: "Without me ye can do nothing." (John 15: 5.) But they had not counted an ordinary occupation to which they were accustomed as included in this powerlessness without Jesus. But they were to learn how absolutely dependent they were to be, and how jealous the Lord is to have his part in every detail of a disciple's life. Morning dawned, and he whom they had come to meet stood on the shore. He had not appointed the lake as the place of meeting, and they, occupied with their want of success, had no eyes to recognize in him their expected Lord. "Children," he said, "have ye any meat?" They answered "No." "Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." The voice betrayed him, and he who had lain on Jesus' breast, said: "It is the Lord."

The energetic, impatient Peter "girt his fishers' coat about him," and "cast himself into the sea," trusting his swimming powers and self energy to bring him more quickly to his Lord than the boat in which the little company of the disciples rowed, dragging after them the net full of fishes. But Peter's energy to go fishing, Peter's self girding, Peter's efforts to be first, neither helped him nor anyone else. In the light of Christ's death and resurrection

Human Efforts count for Nothing.

It was only when he lent a hand to the other disciples in landing the fish that Peter was of any real service. We serve God and we serve man far more truly in our vocation as members of his body than in any independent service. But the Master had been before them, and had provision ready, fire already kindled, fish already prepared, bread already baked. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." (Ps. 23: 5.) He always has a supply for the needs of his true followers. It was like old times, and yet there was a new element; the old habit of talking out all that was in their hearts was checked; something in the presence of the risen Christ awed them; "none of the disciples durst ask him, Who art thou? knowing it was the Lord." It was "touch me not," conveyed by his presence, if not in word.

Before Jesus could ascend into heaven, there was

Something which Needed Regulating

in his little company of desciples; one of them had denied him with oaths and curses. It is true that Peter's bitter weeping was a confession of his guilt; it is true that the Lord's look of recognition conveyed his pardon; it is true that when "he shewed unto them his hands and his feet," and said, "Peace be unto you," Peter was not excluded. But Peter must learn to know something of what sin was in the eyes of his Lord and Master. Looking at the ardent disciple, he put to him the question: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" It was the earthly name, the name of the father whom he had left for Christ's sake, by which Jesus called him. He took him at his word in his denial; Simon, thou man of the flesh, thou son of earth, is that true which thou hast said: "Though all shall be offended because of thee . . . yet will I never be offended? Dost thou love me more than these?"

Peter had learned something of his weakness; he could no longer count upon himself, "Yea, Lord," he said, "thou knowest that I love thee." And Jesus gave him as a test of his profession the command, "Feed my lambs." But the test must be put three times, until "Peter was grieved," and said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." "Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, when thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest, but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee where thou wouldest not." Peter had been very wont to gird himself, and go his own way in his own strength of will and purpose; his was a nature which easily took the lead. He was to learn that self-girding was a mark of spiritual childhood. "It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect." (Ps. 18: 32.) All that strength of effort and devotion which Peter had manifested went for nothing in the true life of God: "What things were gain to me; those I counted loss for Christ." There was too much of Peter, too much of the flesh, in it. Peter must yet learn to walk in the strength of another; to follow and not to lead; to be nothing instead of being a somebody. He should indeed glorify God by following his Master to prison and to death, but not by a devotion and heroism which should signalize him, or make him feel the Lord was indebted to him. It would be by yielding to his persecutors, and becoming, after his Master's example, like the lamb led to the slaughter which openeth not her mouth. "And when, he had spoken this, he saith unto him:

Follow Me."

Peter had not yet learned his lesson. Instead of drinking in and beginning to practise the life the Lord called him to lead in following him, Peter turned round to see what John was doing. His jealousy of John and of the other disciples, was indeed departing, but it seemed only natural to him that he should take an interest in John. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." It is one of Satan's most common distractions to occupy us with our fellow disciples. Peter had a lesson to learn which would take time and all the will which he possessed. It is as though the Lord would say, Leave John to me, and learn thy lesson. All the Lord's dealings with us are directed to separate us to himself, that we may have a life intensely and invariably in oneness with him. How many a young Christian has failed to take a step of faith because he has paused to resolve the question in his heart regarding a Christian brother, "And what shall this man do?" How many of us have waited again and again for the example or advice of others to justify us in a course which God had already revealed to us as the right one. "Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men." (1. Cor. 7: 23.)

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

CHILDREN, have ye any meat? Especially at this season of the year when we have occasion to thank God for the bounties he has so abundantly bestowed on us, let us follow the Master's example and frequently inquire of those less favored "children, have ye any meat." Throughout his word, God has promised blessing after blessing upon those who are kind to the poor. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and whatsoever we do unto the least of his brethren we do unto him.

When the deacon St. Lawrence was asked in the time of persecution to show the Prefect the most precious treasures of the church, he showed him the sick, the lame, the blind. "It is incredible," said Lucian, the pagan sceptic, "to see the ardor with which these Christians help each other in their wants. They spare nothing. Their first Legislator has put it into their heads that they are all brothers."

When Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs" was once leaving the palace of Aylmer, the Bishop of London, a company of poor people begged him with great importunity to relieve their wants. Fox having no money, returned to the Bishop and asked for the loan of five pounds, which was readily granted. He immediately distributed it among the poor by whom he was surrounded. Some months later, Aylmer asked Fox for the money he had borrowed. "I have laid it out for you," was the answer, "and paid it where you owed it—to the poor people who lay at your gate."

Far from being offended, Aylmer thanked Fox for thus being his steward.

They cast therefore. In other words they obeyed immediately and were wonderfully successful. We never can go astray when we obey God. He never sends any one on a fool's errand. These men might have reasoned and said: "What good can be accomplished by doing this? We labored diligently all night and caught nothing. How shall we now succeed by casting the net on the other side." But they did not; they simply obeyed, and with God obedience is life or success, and disobedience death or failure. Turn through your Bible and you will find any quantity of examples to bear this out. God's way is always the best way.

A switchman, whose business it was to attend to the turn-outs near the station, once heard the shriek of an express-train as it came thundering along. He hurried to the switch, when he saw his little boy running toward him on the very track over which the terrible train was coming. He had only a moment for consideration. The train could not be stopped soon enough by the engineer, even if he saw the child. If he rushed to save his child, the whole train would run off the track, and God only knew how many lives might be lost. It was his duty to alter the switch. There was but one thing to be done.

"Lie right down, my son!" he shouted at the top of his voice. He unlocked his bar; he changed the track for the train, and fell to the earth almost unconscious as, with an awful roar, the immense engine with its long train swept by.

What if that little boy had hesitated to obey? What if he had continued to run toward his father? What if he had first asked the question, why he should do so?

But it was not so. Down went the little fellow, at the word of command, flat upon his face. Down upon his face remained the little boy until, the train having passed, the father hurried to him, as rapidly as his fainting limbs would permit, and raised him up unharmed. Obedience was life, disobedience would have been death.

Seek those things which are above. We have a perfect right to seek success here below by all honorable means. But we must not suffer the things of this life to render us unmindful of the life that is to come. No financial or scientific or military or political distinction can entitle us to consideration above. Then why should we set our affections on the dross of this world, and altogether neglect the pure gold of the other? Besides, has not God promised us that if we first seek the Kingdom of God and its righteousness all these things should be added unto it? Is not godliness then profitable unto all things?

On one occasion, while speaking at a Bible Society meeting, over which the Marquis of Anglesea presided, Christmas Evans turned and personally addressed the Marquis, thus:—"I imagine, my Lord, that you have died, and that the angel of death has taken your soul to the portals of the holy city. Only a few are admitted into Paradise; the entrance is narrow and zealously watched. 'Open!' shouts the angel of death, as he presses forward to secure a place in heaven worthy of your Lordship. 'For whom?' asks the guardian of Paradise with an authoritative voice. 'To the Honorable, the Marquis of Anglesea.' 'Who is he?' 'An old officer of the army of the Duke of York.' 'In that capacity' says Peter 'he is not on my list.' 'But he has filled the office of High Master of the Ordnance!' 'That may be possible, but we know him not!' 'He has been several times Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.' 'I say nothing to the contrary, but he is to us a total stranger.' 'He was a leader of the Horse Guards at the battle of Waterloo.' 'I repeat that we know nothing of him.' 'Besides that, he was for many years a true disciple of Christ, and President of the Bible Society.' 'Ho!' shouted Peter, *'that alters the case.* He can enter in; indeed I see his name recorded among the blessed on the books of my Father.'"

A CHANGED MAN.

A Story of the Sunday School Golden Text for Dec. 20. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above," etc. Col. 3: 1.

CROWDS were filling the streets of a great city. Among them moved a man of noble mien. He was about thirty years of age. Beautiful of face, with a rare perfection of feature, eyes of singular depth and expression, a brow indicating strong intellectual power and a form of manly vigor and grace of movement. As he moved among the crowd, people turned to look at him. Men and women regarded him with looks of admiration, but he passed on heedless of the sensation he was making. At last a woman approached him with a smile of recognition in her face. She was tall and graceful and exceedingly beautiful, but on her countenance was the look of one whose life had been given to pleasure and frivolity. She moved toward him with the manner of one who is sure of receiving a cordial greeting. To her amazement he moved on as one who knew her not. There was no sign of recognition, no evidence in his face of any recollection of her. She started as if wounded by his apparent forgetfulness. Laying her delicate hand gently on his arm, she said in an accent of reproach: "August, it is I." He turned and looked on her with a look of gentleness and pity. He regarded her for a moment sadly but firmly, and then saying: "But it is not I," he turned from her and went on his way. She stood looking after him in amazement. Wounded vanity, vexation, shame, struggled within her; then tears came to her relief. She wept bitterly and, hiding her face, hurried away to some place where she could shed her tears unobserved.

What had happened to this man that he should answer, "It is not I?" It was the most truthful answer, in the sense in which he uttered it, that he could have given. The man August, as the woman called him, was dead. In his place stood a new man, the same yet not the same. That had happened to him which we call regeneration. His old life, his old motives, and joys, and aims were annihilated. He was a new man, having been born again. A year or two before this meeting, the woman had known and loved him well. He had returned her love and the two together had gone to the theatre, had been companions in pleasure and had been friends of the closest kind. She was not the only one in that crowd who had known him in those days. There were men there whom he had greeted joyously and who had acknowledged him their leader in sinful excesses. Of them, too, he was now oblivious. They, too, had to admit that this was not their friend, August.

Some fifteen years before, this man, then a promising youth was stretched on a bed of sickness. Death seemed imminent. His mother, the angelic Monica, had bent over him, weeping. She reminded him of all she had taught him of Jesus and begged him to give himself now in what seemed his last hours to the Saviour. He promised her that he would. Monica rejoiced and it seemed to her a double blessing when her beloved boy began to recover from his sickness. He would, she thought, be restored to her in a double sense. Her boy, with his wonderful beauty and his brilliant talents and almost precocious learning would live and he would be a Christian. That last was in Monica's eyes the greatest blessing of all. But when he recovered he postponed his baptism and in spite of all her prayers he turned his back on Christ.

Inheriting from his father, who was a pagan, a strongly sensual disposition, he gave himself up to evil associations, and when shortly afterward he was sent to a vicious and corrupt city to pursue his studies with the view to becoming a pleader and orator, he abandoned himself wholly to vice. But he did not neglect learning. It was a passion with him and he was ambitious. He amazed his companions and his teachers by his extraordinary powers which seemed unimpaired by the gross excesses of his life outside the schools. He was as eager in the pursuit of knowledge as in his pursuit of pleasure, and he seemed to have an equal power of throwing all his heart into either pursuit.

But the change came. He went to hear the famous preacher—one Ambrose. As he frankly tells us, he went there to find out the secret of the preacher's power over his hearers. It was a professional interest and he had a supreme contempt for the doctrines and precepts enunciated. He was disappointed in the oratory. The preacher had a high, thin voice and much less oratorical power than he had been led to expect from the effects of his preaching. But the Holy Spirit carried the preacher's words to his heart. For a long time he was in agony. He was unable to find light. The struggle almost sundered his hold on life. At last he went away into the country to a friend's house to be alone and think. One day, walking alone in his friend's garden, still in the throes of conviction, he flung himself on the ground in an agony of despair. He could not, he could not part with his sins.

As he lay there he heard from a neighboring house what he supposed to be the voice of a boy or girl, chanting like the refrain of a song, the words "*Tolle, lege; Tolle, lege.*" (Take and read; take and read.) Wondering what kind of game the children could be playing in which such words were sung, he began to meditate on them. What if that were a voice of direction from heaven to him? He took up a book which he had received from Ambrose and opened it at random. It was Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and the first words on which his eyes were lifted were: "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." Those words were a mandate to him from heaven. From that day forth his steps were toward the light. He remained for a time in seclusion, and when he went back to the city it was to resign his honors and offices and to devote himself wholly and unreservedly to the service of Christ. He was a new man. All that he had been was cast away and henceforth he lived the life of one who had died and been raised again in newness of life. Thus it was that he answered the woman. "It is not I," and the scenes of vice and revelry with which he was so familiar once knew him no more forever. As St. Augustine, the greatest of the four great fathers of the church, his name has been venerated for fifteen centuries for his spirituality, his consecration and his devotion to the cause of Christ.

A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR RANSOM.

ON Nov. 26th., a bank president in Kansas City, Mo., missed one of his children, a bright, handsome boy two years old. The other children were at play and, when their father inquired for the boy, they told him that he had gone down stairs with the servant. The father went down to look for him, but found that both he and the servant had left the house. As the servant was a stranger, having been with the family only three weeks, the father at once suspected that there was foul play. The police were notified, the railroad stations watched, and a search commenced for the missing child. The night passed, however, without any tidings of him. The next day the father decided to offer a reward for his child. He offered $5,000 and gave an assurance that he would make no attempt to entrap any wrongdoer who might bring back the child. Shortly after the offer was published it was accepted. A man brought the boy back and received the promised $5,000. The child was welcomed with joy unbounded by father, mother, brothers and sisters, and there was no regret for the large sum it had cost to recover him. When the boy grows old enough to understand the affair, he will have no difficulty in realizing how much his father loved him. There ought to be still less difficulty in getting the sinner to realize the love of his heavenly Father who "so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." (John 3: 16.)

OCEAN DERELICTS.

COMPLAINTS are again made about the number of abandoned ships now drifting on the Atlantic. A shipping journal estimates that the value of these vessels must make an aggregate of at least two million dollars. It also calls attention to the fact that many of the vessels being laden with lumber which keeps them afloat, constitute a greater danger than if they were hopeless and wornout hulks. There are many wrecks along the Jersey coast, especially in the vicinity of Cape Henlopen and Cape Henry. They are drifting with the currents and Gulf Stream to the northward, and will soon be in the path of the ocean greyhounds. The positions of these derelicts have been accurately determined. Their cargoes are often valuable, that of the schooner *Sargent* being the best Mexican mahogany. This vessel was seen and boarded by the officers and crew of the schoolship *Saratoga* on her last voyage across the Atlantic, and would prove a rich catch for any prize crew that could bring her into port. As some of them are floating keel uppermost much effort and time would be needed to bring them in, but it would appear that they are worth the trouble. It is so with the human derelicts drifting in society. They are ruined themselves and a danger to others, but they are well worth rescuing, and a reward is promised to those who succeed in saving them. (James 5: 20.)

A TITLE IN TREES.

PURCHASES of growing harvests are familiar arrangements, as in Delaware, where in the spring the owner of an orchard often sells the peaches almost before they have made their appearance on the trees. But it is unusual, as has recently been done in several districts in Connecticut, to sell the trees themselves, without selling the land on which they are growing. That also is regularly done when the purchaser is going to cut the trees down but in this case the contract expressly forbids their being cut down for a long term of years. The project originated with a New York man, who is an enthusiastic lover of trees. He bought a summer residence in Connecticut, a few years ago, and has driven about the State a good deal during his summer sojourns. He was grieved to see how little store the people set by the noble trees which abounded there. He wished he could become the owner of the land for the sake of protecting the trees from the axe. That being impossible, he conceived the idea of buying the trees. This he has done in large numbers paying in some cases $25 for the title of a single tree. There is therefore in many districts the novel situation of the trees belonging to one man and the ground upon which they grow and from which they derive their nourishment, belonging to another. It is much to be wished that Christians would remember that a similar distinction exists as to themselves. They belong to Christ, and though they are in the world they should not be of the world. (John 17: 9-11)

AN ASTONISHING RECOVERY.

MUCH interest has been excited in Jamaica, L. I., by the remarkable restoration to health of a lady who has been paralysed for ten years. She was afflicted, about the end of the year 1880, with a spinal trouble which the physicians who attended her were unable to relieve. She gradually became worse and finally lost the use of her legs. She has not been able to walk since, and for the greater part of the time has been confined to bed Occasionally she was able to get about on crutches, and during one of these periods was taken on a visit to a friend of the family living a few miles away. A few days ago, while sitting in her friend's house, looking at some pictures, she suddenly felt a rush of life through her limbs and declared herself able to walk. Since then she has walked considerable distances without fatigue. She is unable to account for her recovery. All that she can say about it is that power seemed to come and she walked. It is not so with those who are enabled to walk in the ways of the Lord after vain efforts in their own strength. When power is given to them they know that it comes from him who "giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might increaseth strength." (Isa 40: 29.)

BLIND AND DEAF AND DUMB.

A VERY interesting process is going on in respect to a child who was in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. She is an inmate of the Perkins Institute for the Blind, near Boston, Mass. Her teacher is a Brooklyn lady who, coming home for Thanksgiving, brought her pupil with her. The child was born seven years ago on a ranch in Texas. When she was only fifteen months old she suffered from a severe illness which left her a blind, deaf mute. She remained at home until a year ago utterly uneducated. Her parents knew of no way to reach an understanding to which all the three ordinary avenues were closed. Her case was, however, made known to the manager of the Boston Institution in December, 1890, and she was admitted there. At that time she was wild and intractable and was subject to fits of passion in which she would bite and kick and strike with a strength beyond her years. A teacher was assigned to her who has won a complete ascendancy over her, has taught her to read, to use a vocabulary of about six hundred words in the sign language, and to pronounce about twenty short words. The way in which so much knowledge was communicated is very interesting. The word "hat" was the first word to reach her understanding. Her teacher, watching for an opportunity, saw the child take up a small shallow basket and, after fingering it for a minute, put it on her head. The teacher put a hat into her hands, and then on the palm of the little hand made the blind alphabet characters signifying hat. This was repeated until the child evidently perceived that objects had names, and this object that particular name. By this method the names of other objects were communicated. Then by putting her fingers on her teacher's lips while the latter pronounced a word translated at the same time in the blind alphabet characters the child was encouraged to imitate the motions and to speak a few words audibly. The strange feature about a training so ingenious and so intelligent is that special pains have been taken to prevent any idea of God or religion reaching her. The manager of the institution is desirous of ascertaining in the person of this child if the idea of a Supreme Being is innate in the human mind. He expects that as the development of her intellect proceeds and the world begins to arrange itself in her mind, she will ask questions about its origin, and he can then learn whether in a mind which has received no suggestion on the subject from visible objects or from other human beings, there is any conception of God and a hereafter. It is a cruel experiment and unworthy of the people who have done so much for the child's temporal welfare. To satisfy a metaphysical curiosity they are excluding from her mind ideas which would elevate it and enrich it. The responsibillty is a grave one, for an affirmative answer has never been given to the question asked of Job (11: 7), "Canst thou by searching find out God?" It may be hoped that the experiment will not be protracted but that it may end in God revealing himself to her darkened mind in answer to the prayers of Christians who believe that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and the knowledge of the Holy is understanding." (Pro. 9: 10.)

VERTICAL LIGHTS.

SEAMEN will be thankful for a discovery just reported as to the lights in lighthouses. Some recent experiments in lighthouse signalling in England have shown some remarkable results from directing the light vertically to the sky, instead of horizontally across the water. When all weather conditions are favorable the light of the Eddystone Lighthouse, as ordinarily directed, can be seen seventeen and a half miles at sea, but it was found that a beam of light of much less power, directed vertically, was visible exactly twice as far, and could be well discerned through an ordinary fog. It might have been thought that the more useful light would be one cast on the waters, but it appears to be otherwise. It is often so in spiritual matters. Better than revealing the dark places of the earth to young people is the upward light that directs their thoughts to the skies, and leads them to fix their affections on things above. (Col. 3: 2.)

A FATAL ROAD.

GROUSE CREEK road, in Cowley County, Kansas, has attained a somewhat unenviable notoriety of late years. Horse-thieves have made it a camping ground, and other thieves have used it for a rendezvous. The road has a long record of robberies and murders. A few years ago a traveller was taken down this road in a hack, was beaten senseless and robbed of a large sum of money. The city marshal of Coffeyville was murdered there while pursuing a horse-thief. An old man from a distance who rode down the road was taken off his horse, robbed, stripped, gagged and turned loose, barefoot, on the burned prairie to make his way the best he could to Arkansas City. One desperate thief who took refuge down the road was pursued by a vigilance committee and lynched. Several bodies of unknown men, with shot-wounds in them have been found near the road. Travellers are warned against going down the road if people in the vicinity know they are going in that direction. These warnings have doubless saved many lives, for no one cares to needlessly venture his life in a place where there have been so many victims. Would that the similar warnings against the path of sin and vice had the same effect! That path is still thronged, though in every generation multitudes fall there and many centuries ago the wise king uttered his warning: "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away." (Prov. 4: 1-5.)

AN AFRICAN WIFE'S BURDEN.

RECENT explorers of the Upper Congo describe a strange custom which prevails among the Bayanzi. Such of the men as can afford it decorate their wives with a large brass ring which is welded around their necks. The richer the men, the larger the rings their wives wear. One traveller says he has seen women wearing rings which must have weighed thirty pounds. At first the neck becomes raw by the chafing of the ring, but after a while it becomes calloused, although a woman has to hold the ring up frequently to get relief from the weight. The women are proud of the ornament, believing that it enhances their importance and beauty. Wives in our own land have reason to be thankful that such a custom does not prevail here, though here, too, the effort to enhance their importance and beauty sometimes involves burdens grievous to bear. In all ranks and conditions of life, men as well as women are bearing spiritual burdens of which they might be relieved if they would accept the invitation of him who said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden . . . for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." (Matt. 11: 28-30.)

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE SCOTCH.

A BASKET of heather sent us a few days ago from Scotland filled us with Scotch reminiscences. What a hearty people the Scotch are! They are not ashamed to cry, with their broad palms wiping away the tears, and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, or snigger, or chuckle. Throw a joke into a Scotchman's ear and it rolls down to the centre of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways, towards foot and brow, until the emotion becomes volcanic, and his whole body is in paroxysm of cachinnation.

No half and half about the Scotch character. What he hates, he hates; what he likes, he likes. And he lets you know it right away. He is altogether Liberal or Tory. His politics decided, his religion decided; get him right, and he is magnificently right; get him wrong, and he is awfully wrong. A Scotchman seldom changes. By the time he has landed fairly on his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol. We like persistence. Life is so short that a man cannot afford very often to change his mind. If the Israelites in the wilderness had had a few Scotch leaders, instead of wandering about for forty years, they would in three weeks have got to the promised land, or somewhere else just as decided.

But national characteristics are gradually giving way. The Tweed is drying up. The Atlantic ocean under steam pressure is becoming a Fulton Ferry. When I asked John Bright fifteen years ago if he was ever coming to America, he said:

"No, America comes to me!"

Besides that, American breadstuffs and American meat must have their effect on European character. All careful observers know that what men eat mightily affects their character. The missionary among the Indians, compelled to live on animal food, gets some of the nature of the aborigines, whether he will or not. The Anchor line of steamers running from New York to Glasgow take great cargoes of American meat to Scotland. The meat of animals butchered in America is kept on steamers in a cool draught especially arranged for that purpose, and the meat market of Scotland is being revolutionized. The Scotchman eating American beef and American mutton and American venison becomes partly American. The Englishman eating American wheat and American rye and American corn must become in part Americanized. And here is an element of safety which political economists would do well to recognize. The cereals and the meats of one nation becoming the food of other nations, it prophesies assimilation and brotherhood. It will be very difficult for American beef to fight American beef, and American mutton to fight American mutton, and American corn to fight American corn, though it may be found on the opposite side of the Atlantic. The world is gradually sitting down at one table, and the bread will be of American wheat, and it will be cut with Sheffield knives. The rice will be brought from Carolina swamps, and cooked with Newcastle coal, and set on the table in Burslem pottery, while the air comes through the window upholstered with Nottingham lace. And Italy will provide the raisins, and Brazil the nuts, and all nations add their part to the universal festivity. What a time of accord when all the world breakfasts and dines and sups together.

TO BACKSLIDERS.

THERE is a whole army of them. They once sat at the communion-table. They sit there no more. Once they prayed. They pray no more. Once upon their eyes there came the vision of a pardoning Jesus, but now they stand with both their feet on the bleeding heart of the Son of God. Oh, wandering brother, you cast God off, do you? Will it be strange if God casts you off? It will be harder for you at the last than for those who never took the first step heavenward. You showed that you knew your duty. How about all those precious scenes in which you once commingled? Where are they now? How can you meet Christ at last?—that Jesus whom you have been persecuting by a wandering life. How can you look Him in the face at the last? Are you happy, oh, backslider? No, no, you have not seen an hour of happiness since you gave up your hope, and wandered off, perhaps to please a sceptical companion. You say: "Oh, if I could only get back to those good old times when I did serve God." The most wretched condition in all the world is that of a man who once was a member of the Church, and sat at holy communion, who has gone back? But Jesus will be just as glad to have you come now as He was the first time you started for Him. He waits to be gracious. Trust Him. He will say nothing about what you have said against Him. He will say nothing about the days of your wandering. He will say nothing about the fact that you have been sitting in the seat of the scorners, and laughed at Christianity, and despised that which you once loved. He will not throw that up to you at all, no more than did the father when the prodigal came back. The father did not say anything to the prodigal about his poor clothes or his hungered face; but he went right away to clothe him, and to robe him, and to feast him. And Christ will not say anything about what you have been doing so long, if you will only come to him now, and do your work over again.

PICKLED CHRISTIANS.

THERE is a class of persons in the community whose usefulness we have just found out. We never realized until now what they were made for. Tney are struck through with acidity. Their disposition ts celebrated for its crabbedness. You find them in every circle. They are especially known in Churches as fault-finders. Their teeth are always on edges. They are critical of minister, elder-ship, and choir. Whatever is done they act as though they could have done it better. You sometimes feel like suggesting to them the propriety of going to some ofher Church, or retiring into less conspicuous position. You look upon them as a nuisance and hindrance.

Stop! You are wrong. They have their practical uses. Church life if happily conducted, is a banquet at which the sweet predominates. There is the sugar of helpful words, and the saccharine of genial association. The banquet is in danger of becoming flat and insipid. There ought to be at least one vinegar cruet in the castor. You need to give variety to the feast. You do not more need spices than pickles. Now you know the use to which some people can be put. Do not cast them out. Do not let them be the means of exasperation. Employ them at the Church banquet. Tarts are good in their place. Brethren, pass around the pickles.

BRIEF NOTES.

Rev. A. J. Witherspoon, well-known in connection with the Seaman's Bethel at New Orleans, is dead. His death was sudden and unexpected. He was residing at the time at Moss Point, Miss.

Gipsy Smith has been holding successful meetings at the Central M. E. Church, New York. At the service on the evening of November 22d, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity.

St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, of which Dr. Greer is rector, has purchased the building formerly occupied by the Sawyer Memorial Universalist Church for use as a Swedish Mission.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been holding services in the Polytechnic Institution in London. Thence they went to Edinburgh, where they held a conference with prominent ministers to decide on plans for a year's Evangelistic work.

Rev. C. W. Millard, D. D., delivered a lecture on Dec. 8, before the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, in Hamilton Hall, Columbia College, New York. His subject was, "Matter and Man." The next meeting of the Institute will be on January 5, at the same place.

The sum of ten dollars has been received from a subscriber who gives it "In our Saviour's Name" for Dr. Dowkontt's work in training Medical Missionaries for labor in foreign lands and in ministering to the sick poor of New York. It has been paid over to Dr. Dowkontt, who desires us to express his sincere thanks.

Mr. Charles Inglis sailed for England to-day (Dec. 9) after a season of successful evangelistic labor. During his stay in Chicago he lectured to the students in the Moody Institute every day and held services in the evening. Since leaving Chicago he has been holding meetings in Richmond, Va., where the old Market Hall was crowded every night by eager and attentive hearers.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker, the blind singing Evangelists, whose portraits appeared recently in this journal, have been holding services in Bethany Church, Philadelphia. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman spoke every evening, and a great blessing has been given to the effort. Over one hundred members have been added to the church who ascribe their conversion to God's blessing on the services.

Union services, in which Presbyterians and Methodists have united, have been held at Union City, Pa., by Rev. M. S. Rees, who after serving in the pastorate for five and a half years is now devoting himself exclusively to evangelistic work. He has been greatly blessed at Union City during these meetings. More than one hundred souls have been led to seek Christ by God's blessing on his labors. So thoroughly has the whole neighborhood been stirred that the principal places of business have closed at an early hour to allow their employees to attend the services.

The Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is about to enter on a new line of Christian work. The pastor, Rev. Charles D. Thompson, D. D., at a recent meeting of the church pointed out the urgent necessity of engaging in special work among the poor, spiritual, educational and reformatory. It was decided to hold special services every week, to engage a special corps of trained Christian workers, to reduce the price of pews and make many of them free and to engage an assistant for the pastor. The pastor said that these changes would involve an expenditure of $15,000 to begin with and he would give one thousand toward it. One of his members rose and gave $5,000 and the remainder was raised at the meeting.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A CONVERTS' CHAPTER.

ISAIAH 12.

THIS week we get the one great Chapter for *Converts*. In all the Bible there is no portion of Scripture so good, so fitting, so just to the point for one who has lately been born into the Kingdom of God, as the twelfth of Isaiah.

The only way to get into this old world is to be born into it; and so the only way to get into the family of God is to be born into it; and we are never born, in either case, full-fledged men and women, but babes; wee, tiny, little bits of babes, who need milk and not meat. Now, some Scripture would be poison, or death, to these. So we must rightly divide the word of truth unto them, keeping them away from things not easily understood. If I know aught about it, the kitchen is no mean place in a home, and from it goes gruel, crackers, toast and tea to the sick-room; light foods to the nursery, and the solids for the big folks. That's the way to plan in the household of faith.

Here is the Children's portion; after giving the chapter named at the head, we then read and study:

John xv	The Abiding Chapter
I Peter ii	The Christian Chapter
Proverbs iii	The Wisdom Chapter
Ephesians iii	The Bottomless Chapter
Psalm xviii	The Deliverance Psalm
Psalm xxxii	The Instruction Psalm
Psalm xci	The Safety Psalm
Job xxix	The Character Chapter
Hebrews xi	The Faith Chapter
James ii	The Work Chapter
Ephesians vi	The Soldier's Chapter

Also other Scriptures of the same character, such as Matt. 5:6 and 7, Exodus 20, Isaiah 41 and the books of Philippians, John, Nehemiah and Colossians. After these can come Luke, Acts, etc.

How to Study the Bible by Topics.

Just study Salvation. That's the first thing a man want's to know about. Who gives it? To whom is it given? How it is gotten. What it is when we get it. What it does for a sinner. A study of David's life will give it; also that of Peter. Begin with Isaiah xii, 3, and end with Jude 24. See what it saves from, and what it saves to. Look at the things that represent it, like rock, tower, helmet, lamp, etc. Close by taking a heavy portion for your heavy heart.

Then look up all the Bible says about Praise. This will set the dumb man singing. Samuel and Psalms are food books for this. Follow this with the study of the Blood. Begin with the Passover and end with Calvary. Get God's estimate of it. Then apply it to your sin-burdened heart. John 19:34, and Eph. 1:7.

THE DOCTRINES.—Take the seven great doctrines of the Bible:

God, Man, Sin, Redemption, Justification, Regeneration, Sanctification.

Give these all a full and complete research, and you will come out a regular Theologian and strong Christian.

The way to study the Bible by topics, *is to study it so*. Take any one great theme and study it. I like the following: Love, joy, grace, light, prayer, obedience, faith, power, Holy Spirit, truth, wisdom, able, punishment, heaven, reward, mercy, humility, angels, and a hundred more.

A good many long for Peace; well, if they would go to the God of Peace and His written Word, they would soon have so much that, in describing it, they would say it was "boundless."

Love For Bible Reading.

Just a word to you who don't love to read the Bible, and I am writing to thousands now. Give the following a trial, and if you don't change your mind after doing it, you had better see the doctor quick, for "Trouble in the head."

God likens us all to sheep: and Jesus is called the LAMB OF GOD. Take the Book, hold it closed in your lap for five minutes, in some nook of the home, where all is quiet, that you may draw in your thoughts from all else, and centre them on this theme; then remember there are just three great "Shepherd" Chapters in the Bible. John 10, Ezekiel 34, and Psalm 23. Read them in the order I have named, and you will be enriched with gold from the city four-square.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Death of a Bonaparte—Sir. Edwin Arnold's Visit—270 Lives Lost at Sea—Lord Lytton's Last Hours—Civil War in China—A Clergyman Shot at—General Notes.

DESPATCHES from Manzanillo, Mex., state that the brig *Tahiti*, with 270 Gilbert Islanders aboard, under contract to work on the coffee plantations of San Benito, Mex., has been lost at sea. Besides the islanders—who were really slaves—the *Tahiti* had a crew of 21 persons, all of whom are supposed to have perished when she foundered. She touched at Drake's Bay, near San Francisco, late in September. The American steamer *Roseville* passed her quite lately near Lizard Point, floating bottom upward. It was evident that she had capsized. All the port rigging had been cut away in an attempt to right her. Her boats were gone, but there is little hope that any one was saved.

* * *

Lord Lytton's Last Hours.

LORD LYTTON, whose demise in Paris was noticed in these columns last week, may be almost said to have died while writing his last poem. Interesting details of his last day of life are furnished by his physician, Dr. Prendergast. "Only the night before his death," said the physician, "he was so cheerful and lively that it seems impossible to realize that he has gone. He was laughing and chatting with his English nurse while composing his last poem. He was very fond of tea, which the nurse prepared for him at four in the morning. Being gifted with poetic tastes, and greatly admiring His Lordship's talents, she began by his direction to repeat some lines of Keats, when Lord Lytton interrupted her, laughing and saying: 'No, nurse, you are not correct; the lines run thus'—adding, 'Now nurse, hand down the volume from the shelf and let me correct myself.' The body was embalmed and taken to England. Lady Lytton had a cast of her husband's face taken by Bonnat, the famous sculptor. Notabilities all over the civilized world have sent their condolences to the widow of the distinguished dead.

LORD LYTTON.

* * *

Devoured by the Earth.

An eyewitness of the Japanese earthquake writes from Nagoja, giving details of the calamity that show it to have been, beyond doubt, the direct visitation of modern times. He says: "Nagoja is in ruins. The town is strewn with the dead, and the hospitals are overrun with mangled victims of the most terrible calamity the country has known within the memory of foreigners. The surface of the earth for hundreds and hundreds of square miles was shaken like a carpet, was ripped, torn, bounced up and down, and twisted in every direction. Through the great crevices where the earth had split open were spurted sticky mud, hot salt water, and sand. As the earth settled back the crevices would partially close their cavernous jaws, in more than one instance on human prey. The action of the ground was exactly as if the earth's crust was a thin scum over a boiling, seething caldron, and yet here at Nagoja the sticky mud emitted is found only 500 feet below the surface. In some localities it was hardly possible for a man to crawl on all fours. It were as well to try to float a brick house in midocean as to build one to survive such an ordeal as this. The houses whose roofs are mingled with their foundations in ugly heaps at every turn, the majestic temples whose graceful curves are distorted and whose gilded bells and brazen gongs are jangled into a hideous mass of splintered timbers, these went down in a moment too short to allow the escape of inmates, too swift for the temple worshippers to unbend their bowed heads. And the earthquake drew no invidious distinction. Shintoist, Buddhist, Christian; all were alike made victims of its rage. At Najoya, the crumbling walls of a church fell on the head of a Christian congregation, and a heathen temple at Ichinomiya buried under its tiles the corpses of men whose spiritual light came from heathen gods. This earthquake is said by a celebrated engineer, Major-General Palmer of the British Army, to have been the severest in the history of mankind. It must take six or eight months, at the very least, to repair the damage done to the railway. Dead bodies are piled near the Kaizenii temple's gate at Ogaki, and sufferers are all around, some pressed with hunger, some distraught with grief at the loss of their children and parents; others, half maddened between hunger, fear and sorrow, are attempting to end their lives, while others again stare at the dead bodies of their dear ones. The most touching sight to the spectator is the little children who have lost their parents and have in many cases no relatives that they know. They are wandering about crying or biting their fingers. The latest estimate was that the number killed at the three cities of Gifu. Ogaki, and Nagoja was about 12,000. Great cracks, one of them eighty miles in length, opened in the ground, swallowing up human beings, and then closed up again. A village of eighty-nine houses about two miles from Gifu disappeareed and sank two hundred feet below the level of the ground. A remarkable effect of the earthquake was the change made in the summit of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. A tremendous gap has been made in the mountain. Officials investigated and found that on the northern side of the summit a portion of the mountain some 1,200 feet in width had subsided a depth of about 600 feet.

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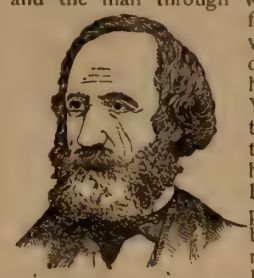
Cyrus W. Field Seriously Ill.

AMERICANS generally will regret to learn that Cyrus W. Field, the millionaire philanthropist and the man through whose enterprise the first Atlantic cable was laid, is lying dangerously ill at his home in New York York City. Owing to the sudden mental breakdown of his son, Edward M. Field,—the principal partner in a stock-broking and commission firm which had failed—the father who had been troubled considerably about his son for months past gave way under the intense strain. At his advanced age the physicians have but little hope of his recovery. Cyrus W. Field was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1819, and when fifteen years old set out to New York to carve out his own fortune. His first position was that of a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store and at 21 he went into business for himself, as a paper manufacturer. About 1855 the idea was suggested to him by his brother Matthew of laying an Atlantic cable and before 1858, such was the extraordinary energy put into the project by Mr. Field that the ocean was spanned and the new world and the old were electrically united. Four wealthy gentlemen each put $200,000 in the enterprise. The first cable soon broke but the projectors were not dismayed and another was laid. John Bright has called Cyrus Field the "modern Columbus," and the enthusiastic appreciation of his cable triumph was world-wide. Honors were heaped upon him, and he rapidly grew rich, as the various cable companies with which he was connected encircled the globe. A loss of part of his fortune in 1887 was followed by severe domestic affliction that did much to impair the alert and vigorous physique of the man who had achieved so much, and now his latest prostration seems to have left him almost hopeless. Mr. Field, whose portrait is here given, is one of five brothers, nearly all of whom have won distinction. David Dudley Field is a famous lawyer and codifier; Stephen J. Field is a Supreme Court Judge, and Henry M. Field is the editor of *The Evangelist*, and an author of considerable note.


CYRUS W. FIELD.

* * *

A Clergyman's Life Attempted.

WHEN Rev. Dr. John Hall of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, left the church after forenoon service on Sunday, November 29, he was followed by a crazy mechanic, named John George Roth, who fired three shots at him from a revolver. The clergyman fortunately escaped unhurt. Roth was arrested and proved to be a crank who had the names of Bishop Potter, Judge Hilton and several others down on a memorandum book, and whose pockets were full of documents showing him to have been subject to delusions, and determined to avenge himself on society for some fancied grievance. Dr. Hall's escape was little short of miraculous as Roth took deliberate aim each time he fired at the clergyman, the last bullet clipping off a piece of the brownstone coping at the entrance to Dr. Hall's residence, No. 712 5th Avenue, as the latter was going in.

* * *

Sir Edwin Arnold's Visit.

FEW foreigners have been more honored by the American literary cult on visiting our shores, than Sir Edwin Arnold, whose arrival was noted in a recent issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. This is a tribute partly to his greatness as a writer, and partly to the pleasure he affords us in his double role of philosopher and traveler. We give in this column portraits of Sir Edwin and his daughter Miss Katherine Lilian Arnold, who has been his companion during his long, fourteen months' sojourn in Japan, and who, possibly more than most travelled European or American ladies, has made a study of native life and habits in that attractive country. Sir Edwin's country home was at Azabu, near Tokyo, where his picturesque dwelling and its beautiful surroundings were well-known to travelers. His books on the Japanese, their etiquette, cuisine and social observance, afford delightful reading and abound in a genial philosophy. They give us a better and pleasanter acquaintance with this ancient nation than any volumes that have been written in recent years.

SIR EDWIN AND MISS ARNOLD.

* * *

China's Rebellion Begun.

OMINOUS mutterings of rebellion, which have disturbed the Chinese Empire for many months past, have at last culminated in open insurrection against the government. What that inert and seemingly helpless administration recently officially designated as "a raid of Mongolian robbers" in the northern provinces proved to be the opening phases of a revolt of grave proportions, embracing not alone Mongolia but several provinces hitherto regarded as wholly loyal. After committing various atrocities the rebel force consisting of several squadrons of cavalry and infantry, advanced upon the position occupied by the imperial troops near Ching-Kiang in Manchuria. The latter had 4000 men, while the rebels led by by the Llama (priest) were much stronger and routed the imperial army, which fled leaving 700 killed and wounded on the field. The victorious rebels then took up their march in the direction of Pekin, where hurried preparations were made to defend the city. Chen-kin-lung a rebel Kaloa leader has been captured and executed by the imperial authorities. Six thousand imperial troops have been sent from Tien-tsin to oppose the rebel army. The latter, before the battle at Ching-Kiang, had already captured the important walled city of Leao-Yang in Manchuria. Details have also been received of the massacre of Belgian missionaries and native Christians at Tayou and Sanchi by the Chinese. The rioters killed the nuns after subjecting them to gross indignities. A Belgian priest was brained at a blow, his body mutilated and his heart and tongue taken out and burned. The native Christians were horribly tortured, and their children roasted alive. No attempt was made by the mandarins to check the violence of the rioters Several officials, after the massacre, spread a feast for the murderers and gave a fete in their honor. Manchuria and Mongolia, where the rebellion began, are outside of China proper and separated from it by the Great Wall. The imperial government will make a strong effort to prevent the enemy from passing the Wall. The overthrow of the present dynasty seems not improbable.

* * *

Death of a Bonaparte.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the house of Bonaparte, who was less a politician than litterateur and savant, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, died in Italy recently. Prince Louis was a son of Lucien Bonaparte, a brother of the first Napoleon, and was born in England in 1813 and passed the greater part of his life there. He cared very little for the strife and excitements of public life, but after the revolution of 1848, he consented to be a candidate for the French Legislative Assembly and several years later attained the dignity of a Senator. Prince Louis possessed a wide knowledge of languages, and his philological acquirements and the valuable researches be conducted secured appropriate recognition in the form of a pension from the British government. A portrait of the Prince is given above.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

NEWS NOTES.

Mexico's corn and bean crop has failed, owing to drought. Corn is at famine prices.

War reports from Berlin greatly excited the Russian Bourse at St. Petersburg during the past week.

Several earthquake shocks were felt at Seattle, Wash., last week, lasting about five seconds each.

It is reported in Washington that Gen. Lewis A. Grant, Assistant-Secretary of War, will in all likelihood be Secretary Proctor's successor.

Mr. Blaine's physician, Dr. Madison Taylor, of Philadelphia, states that the Secretary is now a well man, and constantly improving in general health.

A number of workmen on the Northern Pacific Railroad at Tacoma, Wash., were buried by a landside a few days ago. Twelve were killed outright.

A new treaty has been concluded between the United States and Hawaii, providing for absolute reciprocity in the import and export of product and manufactures.

Under President Peixotto's rule, Brazilian affairs are beginning to resume their normal condition. He has issued a decree recalling the Congress which Fonseca dissolved. A new Presidential election is generally favored.

Russia's official estimates show that she will need 10,000,000 poods of grain from abroad to alleviate distress in the famine districts, and it is proposed by the Finance Minister to establish a lottery of 6,000,000 roubles for the purpose of grain purchases.

Two trains on the same track with only two minutes between, "ran in" together on the Lake Shore road near Toledo, a few days ago, killing three persons and injuring fifteen others, some mortally. The accident was caused by the failure of a signal-man to show his light in a tunnel.

Chili's Congress has voted to spend $200,000 on making a fine exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago. This is the strongest evidence of the reaction toward renewed friendship for this country. The news of our extensive naval preparations has dampened the warlike ardor of the Chilians.

The Shah has adopted a barbarous method of punishing some of the leaders engaged in the recent rebellion. Travellers in Persia have been shocked by hearing the groans of prisoners immured in brick pillars by the roadside. All persons are forbidden to liberate the doomed men from the living tombs. Another and more extensive revolt is said to be brewing.

RESURRECTION POWER.

"That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection."—Philippians 3: 10.

IT is insinuated in these days that a belief in the righteousness of faith will lead men to care little for good works, that it will act as a sedative to their zeal, and therefore they will exhibit no ardor for holiness. The very reverse is seen in the case of the apostle, and in the case of all who cast aside the righteousness of the law, that they may be clothed with that righteousness "which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Paul made a list of his advantages as to confidence in the flesh, and they were very great; but he turned his back upon them all for Christ's sake; but accepting Christ to be everything to him, did he, therefore, sit down in self-content, and imagine that personal

Character was Nothing?

By no manner of means. Be you sure of this, that the less you value your own righteousness, the more will you seek after true holiness; the less you think of your own beauty, the more ardently will you long to become like the Lord Jesus. Those who dream of being saved by their good works are usually those who have no good works worth mentioning; while those who sincerely lay aside all hope of salvation by their own merits, are fruitful in every virtue to the praise of God.

What, then, was the object of the apostle's ardor? It was "that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection." Paul already knew the Lord Jesus by faith; he knew so much of him as to be able to teach others. He had looked to Jesus, and known the power of his death; but he now desired that the vision of his faith might become still better known by experience. You may know a man, and have an idea that he is powerful; but to know him and his power over you, is a stage further. You may have read of a man so as to be familiar with his history and his character, and yet you may have no knowledge of him and of his personal influence over yourself. Paul desired intimate acquaintance with the Lord Jesus, personal intercourse with the Lord to such a degree that he should feel his power at every point, and know the effect of all that he had wrought out in his life, death, and resurrection.

The Power over Death.

This morning we will confine our thoughts to one theme, and unite with the apostle in a strong desire to know our Lord in connection with the power of his resurrection. The resurrection of the Lord Jesus was in itself a marvellous display of power. I do not know whether I can convey my own thought to you; but what strikes me very forcibly is this—no mere man going to his grave could say, "I have power to take my life again." The departure of life leaves the man necessarily powerless; he cannot restore himself to life. Behold the sacred body of Jesus, embalmed in spices, and wrapped about with linen; it is laid within the sealed and guarded tomb; how can it come forth to life? Yet Jesus said: "I have power to take my life again"; and he proved it true. If, in the extremity of his weakness, he had the power to rise out of the sepulchre, and come forth in newness of life, what can he not now accomplish?

I do not think, however, that Paul is here thinking so much of the power displayed in the resurrection, as of the power which comes out of it, which may most properly be called, "the power of his resurrection." This the apostle desired to apprehend and to know. This is a very wide subject, and I cannot encompass the whole region; but many things may be said under four heads.

I. First, the power of our Lord's resurrection is

An Evidencing Power.

Here I shall liken it to a seal which is set to a document to make it sure. Our Lord's resurrection from the dead was a proof that he was the Messiah, that he had come upon the Father's business, that he was the Son of God, and that the covenant which Jehovah had made with him was henceforth ratified and established. He was "declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead."

So much is the resurrection the proof of our Lord's mission, that it falls to the ground without it. If our Lord Jesus had not risen from the dead, our faith in him would have lacked the corner-stone of the foundation on which it rests. Were he dead still, his death would have been like the death of any other person, and would have given us no assurance of acceptance. His life, with all the beauty of its holiness, would have been simply a perfect example of conduct, but it could not have become our righteousness if his burial in the tomb of Joseph had been the end. It was essential for the

Confirmation of His Life-Teaching

and his death-suffering, that he should be raised from the dead. If he had not risen, but were still among the dead, you might well tell us that we preach to you a cunningly devised fable. See, then, the power of his resurrection: it proves to a demonstration the faith once delivered to the saints. Supported by infallible proofs, it becomes itself the infallible proof of the authority, power, and glory of Jesus, the Son of God.

I beg you further to notice that this proof had such power about it to the minds of the apostles, that they preached with singular boldness. These chosen witnesses had seen the Lord after his resurrection; one of them had put his finger into the print of the nails, and others had eaten and drunk with him: they were sure that they were not deceived. They knew that he was dead, for they had been present at his burial: they knew that he lived again, for they had heard him speak, and had seen him eat a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb, The fact was as clear to them as it was wonderful. Peter and the rest of them without hesitation declared, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses."

Honest Witnesses,

there were in more than sufficient number, who declare that Jesus, who died on Calvary, and was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa, did arise again from the dead. In the mouth of many witnesses this fact is established; and this fact established proves other blessed facts.

The resurrection of Christ casts a side-light upon the Gospel by proving its reality and literalness. There is a tendency in this generation to spirit away the truth, and in the doing thereof to lose both the truth and its spirit. In these evil days fact is turned into myth, and truth into opinion. The blessings of the Gospel are substantial facts, and not mere theological opinions. As the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead was a plain visible matter of fact, so are the pardon of sin and the salvation of the soul matters of actual experience, and not the creatures of imagination.

Brethren, such is the evidencing power of the resurrection of Christ, that when every other argument fails your faith, you may find safe anchorage in this assured fact. The currents of doubt may bear you towards the rocks of mistrust; but when your anchor finds no other hold, it may grip the fact of the resurrection of Christ from the dead. This must be true. The witnesses are too many to have been deceived; and their patient deaths on account of their belief, proved that they were not only honest men, but good men, who valued truth more than life. Oh, that any of you who are drifting may be brought to a resting-place by this fact! If you doubt the possibility of your own pardon, this may aid you to believe, for Jesus lives. From this first solid stone of the resurrection, you may go, step by step, over the stream of doubt, till you land on the other side, fully assured of your salvation in Christ.

II. We will deal next upon

The Justifying Power

of his resurrection. Under the first head I compared the resurrection to a seal; under this second head I must liken it to a note of acquittance, or a receipt. Our Lord's rising from the dead was a discharge in full, from the High Court of Justice, from all those liabilities which he had undertaken on our behalf.

Observe, first, that our Lord must have fully paid the penalty due to sin. He was discharged because he had satisfied the claim of justice. All that the law could possibly demand was the fulfilment of the sentence, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." There is no getting away from that doom: life must be taken for sin committed. Christ Jesus is our substitute and sacrifice. He came into the world to vindicate the law, and he has achieved it by the offering of himself. He has been dead and buried, and he has now risen from the dead because he has endured death to the full, and there remaineth no more to be done. Brethren, consider this, and let your hearts be filled with joy: the penalty which has come upon you through breaches of the law is paid. Yonder is the receipt. Behold the person of your risen Lord!

"It is Finished."

When our Lord rose from the dead, it was certified that the righteousness, which he came to work out, was finished. For what remained to be done? All was accomplished, and therefore he went up unto his Father's side. Is he toiling there to finish a half-accomplished enterprise? Nay, "This man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God." Our righteousness is a finished one, for Jesus quits the place of humiliation, and rises to his reward. He cried upon the cross, "It is finished!" and his word was true. The Father endorsed his claim by raising him from the dead. Put on, therefore, O ye faithful, this matchless robe of perfect righteousness! It is more than royal, it is divine. It is for you that this best robe is provided. Wear it, and be glad.

His resurrection did not only prove our pardon and our justification, but it proved our full acceptance. "He hath made us accepted in the beloved." Christ is never separated from his people, and therefore whoever he is, they are in him. He is the head; and as is the head, such are the members. When God accepted Christ my Head, he accepted me; when he glorified my Head, he made me a partaker of that glory through my Representative. The infinite delight of the Father in his Only-begotten, is an infinite delight in all the members of his mystic body. I pray that you may feel the power of his resurrection in this respect and become flooded with delight by the conviction that you are accepted, beloved, and delighted in by the Lord God.

III. Thirdly, let us now notice

The Life-Giving Power

of the resurrection of Christ. This will be seen if we perceive that our Lord has life in himself. I showed you this just now, in the fact that he raised himself from the dead. He took up the life which he laid down. He only hath immortality, essential and underived. Remember how he said, "I am the resurrection and the life." Do not say, "I believe in Christ, and desire life." You have it. Christ and life are not two things. He says, "I am the resurrection and the life." If you have Jesus Christ, you have the resurrection. Oh, that you might now realize what power lies in him who is the resurrection and the life! All the power there is in Christ is there for his people.

Moreover, our Lord has power to quicken whom he will. If the Lord Jesus Christ will this morning speak to the most clay-cold heart in this assembly, it will glow with heavenly life. If the salvation of souls depended upon the preacher, nobody would be saved; but when the preacher's Master comes with him, however feeble his utterance, the life flashes forth, and

The Dead are Raised

See how the dry bones come together! Behold how, at the coming of the divine wind, they stand upon their feet an exceeding great army. What joy to Christian workers is found in the life-giving power of the resurrection! The warrant of Jesus will run through the domain of death and set dead Lazarus free.

This life, whenever it is imparted, is new life. In reading the four evangelists, have you never noticed the difference between Jesus after the resurrection and before? He feels no more suffering, weakness, weariness, reproach, or poverty; he is no more cavilled at or opposed by men. He is in the world, but he scarcely seems to touch it, and it does not at all touch him. He was of another world, and only a temporary sojourner on this globe, to which he evidently did not belong. When we believe in Jesus, we receive a new life, and rise to a higher state. The spiritual life owes nothing to the natural life; it is from another source, and tends in another direction. The old life bears the image of the first and earthy Adam; the second life bears the image of the second and heavenly Adam.

The old Life

remains, but becomes to us a kind of death: the new life which God gives is the true life, which is part of the new creation, and links us to the heavenly and divine. To this, I say, the old life is greatly opposed; but that evil life gets not the upper hand. Wonderful is the change wrought by the new birth! Faculties that were in you before are purged and elevated; but, at the same time, new spiritual faculties are conferred, and a new heart and a right spirit are put within us. Wonder at this—that the risen Christ is able to give us an entirely new life. May you know, in this respect, the power of his resurrection!

Wherever Jesus gives life, it is everlasting life. "Christ being risen from the dead, dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him"; and as we have been raised in the likeness of his resurrection, so are we raised into a life over which death has no more dominion. We shall not die again, but the water which Jesus gives us shall be in us a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

IV. The last point is the Consoling power of the resurrection. This consoling power should be felt as to all departed saints. We are often summoned

to the house of mourning in this church; for we seldom pass a week without one or two deaths of beloved ones. Here is our comfort—Jesus says: "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise."

He is the First-Fruits

from among the dead. The world's cemeteries are crowded, precious dust is closely heaped together; but as surely as Jesus rose from the tomb of Joseph, all those who are in him shall rise also. Though bodies may be consumed in the fire, or ground to powder, or sucked up by plants, and fed upon by animals, or made to pass through ten thousand changeful processes, yet difficulties there are none where there is a God. He that gave us bodies when we had none, can restore those bodies when they are pulverized and scattered to the four winds. We sorrow not as those that are without hope. We know where the souls of the godly ones are; they are "forever with the Lord." We know where their bodies will be when the clarion blast shall wake the dead. Sweet is the consolation which comes to us from the empty tomb of Jesus. "God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power."

Here, too, is comfort in our inward deaths. In order that we should know the resurrection of Christ, we must be made conformable unto his death. Have we not to die many deaths? Have you ever felt the sentence of

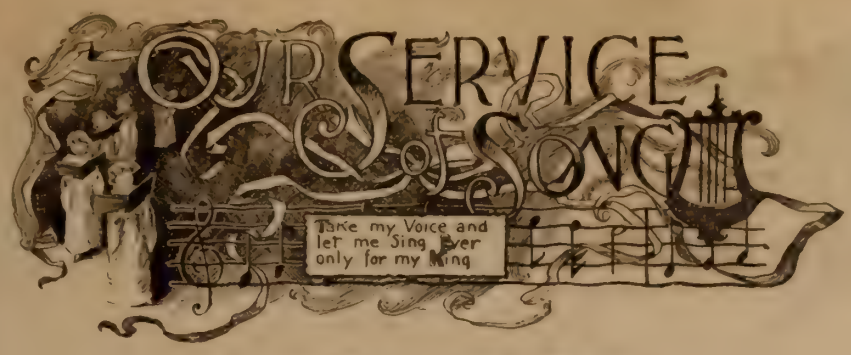
Death in Yourself

that you might not trust in yourself? Have you not seen all your fancied beauty decay, and all your strength wither "like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown"? Have not all your carnal hopes perished, and all your resolves turned to dust? If any of you are undergoing that process to-day, I hope you will go through with it, till the sword of the Spirit has slain you; for you must die before you can be raised from the dead.

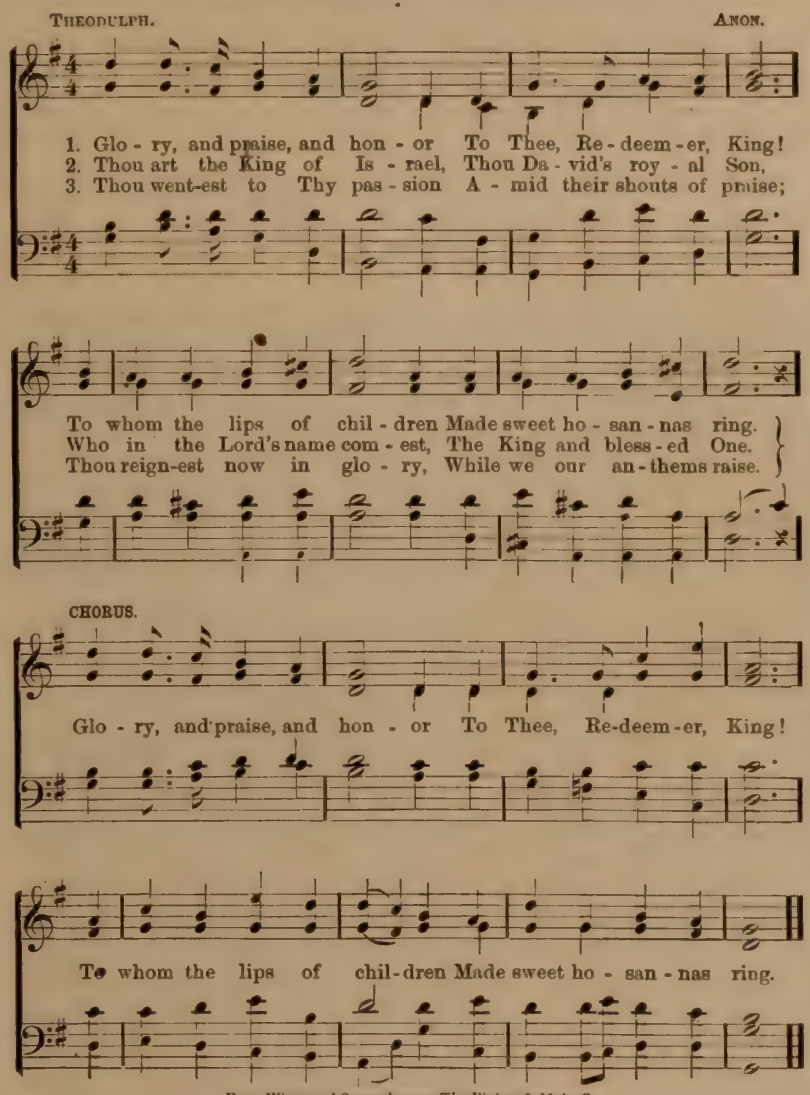
I think there is here great consolation for those of us who mourn because the cause of Christ seems to be in an evil case. I may say to the enemy, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." Alas! I cry with the holy woman, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him"! In many a pulpit the precious blood no longer speaks. They have taken the heart out of the doctrine of propitiation, and left us nothing but the name of it. Their false philosophy has overlaid the gospel, and crushed out its life, so far as they are concerned. They boast that we are powerless: our protest is despised, error shows her brazen forehead, and seizes the strongholds of truth. Yet we despair not; nay, we do not even fear. If the cause of Christ were dead and buried, and the wise men had fixed the stone, and set their seal, and appointed their guards, yet, at the appointed hour, the Lord's truth would rise again.

Technical Christians.

That is my close. I desire that you should feel resurrection power. We have many technical Christians, who know the phrases of godliness, but know not the power of godliness. We have ritualistic Christians, who stickle for the outward, but know not the power. We have many moral religionists, but they also know not the power. We are pestered with conventional, regulation Christians. Oh, yes, no doubt we are Christians; but *we are not enthusiasts, fanatics, nor even as this bigot.* Such men have a name to live, and are dead. They have a form of godliness, but deny the power of it. I pray you, my hearers, be not content with a truth till you feel the force of it. Do not praise the spiritual food set before you, but eat of it till you know its power to nourish. Do not even talk of Jesus till you know his power to save. God grant that you may know the powers of the world to come for Jesus' sake! Amen.



Glory, Praise, and Honor.



From Winnowed Songs, by per. The Biglow & Main Co.

"BEHOLD HE COMETH."

(From the Indian Missionary.)

HE cometh, the King in his glory returns;
The night has been long, but the day-star now burns;
He cometh, O, islands and nations afar,
Rejoice, we have seen and have welcomed his star.

Behold on his altar now blazing the flame
That shall purify earth from her sin and her shame;
The new earth afire with the glory divine,
The new starry heaven resplendent shall shine.

He cometh! O clouds that shall shortly be riven
Revealing the brightness and glory of heaven!
O, land of the curse and decay, at thy gates
What splendor, what rapture immortal awaits.

O, Church of the Living, how wondrous shall be
The scene of thy triumph from mountain to sea;
No more the oppressor shall bruise or destroy,
Thy reign shall be endless with naught to annoy.

O, Church of the Living, fear not, He hath said
Where I am ye shall be, then be not afraid;
The seal of his truth on thy forehead is set,
Can the Bridegroom his own and his chosen forget?
O, Church of the Living One, lo, ye shall shine
More bright than the sun is with splendor divine.

—HARRIET WARNER REQUA.

WORTH WHILE.

IT is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

OCCIDENTAL BUDDHISM.

Rev. George H. Pember Recognizes in Theosophy and the Spread of Buddhism in Western Lands a Sign of the End.

VERY significant have been the phenomena attending and following the rise of Spiritualism in the year 1848, which was a return to the demon-intercourse and wonder-working of ancient times. One of its results we are now witnessing in a revival of Occultism, or the Pagan philosophy. They are but different aspects of the same faith, and will doubtless continue to exist side by side, just as they did in the old Heathen world—Theosophy becoming the creed of the educated and intellectual, while Spiritualism influences the masses of mankind. Spiritualism and Theosophy, which are exoteric and esoteric forms of the same system, are popularising Buddhism in Christendom.

The hour of Satan's brief triumph is at hand; he is beginning to draw men into confederation by those

Teachings of Nephilim

which were successful in Antediluvian times and at Babel; he is organizing his forces with the intention of raising again the standard of universal rebellion against God and against His Christ. Accordingly, we see both Spiritualists and Theosophists, and even the Agnostics, stretching out the right hand to Buddhism, and procuring favorable consideration for it in Christian lands.

In grouping together those features of the movement which, as we compare them with the ancient predictions of Scripture, almost seem to take bodily shape before our eyes, and, like heralds, to announce the near approach of Antichrist and the close of the Age, we observe that salvation without a Saviour is the characteristic doctrine of the three systems at which we have been glancing; and that this doctrine rests, solely in Theosophy and Buddhism, upon

The Theory of Reincarnations.

We know that—whatever agents may be used to bring it about—the world will presently be found worshipping the Dragon and the Beast, that is, Satan and the Antichrist (Rev. 3: 4). And the distinctive doctrine of the latter will be the denial of the Father and the Son, which is also a characteristic of Theosophy. That system is willing indeed, to accept the Son as a Mahatma, such as any man may become in the course of ages; but it derides the thought that Jehovah has laid on him the iniquities of us all. It is also fulfilling the prophecy in the First Epistle to Timothy. Men are confessedly receiving instruction from demons; and if we glance at the public specimens of spirit-teachings, we have no difficulty in detecting the lies spoken in hypocrisy. Many are teaching abstinence from flesh; the abolition of marriage, either avowed or virtual, is being unscrupulously preached. And these sins are appearing, as Paul predicted that they would, coincidently with an apostasy, or falling away, from the great truths respecting the Godhead and incarnation of the Lord Jesus.

An Antediluvian Renewal.

The characteristic features of the days of Noah are reappearing, and, above all, a free communication has been established between the spirits of the air and the human race with a view, apparently, to a sojourn once more of Nephilim upon earth. Unlawful secrets, known in past times only to those few who seem to have acted as Satan's agents in directing the course of this world, are now offered again to men.

All things seem to be prepared for the fulfilment of the solemn prediction in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse, when Michael, leading the van of the host which will come with Christ to take the kingdom, shall drive the rebel high ones down to earth. And in the following chapter we see the consequences of that marvelous event: the peoples of Satan's last refuge, of the only remaining portion of his once vast dominions must be organized for the final struggle. And so, out of the troubled sea of anarchy and perplexity of nations, there will arise, in greater majesty and power than it ever before possessed, the resuscitated empire of Rome under the immediate government of the Antichrist.

But of far more intense interest to those who love the Lord Jesus, and long for his appearing, is that which is signified as taking place just previously to the expulsion of the devil and his angels from heaven, namely, the birth and rapture of the Manchild—the completion of the mystic Christ—as manifested by the sudden translation of all waiting saints, whether dead or alive, to meet their Lord in the air.

LOVEST THOU ME?

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 20. John 22: 15—17; Eph. 3: 17—19.

AN all-important question! On the answer to it depends the eternal destiny of every man who has ever heard the Gospel. If he has heard of what Jesus was and what he did and does not love him, he is outside the kingdom. We speak of faith as the entrance gate; but there can be no true faith without love. Mere intellectual faith—such faith as a man may have in a scientific statement which he has not investigated—does not admit a man to the kingdom. He who believes and trusts to the salvation of his soul cannot help loving. Lovest thou me? It is the test of faith. It is the criterion of transformation—the transformation which theologians call "the new birth." He who loves Christ is changed unto Christ-likeness. Happy is he who can answer as Peter did, "Lord thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

But there may be a tone of reproach in the question. Peter was evidently pained by it. He had denied his Lord and his conscience must have told him that the doubt which the question implied was not without reason. Thou hast denied me and deserted me, can it be that thou lovest me? May not the same cause for reproach exist now? Is the Christian found acting inconsistently in his business, or seeking amusement and recreation with the world in his leisure? Then Christ may ask, "Lovest thou me?" Are you driving hard bargains; taking advantage of another man's necessities to pay less than the market price; offering him a price for his goods or his services which is below their value knowing that he is so situated that he must accept the offer? Would you be surprised or abashed if Christ put the question, "Lovest thou me? could you do this if you did love me?" Are you to be found in worldly society, in the theatre in the saloon or the club-room, spending the hours left by your business at your own disposal in worldly amusement, in worldly conversation indicating by your presence and words that you are so little changed by your religion that your enjoyment is found in these associations? Then be not surprised if Christ asks you, "Lovest thou me?" There is need that he be assured of the fact, for appearances are against you.

Then the question implies obligation. If you love, you will desire to prove your love. Here is the service in which you can do so. Christ asks nothing for himself. That is like him. But you can feed his lambs. He loves them, and in contributing to their welfare, you are fulfilling his desires. The father, whose son is a stranger in a foreign land, is not likely to forget a service rendered to that son. And if a man who befriends that son is a stranger to him, but a friend of the father, and is befriending him for the sake of the love he bears that father, then the service is doubly acceptable. So the cup of cold water given to a disciple, because he is a disciple, will in no case lose its reward. Who wishes to serve Jesus? Who desires to prove his love? Christ is not here and however earnestly we may desire, we cannot render him personal service. But he has his representatives, duly and formally appointed. Service to them counts as service to him. Do they need temporal comforts? Christ specially mentions them. Do they need spiritual advice and encouragement or teaching? In that sense, too, food may be given. The tree is known by its fruits. If Christ's sheep suffer need, plead for help, and do not receive it, what are we to infer? Can it be that the question has been asked, "Lovest thou me?" and the injunction given, "Feed my sheep," and that injunction is unheeded!

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WORKING TENS.

AMONG the reports sent by circles of King's Daughters to the *Silver Cross* are some that deserve to be known outside the Order as an encouragement to girls in places where no circles have been organized, to get together and emulate the existing circles. There is no town however small where there are not some poor girls and helpless people who might be helped by their young sisters who somehow seem to possess an intuition and a practical notion of helpfulness which is rare in the sterner sex. A man has seldom any idea of helping another in any other way than by putting his hand in his pocket and handing him a loan or an alms, but a woman without any expenditure of money, or only a very small one, goes to work with exquisite tact and relieves the burden or alleviates the suffering. It is delightful work to engage in and if any of our readers who have not yet tried it will make the experiment, they will be astonished at the good they will get from it as well as the good they may do.

One of the tens reporting its work is that of The Faithful Ten of Hamilton, N. Y. This is a brief summary of results: "We have made clothing and helped re-furnish the homes of two women left destitute by fire; given away bedding; paid rents where homes could not have otherwise been kept; supplied the children of three families regularly with milk; sent a poor baby with a hare lip, to a hospital, where the child's deformity was successfully treated: sent a bright boy, who was rapidly losing his eyesight, to an oculist; now he can see; and a boy seventeen years old, in a New York hospital, who had been for months suffering agony from an injury. His recovery is assured. Two boxes of clothing and other articles have gone to a needy Southern family, and ten dollars to a poor woman in New York, whose husband was killed while heroically saving the life of a child. Wood, coal and provisions and a little money have found their way where needed."

Another busy circle is The Helping Circle of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., whose Secretary, Miss Mary C. Rupley, writes: "During the summer and winter four quilts were completed and given to poor families; books and other articles were sent to an invalid in Illinois; also fancy articles to the Cripple Home in Philadelphia. Our principal work has been among the needy of our own city. Committees were delegated to visit various families, and during the year five were supplied with provisions and clothing and a sick man with delicacies. The Circle contributed toward a Christmas box sent to Norfolk, Va., by St. Paul's Mission Band and joined the Love-one-another Circle in giving an entertainment, tree and dinner to fifty poor children. It was necessary to almost entirely clothe these children."

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WOMAN'S WORK IN PHILADELPHIA.

A RECORD of busy activity and helpful efforts is contained in the review of the past three months in the Women's Christian Association which is published in *Faith and Works*. Miss Sarah Cadbury, the corresponding secretary, who compiles the report, writes with evident gratification and hopefulness of the interest manifested by the members and the results already achieved. The boarding-house of the Association has thirty-seven inmates, and the social evenings there and the daily meetings for prayer have been so enjoyable that visitors gladly accept invitations to be present and are eager to repeat their visits. The employment bureau found positions for one hundred and three girls, and in one instance of manifest injustice succeeded in interposing successfully for the protection of the injured girl. Grateful testimonies continue to come in from members of the Association who derived benefit from a summer sojourn at Sea Rest, acknowledging restored health, revived energies and physical and mental recuperation gained from rest amid the sea-breezes. The Whelen Memorial is doing good work among the mill-girls, and evening classes are to be held there during the winter. One instance of good work is mentioned which shows the readiness of the Association to undertake offices outside its prescribed sphere. It was that of a response to a notification received of the arrival of a stranger by an incoming steamer. A member of the Association met the girl at the dock, took care of her during her stay in the city and saw her safely to the proper railroad depot for her journey to her final destination. The ladies of the Philadelphia Association deserve hearty congratulations on this and their other operations for the benefit of their sisters, who need such help more than any of us can fully realize.

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A SILVER CONVENTION.

THE Twenty-fifth Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of Massachusetts and Rhode Island recently held at Brockton, was marked by a notable manifestation of liberality. The project of erecting a building in Boston for the use of the State Committee was moved and after discussion was approved by the Convention. No sooner did the question of providing the necessary funds arise than six gentlemen present promised a thousand dollars each for the purpose and a number of others made contributions aggregating twenty-four hundred dollars.

The convention was also remarkable in other respects. The number of delegates present was 612 a number altogether unprecedented. Between sixty and seventy of these represented College Associations which are the most gratifying and hopeful of these institutions, representing as they do the culture and education which must influence the future of the nation. The reports read at the convention of the year's work were very encouraging. Nine new organizations had been organized,—five women's auxiliaries—ten associations had removed into more commodious quarters and three had become owners of their own buildings which are worth $310,000. Besides this material prosperity, the spiritual results of the year's work as reported give ground for profound thankfulness. The various Associations reported increased interest in the Bible Classes, prayer-meetings and distinctively religious gatherings which had been blessed to the conversion of seven hundred and ninety-five young men who have all made a public profession of faith.

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THE EPWORTH LEAGUE IN ACTION.

How earnestly the Epworth League is taking hold of the young people in the M. E. Church surprises even those who entertained the strongest hopes of success at the outset. The following brief notes of recent conventions for which we are indebted to Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert of Midland Park, N. J., show that the movement is spreading in all sections and is making rapid progress:

A Convention has been held of the League in the District of *Jeffersonville, Ind.* An address of welcome was delivered to which a response was made by Prof. E. E. Outt, President of the League. The Convention opened with devotional exercises. Several interesting papers were presented which deserved much praise. The Convention closed with a joyful consecration service. District President H. L. Van Donn, was present, and made a short address and effected the organization. *In Ohio* the League is booming. The nineteen Leagues of the Springfield district have held a very interesting Convention at Central Church, Springfield. The presiding elder, Rev. F. G. Mitchell, who is President of the League, occupied the chair. Miss Shaeffer gave the address of welcome, to which Mrs. M. W. C. Hilt made a particularly appropriate response. A series of department conferences were then held. The forty minutes for these soon sped away and the workers assembled in the lecture room for an interesting drawer question. The evening session was conducted by Rev. D. B. Hypes, of South Charleston. The Second Annual Convention of the *West Baltimore* district League was held at Harlem Park Church, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. J. P. Wright, District President, was chairman. The delegates rendered stirring reports, and no report was more encouraging than the President's. An ample collation was provided by the ladies of the church.

The evening devotional service was conducted by U. C. Ballard. A field committee was appointed whose duty it was to correspond with all the chapters in the district. It was decided also, to hold four quarterly meetings each year.

At the third annual meeting of the *Springfield, Mass.*, district Leagues, ninety-six delegates reported at the morning session. The meeting was held at St. Luke's Chapel, Springfield. Large numbers were present from all the churches in and near the city. The corresponding secretary's report pointed to the growing of the League and showed the district to be in a strong and healthful condition. An excellent programme was provided. Rev. W. S. Fritch presented a very interesting paper on "Young People in Sunday School Work." Then officers were appointed for the ensuing year.

"Rescue-one" Volunteers.

A GREAT moral movement is in progress at Salem, Mass., following the introduction in that city a few weeks ago of the "Rescue-One" Meetings. The ministers of the place unite in affirming that never in its history has Salem been so thoroughly aroused, spiritually, as since these meeting began under the management of Col. H. H. Hadley. The first meeting was held in the Lafayette Street Methodist Church on the evening of the 18th of November, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., of Salem. Next, a meeting took place in the South Congregational Church, which was so crowded that for the following meetings, two churches and the Y. M. C. A. Hall were secured, all of which were crowded to the doors every evening during the series. These meetings are still in progress, the Silver Lake Quartette and Col. Hadley's brother, S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the Old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission of New York, having been brought on to help the cause. On Sunday, November 22, in the afternoon and evening, three Rescue Men's meetings were held in the largest churches, viz: The Tabernacle, the Universalist and the Central Baptist, with an after meeting from 9 to 10 P. M., at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. More than a thousand persons were turned away, and from fifty to a hundred drinkers knelt for prayer in the hall which was crowded to suffocation.

The interest awakened seems to be deep-seated and genuine, the novel and simple methods of the movement having captured the thinking people. At the beginning a hundred Christians signed the "Rescue-One" pledge, to each cultivate the acquaintance of one drinking person and for one year do all they could by personal effort and kindness to win that person from sin to Christ. Not a word is said at the meetings about creed, temperance or politics. The central idea is that when drinking men are truly converted, they will no longer care to drink, as has been illustrated in so many instances, including the Hadley brothers Then, since thyse men will not come to the churches, these "Rescue-One" Volunteers take the gospel of Christ to them by personal efforts directed at one man only, for one year.

The details and incidents of the work are quite interesting and will appear from time to time in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, in whose columns the work has already been fully illustrated and described. Among the clergymen in Salem who have taken a specially active part in the work are the Revs. Gideon Cole, J. W. Buckham, DeWitt S. Clark, A. G. Rogers, E. P. Farnham, J. M. Leonard, J. F. Brodie, S. B. Nobbs, G. A. Phinney, Geo. F. Haines, and others.

AN OFFICIAL RAVEN.

A QUAINT instance of literal faith and its fulfilment is related by the correspondent of a European journal. He says that in one of the towns of Holland a poor widow was in dire poverty. It became so extreme that her children cried for the food that she could not give to them. She knelt down and prayed with them. Being questioned by her eldest boy who was about eight years old, as to the use of doing so, she told them that God could send them food, and she took down her Bible and read how Elijah was fed by ravens. "Do you think God would do that again, mother?" The mother said that God could do it and he had certainly promised to answer prayer. "Then," said the boy, "I will open the door, so the ravens could fly in." Then the little boy, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of their lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterwards the burgomaster passed by, and, noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange, he entered the cottage, and inquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, smiling, "My little boy did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my hungry children." "Indeed," cried the burgomaster, "then here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may be had." So he led the boy along the street to his own house, and then sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy. After supper, the little boy went to the open door, and looking up he said, "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again; for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer and sent this help.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

STARTING forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh, we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadow of thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to thee,
Do thou hear them;
From the stain of sin and shame
Do thou clear them;
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Do thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be thou near them.

Unto thee we give them up;
Lord, receive them.
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them—
Many striving, oft and strong,
To deceive them;
Trustful in thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About the Druses of Lebanon and Their Singular Dress and Customs.

"LOOK at this beautiful picture, children," said Uncle John, as the young curiosity-seekers gathered around him, a few evenings ago. "Can anyone tell me what it means?"

As they gazed in surprise on the portrait of a young girl, attired in Oriental garments and wearing a remarkable head-dress, all confessed their inability to even guess who or what she might be.

"This young lady," explained Uncle John, smiling, "is a Druse of Mount Lebanon. You know, the Druses are tribes of Syria in Asiatic Turkey, who live on the south-east side of Mount Lebanon and the western side of Anti-Lebanon, between Beyrout and Sur. They occupy about a hundred villages and tradition says they are descended from Mohammed Ben Israel Darasi, although they don't all acknowledge him as their founder of their religion. There is also a colony of them in Palestine."

"Who was Darasi?" inquired Tom. "A Mussulman?"

"To tell the real story of their origin," continued Uncle John, "it is necessary to begin a little farther back. When Israel went into captivity the second time (about 700 B. C.), a people lived in some of the wasted strongholds of Samaria who are mentioned in the Bible as *Cuthites*. The Greeks called them *Carduchi*. From them sprang the Druses. In the year 686, the Emperor Constantine sent a tribe known as the *Mardi*, to Lebanon, to keep back the Mohammedan wave of conquest which was then sweeping over the land. Now, the Druses, as we know them, are a combination of Cuthite, Mardi, Arab and Mohammedan, as well as Crusader, some historians say. Mohammed Ben Israel Darasi lived about eight hundred years ago and was a teacher among the Batinites, a people who had come to Egypt from Persia. He entered the service of the Egyptian Caliph, Hakim Biamrillah, with whom he became a great favorite. Darasi gave offence to the Egyptians, however, and was compelled to flee, so by Hakim's advice he went to Lebanon and lived there, teaching his doctrines with such success that in ten years all the Arabs there embraced them. He perished in a battle with the Moslems, with whom he was constantly at war. To explain the peculiar doctrines of the Druses would require considerable time and perhaps might not interest you. Many of them respect Christ and abhor Mohammed and Christian missionaries are making progress among them.

"I heard quite lately of a wealthy English lady who bequeathed a considerable sum of money for the establishment of a Christian medical mission on Mount Lebanon and a very worthy Christian woman, Mrs. Meredith, the Superintendent of the Princess Mary Homes, at Addlestone, in Surrey, twenty miles from London, is about to undertake the work. These missions are intended for the healing of the body as well as the soul. Mrs. Meredith, is admirably qualified for mission work, owing to her experience in the Homes, where wayward girls, who have been sentenced to the penitentary, are transferred during the latter part of their term. The first missionary work among the Druses began in 1839, when four noble workers, Drs. Black, Keith, Bonar and McCheyne entered the field, but it was not till 1876 that the value of adding a medical branch to the missions was recognized. Dr. Carslaw was the pioneer medical missionary to the Druses."

A DRUSE OF MOUNT LEBANON.
(From a photograph brought from the East by Dr. Talmage.)

"Why does the young girl in the portrait wear that funny-looking head-dress, Uncle?" asked Ted.

"That, my dear, is the 'horn' which you will find frequently mentioned in the Bible. It is an honorable emblem, besides being worn as a decoration. The married Druse women wear horns of tin or silver, like that in the picture. They are called 'tantours,' and from being at first worn quite small have gradually come to enormous proportions. They were doubtless intended at first for keeping the veil off the face. In the ruder districts some of the horns worn are made of cardboard, or even of common pottery. The extravagant princesses of Lebanon and Hermon even wore horns of gold, studded with jewels, and of such height that the veil had to be spread over them by a servant-maid. It is a strange scene to look at a bevy of horned ladies—their long veils drooping from the head-piece and giving them the aspect of veiled amazons. Few Christians wear them now and many of the Druse ladies have cast them off. The average length of the horn is 18 inches, and many Druse ladies are said to wear them day and night. Most horns are perforated. They are placed over a little padding laid on the head."

"Did any of the other nations ever wear them?" was asked.

"Yes; they appear in ancient sculptures of Ninevite and Arabian origin. Their gods and kings and great warriors were represented with horns. Some of the Scandinavian nations, too, wore them, their warriors believing that the horn added to the fierceness of the countenance. The horn signifies monarchy and you may remember that Daniel in his prophecies frequently mentions horns as signifying kings. David speaks of the horn in many of the Psalms (see Ps. 18: 2; 75: 5; 92: 10), and in 1 Samuel, the kingly horn is referred to. (1 Samuel 2: 10.)"

"Are the Druses civilized, Uncle John?"

"To a very great extent they are. They can generally read and write and are a handsome, brave and industrious people. Their country is well cultivated and they have a growing trade in silk manufactures. Among themselves they are very reliable and truthful: they pray to '*El Ha Kim*,' their sacred apostle, as devoutly as do the Moslems to Allah. But they are superstitious and believe in metempsychosis or the transmigration of souls. Their country has a wonderful history—dark, tragic and sorrowful—which some day I may find opportunity to relate to you more fully."

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A TREASURE-HOUSE OF DELIGHT.

THE Sabbath cabinet, or Sabbath drawer, writes H. C. Trumbull, in *Hints on Child Training*, ought to be a treasure-house of delights in every Christian home; not to be opened except on the Lord's day, and sure to bring added enjoyment when it is opened in the children's sight. In that treasure-house there may be bright colored pictures of Bible scenes; Sunday-school papers; books of stories which are suitable and attractive above others for Sabbath reading; dissected maps of Bible lands, or dissected pages of Bible texts, of the Lord's Prayer or of the Apostles' Creed; models of the Tabernacle, or of Noah's Ark and its inmates. Whatever is there, ought resolutely to be kept there at all other times than on the Lord's day. However much the children may long for the contents of that treasure-house, between Sabbaths, they ought to find it impossible to have a view of them until that day of days has come around again. The use of these things should be associated inseparably, in the children's minds, with the Lord's day and its privileges, and so should help to make that day a delight as a day of God's choicest gifts to those whom God loves and who love him. By such means the very plays or recreations of the children may be made as truly a means of rest and of worship on the children's part as are the labors of the parents, in the line of Bible study or of Sunday-school teaching, a means of Sabbath rest and of Sabbath worship to them on each recurring Lord's day.

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"Speaking Like Angels."

CAN you conceive of an angel grumbling, or snarling or having a voice in any way unpleasant, like that of some people we meet? Of course not; we associate the angelic voice with all that is pure and finely-attuned and delightful to the ear and the heart—soothing, entrancing, inspiring. Remember that your voice whether sad or cheery, complaining or pleasant, is an indicator of your feelings, and often proves contagious to those who hear it. You thus spread cheer and courage, or discontent and despair; you nourish affection or kill it; you communicate the spirit of benevolence or that of selfishness. If you will watch the effects of the various tones you hear in a single day you will no longer doubt this. One man will inspirit you with his "Good morning" another will depress you by uttering the same word. One parent will grant a favor so grudgingly that all gratitude is killed, another will refuse it so kindly as to win the child's heart. Life with all its good and evil, its happiness and misery, is largely formed by the emphasis we give it; and you can in no way more surely promote its welfare than by emphasizing and so communicating the best and noblest feelings which stir within you. If you want indeed to be one of God's messengers on earth, you must feel, act and speak "like the angels."

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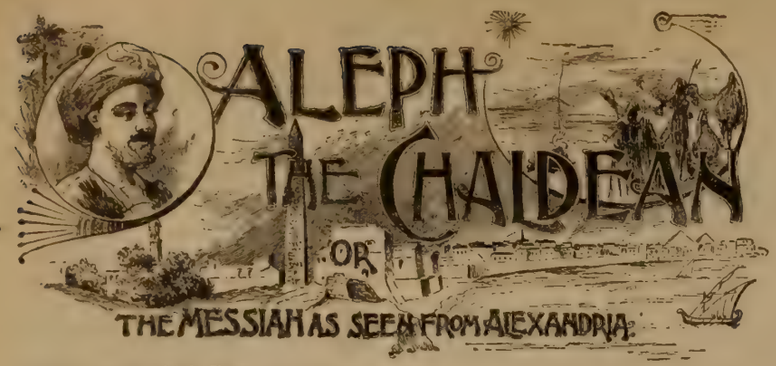
Absent Sons.

ONE of the proudest days in a young man's life is, when attended by the parental blessings, the good wishes of friends and with the brightest hopes, he strikes out in the world for himself. As the days fly past, there may, and doubtless there does come to the heart an occasional reminder of home.

How many thousands of mothers are sorrowing over their absent sons to-day? How many thousand pairs of mother-lips pray, by day and by night that God may guard their boys? "Did you realize when you left home," writes a mother, "all the sorrow it would mean for her who loves you much better than her own life? Do you know that since that June day you have scarcely been out of my mind, and that I have gone over in imagination every day since, a February morning more than fourteen years ago, when they laid a little parcel in my arms and I held you close to my heart with a joy you will never know? It seems to you a proper thing, maybe, to be independent of papa and me and to make your own way in the world. But, oh! you do not know all."



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER V. (*Continued.*)

GIVE us your fist, old fellow! Here goes my cap—to the moon, for aught I care. This *is* good news, capital news, news fit for the gods, news—almost too good to be true! But it *ought* to be true, and so true it must be. Let the gods laugh till the skies crack. To see the Romans soundly thrashed and running away with their tails between their legs must have been a treat for heaven and earth. I could give that young man a chaplet—who is he?"

"Just what everybody is asking."

"And just what, in my opinion, nobody will ever find out; for he must have been at once rapturously spirited off by the celestials to their own country for the good service done us. Perhaps he was a celestial to begin with."

"That reminds me that I did hear some Jews debating whether he might not be the Wonderful Deliverer whom they are expecting."

Was there any danger that Aleph would be unduly exalted in his own estimation by such a very complimentary account of himself? Perhaps he was saved from this peril by the several large exaggerations of the story. What more natural than for him to say, "And I, too, am an exaggeration!"

At any rate, he wasted no time in arguing the matter; for he now noticed that the postern at the side of the great gate was being opened to a comer. So he rose, advanced leisurely to the postern, and plied the knocker which hung from a small window above. The door opened. He told the porter that he wished to see the priest Seti.

"I suppose you mean the *high*-priest Seti!" said the man with dignity.

"Very possibly," said Aleph. "Is there here more than one priest of that name?"

"I know of no other."

"Then I wish to see the *high*-priest Seti. Please have him informed that Aleph the Chaldean wishes to see him."

The porter glanced outside, as if to see whether there was any fine equipage, with servants, before the great gateway: then said:

"You probably will not be able to see him this morning. I doubt if he would see the prefect of the city."

"But I am *not* the prefect—as you have just seen. I am a visitor more likely to be acceptable to the high-priest: for I come by his express invitation. So I will enter and stay in the hall till an answer comes to my message" and he advanced on the man with so decisive and commanding an air that he gave way and admitted him.

"Now if you will send my message at once, you will do no more than your duty." said Aleph, coolly.

So a servant was sent off; who after a few moments returned and, with an air of great respect, said, "The high-priest will see you, I will conduct you to him." But he was spared the trouble, for just then Seti himself appeared, received his visitor in a way that astonished the servants, and conducted him to his own private rooms.

"You see," said the young man with that modesty and deference of manner that are so graceful and winning in the young toward age and station, "that I have very soon availed myself of your permission to call upon you. It is the wish of my father that I should, while in Alexandria, hear for myself the scholars of the west; though the Greek preceptor, who has conducted my education and whom you have seen, has already made me acquainted in a general way with the western literature and learning as it was taught in his youth, both here and at Athens. And, as I am told that the Serapeum stands for a branch of the Alexandrian School, I wish to join it here; and have come to you to learn in what way I may do so, and become entitled to such privileges and immunities as membership confers."

"I am glad that you propose doing this," returned the high-priest; "especially because I have heard from Alexander of the events of yesterday. No doubt there is danger abroad; but if any class among us is specially exempt from espial and interference by the civil and military authorities it is that of the students. So we will have you booked without delay. Where are you now lodged?"

On hearing of the transfer to his own neighborhood, Seti added:

"That is just what I was about to propose. The Romans have less to do with this part of the city than with any other. Neither my son nor myself anticipate any trouble from the authorities on account of what occurred yesterday. They probably will disavow all connection with it, on account of my son's influence at Rome. At the same time they, no doubt, are in full sympathy with the rascals and will let them off without punishment, if not with secret commendation. This everybody is sure of—I mean everybody who knows that the leader in the affair was the son of Flaccus. Your chief danger will be from that reprobate. After the lessons he has had he is not likely to attack you in front; but you will need to be on your guard against all mean and dishonorable ways of attack. He is the greatest scoundrel in Alexandria—after his father and Malus, who have all his vices and hypocrisy in addition. But come, let us lose no time in matriculating."

Seti then led the way to a large hall with a platform and seats.

"This," said he, "is our chief lecture-room; and here some of the professors who live and lecture at the Museum come at stated times to repeat their lectures. This door opens into the tower from the top of which our astronomers observe the stars; and sometimes other things nearer home, as, for example, the flight and pursuit yesterday along the street of Canopus. The doors on the other three sides open into the library with its 500,000 different works on papyrus and parchment. Let us pass into it."

Aleph now found himself in a room, or rather a suite of rooms, lighted wholly from above, whose sides were shining with the copper cylinders which contained the literary treasures of many lands and centuries. What would our modern bibliopoles not give for the same privilege? At central tables and in recesses were scholars poring over open rolls—also professional scribes copying manuscripts with careful exactness and a beauty of result wonderful to see. Seti led his companion freely within the bronze railing that fenced the collection from the general public; taking down and exhibiting some notably rare or beautiful rolls—among others the entire works of Berosus and Manetho and Sanconiathon, of which, unfortunately, we now have only a few fragments.

At length they stopped before a small open office, within which sat a uniformed official. He rose respectfully. Seti asked for the University register.

"Write your name, as you wish it to be known, here," he said, pointing to a page, "and then pay to this man as initiation fee one gold *stater*. Then when I have written my name as sponsor over against yours on the opposite page, you will be a member of the University and entitled to wear its badge conspicuously on your tunic—also, whenever you please, the University toga. But this latter is usually reserved for special occasions, and can be procured at your leisure."

Aleph followed directions and received a large gold badge, which he was told was only one *stater* additional. Seti himself fastened it conspicuously on the tunic of the new student. He also received from the registrar a syllabus of the lectures for many weeks at both the Serapeum and Museum. Glancing it over he noticed that Seti was one of the lecturers and Philo another—the one on history and ethical philosophy, the other on Plato and comparative religions.

"Now," said Seti, as they were returning through the lecture-room, "I have hurried you through these formalities for two reasons—one of which is that I wish you to have as soon as possible the benefit of being a recognized member of our University. The other reason is that I wish you to do me a favor. Just before you came I had a message from Rachel, my grand-daughter, that the Greek leech, who is employed for her nurse, has gone back to his old treatment and that the woman is again rapidly sinking. It seems that the husband not merely supports the leech in his course, but absolutely requires it of him. I suspect that the brute wants to get rid of her. Now, I have an important engagement this morning, which will prevent my going personally to look after the case at the time she mentions—I see by this clepsydra* that the time is near—and as the matter is urgent I could wish to have you go in my stead and deal with both the husband and the leech as you may find occasion in order to save the woman's life. Can you do me this favor? I think there is no lecture to-day."

"Certainly," said Aleph, "I will do what I can, for your treatment is that of my own country; though, I confess, I do not at present see how I am to enforce your wishes in case the leech and the husband should both prove obstinate."

"That is a difficulty," returned the Egyptian; "but I must leave you to solve it as you best can. This will be no disadvantage to your education. The young man who has learned how to deal with difficult men in difficult circumstances has graduated at a higher university than teaches in the Serapeum and Museum. So take a lesson in the university of human nature; and, perhaps, when I join you, which will be as soon as my business will allow, you can reproduce the lesson for me."

Aleph could not well help noticing the change that had come over the manners of the porter as Seti and himself approached the postern in close conversation. The man had exchanged impudence for obsequiousness. He was all deference and humbleness. His bow was so low, as he set the postern wide open, that one might reasonably have feared that the hinge in his back had entirely given way in favor of a prostration. Has it not been noticed in all ages that impudence and servility are near of kin to each other and are never far apart?

In due time Aleph presented himself at the house of the the sick woman. The same forbidding looking man who had acted as porter before now answered to his knock, but only opened the door a hand breadth.

After waiting a moment for an invitation to enter, which he did not get, the young man said, "Will you not permit me to enter?"

"What is your business?" demanded the fellow in a surly tone, making the opening of the door still less.

"A friendly one," said Aleph. "I will explain it more fully when I have entered and delivered to you—that is, if you are the husband of the sick woman—some money which I have for you."

The word money seemed to throw a shade of uncertainty into the man's face. At length he said: "I am her husband. Why cannot you deliver the money to me here?"

"Of course I can," said Aleph. "The only difficulty lies in my disposition. The gold is in my pouch, my arm is long enough to reach it, and your hand is near enough to take it: but you see, man, it does not suit my humor to give gold to a man who is rude enough to shut his door in my face. I hardly think you yourself would be liberal under like circumstances—would you?"

"My wife is very sick—it may be dying. Your coming in will disturb her."

"Dying people are not apt to be disturbed by a step and voice as light as mine will be. Besides, if the woman is dying you will need the gold all the more. Death and burial in Alexandria must be expensive. I suppose there are some people here who cannot afford to die."

"Well," said the man, slowly and after a pause, "you can come in; but I cannot let you remain but a few moments."

Aleph promptly stepped in as the door opened; and, while the man was closing and fastening it, made his way to the room he had before visited. As before, the air was close and almost stifling. As before, the woman lay on the bed, in about the same death-like state. And, as before, Rachel sat behind her, supporting her head and caressing it with her hand—her own face a picture of lovely distress. A man at a table was, apparently, preparing some medicines. He was not a bad-looking man, save as a certain pretentious and stubborn look is a bad one on a face somewhat stony and unsympathetic. One would say that his sympathy with his patients would not be likely to interfere with his health or his meals. His whole bearing seemed to say, "I am a leech, and I understand my business;" and yet his dress was too poor to suggest the idea of a prosperous business. All this the observant eye of the young man took in at a glance. Rachel looked up. A look of glad recognition sprang into every feature, but especially into her welcoming eyes. They smiled on him through tears. He bowed profoundly in acknowledgment of the silent greeting; and, advancing to her, said in a low voice, "From your grandfather."

Facing about on the husband, who had closely followed him, he put a piece of gold in his hand, saying as he did so, "For the sick woman."

Then turning to the leech, he said in a courteous tone: "I think I am speaking to the physician in charge of this patient. If so, will he allow me a few words with him in private? Perhaps we can step out into this little court for a few moments"—and he at once quietly moved to the door leading to the back court, opened it, and passed out without looking behind him—passed to the farther side of the inclosure, as if sure of being followed. He was followed, though with some backwardness.

"I wish," said Aleph, as he turned and confronted the leech, "to confer with you about this poor woman. I come from some of her friends. Perhaps you know who these friends are?"

"Is not her husband a friend?"

"He certainly ought to be. As to whether he is, I have my doubts. At all events he is not one of the friends of whom I speak and from whom I come. Do you know who that young lady yonder is?"

"The daughter of Alexander, the great Jewish banker."

"Do you know who Seti is?"

"He is the Egyptian high-priest and primate."

"Well, there are the friends in whose behalf I have come and for whom I speak. They wish to save this woman, and believe it can be done by the treatment which was so successful for the short time it was tried. Will you tell me why it was discontinued?"

"Because it was contrary to all medical rules; but mainly because the man who employs me insisted on a return to the old treatment."

"You mean the husband of the sick woman?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure that your employer is able and disposed to pay you for your services."

"He evidently is poor; but he says that he has rich friends who can be depended on for all expenses. This seems to be true; for the house has been lavishly supplied for the last few days with every possible comfort by some friends."

"Whom do you suppose these friends to be?"

"The family of Alexander the Alabarch."

"Certainly these are friends worth having," said Aleph with emphasis; "and no doubt they can be depended on to meet all expenses—if they will promise as much. And this they are ready to do, and more, provided you will meet their wishes in certain respects."

"What do they wish?" said the leech after quite a pause.

"That you will take them for employer instead of this vagabond; accept such compensation for your professional services as they are accustomed to pay; and then, in the interest of science, suspend for a little your own way of treating this case in favor of the one you have just abandoned. We will assume all responsibilities. If the experiment does not work well, you can return to the old treatment. You had better have the patronage of the Alabarch and the Egyptian primate than that of this scoundrel—for such he is, unless his looks greatly belie him."

"I have no very high opinion of him, I confess," said the leech. "I have seen more tender husbands than he; and the woman's talk about him in her delirium is far from complimentary. But if we change the treatment he will be troublesome. He was very violent when he discovered the first change."

"Did he tell you by whose authority it was made?"

(To be Continued.)

*A chronometer for measuring time by the flow of water, a hydraulic clock.

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Several replies have been received in response to the inquiry of Mrs. M. Hatch, in No. 46 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD concerning the authorship of the hymn which contains the following verse:

When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining like the sun, etc.

J. E. Jewett, Publisher, N. Y., is the first of our correspondents to furnish the information. He writes: "Watts is the author. I take the hymn from *The Singing Pilgrim*." Murray Bruce, Brooklyn, N. Y., credits it to Wesley. Mrs. H. H. Robinson, Danbury, Conn., writes attributing it to Isaac Watts (1709), in the hymn beginning:

"When I can read my title clear."

Chas. T. Mason, Franklinville, N. Y., writes to the same effect. Charlotte Webb, Flushing, N. Y., refers Mrs. Hatch to the *Hymnal Tribute of Praise*, where the stanza appears in the hymn "Jerusalem, my happy home," and Mrs. D. Ginter, Muncy, Pa., furnishes the same information. C. H. Gnabett, Wilmot, O., found the stanza in *Revival Hymns*, in the one beginning: "Jesus my Lord to glory's gone." This leaves the authorship of the particular verse in question still in doubt. Hymn-compilers evidently have found it a most convenient one for purposes of adaptation.

Chas. P. Henderson, Manchester, O. What is the name of the largest Observatory in England?

The Royal Observatory at Greenwich in Kent, about five miles below London.

J G. Neill, Ogden, Mo. What are the Unpardonable Sins, and where can I find them mentioned in the Bible?

There is but one mentioned in the Scriptures; see Matt. 12: 31, and following verses.

Bert. Rhoads, Columbus, O. 1. When were whiskey and malt liquors first used in America? 2. What denomination is Rev. Lyman Abbott's church?

1. We do not know. 2. Congregational.

E. Jackson, Brunswick, N. J. Is it a sin, or is it forbidden by law, to marry a cousin?

There is no law forbidding such marriages and they occur occasionally; but experience dictates that marriages should not take place within certain bounds of consanguinity or blood-relationship. Descendants of such unions are often physically and mentally degenerate.

D. E Overmiller, Rinely, York Co., Pa. Please explain Amos 6: 5, predicting woe "to those that chant to the sound of the viol and invent to themselves instruments of music like David?"

The prophecy of Amos was written at a time when the future looked exceedingly dark for Israel, and when, instead of indulging in revelry, every man should have been seriously considering the condition of his country, which was then nearing a great crisis.

Reader, Newport, Marysville, Tenn. 1. To whom does the "him" in Ex. 4: 24 refer? 2. Aaron's rod became a snake when cast down before Pharaoh. By what power did the rods of the magicians of Egypt become snakes?

1. Probably Moses' eldest son. 2. The magicians of the East being experts in sleight-of-hand could readily deceive ordinary observers, particularly in a moment of excitement. One of their feats was to grasp a serpent by a certain part of the body which became rigid under the pressure. It is quite conceivable that, entering a public assembly with rigid snakes that seemed like rods in their hands, and casting them to the ground, the spectators would be deceived.

Lavinia March, Harrisburg, Pa. In what way can obstinacy in children be overcome by a Christian father and mother?

Kindness and firmness, with prayer to God to change the disposition of the child. The will should be trained, rather than broken. The child should not be punished in anger, and mere scolding is valueless. Read *Hints on Child Training*, by H. Clay Trumbull, published by J. D. Wattles, Philadelphia.

E. O. Gould, Bancroft, Ont., Can. 1. Was Judas Iscariot with Christ and his disciples at the institution of the Supper, or did he receive the sop at the Passover Feast and go out before Christ instituted the ordinance? 2. If he was there, please reconcile the apparent difficulty that arises from the fact that Jesus did not forbid him to partake thereof, and the strict way in which the table is guarded by Paul, 1. Cor, 5: 11; and 1. Cor. 11: 27-30.

1. It is doubtful whether Judas was present at the institution of the Lord's Supper. He was present at the foot-washing and at the early part of the feast, but he could not remain after Christ spoke of his imminent betrayal and showed his knowledge of the identity of the guilty man. Then Judas went out, but we do not know whether the breaking of the bread and the blessing of the cup had already taken place: from Luke's narrative it would appear that they had; Matthew and Mark, however, mention the ceremony after the conversation about the betrayal, which would imply that Judas was not present at the ceremony. The Evangelists were concerned more about the spiritual significance of the events of that agitating night than about presenting those events in consecutive order. 2. Whether Judas partook of the elements or not, we know that since his time many have done so who have afterward, by their conduct, betrayed their Lord for money. Paul's words, to which you refer, are a warning to such men. The responsibility rests with them, not with the man who administers the ordinance.

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☞ See *New York World* and *Philadelphia Press*, May 18 and 19, 1890; also *Christian Observer* and *Medical Journal*, April 9, 1890. The *Christian Evangelist*, May 30, 1890, says editorially: "The Kola Plant is a gift direct of God, to sufferers from Asthma, and His blessing will rest upon Stanley and associates, explorers of the Dark Continent. It is an unfailing cure for Asthma." ☞ **Remember, No Pay Until Cured.**

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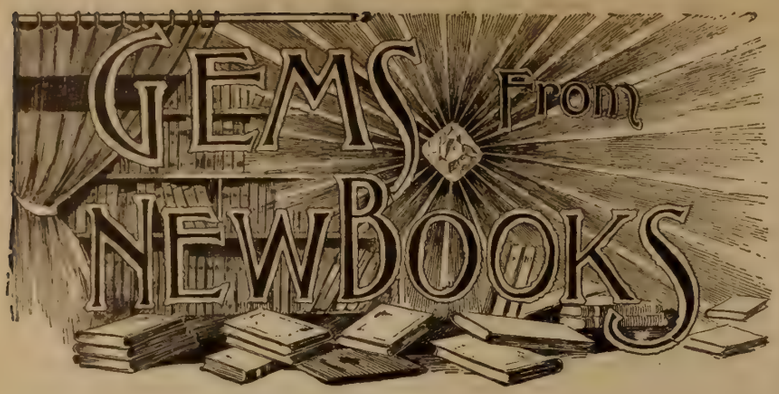

JESUS' EARLY MANHOOD*

WE assume that the school-education of Jesus must have ceased soon after his return to Nazareth. Jewish home-life, especially in the country, was of the simplest. Only the Sabbath and festivals, whether domestic or public, brought what of the best lay within reach. The same simplicity would prevail in dress and manners. We cannot here discuss the vexed question whether "the brothers and sisters" of Jesus were such in the real sense or step-brothers and sisters, or else cousins, though it seems to us as if the primary meaning of the terms would scarcely have been called in question, but for a theory of false ascetism and an undervaluing of the sanctity of the marriage estate. But whatever the precise relationship between Jesus and these brothers and sisters, it must, on any theory, have been of the closest and exercised its influence upon him.

Passing over Joses or Joseph, of whose history we know next to nothing, we would venture to infer from the Epistle to St. James, that Jesus' religious views had originally been cast in the mould of Shammai. Of his cousin Simon we know that he had belonged to the Nationalist party, since he is expressly so designated. (*Zelotes.*) Lastly, there are in the Epistle of St. Jude, one undoubted and another probable reference to two of those Apocalyptic books which at that time marked one deeply interesting phase of the Messianic outlook of Israel. We have thus within the narrow circle of Christ's family-life—not to speak of any intercourse with the sons of Zebedee, who probably were also his cousins—the three most hopeful and pure Jewish tendencies brought into constant contact with Jesus: in Pharisaism the teaching of Shammai; then the Nationalistic ideal; and, finally, the hope of a glorious Messianic future.

The Temptation.

A most difficult and solemn question arises: In what respect could Christ Jesus, the Perfect Sinless Man, the Son of God, have been tempted of the devil? . . . Christ's was real, though unfallen human nature, and Christ's human was in inseparable union with his divine nature. He voluntarily took upon himself human nature, with all its weaknesses and infirmities—but without the moral taint of the fall; without sin. It was human nature, in itself capable of sinning, but not having sinned. The position of the first Adam was that of being capable of not sinning, not that of being incapable of sinning. The first Adam would have been 'perfected,' or passed from the capability of not sinning, to the incapability of sinning—by obedience. That obedience—or absolute submission to the will of God—was the grand outstanding characteristic of Christ's work; but it was so because he was not only the unsinning unfallen man, but also the Son of God. To sum up: The Second Adam, morally unfallen, though voluntarily subject to all the conditions of our nature, was with a peccable human nature, absolutely impeccable as being also the Son of God—a peccable nature, yet an Impeccable Person: the God-Man "tempted in regard to all (things) in like manner (as we) without (excepting) sin." The moral purpose—the grand moral purpose in all that was of God—was absolute submission to the will of God . . . He would not yield to Jewish dream; he did not pass from despair to presumption; and lo! after the contest, with no reward as its object, all is his. He would not have Satan's vassals as his legions and all Heaven's hosts are at his command.

The Transfiguration.

What they saw was their Master, while praying, transformed. The 'form of God' shone through the 'form of a servant' the appearance of his face became other, 'it did shine as the sun.' Nay, the whole figure seemed bathed in light, the very garments whiter far than the snow on which the moon shone—'so as no fuller on earth can write them,' 'glittering,' 'white as the light.' And more than this they saw and heard. They saw with him two men, whom in their heightened sensitiveness to spiritual phenomena, they could have no difficulty in recognizing, by such of their conversation as they heard, as Moses and Elijah. . . . A strange peculiarity is noticed about Hermon; in 'a few minutes a thick cap forms over the top of the mountain and as quickly disperses and entirely disappears.' Suddenly a cloud passed over the clear brow of the mountain—not an ordinary, but a luminous cloud, a cloud uplit, filled with light. As it laid itself between Jesus and the two Old Testament representatives, it parted and presently enwrapped them. Most significant is it, suggestive of the presence of God, revealing yet concealing—a cloud, yet luminous. And this cloud overshadowed the disciples; the shadow of its light fell upon them. A nameless terror seized them. Fain would they have held what seemed to escape their grasp. Such vision had never before been vouchsafed to mortal man as had fallen on their sight; they had heard Heaven's converse; they had tasted Angels' Food, the Bread of His Presence.

The Character of Judas.

Judas was drawn to Jesus as the *Jewish* Messiah, and he believed in Him as such; but he expected that His would be the success, the result and the triumphs of the Jewish Messiah and he also expected to share in them . . . He had, from such conviction as we have described, joined in the movement at its very commencement. But step by step had come the disappointment. John was beheaded and not avenged; on the contrary, Jesus withdrew Himself. This constant withdrawing, whether from enemies or from success—almost amounting to flight—even when they would have made Him a King—what did it all mean, if not disappointment of those hopes and expectations which had made Judas at the first, a disciple of Jesus? . . . On that spring day, in the restfulness of Bethany, when the Master was taking farewell of friends and disciples, and told them what was to happen only two days later at the Passover, it was all settled in the soul of Judas. Satan "entered it." Christ would be crucified; this was quite certain. In the general cataclysm let Judas at least have something . . . Can there be a store in the Eternal Compassion for the Betrayer of Christ?

* From *Jesus the Messiah*, by Alfred Edersheim, M.A., D.D., Ph.D. The abridged edition of the large work. Pp. 645. Anson D. Randolph & Co., N. Y., Publishers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Katie; a Daughter of the King; by Mary A. Gilmore. 80 pages; price 60 cents. Anson D. Randolph & Co, New York, Publishers. The story of one of the little heirs of poverty and suffering.

The Little Ladies; by Helen Milman. A story of English life for young people. Pp 192; profusely illustrated by Emily F. Harding; price $1.50. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Friendship; by Marcus Tullius Cicero, Francis Bacon and Ralph Waldo Emerson, with portraits. 104 pages; price $2. Albert Scott & Co, Chicago, publishers. The best thoughts of a famous trio on friendship.

Thais; by Anatole France; Translated by A. D. Hall. A story of Ancient Alexandria, describing the conversion to Christianity of the beautiful Egyptian through the instrumentality of Paphnuce, the Abbot of Arsinoe; pp 205. Published by Nile C. Smith Publishing Company, Chicago.

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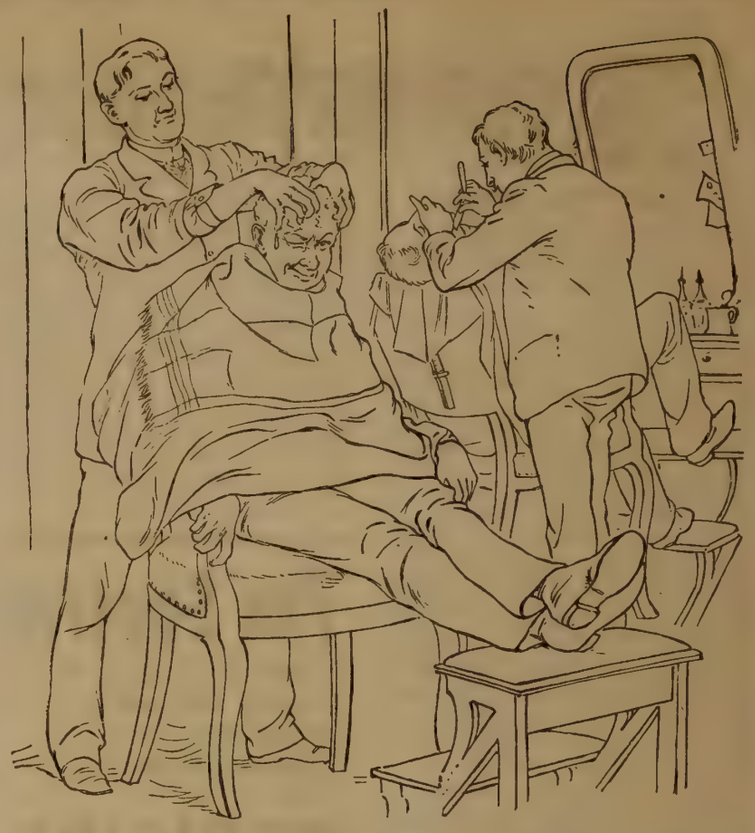

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"We recently visited the little church at Sang Teng, and called upon some of the Christians in their homes. The history connected with the founding of this church is somewhat interesting. Not many years ago, on one of my visits to a neighboring hamlet, where I had a small congregation, a man happened to be present who had recently returned from one of the Dutch settlements in the Straits beyond Singapore. His eldest son had long been deranged in his mind, a lunatic in fact, which was attributed to demoniacal possession by the father and by the neighbors. He had heard, he said, of the power of the missionaries' prayers to expel the demon, and begged me to pray for his son, whom he had brought with him to the church. The young man appeared quite out of his mind and seemed in agonies of terror on seeing me. His appearance was indeed wild; he threw himself on the ground.

I explained to the distressed father that God, the God of the Christians, alone had power to heal men and expel demons; that he heard prayer, that he was the living God, that all I could do was to pray to God for the young man, and this I would gladly do. I then asked all the brethren present to kneel and join in special prayer for this poor demoniac. We all knelt; the young man lay on the floor apparently in great terror, the father knelt by my side. I prayed, if it were God's will, to restore the young man to health and deliver his soul and body from the power of the devil. The sick man then arose and was led to his home in Sang Teng. The following morning the father said his son rose from his bed perfectly sensible and well, and in consequence of this perfect restoration to health, the entire family declared their faith in God, and destroyed their idols and attended the Sunday services. This happened seven or eight years ago, and the young man has never had a return of his lunacy, or any illness since then, though before this for years he was grievously afflicted with this disease, call it what you will. I had the great pleasure or receiving this young man and his father and the entire family into the Church by baptism, and they are now leading exemplary Christian lives."

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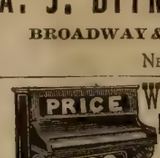

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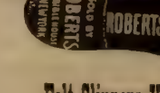

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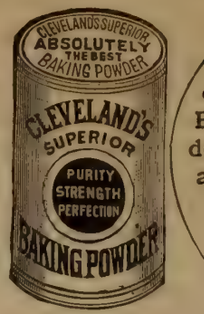

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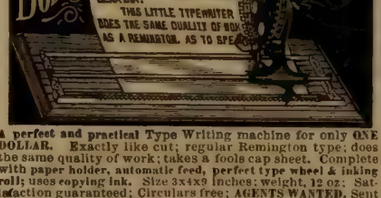

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REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE D.D., Editor.
Office, Bible House, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1891.

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OFF FOR CHINA.

Miss Katharine M. and Miss Mary E. Talmage, Nieces of the Editor of this Journal, Now on their Way to Missionary Work in China.

AMONG the passengers on the steamer *China*, which sailed from San Francisco on Thursday last, for the country whose name she bears, were two ladies in whom our readers have a special interest. They are the nieces of Dr. Talmage, the editor of this journal and they are going to China to labor for Christ in that exceptionally difficult and dangerous field. It is with much pleasure that we publish their portraits this week and ask for them the prayers of the readers of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD, that God may protect them from harm and bless the effort they are making in his name.

A powerful attraction draws them to this field of missionary labor; for China is the land of their birth. Forty-four years ago, their father, the Rev. John Talmage, then a young man of remarkable promise, bade adieu to his native land, relinquishing the comforts of home and the society of friends and kindred, that he might go to China to preach Christ to its teeming millions of people. He settled at Amoy, a port on the South Eastern coast in the province of Fuh Kien, and devoted himself heart and soul to his work. For nearly half a century, with brief and rare intervals of rest, he toiled there, not only preaching and teaching, but doing valuable literary work in the preparation of lexicons and other educational aids for the benefit of young missionaries studying the language. Six years after his settlement, God blessed the home in that far away land by giving the missionary and his wife a daughter, whom they named Katharine Murray; and two years later—in April, 1855 — another daughter was given them, whom they named Mary Elizabeth. These are the two ladies who are now treading in their father's footsteps in Christian labor among the Chinese.

In the year 1861 the girls visited the United States for the first time. They were then respectively six and eight years old. Their journey was taken under circumstances inexpressibly sad. Death had visited the devoted missionary's home in China, and had taken from him his beloved wife. The motherless children were brought here by their bereaved father to be cared for by friends and to gain an education. The missionary saw them settled, made arrangements for their comfort, and then returned as speedily as possible to his sphere of labor. Thirteen long, but busy years passed before they rejoined their father in their Chinese home. In the interval they attended the famous "Old Twelfth Street School," in New York, and subsequently the Normal College. From the latter institution they graduated with honors in 1872. Two years afterward Mr. Talmage took a short respite from his labors to come to America for his children. He found them grown to womanhood, with mental and spiritual qualities fitting them to give him valuable aid in his work.

On their arrival in Amoy both girls entered

MISS KATHARINE M. TALMAGE.

with ardor into missionary operations. Miss Mary E. Talmage took charge of the girls' school, which had formerly been under the care of Miss Van Doren who was waiting to return to America, and Miss Katharine M. Talmage, though holding no appointment under the Board, visited the hospitals, called on the Chinese Christians in their homes and in other ways aided her father in his work. Seven years they labored thus in their respective spheres, endearing themselves to the people by gentle, patient, self-denying labor. The school prospered. At first, any girls whose parents allowed them to come were admitted, but soon the value of the school was so thoroughly appreciated that parents were willing to make concessions in order to get their daughters admitted to its advantages. Then in the interest of Chinese womanhood, it was stipulated that in order to secure admission a girl must not be subjected to the cruel custom of foot-binding. Only girls whose feet were unbound were received. The test was a severe one, for it meant the abandonment of long-cherished ideals. But it was endured. The parents having to choose between their daughters having the fashionably distorted feet, with ignorance, on the one hand, and the normal feet, with Christian education, on the other, chose the latter and many a poor tortured child must have blessed the teachers for making the stipulation. The school grew in numbers and in popular favor. A picture of the pupils with Miss Talmage in the background, has been reproduced from a photograph, and appears on this page.

At the end of seven years a change of climate became necessary and the Misses Talmage returned to America for a year. The report of their work, which they were able to give, quickened the interest of the churches in the Chinese mission and when in the fall of 1882 they were ready to return, the Board showed its appreciation of their labors by conferring on Miss Katharine Talmage as well as on her sister a regular appointment. Seven more years of earnest, consecrated labor followed. Not only did they work among the people of Amoy, but at regular intervals they took journeys inland, penetrating from thirty to forty miles into districts only partially opened up to missionary labor. These journeys performed partly by boat and partly in native chairs occupy three weeks, during which they do not see a single white person. They have to take their bedding with them and a supply of food to last the whole time. Of the inconveniences and hardships they endure on these journeys we hear nothing, for missionaries are people little given to talking of their own privations, but we may be assured that the journeys are no pleasure trips, except as any labor for Christ is pleasure.

Until the year 1889 they had enjoyed the support and comfort of their father's presence and counsel in their work; but in that year it became evident that immediate cessation

MISS MARY ELIZABETH TALMAGE.

from active labor in China and a period of rest in his native land alone could enable the now aged missionary to retain his hold of life. Forty-two years of unremitting work in a debilitating climate had undermined his vigorous frame while leaving his mind eager and active as ever. He returned, and his daughters followed him the next year for their regular vacation. Nearly twelve months they have spent here. But not in resting. The needs of the field they know so well have been a burden on their hearts, and they have willingly travelled hither and thither to attend missionary meetings and explain those needs and tell of the work and its triumphs to Christians at home. Some sixty or more of these meetngs they have addressed during their sojourn and now they are on the way back to resume their labors in the land they love for its need's sake and for Christ's sake.

In our country we lay less stress on family traits and traditions than is laid on them in other lands, but even here there are some that we gladly recognize. It must be peculiarly gratifying to the members of the Talmage family to see that the generation which gave to the service of Christ workers so notable as the four brothers, John, James, Goyn and T. De Witt Talmage, is to be succeeded in the next generation, by these two ladies, their two brothers, David M. who is pastor of a church at Westwood, N. J., and George Edwin, who is pastor of a church at Mott Haven, N. Y., and by Frank De Witt, son of the editor of this journal, who is now at Union Theological Seminary, New York, preparing for the ministry.

PUPILS IN MISS M. E. TALMAGE'S SCHOOL AT AMOY, CHINA.
(From a Photograph in the Possession of Rev. George E. Talmage.)

(Continued on page 787.)

CHEATED INTO SIN.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: *"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."* Proverbs 1: 17.

EARLY in the morning I went out with a fowler to catch wild pigeons. We hastened through the mountain gorge and into the forest. We spread out the net, and covered up the edges of it as well as we could. We arranged the call-bird, its feet fast, and its wings flapping in invitation to all fowls of heaven to settle down there. We retired into a booth of branches and leaves and waited. After a while, looking out of the door of the booth, we saw a flock of birds in the sky. They came nearer and nearer, and after a while were about to swoop into the net, when suddenly they darted away. Again we waited. After a while we saw another flock of birds. They came nearer and nearer until just at the moment when they were about to swoop they darted away. The fowler was very much disappointed as well as myself. We said to each other, "What is the matter?" and "Why were not these birds caught?" We went out and examined the net, and by a flutter of a branch of a tree part of the net had been conspicuously exposed, and the birds coming very near had seen their peril and darted away. When I saw that, I said to the old fowler, "That reminds me of a passage of Scripture: 'Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.'" Now the net in my text stands for temptation.

The call-bird of sin tempts men on from point to point and from branch to branch until they are about to drop into the net. If a man finds out in time that it is the temptation of the devil, or that evil men are attempting to capture his soul for time and for eternity, the man steps back. He says, "I am not to be caught in that way: I see what you are about: surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird."

There are two classes of temptations—the superficial and the subterraneous—those above ground, those under ground. If a man could see sin as it is, he would no more embrace it than he would embrace a leper. Sin is a daughter of hell, yet she is garlanded and robed and trinketed. Her voice is a warble. Her cheek is the setting sun. Her forehead is an aurora. She says to men: "Come, walk this path with me; it is thymed and primrosed, and the air is bewitched with the odors of the hanging gardens of heaven; the rivers are rivers of wine, and all you have to do is to drink them up in chalices that sparkle with diamond and amethyst and chrysoprasus. See! It is all bloom and roseate cloud and heaven." Oh! my friends, if for one moment the choiring of all these concerted voices of sin could be hushed, we should see the orchestra of the pit with hot breath blowing through fiery flute, and the skeleton arms on drums of thunder and darkness beating the chorus: "The end thereof is death."

I want to point out the insidious temptations that are assailing more especially our young men. The only kind of nature comparatively free from temptation, so far as I can judge, is the cold, hard, stingy, mean temperament. What would Satan do with such a man if he got him? Satan is not anxious to get a man who, after a while, may dispute with him the realm of everlasting meanness. It is the generous young man, the ardent young man, the warm-hearted young man, the social young man, that is in especial peril. A pirate goes out on the sea, and one bright morning he puts the glass to his eye and looks off, and sees an empty vessel floating from port to port. He says: "Never mind; that's no prize for us." But the same morning he puts the glass to his eye, and he sees a vessel coming from Australia laden with gold, or a vessel from the Indies laden with spices. He says: "That's our prize; bear down on it!" Across that unfortunate ship the grappling-hooks are thrown. The crew are blindfolded and are compelled to walk the plank. It is not the empty vessel, but the laden merchantman

WALKING THE PLANK.

that is the temptation to the pirate. And a young man empty of head, empty of heart, empty of life—you want no Young Men's Christian Association to keep him safe; he is safe. He will not gamble unless it is with somebody else's stakes. He will not break the Sabbath unless somebody else pays the horse hire. He will not drink unless some one else treats him. He will hang arouud the bar hour after hour, waiting for some generous young man to come in. The generous young man comes in and accosts him and says: "Well, will you have a drink with me to-day?" The man, as though it were a sudden thing for him, says: "Well, well, if you insist on it I will—I will."

Too mean to go to perdition unless somebody else pays his expenses? For such young men we will not fight. We would no more contend for them than Tartary and Ethiopia would fight as to who should have the great Sahara Desert; but for those young men who are buoyant and enthusiastic, those who are determined to do something for time and for eternity—for them we will fight, and we now declare everlasting war against all the influences that assail them, and we ask all good men and philanthropists to wheel into line, and all the armies of heaven to bear down upon the foe, and we pray Almighty God that with the thunderbolts of his wrath he will strike down and consume all these influences that are attempting to destroy the young men for whom Christ died.

The first class of temptations that assaults a young man is led on by the sceptic. He will not admit that he is an infidel or atheist. Oh, no! he is a "free-thinker;" he is one of your "liberal" men; he is free and easy in religion. O! how liberal he is; he is so "liberal" that he will give away his Bible; he is so "liberal" that he will give away the throne of eternal justice; he is so "liberal" that he would be willing to give God out of the universe; he is so "liberal" that he would give up his own soul and the souls of all his friends. Now, what more could you ask in the way of liberality? The victim of this sceptic has probably just come from the country. Through the intervention of friends he has been placed in a shop. On Saturday the sceptic says to him, "Well, what are you going to do to-morrow?" He says, "I am going to church." "Is it possible?" says the sceptic. "Well, I used to do those things; I was brought up, I suppose, as you were, in a religious family, and I believed all those things, but I got over it; the fact is, since I came to town I have read a great deal, and I have found that there are a great many things in the Bible that are ridiculous. Now, for instance, all that about the serpent being cursed to crawl in the garden of Eden because it had tempted our first parents; why, you see how absurd it is; you can tell from the very organization of the serpent that it had to crawl; it crawled before it was cursed just as well as it crawled afterwards; you can tell from its organization that it crawled. Then, all that story about the whale swallowing Jonah, or Jonah swallowing the whale, which was it? It don't make any difference, the thing is absurd; it is ridiculous to suppose that a man could have gone down through the jaws of a sea-monster and yet kept his life; why, his respiration would have been hindered; he would have been digested; the gastric juice would have dissolved the fibrine and coagulated albumen, and Jonah would have been changed from prophet into chyle. Then all that story about the miraculous conception—why, it is perfectly disgraceful. O! sir, I believe in the light of nature. This is the nineteenth century. Progress, sir, progress. I don't blame you, but after you have been in town as long as I have, you will think just as I do."

Thousands of young men are going down under that process day by day, and there is only here and there a young man who can endure this artillery of scorn. They are giving up their Bibles. The light of nature! They have the light of nature in China; they have it in Hindostan; they have it in Ceylon. Flowers there, stars there, waters there, winds there; but no civilization, no homes, no happiness. Lancets to cut, and Juggernauts to fall under, and hooks to swing on; but no happiness. I tell you, my young brother, we have to take a religion of some kind. We have to choose between four or five. Shall it be the Koran of the Mohammedan, or the Shaster of the Hindoo, or the Zendavesta of the Persian, or the Confucius writings of the Chinese, or the Holy Scriptures? Take what you will; God helping me, I will take the Bible. Light for all darkness; rock for all foundation; balm for all wounds. A glory that lifts its pillar of fire over the wilderness march. Do not give up your Bibles. If these people scoff at you as though religion and the Bible were fit only for weak-minded people, you just tell them you are not ashamed to be in the company of Burke the statesman, and Raphael the painter, and Thorwaldsen the sculptor, and Mozart the musician, and Blackstone the lawyer, and Bacon the philosopher, and Harvey the physician, and John Milton the poet. Ask them what infidelity has ever done to lift the fourteen hundred millions of the race out of barbarism. Ask them when infidelity ever instituted a sanitary commission; and, before you leave their society once and forever, tell them that they have insulted the memory of your Christian father, and spit upon the death-bed of your mother, and with swine's snout rooted up the grave of your sister who died believing in the Lord Jesus.

Young man, hold on to your Bible. It is the best book you ever owned. It will tell you how to dress, how to bargain, how to walk, how to act, how to live, how to die. Glorious Bible! whether on parchment or paper, in octavo or duodecimo, on the centre table of the drawing-room or in the counting-room of the banker. Glorious Bible! Light to our feet and lamp to our path. Hold on to it!

The second class of insidious temptations that comes upon our young men is led on by the dishonest employer. Every

"THE SAFE IS ROBBED!"

commercial establishment is a school. In nine cases out of ten, the principles of the employer become the principles of the employee. I ask the older merchants to bear me out in these statements. If, when you were just starting in life, in commercial life, you were told that honesty was not marketable, that though you might sell all the goods in the shop, you must not sell your conscience, that while you were to exercise all industry and tact, you were not to sell your conscience—if you were taught that gains gotten by sin were combustible, and at the moment of ignition would be blown on by the breath of God until all the splendid estate would vanish into white ashes scattered in the whirlwind—then that instruction has been to you a precaution and a help ever since. There are hundreds of commercial establishments in our great cities which are educating a class of young men who will be the honor of the land, and there are other establishments which are educating young men to be nothing but sharpers. What chance is there for a young man who was taught in an establishment that it is right to lie, if it is smart, and that a French label is all that is necessary to make a thing French, and that you ought always to be honest when it pays, and that it is wrong to steal unless you do it well? Suppose, now, a young man just starting in life enters a place of that kind where there are ten young men, all drilled in the infamous practices of the establishment. He is ready to be taught. The young man has no theory of commercial ethics. Where is he to get his theory? He will get the theory from his employers. One day he pushes his wit a little beyond what the establishment demands of him, and he fleeces a customer until the clerk is on the verge of being seized by the law. What is done in the establishment? He is not arraigned. The head of the establishment says to him: "Now, be careful; be careful, young man, you might be caught; but really that was splendidly done; you will get along in the world, I warrant you." Then that young man goes up until he becomes head clerk. He has found there is a premium on iniquity.

One morning the employer comes to the establishment. He goes into his

counting-room and throws up his hands and shouts: "Why, the safe has been robbed!" What is the matter? Nothing, nothing; only the clerk who has been practicing a good while on customers is practicing a little on the employer. No new principle introduced into that establishment. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. You must never steal unless you can do it well. He did it well. I am not talking an abstraction; I am talking a terrible and a crushing fact.

Now here is a young man. Look at him to-day. Look at him five years from now, after he has been under trial in such an establishment. Here he stands in the shop to-day, his cheeks ruddy with the breath of the hills. He unrolls the goods on the counter in gentlemanly style. He commends them to the purchaser. He points out all the good points in the fabric. He effects the sale. The goods are wrapped up, and he dismisses the customer with a cheerful "good morning," and the country merchant departs so impressed with the straight-forwardness of that young man that he will come again and again, every spring and every autumn unless interfered with. The young man has been now in that establishment five years. He unrolls the goods on the counter. He says to the customer, "Now those are the best goods we have in our establishment;" they have better on the next shelf. He says: "We are selling these goods less than cost;" they are making twenty per cent. He says: "There is nothing like them in all the city;" there are fifty shops that want to sell the same thing. He says: "Now, that is a durable article, it will wash;" yes, it will wash out. The sale is made, the goods are wrapped up, the country merchant goes off feeling that he has an equivalent for his money, and the sharp clerk goes into the private room of the counting-house, and he says: "Well, I got rid of those goods at last; I really thought we never would sell them; I told him we were selling them less than cost; and he thought he was getting a good bargain;

"I CAN'T SELL IT ON SUNDAY."

got rid of them at last." And the head of the firm says: "That's well done, splendidly done!" Meanwhile, God had recorded eight lies—four lies against the young man, four lies against his employer, for I undertake to say that the employer is responsible for all the iniquities of his clerks, and all the iniquities of those who are clerks of these clerks, down to the tenth generation, if those employers inculcated iniquitous and damning principles.

I stand before young men this morning who are under this pressure. I say, come out of it. "Oh!" you say, "I can't; I have my widowed mother to support, and if a man loses a situation now he can't get another one." I say, come out of it. Go home to your mother and say to her, "Mother, I can't stay in that shop and be upright; what shall I do?" and if she is worthy of you she will say, "Come out of it, my son—we will just throw ourselves on him who hath promised to be the God of the widow and the fatherless; he will take care of us." And I tell you no young man ever permanently suffered by such a course of conduct. In Philadelphia, in a drug shop, a young man said to his employer: "I want to please you, really, and I am willing to sell medicines on Sunday; but I can't sell this patent shoe-blacking on Sunday." "Well," said the head man, "you will have to do it, or else you will have to go away." The young man said: "I can't do it; I am willing to sell medicines, but not shoe-blacking." "Well, then, go! Go now." The young man went away. The Lord looked after him. The hundreds of thousands of dollars he won in this world were the smallest part of his fortune. God honored him. By the course he took he saved his soul as well as his fortunes in the future. A man said to his employer: "I can't wash the wagon on Sunday morning; I am willing to wash it on Saturday afternoon; but, sir, you will please excuse me, I can't wash the wagon on Sunday morning." His employer said: "You must wash it; my carriage comes in every Saturday night, and you have got to wash it on Sunday morning." "I can't do it," the man said. They parted. The Lord looked after him, grandly looked after him. He is worth to-day a hundred-fold more than his employer ever was or ever will be, and he saved his soul. Young men, it is safe to do right. There are young men in this house to-day who, under this storm of temptation, are striking deeper and deeper their roots, and spreading out broader their branches. They are Daniels in Babylon, they are Josephs in the Egyptian court, they are Pauls amid the wild beasts of Ephesus. I preach to encourage them. Lay hold of God and be faithful.

There is a mistake we make about young men. We put them in two classes: the one class is moral, the other is dissolute. The moral are safe. The dissolute cannot be reclaimed. I deny both propositions. The moral are not safe unless they have laid hold of God, and the dissolute may be reclaimed. I suppose there are self-righteous men in this house who feel no need of God, and will not seek after him, and they will go out in the world and they will be tempted, and they will be flung down by misfortune, and they will go down, down, down, until some night you will see them going home hooting, raving, shouting blasphemy—going home to their mother, going home to their sister, going home to the young companion to whom, only a little while ago, in the presence of a brilliant assemblage, flashing lights and orange blossoms, and censers swinging in the air, they promised fidelity and purity, and kindness perpetual. As that man reaches the door, she will open it, not with an out-cry, but she will stagger back from the door as he comes in, and in her look there will be the prophecy of woes that are coming: want that will shiver in need of fire, hunger that will cry in vain for bread, cruelties that will not leave the heart when they have crushed it, but pinch it again, and stab it again, until some night she will open the door of the place where her companion was ruined, and she will fling out her arm from under her ragged shawl and say, with almost omnipotent eloquence, "Give me back my husband! Give me back my protector! Give me back my all! Him of the kind heart and gentle words, and the manly brow—give him back to me!" And then the wretches, obese and filthy, will push back their matted locks, and they will say, "Put her out! Put her out!" Oh! self-righteous man, without God you are in peril. Seek after him to-day. Amid the ten thousand temptations of life there is no safety for a man without God.

But I may be addressing some who have gone astray, and so I assault that other proposition that the dissolute cannot be reclaimed. Perhaps you have only gone a little astray. While I speak are you troubled? Is there a voice within you saying, "What did you do that for? Why did you go there? What did you mean by that?" Is there a memory in your soul that makes you tremble? God only knows all our hearts. Yea, if you have gone so far as to commit iniquities, and have gone through the whole catalogue, I invite you back this hour. The Lord waits for you. "Rejoice! O, young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Come home, young man, to

"GIVE BACK MY HUSBAND."

your father's God. Come home, young man, to your mother's God. O! I wish that all the batteries of the Gospel could to-day be unlimbered against all those influences which are taking down so many of our young men. I would like to blow a trumpet of warning, and recruit until this whole audience would march out on a crusade against the evils of society. But let none of us be disheartened. O! Christian workers, my heart is high with hope. The dark horizon is blooming into the morning of which prophets spoke, and of which poets have dreamed, and of which painters have sketched. The world's bridal hour advances. The mountains will kiss the morning radiant and effulgent. and all the waves of the sea will become the crystal keys of a great organ, on which the fingers of everlasting joy shall play the grand march of a world redeemed. Instead of the thorn there shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar there shall come up the myrtle tree, and the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the wood shall clap their hands!

A BISHOP AS AN ARTIST.

IN the course of a series of most interesting letters from Uganda, Africa, the *Church Missionary Gleaner* publishes facsimiles of several pencil drawings by Bishop Tucker, of scenery around Lake Victoria Nyanza, one of which we reproduce in this issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. In these tropical African wilds, the natural scenery is

LAKE NYANZA—SKETCHED BY BISHOP TUCKER.

magnificent beyond description and the Bishop's facile pencil has proved wonderfully apt at transferring it to paper for the delectation and enlightenment of home friends. The Uganda missionaries report a marvelous demand for the Scriptures in the native languages. They are teaching hundreds of young converts to read the Gospels, and the beautiful country bordering on the great lake, which only a few years ago was in heathen darkness, is now one of the brightest and most promising Christian sections of the "Dark Continent."

OFF FOR CHINA.

Continued from first page.

Shortly before Miss M. E. Talmage returned to China she received a letter from a co-laborer in Amoy relating incidents which had occurred, since her departure, in connection with one of the departments of Christian work in Amoy. This is one of the most pathetic of all the Chinese missionaries' spheres of labor. It is the effort to save from death or slavery the little girls whom Chinese parents of the lower class have been in the habit of killing or selling, in order to save themselves the burden of their support. A few extracts from this letter will show what urgent necessity there is for the work the missionaries are doing to save the babes and to enlighten the parents.

The Babies' Home.

In two days our Baby Home in Amoy will have its birthday. Just four years ago on September 9th, the first little inmate was received, and although Ian-a has been in heaven three summers now, the succession of baby girls has been coming in ever since, until last week the thirty-fifth candidate was admitted. Ten new little girls have joined our number this year. Shall I tell you about them? There names and ages are as follows:

1. Kim-choi—[Gold-Thimble]—11 months.
2. Si—[Hymn]—9 years.
3. Song-ti—[Comfortable]—1 month.
4. Toa-Pu—[Big Riches]—13 years.
5. Kim-lian—[Gold-chain]—1 year.
6. Hi-lian—[Jubilee]—2 months.
7. Soe-Pu—[Little-riches]—6 years.
8. Purity—3 months.
9. Phoa—[Companion]—11 years.
10. Has no name yet as she is only a fortnight old.

Gold-Thimble comes from the village of White-Stone, a low mud flat near the sea. When our school matron, Mrs. Peau, was home last summer holidays, a neighbor ran in to say that a woman next door was strangling her newly-born baby daughter, because she was poor and the child was a girl. Away ran Mrs. Peau to stop her, and said: "Do not kill the child, I will write a letter to the ladies in Amoy and see if they will receive your baby into the home there."

"Oh," said the woman, "Amoy is a long way off, the ladies may not take it, and then what shall I do with a big baby on my hands! It is easier to kill it when it is little." But after a while she was persuaded to keep it. So little "Black-egg," as the neighbors call her, belongs to us; and some American boys and girls send us money for her support.

Big-Riches is a Formosa child. She was a slave girl and was left at the hospital door covered with burns and bruises.

As to Gold-chain, Mrs. Roai, a Bible-woman, was passing through a village one day when she saw a woman busy tying something in a sack. She asked what it was and found out that it was a baby-girl. The woman was the baby's mother, and she was tying her up to throw her into the sea to drown. Mrs. Roai told her of the Home and sent us word, and so we got Gold-chain.

Purity is a funny, bold little lassie. Her father takes opium and would not keep a second daughter, so her mother was carrying her off to pop her through a sort of little box arrangement in the wall of a Chinese Foundling House in Amoy. Fortunately for Purity, a Christian woman told us of her and she escaped the sad life such foundlings have.

Little Riches is a sweet and motherless girl, very delicate. Her father is also an opium smoker aud has tried to sell her, but a lady saved the child, and pays us a sum of money monthly towards her expenses.

Companion is a cripple with a bright happy face. She had a bad fall when she was three years old, which has lamed her for life. When her parents discovered that she would never walk, they said they would sell her to the beggars.

We have built a nice new room in the Home this summer, and meantime the children have been staying in the empty girls'-school. They were delighted to get back to the "Noah's Ark," as a girl here calls the Home. We hope it will indeed prove an ark of refuge to many poor helpless and friendless children in Amoy.

The total contributions to the cause of foreign missions by the churches of Great Britain last year amounted to $6,507,895.

In Chicago the Congregationalists have eighty-four churches and one-hundred and fourteen Sunday schools, fifty churches and seventy-four Sunday schools within the city limits. The aggregate Congregational church membership of the city and suburbs is 11,894

CHURCH AND WORLD.

S. S. Lesson For Dec. 27. By Mrs M. Baxter
I John 2: 15-17. Golden Text, Jas. 4: 4.*

THE Church and the world; in the sight of God so distinct, yet made by man to be so indistinguishable! Jesus declares of his Church, his "little flock;" "Ye are not of the world, I have chosen you out of the world." (John 15: 19.) And, in his great prayer, he says twice to the Father: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." (John 17: 14, 16.) In the eyes of God, the world and the Church cannot co-exist: "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Where the world is, there the Church is not, and where the Church is, as God recognizes it, there, most surely, the world is not.

The World Hates Jesus

and hates his people. His brethren who "did not believe on him" taunted him that he did not do something to attract the notice of the world: "If thou do these things, shew thyself to the world." (John 7: 4.) It seemed so plausible, so thoroughly the common-sense thing to do. It seemed such a waste of power and influence to do such miracles and yet remain a nobody. The world likes to make the most of every personal advantage to exalt itself and gain credit among men; and wherever the spirit of the world is, there is the seeking for prominence and power. The most public thing which Jesus ever did on earth was to die upon the cross for sinners! How unlike the world! "My time is not yet come," he answered to his brethren, "but your time is always ready. The world cannot hate you, but me it hateth, because I testify of it that the works thereof are evil." And again, "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

What then is the world, whose very existence eats out the life of the Church? What is it which Scripture always speaks of as so antagonistic to the Church of Christ? What is this world of which Paul says, "the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world?" The apostle John answers the question: "All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life." The Church, like her Master, denies herself, her self life, takes up her cross as he took up his, turns away from the lust of the eyes, "things seen and temporal," and, instead of seeking high things and great things for herself, follows Christ, taking his yoke upon her and learning of him who is meek and lowly in heart.

"Love not the World."

Here is God's plain command, but who obeys it? Love not what pleases you and makes you feel at home down here. Love not what makes you feel important, what makes you admire yourself, or your church, or your Christian work. Love not these things, they are not your "world." What makes the attraction of the theatre to those who attend it? It amuses them, they enjoy it, it gratifies self: it is the lust of the flesh, self indulgence. But if, in your church, you have some performance which is of the same nature, something meant to please the flesh, to amuse, to pass the time away agreeably, are you not doing exactly what your Lord told you not to do; are you not attempting to unite what God has divided? Are you a witness to Christ's denial of self, or to the world's indulgence of self? "But," you say, "we do it with the best of motives—the unconverted need something to attract them, and we hope, in providing them with the amusement which they will seek for somewhere, that we shall succeed eventually in winning them, and so increasing our church. But how will you expect to make satisfactory Christians of your converts when you provide for their self indulgence, help them to consider amusement as a necessity, and then teach them by word what your deeds have denied,—that the follower of Jesus must deny himself, take up his cross and follow Christ? Have you decided in your church to ignore the conditions of discipleship?

"But," you say, "in these days there is so much competition that we could not hold our own unless we made some effort; all the other churches do the same." Is not that the very reason why they who "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth" should not do so? Is there not a need for some to be true to him amid the prevailing worldliness? Are these fine buildings of Christ or of the world? Do they glorify God or man? Do they bear witness that the Church of Christ is a stranger and a pilgrim here, or do they prove that she has taken root in the world?

Jesus was "despised and rejected of men;" he had "no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him." His followers were "unlearned and ignorant men." He himself "had not where to lay his head." His early followers would not own earthly possessions, and they were "everywhere spoken against." What a contrast now! Enter any popular church of any denomination,—the lust of the eyes is there in the architecture and the dress of the worshippers, lust of the flesh in the luxurious cushioned pews and artistic music, in the flowery eloquence of the preacher, who evidently thinks more of pleasing his congregation than of pleasing God, and the pride of life is manifest in the way in which the world patronizes such Christians, and in the self satisfaction of the would-be worshippers. The whole atmosphere of the place speaks of the world, and not of God. Where are the men in such a congregation who would "yield their bodies" to Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, to Daniel's den of lions, to fight as Paul did with the wild beasts at Ephesus? Where is the martyr spirit of God's unworldly ones of old, who "were tortured, not accepting deliverance; that they might obtain a better resurrection. And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom

The World was not Worthy."

Where is the relation between these self indulgent members of modern churches and those martyrs of old, stalwart only in their faith, who dared to be unworldly? God can never sanction the union of the world and the church, "Whosoever, therefore, will be a friend of the world, is the enemy of God." (James 4: 4.) It is simply appalling to think that the mass of those who profess to be Christians, and who have a sense of sin forgiven, are nevertheless really living to the world, without the smallest idea of their true vocation! "He that saith he abideth in him ought himself so to walk even as he walked." (1. John 2: 6.) "Christ pleased not himself;" most professing Christians never think of anything else than to please themselves, as to how to spend their time, what profession or trade they will choose, what denomination they wish to belong to, what work of God they wish to be employed in, who shall be their partner in life, etc., they consult themselves, their tastes, feelings, and convenience, about all this. But this is just what the world does too; where is the difference between them and the world? Most members of churches like to get a little credit for their religion, they like to be recognized and patronized, while the Master would not receive honor from men!

Are men aware that the very purpose for which Christ died for us was "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves; but unto him which died for them and rose again?" Are men blind to the great purpose of God according to which we are called to "be conformed to the image of his Son?" (Rom 8: 28, 29.) What is to become of men who think they believe in God to the saving of their souls, because they believe their sins are forgiven, and in their heads understand that Christ has died for them, and yet know nothing of "the power of an endless life" (Heb. 8: 16), but live under the power of the things of time and sense, just like those who make no profession of conversion? If God has called his true children to be the light of the world and to shine as lights in the world" "in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation," (Phil. 2: 15), then what is to become of those whose light is so feeble that nobody knows they are children of light at all, and their dim light so confuses those who are in darkness that they cease to believe there is any true light? "God is not mocked: for what a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." All the sowing to the world in the churches brings its own harvest of spiritual death and confusion, and we have on every side the pitiable spectacle of the professing Church of Christ going down to Egypt for help (Isa. 21: 1), calling in the world to help in its finances, and thus attempting to join together the world and the church which Christ divides most utterly asunder.

What is to be the End of it?

In the end of this age the Son of Man "shall send forth his angels, and shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and they which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

But now, to-day, what is to be done? Obey God. "Love not the world;" come out from the world; be courageous in walking alone, misunderstood, unappreciated. Follow Christ, cost what it may, and he will be responsible for the consequences. "He," and only he, "that doeth the will of God abideth forever." (1. John 2: 17.) The last days are upon us; if ever a true witness is to be borne for Christ it must be now, and if those fail the Lord whom he is calling to his help against the mighty, "enlargement and deliverance shall arise from another place." (Esther 4: 14.)

* Mrs. Baxter sends this lesson for use in Schools where the choice of a lesson for Dec. 27 is optional with teachers. The International Lesson for the day is Review of the Quarter's Lessons.

STUART'S FRIENDS.

A Story of the Sunday School Golden Text for Dec. 27. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God." James 4: 4.

OUTSIDE the door of a well-filled library, in a small ante-room, in which many a boy had waited in trepidation for an interview with the President of a great school, a boy of some fourteen years old was nervously moving from one chair to another. He was what was called in the school a new boy; and he was waiting for his first interview with Dr. Wendover. These interviews were not frequent. The boys were in constant contact with the teachers of the various classes and with the chiefs of the houses, but it must be some very extraordinary occasion that brought any of them to the Doctor's private study. It was his rule, however, to make the personal acquaintance of every boy on his entrance to the school and Walter Stuart was waiting for that formality.

"You would like to grow up an intelligent and useful man, would you not?" said the Doctor after the first few words of greeting. "After a few years the world will be in the hands of those who are now boys of your age and leaders will be wanted. They will be chosen from among you on account of their character and their attainments. Would you like to be one of the chosen?"

Walter said he should.

"Very well; it depends very much on what is your conduct while you are in this school. There are some who change after their school-days are over, but they are not many. It depends on yourself what the outcome is."

"I shall do my best, Sir," Walter answered.

"Then I can give you some advice, that will be more useful to you now than it would be later. You will find in the school, as you will afterward find in the world, that you are brought in contact with those whose minds are depraved, whose faces are steadily set toward evil. If you make them your friends you will inevitably degenerate. You will find other boys in the school who are studious, thoughtful, striving to become better, as well as to know more. Join yourself to them; they will help you. We want you to be a credit to the school. Now, good night. May God be with you."

The boy went out of the Doctor's room feeling more serious and more in earnest than he had ever felt before. He was not long in discovering the truth of the Doctor's words. That very night, at the supper table where he shyly took a vacant place, he heard conversation which proved that some of the boys were very decidedly of the lower type, the Doctor had spoken of. Yet he could not help laughing at some of their remarks. Their merriment was contagious. The Doctor in their opinion was a dry old sermonizer who would take all the fun out of a boy's life if he could. They mimicked his voice and manner and evidently had little respect for him. He and the teachers were regarded as their natural enemies whom it was fair to deceive if a boy was smart enough to do it successfully.

"Don't you take any notice of that Archer's talk," said one of these boys to Stuart a few days later, referring to some remarks made by one of the teachers. "It is quite enough if you get up the lines you will have to construe in class, without doing the whole passage."

"Mr. Archer said that the Doctor expected us to do the whole," said Stuart.

"Oh, the Doctor! He is worse than Archer. If you take notice of what he wants, he will make you just as dry an old pedant as he is himself. Get up your own lines, I'll lend you a translation to help you with them and then come into my room and we'll have some fun."

Stuart's conscience would not let him consent to this, but he promised to join the boys when he had prepared his lesson. But it was difficult. Time was flying and at last he closed his books and ran off to join the other boys. A few minutes over the borrowed translation swept away his difficulties and though he felt mean in using the forbidden book, he was glad of the help it had given him and was ready to join in the games going on. As the days went on, Stuart made more and more use of the translation and though he was not making much progress in knowledge of Latin, he was able to keep up his place in the class. At times he was uneasy at the thought that he was deceiving his teachers, but the boys assured him that the practice was quite legitimate and what every one did.

The examinations were the testing time. The forbidden book could not be used then, and Stuart and his friends failed lamentably. There was no promotion for them, and there was besides that disgrace, sense of having fallen in Dr. Wendover's esteem. He did not conceal the fact in speaking to them. Indeed, so sharp was his reproof that the boys were filled with resentment and became sulky and rebellious. Stuart, however, knew that the Doctor was right and determined, that next term he would study hard and eschew forbidden helps.

Next term showed two parties in the class. New boys had come into the class from the class below. Elated by their promotion, they were eager for study, and were cheerful and docile. The older boys, soured by their disgrace were insubordinate and morose. Every day witnessed some unpleasantness. Stuart was in a continual dilemma. He was studying now as the new boys were but the others looked upon him as one of themselves and expected his allegiance. He continued to associate with the latter in their rooms and join in their games, but studied hard at every opportunity. The trouble continued until the teacher, despairing of doing any good with the class appealed to the Doctor.

"Are all the older boys, alike?" Dr. Wendover asked.

"Stuart is doing his best," was the reply, "but he evidently sympathizes with them."

"Send him to me."

"Stuart," said the Doctor seriously, when the boy presented himself, "I want you to understand your position. These companions of yours will have to be severely punished. I understand you are studying now as you ought but in the class room you are abetting them in their unruly ways and you are still associating with them in the evenings. Now I will tell you frankly that if you wish to escape their punishment you must separate yourself from them. They are opposing the good government of the school, they are disobedient and unruly. I am much displeased with their conduct and I consider your companionship with them an offence on your part. You must decide between them and me. There must be no weakness. Separate yourself from them or you will share in their punishment."

"It is very hard to do, sir."

"Yes, I know, but it will be still harder to bear the punishment."

Stuart went away with downcast face. It was a painful dilemma but it had to be faced. Happily for him he had the moral courage to decide on the right side and when his companions were expelled from the school, Stuart was allowed to remain. In many a night of hard study he sought to make up the ground he had lost by his association with his evil

HELPFUL ANECDOTES

A PRAYER FOR A SICK MAN.

A WORKER connected with the station of the McAll Mission in Paris called the *Salle Brooklyn*, relates a remarkable incident of a timely prayer. It appears that an elderly French lady was converted at the mission and afterward tried to influence all her relatives and friends. One young man, her nephew, was her special concern. He was careless and sceptical, and laughingly put aside her appeals. He lived out of the city at Fontainebleau, and she could not see him often, but whenever she could see him she pleaded earnestly with him for Christ and she prayed for him morning and night. One day, recently, the thought of this nephew crossed her mind during her daily duties, and she felt impelled to leave her work and plead with God again for his salvation. She obeyed the impulse, and agonizingly besought the blessing for which she had so often asked. She went to Fontainebleau the next day to see her nephew. She was distressed on going to his house to hear that he was dead. He had fallen sick and had rapidly grown worse, and had died the day before. But her sorrow was alleviated by strange news. During his sickness, he had for the first time in his life become concerned about the state of his soul and had sought the forgiveness of God. His anxiety increased, and he could not find peace. But on the previous day, about the time his aunt was led to pray for him, after lying lost in thought for some time, he suddenly exclaimed: "I believe, I believe." Calling the attendant, he bade him send word to his aunt that he had found salvation through Christ and was dying in peace. Soon afterward he died rejoicing in his newly found hope.

A PRECEDENT FOR PRAYER.

DURING the illness of Pastor C. H. Spurgeon, when prayer-meetings were held daily in the Tabernacle to implore the Lord for his recovery, one prayer was made which impressed all who heard it. The member who offered it showed singular confidence and referred to a former instance in which a similar prayer had been heard and answered. His prayer was that God would add to his servant's life as he added to king Hezekiah's life, fifteen years. Being asked afterward to what precedent he referred, he directed their attention to a singular coincidence which he had discovered in the records of the Tabernacle church. A predecessor of Mr. Spurgeon in the pastorate of the church—one Benjamin Keach, whose work entitled *Keach on the Metaphors* was formerly a widely circulated book—had been very ill. His physicians finally said there was no hope. Several friends and brother ministers surrounded his bed. One of them—the Rev. Hansard Knollys—offered prayer for the apparently dying man. He begged God to recover his beloved brother minister and add unto his days the time granted to Hezekiah. Apparently he received an assurance that his prayer was heard, for, rising from his knees, he said, "Brother Keach, I shall be in heaven before you," and immediately left him. The church records show that Brother Keach did recover and lived just fifteen years afterward. He died in 1804.

A JEWEL'S RESPONSE.

DURING a visit to Messrs. Tiffany's jewelry store, in New York, a clergyman, who describes his visit in *Times of Refreshing*, says that he noticed among the diamonds and other precious stones which were giving forth rays of lovely light, one stone which seemed absolutely lustreless. It looked little better than a common pebble. Surprised at seeing it in such brilliant company he asked what it was and why it was placed among the jewels. "It has no beauty about it at all," he said. The attendant who was showing the visitors over the store, took up the dull looking stone, put it in the palm of his hand and held it there for a minute or two with his hand closed over it. Then he opened his hand and lo, the stone was shining with the colors of the rainbow. It was dazzling, brighter than its companions. "We call it," said the attendant, "the sympathetic stone; it does not give out its beauty in all its fulness till it has been in contact with human flesh. It belongs to the family of opals." The clergyman looked at it with wonder, and thought of the living stones which adorn the temple of Christ, many of whom seemed very unattractive until they came in contact with some warm-hearted Christian, who led them to the Master, by whom they were fitted for a place in his living temple.

THE MISSIONARY'S DREAM.

(Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.)

I DREAMED that I built me a castle,
A stately castle and fair;
I filled it with beautiful pictures,
And sculptured marbles rare;
Though a world of sin and sorrow
Was lying all around,
I built high walls about it
To shut out the sight and sound.

And within my strong enclosure
I set fair plants to bloom;
And the splash of a silvery fountain
Filled the air with sweet perfume.
The creeping vines soon covered
With greenness, the gray stone wall;
And over against the fountain
Grew stately lilies tall.

And I built my home with gladness,
Shutting out all woe and pain,
For I heard that the blessed Master
Was coming to earth again;
And I meant to watch for his coming,
In my home so fair to see.
For I thought when he saw its beauty,
He would surely abide with me.

ONLY A POOR OLD BEGGAR.

But suddenly, while I tended
My beautiful flowers one day,
He came—from whence I knew not—
And I said, "O Master, stay."
But his gaze turned slowly from me,
And he stood so grand and tall
That he saw the want and sorrow
Lying just outside my wall.

"My child, you're not ready for me.
I go, but I come again;"
And the glorious presence vanished—
My work seemed all in vain.
But I builded my wall still higher
That shut in my beautiful home,
And spread him a dainty banquet;
And prayed him again to come.

And then, as before, while I tended
The flowers that were my pride;
He came, in his wondrous beauty,
And stood again by my side.
So glad was I to see him,
I threw myself at his feet:
"O stay with me now, my master!
Abide with me, I entreat!

"Come! see the dainty banquet
I have spread for thee and me."
And he turned and entered my dwelling
In his kingly majesty.
Then bent his glance upon me:
"I have friends outside the wall,
If I tarry to eat," he answered,
"You must surely invite them all."

Then I hastened to do his bidding,
Expecting that I should find
Some grand and splendid followers
Who were waiting just behind.
But when I unbarred the portal
And opened wide the gate,
Only a poor old beggar
In his filthy rags did wait.

AND I SAID, "O, MASTER STAY."

And none, but the poorest and lowest,
Who lived in the homes around,
Rewarded my eager search—
Nobody else I found [ing;
And coming again to the Master,
I told him about my quest;
But he said in gentle accents,
That "the beggar was his guest."

Into the highways and hedges
He bade me once more go,
And bring to my costly supper
The children of want and woe.
Slowly I went on my errand,
And filled my banqueting place
With the poor, and the sick, and the sinner;
Then glad grew the Master's face.

And he wended his way among them,
As round him pressed the throng;
And comforted, healed, and pardoned
Their sorrow, sickness, and wrong.
And the fare I had provided
As just enough for two,
Was blessed till it fed them fully,
And some left over, too.

When all had gone rejoicing,
I crept to the Master's side,
And said, "Dear Lord and Master,
Wilt thou not with me now abide?"
Then he lovingly gazed upon me,
And said, "I have other sheep
Who know not the voice of their Shepherd,
And strangers my sheep-fold keep.

"I must go—I must seek and find them:
Come with me! come with me, child."
Unquestioningly I followed
As he toiled over mountains wild,
And across the turbulent ocean,
Till we stood in a new, strange land
Where palm-trees waved in beauty
By the silvery river's strand.

Wherever he moved in the darkness
He left a golden track;
And I followed his shining footsteps,
Nor dreamed of turning back.
And I helped him carry his message
And scattered it far and wide,
And found when I worked with the Master
He would ever with me abide.

"I KNOW THERE'S A FAIRER MANSION."

What became of my stately castle
I never returned to see:
For I know there's a fairer mansion
Awaiting both him and me;
Where the lilies of love are blooming
The River of Life beside,
And there through eternity's ages
With the Master I shall abide.

—MRS. E. A. HAWKINS,

Providence, R. I.

MISSION ANECDOTES

JAPANESE STUDENTS

VERY affecting are the messages and letters which are continually coming from Japan to Mr. J. McLain Brown who has now returned to America. Many of our readers contributed to his support while he was engaged in Christian labor among the students of the Tokyo University and they will be glad to learn that the fruits of the effort are many and are increasing. One letter which we have seen is from a student who signs himself Ryokichi Osawa. He is now in his third year in the University, "in the class of jurisprudence" and he writes, "I am very busy, but much times as possible are employed for the Lord to lead sinners from the dreadful dark way to the light of Jesus Christ. Several times I give public talkings of Christianity in the streets." He speaks by name of other students who are working for Christ, missing sadly the help Mr. Brown was able to give them, but profoundly thankful that God led his steps to Japan and enabled him to stay there so long. Some of these young men would be glad to give all their time after leaving college to preaching the gospel to their countrymen, but they will have to earn their living by secular employment and give only their leisure to the propagation of the faith. Mr. Brown believes such preaching has better promise of success in Japan than the preaching of foreigners and he is hoping to obtain subscriptions among American Christians by which he will be able to support at least one student who will give the whole of his time to missionary effort.

Mr. Brown is, we regret to learn, making very slow progress toward recovery from the fever which prostrated him. It appears to have been complicated by a species of blood-poisoning, so that in addition to the weakness resulting from the fever, he is suffering from a number of sores which obstinately refuse to heal. At present he is terribly emaciated and is able to get around only by the aid of crutches. His heart still yearns for the hopeful young men he had to leave behind him in Japan but at present there is no prospect of his return. This fact renders him the more anxious to secure funds for the support of a native preacher. Should any of our readers be willing to help him in this effort they may send contributions to Mr. J. McLain Brown, Whiton, Wicomico Co., Maryland.

A HINDOO'S THANKS.

AT the last service held by Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost at Poona, a Hindoo gentleman, the Hon. Rao Bahadur Ranade, rose to propose a vote of thanks to him for his labors during the previous two weeks. Mr. Ranade drew an interesting parallel between the Hindus and the Jews, on both of whom Divine experiment was being or had been made. He regarded the Hindus as a chosen people, selected by God to be the agency for accomplishing a great work in the world. As the Jews were subject to various moulding influences—the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Greeks and Romans—so also were the Hindus at the hands of the Aryanistic, Buddhistic and Mohammedan agencies of the development, and now, lastly, Christianity. He said that the Mohammedan influence was necessary to correct the faulty Hindoo conception of the unity of God. Christianity also has its corrective mission, to impart to Hindus that conception of the holiness and majesty of God, which the paternal idea tends to minimise. He paid a glowing tribute to the character and teachings of Jesus Christ, and in the course of his remarks repudiated the idea which seemed to prevail among Europeans, that Hindooism is to any serious extent pantheistic in its practical life and working. While there have been pantheistic thinkers among the Hindoos, its philosophical system is essentially *dualistic*, not pantheistic. Mr. Ranade closed his eloquent speech by tendering Dr. Pentecost the hearty thanks of the educated community, assuring him that they would fulfill the promise which he had asked of them in one of his lectures—to seriously ponder the truths he had brought before them. They gave him a heartfelt greeting at parting and would always be ready to welcome him should he visit them again. Several other Hindoos spoke, one of whom said that Dr. Pentecost must not be disappointed by the apparent lack of results. The seed had been sown in the minds of some of his hearers and some of it would bear fruit.

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A GREAT CHANGE.

MANY a man under the power of religion has had a change take place in his soul and in his life equal to that which took place in the life of a man in Scotland, who for fifteen years had been a drunkard. Coming home late at night, as he touched the doorsill, his wife trembled at his coming. Telling the story afterward, she said, "I didn't dare go to bed lest he violently drag me forth. When he came home there was only about the half inch of the candle left in the socket. When he entered he said: 'Where are the children?' and I said, 'They are upstairs in bed.' He said, 'Go and fetch them,' and I went up and I knelt down and I prayed God to defend me and my children from their cruel father. And then I brought them down. He took up the eldest in his arms and kissed her and said, 'My dear lass, the Lord hath sent thee a father home to-night.' And so he did with the second, and then he took up the third of the children and said, 'My dear boy, the Lord hath sent thee home a father to-night.' And then he took up the babe and said, 'My darling babe, the Lord hath sent thee home a father to-night.' And then he put his arm around me and kissed me, and said, 'My dear lass, the Lord hath sent thee home a husband to-night.' Why, sir, I had na' heard anything like that for fourteen years. And he prayed and he was comforted, and my soul was restored, for I didn't live as I ought to have lived, close to God. My trouble had broken me down." Oh! for such a transformation in many of the homes of this country!

ROYAL MARRIAGES.

THE ocean cable ever and anon announces by the whole columns full the particulars of weddings in some of the royal families of Europe, and we are always interested in reading such cablegrams. But let not our friends across the sea imagine that we have no royal marriages here in this western wilderness. Whenever two hearts come together pledged to make each other happy, binding all their hopes, and fears, and anticipations in one sheaf, calling on God to bless and angels to witness, though no organ may sound the wedding march, and no bells may chime, and no Dean of Westminster may pronounce the ceremony—that is a Royal Marriage. When two young people start out on life together with nothing but a determination to succeed, avoiding the invasion of each other's idiosyncracies, not carrying the candle near the gunpowder, sympathetic with each others employment, willing to live on small means till they get large facilities, paying as they go, taking life here as a discipline, with four eyes watching its perils, and with four hands fighting its battles—whatever others may say or do—that is a Royal Marriage! It is so set down in the heavenly archives, and the orange blossoms shall wither on neither side the grave.

We deplore the fact that, because of the fearful extravagances of modern society, many of our best people conclude that they cannot possibly afford to marry. We are getting a fearful crop of old bachelors. They swarm around us. They go through life lop-sided. Half-dressed, they sit round cold mornings, all a-shiver, sewing on buttons, and darning socks, and then go down to a long boarding-house table which is bounded on the north and south and east and west by the great Sahara Desert. We do not pity them at all. Why do they not set up a plain home of their own and come into the Ark, two and two. The supporting of a wife is looked upon as a great horror. Why, dear friends, with right and healthy notions of time and eternity, it is very easy to support a wife if she be of the kind worth supporting. If she be educated into false notions of refinement and have "Young Ladies' Institutes" piled on her head till she be imbecile, you will never be able to support her. Everything depends on whether you take for your wife a woman or a doll-baby. Our opinion is that three-fourths of the successful men of the day owe much of their prosperity to the wife's help. The load of life is so heavy, it takes a team of two to draw it. The ship not only wants a captain, but a first mate. Society to-day, trans-atlantic and cis-atlantic, very much needs more Royal Marriages.

HOME LIFE.

THERE is nothing but the old-fashioned religion that will take a woman through the trials of home life. At first, there may be a romance or a novelty that will do for a substitute. The marriage-hour has just passed, and the perplexities of the household are more than atoned by the joy of being together, and by the fact that when it is late they do not have to discuss the question as to whether it is time to go! The mishaps of the household, instead of being a matter of anxiety and reprehension, are a matter of merriment—the loaf of bread turned into a geological specimen; the slushy custards; the jaundiced or measly biscuits. It is a very bright sunlight that falls on the cutlery and the mantel ornaments of a new home. But after a while the romance is all gone, and then there is something to be prepared for the table that the book called "Cookery Taught in Twelve Lessons" will not teach. The recipe for making it is not a handful of this, a cup of that, and a spoonful of something else. It is not something sweetened with ordinary condiments, or flavored with ordinary flavors, or baked in ordinary ovens. It is the loaf of domestic happiness, and all the ingredients come down from heaven and the fruits are plucked from the tree of life, and it is sweetened with the new wine of the kingdom, and it is baked in the oven of home trial. Solomon wrote out of his own experience. He had a wretched home. A man cannot be happy with two wives, much less six hundred; and he says, writing out of his own experience: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

PURE AND IMPURE ART.

HOW Paul must have felt when, standing amid those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazaars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world is still on the side of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes over to Rome, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the honors of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at "the crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the Last Judgment. The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for preparation for the day, when

Shivering like a parched scroll
The flaming heavens together roll.

Our Sunday-school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the Cross. O that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer, will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion.

BRIEF NOTES.

The Publisher of this journal is profoundly gratified with the response already made to the offer of the premium of the Oxford Teacher's Bible. From all the States and Territories of the Union applications have come in in numbers unprecedented for this incomparable book. No less gratifying are the letters from subscribers who have received it and who express in unmeasured terms their delight with it, after examining it, and discovering what a treasure they have obtained. Students of the Bible who have studied for years over obscure passages have found the long sought light in its "helps." Teachers and workers are especially pleased with it because of the concordance it contains, which enables them to turn instantly to any desired verse. Already over 40,000 of these Bibles have been sent out. It is with sincere thankfulness that the publisher reflects on the good that may result from this large number of copies of God's Word thus distributed. Our readers will be glad to learn that arrangements have been made to continue the offer at least to the end of the present month. Subscribers who desire to secure a copy of the Oxford Teacher's Bible for themselves may do so by sending to the Publisher of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD one *new* subscription at $1.50 and 50 cents extra, together with a statement to the effect that they themselves intend to renew their own subscription when due.

The American Bible Society will have an exhibit at the The World's Fair, at Chicago, as well as a distribution of Bibles and portions. Preliminary arrangements for this object were made at the meeting of the Board of Managers on December 3d.

Rev. George L. Barker has been holding successful services at Naugatuck, Conn., in the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Rev. E. O. Tree is pastor. Prof. Isaac H. Meredith has had charge of the Musical part of the exercises. Much good has been done.

The Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society of New York celebrated its sixtieth anniversary in the Church of the Heavenly Rest on Nov. 29. Bishop Potter preached and made an earnest appeal for funds which are sorely needed for the work of the mission.

Rev. Charles A. Berry, was invited to succeed the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in the pastorate of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, has been on a preaching tour in Australia. He has been prostrated by an attack of rheumatic ever from which he is slowly recovering.

The Classon Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, where Dr. Patton, President of Princeton University, has been preaching at intervals for a year past, has called to the pastorate Rev. Joseph D. Burrell, of Clinton, Iowa. Mr. Burrell has accepted the call, and preached at his new church on December 6.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's meetings at Williamsport, Pa., have stirred the whole neighborhood. They commenced in the last week of November with two meetings every night—one in Mulberry Street Church and the other in the Second Presbyterian Church. Both were crowded. The first Sunday, Mr. Yatman began his day's work with a service in the county jail. Later he spoke at the Baptist Sunday School. Then a men's mass meeting in the Pine Street Church, at which over two thousand men were present. This was followed by a service in the Lutheran Church in South Williamsport; later by another in the Second Presbyterian Church. In the after-meeting at the latter place over forty professed conversion.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

HOW TO GET PEACE.

FOR many a long year I was a troubled, tempest-tossed Christian. It made me cross very often, and lost me my testimony with a large number. I said it was not right, and there ought to be a remedy somewhere in the mighty gifts of God to men. I found it.

I found *Romans* to be the book of Doctrines: and I needed to be sound in doctrine, well rooted and grounded, so as not to be driven about with every wind of temptation, or notion of men, or feelings of my own, so I began to read that wonderful book. I gave a year to it; oh! what a year! I found after the twelve months of study, I had just wet my ankles in a boundless ocean, but I found enough to settle me and bring peace.

At once I began to formulate what I had gleaned, and out of it all I found *Seventeen Settled Facts*. You will find them written down on a fly leaf of my Bible, and I live by them. They are *settled facts*: not fancies. Settled in my mind just as much as that we look for sunrise in the east, or that my name is C. H. Yatman. I'm sure I never worry over these; I know they are true: the first, because I have seen it: the last, because my mother said so, and that settles it for me; other people may doubt these, but I, *never*. So with these seventeen settled facts: for me, they are settled and settled forever.

Here they are, and before them I write—I believe in

1. The divinity of Jesus Christ,
2. The inspiration of Scripture,
3. The Triune Godhead,
4. The immortality of the soul,
5. The universal need of salvation,
6. The atonement of Christ for all,
7. The Forgiveness of Sins,
8. The new Birth, or Regeneration,
9. Salvation by faith only, in Jesus Christ,
10. The Resurrection of the dead,
11. The day of judgment for every one,
12. The reward of the righteous in Heaven,
13. The punishment of the wicked in Hell,
14. The Guidance of the Holy Ghost,
15. The Efficacy of Prayer,
16. The Church of Christ,
17. My own Conversion.

Let one believe those thoroughly, and a world of fire won't frighten him.

Some Bible Studies in "Seven."

The Seven Great Doctrines: Sin, Repentance, Faith, Redemption, Justification, Regeneration and Sanctification.

The Seven Great Revelations: God, Life, Immortality, Resurrection, Judgment, Heaven and Hell.

The Seven Great Bible Events: Creation, Fall, Sinai, Bethlehem, Calvary, Ascension and Pentecost.

The Seven Great Books of the Bible: Deuteronomy, Psalms, Isaiah, John, Acts, Romans and Revelation.

The Seven Great Men of the Old Testament: Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, David, Elijah, and Daniel.

The Seven Great Chapters in the Old Testament: Genesis 1, Exodus 20, Deut. 28, Psalms 91, Proverbs 3, Isaiah 53 and Joel 2.

The Seven Great Chapters in the New Testament: Matt. 5, Luke 24, John 14, Romans 8, II Cor. 13, Ephesians 3 and Revelation 21.

The Seven Great Psalms: 23, 32, 37, 46, 91, 103 and 119.

The Seven Great Women of the Bible: Miriam, Ruth, Esther, Dorcas, Mary, Lydia and Mary Magdalene.

Scripture for the "Can't Hold Outs,"

Oh, how people stumble at this, just as though Christ can save, but cannot keep. It is ours to hold on, not hold out. Why will you climb mountains before you reach them, or cross ditches before they are even in sight. Is the God of Daniel dead? Has the "Mighty to Save" and "Strong to Deliver" been shorn of his strength? Nay, nay. He is yet able to make Hebrews 7: 25 true, and the One hundred and twenty-first Psalm a verity to millions. Take the following: Jude 24; John 10: 28, 29; Romans 8: 38, 39; Deuteronomy 31: 6; and Isaiah 41: 10; 43: 1, 2.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

The Speakership and the New Congress—China's Rebellion Quelled—Death of Ex-Emperor Dom Pedro—A Week of disasters—The Attack on Mr. Sage—General Notes.

AFTER a year of exile following his deposition from the throne of Brazil, Dom Pedro II, died of diabetes in Paris last week. His father was of Bourbon and Braganza and his mother was Leopoldine Carolina Josephine of Austria. He was born in 1825 at Rio de Janerio, and became Emperor on the abdication of his father, in 1831, although he was not of age until 1840. In 1843 he married Princess Theresa Christina Maria, sister of King Francis of Naples and two princes and two princesses were the result of the union. The boys died young. Dom Pedro was in no sense a leader or a statesman and seemed to prefer the role of a private citizen to that of ruler. The most important events of his reign were the war against Paraguay in 1870–75, ending in the conquest by Brazil of 1000 miles of the enemy's territory, the abolition of slavery by a law passed in 1871 securing gradual emancipation, and the revolution which ended in his retirement from the throne and the establishment of the republic. He annually gave away $400,000 of his allowance in aid of various schemes, philanthropic and otherwise. In 1880 an attempt was made to assassinate him and this was followed, six months later, by a rising in Rio Janeiro, where the royal palace was surrounded by an insurgent army, while an officer read a manifesto proclaiming the Republic. Dom Pedro vainly tried to form a new Ministry and restore peace, but Gen. da Fonesca, who had been chosen Chief of the Provisional Goverment, demanded that he and his family should leave the country and within twenty-four hours the Emperor and his immediate household were on the ocean *en route* for Europe.

* * *

The Speakership Contest.

AFTER a very sharp struggle, the contest for Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Fifty-second Congress reached a climax in the nomination by the Democrats of Hon. Charles Frederick Crisp. Balloting had continued two days and it was not until 30 ballots had been taken that Mr. Crisp's nomination was made possible by the withdrawal of Mr. McMillin, the other candidates being Messrs. Mills and Springer. The final vote was Crisp 119, Mills 105, Springer 4. The Republican members of the House met and, without any special contest, nominated Hon. Thomas Reed of Maine as their candidate for Speaker by acclamation. Mr. Crisp, whose portrait is given in this column, was born in Sheffield, England, in 1845. His parents were professional actors. Coming to this country in childhood, he was educated in the common schools of Georgia, and served in the army from 1861 to 1865, after which he studied law, was admitted to the Georgian bar and after filling various judicial offices with credit, was elected to Congress for the Third Georgia District. He has since been re-elected six times in succession. He is an able debater and parliamentarian.

HON. C. F. CRISP.

* * *

Postmaster-Gen'l Wanamaker's Report.

IN his annual report to Congress, just completed, the Postmaster-General makes some interesting recommendations. Among these are the insurance of registered mail matter, the establishment of a Dead-Letter Office in San Francisco, a Civil Pension List for the support of the dependents of killed and maimed postal clerks, and the serious consideration of the tubular post system, with a view to its introduction in large cities. He hopes for universal free mail delivery, suggests the practicability of consolidating the telephone and telegraph systems of the country with the postal system, recommends post-office saving banks, suggests the consolidation of third and fourth-class postage and declares that the "parcels post," which is now unprofitable, could be made self-sustaining, if its scope were enlarged. He announces that the lottery business has been practically driven out of the mails. 6,800,000 pieces of dead letter matter were handled during the year. 30,000 dead letters contained money aggregating $40,000; 3,000 others contained commercial paper valued at $1,800,000, and 41,000 letters contained photographs, of which 30,500 were restored.

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Chinese Rebels Defeated.

CHINA has succeeded in stemming the tide of rebellion which, spreading from Manchuria and Mongolia, threatened to cross the Great Wall and attack Pekin. The government troops, under Brigadier-General Nich, commanding in the Kin-chow district, administered a crushing blow to the insurgents, killing their leader and six hundred men, while another government officer at Jeho won a similar victory. At the same time, the revolt in Niuchang was suppressed and the rebels dispersed. Many of the insurgent prisoners have been beheaded. Details continue to be received of the outrages committed by the rebels before the final engagements. It is reported that they murdered a Mongolian prince, and that more villages have been sacked and looted, and the native Christians and white residents massacred. It is asserted that England and China have formed an alliance against Russia. This statement is partly borne out by the refusal of England to join France in compelling China to suppress the demonstrations against Europeans in that country. The present Emperor is of Tartar descent, and the aim of the revolutionists is said to be the restoration of the pure Chinese dynasty and the extinction of the Tartar influence. A portrait of the Emperor is given above. Most writers upon China agree that the government is weak and inefficient and that its collapse is only a question of time. Its unprogressive character has disgusted intelligent Chinese and the innumerable intrigues, jealousies and ambitions of the Court have interfered with and disturbed the highest interests of the Empire.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

* * *

The New Congress.

CONGRESS assembled on the 7th inst., the opening session in the Senate being a brief one. The desks of the new Senators were heaped with flowers. The new Senators and the old ones who are commencing new terms were sworn in in parties of four. The House was unable to organize until the following day owing to the Speakership, still being unsettled by the Democratic caucus. President Harrison sent in his annual message to both houses at noon Wednesday. The annual reports of the Secretary of the Treasury and the heads of the other departments were also submitted. United States Treasurer Nebecker's report shows that the revenue for the year was $392,612,447.31, or 10,000,000 less than in 1890. The expenditures were $355,372,684.74 an increase of $57,000,000 over last year. The bonded debt was reduced $116,000,000. There were $1,495,666,083 in circulation on June 30.

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An Interesting Experiment.

A SURGEON in Philadelphia recently performed an operation on the skull of an idiot boy, three years old, in the hope of restoring the child's mental faculties. The boy had been idiotic from birth. He was unable to speak a word and could only bawl and cry like a new-born infant. He could not move about and his head was no larger than an average cocoanut. Investigation showed that the bones of the skull had hardened prematurely, preventing the natural development of the head and consequently of the brain. The very delicate operation of linear craniotomy was performed, six inches of the bone of the skull, half an inch wide, being taken from the head, extending back from the forehead. The depressed bones were then raised and the small brain covered with iodoform gauze. There is much interest in the medical profession concerning the result of this strange experiment.

* * *

A Week of Disasters.

THE week just ended has been marked by many disasters by sea and land. A furious but short-lived gale swept the Eastern coasts doing considerable damage to shipping. At Haverstraw on the Hudson, N. Y., twelve canal boats laden with brick were sunk and several men are believed to have been drowned.—Much damage was done to telegraph wires, buildings and property generally in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Connecticut.—A blizzard raged in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Winnepeg, and great wind and rainstorms swept the Wyoming Valley.—Nine workmen were killed and a number injured by the falling of the western wall of the burned Shepard building at St. Paul, Minn., while the men were engaged in removing the debris after the fire.—Three men were killed, half a dozen injured and the coaches of two passenger trains wrecked by a collision on the New York and New England Railroads, at East Thompson, R. I. Two freight trains came together and a moment later, an express dashed into the wreck which was quickly followed by another passenger train, making four trains simultaneously heaped together.—The schooner, *William H. Bradley*, while off Cape Charles, was struck by a tidal wave and foundered with all on board, except the captain, who clung to the wheel house and was rescued by a Spanish trading vessel.—Three men were killed and seventeen injured by a collision between a gravel train and an express on the Reading Railroad, near Pennington, N. J.

* * *

The Attack on Mr. Russell Sage.

RUSSELL SAGE, the millionaire broker, whose life was attempted by a bomb-throwing crank recently, and who received painful but not dangerous injuries in the explosion which wrecked his office, killed a clerk and decapitated the perpetrator of the outrage, has about recovered from the shock his nervous system sustained. Police investigation has discovered that the bomb-thrower was an Anarchist and the member of a society of dynamiters, but whether his real name was H. D. Wilson or not is still uncertain. There is little doubt that the man belonged to a class of cranks whose threats and monitory epistles make the lives of some wealthy people very irksome indeed. Threatening letters such as those the dynamiter sent to Mr. Sage are frequently received by other millionaires, the writers being generally monomaniacs, laboring under delusions as to great wealth or imaginary wrongs. For days after the explosion in Mr. Sage's offices in the Arcade Building, 71 Broadway, crowds of morbid curiosity-seekers visited the morgue to view the severed head of the dynamiter. It was that of a man about thirty-five years old, with small, wavy beard and moustache, and hair pompadour. Inquiries came by wire from different parts of the country from persons and officials who believed they knew the man, but none of them furnished a reliable clue to his identity. Only one arrest has thus far been made,—that of a man named W. D. Southworth, who is thought to have been an intimate acquaintance of the dead dynamiter. Southworth is the leader of a secret society of whose organization and object very little is yet known. A portrait of Mr. Sage is given above. For many years he has been a leader in Wall Street. From a poor grocer-lad in Troy, he had by his indomitable energy and active talent risen to eminence in the financial world. He is moreover a staunch upholder of the Church and a man of wide charities.

RUSSELL SAGE.

* * *

How our Fighting Cruiser Looks.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand people saw the fine new warship *New York* plunge gracefully from the ways into the Deleware from Cramp's shipyard near Philadelphia last week—the biggest vessel by 1,500 tons ever launched in this country. Last week's CHRISTIAN HERALD gave a brief description of this magnificent vessel, which ranks as the queen of our navy. Miss Helen C. Page, a daughter of Mr. J. Seaver Page of New York, performed the christening ceremony as the cruiser swept down to the river on whose breast she rocked gracefully while the crowds on deck and the multitude on shore cheered their loudest. Three hundred and fifty workmen armed with sledges and timbers drove the wedges that started the ship. The contract price of the *New York* was $2,985,000 and she is one of four sister ships similar in build, armament and cost. The launch and the attendant display cost $30,000. In his annual report, Secretary Tracy of the Navy Department, declares that the new cruisers have no equals among the large cruisers of the world. During the coming year, two more great battle ships, another cruiser like the *New York*, and several smaller war vessels are to be completed.

OUR NEW WARSHIP.

NEWS NOTES.

Earthquake shocks continue to be felt throughout Japan.

Our arrangements for reciprocity with the West Indies are progressing very promisingly.

An explosion of firedamp in a coal mine at St. Etienne, France, caused the death of eighty miners.

Heavy snows have fallen in the Northwest. In North Dakota, the drifts are fully fifteen feet high.

The great express companies are arranging to use armored express cars, in view of the numerous robberies.

Much of the rioting and killing of native Christians in China has been done by two secret societies named Tsinthan and Tsaili.

The Mikado of Japan proposes to erect a permanent building on the World's Fair grounds with a typical Japanese garden.

Three children were suffocated and their parents burned to a crisp by a tenement fire in the rooms over the grocery store of George Reis, Orleans Street, Detroit.

The manner in which the aged and once noted Indian chief, Sitting Bull, met his death, has just come to light. He was shot dead by Red Tomahawk of the Indian Police, a year ago.

The Pacific Mail Steamship *Nicaragua*, struck on a reef off the coast of San Salvador, and was wrecked. She will be a total loss. She cost about $220,000. All on board were saved.

Chili seems disposed to offer no reparation for the *Charleston* outrage. The investigation is now closed, but no communication as to its result has yet been made to our government.

English and American investors have formed a syndicate for the purchase of the great iron interests represented by the Cooper-Hewitt Company, in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. $5,000,000 is named as the price.

Another riotous outbreak took place at Limerick, Ireland, last week, when a crowd of Parnellites collided with a body of McCarthyites in the railway depot. The McCarthyites drove the others before them with staves.

The Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul continues hostile to the new Government. This, together with the antagonism existing between Church and State renders the success of President Peixotto's administration exceedingly problematical.

Muley Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco, has deposed his Khalifa or leading Cabinet officer, a man of enormous influence and wealth, and has taken away all his powers and his fortune as well. The Sultan is said to have discovered that the Khalifa was at the head of a plot to kill him and place his brother on the throne.

Minneapolis has started a movement for the relief of the starving Russian peasants. It is proposed to send out a cargo of flour, by the middle of next January, consisting of from 30,000 to 40,000 barrels, worth from $100,000 to $125,000. Minneapolis millers will give twenty-five carloads.

ALIVE.

"The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live."—Psalm 119: 144.

YESTERDAY afternoon I was the subject of a somewhat singular circumstance. An esteemed friend and relative came over to my house, evidently laboring under great disturbance of mind, and having inquiries to make of a very important order. He had seen a gentleman who had informed him that it was generally rumored that I had been taken ill with heart disease and had died in a very short time. It was clear I was not dead, and the great fear was removed. The question was put, "Would you like to see him?" But my kind friend was perfectly satisfied, and was too full of joy to wish to linger; he would go back and answer with certainty the many inquiries which continued to be made at the Tabernacle. How the report originated I am quite at a loss to tell. It has evoked much kindness, but it is rather odd to feel called upon to assure your friends that you are yet alive; I can but show myself and ask my friends to see for themselves if I look like a dead man.

Spiritually Alive.

By this incident I was led to turn a heart-glance upon myself, and to say, "I wonder whether there is any question as to whether I am alive in the higher sense?" That I am alive as to my natural life is clear enough; but is my spiritual life equally evidenced? The inquiry came home to my own heart, and therefore I suggest it to yours, for it may profit you. Brethren, do you live unto God? Are you walking as those who are alive from the dead? Remember, my sisters, that it is written, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth;" may no woman here come under that condemnation! Brethren, I call upon you also to remember the word of the Lord Jesus to the church of Sardis, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." Many exist upon the face of the earth, but into "life" they have never entered.

My subject is life, may the Lord of life help me to speak of it after a lively manner. A consideration of the text will help in the inquiry as to whether we live unto God or no; and it may further help those who sigh after the divine life to discover the way of divine quickening.

A Simple Prayer.

I. First let us consider this prayer in its simplicity. We ask you to notice, first, that this is a suitable prayer for the awakened sinner. He discovers himself to be guilty, and he preceives that there is a punishment for sin, and so far he understands his position. Alarmed by his conscience, he thinks he sees the Judge upon the great white throne about to pronounce the final sentence, and he knows what it must be, for it is written, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die:" so far he understands well enough. He hears, also, that there is life, life in Christ Jesus, life for the guilty; but his mind is much confused with many terrors, and with the horrible dread of the sure consequences of his sin. He has sufficient faith in the revelation of God to know that there is life in a look at the Crucified One; but he does not quite understand what that look means. Then is his time to pray, "Give me understanding, and I shall live."

Equally applicable, however, will this be in the case of one who is a Christian, and who is struggling against temptation. Perhaps, my brother, you are placed in a position where

You are Fiercely Tempted

from without by the world, and possibly you may fear that you will not be able to survive it. It comes with such force that you are staggered by its power: you feel that you cannot bear up under such pressure, you despair of your spiritual life. Well, then, ask God to bring home his word to your hearts, that you may act wisely, and may meet the rebuke of the ungodly and the temptations of the wicked prudently, baffling the adversary by your sacred vigilance. Pray, "Give me understanding, and I shall live," for a clear understanding is needful for your preservation from the enemy.

Do you not think that this prayer will often well up from the heart of the suffering believer? To some of our dear brothers and sisters life is one long pang, for bodily disease has fixed its fangs in their flesh. There are others whose life is always from hand to mouth, and sometimes bread is scant in the cupboard, so that grinding poverty breaks them to dust. These are sore ills, as those know who have to bear them. Some, too, are subject to domestic trials, watching daily the pining away of one they love; or bereavement has followed bereavement till they seem left alone in the land. Dear ones, who have been

Called to Suffer

in these ways, have you not cried out at times, "I shall never be able to bear it; I shall die of a broken heart under these great afflictions. O that I might hide me in the grave?" You fear that you will perish if the pressure continues; but you will do no such thing. God will help you to bear your burden by sustaining your soul with heavenly meat that others know nothing of. If the load be not made lighter, the shoulders shall be made stronger, and this shall be done by your having a clearer understanding of the word of God, and a fuller experience of its supporting power. Breathe then, the prayer—"Give me understanding, and I shall live."

I thank God that a large number now present are not so much sufferers as workers. Now, I know that you who are working for God and trying to win souls often feel as if you were not half alive. I am compelled to make such a confession personally. I want to get alive to the utmost; not only having life, but having it "more abundantly." I have some life in me, thank God; but I want it to quicken me more completely. Sometimes we get into a sleepy state, and then the spirit chides us, and we cry, "This will never do."

We Need Quickening,

brethren; do you not feel that it is so? I believe that those who are most earnest are the very persons who blame themselves the most for the want of earnestness. Here, then, is our prayer, "Give me understanding, and I shall live."

Is not this a very proper and blessed prayer for aspiring minds in the Church of God, of whom I trust there are many present? Such men are not satisfied with themselves, but press forward to that which is yet beyond and above them. They have not reached that imaginary climax which some prattle of, who dote upon their fancied perfectness; but their motto is "Onward, Upward, Heavenward." These dwell on high, but their cry is "Higher, higher." They are calm and happy, but yet they sigh for a still serener frame, they have power in prayer, but they long for more of a wrestling spirit, and for greater prevalence with God. If there be any here who are fired with such divine ambitions, what better prayer can they use than this, "Give me understanding, and I shall live?"

Life in Death.

Last of all, when we shall not be so much aspiring saints as expiring saints—when we come to lie upon our last bed, and to look into the unseen, then may we still pray after the same fashion. When the eye shall begin to open to the light of heaven, and things but darkly seen before grow clearer in the dawn of the eternal day; when the songs of angels begin to break upon the opening ears of the soul, and heaven is drawing near, for grace is ripening into glory, and glory is coming to welcome its heir—then may we pray to live through the understanding and experience of the divine word. How blessed it will be to have such an understanding of divine realities that we shall stay ourselves upon the promises, shall rejoice in the everlasting covenant, and derive strong consolation from the oath of God. How blessed, then, to understand our living union with our risen Lord, and to know the experience of the happy psalmist when he sang, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Thus, I think I have shown you that this prayer sounds well on every note of the scale. You may sound it out of the depths of seeking penitence, and you may run up to the very highest note with the expectancy of glory, and the word will sound well on any note you touch. From the wicket-gate of humble faith up to the gate of pearl which admits into the golden city you may go on praying, "Give me understanding, and I shall live."

II. The time is come when under our second division the prayer is to be more fully opened up. "Give me understanding, and I shall live." Here is

A Want Confessed

because it is deeply felt; the suppliant owns his need of understanding. Has that want been felt by you, my brother? We are all fools till God gives us understanding. A sense of our own folly is the door-step of all wisdom. He that is taught of God is the man that asks to be taught of God, and she who has chosen the good part is the woman who sits at Jesus' feet to hear his words. It is the mark of a wise man that he does not think himself so, and that he continues to pray "Give me understanding."

Next, the prayer is directed to God, for God alone can give understanding. Teachers can enlighten an understanding which already exists, but they cannot give one. Masters and instructors can profit nothing till we have an understanding with which to receive knowledge aright. All real understanding of the word of God must come to us as it did to the disciples on the road to Emmaus, of whom it is written, "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures." The author of the sacred volume must himself expound it to the heart and understanding, or we shall be rather blinded by its light than made to see thereby.

Brethren, the Psalmist speaks of understanding in a general way—"Give me understanding"—as if he wanted the faculty for use in many directions. In every transaction of this life we need to be prudent, for we are surrounded by a thousand snares and pitfalls, and if we do not exercise discretion we shall be taken all unawares and become the prey of our enemies. We bear within our own natures so much to confuse and confound and entangle that if we are not taught prudence and understanding we shall certainly never escape from the mischief that is within us. We are frequently

Like Men in a Fog,

who cannot be sure where they are. It happened but the other day near Milan that so dense a fog covered the railway that a number of workmen who were employed upon the line heard the sound of an approaching freight train and rushed to get away from it; but at that very same moment an express train, which they had not heard or seen, came rushing upon them, and cut them to pieces. Such is our condition at times; we try to get away from one temptation and we fall into another; we hope to escape one form of evil and we rush into another. Haste breeds heedlessness, and warmth of zeal is apt to beget indiscretion, so that we daily need a good share of understanding as a ballast to our sail. A Christian man should be a sensible man, a man with all his wits about him. He needs to possess the wisdom of the Book of Proverbs as well as the devotion of the Psalms and the rapture of Solomon's Song. Those books are placed together in the Bible as if to show that they ought to be read together, and that their spirit and influence are essential to a complete practical character.

Still, while the understanding sought for in the prayer is evidently of a general character, the former portion of the verse links it with

A Special Understanding

of the word of God; and oh, beloved, we need above all things to understand what God has revealed. Take care first that you know it. Search the Scriptures, let them be the man of your right hand. Knowing and believing, it will be time to advance to meditation. Consider the words of God; weigh them, test them, dive into them. The richest ore lies deepest. There may be sands of gold sparkling upon the surface of the Bible, but the great nuggets are reserved for those who dig deep both by day and by night. Consider well the words of eternal life, and then go on to obey their teaching. You will never have an understanding of the Word unless you practice it. To this must be added experience, for who understands the word till he has experienced its truth and power? But what a blessed knowledge of a promise you receive when it is fulfilled to you! How you understand the reality of prayer when you have received an answer. How you know the meaning of communion with Christ when your face shines with seeing him!

What Life Means.

Permit me now to say that no man who is at all awakened can really live unless he knows the word of God and understands its inner meaning. For this reason: Do you call it life to live without light? You may have been in the sepulchral dungeons of Venice, where not a ray of light ever came to the unhappy prisoner. To linger there, do you call that life? To live without the light of God is just such an existence. We have heard of men who have been immured in dungeons for forty years, wearing constantly the manacles, never breathing the fresh air,—do you call that life? Can there be "life" where there is no liberty? Alas, some men have never been free, but have remained captives to their lusts, never knowing the liberty wherewith Christ makes them free. Call you such bondage life? But more, many men exist without peace, driven to and fro like a sere leaf by the tempest. Never resting, they are as a rolling thing before the whirlwind. Call you that life? "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Is that life? And then to have no grand object, no object worthy of yourself—to be living in this world merely to get enough bread and cheese to eat, just keeping yourself breathing and your family breathing—is that life? No heavenly object, no ambition worthy of an immortal spirit, do you call that life? Death

before you, which you dare not think of! No hope, unless it be the ghastly figment of annihilation! Dreadful hope! To me a thought most horrible! To live without hope is not life; far rather call it death. Lord give me understanding of thy everlasting testimonies, then I shall live, but I shall never live till thou dost grant me this boon.

III. Now we will take the third step and go deeper, laying bare the argument of this prayer.

What Does he Mean

by saying, "The righteousness of thy testimonies is everlasting: give me understanding, and I shall live?" I think he means this—that the word of God when it is practically and experimentally understood by the mind is a pledge of life. Do you think that God would take one of us to be his child and teach us his word, and then after all permit us to be condemned to die? Is that his fashion? Did you ever hear of a judge who instructed a criminal in the arts and sciences laboriously for years with the view of executing him when the task was done? Nothing of the sort. If the Lord has taught you it is because the Lord has bought you, and he will not lose the purchase of his blood. If the Lord has taught you it is because he means to take you where your education will be completed, to take you home to dwell with himself above. "Give me understanding and I shall live:" I am quite clear about that.

The Crown of Life.

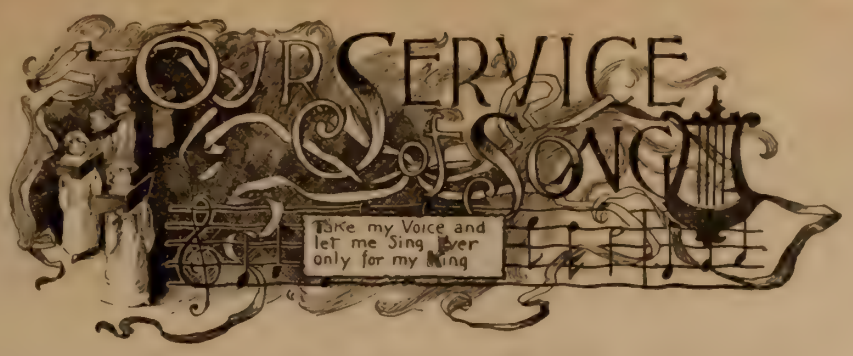
Once more, the understanding of God's word is the very flower and crown and glory of true life. When a man so understands God's word as to experience it, and to practice it, he has reached a high point of spiritual culture, and his life will be loaded, like Aaron's rod, with buds and blossoms and fruit unto God's glory. He will be such a man that he shall only need to take one step and be in heaven. He is a shock of corn fully ripe, each single stalk bowing its head towards the earth as if it asked to be ingathered. Let us pray God to give us an understanding of his blessed word, for then we shall be ripe for glory, and in the highest sense it will be true that we shall "live."

I cannot make out the notion of certain professing Christians, that a change comes over Christianity as the ages move on; that there is a Christianity for the first century, and a revised Christianity for the present era. We have become very enlightened of late! You are aware that this is the marvellous nineteenth century. We have invented the electric light, and none can deny that we are the most enlightened people that ever lived on the face of the earth! It is not, of course, pride on our part to say so, for we are very modest. Among us there are men who are wonderfully brilliant—Paul was but a farthing candle compared with them. They understand by

Culture and Thought

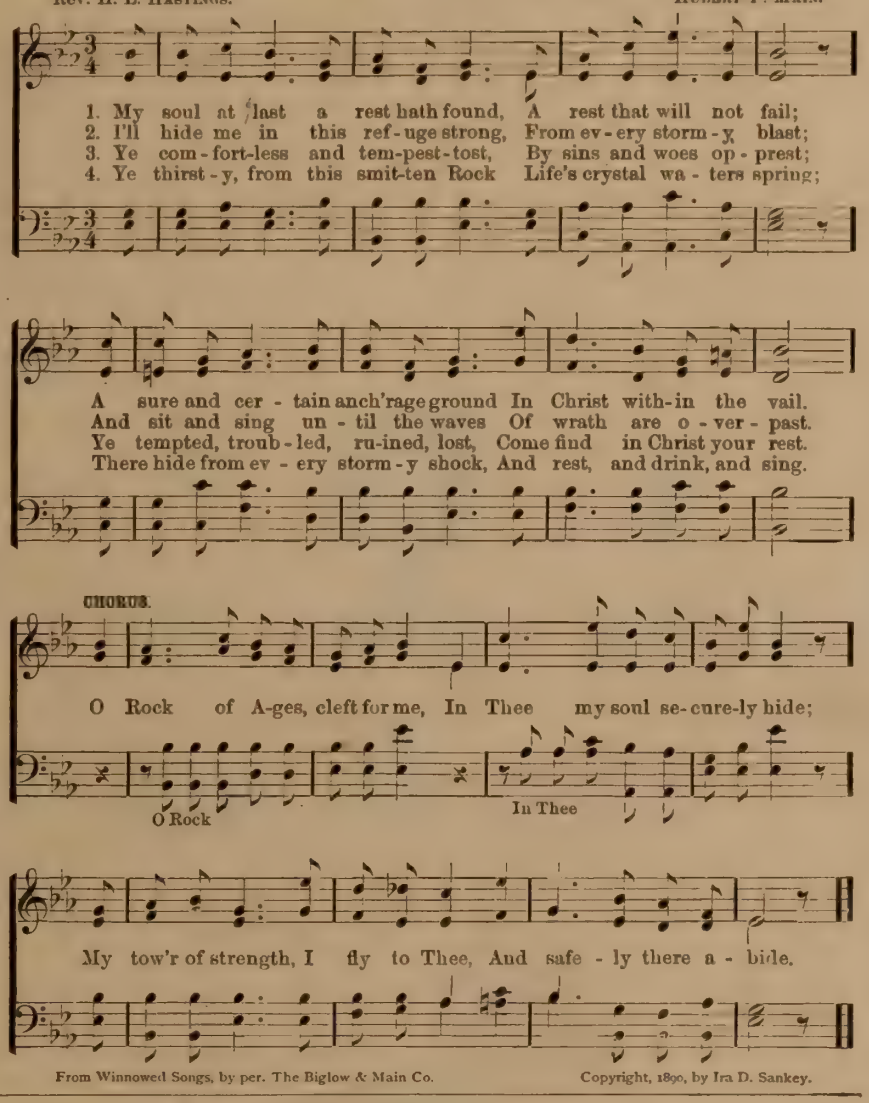
so much of these things that it is an honor to speak with them. The gospel that was preached to the poor, which childlike persons understood by the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit, is in their eyes a very poor business. They sneer and turn up their cultured noses at what they call "the simple gospel," as if a simple gospel was meant for simpletons. Well, now, to my mind, this is the very bliss and blessedness of the gospel, that the righteousness of God's testimonies is everlasting, that though it has been tried by criticism and tested by experience, it remains the same in its spotless purity and in its divine infallibility to this day.

Do you want a better gospel, any of you? Go and fish for it, if you do, but not in the waters of truth. Do you want any nobler promise, any surer covenant? As for me, I bless God that the righteousness of his testimonies is everlasting, and by them I mean to abide all my days, God helping me.



O Rock of Ages.

Rev. H. L. HASTINGS. HUBERT P. MAIN.



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WHO WILL GO.

[For The Christian Herald.]

O'ER the ruthless rolling ocean
Where the prince of darkness reigns,
Holding fast his countless victims
Crushed beneath his cruel chains;
Oh the wail of bitter anguish,
Oh the deep, despairing cry:
Send us light or we must perish—
Send it quickly, or we die.

To these wretched, starving millions
Who the bread of life will bear?
At a throne of grace and mercy
Who will plead with them in prayer?
Who will undertake the journey
O'er the stormy billows' foam?
Leaving all without a murmur—
Parents, friends, and native home.

Firmly, bravely, comes the answer
From a loyal mission band,
That our blessed Lord is keeping
In the hollow of his hand.
Firmly, bravely, comes the answer;
Even now I hear him say,
Gracious Master thou hast called,
And thy message I obey.

Dearest brother, you are going,
Where you oft may sow in tears,
And the fruit of earnest labor
Be withheld perhaps for years.
Though you toil amid their changes,
Burning sun and chilling frost,
Not a seed will be forgotten
Nor a single blade be lost;
God is faithful to his promise
If you still in him abide,
You shall reap a golden harvest
And your sheaves be multiplied.

God be with you on the billow,
God protect you o'er the main;
In his tender, loving kindness,
Bring you back to us again.
But if otherwise determined,
And on earth we meet no more;
May we all sing hallelujah
On the bright eternal shore.

—FANNY J. CROSBY.

LINGER NOT.

THE time is short!
If thou wouldst work for God it must be now;
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow;
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!
Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;
Set out with girdled loins upon the way;
Up! linger not!

Fold not thy hands!
What has the pilgrim of the cross and crown
To do with luxury or couch of down?
On, pilgrim, on!

With his reward
He comes; he tarries not; his day is near;
When men least look for him will he be here;
Prepare for him!

Let not the flood
Sweep thy firm feet from the eternal rock;
Face calmly, solemnly, the billows shock;
Fear not the storm. —BONAR.

THE EXPECTATION.

BY EMILY S. HOLT.*

WE are told that at the time of the First Advent, there was throughout the civilized world a general expectation of a coming deliverer or benefactor. On all sides men were looking out for a Coming Man. There was a widespread, instinctive belief that something was about to happen, and a prevalent impression that this something would take the form of a person.

So, before the Second Advent, we are forewarned that there will be a similar general anticipation of something about to happen. But in this case, it will not be a person who is expected. It will be the shadow of a coming judgment. In the former out-look there was no fear, but a common hope. In the latter expectation there will be no hope, but only

A Universal Fear.

Moreover, we are also told a singular paradox—that alongside with this fear exists the most complete apathy. "Eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage," buying, selling, planting, building—all these things are to be busily going on at the same moment with this prevalent terror.

But there is one class exempt alike from the folly and the fear. They are not exempt from the expectation; nay, they are the most vividly expectant of all; but they are free from the apprehension which makes it terrible—they are watching in undismayed peace, and even with joy. They look up, and lift up their heads, for their redemption draweth nigh. It is not for it they wait, but for him. What engrosses their thoughts is not the coming judgment, but the coming Judge, who to them will not come as the Judge, but as the Saviour. We have here, then,

Three Classes of Men

portrayed: those who are looking out with fear, those who are looking out with joy, and those who are not looking out at all, and on whom the Advent will come as a thief in the night, as a bolt out of the blue. Do we see nothing like this in the present day? As for the apathetic class, their existence is nothing new—they have been always with us But has there not been to some extent a revival of the second class, and an altogether new development of the first? Until about fifty years ago, the coming of the Lord was not the special hope of the church. So far from its being a usual subject of preaching, it was looked upon as visionary, speculative, impractical—something that theoretically existed in the remote future, but was certainly not to be expected now, and for which therefore it was waste of time and thought to make preparation. But some fifty years since, there was a wonderful upheaval on this question. The Church began to realize the reality and the possible nearness of the Advent, as she had not realized it for centuries. There was much preaching and writing on the subject, and it must be admitted that along with the revival of solemn truths, some foolish fancies were aired. Satan might be trusted to take care of that. Of late years we have heard much less on this point. The froth has died down; but the truth remains with us, and the sure hope is fixed in the heart of the Church. She is still on the outlook, though with calmer mien than of old—no whit less certain, but less feverish and excited. She may be less ready than at one time to measure swords as to minor details, to dispute warmly over possibilities of interpretation; but she is no less assured of the hope itself, no less

Ready for the Midnight Cry,

only more earnest to be found watching, having gathered in her sheaves. The next predicted event is the sign of the Son of Man in heaven. What will it be? Do the words imply some visible, probably unprecedented, mark set in the skies? or is it that the appearance of the Lord himself is the "sign" of his coming? We know not. We only know that he is coming, and he is at hand. Blessed are those servants whom he shall find watching!

But some may say, Have not many ere now supposed that the last time had arrived, and found themselves disappointed? Undoubtedly. But the time must come when the hope will not be quenched in disappointment; and how can we know that it is not now? Can we ever be too ready for the midnight cry, too eager to welcome the returning Master?

* From her article in *The Better Day*.

AN EFFORT FOR PONTUS.

PITY for an oppressed and miserable people has brought into contact with the Christian public of Switzerland, France, and England, the lady whose portrait appears in this column. She is the wife of Garabed Thoumain, a native of Marsovan, in Asia Minor, a town situated in the district which in the New Testament is called Pontus. Madame Thoumain, is a native of Switzerland, a daughter of Pastor Rossier de Visme. A few years ago there came to Lausanne, where she was then living, a young Armenian who wanted to become a student in the Protestant College. He had been taken by some monks of Lebanon from the village school at Marsovan as a boy of remarkable intelligence, who would pay for educating. Their estimate of him was justified by results. The boy learned quickly, but his intellect was so acute that he

MADAME THOUMAIN.

became convinced of the errors of their teaching. He declared himself a Protestant and made his way to Lausanne to obtain a Protestant education. At the close of his college course he was solemnly set apart for Gospel work in his own land and returned thither to preach and teach. But the young missionary had a strong tie attracting him back to Switzerland, in the person of the daughter of the Huguenot pastor. He returned and married her and she accompanied him to Armenia to help him in his labors.

Such scenes as this delicate Swiss lady witnessed in that land shocked and appalled her. The people seemed to to have learned the vices of their tyrants, the Turks. Cruelty, neglect of the sick, the aged and infirm, poverty, squalor, vice, dirt,—she could look nowhere without being sickened by the sight. Her husband was working energetically in conjunction with the American missionaries to found the Christian College for the benefit of intelligent converts which is now an accomplished fact.

But this was for the better class of the people. Mdme. Thoumain's concern was for the very poor. She had visited the poor in her father's parish in Switzerland, but such poverty and misery as she saw around her new home she had never even imagined. She saw the sick left in open sheds to live or die as might happen. One of them, an orphan child, had been left in a shed near her home and she had him carried into her house and tried, but vainly, to nurse him back to life. Her heart sank as she saw this and other scenes too shocking to describe, and she resolved to make an effort to relieve some of this misery.

She left her home and started on a tour through Europe describing the condition of the people and appealing to the Christian public for help. Her desire is to build and equip a missionary hospital in which the sick poor may receive help for body and soul. It is gratifying to learn that she has already collected sufficient money to purchase the site and erect a substantial building. A medical missionary holding a first class diploma has volunteered to fill the first place on the medical staff and all that now remains for her to do before her return is to raise a further sum of money for the furnishing and support of the institution. This will probably be accom-

THE ANTE-ROOM.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Dec. 27. Preparation for the Week of Prayer. Isa. 62: 10; 1 Thess. 5: 17; Eph. 6: 18.

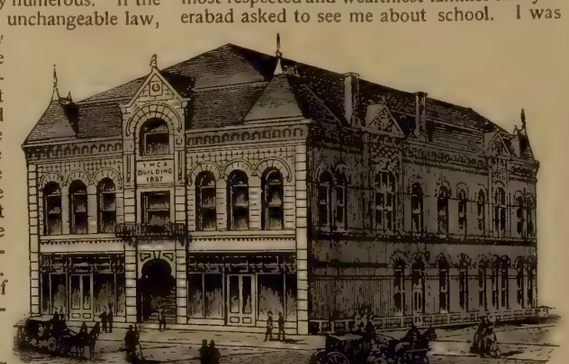
WHEN the disciples approached Christ with the request, Lord teach us to pray, they gave utterance to a desire which at some time or other must have been present in the mind of every thoughtful man. He who looks around on nature, who knows anything of its infinite beauty, of the laws which govern it, from the motions of the stars to the construction of an ant's body, who has struggled to form a slight conception of what the Being must be from whom all this has come, would not think of addressing such a Being thoughtlessly or in a mechanical or perfunctory manner. The infinite distance existing between the Creator and the creatnre he cannot forget; and when to this is added the consciousness of sin, the idea of entering that Presence fills him with awe. Yet, all there is of good in his soul prompts him to approach God and he wants to know how he should enter his presence. Christ's first words settle that question for him, authoritatively. "Our Father." The words give the key to man's relation to the Deity. Weak, disobedient, refractory sons are we, but he is our Father and we may address him so. But, lest the idea should beget familiarity or irreverence, Christ's second sentence is, "Hallowed be thy name." It is thus, then, that we are to come to God with whatever we may desire to say to him—as a Father whose name and relation is inconceivably sacred.

In this, the last week of the year, on the verge of the period when by a common consent all Christendom unites in special supplication, it is well that there be preparation for this sublime function—the most sublime in the capacity of man.

"What profit shall we have if we pray unto him?" asks the sceptic. The idea is the natural product of the utilitarian mind. Benefit for ourselves—will there be any of that? Any exercise, any effort, any expenditure of time or thought which has in it no distinct promise of profit does not commend itself to minds of that type and they are very numerous. If the universe is governed by an unchangeable law, will our prayers have any effect? If God knows the things we have need of before we ask him, will not those things be granted without our asking? If we pray only, "Thy will be done," will not his will be done whether we utter the desire or not? What profit then shall we have if we pray unto him? Such questions are asked every day. They exclude the idea of duty. He would be an unnatural son who never approached his father but when he wanted something of him. The questions exclude the idea of love. He who loves does not wait for the need of a favor before seeking the presence of the one he loves. The sense of gratitude is also excluded. We have much to thank God for and we should be shamelessly ungrateful if we were silent before him. Therefore, if there were no promise of profit iu praying to him, we ought to pray. But there is promise. There is reflex benefit in the exercise itself.

When one, who holds communion with the skies,
Has filled his urn where those pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

Communion elevates if it be communion with a higher intelligence and how must it be with communion with the highest! Besides, the assurance is given that prayer will be answered. "Prove me now" is God's invitation, and they who like Muller and Spurgeon and



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, MARION, KANS.

tation testify that the answers come. God keeps his promise and none that go to him in spirit and in truth are sent empty away.

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A KANSAS Y. M. C. A.

AMONG the thriving Young Men's Christian Associations of the West, that of Marion, Kans., holds a prominent place. Although the town is comparatively small it has furnished a band of young men so earnest in religious work and so energetic and enterprising that they have erected the substantial Association building, of which a picture appears in this column. This building, which covers an area of fifty by a hundred feet, cost $24,000, and is excellently adapted for its purpose. It is a very hopeful sign in these rapidly grown Western towns when their young men are ready to make sacrifices to build such a house for their religious work. A still more remarkable evidence of the consecrated spirit of these Kansas young men appears in a recent report of the State Association. It is there stated that no less than four general secretaries have resigned to enter the foreign mission field, and are on the way to Africa. The Secretary adds that he has reason to believe that scores of young men will soon come forward to consecrate themselves to the same work. Many of these are college students of whom there were two hundred at the last annual Bible Conference held at Marion.

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WORK FOR KING'S DAUGHTERS.

AN opportunity for King's Daughters who are longing to serve Christ in a foreign field is presented in a letter published in the *Silver Cross*. It comes from a lady engaged in mission work in India, to Mrs. Skidmore, who presides over the Committee of the King's Daughters on Foreign Mission Work. Although the demand is for educational rather than religious work the writer of the letter is anxious that such positions as she describes should be filled by ladies who would co-operate with missionaries in enlightening the inmates of the Zenanas on the truths of the Gospel. She says:

"Last evening a member of one of the oldest, most respected and wealthiest families of Hyderabad asked to see me about school. I was charmed with the family and with the unique, beautifully furnished house. The long passages and rooms leading to the zenana are paved with broad stone flags. There are several open courtyards, each with a fountain and small garden, and everywhere a cleanness and freshness not usual in Mohammedan houses. Some daintily furnished rooms were explained to be the school rooms! The family had employed an English governess, and these had been her quarters. The munshi who was guiding me said the Nawab "wants you to recommend another lady teacher." After I had seen everything, the Nawab said, 'I have three requests: First I wish to send my third son, a lad of eight years, to your school; also my daughter, who is six. She will not be in *purda* (that is, shut in the zenana,) for two years yet, and in that time can make a good beginning with her education. I would be glad if you could arrange to take them all as boarders. (I told him it would not be possible at present.) Second, since you cannot, they will go as day pupils, and I would like to arrange for their luncheon. I will pay all expense. The little boy of four years may also go if he likes. Third, I want a resident teacher, who can instruct the zenana ladies, and look after the children, drive out with them, etc.'

"I have given these details for a purpose. It is not the first time I have been asked to recommend a resident teacher for houses. It is quite the right thing now for the advanced families to employ English resident teachers for the children and Begums, the idea being that the contact of daily life and sound of the English language will inevitably result in a higher civilization. And I have seen enough of the women and girls who want these posts, to know that though some may exert good influence over the families, the majority are by no means fit for such important responsibility. If I only had it in my power to send a good, wise, Christian lady to every one who asks for a teacher, I would be most happy."

The lady adds that she thinks it probable that some really consecrated King's Daughter might like such work and she invites Mrs. Skidmore to send her the names of any she may know and can recommend. Mrs. Skidmore's address is 230 West 59th Street, New York.

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CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR GRADUATION

AMONG many who have made excellent suggestions in reply to the problem submitted by the *Golden Rule* of the best method of getting members of Christian Endeavor Societies to graduate from verse readers to original speakers, is Rev. W. F. McCauley of Dayton, Ohio. His remarks show so kindly an appreciation of the difficulties of graduation and so friendly a sympathy with the would-be graduates that we copy them here for the benefit of those who have not read his letter. He says:

"Never fail to show appreciation when some timid member does for once attempt remarks or prayer. One reason why so many cling to the reading of a verse as the only method of participation is because they at some time did venture on a halting sentence or two of their own, and felt that they failed, and so never tried again. It is no uncommon thing for one to have an excellent speech in his mind and to be unable to say much of it. What he said may have been good, but it was so far below what he intended to say, that it all seems to him valueless, and he sits down discouraged. Show appreciation of that speech, for there can be no doubt that you were pleased to hear the attempt made, and the person will try again. Let those who are leaders attempt those things that are harder to them, and others will do the same. Add to your prayer-meeting participation in personal work for souls. Under the influence of such an example, the verse readers will themselves make progress. Other methods will work well in connection with this example of progress, but cannot work successfully independently of it."

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AN INQUIRY.

A LETTER has come to the editor of this journal from H. C——, of Lenox, Iowa, detailing circumstances which must be common to other localities and indicating an appreciation of opportunities which we trust is also common to them. It appears that Union Evangelistic meetings have recently been held at Lenox, and God has blessed them to the conversion of many young people. Our correspondent is anxious that in some way these new converts should be helped in their Christain life. A committee is formed to arrange a plan with that object. The committee is, as is fitting, composed of earnest Christian people, but they belong to different denominations. At least three branches of the church of Christ are represented among them. On what basis can they work harmoniously? To our correspondent and to all who may he similarly situated we heartily recommend the Christian Endeavor system. Its platform of seven principles which was published in this journal on Oct. 21, is one on which Evangelical Christians of all denominations may unite. Its methods of operation have been tested by Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and many others and have been found effective for the very purposes mentioned by our correspondent. The uniform testimony of pastors, church officers and members wherever a Christian Endeavor Society has been organized and maintained is that it has led to a growth in grace, and to increased Christian activity. Denominational differences have been forgotten and all hands have joined in united effort for mutual edification and the winning of souls for Christ.

MOTHER KNOWS

NOBODY knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother,
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer's,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above,
To thank the heavenly Father,
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells About the Kaffirs and their Wonderful Progress—The Native African Choir.

"MUSIC," said Uncle John, after the little ones had sung a hymn in their sweet, treble voices, "is a key to the heart. Even among the savage nations, the power of song is recognized and the best musician in a tribe is often accorded high honors. Long before Jubal there must have been excellent singers on the earth."

"The Germans are the most musical nation, are they not?" inquired one of the group.

"Italy and Germany can divide the honors, my little one," was the smiling reply. "But the love of song is universal and by no means confined to certain nations and climates, although in some it is more highly developed than in others. Even in Central Africa, where the densest ignorance prevails, the natives are susceptible to the influence of music and are attracted perhaps as much by the singing as by the preaching of the missionaries."

"I have listened to some negro singing that was beautiful," remarked mother.

"Ah, yes," responded Uncle. "Genuinely musical at heart, whether born here or in Africa, the negro delights in song. For several months past a party of South African native Christian singers has been delighting musical connoisseurs in England. They have sung before the Queen, the Bishop of London, and in a number of churches and public halls, and their vocalism has stood the test of the severest criticism. Now, these African Christians, who belong to various tribes and have most interesting histories, may at no distant date, sing their sweet songs of Zion to American audiences. Their history is given in a recent number of the *Illustrated News of the World*, and it is very interesting.

"Paul Xiniwe, the leader of the band, is a native Kaffir, belonging to King William's Town, Cape Colony. He was born in 1857, of Christian parents and studied his books to such purpose that he held while still young, a position in the government Telegraph Department. He afterwards qualified himself for a change as schoolmaster at Port Elizabeth, Cape Town, and four years ago became a member of the African Choir. Mrs. Paul Xiniwe, his wife, is also a Christian, and is young, pleasant-featured, and fairly educated. Makhomo Manye, another female member of the choir, is a Basuto and an accomplished linguist, speaking five languages including English, Boer, Dutch, High Dutch, Amaxosa Kaffir and Basuto. She is not yet twenty. Her father was a Basuto and her mother an Umbo—both being devout Christians. Makhomo taught school and sewing-classes at Kimberly and was leading voice in a native church choir. Johanna Jonkers is a pure Zulu, notwithstanding her Dutch name. Her parents were taken captives from the Zulu country by the Boers. During her childhood Johanna had bitter experience of the hardships of slave life. Both her parents were Christians.

"Josiah Semouse, another of the singers, is also a Basuto and the son of native Christians. His father was a local preacher and a man of considerable education. Semouse fought on the side of the Boers during the war with England. When the war closed he travelled afoot the entire distance of four hundred miles to the native school at Lovedale, Cape Colony, being determined, as he explains, to reach a point where he could be both educated and civilized. There he entered the school or college, and remained until March of this year when he undertook the management of the African choir and came to England."

THE NATIVE AFRICAN CHRISTIAN SINGERS.

"Quite half-way round the world," said Tom.

"Yes. These singers from the Dark Continent were awestruck by the wonderful things they saw on reaching Europe. They feel now, more than ever, the advantages of Christian civilization and they deplore the lack of facilities for educating the African natives. They believe that the problem of negro civilization will be greatly assisted to a solution by the establishment of technical schools, to teach manual skill and useful occupations generally, and the principal object of the tour is to interest public sentiment all over the Christian world in that behalf. They have an enthusiastic conviction that a great future awaits Africa, which owes all the material and intellectual progress its people have yet accomplished to the influence of Christianity and a Christian civilization."

"Are the Kaffirs a great nation?" was asked.

"At one time undoubtedly they were. The various tribes now probably number less than two million souls. You know they extend across the African Continent, in the south. Britain annexed a part and so did the Dutch settlers. Their language is Bantu and three good Wesleyan missionaries — the Revs. Wm. Shaw, W. J. Shrewsbury and W. B. Boyce translated the Gospels for them in 1841. Since then they have had a plentiful supply of New Testaments and in 1878 the entire Bible was translated into their tongue. Up to 1889 a single Bible Society had distributed over 50,000 printed portions of Scripture among them. Kaffir-land is thickly populated and its people are among the finest of African types in strength, courage and intelligence. The Moravians were the first to send missionaries to Kaffraria in 1818, I believe—the Gospel pioneer being pastor von der Kemp, who was sent out by the London Missionary Society in 1798. There are many mission stations there now, representing a score of denominations and all doing noble work for the spread of the Gospel."

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The Art of Not Hearing.

THE art of "not hearing," remarks a writer in the *Presbyterian*, should be learned by all. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, very many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness. If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls us all manner of names, at the first word we should shut our ears, and hear no more. If in a quiet voyage of life we find ourselves caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, we should shut our ear as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot, restless man begins to inflame our feelings, we should consider what mischief the fiery sparks may do in our magazine below, where our temper is kept, and instantly close the door. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion stuck full of sharp remarks.

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Prodigal Children.

EVERY one knows the parable of the "Prodigal Son," but few have thought of an equally applicable parable of the "Prodigal Daughter." Is there not such a prodigal, then? Or is it that, through some strange and unaccountable pessimism on the part of society, the "Prodigal Daughter" does not receive a warm welcome home, like the erring but repentant son. An illustration in point is recorded by a very bright correspondent of the *Woman's Chronicle*. The sermon had been on the "Prodigal Son," and the pastor and parishioners were walking homeward, discussing the service.

"From a man's standpoint it was a good sermon, no doubt," remarked a lady. "The Prodigal Son is always returning, and the fatted calf is continually being killed. But I think it is time that something was said and done for the prodigal daughter. She is condemned without mercy by her own sex, and woe betide her if she leans for support upon the other. The next time you want a topic for a stirring sermon think of the hopeless fate."

Pity the prodigals! Whether son or daughter the parent's heart goes out to each alike. Cruel conventionalism has decreed that for the female prodigal there is no return this side the grave; but the Father above gives to both penitents an equal share in his forgiveness and his love.

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MIND AND SOUL TRAINING.

WE teach for eternity. The weal or woe of the child is largely in the hands of him that has the shaping of its character in its early training. An unhappy speech, an improper habit, an unfortunate gesture, may start a child along a line of evil that may result in its final ruin. Can any one then look lightly upon a work the neglect of which may prove so disastrous? Yet it cannot be denied that many fail to comprehend its importance. Children are left to themselves; they are left to judge, and chose for themselves in matters that require ripe years and wide experience to decide. Grievous consequences follow. These are a pang most severe in the heart of the child, and cause incurable wounds in the heart of the parent.

A dying father, writes Rev. G. M. Elliott, in *The Householder*, once said to his children. "I verily believe that not one of you will dare meet me in the judgment in an unconverted state." His life, his teaching, both in precept and in example, had been such that they would be without an excuse for not being Christians. He had comprehended his duty, he had faithfully performed it, and had faith to believe that the promise would be fulfilled. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Think of it. Training souls for eternity. Impressing minds with truth that will lead them to eternal joy, or begetting thoughts and habits that will sink the soul in perdition. This is a work that is neither light nor trifling. Can we afford for one moment to neglect it? Shall we be excused at the bar of our great Judge for the neglecting of a duty so responsible?

The ships that in the distance die
Have not gone down into the deep;
They mount the waves, however high,
And still their onward courses keep,
Until they reach the destined strand
The harbor of the looked-for land.

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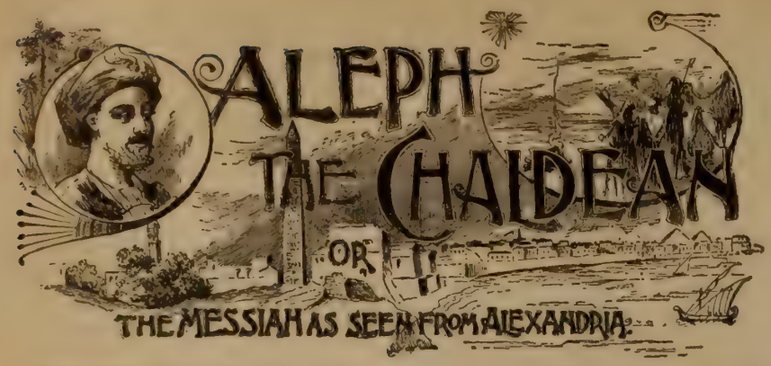
Sunday Table-Talk.

WHY should we be at a loss for conversational topics at the Sunday dinner-table, any more than on other days? Yet it is not uncommon to sit down to the Sabbath meal and find ourself facing a gloomy enough gathering; sombre faces, dull eyes and silent lips, that hardly open except to admit the spoon or to utter a monosyllable to the waiting-maid. The true and fitting topic for Sunday dinner table-talk is the sermon, every remembered point of which which will suggest some idea. Not to pick the sermon to pieces or to cavil at the preacher, but to take it in its entire meaning and intelligently apply it to ourselves.

Apropos, a writer in the *Mid-Continent* relates the following incident: A man once reached a church just as the people were leaving. Accosting an usher he said, "What, is the sermon over?" "No," replied the usher, "it's only begun." This idea is a good one, but it does not seem to prevail to any large extent. The sermon ought to begin as soon as one leaves the house of worship, but if the conversation of the people on their way home is any test, the sermon may be in their hearts or somewhere else, but in many cases it is certainly not upon their lips. We once overheard a conversation between two ladies who were returning from a large and fashionable church. The sole topic of conversation was the singing of the choir. One singer was praised and another was criticised and if we had not known they had been to church we would have concluded they had been attending an opera. If it is not the singing that is talked about on the way from church, it is often the weather, the bonnets, the dresses. The indulgence of such frivolous talk, which on Sunday is doubly wrong and sinful, is the best way Satan could devise for effacing the effect of a good sermon.



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER V. (*Continued.*)

HE only said that the strange man had been meddling with what did not concern him."

"Then he did not tell you that this meddler was Seti?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor did the nurse?"

"No—but she is mortally afraid of the man, and that may have kept her silent."

"Nor did the young lady?"

"No; but she had some difficulty in getting admission to the house, as I think you had; and it is possible that the man would not admit her till she had promised not to interfere, and had sent away her servants. Indeed I thought I overheard as much."

"No doubt the fellow will be troublesome. The only thing to be done is to keep such a force here as will be able to control him. As long as we are here we can do this; but when we leave we must leave behind others who will make our places good. I think I can arrange for this. . . . Now that we have come to an understanding, let us go in; but do you take the lead, as is fitting, in making the changes."

When they re-entered the room they found the man standing where they had left him—with anything but amiability in his face.

"We have agreed," said the leech to him, "in order to satisfy important friends, to try for a while a change in the treatment. Sometimes the failing powers will rally wonderfully under a complete change of conditions. At any rate we will try it."

He at once set wide open door and casement. Then going to the water-jug, he poured out a large cup full of water and brought it to Aleph, who had kneeled at the bedside and was listening again to the parched and twitching lips of the unconscious woman. He let a few drops fall upon them. He gently tried to part the locked teeth, and dropped more. At last he put the cup to her mouth.

"Stop!" shouted the husband as he rushed up—his face white with passion and a demon looking out of his eyes—and with his clenched hand struck the cup aside, spilling a large part of the water on the woman's face—"Stop! I say, this women is under my protection."

In a moment, Aleph was erect and confronting him:

"And such a protection!" he scornfully said.

"Such a protection as the thunder cloud gives to the tree it strikes—such a protection as you have been giving her, ever since you enticed her away from her friends under the pretense that you were a man, and not a brute. To my eyes the very shadow that you cast, and a very black shadow it is, is that of a wild beast of the meaner kind. I have not listened at these white lips in vain. I know something of your story, and expect to know more, shortly—know enough now to say that this woman wishes no such protector. Death would be a better one. After having made her life miserable you shall not go on to put her to death—as you seem to wish. Now, do you understand that we shall proceed to treat this woman as the leech has said, and if you interfere, or make any disturbance whatever unsuitable to a sick room, we will find such ways of quieting you as may be necessary—for quiet we will have even if we have to turn you over to the police as a dangerous character."

Aleph said this, not loudly, but in so determined and commanding a manner, and with such rebuking and threatening eyes fastened on the hateful face before him, that for a moment that face took on a shade of fear and shame among its other shades—of which it had not a few. But it was only for a moment. He reinforced himself, as such fellows are apt to do, by a mighty oath, and seemed about to spring on the young man; but noting again his watchful eye, the cane in his hand, and his whole attitude so full of lithe and conscious power, he thought better of it, and fell back on the fighting resources of his tongue.

"This is my wife, and this is my house, at least for the time being; and I will do with them as I please. Because you are an aristocrat, and belong to the university, and wear better clothes than I, you think you can treat me like a dog. But a dog can bite, especially one of my breed; and if I had as many heads as Cerberus they should all have a bite at you. So help me all the infernals.

He flung out of the room. They heard him fiercely unfastening the street-door and then fiercely slaming it behind him as he rushed into the street.

Aleph at once followed him and secured the door. Returning, he resumed his work at the bed as if nothing had happened—no more color in his cheek, no more excitement in his eyes, no less steadiness in his hand as he again held a cup of water to the woman's lips. Her eyes were now opened and fastened on him. Perhaps the water with which her face had been flooded had freshened her back to consciousness. Perhaps too the stormy scene that had just passed did something toward summoning back her retreating vitality. While she drank, cup after cup, as if it were the nectar of the immortals, she never took her eyes, eyes that seemed full of wonder, from the calm, compassionate, restful young face that bent over her. She afterwards said that it seemed to her the face of some benevolent and protecting divinity.

Her skin grew moist. Great beads of sweat came out on her forehead. By degrees her eyeslids drew together and she slept—slept as sleeps the infant, or as sleeps some still landscape after the drenching shower has passed.

"What food did she ask for yesterday?" said the leech to the nurse, who had just come in from another room. "Make ready the same for her against she awakes."

"And the lady Rachel," said Aleph, "will excuse me for suggesting that she ought now to relieve herself from her burden. The woman will do quite as well if laid quietly down."

So Rachel softly disengaged herself and gently placed the thin, worn, but now placid cheek on the pillow. She then went to the casement and stood there a moment reflectively. Then, turning to Aleph, she said:

"I think I will step out into the open air, and perhaps you will be kind enough to follow me."

Of course he followed her. Such a vision of loveliness and grace as glided past him into the court is not apt to summon even a philosopher in vain. I am not sure but that he would have followed her to Britain had she asked him, instead of that rude bench in the farther part of the court where she seated herself and invited him to do the same.

She said that he must not wonder that she wanted to thank him for standing between her and insult yesterday at the synagogue—also must not wonder that she had a woman's curiosity to know by what means he had managed to gain admittance to the house, and then to carry his point so fully with the leech. Would he explain? So he gave a modest account of his dealings with both the husband and the leech; and then smilingly demanded reciprocation. The lady must not wonder that he too had some curiosity to know something of her experience with the same rough customers. He found that, as the leech had surmised, she could not get admittance to the house till she had sent back her servants and had promised not to interfere personally with the treatment. She was very reluctant to do both things; but she felt that she could not desert her nurse at such a time. Besides, see was expecting Seti, and encouraged herself with the hope of his speedy arrival. However, she was almost afraid to come within doors | the man was so rude and surly. And she did not fail to tell what a weight was lifted from ner mind as soon as Aleph made his appearance.

But what did he propose? Would not Miriam's husband come back and break up all that had been done? And such a desperado! What threats! She trembled to think what he might do. Must not Aleph be on his guard? How sorry she was that his unselfish efforts for others should bring him into such perils! Her lips quivered, and she looked at him with moist, anxious eyes.

Aleph acknowledged that he thought the fellow capable of the worst. He would be on his guard. At the same time he did not think that they need fear his return. If he should come back he must find men in the house able to control him. So the leech and himself would remain until the coming of Seti; who perhaps would accompany her home and return with two strong and resolute men to take their places. So by alternation they must secure the patient till she could be taken elsewhere—which he thought would be very soon. What did the lady think of the plan?

See thought favorable of it; and had no doubt but that her father would do the same. But what trouble and danger Aleph was taking on himself in all this!

"Do I look as if troubled by it?" said the young man cheerfully. "You see, I am here partly for educational purposes; and I consider the opportunities which may daily come to me for dealing wisely and helpfully with men as so many valuable teachers; and, as to personal danger, I am quite willing to pay that price for my tuition. But pardon me, lady, when I say that you who leave your palace for such a place as this, and submit to bad air, and rude treatment and risk of health for the sake of a very humble person who can never repay you, ought not to be surprised at my conduct. I am comparatively selfish in my conduct. In purity of motive, I fear that you have greatly the advantage of me. Still I hope that you will not on that account refuse my interested help in your disinterested work. By and by, when my education is finished, I hope my motives will be as unselfish as your own." He smiled as he added, "But I should be sorry to have you think that I am, even now, quite without pity for suffering, and indignation at justice and wrong.

After a moment's pause, during which his face resumed the serene gravity of expression which was habitual to it, he went on:

"But, lady, besides wanting to complete my education, I have another want in regard to which you may perhaps help me, and so amply compensate me on commercial principles for all I have done or may do for your friend. I am very much interested to get accurate information from Judæa about Jesus. Any news that may reach you about that remarkable person will be to me like waters to a desert. Your father's position is such that information will come to him and to you."

"I am not sure of that," returned Rachel. "We get, it is true, a plenty of rumors and opinions about Jesus; but they come to us, I fear, shaped and colored by the strong prejudices and seeming interests of the chief people of our nation, who are mostly hostile to him. These are about the only ones with whom my father is in communication. But now and then we meet with a man, like Simeon, who heartily wishes to know the truth, whatever that may be."

"Such was the impression he made on me," said Aleph.

"Speaking of him," said the maiden, "reminds me of a piece of news which he brought us this morning, and which my anxiety about Miriam had almost driven from my mind. He said that he had just heard from a friend whom he had engaged to make certain inquiries for him that in the birth-registers of Bethlehem is recorded the birth, some thirty years ago, of one Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary, both of whom are said to be descended from David. He also said that the same friend reported some additional particulars in regard to the reformer John, who made so great a stir a short time before Jesus became generally known, and whom many for a time took to be the Christ."

"Pray tell me of him," said the young man, with a kindling face, "for I have heard absolutely nothing. And yet the Sacred Books say that the Messiah must have a forerunner like Elijah in character, if not in name. I have had a difficulty here."

"Perhaps, then, what I have to tell may help you as it has helped me. Simeon learns that this man, who for a time filled the eye of the whole people and was then put to death by that Ahab whom we call Herod, was exceedingly like Elijah in austerity of life and fearless denunciation of sin, and that he distinctly forbade the people to count him more than the forerunner of the Christ, and even introduced Jesus to the people as being the Christ they were expecting. And this agrees with the reports that reached Alexandria at the time."

"Many thanks for this information; it adds another link to the chain of evidence I am seeking."

"So it has been with me," said the maiden, while a shade of deeper thoughtfulness, if not of sadness, came over the bewildering beauty of her face as she added, "and I begin to fear that our chain when followed to the end will conduct us to some new and very unpopular interpretations of the prophets."

"I have for some time been prepared for that," said the young man calmly, and even cheerfully. "The great thing is to get at the truth: and I whom you have suffered to read your face as we have talked together need no further assurance that we think alike in this matter. We are both young, and youth can accommodate itself more easily than age to new views if they must come. May Aleph, the Chaldean stranger, venture so largely as to hope that in his search for the Messiah he may still have the aid of one whom he knows to be the first lady in the land in position, and whom her grandfather, who ought to know, and whom I am far from being disposed to contradict, pronounces the Gem of Alexandria?"

"You do well to smile," said the maiden, blushing. "My grandfather is very poor authority on such matters. I happen to know that Alexandrian gems are of very poor quality and mosly fictitious. But seriously, whatever a Jewish maiden can properly do to help in your matter she will gladly do, both for her own sake, and for his sake who has been in this city, perhaps three days, and has as many times befriended me and mine."

Here a loud knock was heard at the street-door. They at once returned to the sick-room—and Aleph went on to answer the knock, hoping to find Seti. And Seti it proved to be. Before conducting him to the others, Aleph briefly and in a low voice explained the situation and received the full approval of the Egyptian. On entering the sick-room they found the patient awake with intelligence in her eye, and her arm about the neck of Rachel, who had kneeled at the bedside. The nurse was standing at a little distance with a bowl of food.

"I am afraid of Antis," they heard murmured as they came near.

"You mean your husband?" inquired Rachel.

"Yes," feebly articulated the woman; "he is a fearful man—a murderer. Do not leave me with him"—and her arms clung still more closely about the fair neck as if for protection.

"He shall not trouble you more," said Seti emphatically, as he showed himself. "But now take some food,"—and he beckoned the nurse forward.

Supported by Rachel from behind, Miriam supped from a spoon at intervals with apparent relish, till at length her eyelids again crept slowly together and she was gently laid back in her unfinished slumbers.

"She will do well, but must not relapse again," said Seti: and turning to the leech, "Keep on as you have begun—we will take the responsibility. I confirm all that this young man has promised. He will, I understand, remain with you till I can accompany the lady home, and come back with some men to relieve him and you. Of course, after what the sick woman has said of her husband, we are justified in excluding him from the house. Do not allow him to enter under any pretence. If he insists, threaten him with the police."

As Aleph put up the bars of the street-door behind Rachel and her escort, he felt as if he were barring out a sunbeam. There is nothing like a human face of the deviner type to light up a poor and dark house. Aleph did not realize how poor and dark that sick house was in itself till Rachel had left it and he had again placed himself at the bedside. Here he sat for quite a time lost in thought till, suddenly, he became aware that Miriam was awake and with wide eyes of placid wonder was gazing at him. At a sign the nurse came forward with more food and drink, supported her while he gently put to her lips at intervals a little of both, and then gently laid her down, her drooping eyes still seeking his face to renewed slumber. This occurred again before Seti appeared with three strong and resolute looking men—who being old servants of Alexander and well known to Miriam in former days, were thought most likely to give her a sense of security by their presence.

(*To be Continued.*)

This Story—"Aleph, the Chaldean," began in No. 41 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Back numbers on application.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Moses Poindexter Sedalia, Mo What books should a young minister have and where can they be procured?

See answer to M. C., Vandalia, in No. 46 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

H. B. W., Glassboro, N. J. Did Christ ever pray with his disciples?

Unquestionably, both for and with them. The most striking instance is Luke 11: 1 to 4 and parallel passages.

E. H., Burlington, Ia. Why is it that Christians consider Sunday as the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, while the Hebrews regard Saturday as the Sabbath of that Commandment, and the Mohammedans observe Friday? Is the Commandment applicable to any day of the week.

See answer to Mrs. J. D., Brooklyn, in No. 28 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

A. D. Keys, Baltimore, Md. Were the Nicolaitans mentioned in Rev. 2: 6. a sect? In verse 15, what were the special features of the doctrine spoken of?

They were the followers of Nicolas, a sect whose deeds were condemned and who are supposed to have held the docrines of Balaam. The Church branded them. (See Acts 15: 20, 21; II. Peter 2: 15; Jude 11.) Their doctrines were supposed to be those denounced in Acts 15: 20, 29.

Subscriber, Johnson Co., Mo. Do you consider that what money one spends at a church sociable, or church entertainment, can be included in the Lord's tenth?

Not if you receive the value of it in food or amusement. If you pay your money and stay away, you might possibly so regard it; not otherwise.

A Subscriber, Hamsted, N. Y. Who is author of the Hymn: "There is a Happy Land?"

Andrew Young, a Scottish Presbyterian, wrote it in 1810.

A number of letters have been received, containing further answers to Mrs. M. Hatch's inquiry as to the authorship of the verse:

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright, shining like the sun etc.

Sarah C. Fonda, Mendon, Mich., writes that the verse occurs in the hymn beginning

Thou, dear Redeemer, dying Lamb
We love to hear of Thee,

published in a collection entitled *The Choralist*, Mrs. J. P. Westerfield Salem, Mo., finds it in "Jerusalem my happy home," as published in *Select Melodies* in 1856; S. A. Keyes, Gerania, Wis., makes the same discovery; A. E. Rangers, Rochester, N. Y., finds it in the hymn, "When I can read my title clear," published in *The Singing Pilgrim* in 1866; Charles T. Hopkins, Providence, R. I., finds it in the hymn beginning, "O, happy soul, how fast you go," in *Songs of Zion*, W. C. Manchester giving the writer.

H. M., (A Subscriber), Wisconsin. 1. Where did St. Paul suffer martydom and why? 2. What is the meaning of putting new wine into new bottles? 3. What is required of Christians in respect to fasting? 4. How is it that our Elders who enjoy the gift of healing are exceedingly few, when our Saviour commissioned his disciples to go and heal diseases even before the Day of Pentecost? 5. When the Prodigal returned to his father the best robe was put upon him and a ring on his hand. What is meant by these and also by putting shoes on his feet?

1. He was beheaded at Rome, in A. D. 67 or 68 by order of Nero, because of his profession of the Christian faith. 2. New wine being in a condition of active fermentation, is liable to burst old bottles; hence it was put in new bottles. The bottles, being of skin, were elastic. 3. See Luke 2: 37; Acts 13; 1 Cor. 7: 5; 2 Cor. 6: 5 and 11: 27, and like passages for a clear conception of the value of fasting in Christian life. 4. Because of impression has long been prevalent in the church that the day of miracles is past. 5. The Prodigal was probably ragged, barefoot and hungered, and they clothed him, fed him and gave him shoes. The ring signified honor and confidence. He was to be accorded all the rights and privileges of sonship, now that he had forsaken his sin and returned to the bosom of a loving father.

Ross, Canboro, Ont. What authority has a man for claiming the title "Reverend?" If he has the Word of God as authority, what does the title mean? 2. Have we any authority for saying that the world is growing better? If so, what does the Apostle mean in II. Tim. 3: 13?

1. The title "Reverend" is not claimed on any solid ground as our correspondent suggests. It is a title of courtesy. What Scriptural authority have we for the titles of Mr., Mrs., Miss, Esq., Hon., Rev., Dr., Prof., Gen., Col., Capt., Lieut., Sergt., Corp., Pvt., Ph. D., LL. D., D. D., M. D., Bart., Knight, Lord, Duke, Earl, Baron, Count, Marquis, Viscount, Prince, Princess, Queen, Emperor, Empress, Czar, Czarina, Sultan, Sultana, Shah, Khan, Mikado, Pope, Cardinal, Archbishop, Bishop, Archdeacon, Dean, Canon, Rector, Vicar, Curate, Deacon, Elder, Pastor, Evangelist, Missionary, Professor, Teacher, Superintendent, Sir, Madam, Mistress, Master, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, Herr, Frau, Fraulein, Signor, Signora, Signorina, Don, Donna, Dona, Hidalgo, Caballero, Senor, Senora, Senorita, Mynheer, Vrouw, Juffrouw, Excellency, Excellenz, Grace, Highness, Majesty, Reverence, Holiness, Eminence, Worship, Honorable, Esquire, Gentleman, Lady, Gentlemen, Ladies, Brother, Sister, Father, Mother, Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, Nephew, Niece, Grandfather, Grandmother, Grandson, Granddaughter, Great-grandfather, Great-grandmother, Great-grandson, Great-granddaughter, Great-great-grandfather, Great-great-grandmother, Great-great-grandson, Great-great-granddaughter, 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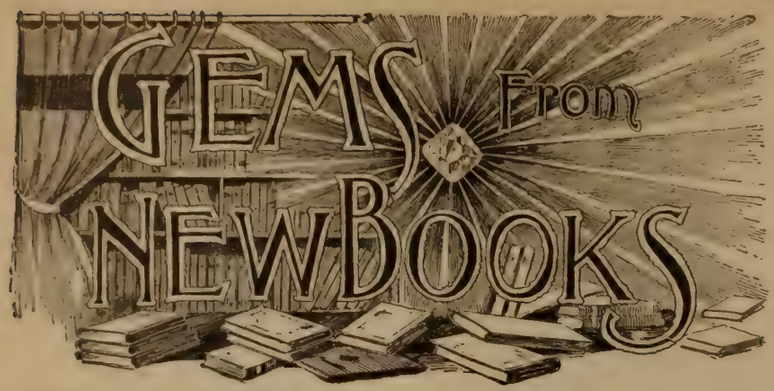

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.*

A FREQUENT and cheering sound in the woods during January and February was the resonant whistle of the cardinal grossbeak. This was all the more remarkable when collated with the fact that his song was not heard once during the succeeding winter. True, he and his mate were absent from November to February, but even when they returned, all their music seemed to be locked up in their throats.

It is not an uncommon occurrence to hear the loud *Bish-yer, bish-yer !* of the great Carolina wren in November and December, although the spring is his favorite season of song. The month of December was exceptionally warm even for this latitude, a fact that was favorable to my investigations, and I was surprised and delighted at the number of songs I heard. On the eleventh of the month—a clear, bright day—as I stood at the border of the woods the sweet, sad minor whistle of the black-capped chickadee fell on my ear, sounding from the sylvan depths like the lament of some love-lorn sprite whose heart had been broken by the defection of a fickle suitor. Again on the nineteenth those pensive notes were heard : *Wh-e-e-e, wh-e-e-phit ; wh-e-e-e, wh-e-e-phit !* so sad and far-away that the tears almost started to my eyes.

The bugle call of the tufted titmouse in early spring is one of the most stirring sounds of the season and passes for the song of that bird, and there is a certain clarion-like music about it. Although it is seldom repeated, except in the spring, I have heard it more than once in November, December and January, piped in soft, almost dulcet tones.

Have other students of the bird kingdom heard the song of the white-throated sparrow in the autumn? It is a rare sound, yet I heard it one day in October while strolling through the woods. This matchless songster seems to carry an Æolian harp in his throat. Like a wavering line of light it comes up from the tanglewood. The movement is deliberate at first, then becomes more and more accelerated, and dies away in a cadence exquisitely sweet.

However, no bird has afforded me so much delight in this special line of investigation as the song sparrow ; not because he sings more sweetly than many other minstrels, but because of his indefatigable industry. I have heard him singing with great vigor as early as February, during a few days of warm weather, and of course every one who pays the slightest attention to birds has been delighted with his madrigals and lullabies in March, April, June and July.

Have you ever heard this indomitable musician singing a Christmas carol? I have the pleasure of recording such a piece of good fortune. Christmas morning was rather cold, but the sky was cloudless, and as I strolled out to the pond my ears caught the jubilant "Glory to God in the highest" of my favorite lyrist—a fact of which I feel a little proud, and I think justly.

* From *Bird-dom* by Leander S. Keyser, D.Lathrop & Co., Boston, publishers, pp. 226. Mr. Keyser is the author of a charming story published in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD a few years ago, entitled "*The Only Way Out*" which our readers will recall with pleasure.

LIFE FAILURES.†

Even the strictest fidelity to your earthly master will not take the place of faithfulness to God. When M. Colbert, a successful merchant in France, was laid down with his last illness, a letter was brought to him from the king, but he refused so much to have it read to him. "Let him leave me in peace", exclaimed he. "Had I done for my God what I have done for that man, I would be happier now." It was a remarkable expression from dying lips, showing that it is quite possible, with all worldly integrity and success, to forget that there is one above to whom we are first of all responsible. The mere making of money, whether for ourselves or for our superior, comes a long way short of indicating a successful life ; to be worth having or earning, it must have the blessing of God resting upon it. When Jacob Astor, the well-known millionaire who by his own abilities had raised himself from a very humble position to be one of the foremost men in the United States, was dying, he asked to be supplied with a sheet of paper and a pencil; and what do you suppose he wrote? The man who had been the envy of all his fellows, and had amassed more money than he knew what to do with, scratched with his trembling hand the melancholy confession, "My life has been a failure! Ah! my reader, your life too must in the end prove a failure, unless the smile of God rests upon you.

† From *Brave and True*, Talks to Young Men. By Thain Davidson, D. D., pp. 116, price, 50c. Fleming H. Revell & Co., publishers, New York and Chicago.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Princess Dandelion's Secret, by Martha Burr Banks. Pp. 238; Price, $1; Published by D. D. Merrill Co., St. Paul, Minn.

Elton Hazelwood. A story by Frederick George Scott, author of "The Souls' Quest" and other Poems. Pp. 143; Price, 75 cents; Published by Thomas Whittaker, 2 Bible House, New York.

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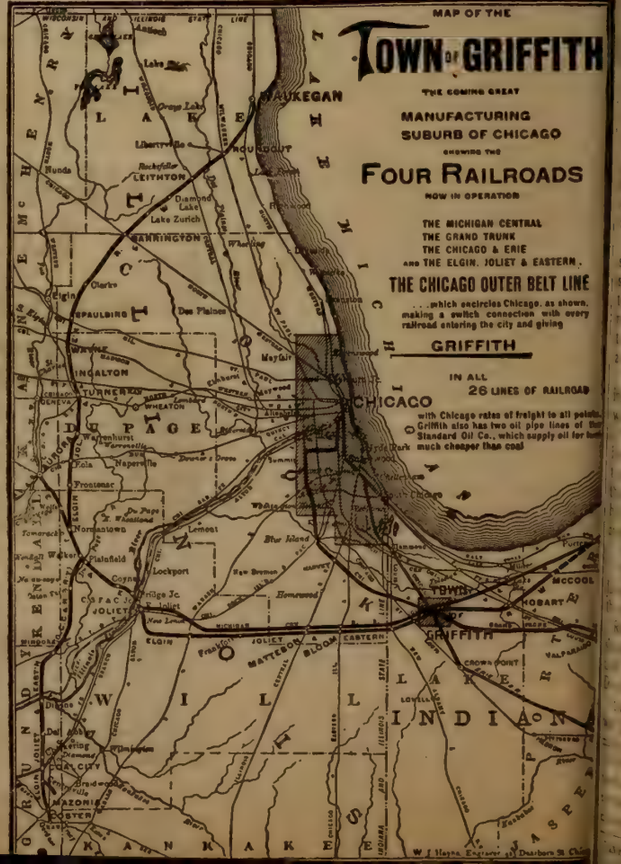

A HARD MASTER.

ROBERT STAPLES left his native village, to enter into service, at a place many miles away. Not long since he returned to his father's cottage, in a very poor plight. His clothes were shabby, his pockets empty, and his countenance sad. He had not been many days at home, before old James Dixon saw him passing, and called out to him, "Robert, how is this? Have you left your situation?"

"You may say that, Mr. Dixon," replied Robert, "Yes, I have done with Skinflint."

"Ah, indeed?" said the old man inquiringly; "I should like to know a little about this, Robert. Who is Skinflint? And why do you say you have done with him?"

"As to that, everybody where I have been knows who old Skinflint is? It is the same who was my master; a hard master."

"In what way was he a hard master, Robert?"

"In every way, Master Dixon; he used me badly, very badly, and I don't care who knows it. First of all, as you know, he enticed me away from a good place, where I was well off; at least, his steward did, which is the same thing. He promised me all sorts of things, if I would go and live with him."

"Yes, yes, Robert, I know all about it. He said you should have high wages, and light work; good clothes, and plenty to eat and drink."

"He did," said Robert fiercely; "and now just see what a condition I am come home in. These rags are all I hsve got to cover me, and I can almost count the bones in my body for very starvation."

"So then, Robert, your new master did not keep his promises?"

"Not he," replied Robert, "he never does. I did not come away a bit too soon."

"So it seems. But you have not told me yet how you were taken in and served. Let me hear all about it, Robert. What work did you have to do?"

"All sorts of it, and hard work, too, Mr. Dixon, I was up early and late, and had no rest, as one may say, day or night. It was all the same to my master. Hot or cold, it did not signify, and whether I was well or ill, it was all one. Work, work was all the cry, from one week's end to another; Sunday and working-day."

"Indeed! that was bad, sure enough. But did you not complain?"

"Why I did grumble at times, but there was little use in that. One day my master would promise fair that I should have easier work; and then the next day, he would rate me for being idle and good for nothing. But whatever he said, I found that the longer I lived with him, the worse I was used."

"Truly," said old James, "I do not much blame you for leaving such a service; but how about the fine clothes, and good living, and large wages; perhaps they made up for hard work?"

"I tell you it was all sham, Mr. Dixon. Do you think I should have come back such a scarecrow as I am if I had had better clothes to my back, or money in my pocket? And as to good living, I never had a good meal in his house, nor out of it, while I lived with him; and what I had was bad. He was a hard master, and there's an end of it."

"Then I will tell you, Robert, I am glad to see you back again, though you are come in such a sad plight; and there are more than I that will be glad. There is your old master, now; your first master I mean. I'll be bound to say he will take you on again, if you go and ask him."

"If I thought so," said Robert, in a desponding tone, "I would go and begin again; he would not care to speak to me."

"Robert, I heard him say, after you left him, what would come of it; for he knows that hard master of yours as well, or better than you do. So take my advice, and go to him directly. tell him your story, and I will answer for it, he will not turn you off."

"Well, I will go to-morrow."

"To-night, lad, to-night," cried out old James Dixon, very briskly, "to-night before the sun goes down."

Robert plucked up courage, and walked slowly towards the house of his first master, until, turning a corner, he was out of James Dixon's sight.

It was not long before he returned. There was joy in his very looks, and his step was qaick and firm. His kind first master had taken him back into his service, without a reproachful word for having once deserted him.

"And see," said Robert, as he gave Mr. Dixon an account of his reception, "he has paid me a whole week's wages in advance. More than I had the whole time I served that hard master."

"I am heartily glad of it," answered James Dixon, "and I guessed it would be so. But, now lad, I want another word or two with you before you turn in to rest. I am an old man, Robert, and you know I have stood your friend more than once in my life, so you will not feel offended at what I am going to say. Just sit down, Robert, for one minute."

Robert took a chair.

"You have left one hard service, Robert, but I am afraid there is another hard master, that has got hold of you with a close grip. You have not given up the service of sin yet, have you, Robert?"

Robert shifted about uneasily in his chair. The truth is, old James knew more of this young man, than the reader need to be informed; and Robert knew in his heart and conscience, just as certainly, as some of our readers of this account, may know it of themselves, that he had not left the service of sin.

"Sin is a hard master, Robert, is it not?"

Robert nodded assent.

"Hard work, and dirty work, and disgraceful work, is sin-work, Robert. It's nothing but slavery, if we look at it rightly."

Robert seemed at first inclined to dispute this. But his conscience told him it was true; so he said nothing, and old James went on.

"Poor wages, the wages of sin, Robert. The Apostle Paul might well ask, "What fruit had ye in those things, whereof ye are now ashamed? Rom. 6: 21. Terrible wages, of sin, Robert. Death, nothing less than death. Rom. 6: 23. Do you not know this my dear lad? Then why not give it up, Robert? Treat sin as you have treated your other hard master. Go straight to God your only right and true master. He invites you to it; he says, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.'"—Matthew 11: 28.

"Some day ——" Robert was beginning to say, but old James stopped him.

"Some day! why to-morrow may be too late. Go to him Robert, and take the promise of Christ for your warrant: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Whether Robert Staples acted according to the advice of his old friend, we know not, but James Dixon was right when he said that sin is a hard master.

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THE Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News* contains several very interesting literary articles, with numerous illustrations and a large presentation olegraph, "The Rival Belles," from the original picture by Eugene de Blaas. *Father Christmas* enlarged and improved, has forty pages of illustrations with appropriate rhymes and a charming picture entitled: "Now for the Baby Dogs," from the original by Fred Morgan; making it a very choice publication for the children.

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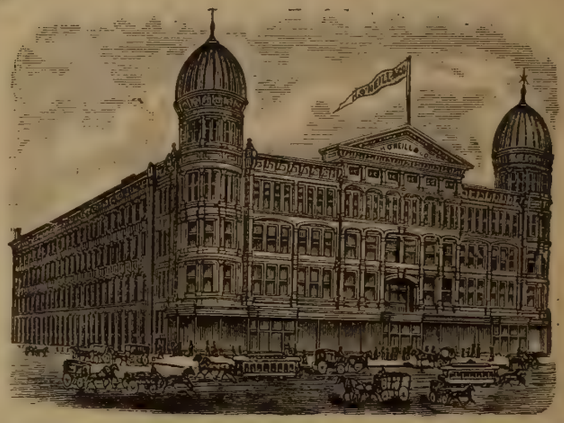

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THE CHRISTIAN HERALD

AND SIGNS OF OUR TIMES

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BETHLEHEM.

Our Saviour's Birthplace and the Venerable Church of the Nativity which Now Stands There.

WORLDS sang and the stars swelled the angelic chorus on that night when the "Babe of Bethlehem" was born. Since then, nearly twenty centuries have passed, and the heaven-sent message that came to the adoring shepherds on the Judean plain has been told to countless millions. In that interval, Palestine has been overrun by invaders and vandal hands have destroyed many of the sacred places; but the City of David still stands serenely upon its green hillsides, overlooking the beautiful valley below.

Since the birth of Christ, Bethlehem has been visited by an unbroken series of pilgrims and travelers, whom its sacred associations have attracted thither. The cave or grotto in which tradition declares the Christ-Child was born, is pointed out to all who come there. To show his contempt for Christianity, the Roman Emperor Hadrian erected a temple over the grotto, dedicated to Venus and Adonis; but the shrines of those heathen deities have long since vanished and their sacrilegious effigies have been destroyed.

Nearly all there is of interest in Bethlehem centres around the Church of the Nativity, which is one of the oldest religious edifices in the world. It was erected by Constantine about the year 321, A.D., and stands over the site of the manger-cradle of the Saviour, in the grotto underneath. In this church, Baldwin was crowned as Christian King of Jerusalem, he having chosen Bethlehem for his coronation, because he was unwilling to wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had borne a crown of thorns! On this page, we reproduce from a former issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD an illustration showing the interior of the Church of the Nativity, taken from a photograph brought from Palestine by Dr. Talmage. Its aisles and corridors have been trodden by the feet of nearly fifty generations. On entering, its simplicity at once impresses the visitor. The aisles are flat-roofed and supported by massive pillars; the windows over the lofty nave, once beautifully ornamented, still show faint tracings of the pictures of saints and the armorial bearings of Crusaders who worshipped there eight hundred years ago. Above the marbled spaces between the high windows, and concealed by curtains, are altar-niches wherein the books of the Gospels rest, while all around are the remains of splendid mosaics, now in decay. A little way down the shaded aisle is an old baptismal font with an inscription in Greek, and on the walls, pillars and elsewhere are rudely engraved the crests of Crusader warriors, some of them bearing royal crowns above the helmets.

The Grotto of the Nativity—a spot unspeakably dear to the Christian heart—is directly underneath the Church. Evidently once a cavern, it is now a chamber, about forty feet in length and sixteen in width and with a height averaging ten feet. Two stairways lead from the Church to the Chapel, and a little forward is a niche or hollow in the wall of rock, before which is a white marble slab, set in the floor, with a silver star in the centre. On the star is inscribed:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

(Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.) This is the shrine of the Nativity. Pious pilgrims kneel and kiss the spot; monks bow low before it and all voices are hushed. As we gaze, we instinctively recall the story in the Gospels of that wondrous night when the shepherds, as they watched their flocks, heard the angel-song that announced the advent of the World's Redeemer. The swinging censers, the murmur of prayers and the mingled soft radiance of the silver lamps that perpetually burn before the shrine of the Manger, all add to the impression of sanctity that invests the place. There are eighteen of these silver lamps in the Grotto and they are tended by Greek, Latin and Armenian monks, each sect having six lights in charge. The shrine is in a semi-circular recess, about four feet in height, cut out of the limestone rock. Near it is the Chapel of the Magi, where, so tradition asserts, the three wise men from the East, Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar, came to adore the infant Redeemer, guided by his natal star. Near by are several passages and in a chamber is the "Altar of the Innocents" where the children slain by Herod's cruel mandate are said to have been buried. The floor and walls of the Grotto are of Italian marble, and walls and ceiling are almost entirely hidden, being covered with richly-embroidered cloth, studded in places with jewels. The hangings of many of the lamps are also brilliant with gems, some of them the gifts of royalty and of rich worshippers who have visited the Shrine of the Grotto.

So much that is legendary and traditional has been interwoven with the history of this spot, which was claimed as far back as the middle of the second century to have been the cradle of the Saviour, that it is now exceedingly

(Continued on Page 803.)

✳ THE BIRTH OF CHRIST ✳

[Written for THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]

SOLEMN was earth's still realm,
Beneath night's sombre reign,
And little pastoral Bethlehem
Was sleeping on the plain;
And night's dark hand was lain
Two-fold on proud Jerusalem.

Night in the East where day
First broke upon the wise;
When a strange star of wondrous ray
The Magi saw arise
Into the smiling skies,
And followed as it led the way.

Angels flew down to earth,
On wings of shining white,
With rapturous songs of joy and mirth,
And blazed the halls of night
With heaven's open light,
To tell the world the Saviour's birth.

Elders and Chief Priests lay
In slumber's swoon, nor heard
The music of the psalm-sung day,
Nor prophet's holy word,
Who had of heaven's Lord
Foretold the birth, the place and way.

Laden with spices sweet
And presents costly, rare,
The Saviour of the world to greet,
And followed it, till where
It poised in middle air
And roofed a lowly herd's retreat.

Shepherds beheld the sky
Flamed with celestial fire,
And heard the sweetest melody,
Sung by celestial choir—
Now heaven to earth is nigher,
And now will hear the mourner's cry.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BETHLEHEM.

Midnight in Hellas and in Rome,
Though in Augustan age,
No comfort from the gods could come,
Nor light from sophist-page,
Of poet, or of sage—
Their all in all was in the tomb.

Mercy's sweet mellow beam
Shot from the throne above
And bro't the Prince of Heaven Supreme,
In helpless, infant love,
Typed by the lamb and dove,
Our mortal failure to redeem.

"Glory to God in the highest;
On earth goodwill to men —"
But if, O man, thou deniest
His heaven-born origin,
What refuge hast thou then?
And what thy hope when thou diest?

West Point, Miss. JAMES D. LYNCH.

The Tabernacle Pulpit

LIFE A SCHOOL.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: "*In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.*" Proverbs 3: 6.

"A PROMISE good enough for many kinds of life, but not for my kind of life," says some business man, "the law of supply and demand controls the business world." But I have reason to say that it is a promise to all persons in any kind of honest business.

There is no war between religion and business, between ledgers and Bibles, between churches and counting-houses. On the contrary, religion accelerates business, sharpens men's wits, sweetens acerbity of disposition, fillips the blood of phlegmatics, and throws more velocity into the wheels of hard work. It gives better balancing to the judgment, more strength to the will, more muscle to industry, and throws into enthusiasm a more consecrated fire. You cannot in all the round of the world show me a man whose honest business has been despoiled by religion.

The industrial classes are divided into three groups: producers, manufacturers, traders. Producers, such as farmers and miners. Manufacturers, such as those who turn corn into food, and wool and flax into apparel. Traders, such as make profit out of the transfer and exchange of all that which is produced and manufactured. A business man may belong to any one or all of these classes, and not one is independent of any other. When the Prince Imperial of France fell on the Zulu battle-field because the strap fastening the stirrup to the saddle broke as he clung to it, his comrades all escaping, but he falling under the lances of the savages, a great many people blamed the Empress for allowing her son to go forth into that battle-field, and others blamed the English government for accepting the sacrifice, and others blamed the Zulus for their barbarism. The one most to blame was the harness-maker who fashioned that strap of the stirrup out of shoddy and imperfect material as it was found to have been afterward. If the strap had held, the Prince Imperial would probably have been alive to-day. But the strap broke. No prince independent of a harness-maker! High, low, wise, ignorant, you in one occupation, I in another, all bound together. So that there must be one continuous line of sympathy with each other's work. But whatever your vocation, if you have a multiplicity of engagements, if into your life there come losses and annoyances and perturbations as well as percentages and dividends, if you are pursued from Monday morning until Saturday night, and from January to January by inexorable obligation and duty, then you are a business man, or you are a business woman, and my subject is appropriate to your case.

We are under the impression that the moil and tug of business life are a prison into which a man is thrust, or that it is an unequal strife where unarmed a man goes forth to contend. I shall show you that business life was intended of God for grand and glorious education and discipline, and if I shall be helped to say what I want to say, I shall rub some of the wrinkles of care out of your brow, and unstrap some of the burdens from your back. I am not talking to an abstraction. Though never having been in business life, I know all about business men. In my first parish at Belleville, New Jersey, ten miles from New York, a large portion of my audience was made up of New York merchants. Then I

"WHEN THE PRINCE FELL."

went to Syracuse, a place of intense commercial activity, and then I went to Philadelphia, and lived long among the merchants of that city, than whom there are no better men on earth, and for more than twenty-two years I have stood in this presence, Sabbath by Sabbath, preaching to audiences, the majority of whom are business men and business women. It is not an abstraction to which I speak, but a reality with which I am well acquainted.

In the first place, I remark that business life was intended as a school of energy. God gives us a certain amount of raw material out of which we are to hew our character. Our faculties are to be reset, rounded and sharpened up. Our young folks having graduated from school or college need a higher education, that which the rasping and collision of every-day life alone can effect. Energy is wrought out only in a fire. After a man has been in business activity ten, twenty, thirty years his energy is not to be measured by weights or plummets or ladders. There is no height it cannot scale, and there is no depth it cannot fathom, and there is no obstacle it cannot thrash.

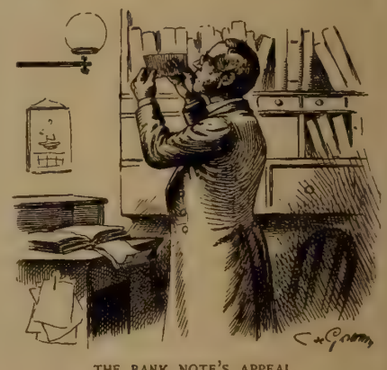
Now, my brother, why did God put you in that school of energy? Was it merely that you might be a yardstick to measure cloth, or a steelyard to weigh flour? Was it merely that you might be better qualified to chaffer and higgle? No. God placed you in that school of energy that you might be developed for Christian work. If the undeveloped talents in the Christian churches of to-day were brought out and thoroughly harnessed, I believe the whole world would be converted to God in a short time. There are so many deep streams that are turning no mill-wheels and that are harnessed to no factory bands. Now, God demands the best lamb out of every flock. He demands the richest sheaf of every harvest. He demands the best men of every generation. A cause in which Newton and Locke and Mansfield toiled you and I can afford to toil in.

Oh, for fewer idlers in the cause of Christ, and for more Christian workers, men who shall take the same energy that from Monday morning to Saturday night they put forth for the achievement of a livelihood or the gathering of a fortune, and on Sabbath days put it forth to the advantage of Christ's kingdom and the bringing of men to the Lord. Dr. Duff, in South Wales, saw a man who had inherited a great fortune. The man said to him: "I had to be very busy for many years of my life getting my livelihood. After a while this fortune came to me, and there has been no necessity that I toil since. There came a time when I said to myself, 'Shall I now retire from business, or shall I go on and serve the Lord in my worldly occupation?'" He said: "I resolved on the latter, and I have been more industrious in commercial circles than I ever was before, and since that hour I have never kept a farthing for myself. I have thought it to be a great shame if I couldn't toil as hard for the Lord as I had toiled for myself, and all the products of my factories and my commercial establishments to the last farthing have gone for the building of Christian institutions and supporting the Church of God." Oh, if the same energy put forth for the world could be put forth for God! Oh, if a thousand men in these great cities who have achieved a fortune could see it their duty to do all business for Christ and the alleviation of the world's suffering.

Again, I remark, that business life is a school of patience. In your every-day life how many things to annoy and to disquiet! Bargains will rub. Commercial men will sometimes fail to meet their engagements. Cash book and money drawer will sometimes quarrel. Goods ordered for a special emergency will come too late, or be damaged in the transportation. People intending no harm will go shopping without any intention of purchase, overturning great stocks of goods, and insisting that you break the dozen. More bad debts on the ledger. More counterfeit bills in the drawer. More debts to pay for other people. More meannesses on the part of partners in business. Annoyance after annoyance, vexation after vexation, and loss after loss. All that process will either break you down or brighten you up. It is a school of patience. You have known men under the process to become petulant, and choleric, and angry, and pugnacious, and cross, and sour, and queer, and they lost their customers, and their name became a detestation. Other men have been brightened up under the process. They were toughened by the exposure. They were like rocks, all the more valuable for being blasted. At first they had to choke down their wrath, at first they had to bite their lip, at first they thought of some stinging retort they would like to make; but they conquered their impatience. They have kind words now for sarcastic flings. They have gentle behavior now for unmannerly customers. They are patient now with unfortunate debtors. They have Christian reflections now for sudden reverses. Where did they get that patience? By hearing a minister preach concerning it on Sabbath? Oh, no. They got it just where you will get it—if you ever get it at all—selling hats, discounting notes, turning banisters, ploughing corn, tinning roofs, pleading causes. Oh, that amid the turmoil and anxiety and exasperation of every-day life you might hear the voice of God saying: "In patience possess your soul. Let patience have her perfect work."

I remark again, that, business life is a school of useful knowledge. Merchants do not read many books and do not study lexicons. They do not dive into profounds of learning, and yet nearly all through their occupations come to understand questions of finance, and politics, and geography, and jurisprudence, and ethics. Business is a severe schoolmistress. If pupils will not learn, she strikes them over the head and the heart with severe losses. You put $5,000 into an enterprise. It is all gone. You say, "That is a dead loss." Oh, no. You are paying the schooling. That was only tuition, very large tuition—I told you it was a severe schoolmistress—but it was worth it. You learned things under that process you would not have learned in any other way. Traders in grain come to know something about foreign harvests; traders in fruit come to know something about the prospects of tropical production; manufacturers of American goods come to understand the tariff on imported articles; publishers of books must come to understand the new law of copyright; owners of ships must come to know winds and shoals and navigation; and every bale of cotton, and every raisin cask, and every tea box, and every cluster of bananas is so much literature for a business man. Now, my brother, what are you going to do with the intelligence? Do you suppose God put you in this school of information merely that you might be sharper in a trade, that you might be more successful as a worldling? Oh, no; it was that you might take that useful information and use it for Jesus Christ. Can it be that you have been dealing with foreign lands and never had the missionary spirit, wishing the salvation of foreign people? Can it be that you have become acquainted with all the outrages inflicted in business life and that you have never tried to bring to bear that Gospel which is to extripate all evil and correct all wrongs and illumine all darkness and lift up all wretchedness and save men for this world and the world to come? Can it be that understanding all the intricacies of business, you know nothing about those things which will last after all bills of exchange and consignments and invoices and rent rolls shall have crumpled up and been consumed in the fires of the last great day? Can it be that a man will be wise for time and a fool for eternity?

I remark, also, that business life is a school for integrity. No man knows



THE BANK NOTE'S APPEAL.

what he will do when he is tempted. There are thousands of men who have kept their integrity merely because they never have been tested. A man was elected treasurer of the State of Maine some years ago. He was distinguished for his honesty, usefulness and uprightness, but before one year had passed he had taken of the public funds for his own private use, and was hurled out of office in disgrace. Distinguished for virtue before. Distinguished for crime after. You can call over the names of men just like that, in whose honesty you had complete confidence, but placed in certain crises of temptation they went overboard. Never so many temptations to scoundrelism as now. Not a law on the statute

book but has some back door through which a miscreant can escape. Ah! how many deceptions in the fabric of goods; so much plundering in commercial life that if a man talk about living a life of complete commercial accuracy there are those who ascribe it to greenness and lack of tact. More need of honesty now than ever before, tried honesty, complete honesty, more than in those times when business was a plain affair and woollens were woollens and silks were silks and men were men.

How many men do you suppose there are in commercial life who could say truthfully, "In all the sales I have ever made I have never overstated the value of goods; in all the sales I have ever made I have never covered up an imperfection in the fabric; of all the thousands of dollars I have ever made I have not taken one dishonest farthing?" There are men, however, who can say it, hundreds who can say it, thousands who can say it. They are more honest than when they sold their first tierce of rice, or their first firkin of butter, because their honesty and integrity have been tested, tried and came out triumphant. But they remember a time when they could have robbed a partner, or have absconded with the funds of a bank, or sprung a snap judgment, or made a false assignment, or borrowed illimitably without any efforts at payment, or got a man into a sharp corner and fleeced him. But they never took one step on that pathway of hell fire. They can say their prayers without hearing the chink of dishonest dollars. They can read their Bible without thinking of the time when with a lie on their soul, in the Custom House they kissed the Book. They can think of death and the judgment that comes after it without any flinching—that day when all charlatans and cheats and jockeys and frauds shall be doubly damned. It does not make their knees knock together, and it does not make their teeth chatter to read "as the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Oh, what a school of integrity business life is! If you have ever been tempted to let your integrity cringe before present advantage, if you have ever wakened up in some embarrassment, and said: "Now, I'll step a little aside from the right path and no one will know it, and I'll come all right again; it is only once." Oh, that only once has ruined tens of thousands of men for this life and blasted their souls for eternity. It is a tremendous school, business life, a school of integrity. A merchant in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank-of-England note, and holding it up toward the light he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank-note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed government officers, and found who this man was, spoken of in this bank bill. After awhile the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure he soon after died. Oh, if some of the bank bills that come through your hands could tell all the scenes though which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth.

As I go on in this subject, I am impressed with the importance of our having more sympathy with business men. Is it not a shame that we in our pulpits do not oftener preach about their struggles, their trials, and their temptations? Men who toil with the hand are not apt to be very sympathetic with those who toil with the brain. The farmers who raise the corn and the oats and the wheat sometimes are tempted to think that grain merchants have an easy time, and get their profits without giving any equivalent. Plato and Aristotle were so opposed to merchandise that they declared commerce to be the curse of the nations, and they advised that cities be built at least ten miles from the sea-coast. But you and I know that there are no more industrious or high-minded men than those who move in the world of traffic. Some of them carry burdens heavier than hods of brick, and are exposed to sharper things than the east wind, and climb mountains higher than the Alps or Himalayas, and if they are faithful Christ will at last say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We talk about the martyrs of the Piedmont valley, and the martyrs among the Scotch highlands, and the martyrs at Oxford. There are just as certainly martyrs of Wall Street and State Street, martyrs of Fulton Street and Broadway, martyrs of Atlantic Street and Chestnut Street, going through hotter fires, or having their necks under sharper axes. Then it behooves us to banish all fretfulness from our lives, if this subject be true. We look back to the time when we were at school, and we remember the rod, and we remember the hard tasks, and we complained grievously; but now we see it was for the best. Business life is a school, and the tasks are hard, and the chastisements sometimes are very grievous; but do not complain. The hotter the fire the better the refining. There are men before the throne of God this day in triumph who on earth were cheated out of everything but their coffin. They were sued, they were imprisoned for debt, they were throttled by constables with a whole pack of writs, they were sold out of the sheriffs, they had no compromise with their creditors, they had to make assignments. Their dying hours were

THE UNOPENED STORE.

annoyed by the sharp ringing of the door-bell by some impetuous creditor who thought it was outrageous and impudent that a man should dare to die before he paid the last three shillings and sixpence. I had a friend who had many misfortunes. Everything went against him. He had good business quality and was of the best of morals, but he was one of those men such as you have sometimes seen, for whom everything seems to go wrong. His life became to him a plague. When I heard he was dead, I said: "Good, got rid of the sheriffs!" Who are those lustrous souls before the throne? When the question is asked, "Who are they?" the angels standing on the sea of glass respond: "These are they who came out of great business trouble and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

A man arose in Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and said: "I wish publicly to acknowledge the goodness of God. I was in business trouble. I had money to pay, and I had no means to pay it, and I was in utter despair of all human help, and I laid this matter before the Lord, and this morning I went down among some old business friends I had not seen in many years, just to make a call, and one said to me, 'Why, I am so glad to see you, walk in. We have some money on our books due you a good while, but we didn't know where you were, and therefore not having your address we could not send it. We are very glad you have come.'" And the man standing in Fulton Street prayer-meeting said: "The amount they paid me was six times what I owed." You say it only happened so? You are an infidel. God answered that man's prayer. Oh, you want business grace. Commercial ethics, business honors, laws of trade, are all very good in their place, but there are times when you want something more than this world will give you. You want God. For the lack of him some that you have known have consented to forge, and to maltreat their friends, and to curse their enemies, and their names have been bulletined among scoundrels, and they have been ground to powder; while other men you have known have gone through the very same stress of circumstances triumphant. There are men here to-day who fought the battle and gained the victory. People come out of that man's store, and they say: "Well, if there ever was a Christian trader, that is one." Integrity kept the books and waited on the customers. Light from the eternal world flashed through the show windows. Love to God and love to man presided in that storehouse. Some day people going through the street notice that the shutters of the window are not down. The bar of that store door has not been removed. People say, "What is the matter?" You go up a little closer, and you see written on the card of that window: "Closed on account of the death of one of the firm." That day all through the circles of business there is talk about how a good man has gone. Boards of trade pass resolutions of sympathy, and churches of Christ pray, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth." He has made his last bargain, he has suffered his last loss, he has ached with the last fatigue. His children will get the result of his industry, or, if through misfortune there be no dollars left, they will have an estate of prayer and Christian example which will be everlasting. Heavenly rewards for earthly discipline. There "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

THANKFUL FOR THUNDER.

WHILE Richard Weaver was conducting a revival service in a country town, a young man went up to him and told him that he had brought a conveyance to take him to the next town at which he was to preach. Weaver asked the young man his name, and when he heard it recognized it at once as that of a young man whose ungodly conduct had given his pious father and mother deep concern. The father, a respectable farmer, had begged the Evangelist to pray for him. Weaver was to stop at the farm-house, which was twenty miles distant. After the service he took his seat in the buggy by the young man's side. "The night was very stormy," said Weaver, "and as we went along, the farmer's son, who was driving, would exclaim after each vivid flash of lightning, 'Lord protect us.' I said, 'I hope it will keep on thundering.' 'Why do you say that?' the young man asked, in trembling voice. 'Do you not wish the storm to stop?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but I wish much more that you might keep on praying.' On our arrival at the house, the farmer's wife was glad to see us safe home. 'Yes, I am right glad to be home,' I said; 'yet I would not have missed that storm for a good deal. Do you know, it made your son pray? and I hope that having approached God in the time of trouble, he will stay there all his life, for there alone is perfect peace and safety.' The young man did accept Christ as his Saviour. How many of us never think of God until the time of adversity—until the arm of flesh has failed us!"

BETHLEHEM.

(Continued from first page.)

difficult to discriminate among the many tales that are related to visitors by its monkish guardians. Within 120 years after Christ's death on the Cross, and shortly after the death of St. John the Evangelist, Justin Martyr spoke of the Saviour's nativity having occurred there, "in a certain cave, very close to the village." The celebrated Origen also speaks of the same cave as being recognized even by the heathen as the birth-place of our Lord. St. Jerome made his home in an adjacent cavern, that he might pass his days contiguous to a spot so sacred, and, in later times, the temple reared by the impious Hadrian over the grotto was destroyed specially to make room, for the Church of the Nativity—the most chaste architectural building in Palestine. Among the traditions brought down by the ages and retailed to the credulous by the Romish monks

SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY.

are those that relate to the identification of the spring from which the Holy Family was supplied with water, the spot where the vision appeared to command the flight into Egypt, the "Milk Grotto," near the entrance of the Grotto of the Manger, where the Holy Family are said to have hidden during the flight, and other apocryphal places.

To a Christian visiting the Grotto of the Nativity, one of the sights that make it hard to realise the sacred character of the place is the presence of armed Turkish soldiers who stand, with loaded rifles and bayonets fixed, as sentinels of the place. The population of Bethlehem is largely Christian, but among the three sects—Greek, Armenian and Latin—there is an intense jealousy, which at different periods has broken out into open strife. So bitter is it that no two of the sects will consent that the third shall have the honor of repairing the church, and so it is allowed to go to decay. Each sect has its altars and these have their special guardians. Some years ago, a monk set fire to the hangings of the altar of another sect and a violent collision followed in which, it is said, several persons were killed and the Turkish soldiers had to be called in to quell the disturbance. These soldiers are now kept there constantly, for every inch of the grotto is a ground of contention and the jealousies might again result in disturbance.

The surroundings of Bethlehem ("The City of Bread"), are among the most pastoral in Palestine. There are the fields in which Boaz met Ruth, the walks and gardens where David played and beyond them, lower down in the valley, the plain where the heavenly messenger appeared to the shepherds. Nearer the city is the "Well of Bethlehem, by the Gate," of whose refreshing water David longed to drink, when he was sore tried and thirsty in battle, and to draw from which three of his bravest warriors broke through the Philistine host. Sacred memories and Bible associations crowd on every hand; but all are overshadowed by the world's greatest event which has inspired the poets and preachers of the ages, given to man his brightest hope and brought healing and salvation to the nations. No poet has sung more sweetly of this glorious Christmas time than the old, blind Christian bard, John Milton did, of Christmas Day:

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

S. S. Lesson for Jan. 3. By Mrs. M. Baxter. Isa. 11 : 1-10. Golden Text, Ps. 72: 8.

"THE whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." (Rom. 8 : 22.) Death, sickness, misery, injustice, oppression, following in the wake of sin, proclaim that another than Christ is the prince of this world. Evil seems everywhere to triumph; "Judgment is turned away backward, and righteousness standeth afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and uprightness cannot enter. Yea; truth is lacking; and he that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey." (Isa. 59 : 14, 15; R.V.) All the foundations are out of course, and the same evils which are so manifest in the world flourish also in the professing Church of Christ. What is the secret of all this?

The King is Absent

from his kingdom. He alone can have power and authority to reduce to order the discordant elements which cause confusion. Some of his people know this, and from such the cry is ever going up, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." And he will come; he is coming; the signs of his appearance are visible upon our horizon. "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." But now Jerusalem is beginning to lift up her head, the city is almost rebuilt, and is largely extending, and the Jews, persecuted in Russia, and hated in Germany, are returning largely to their own land. Again, "Blindness in part hath happened unto Israel, until the times of the Gentiles be come in." But this blindness is passing away in a measure. Hundreds of thousands of New Testaments in Hebrew are being distributed to Jews in all parts of the world, and they are reading them with great interest. Thus God is preparing the way for the blindness to pass, because the times of the Gentiles are almost ended, and there will be fulfilled the prophecy: "The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."(Rev. 11 : 15)

But this kingdom is "not of this world" and this King is not of this world, and yet the very last sight which the world had of Jesus was his death upon his cross, with a title written over him, "Jesus of Nazareth

The King of the Jews."

And this King of the Jews—did he answer the description given of him in prophecy? We will see. "There shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse, and a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit; and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of wisdom and understanding" was upon him. As a child of twelve, when the doctors in the temple "were astonished at his understanding and answers;" in the synagogue of Capernaum, when his hearers were astonished at his teaching;" for he taught them as having authority, and not as the scribes;" in the temple, on the feast day, when the power of his words disarmed the very government officials who were sent to take him, and who said, "Never man spake like this man." So fully was he possessed with "the spirit of

Counsel and Might"

that, when the chief priests and scribes had been foiled in their attempts to trip him up in his words, and they had sent out spies which feigned themselves to be just men that they might take hold of his speech and deliver him up to the authority of the governor, his answer, "Render unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's, and unto God the things which be God's" took from them the ground of all their questionings, and forced them into silence. And when the Sadducees came with their carnal conceptions of the resurrection. and he discovered to them regions of truth above all their ideas "they durst not any more ask him any question;" it was indeed "the spirit of counsel and might."

"He shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove (or "decide," margin) after the hearing of his ears." Jesus set the example to his church of referring all things, the smallest as well as the greatest, to his Father, taking nothing for granted, judging nothing by his own wisdom, sinless as it was, that all the human in him might be "clothed upon" with the divine, and his human body be only a willing, ready instrument to interpret and decipher the divine thoughts and purposes of his Father to the world. "My kingdom is not of this world," but also his wisdom was not of this world, it was the wisdom which is from above; his power was not of this world. He came not only to save us from our sins, but to establish the divine presence, power and wisdom of God in a yielded human nature; not "unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." Therefore "with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek upon earth." It is a righteousness which he receives in order to execute it. Give the King, "thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the King's Son." Thus equipped, "he shall judge thy people with righteousness," a righteousness received, "and thy poor with judgment."

"And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth, and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked." How little we know the real

Power of the Word of God

fully believed in by his people! God can only trust a completely empty and subject spirit to convey that Word which was mighty to create in the first days of our world, mighty to raise a dead Lazarus, and as mighty to slay a lying Ananias and Sapphira. Many an unripe soul has attempted to handle the mighty power of the Word of God, by pronouncing it over the sick or the possessed, but the Word of God can never be subject to the will of man; the will of man must be subject to the Word—then God can use him as his instrument. As long as any instrument is self-conscious, so long as he is not entirely yielded to the Lord, and just so long is he unfitted to be the Lord's instrument in doing his mightiest works.

"And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." When Jesus reigns, truth and uprightness shall flourish. In our days, in almost every country, business is carried on by a system of deceit and intrigue. Sin is winked at, the trouble, annoyance and expense of prosecuting those who are engaged in corrupting the morals of business men, hinders many from attempting it, and thus sin is perpetuated and flourishes unchecked. And when, from conscientious motives, some may be bold enough to put the law in motion against such offenders, they sometimes find, to their cost, that money and influence can do more to hinder justice than a just cause can do to promote it. A mightier power is wanting; an eye which sees from above, a hand which moves from above, the King is needed in his kingdom. "In his days shall the righteous flourish," while in these days it is the wicked who flourish.

With the reign of Christ,

The Effects of the Fall

shall be reversed. Now the wolf destroys the lamb, but then "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb." Jesus is "the Lamb of God;" he calls his people to be as "lambs among wolves." As the Lamb of God, he conquered. By dying for his murderers, and praying for his murderers, he conquered them, and their very captain declared: "Truly this was the Son of God." When the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the lamb shall disarm the wolf, the greatest shall be the strongest, "not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." No doubt in the animal world, when Jesus reigns, there shall be an actual fulfilment of this prophecy. But, even now, in the kingdom of God which is within or among us, in the hearts and lives which are subject to him, it is the lamb spirit which prevails over every other spirit. Those who learn to "endure grief, suffering wrongfully," those who have forgotten how to retaliate, are always superior to, always mightier than those who attempt to injure them. The cow and bear, the leopard and the kid, the calf and the young lion—mutual companions—shall, in the new state of things, be in perfect accord. Then the serpent itself shall be harmless, and a little child shall be able to lead these beasts of prey—A little child! "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven," for in that kingdom, whosoever is like a little child shall be the greatest. How little men understand the true principles of Christ's kingdom! Man values strength, self-assertion, power of resistance, the lion spirit: Jesus values weakness, nothingness, a yielding spirit, the lamb, the little child.

While he tarries, he is receiving unto himself a kingdom, and his people on earth, through crosses, afflictions, persecutions, trials of patience, fellowship with his sufferings, are being educated for his kingdom. "They shall

Not Hurt nor Destroy

in all thy holy mountain." This is the spirit of his kingdom; not offensive, not hurtful, but gentle, spreading a healing, salutary influence around. And then, when he reigns, and the opposition of Satan is stopped, and he shall be bound for a thousand years (Rev. 20: 2), then "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." Numbers of God's children believe that, through the preaching of the Gospel, in the present dispensation, this object shall be attained. But the Lord and his disciples distinctly call us to watch for his coming, when his angels "shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and they that do iniquity," (Matt. 13: 41), so that the world cannot be first converted. He tells us "one shall be taken, and another left," (Luke 17: 34-37)—thus all will not be ready—and calls us to watch and pray always that we "may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass," that great tribulation when he shall come to "take vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." God is now taking out from the Gentiles a people for his name, a Bride for the Lamb, who shall reign with him in his kingdom, and judge the world and the angels. When his Bride "hath made herself ready," then will be the marriage of the Lamb, and the great tribulation, precursory to his reign on earth with his Bride. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him in his kingdom." Oh to be found faithful!

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

IN *verses 6 and 7* the prophet illustrates the peace that will result when the prophecy of our Golden Text shall have become an accomplished fact. Strife, envy, jealousy and cruelty will then cease and those once afflicted with evil natures will no more do evil deeds. The question that most naturally suggests itself to every true disciple of our blessed Lord and Master is, "What can I do to bring about this reign of Peace and Love?"

Before the days of the Union Pacific Railroad thirty New Englanders went out to settle in the Western wilderness. For some years previous they had been in the habit of meeting occasionally at each others houses to talk over their duties to God and man in all simplicity of heart. Their library was the Gospel, their priesthood the inward light. Rich in spiritual culture, with the volume of the Prince of Peace in their hand and with hearts open to his influence, this little band started for the far West. They were industrious and frugal and all things prospered under their hands. But soon wolves came near the fold, in the shape of reckless, unprincipled adventurers, believing in force and cunning, who acted according to their creed.

This colony of practical Christians spoke of their depredations in terms of gentlest remonstrance and repaid them with unvarying kindness. They went farther. They openly announced "you may do us what evil you choose, we will return nothing but good." Lawyers came into the neighborhood and offered their services to settle disputes. They answered "we have no need of you; as neighbors, we receive you in the most friendly spirit, but for us your occupation has ceased to exist." "What will you do if rascals burn your barns and steal your harvests?" "We will return good for evil; we believe this is the highest truth and therefore the best expediency." When the rascals heard this they considered it a marvelous good joke and did many provoking things, which to them seemed witty. Bars were taken down in the night, and cows let into the cornfield. The Christians repaired the damage as well as they could, put the cows in the barn, and at twilight drove them gently home, saying: "Neighbor, your cows have been in my field, I have fed them well during the day, but I could not keep them all night, lest the children should suffer for the want of milk." If this was fun, they who planned the joke found no heart to laugh at it. By degrees a visible change came over these troublesome neighbors. They ceased to cut off horses' tails and break the legs of poultry. Rude boys would say to a younger brother "don't throw that stone, Bill; when I killed a chicken last week, didn't they send it to mother, because they thought that chicken broth would be good for sick Mary? I should think you would be ashamed to throw stones at chickens." Thus was evil overcome with good, till not one was found to do them wilful injury. Years passed on and saw them thriving in worldly substance beyond their neighbors, yet beloved by all.

After ten years the time grew near for the government sale of the land and though the fever of land speculation ran high, and acres brought fabulous prices, the Christian colonists offered a nominal figure for their farms and in all that crowd of reckless, selfish speculators not one had the heart to bid above them; for their neighbors were busy begging and expostulating, "Don't bid on these lands. These men have been working hard on them for ten years. They never did harm to man or brute. They are always ready to do good for evil and they are a blessing to this neighborhood. It would be a sin and a shame to bid on their lands. Let them go at the government price." Truly the wisest political economy lies folded up in the maxims of the Prince of Peace.

A little child shall lead them. While this does not mean that a child shall lead others into the kingdom of God, yet such is frequently the case and for the encouragement of activity in this direction, a story told by Mr. Moody in an evangelistic service may prove acceptable.

I remember a man out West who twenty-eight years ago could not read. He was living on the outskirts of Illinois, and all his time was spent in hunting, fishing, and other like pursuits. His little child was a Sunday School scholar, and when she had learned to read, she begged her father to accompany her to school. She finally one Sunday succeeded in getting him there, and when he saw how the children could read, while he could not, he was greatly ashamed of himself. And though he had made up his mind not to go there again, his wife and daughter persuaded him and he went there and got converted. He learned to read, and unlearned as he was, and though he had an impediment in his speech, he went on persevering until he mastered it, and now he is one of the most active, untiring and successful workers in the cause of God in America.

He has positively established 1180 Sabbath Schools in the States of Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Indiana and the Territories. He mounts his Sabbath School horse which he calls "Robert Raikes" and when he comes to a new settlement, out of the way of civilization, as it were, he asks permission to start a Sabbath School, and he gathers the parents and children together, and talks to them until the tears trickle down their cheeks, and they all say, "Yes, we will have a Sunday School."

Then he sets to work, and gets teachers and a superintendent, and so the work goes on, and in the vicinity of scores of these schools, churches have sprung up, whose spires pointing heavenward, may be seen dotting the sky line along the Western prairies. And that is all the work of one individual man, who was first won over to it through the influence and example of a little child.

A HOME TESTIMONY.

AN unexpected testimony of a convincing kind was recently given at a meeting in Japan by a physician who was not a Christian. The incident is reported in a letter to the *Independent* by Rev. A. D. Hall who is laboring in Japan and who says: "A Christian woman, the wife of a physician, who recently moved into a new neighborhood, hearing that a missionary was to preach in a town ten miles distant, walked over to attend the services and to invite a visit to her village. He went the following night and was greeted by a good audience. The husband of this lady bought a Bible, and began its study. He told his neighbors that if Christianity would do as much for their wives as it had done for his wife and his home, it would be well for them to get all their wives to become Christians. The missionary afterward received an invitation from a Christian physician to visit his place, which was quite a distance back in the mountains from the nearest point where he was accustomed to preach. When the missionary reached there, he found not only a good and interested audience, but also some seven persons who were being instructed by the physician for baptism.

NEGLECTED MONEY.

ONE of the New York banks published a strange advertisement a few days ago. It stated that it had about seventy thousand dollars in its possession which it wanted the owners or their heirs to call for. It printed the names of the owners, who numbered about five hundred. It appears that sums were deposited in the bank, in some cases as far back as 1840, and the depositors have never applied for any portion of these deposits. None of them have been heard of for twenty years. The bankers want to clear their books of these unclaimed accounts, so advertised for information about the depositors. They believe that most of them must be dead and that their heirs are not aware of the money lying in the bank awaiting their demand. They are probably right in this case, but it is not always safe to assume that men are dead or ignorant when they do not apply for what they might have for the asking. God promises inestimable blessings to those who seek them at his hands, yet even Christians often neglect to avail themselves of the offer, and have not because they ask not. (James 4:2.)

A TELEGRAPHIC INTERRUPTION.

TELEGRAPHIC communication between New York and Baltimore, Md., was interrupted during the busiest part of the day on Dec. 11. The operators in the Western Union Building in New York were busy sending stock quotations and orders to buy and sell shares, when suddenly a peculiar noise in the instruments indicated that something was wrong. After several fruitless attempts to use the wires the chief operator was sent for. After examination he pronounced the trouble to be due to an injury to the wires somewhere between the two cities. The finely-adjusted mechanism used for sending simultaneous messages was taken off and the wires were tested. They proved to be in good working order, but when the instrument was replaced the defect was again present. Messages were delayed and the case became serious. Electricians were summoned and the instrument carefully examined. Then the cause of the trouble was discovered. A small Croton bug was found on that part of the instrument which regulates the passage of the electric current from the dynamo to the wire in such a way as to connect with its fore and hind legs the positive and negative currents of the battery which are necessarily separated by insulation. The bug was dead, of course, and the current of 250 volts had fairly glued it to the metal, thereby forming a conductor and temporarily interrupting business between New York and Baltimore for more than half an hour. It was a ridiculously insignificant cause for a suspension of communications so important. But great results often proceed from trifling causes. It is so in the spiritual world. What we erroneously term little sins frequently interrupt the communion of the Christian with his Heavenly Father, and if not repented of and abandoned lead to alienation. (Isa 59: 2.)

LEFT AMONG SAVAGES.

A PRESS dispatch from Randolph, Mass., says that a letter has been received there from Capt. William Gooding, whose vessel foundered at sea near Pozeat, one of the Caroline Islands. He says that he and the crew took to the one boat on board and made for the nearest land. As the boat neared the shore about thirty canoes came to meet it. In each canoe were two savages almost naked and armed with long knives. They surrounded the boat and, raising their knives menacingly, compelled the sailors to give them their coats and other garments. The boat was then dragged to the shore and the sailors expected that they would be killed and eaten. A great crowd of women and children gathered about them regarding them with curiousity. The men did not know what was about to happen to them. Their suspense ended when a man, half clothed like the others, pushed his way through the crowd and addressed them in English. He told them he was an Englishman by birth. He had come out many years ago to represent a firm of dealers in cocoanuts. He had been forgotten and for more than four years no vessel had come to the island. He had by that time lost his desire to return. The savages had been kind to him and he had became a savage like them, adopting their habits and ways of life. He told them not to be alarmed. No evil would happen to them and in a day or two he would help them to leave the island. He kept his word. The sailors were cared for; well treated and fed, and in a short time the Englishman bought enough canoes from the natives to transport the party to another island, from which they were rescued by the missionary schooner, *Morning Star*. The Englishman did himself less than justice in saying that he had become a savage like the others. If he had been really a savage he would not have succored the shipwrecked sailors, but would have plundered them as the savages did and as men do among ourselves when they have opportunity. Many a man clad in the garments of civilization and surrounded by the elegances of life shows by his unconcern for the sufferings of the poor, by his oppressions of employees whose poverty places them in his power, and by his delight in inflicting pain on persons who dare not resent it, that he is a savage at heart. We are coming to the perception that the difference between a savage and a Christian is in the heart not in the dress. (James 2 : 13–17.)

THE NEW IRON BRICKS.

A SCIENTIFIC journal devotes considerable space to the description of a new device recently perfected by a German manufacturer which promises to revolutionize the building trade. It is nothing less than the substitute of a hollow iron shell for the ordinary clay brick or block of stone. As described, the shell is so thin that the brick weighs less than one made of clay, and a wall may be built of it without the use of mortar, nor is any skilled labor required in laying them, the upper and lower sides of the bricks being provided with grooves and projecting ribs which fit into each other easily and perfectly, of necessity insuring great strength; there are also circular openings in the upper sides of each brick, arranged so as to receive projections on the lower side of that which is placed above it, and as one of these projections is hook-shaped, a solid hold is thus secured. After the wall is built it is covered with paint, which closes all the cracks, renders the construction air-tight, as well as prevents any rusting. The manufacturers claim that a building so constructed will be more durable than one built of stone or brick and better fitted to resist fire. The novel feature, however, seems to be the substitution of the iron connections for the mortar or cement hitherto used. Each iron brick clings to its neighbor instead of being attached to it by another material. There should be this close vital union between the members of the Church of Christ which the Apostle compares to "a building fitly framed together," but with them the tie that binds each to the other is their common love of Jesus. (Eph 2:21.)

A WEDDING TOUR IN A STREET-CAR.

A BUSINESS man in Philadelphia who uses the Seventh Street cable cars in going to and from his office noticed a bright and pretty young lady occupying the forward seat in the car one morning recently. She was alone, but she seemed very happy and contented. Indeed, the pleasure visible on her face so impressed her fellow-traveller that the recollection of it recurred to him several times that day. When he returned in the evening he saw the lady on the same car and in the same place near the gripman. He was surprised at the coincidence, but he was still more surprised the next day to find her there again both going and returning. On the third day the same lady was in the car again and in the same place. He was interested and asked the conductor if he knew her. "Oh, yes," was the reply, and the man laughed. "Jim, that's the gripman, has been getting married, and she's his wife. It is two weeks ago now and she has spent the best part of her time on the car. Queer thing love is, isn't it?" An inquiry of the gripman elicited the further facts that when he was married he proposed taking a week or two off for a wedding trip and had saved some money for the purpose. But the wife would not have it. "We'll put that aside for a rainy day," she said. "I should have no pleasure in a trip except in being with you and I'll come and ride with you on the car." The husband thought she would find it dull and cold, but she protested that she should enjoy it if he were there with her; and she had her way. The husband has reason to congratulate himself. A wife whose idea of a happy place is a place where her husband is ,must love him very sincerely. That is the kind of love due to Christ from his bride—the Church. In thinking of heaven her heart rejoices, not in the thought of streets paved with gold, but in the thought that her Lord is there. (Phil. 1: 23.)

A REMARKABLE WATER SYSTEM.

A RECENTLY published work on Morocco gives an interesting description of Fez, one of its chief cities which has 100,000 inhabitants. The strangest feature of the city is its water supply. Fez stands on the bank of a river which rises in the hills on the south-west and, if not interfered with, would flow past the city on through a valley to the north to join the great river Sebu. But the Sultan's engineers have devised an extensive system of canals which strike the river above the city and divert its waters so that they run through the city. From the canals run hundreds of small channels which carry the water to every house and garden in the city. A traveller says: "There is no city in the world, with the exception of Rome and perhaps Vienna, which has so magnificent a water system. The brooks gurgle through every garden and field. The city has other blessings, too, for its climate is glorious, the soil of the country round is very fruitful, and the landscape is of surpassing beauty, but the people do not know how to utilize their blessings. Their streets are extremely dirty, their houses are badly ventilated, and they have made insalubrious a town that could be one of the healthiest in the world." That these people do not know how ro utilize their blessing of abundant water is evident, as the traveller says, but there is probably a trouble behind that, in their having no desire to know. If some one showed them how to use the water for purposes of ablution they would be no better for it unless they could be induced to love cleanliness. It is so with moral and spiritual purity. God has made abundant provision for it but men do not use it because they do not love righteousness. (John 3: 19.)

A DINNER IN A SEWER.

A SUMPTUOUS repast was spread on December 12th, for a party of wealthy and influential men, in one of the strangest places in which such a meal could be eaten. The Board of Works of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., decided, some months ago, on constructing a gigantic sewer 12,500 feet long and fifteen feet in diameter, which would cost more than a million dollars. Three-fourths of the work was completed last week and the Mayor of the city invited a party of friends to go down with him and walk through the tunnel. It was lighted up for the occasion and the party walked through from one end to the other. About half way through, at a point where the sewer is more than fifty feet below the surface, they found a table spread and, on the invitation of the Mayor, sat down to dine. A luxurious meal was eaten, congratulatory speeches were made, and the party, delighted with the strange trip, returned to the light of day. Inappropriate as the place was for an ordinary meal the guests must have recognized its appropriateness for this particular meal. It was a feast in celebration of accomplished work and it fittingly took place on the scene of the achievement. The time is coming when the greatest achievement of the ages—the completion of Christ's church—will be celebrated by a feast and it will similarly be celebrated in the midst of the church at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. (Rev. 19: 7-9.)

FORTY COMING WONDERS.

A NEW and enlarged edition has been issued of Rev. M. Baxter's famous work on the untulfilled prophecies of the Bible entitled *Forty Coming Wonders*. It contains 540 pages and fifty full-page illustrations of the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. In an appendix is a resume of the opinions of eminent expositors of prophecy, ancient and modern. Price (including postage), seventy-five cents. May be had of Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

THE RAPTURE.

Watchful Believers to be Caught up to Meet Christ at His Coming into the Air.

IN St. Paul's inimitable resurrection-argument (1 Cor. 15), as a kind of interlude appears this declaration: "Behold I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

A "mystery" indeed—of supreme sublimity, of infinite power, of incomparable splendor. Before this spectacle philosophy is silent.

Two Marvellous Events

are blended into one vast wonder. Simultaneously, dead saints spring to life, and living saints are changed. The same "sound" of the "last trump" will at the same instant raise the dead and change the living. One mighty act of the eternal Spirit will reorganize dead dust, and immortalize both dead and living saints. At the fiat of the "archangel's voice" and the "trump of God," without a moment's parleying or an instant's delay, death will surrender, and mortality be swallowed up of life; and the elect of God will stand arrayed in the beauty and glory of deathless being."

But as to the wonderful change. It will be equivalent to resurrection and all that resurrection implies. Though it will not be a spoilage of the grave, it will be deliverance and escape from the reach and power of the grim enemy. The power of the Divine Spirit flashing through every element of being will eliminate from brain and blood, from flesh and bone, from nerve and fibre, from matter and mind, all stain and taint of corruption, all tendency to decay. And more, it will exalt every faculty, power, and element into the dignity symmetry, permanence, and beauty of

The Divine Ideal

of perfect and perpetual manhood. Vast the change, and wonderful as vast! Yet leaving each himself in form and feature. Enoch and Elijah are Enoch and Elijah still. Translation glory will efface nothing essential to personal identity and recognition.

Then what? Again we bend our ear to the holy Oracles. They alone can solve this "mystery." Once more the great apostle, filled with the spirit of prophecy, and enraptured by heavenly expectation, exclaims, "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4. 16, 17).

The meaning of the expression, "the dead in Christ shall rise first," is made plain by verse 15, which is that the holy dead will be raised before the living saints ascend, so that "we which are alive and remain" "shall not go before them which are asleep," but "shall be caught up together with them." And let it be noted that the translation of the risen and the changed saints is to occur when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven.

The Mysterious Refuge.

But to what place will they be "caught up?" Paul says, "In—the air." Above the earth, in the region to which the Lord will descend to meet them. For what purpose, and to what place of safety we will let the inspired prophet define. "Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast. For, behold, the Lord cometh out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity; the earth also shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain." (Isa. 26: 20, 21.)

All is now plain. "The Lord himself will descend from heaven with a shout;" the dead will be raised; the sleeping saints will come forth incorruptible, immortal; the living saints will be changed; then all the righteous will be caught up to a place of safety—into Isaiah's chambers—to meet their Lord, where they will remain till the "indignation be overpast." The indignation can mean nothing else and nothing less than the terrors, punishments and destruction which make up the judgment day—the day of God's wrath upon all the guilty, as described by Christ in Matt. 25: 21–46, and by John 6: 15–17. If any doubt this, let them read carefully Isaiah 26: 20, 21, specially the 21st verse. And when the indignation is finished, the earth and heavens made clean, being purified by fire; then the King, with all his ransomed, will descend with his metropolis, the New Jerusalem, and reign for a thousand years over the earth.

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T. DeWitt Talmage
EDITOR.

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THE ART OF DOING GOOD.

THERE is an art in everything. If, when the harvests are ripe, we should go into the fields, we would find that while one husbandman goes over the field, cutting down the grain with great exhaustion, halting at the end of the first swath before he has strength again to strike into the grain, another man goes for two or three hours without halting, save to sharpen his instrument—goes from one side of the field to the other without any special fatigue. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to swing the scythe, and in the other he does not. One man will go out with a fishing apparatus that has cost him fifty dollars, and catch absolutely nothing the livelong day; while another man, with an apparatus prepared with his own jack-knife, will catch so many of the spoils of the water that his basket will scarcely hold them. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to fish; in the other he does not.

We acknowledge that there is an art in everything. Is there any art in religion? Why is it that one man starts out in the Christian life and makes rapid advancement? He seems to walk across the field, going from one degree of grace to another, getting stronger and mightier in the Christian life; with no especial drawback, his misfortunes and his trials becoming his coadjutors, so that at the end of thirty years he can look back and see that he has made one long, complete triumph; while another man will be thirty years in the Church of God and achieve nothing, standing where he was at the start, or having retreated, not really having so much faith or usefulness as in the first year. Why is it that the one man goes ahead and the other goes back? Is there any art in religion? There is. No man gets on in the Christian life by accident. There is no such thing as haphazard. If a man advance in the Christian life rapidly and mightily, it is because he employs certain means and does certain things in order to gain those achievements.

PRAYER WITH CLOSED DOORS.

THE one great secret of advancement in religious experience is secret prayer. It is very easy to come into a public assemblage, and stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our heads and lift our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning, or at noon, or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, and for scores of years—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help.

No one can pray in public his whole prayer. Take the best man in the world, and let him rise up before God in public assemblage, and tell all his temptations and sorrows and annoyances and grievances and deficits, and he would clear the room in ten minutes. People would say: "We didn't come into the house of prayer to-night to have our ears and hearts insulted." We knew an excellent Christian man who had the habit, in prayer-meeting, of telling the most astounding things of what he used to do and where he used to go. We all believed in him as a useful man; but we all wished he would not go so much into particulars. It edified no Christian ear, it advanced no Christian heart. And yet there is a place where a man ought to be able to tell everything to his God, to review all his past life, to count up all the wonderful deliverances, and take all the annoyances and the grievances of the present moment before God; but if he has no closet of secret prayer, where shall he do that? There is no such thing as a stalwart Christian character except that which grows in private, and which starts from secret communion with God—an out-and-out unlimited utterance such as a man cannot give in a public religious assemblage.

LOOK AT HOME.

THERE are a great many Christians now who spend their chief time in looking after others while their own vineyard goes to waste. They are raising very fine grapes on the other side of the fence, but the property does not belong to them, nor the grapes. We know Christians who are lean as skeletons in religious experience, who are running hither and thither looking after Sunday-schools, calling conventions, attending meetings. They are in everlasting ferment about other people, but have no anxiety about themselves. They cut the wool off somebody else's sheep, and spin it on somebody else's wheel, and weave it in somebody else's loom, for somebody else's back. Meanwhile their own souls are shivering to death. So there are women busy collecting money for benevolent institutions and managing public affairs, while their own children go with their faces unwashed, and stockings undarned, and minds uneducated, and souls unsaved. Busy everywhere but in their own vineyard.

Now, the first thing for one to do is, to take care of his or her own heart. How was it that the old saints, with less opportunity than we have, were better men? They had more time for contemplation. Christians now seldom sit down to think. It is drive, and push, and pull. Their only quiet time is when they are on an express train going at fifty miles an hour, watch in hand, wondering why they don't go sixty. Just before communion they feel called upon for especial self-examination, and so take the ten minutes in which they are walking to church to think what miserable offenders they have been. Now you have no right to give so much time to your neighbors' crops that you let your own suffer. Beside, if our own piety be thin, our work will be inefficient. If we have been much with Christ, and have deep personal experiences, we will do more good in one month than with a shallow experience we could do in ten years. One-half the Christian effort of to-day is mere gab—the world sees straight through it; while some man, who says but little, yet feels much, gets hold of the heart of an audience, and rouses, and melts, and subdues, and agonizes it at will. Rickety and unsafe machinery always makes a great racket. Christians seeking no advancement in personal piety are often very demonstrative, as steamboats at the wharf blowing off steam are so noisy you cannot hear yourself speak. A man of deep religious experiences is always effective. We care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes, or how lame his grammar.

BRIEF NOTES.

Complaints of irregular delivery of "The Christian Herald" have reached us from a number of subscribers in a certain section. These complaints have been investigated and the irregularity has been discovered. There will be no further trouble hereafter.

Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell is giving a series of addresses to young men in Association Hall, New York, every Sunday afternoon in December at 3 o'clock.

Lady Henry Somerset delivered an earnest address in Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, on Sunday evening, Dec. 13. She pleaded the claims of the poor on the Church of Christ for physical and spiritual beneficence.

Rev. Joseph Norwood, Agent or the American Bible Society in Caracas, reports a gratifying circulation of the Scriptures, which demands another large consignement for his work in Venezuela. He has been laid aside with a severe attack of fever but is now recovering.

A recent census of the Protestant churches in Cleveland, O., shows that there are 142 Protestant churches in the city with an aggregate membership of 23,289 and a seating capacity of 71,091. Ten wards of the city furnish one-half of the church members while the other half are distributed over thirty wards. The percentage is four times larger in the wealthy wards than in the poorer wards.

Contributions in aid of the Church at Kingston, Pa., whose finances have been crippled by the fire which threw its members out of work, and for which an appeal was published in this journal on Dec. 2d, have been sent by several subscribers. They are as follows: From Jersey City, N. J., $2; W. S. Larimore, Cannersville, Ind., $5; W. Hopkins (no address). $1; W. G. Henderson, Pittsburgh, $1.

Dr. L. W. Munhall commenced a series of services on Dec. 6th at Muskegon, Mich. The first services were held in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Several denominations are joining in the work and a corps of workers from the various churches are helping the Evangelist in the singing and in the inquiry room. At the afternoon services for young people over one hundred expressed concern about their souls and asked for prayer.

Pastor C. H. Spurgeon writes as follows from Mentone to his church in London: "I cannot say that I am better, but then I am not worse, although I have been kept indoors by days of rain. I am always confidently hopeful of complete recovery, and therefore I faint not in heart even when the body is overcome with weakness. In compensation for these dumb Sabbaths the Lord will give me years of free utterance of his Word. So I trust and so you pray."

Contributions to the Fund for supplying colored ministers in the South with this journal have been received since our last acknowledgement to the amount of $9.50. They are from: Argyle P. E. I., $7.50; China Me., $1.00; Olean, N. Y., $1.00. As a large number of these subscriptions expire with the end of this year we shall be glad to hear from pastors who desire to participate in the benefits of the fund during next year, either those who have been receiving the paper or those who have not had it and desire it.

Rev. C. H. Yatman's meetings at Williamsport, Pa., increase in interest and usefulness from day to day. The local journals say that no such period of religious activity has ever been known there since the city was founded. On Dec. 6 the First Baptist Church was filled at half-past six in the morning by eager throngs to commence the day with prayer. At nine o'clock there was a meeting in Mulberry St. Church for girls only. At half-past ten a meeting in the Court House. Later was a union meeting in the First Presbyterian Church. Thence Mr. Yatman went to the Second Presbyterian Church, where he held a men's mass meeting. A women's mass meeting was held at the same time in the First Baptist Church, where Mrs. Kress spoke and sang. Then followed a boys' meeting in St. Paul's Lutheran Church, and at night the Evangelist preached to over twelve hundred people in the First Presbyterian Church. In the course of the day nearly five hundred persons made profession of faith.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

A GOOD PROOF.

"JUST try it."

"Try what?"

Why, reading Beale or Bacon, Spenser or Shakspeare to a poor lost soul in sin, for the purpose of lifting them out of the sloughs of despond, or the darkness of despair. You who put so much dependence on scholasticism and scholarship, just try a bit of it on some wayward boy or fallen girl. You will read till you are blind, and they will be no better; but now try something else. Take the old Bible, and go to any place or any one you please—for Light don't quarrel with the quality of darkness it has to deal with—open up first at the Safety Psalm, the ninety-first, then take Luke fifteen, and you wont have gotten to the third parable, before your hearer will feel a mighty tug at his soul, and if you will keep right on, the power of the word of God will lift that one higher than an Angel—to be a child of God.

How I would like to get ten thousand preachers next Sabbath to throw away, for once at least, their well-spun sermons, and go in their pulpits, after a week of prayer, open up the Scriptures to 1. Peter 1: 23, and from there to the end of the chapter, begin to expound and preach.

Peter's experience at Pentecost would soon be repeated.

That memorable sermon that got three thousand converts was nearly all Words of God, not words or thoughts of Peter.

Power.

This the soul-winner must have; not only power with God, but with men. We had better limp like Jacob *with* power, than to walk straight and not have it. It comes from above. It is the gift of God. When endued with it there is a holy enthusiasm that fills the soul. Wisdom and knowledge fill the brain. There is no such word as fail to the man thus baptized with the Holy Ghost.

How to Get It.

First, the heart must be right, for the Lord will not hear us if we regard iniquity. Next, there must be a great desire for it, which desire must have for its object the salvation of souls and the glory of God.

Then there must be prayer—continued prayer—prevailing prayer—believing prayer—a wrestling as in olden days. To the one who thus comes and waits in faith there will be given power from on high, and thousands of souls will be saved.

Oh, reader, above all other blessings seek this; tarry in your closet till you are "Filled with the Spirit."

Power of the Word.

God's Word, not our word, for the sword of the Spirit is the word of God. If wisely aimed there are few who can stand many shots direct from the word of God, given by those whose souls are ablaze with desire for their salvation. Pour in upon the individual, the Sunday-school class, or the small gathering, or the big assembly, the mighty truths of the Bible, and as sure as harvest follows seed-sowing, so sure will this work win men to love our Lord.

The Result.

Such workers cannot help but succeed. Those they meet in the City of Destruction, or find in the pits of death, *will* respond to "the tug of a mighty soul."

Give us a single hundred fully won men, whose aim and object and purpose are nothing else but to spend and be spent in saving souls, and before a decade has passed every hill-top and valley of all lands will blaze with the electric light of God's presence, and millions of men, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, having been won through revivals thus kindled, will make the very "mountains and hills break forth before you into singing."

Oh for a company of full-of-faith, dead-in-earnest, thoroughly-awake, constantly-alive, always-at-it, never-give-up, sure-to-win folk, that will now determine to seek the closet of prayer and once and forever give themselves to God for this work. Then secular means will be sanctified to a purpose. Then the iron grip of the will, fixed on "this one thing I do," will, under God, mould, twist and turn various methods, means and opportunities into one channel. Then the worker will create plans or winning men, and the keen sight of his soul will tell him how they are to be used.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

A Speck of Anglo-Russian War in India—Chinese Inflammatory Placards Against Foreigners—Mr Russell Sage's Assailant Identified—Canada's New Premier, &c, &c,

GOVERNMENT officials along the border have succeeded in detecting another well-organized plot for the wholesale smuggling of Chinamen into this country from Canada, in violation of the Exclusion Act. They are shipped from Vancouver across the continent by rail to some Canadian port or to the Chinese colony in Toronto. There they take out Canadian certificates of release, if as they had been Canadian citizens, and then they make the effort to smuggle themselves over the line, at some point on the St. Lawrence river. As many as on hundred have been landed on the American side at Brockport, Ont., in a day. In one instance, twelve Chinamen paid $400 to a boatman of taking them across the river. On reaching American soil all are supplied with tickets for New York. Thus far very few arrests have been made but as the secret is now out, it is believed that very little smuggling will be attempted on the St. Lawrence for some time to come. It is asserted that over 10,000 have been brought east by the Canadian Pacific Railroad within the past six months, and that a majority have succeeded in reaching United States territory undetected. Wherever Chinamen have been stopped in transit across by United States officials, the Canadian officials have refused to receive them unless they paid the $50 poll tax, and failing this they have been sent to jail.

* * *

Reappearance of the Grip.

OUR Russian visitor of two winters ago, *la grippe*, has again put in an unwelcome appearance. New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis and Denver all report it as prevalent, though not to an alarming extent. In some parts of Connecticut, one-fourth of the population are afflicted. It is milder in form than on the former visit. Several fatal cases have occurred in New York. In Washington, Justices Brown and Lamar of the United States Supreme Court are confined by attacks of the grip, and Governor-elect McKinley is sick at Canton, Ohio. Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, also had a sharp attack. European countries are also suffering from its ravages and in some—more particularly Austria—it has prostrated both men and cattle. It is accompanied by headache, nausea, dizziness and general lassitude and affects the victim from five to ten days. Among other noted sufferers abroad is Sir John E. Millais, the famous English painter. Archduke Sigismund Leopold Renier, of Austria, expired of the grip at Vienna, where many fatal cases have occurred.

* * *

M. de Giers and his Mission.

WHILE Russia is facing the spectre of famine at home, her financial prospects abroad and the future relations of the Czar's government with other European powers are in the hands of the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. de Giers, who has recently been visiting the various capitals on a diplomatic mission. It has already been told in these columns how his visit to the Italian court and the attempt to entice Italy from the Triple Alliance resulted in failure, how the effort to place the Russian loan signally fell through everywhere save in France, and how his visit to Paris set all Europe to talking of the new relation supposed to be then established between the Republic and the St. Petersburg government. M. de Giers, one of the ablest and most successful diplomats of the century, is far from being the fierce-looking personage one would expect to find in the representative of a despotic power like Russia, the storm-centre of Europe; he is a mild-mannered gentleman of sixty, keen, astute and suave, with something about him that recalls the manner of M. Thiers. He has held many offices of honor and high authority under his royal master, and is to-day regarded in Russia as one of the few intimate advisers of the Emperor. While his recent journey may not have quite fulfilled his own expectations, it is certain that it shook the nerves of Europe considerably. A portrait of M. de Giers is given above.

M. DE GIERS.

* * *

China and the Foreigners.

SHANGHAI despatches announce that the Chinese government has succeeded in detecting the authors of the inflammatory pamphlets and placards directed against the foreigners, and which were to a great extent the cause of the recent disturbances at Ichang and elsewhere. Eight of the offenders are men of the

A CHINESE ANTI-FOREIGN CARTOON.

province of Hunan. It is believed that the anti-foreign riots, in which the native Christians also suffered, were instigated by the hatred of the upper-class Chinese to foreigners. The *literati* promoted the disturbances by their appeals to the ignorance of the people with stories and placards representing the killing of babies by the foreigners, who where declared to have taken out the eyes and lungs for medicine. These placards and cartoons were freely circulated and aroused a storm of indignation among the populace against the "foreign devils," as they denominated the Europeans. One of a number of such illustrations, seen in the towns along the Yangtse-kiang, is reproduced in this column. It shows two foreigners being beaten with rods by Chinese, while a mandarin is superintending the proceeding, and other natives are burning foreign books in a fire-pot in the fireground. Abusive inscriptions cover the top and sides of the cartoon, directed against the foreigners and their doctrines. Beside such placards, a great deal of other literature of the same character has been distributed, mandarins being occasionally among the writers.

* * *

Fighting in India.

AN event of startling interest, which may be the prelude to the long-expected war between England and Russia on the Indian frontier, occurred recently near Gilgit, a point on the Pamir frontier, and not far distant from the new boundary line established by Russia. The British agency at Gilgit, which was garrisoned by native troops, was captured by a force of frontier tribesmen from Hunza and Nagar, and the Chalt fort held by the British fell into their hands. A strong force of British troops under Col. Durand started for Gilgit and defeated the enemy, recapturing Fort Chalt and inflicting considerable loss on the tribesmen. Several English officers, including the commander, were wounded in the engagement. It is contended that the tribesmen were instigated by Russian agents, as Russia has for some time past had a military expedition hovering on the frontier of British India, the object being to put forward a territorial claim to a large tract of land now held as neutral, and which includes the whole of the Pamir region. There is general expectation of renewed fighting and the English are pushing forward a strong force to prevent further Russian encroachments. The beginning of the present trouble was what is known as the Younghusband incident which occurred last summer, when Captain Younghusband, a British agent, who had encountered a Russian outpost on the neutral ground, sent word back to Gilgit. He was arrested by the Russian commanding officer, Col. Yanoff, and compelled to retire. Another English officer, Capt. Davison, was similarly treated. Since these events, the English have been rapidly strengthening their position at Gilgit and have made a military road leading to the Pamir frontier. The "roof of the sky" is the singular and picturesque name given by natives of Upper India to the Pamir. Believing that Russia has an eye upon it, a British force was sent out some time ago to the Pamir country and after encountering many hardships, reached the coveted territory only to find it an inhospitable and barren waste of mountains and rocky gorges, almost valueless for military purposes. Captain Younghusband, whose portrait is given above, in a recent letter, says the rigorous weather makes the occupation of the Pamir impossible. Moreover the passes between Ferghana, where the last Russian outpost is, and Gilgit, the most advanced British outpost, range from 11,000 to 14,000 feet in height. There are three of these passes on the way to Lake Karakul, and the tremendous Cargil pass down into Gilgit. But Russia has the reputation of making progress in the face of great natural obstacles and it would not be surprising to hear that the Czar's armies, with the aid of their tribesmen allies, had surmounted those of the Pamir in the desire to gain a foothold in Northern India.

CAPT. YOUNGHUSBAND.

* * *

Mr. Sage's Assailant.

ALTHOUGH the nine days' wonder excited by the attempt on Mr. Russell Sage's life by a dynamiter has now subsided, there is still a great deal of interest in the case, in view of the difficulty of identifying the man who threw the bomb. After several mistaken identifications, the dynamiter has been identified as Henry L. Norcross, a note-broker of Boston, who seems to have become insane recently. His head was identified by friends and his clothing by his tailor, and even his parents were compelled, reluctantly, to acquiesce in the identification. Norcross had brooded over a great business project for some time, and had repeatedly attempted to interest capitalists. He is said to have left a letter on his desk addressed to his mother, informing her that he was going to New York and that unless he returned within a given time he would not return alive. His parents are completely prostrated by the blow.

* * *

Canada's New Premier.

IT is not generally to be expected that the official successor of a great statesman, for half a generation a leader in his party, could at the outset command a large share of popular approval. The Hon. John Joseph Caldwell Abbott, the new Canadian Premier, however, seems to be an exception. Sir John A. Macdonald's successor has had as useful a public career as any living Canadian statesman. While a young lawyer of twenty-eight, he and a few friends drafted the famous annexation manifesto which is still remembered by Canadian politicians. His career as a lawyer was not exceptionally brilliant, but his public record as a whole, is an admirable one. For the last four years he has been the leader in the Dominion Senate, where his parliamentary abilities and thorough business methods have been highly appreciated. Premier Abbott, whose portrait is given on this page is yet in his prime, vigorous intellectually and physically, and apparently equipped for many years of active and valuable service.

HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT.

* * *

Work in Congress.

MUCH interest has been displayed during the week at Washington in anticipation of the announcement by Speaker Crisp of the Chairmanships of Committees, and the rivalry for control by the leading committees has been unusually lively. It is generally understood that Mr. Springer will be chosen for the Ways and Means. Hon. W. S. Holman, of Indiana, will be appointed Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. In the Senate, the assignment of Committees has resulted in placing Mr. Hoar at the head of the Judiciary Committee; Mr. Quay, Library Committee; Mr. Cameron, Naval and Indian Affairs; Mr. Cullom, Interstate Commerce; Mr. Hawley, Military Affairs; Mr. Plumb, Public Lands; Mr. Allison, Appropriations; Mr. Paddock, Agriculture; Mr. Wolcott, Civil Service and Mr. Sherman, Foreign Relations. The rush of new bills introduced in both houses has been continuous since the opening session. One of the measures introduced in the Senate (by Mr. Gallinger, Rep., N. H.) prohibits all persons not citizens from holding office under the government.

NEWS NOTES.

Six hundred and twelve bills were introduced in Congress during the first day's session.

A "Penny Postage" bill has been introduced in the U. S. Senate by Mr. Cullom.

Emperor Kwangsu of China has deceided to study English, against the protests of his advisers.

The agitation for the removal of Gen. Grant's remains to Arlington Cemetery, Washington, has been renewed.

Italy is likely to reconsider her determination not to be represented at the Chicago Fair. Local Committees are at work in Rome and government aid will be asked.

Another disastrous gale, causing great loss to shipping, has visited the English coast. Many marine underwriters have been ruined by their losses this season, owing to the unprecedented storms.

Lieutenant Mansfield, an æronaut, made a balloon ascension at Bombay, India, lately, and while four hundred feet in air the balloon burst. Mansfield struck the ground with terrific force, being instantly killed.

A great wind storm in California inflicted widespread damage in the San Francisco and San Gabriel Valleys last week. Buildings were wrecked, cars derailed and orange groves ruined. Several churches were badly damaged.

Baron Hirsch, the millionaire philanthropist, has purchased 3,001 square leagues of land in the northern part of the Argentine Republic, for his Jewish colonization project. This makes him the largest individual landowner in the world.

A revolt against the new Peixotto government in Brazil is reported. In a fight at Campos, 150 miles from Rio Janeiro, ten men were killed and thirty wounded. Business in Brazil is in a deplorable condition and many failures are threatened.

Germany has granted several important tariff concessions to American products, to take effect February 1, 1892. These include a reduction of 30 per cent. on wheat; 30 on rye; 37 1-2 on oats; 20 on corn; 15 on butter, and 15 on pork.

The Chinese Imperial troops, under Gen. Nich, have won another vietory over the rebels in Manchuria. An Imperial order has been issued ordering the beheading of all the captured rebels who were implicated in the massacres of native Christians.

Sixteen of the crew of the lumber-laden steamer *Maggie Ross*, were drowned and the steamer was found adrift and deserted on the Pacific near Coos Bay. The bark *Gen. Butler*, from Port Gamble, Wash., foundered off Cape Arago, on the Pacific and nine of rhe crew were lost.

President Montt, of Chili, has sent a communication to President Harrison, referring to that portion of the latter's annual Message to Congress which relates to the Chilian trouble. He declares that Chili has never attempted to evade responsibility for the *Baltimore* affair, and that President Harrison's message affords the hope that no action will be taken by this government until the Chilian judicial inquiry is concluded.

At a series of fires in Louisville, Ky., $500,000 worth of property was destroyed and eleven lives were lost. Four firemen were buried under falling walls, and six girls employed in the candy factory of F. A. Menn & Co., were burned to death. A member of the firm also perished, and Major Hughes, Chief of the Fire Department was so badly injured at one of the fires that he may not recover.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

"Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man, seeking goodly pearls: Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."—Matthew 13: 45, 46.

A MERCHANT endeavors to trade so as to make a profit. Whether he deals in pearls or in grain, he does not hope to obtain riches by labor. He leaves that to those who eat their bread by the sweat of their face. He tries to get his by the sweat of his brain. He is dependent not so much upon labor as upon knowledge, upon skill, upon the advantage which superior acquaintance with the article which he deals in gives to him. Now, this merchantman is, at the very commencement, in some measure a picture of the seeker after Christ. Christ and his salvation are not to be earned; they are not to be procured as the result of labor. But Christ is to be had by knowledge. What saith the Scripture? "By his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many?" that is, through their knowing Christ they become justified.

I shall not, however, enlarge upon this analogy, but proceed at once to speak of the merchant in this parable; for here we have a fit emblem of many who lay hold on Christ and find him to be their all in all. Let us watch this merchant while he is doing four things; first, seeking; then, finding; then selling out; and, fourthly, buying again.

I. Then, we shall watch him while

He is Seeking.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls." It is different from the man we read of just now who, by accident, discovered a treasure while he was in the field. He was looking for something else, and came upon the treasure. That is the man whom God saves, though he was heretofore indifferent and careless. This is a person of a nobler sort. He is of a higher grade of mind—of altogether different mental constitution. He is seeking goodly pearls—something good, not exactly seeking the one pearl of great price, for at first he does not know about it; but, still, he is seeking pearls, and he comes upon one pearl in his seeking.

Now, notice about him, as a seeker, that he has his mind aroused and engaged. He is thinking about something—thinking about pearls. His heart is occupied with his business. His energies are thrown into it. All his thoughts are in the direction of precious stones. Oh that we could wake men up to exercise the faculty of thinking, and then to direct, to regulate, and to control their thoughts! But thinking is an occupation that a great many persons altogether dislike. Oh that men were wise, that they were thoughtful!

An Object in Life.

Equally evident is it that he had a fixed, definite object. He had given himself to pearl-hunting, and pearl-hunting was to be the one object of his life. If you had met him, and said, "What are you seeking?" he would have answered in a moment, "I am seeking good pearls: have you any to sell me?" He would have been sure to have the answer ready to hand. But ask many a man whom you meet with, "Sir, what are you living for?" he would, perhaps, tell you what his trade or what his profession might be; but if you pressed him with the question, "What is the main object of life?" he would not like to say that he was living only to enjoy himself—seeking his own pleasure.

An Active Search.

The merchant was seeking goodly pearls. He did not open a shop, and say, "Pearls bought here if anybody likes to bring them;" but he went forth in quest of them. How far he travelled I do not know; but the Oriental trader frequently goes immense distances. You may meet at Nijni-Novgorod, in the south of Russia, with traders who have been all round the globe seeking what they want—men who do not always travel by railway, but who will walk any distance to obtain the very article on which they have set their minds, and in which they deal. Distance seems with them to be no object. Ah, and when a man has got a noble object before him, and says, "Before I die, I will accomplish something that shall be right and true and beneficial to my fellow-men," he will face hardships that would baffle his fellows. I pray God that he may have the perseverance to carry that out, and that he may say, "If there is anything to be done that is good and true, I will do it at any hazard, for I am seeking goodly pearls."

Moderate Expectations.

Evidently this merchant went into the business with comparatively moderate expectations. He was seeking pearls. If anybody had said, "Would you like to find a big pearl?" he would have said, "That I would, infinitely better than to find a number of little ones." He hardly hoped for it, and therefore he did not seek it; but, still, he was ready enough to have it if it came in his way. And so, my dear friends, I am speaking of a class of persons—and I hope there may be representatives of them here—who want everything they can get that is good and true. You want to be temperate in all things; you want to have an unsullied character. I recollect that was my own desire, when first I thought of the life that lay beyond me. Before I knew the Lord I used to think, "O that I might be kept from dishonesty, that I might be preserved from falsehood, that I might be kept from a malicious spirit, that I might be right-hearted and true." Those were the pearls that I wanted. I did not know just then that I could find something that would include all these minor pearls and a good deal more.

II. Let us go a stage farther, then, and look at this man's

Finding.

He was buying pearls everywhere. He was hard after pearls; and so it came to pass that he lit upon a pearl that he never hoped to see. It was more than he expected. Ah, I pray God that some here, whose hearts are honestly seeking after that which is right, may find Christ, who has in him more of the spirit of temperance, uprightness, truth, philanthropy than will be found anywhere else.

Certainly this man was in the way of finding a fine pearl if anybody was. He was seeking goodly pearls, not the one pearl; but he was in the pearl line, and so he was likely to discover the best pearl if anybody discovered it. "Being in the way, the Lord met with him," says one of old. Oh, if thou hast desires after that which is right and true and good, I trust that the Lord Jesus will manifest himself to you, and that you will say, "This is the very thing I sought I have longed after it, and here it is."

So this man found all in one. What the value of that pearl was I do not know. The estimate of

Its Value

is not given. We only know that he thought it worth all that he had; and he went away and sold all that he had that he might buy it. And he evidently thought it worth all the other pearls he had ever been seeking for, because if he spent his all upon that one pearl it would be clear that he must have abandoned henceforth the searching after smaller pearls, since he had no capital left. Well, when a man finds Christ I cannot tell you how much he values him, but this I know, that all the world besides seems nothing to a Christian when he has once found his Lord and Master. "Oh what a Christ have I!" saith he. But he cannot tell how dear—how inconceivably precious—the Christ of God is to his soul.

Concerning this find we must mark next that the man having found it, was resolved that he would have it. Having found the pearl of great price, he did not question whether he should buy it or not. If he had not gone out honestly to seek pearls he would have demurred at the price, but being intent upon pearl finding, he no sooner found this than he said, "I must have that. I can let the little pearls go if you like, but

I Must Have That."

And it is grand when the Lord brings the mind to this. "I see that in Christ there is everything I want—pardon for my sin, cleansing for my nature, grace to maintain my character and to make me perfectly fit for heaven. There is all in Christ that I want, and I must have him. I must have him. It comes to this—at any price—whatever it may cost me, I must and I will have him."

Now, although the parable does not say it in so many words, it is perfectly clear that the person with whom he was dealing was willing to sell. When he had found one pearl of great price he bought it, which he could not have done if the other had not been ready to sell it. Albeit the Lord in his mercy does not sell his grace, but gives it freely, the manner in which he disposes of it is here described under the figure of selling. If you want Christ, you may have him, if you are willing to come to the terms which God lays down. Of this I shall have to speak presently. If you desire this pearl of great price, there is no reason in the world why that pearl should not be yours to-night.

III. Having thus described the seeker, we must go on to describe him

Selling Out.

He sold out all that he had. It had taken him a long time to get it together, and I have no doubt he had much pleasure in the accumulation, but now he has great pleasure in selling. "Buy my farm," he says to one man. "Come buy it." "I don't know that I want to buy farms," says the other. "It is nought: it is nought." "Nevertheless, let us come to terms. I want money, and I must have money." And away went the furniture down in the house, one article after another. They must all go, clear them all out. Away they shall go at the best price they will fetch, but go they must, for he must have the pearl. Well now, Jesus Christ is to be had, but there is a great deal that a man must give up if he is ever to call Christ his own.

"What then," says one, "what am I to give up?" Well, there must be a selling off to-night of a whole mass of old prejudices. Sometimes when the truth as it is in Jesus comes to a man's mind he repels it, because it is so different from what he has learnt ever since he was a child; and the notion is that you had better follow the religion of your parents. But it is a great mercy when a man says, "Now, I understand that Jesus the Son of God has died in the room and place and stead of sinners that believe in him, and I am simply to believe in him and I shall be saved. I will do it. It is contrary to what I have always been told. I have been led to think that it was my good works which would save me. I have heard that the grace was in the sacrament, but at length I perceive that God teaches in his word that salvation is by faith in Jesus Christ, and I will have it. I will sell my prejudices off. Away they shall go."

What is Sold.

Next to that you must sell off your righteousness. It will not fetch much, but I daresay you think it is a fine thing. Hitherto you have been very good, and your own esteem of yourself is that as touching the commandments—"all these have I kept from my youth up." And what with a good deal of church-going, or attendance at the meeting house, and a few extra prayers on a Christmas-day and on Good Friday, and just a little dose of sacraments, you feel yourself in tolerably good case. Now, friend, that old moth-eaten righteousness of yours that you are so proud of you must sell off and get rid of it, for no man can be saved by the righteousness of Christ while he puts any trust in his own. Sell it all off, every rag of it.

Ay, and there are some men that will have to give up a good deal of what they call pleasure, sinful pleasure. Come, can you sell all that off? That mixing in loose company, anything approaching to lewdness, anything that has to do with the gratification of the vile passions of the flesh—come, for Christ's sake, can you give it up? These things must be sold if we are to have the pearl.

Popularity.

And, then, sometimes, in some cases, men have to give up a good deal of the honors and the satisfaction of life that arise from the esteem of their fellow-creatures. Has it come to this, "If I become a Christian they will ridicule me." Well now, can you not put up with a little obloquy for Christ? "But if I am an earnest Christian than I shall have to encounter all sorts of slander." Very well, can you put the whole lot of it into the scale and say, "I sell it all off; let it all go, that I may have the pearl."

"Well, you have taken enough surely." Yes, but this pearl hunter sold all that he had, and you have got a little left. You have got some prospects. If you become a Christian your old uncle will cut you out of his will. You know very well that if you shall go to hear the Gospel at such and such a place you are very likely to be turned out of your situation. "But we must live," says somebody. This is not at all clear to my mind. I do know that we must die, but as to "must living," I do not feel quite so certain about it. Infinitely better to die than ever to do a dishonorable thing. If Jesus Christ be our Master, we must be content to let the fairest prospect go, and all thing that seem to tell for our success in this life must be secondary in our account. The merchant sold all that he had.

I think I see you draw back. "This—this is too hard a line." Very well, if you do not want to buy the pearl, you see—that is to say, if you do not want to make your fortune—for that buying of the pearl was the making of the man's fortune—if you do not think the pearl is worth it, pray do not have it. God forbid you should refuse, but if you do not want him, then say so.

IV. Now, the last thing is

The Buying.

He had sold all that he had, and then he pays the shekels over—pays them over that he may have the pearl, and he gets the pearl. It was a considerate purchase—a deliberate bargain. He did not see the pearl and then in a hurry go and sell his goods and guess at the value of it. No, but he had looked at it, for he was a seeker of pearls. And so he thought it

over. It did not want much thinking over. Oh, if a soul did but know Christ, he would not think twice before he would have him. If men were not such fools—if they had but light from heaven to see the value of my Lord and Master, instead of our standing here and having to beg and persuade and find out new words of commendation, methinks they would only say, "Tell us about him. We will have him. What does he ask of us? What can we do for him?"

And it was an immediate purchase. He did not go home and say, "I shall think about this." No, but he knew that pearl and he said,

"If I let that Slip

through my fingers I shall never see the like of it again. If anybody else gets that bargain, then I shall have lost the one opportunity of my life," And so he does but take time enough to go and sell his farm off, and the little land he had, and the little property he had. He was back quickly with his money. So, dear friends, he that cometh to Christ aright may well deliberate about it, but the end of his deliberation ought to be speedy. "If he is to be had, let me have him."

And, oh, what an enriching purchase it was which the man had made. So, brothers and sisters, if you have ever given up anything for Christ I am sure that the Lord Jesus Christ has made you very ample amends. Some years ago a person rather eccentrically advertised for persons who had been losers by obedience to the divine command—that if any one who had lost anything through love to Christ would apply to him he would make it up. The odd advertisement appeared for some months in one of our religious periodicals. But the oddest thing is that nobody ever answered it. I should have thought that somebody would have tried and made out a case; but nobody did. They cannot make out such a case: they are

No Losers by Christ.

"But," say some, "the martyrs were, were they not?" Well, they are up there, ask them. Oh, there is no losing when you deal with him.

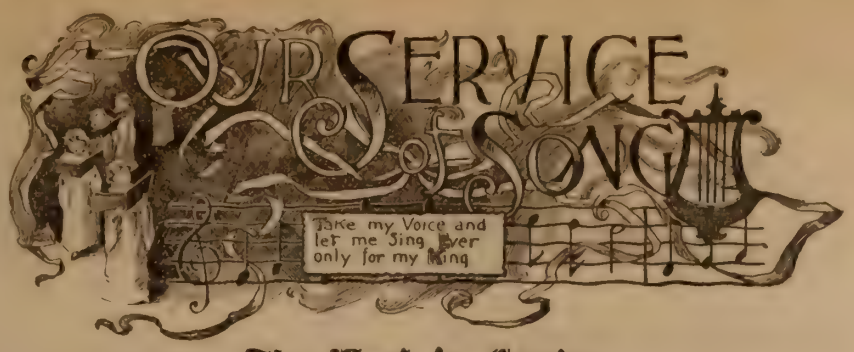
This was a purchase he never regretted. He never wished to have it undone. With his pearl of immense worth he was a rich man, worthy to be the rival of princes, and he felt that it was enough. Oh, blessed are they who can say "It is enough," and can rejoice and bless and magnify the Lord.

Let me, however, just put in one word of caveat. Take care, dear merchant brothers, that when you buy a pearl you buy a good one—that it is the pearl of great price, because I have known noble spirits whom I have admired and felt ready to weep over; men that have been heroic in the pursuit of that which seemed to them perfectly true, and have made a sacrifice of all that they have for it, and yet

They Have Been Deceived.

Mind that you get Christ and his truth as you find it revealed in Scripture, and revealed a second time in your own heart by the Holy Ghost, for whatever is short of Christ is a cheat and will deceive you.

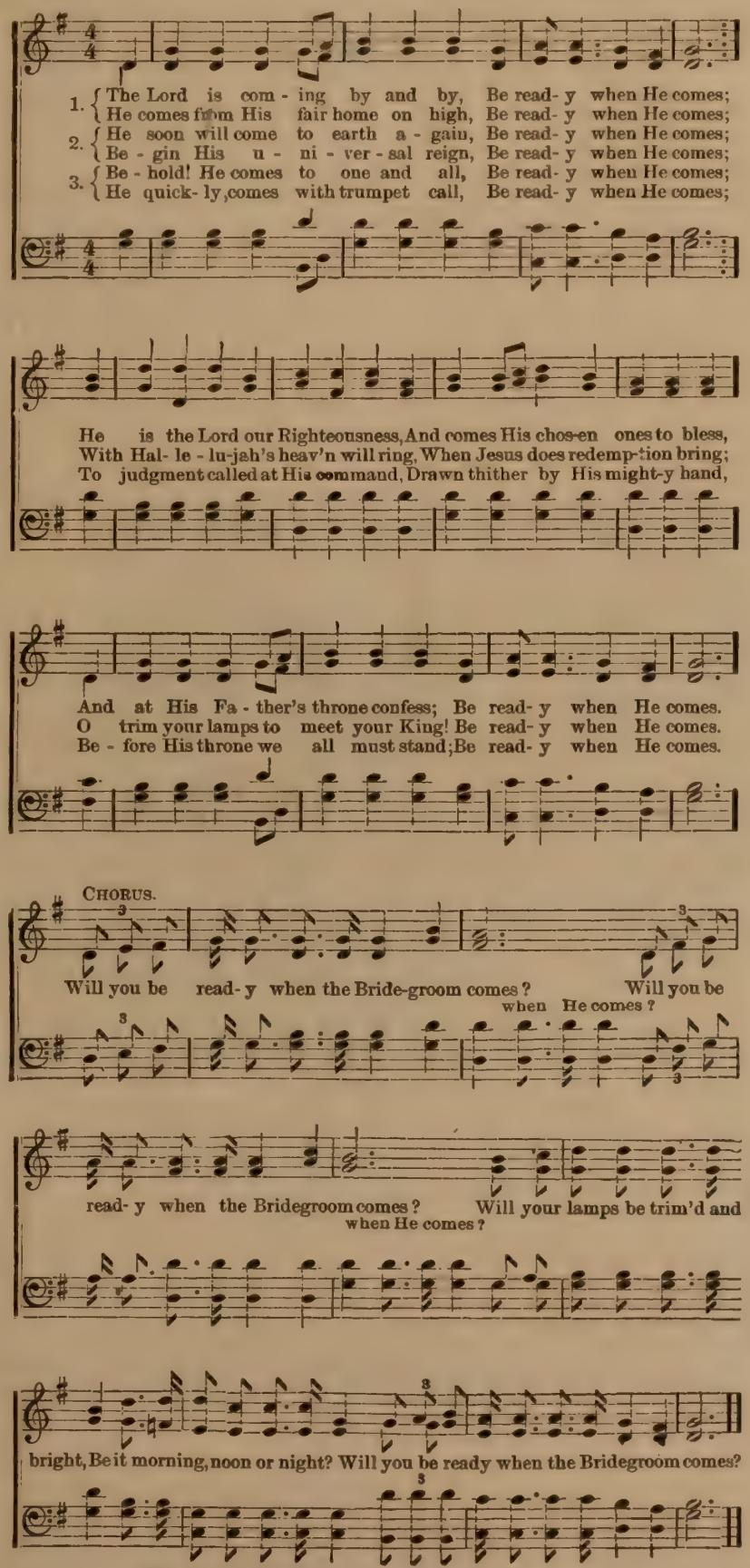
"Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord." The voice of Jesus is heard in this parable of the kingdom describing and directing the seekers. Such persons comprise no small fraction of an assembly like the present one. I am sure some of you have seen the pearl you want sparkling before your eyes. I wonder how many of you have resolved to sell all you have to buy it. But who among you all have actually made the pearl your own, and rejoice in its possession? That such of you will go on your way rejoicing there is no doubt; but will you not return and give glory to God? Shall we not have the happiness of greeting you here in the fellowship of the kingdom of his grace? The Lord grant it may be so for Jesus' sake. Amen.



The Lord is Coming.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."—MATT. 25: 6.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMANN.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

BEGIN THY DAY.

BEGIN thy day with God:
He is thy sun and day;
He is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

Take thy first meal with God;
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed with and on him; he with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

THE CUBAN PIONEER.

A Glorious Christian Work Being Done in Havana By Dr. A. J. Diaz.

WONDERFUL as a story of romance, is the history of the man whom God has blessed to the evangelization of a large district in the Island of Cuba. His name is Alberto J. Diaz, and his portrait appears in this column. He is a native of Havana and was thoroughly educated in that city. Having passed a University course, he adopted the profession of medicine. Soon after he received his diploma, however, the revolution broke out, and Diaz took up arms with his countrymen for the liberation of his native land. The insurgents were hopelessly outnumbered by the Spanish forces and out of the whole regiment to which Diaz belonged, only he and three other soldiers escaped massacre. They threw themselves, under cover of the darkness into the sea and clinging to a huge piece of timber drifted far out from land. It was a desperate resort, but death at the

DR. ALBERTO J. DIAZ.

hands of the Spaniards was certain, and they could but die if they trusted themselves to the waves. All night long they floated, and when morning broke they were gladdened by the sight of a small vessel near at hand. They were rescued and brought to New York.

It was in the depth of winter that they landed and these men, accustomed to a climate in which the thermometer rarely falls below seventy degrees, suffered terribly. They wandered about the city looking for some one who could speak Spanish. They at last found a Spaniard who kept a cigar-store and to him they told their story. He guided them to the hospitable home of a fellow-countryman, who welcomed and cared for them. But the cold and exposure had done their work. Diaz was taken ill with pneumonia. While he was ill, a lady in the house went to his sick chamber to see him. She could not speak Spanish, but she seemed very kind and she read out of a book and prayed with him. Diaz could not understand what she had read, but he appreciated her good-will and as a matter of courtesy he intimated to her that he would like to look at her little book. It proved to be a New Testament. Up to that time Diaz had never seen the Book. Though he was a student and a frequenter of the best public libraries in Havana, no copy of God's Word had ever fallen into his hands. He examined the Book and inferred from certain words of Latin derivation that it was a religious work. As he was puzzling over it a Spaniard, who called to see him, told him that there was a Spanish translation of it. Diaz procured one at once and began its perusal.

He was deeply impressed with the miracle of the cure of the blind man. To him, as a physician who had made a special study of diseases of the eye, the incident was extraordinary. He read it and re-read it and then he could not rest until he had learned all there was to be known about the Man who could work such a cure. He read on and at the end of his study he fell on his knees and prayed the prayer of the blind man: "Jesus of Nazareth have mercy on *me*." Much of his time after this was spent in prayer and study of the Word. He was eager to get back to Cuba that he might tell his countrymen what he had discovered. The proclamation of an amnesty soon gave him the opportunity. He went back to Havana, began practising as a physician, but devoting his time chiefly to telling all with whom he came in contact about Jesus. They were interested, as he had been, in the story and soon several hundre would come together to hear Diaz

Bible and talk of Jesus. This movement necessarily attracted public notice and provoked opposition. Diaz found it everywhere and most strongly in his own family. His mother denounced him as a heretic and vowed she would not speak to him again until he ceased holding meetings and declared himself a faithful Catholic. Nor would she listen to his protestations of affection and his appeals to her to read the Bible for herself. For several months, although her son was living in the same house with her, she did not speak a word to him. But Diaz waited patiently in faith and prayed daily that her eyes might be opened. One evening to his intense surprise Diaz saw his mother in the meeting. He thought she had come to disturb the meeting and denounce him and he was greatly embarrassed. But she had really come to profess her faith in Christ, whom she had found by reading her son's Bible, and to join herself to the company her son was forming into a church. Diaz welcomed her with great joy and he subsequently had the pleasure of receiving his father also into membership.

So far, God's Word had been the only instructor; and in these days of doubt and cavil it is worthy of notice that the Book should have had the power to do so much. What other book on earth could have done that? But now Diaz felt that some church organization was needed and also some further light on the Word. He returned to New York to consult some minister of the Gospel. Walking out on the evening of his arrival, he passed Dr. McArthur's Church, where service was being held. He entered and took a seat at the back of the Church. At that service he gained much light. Subsequently he made the acquaintance of other clergymen, was baptized and received spiritual counsel. Returning to Cuba he organized his church on the principles of the Baptist Denomination. Since that time he has received about twenty-two hundred persons into fellowship and has continued preaching and working for Christ.

It was not long before towns outside Havana began sending in requests that Diaz would visit them and tell the story which had so moved his fellow citizens. He gladly responded and has made several missionary journeys. He has suffered much at the hands of the priests. He was thrown into prison and might have remained there a long time had not Mr. J. S. Paine, of Boston, Mass., whose acquaintance he made when in America, laid his case before our State Department and secured its interposition on his behalf. Since then he has had the gratification of baptizing both his jailor and the Mayor who ordered his imprisonment. The work is still going on with tokens of the Divine blessing. Diaz has now seven stations and twenty missionary workers.

CHRIST'S HOME-COMING.

WHAT a grand day that must have been in heaven
When our dear Lord from his earth-life came home;
How clear the choral anthems must have risen
Surging from farthest gate to palace dome.

How the far hills that skirt the Crystal City
Would catch the echoes in their onward roll;
While the great clouds would spread their glowing banners
Wide, as they crowned them like an open scroll.

Would not the throng-like tidal wave pass forward,
Intent that wondrous form again to see
That shewed the unsealed mysteries of heaven
The centre of creation's tragedy?

Had they not watched him from the Bethlehem manger
Through his lone boyhood in the Nazareth lanes,
Up to the summit of the rugged Calvary—
Pouring out life-blood from exhausting veins?

The hearts of even angels must have saddened
While the world's heart was holding him afar,
From the wide wound inflicted by the sword-thrust
Of the dethroned and fallen "Morning Star."

A heart enfolded by earth's dark-winged anguish,
A soul embittered by life's mockery;
When pain sits crowned, and joy's dear heart doth languish,
Remember soul, what Christ hath borne for thee.

—IRENE ELDER MORTON

"The Chalet," Wilmot, N. S.

THE CHURCH AT PRAYER.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 3, 1892. Isa. 11:9; John, 17:18-23.

WORTHY of special remembrance, at this time of united prayer, is the promise of our Lord, that, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father who is in heaven." He who approaches God with this promise clearly before him, apprehending the person and character of him who made it, and the power and love of him of whom it was made, will offer no formal or perfunctory prayer. He will be one of those who believe "that he is and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him." He will be one of those who expect an answer according to the promise. To every such man belongs our Lord's assurance, "According to your faith be it unto you."

From thousands of assemblies this week will ascend prayers for the same blessings. They are blessings which the whole Evangelical Church throughout Christendom desires, and which God has it in his power to grant. Can it be that the answer will be withheld? If so, it will be for the church to examine itself. Is she sincere and in earnest in her prayers? The ordinary tests will suffice to determine the answer. We know whether a man is in earnest in his worldly occupation. He devotes to it his thoughts, his labor, his capital; is watchful, vigorous energetic, persistent, when he is in pursuit of wealth or power. No opportunity escapes him, he seeks openings for extending his operations, enlists all the help that he can obtain, exercises the utmost vigilance and spares neither time nor effort to achieve his purpose. That is earnestness. Is the church in earnest then? These objects for which she is praying this week — is she seeking them in this way? They who go to God must go in spirit and in truth. If the profession of a desire for these objects is, as Carlyle said, "from the lips outward," and not from the heart, they will not be granted in full measure. Whether they are from the heart, God will know by the manner in which they are being pursued. If the church is in earnest, she is striving after these things as men strive for wealth and power.

The individual Christian, however, should not lose his individuality in the Church. Every man must give an account of himself to God. If the Church is apathetic and lukewarm, the fault is with the units. The hope of the Church is in its individual members. They need a leader and they find him in their minister; but that were a lost cause in which the rank and file rested on their arms and expected the Captains to do the fighting. Therefore self-examination must be an individual not a collective task. The question should be asked in the recesses of every heart, Am I doing all that I can to bring about these blessings for which I pray? And that question answered let the prayer ascend in faith.

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A FILIAL SERVICE.

THREE Circles of King's Daughters in Brooklyn, N. Y., submitted a petition to the Presbytery at its meeting on December 7. The petition ran as follows:

The circles of King's Daughters connected with your church do petition the presbytery of Brooklyn, through you, for advice and encouragement to inaugurate a movement having for its ultimate end the establishment of an institution for worthy aged people of our denomination, of both sexes, who are no longer able to support themselves, which shall be a Brooklyn Presbyterian home. It is unnecessary for us to state to you the need of such a home, as the problem of "where" and "how" has already more than once confronted the members of this body in such cases. We know that the expense of completing and sustaining such a work will be very great, but we also know that the wealth and influence of the Presbyterian churches of Brooklyn are such that an earnest co-operative effort will soon remove the reproach which now rests upon us as a denomination.

The three circles signing the petition are connected with the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church, and the document was presented to the Presbytery by its pastor, Dr. H. C. Mendenhall. A committee of two ministers and one elder was appointed to confer with the King's Daughters. It may be hoped that the result will be a practical one. The idea is in line with the work of the Order and is one that cannot fail to commend itself to the members of the churches.

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THE Y. M. C. A. IN HARLEM, N. Y.

VISITORS from other cities to New York, who may be concerned about the welfare of the young men and boys in their own neighborhoods, would do well to visit the Harlem Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, at 5 West 125th Street, and have a talk with the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. F. G. Banister. The visit would open their eyes to what can be done to save young men from "going wrong" amid the temptations of a great city. Since the Elevated Railroads have been built, that northern section of Manhattan Island has become densely populated. A large number of the residents are families of moderate means. Included among the members are numbers of boys and young men who have their time between six or seven o'clock and bed-time at their own disposal. Where and how shall they spend those hours? The saloons, theatres and hundreds of vicious resorts beckon them. Perhaps the youth is not viciously inclined, but he has been all day in the office or store, is weary and wants recreation and society. The temptation is strong. He begins at the more reputable places, acquires evil habits and soon passes by easy steps to the most disreputable. Would it not be possible to catch such a youth at the start and provide him with the recreation and society he craves and lead him upward instead of downward? That would be a good work, having in it the promise of blessing for the individual and society. So Christian men have thought. They grappled with the problem and the practical result of their study is one of the best equipped and best managed Y. M. C. Associations in the country.

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, HARLEM, NEW YORK.

As will be seen by the accompanying picture, the Association building is a substantial and elegant edifice. It is designed for the cultivation and development of all the three parts of a young man's being. For the physical, there is a well-equipped gymnasium and a large plunge bath where professors of gymnastics and swimming are ready to give instruction to the members. For the mental, there are class-rooms where mechanical-drawing, phonography, type-writing and book-keeping are taught. There is also a library of 2,800 volumes and a reading-room where choice periodicals are to be found. For the spiritual, there is a large hall where Bible-classes, devotional-meetings and religious services are held. Beside these there is a parlor for receptions and social gatherings and the Association maintains an employment bureau, a boarding-house register, and other accessories. All the arrangements are duplicated in the Boy's Department, the members of which are between the ages of twelve and sixteen years. There is also a Ladies' Auxiliary, the membership of which is about two hundred, who participate in the gymnasium and social meetings. That these advantages are appreciated is evident from the fact that there are now over eight hundred active members on the list and the numbers are growing.

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AN APPEAL FOR FELLOWSHIP.

AN earnest appeal on behalf of united effort has been sent to us signed by a number of eminent clergymen. Among the signatures are those of Professor Harper, of Chicago University, President E. B. Andrews of Brown University, President Merrill E. Gates of Amherst College, President E. D. Eaton of Beloit College, Bishop Samuel Fallows, Dr. Charles F. Deems, Dr. Josiah Strong, Dr. Wayland Hoyt,, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, Dr. Teunis Hamlin and thirty-five other pastors of churches of various denominations. It is a plea for undenominational Christian fellowship of young people's societies, and earnestly recommends the Christian Endeavor Society as the one in which members of all denominations may unite without losing their denominational connection. The address in part is as follows:

We address you in the interests of Christian and spiritual fellowship. We feel that this may be very largely promoted by the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor with their 1,050,000 members, and that the youthful adherents of the various evangelical bodies have never had such an opportunity of learning to know and love each other, without sacrificing one whit of the loyalty they owe to their own denominational polity and doctrine. We should esteem it a great disaster if different denominational young people's societies, intended practically to supplant Christian Endeavor Societies, are formed, and the young people are separated from the delightful interdenominational fellowship which they have enjoyed through Christian Endeavor. After a time, should a merely sectarian spirit be fostered, the great interdenominational gatherings which have marked the Christian Endeavor movement will become impossible, and all that has been done, and more that has been hoped for the future, in the way of spiritual fellowship, from the ten years' history of this society, will be sacrificed. It is well known to you that the United Society of Christian Endeavor exercises no control over and levies no taxes on local societies. It is simply a bureau of information. It does not even ask any contributions to carry on the work, nor is rigid uniformity demanded of societies. Each local society differs somewhat from every other, according to the needs of the local church to which every society is strenuously loyal, but all have some common principles and methods.

We are not urging any objections to unions of young people for the sake of denominational instruction and control. Such unions need not withdraw the young people from this interdenominational fellowship unless the local societies wholly discard the Christian Endeavor principles or name. This name, too, can, wherever it is allowed by denominational authorities, be linked with a purely denominational name. Thus "Epworth Leagues of Christian Endeavor" can enjoy the interdenominational fellowship of the Christian Endeavor movement, and be as fully under the control of the general Epworth League as if they had no such fellowship.

AN UPWARD LOOK.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is a world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's error let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healings which night has shed.

Every day is a fresh beginning!
Listen my soul to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells of Christmas Celebrations and Traditions in Many Lands.

RIGHT merrily did the younger members of the household greet the coming of Christmas, and the prospective visit of the patron saint of childhood--Santa Claus. For weeks this had been the evening topic, and what might be expected to happen on that momentous day now became a burning question.

"Patience!" counselled the good mother. And Uncle John, too, strove to divert them from inquiring too closely into certain little private preparations that were being made for their benefit, by telling them of Christmas in other lands.

Tom had brought in some branches of holly and mistletoe, and the children gazed upon them with unfeigned delight.

"The holly is venerated by the people of northern Europe," explained Uncle. "In some parts of Germany it is called the *holy-tree* or the *Christmas-tree*. The mistletoe comes to us from the Druids—a sect who worshiped in the forests in old pagan days, and who had a legend that it came from heaven, and every one who came under it received a kiss, as the branch with its bright berries was the emblem of love. They believed it would cure all diseases; but that was mere superstition, of course. In old English homes, when the great boar's-head was brought on the table to be eaten, it was decorated with rosemary, and had an apple or an orange stuck in its mouth and a spray of mistletoe on top of it all."

"Has there always been a Christmas Day?" asked Ted, innocently, whereupon the others laughed.

"No, not always," said Uncle. "You know it is the day on which the dear Saviour was born. For a long time after that event—just how long nobody knows—it was celebrated on the 6th of January, but the Roman Emperor, Julius I, (who lived three hundred years after Christ's birth), changed the date to the 25th of December. On Christmas Eve the early Christians used to sing carols, in memory of the sweet song the angels sang to the shepherds. Sometimes the bishops would sing, to set an example of joy to the rest. I don't know that any record exists to tell just how or under what circumstances the first celebrations was held, but it is certain that as long ago as the fifth century, it supplanted the heathen festivals—such as the *Saturnalia*, a wild, drunken orgie. St. Augustine mentions the date of the Christmas festival and Chrysostom speaks of its gradual growth during his own lifetime."

"Does every country have a Santa Claus, Uncle?" asked one of the group.

"Not as you know him, dear; but the good old gift-maker who, the legends tell us, delights the young hearts with his gifts, is merely a type, such as the childish mind can grasp, of the great gift that came to the whole world on that day—the gift of God's own Son—which should kindle gratitude in every heart.

"In France," continued Uncle John, "the Christmas festival is the *Noel*, in Germany the *Weihnachtsfest*, and in the Scandinavian countries, as well as England, it used to be called *Yule*. There were merry revels at many of the royal courts in olden times on Christmas Eve, and the festivities of to-day are much subdued compared with those of a few hundred years ago. In England, the revels at the court were under the direction of a leader chosen for the occasion and dubbed the *Lord of Misrule*. At the Scottish Court, the one who performed the same function was called *The Abbot of Uureason*. So wild and absurd were some of the pranks and capers the merry-makers indulged that the leadership was abolished by law, in obedience to the desire for a more orderly and becoming observance of the day. Then the peasantry had their own way of celebrating; they had home games, dipping for nuts and apples, eating hot cakes and other innocent pleasures. Our early Puritan fathers discountenanced such frivolous amusements, and Christmas in our own land has never been characterized by the same boisterous observance as among European nations."

"Do they observe it in Oriental countries, too?"

"In Christian communities, but not generally, of course. The Eastern churches adopted the Christmas festival from the Western churches about 380, A.D. Diocletian is said to have ordered the burning of a whole church full of Christians who had met to celebrate the nativity of the Saviour. Among the Christians families of Syria the day is observed very generally; indeed, in Beyrout—which is the principal city of that country—the people and their surroundings have more of a European aspect than most other Eastern cities, and Western customs are fast taking hold. Beyrout has among its population, Mohammedans, Druses, Jews and Christians, and Gospel work has been going on there for over forty years by the American Presbyterian and other missions. Many of the young men and women are capital Bible scholars and sing our own Gospel hymns, and when Christmas comes around they observe it with a reverent joy that is peculiarly Oriental. Here is a photograph of one of the young Christian women of Beyrout," and he showed the group the portrait of a girl in a picturesque costume that had in its character something both of Europe and the East. She was decked as if for some festivity, and strings of coin ornamented the front of her dress.

"At the Missionary College in Beyrout," he added, "English is the language used, although Arabic is thoroughly taught. The wonderful mixture of races is shown in the fact that at an orphanage there, where 130 orphans are taught, having no servants and doing all the work themselves under the guidance of eight teachers, eighteen nations and seventeen different forms of religion are represented, although all receive Bible instructions together. In some of the mission schools in Beyrout, it is beautiful to hear the sweet voices singing hymns in Arabic to the tunes we know so well—sometimes Christmas hymns, too, telling how Jesus was born in Bethlehem. We should not forget that Syria is the cradle of our Christianity and that therefore we owe it a debt of gratitude we cannot repay."

A CHRISTIAN GIRL OF BEYROUT, SYRIA.

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Thoughtless Girls.

THOUGHTLESSNESS in the young, when it becomes a settled habit, amounts to a vice. On this point a writer in the *St. Louis Observer* remarks: "Probably there are few of us who have not, at times, felt a pang of mortification at the foolish conduct of young girls upon the street. You can see them sauntering to and fro on the principal thoroughfares, half a dozen times of an afternoon, with that peculiar, careless gait which indicates that they have no business in particular to attend to; and sometimes at their side, or behind them, or ogling them from a street-corner, you see the face of some flashily dressed man, who has, perhaps, a wife and family of his own at home—too far away to interfere. You recognize, perhaps, the daughters of hard-working men, who can ill afford the slightest luxury, dressed expensively, gaudily (hence in marvelously bad taste), and apparently having no other occupation in life than to exhibit their charms to men that have as little sense as themselves. Ask these girls anything of that knowledge which will be useful to them in life, matters either of housekeeping, literature, or general information, and you will find them sadly at fault; all their thoughts are on their beaux; their conversation is the petty local gossip of the town or of their particular set. The fault of the thing lies, not so much with the child herself, as with the indulgent parents, who look with helpless sorrow upon her unaccountable waywardness, and at the door of society, which has not yet fully learned to inspire women with some other great purpose in life than the mere procuring of a husband.

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SELECTING GIFTS FOR THE CHILDREN

AVERY difficult and trying task, indeed, is the selecting of Christmas gifts. One must needs look well to several things before he or she venture out on such a mission. The state of one's purse, the tastes and disposision of the person to whom the gift is to go and the probability of duplicating another gift—an untoward happening that would rob both of their preciousness. Mere dainties, candies and the like are hardly to be regarded as vehicles for the expression of the Christmas feeling. Dangerous playthings, liable to inflict damage or do physical injury are to be avoided. Mechanical novelties, games, tools, anything that will amuse, instruct or develop taste as the proper direction are to be commended. Whatever leads the child, by entertaining paths to useful, manly, noble thoughts or generous deeds, combined with wholesome recreation, is the best to choose for a gift. Whatever tends to excite vanity, recklessness or temper is utterly unfit for the purpose. Nor is a costly gift necessarily the most desirable. We have seen toy animals, cut rudely, yet not without artistic design, out of substantial blocks of wood, outlasting other playthings that cost six times their price and being much more highly appreciated besides. And when a child has reached the appreciative stage, there is no better present than a book, which has a real value, even after the gilt and covers are worn off.

It takes time and work and skill to make the most, for the children, of Christmas morning, writes H. C. Trumbull in *Hints on Child-Training*; but it pays to do this for the darlings, while they still are children. They will never forget it; and it will be a precious memory to them all their life through. It is one of the child-training agencies which a parent ought to be glad to use for good.

He who would make children happy must do for them and do with them, rather than merely give to them. He must give himself with his gifts, and thus imitate and illustrate, in a degree, the love of him who gave himself to us, who is touched with the sense of our enjoyments as well as our needs, and who, with all that he gives us, holds out an expectation of some better thing in store for us: something which shall fully satisfy our hopes and longings when at last we have it in possession.

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The Baby.

HE will not always be a baby, says a writer in *The Religious Telescope*. The years will come and the years will go, and with their coming and going baby will develop into a happy, romping, vigorous, daring boy; and from that he will go on, up, up to full-grown manhood; and with his physical development will come a wider range for him. Out into the world he will go; and with his going there will come to him the dangers and the temptations of the world. These he must necessarily encounter, living in a world like this. From their assaults mother's love and father's solicitude can not screen him. But while his child-heart is in mother's and father's hands, like wax in the hand of the molder, they can, to a very great extent, so mold his moral convictions and so fortify and arm him against the world's seducements as to render him comparatively safe amid life's dangers and snares. Eli failed to do this, and his sons went to destruction; Timothy's mother did not fail to do this, and from his childhood he grew into a noble servant of the living God.

Yes, father, mother, that baby is a great joy to you now. That he may be such to you when he is a man grown, see carefully to the forming of his character every day. Humor him, caress him, *love* him; but do not fail to discipline, control, and restrain him.

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The Virtue of Cheerfulness.

CHEERFULNESS, writes Miss Muloch, can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over bad places. A cheerful heart sees cheerful things.

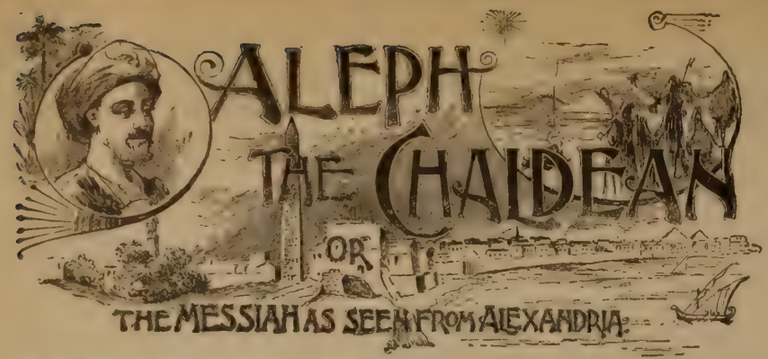
A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river. The lady said:

"How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied, "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If she, or we, can carry this principle thro' our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, voice, and fa



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER V. (*Continued.*)

SETI and Aleph returned to Rachotis together.

They had scarcely turned away from the house before Antis came out from a recess across the street and stole after them—at a distance, but so as to keep them in sight. And they were not without particular notice from others. Two such commanding figures as to stature and bearing were not a common sight in Alexandria; and so the men whom they met would sometimes turn and gaze after them. One of these did more than stop and gaze. He followed—followed on one side of the street as Antis was following on the other.

I wonder what he meant! Was he a friend or an enemy? Or was it merely idleness and curiosity that prompted the following?

These latter make a motor of considerable power; sometimes even of fully as much power as any of our celebrated modern motors, or those mysterious ones used in the construction of the pyramids. And it certainly was in daily use in Egypt among all classes at the time of our narrative, and long before. Before the Ptolemies, before the Pharaohs, before the Dispersion, before Tubal Cain—in fact there is some reason to think that this motor was invented by the first man (some say by the first woman; but this is a base slander), and was from him handed down to all ages and countries. How else can we account for its omnipresence!

So it is by no means incredible that the following of Aleph just spoken of, was not due to hostility. I hope it was not. I hope it did not mean mischief. Still I confess to some fears. Somehow I begin to feel an interest in that young man; and if any harm should come to him it would trouble me not a little.

VI.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

ALEPH found Cimon already at the khan; and, after giving an account of his own experiences, received the following from his friend.

Cimon went first to the khan they had just left for an article that had been forgotten, and to learn what he might of the ways of the neighboring custom house.

He found that he was yet considerably too early for the business hours of the chief official; and so lingered, making inquiries of the innkeeper about the chief traders of the city, especially in the line of the eastern goods. Who are they? Where are their places of business? How long have they been established? What reputations do they bear? These questions were freely answered—with some vagueness and reserve, however, as to the last of them; as was to be expected from a man who speaks about his neighbors to a stranger. Cimon found that Malus was by far the largest and most successful dealer in the city.

"How did that happen?"

"Well, you see, he has the most capital: so he has the best goods, the cheapest, and the greatest variety; and then his positions as harbor-master and farmer-general of all imports from the south give him special advantages for turning trade in his own direction. As harbor-master he is the first one to meet the owners of goods on their arrival, and can hasten or delay the passing through the custom house: as farmer of the duties he has less duty to pay than his rivals, even if he makes none of the illegal exactions with which some charge him. However this may be, it is certain that he has very great opportunities of befriending those who deal with him, and can make it for their interest to patronize him rather than others. People lay much stress on this. So he has crushed out many small dealers. Still, not a few manage to maintain themselves against him, though they make small profits where he makes large ones. There are yet many people who for various reasons prefer to go elsewhere than to Nos. 110, 111, 112 Emporium Street. We are among them"—and the man shrugged his shoulders.

Cimon took out his tablets and made some entries.

While he was doing this, who should come in but the Jew who had so curiously followed him from the synagogue! The man was surprised, and apparently delighted, to see Cimon. It appeared that he was a brother of the absent landlord, and had come to bring news of him to his family. He had left him in Judea a few days before, and expected that he would soon be able to return. He then turned to Cimon and inquired about his young companion of yesterday.

"That young man haunts me," he said. "His face meets me everywhere; if I read, his features comes between me and the papyrus; if some one enters my house I look up to see if it is not he; if I am walking in the street I forget my errand and look for him instead. For example, while on my way here I forgot what I was coming for, and found myself opposite the Diapleuston waiting for him to appear, and, had he appeared, no doubt I should have acted as ridiculously as I did yesterday."

Cimon explained that they had seen occasion to remove to another part of the city; but were still proposing to seek him out and hear about the eastern pilgrims of whom he had spoken. Perhaps he would not object to give some particulars now—reserving to some future time, when his young friend could be with him, a fuller account. Could they not pass into the court and seat themselves where they would not be exposed to interruption?

The Jew readily consented: and this was the substance of his narrative.

When he was scarcely more than a boy there came to the khan on the east of the city, then kept by his father, a large caravan of eastern people, on their way home from Judea. It was led by three men—all remarkable for dignity of manner, richness of apparel, and other signs of great distinction, if not of princely rank. Two of them were old men; but old after the manner of Moses. Their eyes were as bright, their forms as erect, their steps as firm and elastic as one ever sees in the young. But the third was comparatively young: and a finer specimen of humanity in all respects the khan had never seen, though it had seen, first and last, a wide variety of people from all nations.

Ah, that young man knew how to walk—how to ride, too! When he came and went, whether on foot or on his Arabian, the servants would run to every convenient outlook to wonder at the easy grace and majesty of his movements.

On the arrival of the caravan the khan happened to be quite without guests. The pilgrims at once took all the vacant rooms, and remained several days in the city—examining it fully in every direction; its temples, palaces, harbors, markets, warehouses, manufactures, libraries, schools. They evidently were very devout persons; not as the idolaters are, but after the Hebrew manner. Every morning and evening they gathered all their servants, and read from copies of the Law and Prophets, and prayed most reverently to the Invisible; and on the Sabbath they went separately to the synagogues; and when they left the city they carried away with them many copies of the Greek Scriptures—also, it was said, a Greek young man, well taught in all the western learning and accomplishments, but who had lost his parents and other near relatives, and so had few ties to detain him here. This was what was said: the Jew could not vouch for it, as he had never seen the young Greek.

But these were not the most important facts about the pilgrims. Some in the caravan spoke the Greek language and the people of the inn used to listen with wonder to the story that gradually came to them.

For generations it had been widely understood in parts of the East that a great king would some day appear in Judea in whom all the families of the earth would be blessed. But lately it was revealed to each of the three chiefs that the birth of this king was about to take place, and that when it had taken place the fact would be signified to them by the appearance of a new star-like body in the western sky, and that on seeing it they should journey westward to carry the homage and presents of the East to the new-born monarch. So they conferred together, made ready their caravans, and watched the heavens nightly for the promised sign.

At last it came. The day had faded away into the night, when lo, a glorious beam shot to the watchers, and they saw a great star hanging low in the west—a star wholly unlike the evening star, or any other star ever seen in that quarter of the sky. The signal was promptly and joyfully obeyed. Meeting at a place before agreed upon, the chiefs joined caravans and proceeded toward Judæa—the star appearing and going before them whenever their journey needed special guidance. So at last they came to Bethlehem, where the meteor sank low and blazed over the house where a young child was. Then they knew that they had found the King; though it was in no palace, but in a very humble home bare of all but the barest necessaries.

Was it a beautiful child? Even as Moses, exceeding fair. Was he afraid of the bearded men as they kneeled before him and presented their gold and frankincense and myrrh? Not at all. There were the dawnings of a kingly repose and welcome in his eyes as he fearlessly stretched out his little hand and laid it on the thin white hairs and on the dense brown locks that were successively bowed low before him.

And then they heard of things even stranger than those they had themselves experienced. For the mother told them of angels who came to predict the Messiah and his forerunner: and many people of Bethlehem, attracted by the star and the stately caravan, came hastening up and told how their shepherds had seen and heard on the night of the Birth a glory of angels that shone and sang above them like a descending heaven, and sent them to a manger to find their long-expected King.

The youngest of the three chiefs was so much impressed by the story of the shepherds that he put it into a song which some in the caravan learned and often chanted.

"Did you hear it?" interrupted Cimon.

"Yes: and our father would have us commit it to memory. I think that even now I can recite it word for word."

"Please do so."

The Jew, after a few moments of recollection, proceeded to recite as follows:

"No tongue can tell the sacred pomp,
That swept from heaven one day,
And trailed its glory past the spheres
To where the Infant lay—
Lift up your eyes in vast surprise,
Ye shepherds, on the scene,
And see the flaming forms that hang,
The heavens and earth between!

Upon their heads are golden crowns,
Their robes are white as snow,
Soft lightenings from their faces flash
Upon the vale below:
Before the glory of the Lord
The stars turn pale and flee—
Oh, what a sight that gracious night
For shepherd swains to see!

Through all the still and scented air
There comes a deeper calm,
As if from fear lest it should hear
Naught of the coming psalm:
And now the air grows sweeter still;
Slow beat the balmy wings:
Clear o'er the mute and raptured earth
The choir of angels sings.

Sings praises in the highest song
That highest Heaven can raise;
Sings praises to the highest king
That hears the voice of praise;
To Him who to the earth descends
In pity and in love,
And o'er its warring tribes extends
The white wings of the dove.

And far across Judean hills,
Swell out the storms of praise—
I would that tempests such as this
Might gladden all my days!
For lo, 'tis Paradise to hear
The glory of that sound,
That swells so grandly to the skies,
So humbly seeks the ground.

Full many an age will vanish,
Full many songs be given
But ne'er again such wondrous strain
Will shake the arch of Heaven;
And yet each year our hearts will see
A glory on the wing,
And still each year our hearts will hear.
That winged glory sing.

And ever as we give our gifts,
And deck our homes with green,
Our souls will kindle in the blaze
Of that strange midnight scene,
And sing His praise in joyful lays,
By whom the Child was given,
Whose advent here sent mighty cheer
Through all the choirs of Heaven."

There were tremblings on the tongue of the Jew as he closed his low chant, and tears in the eyes of the Greek; but the latter said nothing for a few moments, and then merely asked that the narrative might proceed. So the Jew resumed.

The chiefs would willingly have lingered long in Bethlehem; but the same Divine Word that had brought them almost immediately sent them away. The next night the message came, "Let them return—and return by another way." So they returned by way of Egypt and the Red Sea.

Shortly after the pilgrims had left Alexandria, news came that Herod, in a fit of jealousy had massacred all the male children in Bethlehem under two years of age. It was like him. Everybody believed the story. But could it be that the Messiah of whose triumphs and reign so many prophets, in so many ways, had spoken, had perished in his infancy? Could the promises of God be broken by the cruelty of man? Was Herod strong enough to defeat the Almighty?

The khan had hardly begun to ask these questions before there appeared at its gate a man leading an ass, on which was seated a young woman who carried in her arms a little boy. The mother was interesting—the boy was wonderful. Never had the landlord seen such a child. It was not merely that he was comely in the highest degree—it was the mystery of expression in his face. As one looked on it nothing seemed too good or great to be believed of him. His body seemed a thin veil through which flashes of inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and goodness and power were continually struggling. You who have seen a light shining through thin alabaster—you who have seen a gem in whose heart rainbows seemed imprisoned—you who have seen a soft, white cloud around whose edges have crept suggestions of an intolerable glory within and behind, can have some idea of how that wonderful Child impressed the people of the khan. By degrees they learned that the family had come from Bethlehem, that fear of Herod was the cause of their leaving, that the eastern princes had been under their roof—at last, when confidence was full-grown and all reserve thrown away, that they had among them the very Star-Child to which the journeying East had brought its loyal homage and tribute.

It was strange to see the mixture of tenderness and awe with which the mother dealt with her son—strange to see the mixture of weakness and power, of humbleness and superiority, of dependence and independence with which the son dealt with his mother. At one moment it seemed as if she was acting the part of a Providence to him; at another as if he was acting the part of a Providence to her.

The house was a different house from the time that Jesus (for such was his name) entered it. A new element had come into its air; a new light seemed to rest on every object; never had its inmates found it so easy to pray and lead a good life. It was as if a new life had silently come under their own; and, like a broad wave, was lifting it heavenward. The eyes of Jesus, from their fathomless depths, seemed to invite to all that was holy and to forbid all that was sinful.

But even Alexandria was too near Herod. So, after the sacred family had well rested from their journey, they went still further south. It was a sad day for the khan when they went away. The host would take nothing in the way of compensation—save a smile from the young mother and a touch from the child for each child of his. How that touch thrilled them through and through as with some mysterious healing!

The khan kept his secret. After a while news came that the Holy Family went as far as Mantareeh, and remained there till the death of Herod, when they returned to their own country. After that, ears were kept wide-open toward Judæa; for it could not be thought that such a beginning would end in nothing—that man and circumstance would be allowed to defeat God.

But the waiting was long. At last the khan heard vaguely of strange excitements and movements in Judæa. Soon they learned that a great reformer had burst suddenly on the people from the wilderness—austere, fearless, mighty of speech, smiting the sins of high and low with the sword of his mouth, baptizing, followed by immense crowds, who inquired, is not this the Christ?

(*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

A. L., Crescent City, Fla. Did Christ know of the time and manner of his death during all his ministry, or was it only revealed to him at the Last Supper, as some suppose, from John 13: 1?

Christ's reference to the serpent when talking with Nicodemus (John 3: 14) would appear to indicate that he had a prevision of his death at the beginning of his ministry. His remark was of the same tenor as that he made later on (John 12: 32) of which the Evangelist observed: "This he said signifying what death he should die."

John S. Brammer, Alexander, Wayne Co., Ky. Did Dr. Talmage in his sermon on April 26, 1891, advocate baptism by immersion? Did he in the same sermon advocate close communion?

No, to both questions. The sermon does not in any part express a preference for sprinkling or immersion. So far from advocating close communion it is a plea for "close communication" between churches, and Dr. Talmage spoke with evident gratification of the fact that in his church "there is a mingling of all denominations."

J. H. Baxtressee, Middletown, Pa. Has a Christian a right under any circumstances to sin wilfully? Or please explain Heb. 10: 26.

No, and the text you mention emphasizes the fact with a warning. Under the Jewish dispensation, with which the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews is comparing the Christian dispensation, the sinner might bring an offering, but the writer here reminds Christians that sin can no longer be atoned for in that way. Being cleansed through the blood of Christ he must live a holy life.

Inquirer, Dunnysville, N. C. We read (Gen. 4: 16, 17) that Cain went to the Land of Nod and knew his wife. What kind of beings dwelt in the Land of Nod and what was their origin?

Various attempts have been made to identify the Land of Nod, but they are all unsatisfactory. The only clue we have is that it was to the east of Eden, and as we have no idea where Eden was that clue is of no value. The meaning of the word Nod is "exile" so that the Land of Nod may simply mean the land of Cain's exile. The only explanation of the inhabitants of the land, consistent with the verbal accuracy of the Bible is that they were descendants of Adam and Eve. Adam according to the Biblical account lived nine hundred and thirty years and "begat sons and daughters." (Gen. 5: 4.)

Peter Gabel, Sycamore, Ill. Do the promises in Mark 16 17, 18 belong to all believers now as in Christ's time

The facts prove that they do not. A Christian taking up a venomous serpent or drinking poison would undoubtedly suffer as a man would who is not a Christian. In the days when the promise was given, a handful of unlettered men were going out to preach to an unbelieving world and needed special miraculous power to help them in their testimony. These powers were granted for that special purpose. If you are thinking of making a personal test we would strongly urge you to consider before doing so whether Christ's words (Matt. 4: 8), do not apply in the case.

George W. Geyer, Middletown, N.Y. 1. What was the size of the baskets the disciples used when they gathered up the fragments? 2. What were the husks that the "swine did eat," in the Parable of the Prodigal Son?

1. The baskets, we are assured by an Orientalist, were in all probability about one foot in diameter and square—somewhat like our own lunch baskets. 2. The husks (see Luke 15:16), were the fruit of the carob tree, which is common in Palestine and is used by the poor as food and for the fattening of swine or cattle. When ripe, it is like a cooked bean-pod, brown, glossy, and filled with seeds. Children eat it readily and seem to thrive on it. The carob is of the same family as the American locust tree. Its fruit is sometimes called "St. John's bread," as John the Baptist is thought to have lived upon it in the wilderness.

Adah J. Prudden, Ypsilanti, Mich. 1. Was the Holy Ghost before Christ's ascension identical with the Holy Spirit that he gave? 2. What did conversion mean to the Israelites before Christ? Did they have a different standard from ours? 3. Were the disciples converted while Christ was with them?

1. Yes. The operations of the Spirit before Christ, as referred to by the prophets show that he was the same. He enabled the prophets to predict the coming of Christ and to describe him; and after Christ's ascension he testified of him and brought all things to the remembrance of the disciples. The expression in John 7: 39 evidently refers to the special gifts which the Holy Spirit would have it in his power to impart when Jesus was glorified. 2. Conversion meant then as it does now a turning from sin to God (see Psalm 51: 13.) They had not the light we have, but in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews stress is laid on the fact of the Old Testament saints possessing and exercising faith much in the same way as we regard it as a test. 3. We cannot imagine Christ sending unconverted men out to preach. In leaving all they possessed to follow Christ, they gave better evidence of conversion than many Christians give in our day.

John Painter, Lattasbury, Ohio. Does my regeneration depend on man. Is not Christ the physician for me as he was to the thief on the cross, if I go to him in faith, or is it necessary that some one baptize me?

It is not necessary. If you exercise faith in Christ according to his word, he will accept you and you will be born again. Then he expects you to make public profession of him which you may do by baptism.

S. C. O., Apex, N. C. Please give me your idea of the meaning of John 20: 23. "Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosesoever sins ye retain, they are retained." Do the Catholics get any of their doctrine from this verse of Scripture?

The minister must act as God's interpreter to the ignorant and humble; but the Almighty does not delegate his divine power of forgiveness to any man. Any Christian minister or layman can give the assurance to an inquirer that his sins are forgiven, if he believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and enlighten him as to his true position, just as a lawyer, on consulting the statutes, can assure a client that he has certain rights which he may claim if he complies with the conditions of the law. The Catholic assumption of the power of pardon and condemnation is totally unwarranted by Scripture.

A MISSIONARY IN A SCUFFLE.

MISSIONARIES is China have frequent need of all the coolness and discretion at their command to avoid personal injury and loss of property. The following instance is related by Rev. John Miles who is laboring at Chang-lo-Koi: "I was standing one market-day in a shop-door surrounded by a large number of country-people, when a few fellows of the baser sort forced their way to the front. One of them, evidently a fighting man, deliberately divested himself of his outer garment, rolled up his sleeves, and prepared for war. He demanded that we should hand over our books to him. I answered calmly: "If you are thieves who rob people in the public streets in the day-time, please take them. Here is four hundred cash worth. Do not trouble about the money; we shall get it from the district magistrate—he is responsible." This idea rather took them back, and the townspeople, in particular, cried out, 'Don't touch them.' Some one in the rear, however, shouted to take one only, so I held out a handful, from which our fighting friend stole just one of the smallest. This was handed back to the rear for inspection, and immediately there was a shout of 'Jesus doctrine!' 'Foreign doctrine!' 'Beat him, beat him!' 'Don't beat, don't beat!' I cried; 'that will cost the district magistrate many thousand taels!' My hat, however, was knocked off—this is always the first preliminary. It was clearly time for me to be off, so I got hold of my hat, charged a side of the circle of on-lookers, which at once gave way, and in a moment was hastening up the street with the crowd after me."

A LEPER MISSIONARY.

In the obituary column of a Calcutta journal appears the announcement of the death of a remarkable man. Nearly fifty years ago a young leper named Musuwa then about sixteen years old was befriended by a missionary. He was converted from Hindooism to Christianity. When the leper-asylum at Almora was founded he was one of the first patients admitted. He was then the only Christian leper in India. In 1864 he was baptized and from then until the day of his death he devoted himself to the service of Christ among the afflicted inmates of the asylum. Nearly every inmate who has applied for baptism has ascribed his conversion to the blessing of God on Musuwa's efforts. He was particularly successful in subduing and taming insubordinate patients. After Musuwa had talked with them they became gentle and and amenable to religious influences. Several times the disease from which he suffered was arrested by some new remedy but eventually it reasserted its powers and finally rendered him quite blind. He still continued his talks with the others lepers and redoubled his efforts to win their souls to Christ, as he felt that his time was growing short. To one who saw him shortly before his death and sympathized with him, he talked joyously, rejecting all sympathy. He was going, he said to Jesus, the friend of lepers who would make him clean and whole.

THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

CABLE reports from China for some time past have been of a character to cause serious apprehensions to the relatives and friends of missionaries in China. Somewhat reassuring, however, is the view of the situation which is published by the American Board in its *Missionary Herald*. As its facilities for obtaining accurate information are superior to those of the secular press there is all the more reason for thankfulness in the news given, which is as follows:

While other disturbances have taken place, notably in Ichang, the Chinese authorities seem to be acting with more vigor. It is singular in how many cases the apparent cause of the riots has been the charge of stealing or maltreating children. This was the case at Ichang. We have seen a copy of a placard issued in Wuhu during the riot there, in whch it is specially charged that "women are procured from other places who are paid to abduct children," whom they shockingly mutilate [details given]. The proclamation then narrated several instances of such abduction, including the following statement which it speaks of as "more marvelous." "A one-year-old child, belonging to a woman by the surname of Shen, was lying in a cradle in the room, and disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, cradle and all, without leaving behind the slightest trace. The devilish tricks are so numerous that people are in despair of protecting their lives." The proclamation closes with a violent appeal to "chase out all the barbarian thieves. *Only the Roman Catholic churches are to be disturbed.*" While these absurd charges are credited by multitudes and lead to riots, it must not be understood that they represent the opinion of all, or even a larger part of the people. A missionary in Hankow, who has resided there for over twenty years, says that they have unmistakable evidence of the goodwill of the people toward the missionaries, and he adds that in "case of a riot I would rather be in a missionary's house than in any other foreigner's house, not excepting the British consul's. There are numbers of Chinamen in Hankow, not Christians, who would step forward and say, 'Don't touch these missionaries.'"

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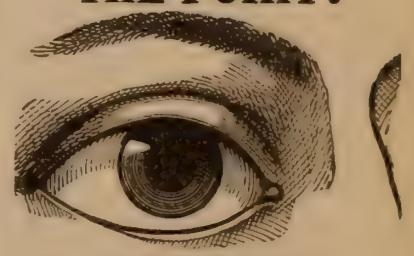
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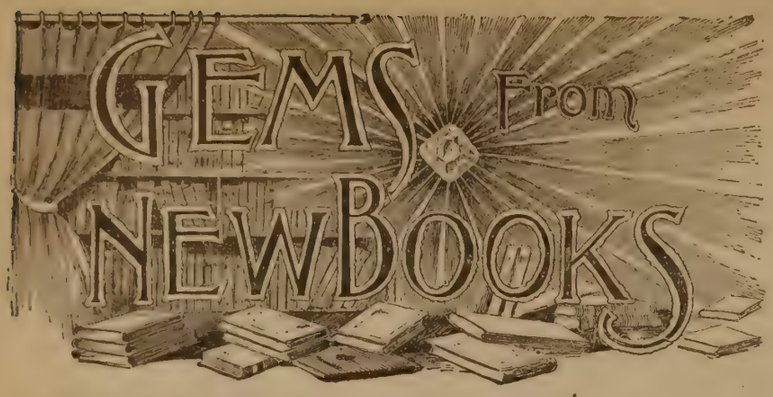

THE MASTER-PASSION.*

THE highest friendship never pivots on its reciprocal return, nor yet on its recognition and acceptance by the one loved. This is characteristically illustrated by the Oriental Soofee poet, Jamee, who has sometimes been called the "Persian Petrarch." Here is Alger's rendering of Jamee's teaching.

"Scheik Schubli, taken sick, was borne one day
Unto the hospital. A host the way
Behind him thronged. 'Who are you?' Schubli cried.
'We are your friends,' the multitude replied.
Scheik Schubli threw a stone at them: they fled.
'Come back, ye false pretenders!' then he said;
'A friend is one who, ranked among his foes
By him he loved and stoned and beat with blows,
Will still remain as friendly as before,
And to his friendship only add the more.'"

Napoleon's Friend.

While yet but a boy in the military school at Brienne, Napoleon won the friendship of a school-fellow named Demasis, who loved him for his own sake and was glad afterward to be his comrade in their earliest artillery service. There came a time, after his first military exploits at Paris and Toulon, when Napoleon was deprived of his command, and seemed destined to a life of hopeless inaction. Without money and without position, knowing that his mother was in want and that he could not help her, he gave way to temporary despair and was actually on his way to the river-bank to commit suicide by drowning, when he came face to face with a man dressed as a mechanic, whom he did not recognize but who embraced him warmly, crying out: "Is it you, Napoleon? How glad I am to see you again." It was his friend Demasis, who had recently come back to France in disguise, in order to visit his aged mother. Seeing the evident depression of Napoleon, he pressed him to disclose its cause and when he had learned the whole story, he said cheerily, "Is that all?" and unclasping a belt from underneath his coarse waistcoat, he thrust it into Napoleon's hands, with the words: "Here are six hundred dollars in gold, which I can spare without any inconvenience. Take them and relieve your mother." Long years after, Napoleon related this incident in his St. Helena prison-house, adding: "I cannot to this day explain to myself how I could have been willing to receive the money; but I seized the gold as by a convulsive movement and, almost frantic with excitement, ran to send it to my distressed mother." For fifteen years after that meeting with Demasis, he hunted in vain for his friend and when, at last, he found him, he learned that he had purposely kept out of sight, lest Napoleon should endeavor to reward him for his affectionate service.

Christian Warrior-Friends.

Never man fought as these men (Roland and Oliver on the battlefield of Roncesvalles) are said to have fought, when betrayed by a false comrade and outnumbered by a countless host of unbelieving Spanish foes. Hundreds fell by the hands of the Christian friends; and still they battled on until Oliver fell by the side of Roland and, as his eyes grew dim with death, he reached out lovingly toward his friend and said: "It is so dark, I cannot see thy face; give me thy hand. God bless thee, Roland! God bless Charles and France!" So saying he fell on his face and died. "Dear comrade," said brave Roland, as he lifted up his dead friend tenderly in his arms, "Thou wast ever a good and gentle friend to me; better warrior never brake a spear or wielded sword. . . . God rest thy soul! A sweeter friend and truer comrade no man ever had than thou." And only when Roland was the last of his host—"a lonesome man in the Valley of Death"—did he also fall down to die. No wonder that the great Charles should, according to the story, embalm the bodies of the hero-friends and carry them about with him in marble coffins wherever he went, as a memorial of their friendship.

How Modern Missions Began.

Great religious movements, with their limitless results of influence on successive generations, have again and again pivoted on, or been mainly impelled by, the personal friendship of their pre-eminent leaders. . . . . When God would begin a new religious movement in the race, in the days of greatest degeneracy after the Flood, he chose one man to be his "friend" and he declared that in that friend, and because of that friendship, all the nations of the earth should find a blessing. It was because of the special friendship between Paul and Timothy that the letters from the one to the other have in them so much of tender sympathy and affectionate counsel as a means of good to appreciative readers to the end of time. . . . Mohammedanism owes a large share of its success to the sympathy, the companionship, the unswerving fidelity and the never-failing aid of Aboo Bekr, the earliest, the latest, and the ever-dearest friend of its founder. . . . Modern missions had their most notable beginning in the sending out of Moravian missionaries from Herrnhut to the West Indies in 1732 and to Greenland in 1733. And this movement had its primary origin in the school-boy friendship at Halle, of Count Zinzendorf and the Baron von Watteville, which led them to covenant together for evangelistic effort in behalf of the heathen and to form a Christian brotherhood, with a view to such effort, under the name of the *Senfkorn-Orden*—"The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed." It was thirteen years after the first forming of this order that the attention of one of its leaders was called to the needs of the West India slaves in one direction and of the Greenlanders in another. Within a year or two more, two friends under the influence of this leader, were led to declare that they would if necessary be sold into slavery in order to preach Christ to the slaves in the West Indies; and soon, with three dollars apiece in their pockets and a bundle on the back of each as their only outfit, they were on their way afoot. . . . It was but six months later that another party of Moravian missionary friends was on its way to Greenland. And from that beginning of friendship's missionary work to the present day, the Moravians have transcended all other bodies of Christian believers in the missionary spirit and work.

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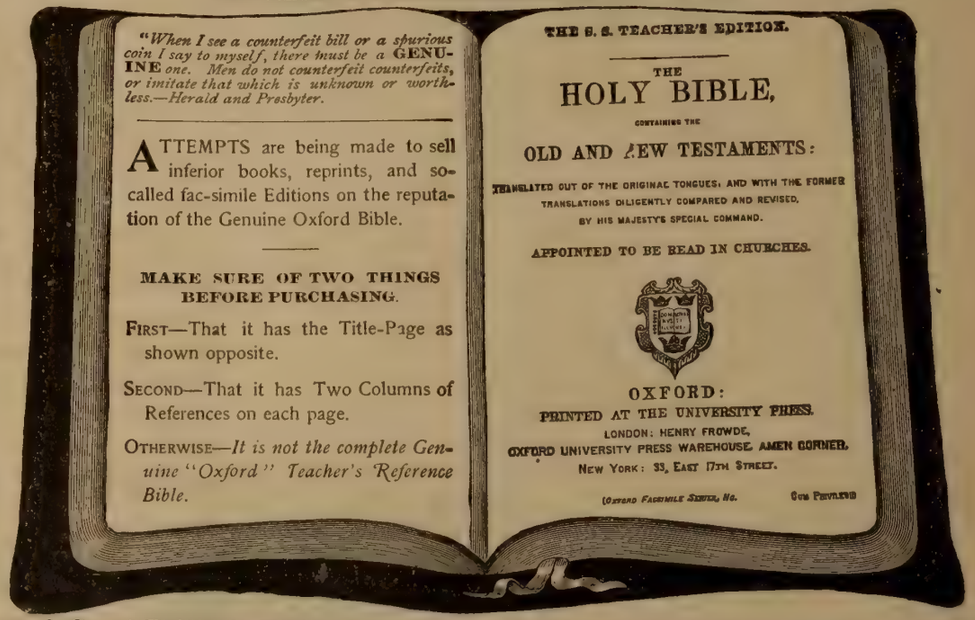

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A BANKER'S ADVENTURE.

A YOUNG man of fine talent, named W——, was some years ago chief clerk in a bank in Virginia. He was a good scholar and a courageous and honest young man, but was the leader of an infidel club, and had nearly succeeded in throwing from his mind the last shackles of what he used to call the "nursery superstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him.

On one occasion, upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in bank bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was selected to carry them. He was obliged to pass through a part of the country where highway robberies, and even murders were said to be frequent, and he arranged to pass it in the daytime. But he took the wrong road, and having lost himself, was glad to find a shelter anywhere.

He rode about a long time in the forest, amid the darkness and chilliness of a starless October night. At length he saw a dim light, and pushed his horse forward until he came to a poor wretched-looking cabin. It was now near ten o'clock. He knocked, and was admitted by a woman, who told him she and her children were all alone—her husband had gone out a-hunting; but she was certain he would return, as he always came home according to promise. The young man's feelings may well be imagined. Here he was with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was the terror of the country. He could go no further—what was to be done? The woman gave him supper, and proposed his retiring. But no, he could not think of permitting himself thus easily to fall into the hands of robbers. He took out his pistols, examined the priming, and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could.

In the meantime the man of the house returned; he was rather a fierce, uncouth-looking hunter: he had on a deerskin hunting shirt, and bearskin cap, and seemed to be much fatigued, and in no talkative mood, all of which boded our young infidel no good. He asked the stranger if he did not wish to retire; he told him no; he would sit by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him. But no, he should not think of such a thing. He was terribly alarmed, and expected this would be his last night on earth. His infidel principles gave him little comfort. His fears grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman rose up, and reaching over the stranger's head to a little shelf, took down an old book, and said,

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of Holy Scripture before I go to bed."

Alarm was at once removed from him. Though avowing himself an infidel, he had now full confidence in the Bible; he was at once safe; he felt that the man who kept an old Bible in the house, and read it, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm. He listened to the prayers of the good man, at once dismissed his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

From that day he ceased to revile the Bible. He became a Christian, and often related these facts to show that no man can be an infidel from principle.

BROTHERS OF THE COMMON LIFE.

AMONG the illustrative incidents quoted by Dr. Trumbull in his excellent work entitled *Friendship the Master Passion*, just published by John D. Wattles of Philadelphia, is the following story of a group of friendships which have been potent for good in the world:

Among the agencies which quickened the spiritual life of the Christian Church in the fifteenth century and prepared the way for the great Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, was the association known as "Brothers of the Common Life," the best-known representative or product of which is Thomas-a Kempis, author of the "Imitation of Christ." This association was founded by Gerhard Groot, at Deventer . . . Groot's conversion to the truth was distinctly a result of "a close and intimate friendship" formed by him at the University of Paris, with Henry Aeger. To this friendship is due, under God, all the mighty results of Groot's devotion to the cause of truth . . . "The chief companion of Thomas a-Kempis at Deventer was Arnold of Schoonhaven, a youth of fervent piety, who from childhood was singularly devoted to God." The two friends occupied as schoolmates together "one little chamber and one bed." The example of his young friend Arnold's glowing piety made a deep impression upon a-Kempis, and the ideal thus presented to him of a lovingly consecrated life seems to have been the germ, as it were, of his outreaching desire for a closer likeness to his Saviour that found expression in his pages. These were the friendships which aided in the shaping and impelling of the religious movements begun or prepared for by the association . . . A young lad under the care of the Brothers of the Common Life in Deventer, in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, was afterwards known to the world as Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam. From his humble beginnings of learning in that school of friendship, Erasmus grew to be unmistakeably "the greatest teacher of his age," and "one of the most gifted men that Europe has ever seen."

. . . At Oxford Erasmus formed a friendship with John Colet, a young Englishman, son of a lord mayor of London, and that friendship proved a shaping force in the life and life work of Erasmus. Colet's name is less known to the world than Erasmus's, but Erasmus owes no small measure of his best fame to the inspiration and influence of his friend, Colet. John Richard Green, the historian of the English people, says concerning the power of Colet: "The awakening of a rational Christianity, whether in England or in the Teutonic world at large, begins with the Italian studies of John Colet . . . His faith stood simply on the person of Christ." Speaking of Erasmus, Green adds that "his theology . . . he derived almost without change from Colet." "When I listen to my friend Colet," wrote Erasmus, from Oxford, "I can fancy I am listening to Plato himself."

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

A CHRISTIAN home is not austere, more like a prison than anything else, writes Rev. Samuel Pearson. Christ did not tell Martha to clear away her dishes, nor the rich man to give no feasts, nor the bride and bridegroom to cease the merry reception of their friends. No! not this. Yet there would be something different in the tone, because he was there. That shoving and pushing for the best chair, that eating and drinking for their own sakes, that pride and ostentation which so often spread the table, that supersensitive criticism of manners, because some had not obeyed a ceremonial law—these things would hide their diminished heads in the presence of Christ. What we need is the presence and spirit of the Master to guide, to temper, to control, and to sanctify our home joys. The simplest pleasures are the most satisfying. We cannot afford enjoyment on a large scale. But we may and should have them on the small. The merry laugh at table, the simple ditty, the old song, the indoor games, the outdoor pastimes, the face dimpled with smiles the children's hour, the frolic, the fun—these do much to keep the wheels going smoothly, and amid the severe struggle of life they are needed as much by the old as by the young. He who has been kept all day at prices, stocks, goods, could do no better than listen to a few foolish nursery rhymes. The wise man knows how to be foolish within limitations. And it is an entire misconception of Christianity to suppose that our Lord frowns at fun, or pours contempt on wholesome play. No! He who made the sea to smile, and the valleys to laugh and sing when the corn is ripe, means our households to be full of music.

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To the Cook.

LET US SUGGEST HOW IT SHOULD BE HANDLED.

WITH A VERY SHARP KNIFE SHAVE OFF CLEANLY THE HARDENED SURFACE FROM THE FACE AND BUTT OF THE HAM. PUT IT OVER THE FIRE IN COLD WATER AND LET IT COME TO A MODERATE BOIL AND KEEP IT STEADILY AT THIS POINT. A HAM WEIGHING 13 POUNDS WILL NEED TO BOIL 5 HOURS. MANY COOKS SERVE HAM UNDERDONE.

REMOVE THE SKIN, WHICH WILL READILY PEEL OFF WHEN BOILED AS DIRECTED. HAVE READY SOME DRIED BREAD OR CRACKERS OF WHICH ROLL FINE AND SIFT A TEACUP FULL. BREAK IN TWO EGGS AND STIR WELL WITH ONE TEASPOONFUL OF SUGAR. USE A LITTLE WATER IF THE EGGS DO NOT SUFFICIENTLY MOISTEN IT. SPREAD THIS EVENLY OVER THE FAT AND DRESS WITH PEPPER AND SPICES. PUT THE HAM IN A PAN WITH A WIRE BOTTOM. OR, IF THAT BE NOT AT HAND. BLOCK UP THE HAM SO THAT THE FLESH SHALL NOT REST ON THE PAN. HAVE THE OVEN HOT AND SEND THE HAM TO THE TABLE AS SOON AS IT IS BROWNED. IN CARVING, CUT IN VERY THIN SLICES.

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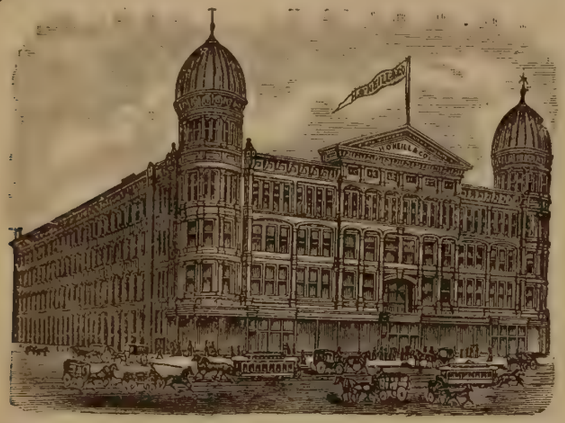

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A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

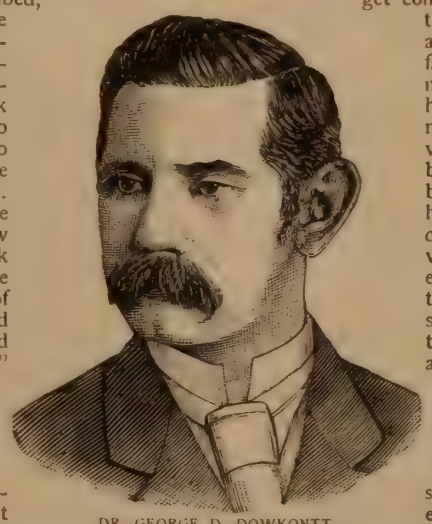
Dr. George D. Dowkontt's Work among the Sick Poor of New York and in Training Medical Missionaries for Heathen Lands.

REFERENCE has frequently been made in these columns to a work of twofold beneficence which Dr. George D. Dowkontt is doing in New York. It is an enterprise of a profoundly interesting character, and the man who initiated it and is carrying it on is a man of unique personality, whose career has been full of romantic vicissitudes. Difficulties and trials such as few men could bear have beset him all through his life; yet he has triumphed over them. He is firmly convinced that he could not have done so if God had not interposed for him. It may help some men to regain a similar faith in God's faithfulness to his promises if they know how one man has fared who has trusted his life on them. We propose, therefore, to set before our readers briefly the story of this man and his work.

A busy man in these days is Dr. Dowkontt, but a man singularly free from hurry and excitement. Quiet, self-possessed, calm, attentive to the subject in hand, prompt and firm in action. A patient, or a man in trouble, feels relieved when the Doctor has listened to his story; he confides in him spontaneously and is sure that he will receive advice well worth following. A man born to bear the burdens of others and to alleviate their woes. A man well worth knowing in all ways is Dr. Dowkontt, and there are thousands in the poverty-stricken homes of New York and many in Africa, China, Japan and other lands who would give personal and hearty confirmation of the statement

To see the Doctor at work is worth a visit to otherwise unattractive neighborhoods. Down in Roosevelt Street is one of his haunts. It needs a strong stomach to follow him there. The street reeks with filth. The odors from the foul gutters, from the refuse lying rotting in the holes of the ill-paved roadway, from the dregs in the barrels which the saloon-keepers set out on the sidewalk to wait for the brewer's wagon, these and other horrible stenches seem to struggle with each other for predominance in that narrow, gloomy thoroughfare. The Doctor strides with quick, elastic step down the street, and the men loafing at the corners and the women from the windows look gratefully and even lovingly on him as he passes. He enters a large, roughly furnished room, where a number of poorly clad people have come to attend his levee. A motley group they are, with a strange variety of physical ailments, and the one universal spiritual ailment of sin, the fruitful parent of many afflictions. The Doctor has an eye for both kinds of trouble and he prescribes for both, but it is in dealing with the latter that he shows unbounded confidence in the remedy he prescribes.

"Your name," he asks of some new patient for whom he has prescribed, and it being given, he writes it in the Dispensary-book, with the diagnosis and treatment followed. "This is the book I keep," he explains to the thankful patient, "to enter the names of those who come for treatment. I have put your name down. Do you know that Jesus keeps a book to put names in? He calls it 'The Book of Life.' Have you had your name entered there?" "No, Doctor," the patient probably answers, "I'm afraid not." "Well, you should," is the practical reply, "it is very important, much more important than having it here. You go about it in the same way. You feel bad, you try to cure yourself, you find you can't do it, you think perhaps I can cure you, you come to me, and you find me ready to take your case."



DR. GEORGE D. DOWKONTT.

"That's so, sir, and thank you." "Well, there are hundreds of cases in this book that have been cured, so there is hope for you. But I can't succeed always. But if you get your name in Christ's book there is no failure. He is just as ready to welcome you as I have been, if you go to him in the same way," etc., etc. So the Doctor talks on, and the patient tells his story of sin and sorrow and is encouraged to go to the Great Physician for his soul's healing.

Dispensary work finished, the Doctor goes into gloomy sick-rooms to patients too ill to see him at the Dispensary, leaves a prescription, says a cheerful word or two, perhaps stays and prays with the sufferer and leaves a mark on some promise in a Bible for him to get comfort from, and is away to another bedside. Then apparently unaffected by fatigue, noisome air and mental labor, he is off to his home. To rest? Oh no, he is going home to work. Some eager, bright, intelligent faces become more alert when his step is heard and a crowd of young men and women look up as he enters and prepare to listen to his lecture on some department of anatomy or surgery. These are young people who are looking forward to labor in the foreign mission field, who are studying medicine under Dr. Dowkontt's supervision, are gaining experience by helping in the dispensaries and visiting his patients, and are teaching in Sunday Schools, holding services in missions and preparing for both departments of their work in heathen lands, where they are going to carry healing to soul and body. Dr. Dowkontt had his class photographed some time ago and has kindly allowed us to reproduce the photograph in the picture on this page.

DR. DOWKONTT'S CLASS OF MEDICAL STUDENTS TRAINING TO BECOME MISSIONARIES IN HEATHEN LANDS.

But all this must cost a great deal of money. Where does it come from? Is the Doctor a wealthy man? No, he is very poor, and is likely to remain so. It is safe to predict that there will be no effort in the courts to break his will, when he dies. He will leave an imperishable name and a wealth of affectionate remembrance in thousands of heavy hearts, but there will be no property to divide, and those who follow him to the grave will be sincere mourners, whose grief will not be mitigated by expectation of a legacy. He has known what it is to walk several miles from the Dispensary to his home, because he had not five cents to pay car-fare, to wait around the ferry-house hoping to meet some friend who would offer to pay the two cents for the journey across the river and to make a meal on dry bread and water. Very few friends knew of this, for the Doctor was always cheerful, but now and again one or another has made the discovery. It is almost pathetic to hear the hard-working physician talk in one of his boastful moods of the provision which has always been on hand when needed, but the boasting is in his God, who has not suffered him to want. He never seems to think of the big fees he misses by attending the poor instead of the rich, of the unrequited labor of teaching, nor, except in thankfulness, of his many narrow escapes from being absolutely without food.

It was a troubled home in which George Dowkontt first saw the light, forty-eight ago. His father was then living in exile. He was a Polish patriot, had been an officer in the army which had vainly struggled to deliver Poland from the tyranny of Russia, had escaped almost miraculously the massacre followed defeat, had succeeded in getting to England and was maintaining himself in London. There were times when food and clothing were lacking in the exile's home and the boy, at eleven years of age, was thankful when the proprietor of a drug-store in the neighborhood, noticing his intelligence, offered him a position in the store at a salary of four shillings a week. His duties were of course those of an ordinary errand boy, but he soon learned to distinguish the drugs, to know the places where they were kept and to make himself useful to his employer by waiting on him when he was dispensing prescriptions. It was a humble beginning for the future M. D., but it was a beginning, and the boy was quick to make the best of his opportunity of acquiring knowledge. Best of all to him at that period was the joy he had of handing his earnings every Saturday to his beloved mother whose life and teaching have been a hallowed memory in his heart through the subsequent years. Two years afterward that Christian mother died. The boy heard with tearful emotion that his name was the latest on her lips and that her last words were a prayer that God would care for him and make him a good man.

Trouble followed this desolation of the home. The mother's love and devotion had

(*Continued on page 825.*)

The Tabernacle Pulpit

A NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM.

Dr. Talmage's latest Sunday morning Sermon: *"And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."* Luke 2 : 16.

THE black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tintoretto and Ghirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the Magi. Correggio needed to do nothing more than paint Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and St. Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into your hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on tow-path, not a herd freezing in the poorly-built cow-pen, not a freight car in summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog, in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable, surrounded by brutes.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, look out, how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse

THE MADONNA OF THE BARN.

draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvellous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the cow's moan.

Behold, also, in this Bible scene, how, on that Christmas night, God honored childhood. Childhood was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair; and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces.

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a sceptre, a kingdom, under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and he can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household, he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap, gazing into the face of the mother.

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan, was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves, in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples, to teach the lesson of humility. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation, in which they decided to march for Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg; and this, reported to Governor Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day the child is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies, and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women nations, all earth and all heaven, behold the child!

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Balthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Hutchinson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospels, and Agas-

NAAMAN'S CAPTIVE MAID.

siz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks, let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep

THE MOTHERS.

sleep, and there were salaried officers of government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till, at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor; "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were honored.

The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—our United States pasture fields and prairie about forty-five million sheep — and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text and all those who toil in fields, all vine-dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God had been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence, have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The Presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right, the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thresher's flail and farmer's plough and woodman's axe and ox's yoke and sheaf-binder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, also, that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without

Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by divine arrangement, and in some unexplained way, the Child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words, "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St. Bernard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, "that was my mother."

The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother" and the old man, in his dying dream, calls, "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately, with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fire-place, with great black log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible as you used to; read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice for they have travelled far and with many a heart-break since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet.

Slow-footed years! More swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun.
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

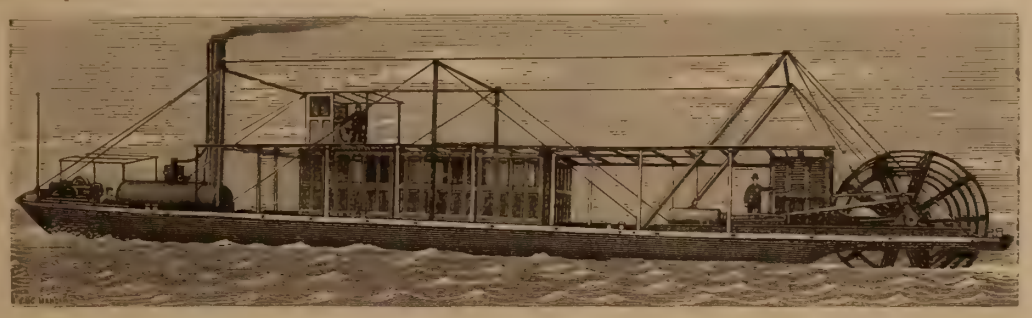
THE GOSPEL IN AFRICA.

Missionary Teter's Cheering Story of Progress—The Privations Endured by Christian Pioneers on the Congo.

FULL-BEARDED and stalwart, and with a face bronzed by years of exposure to an African sun,

MISSIONARY J. C. TETER AND WIFE.

Missionary James Clifton Teter is now in this country, on a brief furlough before he returns to the Congo. Mr. Teter is accompanied by his wife, who has been the companion and enthusiastic helper of her devoted husband in the mission field, where they have worked together for five years. Previous to going to Africa, Mr. Teter had several years' experience in Gospel work on the Pacific Coast, at Portland, Oregon, Primesville, the Dalles, and other points, and has had many manifestations of God's wonderful providence in protecting his servants when threatened by danger or in distress.



THE MISSIONARY STEAMER "ANNIE TAYLOR" PLYING ON THE CONGO.

In 1886, he went out to the Congo, under the auspices of Bishop William Taylor, and in October of that year he met at Vivi Mission Station the lady who is now his wife. After their marriage, they began work in earnest at Kimpoko, a new station, some distance from Stanley Pool. Bishop Taylor personally assisted in locating the young missionaries, and with his own hands helped to dig a drainage ditch nearly a mile in length and from two to six feet deep. He also set out for them plantains and banana trees, helped to dig up the roots, and to make a clearing for the mission-

TRADING STATION ON THE CONGO.

ary's dwelling, working as hard as a common laborer until the task was finished.

After laboring a year among the Batokis (natives), Mr. Teter and wife went to Vivi Station, down the river, one hundred miles from Banana, at the mouth of the Congo, where they remained three or four years in charge of the mission work there. Vivi is an unhealthy post at certain seasons and both experienced severe spells of sickness. The mission work prospered and the attendance at the little chapel grew to fair proportions, the natives taking a deep interest in the Gospel.

"We had great encouragement," said Mr. Teter. "Not only was the good work spreading at Vivi, but we saw it grow at the other stations; at Mayumba, the first station on the coast; at Malange, a station south of Angola, where the church had forty members, and elsewhere. Our own work at Vivi at first was largely pioneer station-building, clearing the land and fitting up our river steamer occupying our time in addition to teaching. Now the whole of the lower Congo is being opened up to civilization, and mainly by missionary effort. There is a railroad from Vivi to Matadi. Our ground all about the Mission is cultivated and planted with a variety of produce. Just before we came away, Bishop Taylor dug out a yam (a species of native potato) that weighed thirty-nine and one-half pounds. Unless missionaries are content to do hard pioneer at first, they should not go to Africa. They should recall Brainerd's experience, when he almost starved. In India, the first missionaries had the same experience, and it is the same all over the heathen world, wherever Christianity has to make its way. Missionaries have to clear the land and cultivate it, make roads, build bridges and dwellings. The harvest of souls may not come to these pioneers, but they prepare the ground for those who come after them. This is what Bishop Taylor and his missionary helpers on the Congo have been and are still doing.

"After we got our steamer—the *Annie Taylor*—to rights," continued Mr. Teter, "I managed her for a time, running her on the river. Our new steamer, the *Kassai*, is almost ready and will greatly facilitate our work by opening up communications on the Congo. Among the mission stations thus far planted and doing well are those at Natomba, Vivi, Banana, Boma, Isangila, Matadi, Brooks Station No. 1, and Kimpopo. Wherever we plant a station we pay a good price for the land to the Belgian government. Ever since King Leopold established the Congo State, the missions have had to pay a substantial land tax, house tax—everything is taxed."

"Although spiritual progress is necessarily slow in a newly opened country," said Mrs. Teter, "there have been quite a number of conversions, and the outlook is very encouraging. Mission work there calls for the utmost patience and perseverance. At Malange Station, on the West Coast, there were many converts. Miss Bertha Mead, who was teacher there, and who is now dead, was a beautiful type of the Christian teacher. While she lay dying, a native girl sat by, holding her hand. 'Don't go! Don't leave me!' she cried. 'I don't know how the school can be carried on.' Her mantle seemed to fall upon this poor black girl, and she is now teaching the school at Malange with remarkable success. It is a pleasant sight to see one of our native schools in session. The children have learned to sing some of our most familiar hymns. Here is the opening verse of 'Jesus Loves Me' in the native tongue:

Jisus watuzoleli;
Nkanda wa tu tela wo;
Zintoudi zandi
Bena muna moko mandi.

CHORUS.

Inga! Jisu wutuzoleli!
Inga! Jisu wutuzoleli!
Inga! Jisu wutuzoleli!
Nkanda watutela wo.

"At Vivi" continued Mrs. Teter, "there was another convert—a little boy named Saba.

STANLEY'S OLD STONE PRISON.

He was brought to Christ in 1887. Some time ago he was attacked by the fatal sleeping sickness—a disease that carries off many victims in Africa, and which seems to deprive the sufferer of all his energies and lulls him to his death. He sleeps nearly all the time. A few days before Saba died, we visited him. He told us he loved Jesus and was not afraid to die."

During his life on the Congo, Mr. Teter had the pleasure of meeting Herbert Ward, Roger Casement and Mr. Glave, the first-named famous by reason of his connection with the exploration of Stanley, and the two latter known as traders and explorers on the Congo and its tributaries, having penetrated far beyond the settled stations, into the country of the cannibal Lufembi and the elephant-hunting tribes. Mr. Glave was the bearer of a letter from Bishop Taylor at Stanley Pool to Mr. Teter. One of the now historic landmarks along the Congo is the old fort, erected and used by Stanley as a prison during his early explorations, an illustration of which appears on this page. Other illustrations are portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Teter and a scene at one of the most important stations on the river Congo.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Teter speak enthusiastically of Bishop Taylor's readiness to aid and encourage his workers, and of his care of the missionaries generally. They contradict the stories told by some who have left the mission field, after proving their unfitness for the work involved. Mr. Teter will go to London to witness the trial trip of the new steamer *Kassai* and will then superintend its packing and transfer to Stanley Pool, after which he will run it as the mission boat on the river Kassai. Both he and his devoted wife look forward hopefully to the early renewal of their work for Christ on the Congo.

OBSCURE MARTYRS.

THEY have no place in storied page.
No rest in marble shrine;
They are passed and gone with a perished age:
They died and "made no sign."
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for their love divine—
These were the mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

O! seek them not where sleep the dead,
Ye shall not find their trace:
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad and unseen is the silent grave—
It may be the sand or the deep, sad wave,
Or a lonely desert place;
For they need no prayers and no mourning bell,
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed sick hearts till their's were broken,
And dried sad eyes till their's lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unbeheld,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—
Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and die.

—SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Volume XI., of The Christian Herald, containing the numbers for 1888, with complete index, bound in cloth, may be had from this office; price $2.50, including postage. A few volumes of 1884, 1885 and 1887, are also for sale.

A SONG OF SALVATION.

S. S. Lesson For Jan. 10. By Mrs M. Baxter
Isa. 26: 1-10. Golden Text, Isa. 26: 4.

THE Word of God is a Book of song as well as a Book of instruction, edification and comfort; of judgment and of prophecy. We have many songs in the Word of God. There is Moses' and Miriam's song of deliverance when the children of Israel had crossed the Red Sea (Exod. 15: 1-21); there is Hannah's song when God had heard her cry, and given to her a prophet son (1. Sam. 2: 1-10); there is Deborah's song when God had given deliverance to Israel (Judges 5); there are the songs of Zacharias and Elizabeth; there is Mary's song; there are songs of angels and of the redeemed; there are songs of God over his beloved people and David's songs and those of other psalmists about the Lord.

This song is the song of Judah when God shall have brought his people back into their own land, and when they can be called once again: "The righteous nation which keepeth the truth." For more than two thousand five hundred years, God's ancient people have been passing through judgment, but God will surely bring them back again, and the way of his blessing is frequently through judgment. The time shall come when in the mountain of Zion "The face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations," shall be swallowed up, or taken away, and the nations shall acknowledge their God, and they shall know God's love for Israel. Then he will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth; for the Lord hath spoken it," (chap. 25: 7, 8.) It is

The God of the Resurrection

who shall bring again Zion. When the Lord Jehovah shall conquer death, shall "swallow up death in victory" by taking away his people who are ready for him, to meet him in the air, then his ancient people, shall as a people, also be fully resurrected; and be no longer like a valley of dry bones but "an exceeding great army." (Ex. 37.) "And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord: we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation," (25: 9.) A waiting time generally precedes a rejoicing time; listening to God lays the foundation for coming victory.

Up to the present time the people of Israel have been doing their best to establish themselves on earth, to become rich and powerful, often in a way which has merited the rebuke of nations where they have been scattered. Until the present time, it can hardly be said that, as a nation, they have waited for the Lord, but everything is coming to a crisis in the history of the Jews as a people. Few intelligent Jews can be found who have not read the New Testament. Many of them are deeply struck with its contents, and a preparation is being made for this very waiting for the Lord which precedes the gladness and rejoicing in his salvation.

"In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah; We have a strong city." We can estimate what it must mean for a scattered people, who have had no land and no city to call their own for so many ages, when they can assert once more "We have a strong city." The Jews have only been tolerated in the lands where they have sojourned. They are strangers, but the times is coming when they shall say: "We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks."

But Judah's song is the song also of all those who have waited for the Lord. As the coming of Christ draws near, his people are more conscious how fully they are pilgrims and strangers down here. Like Noah's dove, there is no rest for the sole of our feet in earthly places when once we have got a foothold in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Once having accepted our citizenship in heaven, we are not so anxious to preserve our citizenship down here. The unrighteousness in government and social life, only makes us long the more for the coming of our Lord. We, too, have a "strong city," but it is a city which hath foundations whose Builder and Maker is God. The bulwarks of earthly cities, bear witness to the strength of man's self-defence, taking all his ingenuity to make himself secure; but God's city has other bulwarks: his salvation, his deliverance, and that salvation has its roots in the precious blood of Jesus. No safety for God's city except as we are saved through the blood of Christ. The gates of that city open only to "the righteous nation which keepeth the truth." He whose unrighteousness is forgiven and whose sin is covered must have a spirit in which "there is no guile;" he who is a citizen of God's city, fortified by salvation, must be righteous and keep the truth.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." The only true foundation of peace is to be on God's side at every moment and in every circumstance. A mind stayed on God sees his hand at work, and does not misunderstand him. Everything may go the

Way of the Cross,

crossing his expectations, crossing his will, crossing his judgment, but he will learn to say: "All is well, my God makes no mistake." His mind, or imagination, being stayed on God, does not riot in conjuring up possible or probable difficulties which might weigh upon his spirit more, perhaps, than actual facts. He does not spend his time calculating the contingencies which may arise, or work himself into a fever about things which may never happen. All these apprehensions of evil, all this imagination is hushed in the presence of our God. He knows that is peace. Joseph could be in peace in Potiphar's house and in the prison because he trusted in God; Daniel could be at peace in the den of lions, David could be at peace when Shimei cursed him, because these men of God saw the mighty controlling hand of him "who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." They knew that he was too real a Father to expect of them an endurance which he should not give them; they knew that they could count on him as they could not have done on any human being. "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble; therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed," so long as God is on our side, we have almightiness, all love, all wisdom to count upon.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," or "the Lord Jehovah is the Rock of ages." And he who builds his house on such a rock can defy the tempest on whatsoever side it may come. Up to the present time the Jews, as a people, have trusted in their financial talent, their cunning, their knowledge of business, and God has not been in all their thoughts. O what a complete reformation it will be when this money-loving Jew shall trust in the Lord, the Rock of Ages.

"He bringeth down them that dwell on high; the lofty city, he layeth it low; he layeth it low even to the ground; he bringeth it even to the dust." It is a law of God's Kingdom that every high thing must be abased, every strong thing brought down, every wise thing made foolish; and therefore the lofty city called in chapter 24: 10, "the city of confusion," must be brought down. No doubt it meant Babylon, but may it not mean for us the city of this world and everything in the world which savors of lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, "the pride of life," everything which takes the place of God in the human heart! Whatever we glory in or seek credit for, even though it be our work for God, it must be brought down.

God says: The foot shall tread it down, even the feet of the poor, and the steps of the needy. The stripling David, the young farmer Gideon, such are God's mighty ones. It is not the foot of the mighty warrior who treads down in the name of his God, but "the feet of the poor and the steps of the needy;" those who know their nothingness and are conscious of their weakness, and so they trust in God to work deliverance for them. O how little it matters what strength we have, or what resources may be on our side, if the mighty God has made bare his arm on our behalf!

"The way of the just is uprightness; thou, most upright dost weight the path of the just." It is not Belshazzar alone who has been weighed in the balance of the sanctuary. Once in wrath God put him in the scale and found him wanting. But there is a day by day weighing of "the path of the just" by our loving, tender Father. Every incident, every sorrow, every temptation is weighed with the utmost exactness and the exact measure of power to endure is given with the trial. O why should we be afraid to go into the fire when he who tests the heat of it walks with his children in the midst? Why should we be afraid to go through the waters when the ark of the covenant of our God is the guarantee that they shall not overwhelm us? Why should we be afraid of the strife of tongues when the hand of our God has power to silence all those who rise up against us? O let us thank our God that not one step can be by chance. Perfect love and perfect wisdom weigh out our measure as the hours pass.

O let us learn to understand the ways of our God, and how fully it answers to wait for him, then our career will be every day one of unbroken peace, because we behold the majesty of the Lord and our mind is stayed on him.

LESSON POINTS,

Especially Adapted to the Requirements of the Desk.

THOU wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee. A ship's compass is so adjusted as to keep its level amidst all the heavings of the sea. Though forming part of a structure that feels every motion of the restless waves, it has an arrangement of its own that keeps it always in place, and in working order. Look at it when you will, it is pointing—trembling, perhaps, but ever true—to the pole. So each soul in this life needs an adjustment of its own, that amid the fluctuations of the "earthen vessel" it may be kept ever to feel the power of its great attraction in the skies. This the perfect peace spoken of in the text supplies. Amid the dreary noises of this world, amid its cares and tears; amid its hot contentions, ambitions and disappointments, it affords an inner calm like the serene ocean depths, to which the influence of the wild winds and waves can never come.

"Put me down," said a wounded soldier in the Crimea, to his comrades, who were carrying him, "put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying." They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood and said to him: "Can I do anything for you?" "Nothing, thank you." "Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer. "No, thank you, I am dying." "Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?" "I have no friends that you can write to; but there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Bible. Please open it at the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, and near the beginning of the chapter you will find a verse that speaks of peace; will you read it?" The officer did so and read the words: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." "Thank you, sir," said the dying man, "I have that peace—I am going to my Saviour—God is with me—I want no more," and instantly expired.

Trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. Trust with a childlike dependence upon God, and you shall fear no evil; for be assured that even "if the enemy comes in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him."

One day Miss Dix, so well known for her philanthropic journeyings and visitations among the prisoners and the distressed, was conversing with a lady concerning her mission and the trials of the way. "Are you not afraid," said the lady, "to travel all over the country alone? Have you not encountered dangers, and been in perilous situations?" "I am naturally timid," said Miss Dix; "and diffident like all my sex, but in order to carry out my purpose I know it is necessary to make sacrifices and encounter dangers. While in my travels through different States I have been in perilous situations. I will mention one which occurred in the state of Michigan. I had hired a carriage and driver to convey me some distance through an uninhabited portion of the country. In starting I discovered that the driver, a young lad, had a pair of pistols with him. Inquiring what he was doing with arms, he said he carried them to protect us, as he had heard that robberies had been committed on that road. I said to him, 'Give me the pistols. I'll take care of them.' He did so reluctantly. In pursuing our journey, through a dismal-looking forest, a man rushed into the road, caught the horses by the bridle, and demanded my purse. I said to him with as much self-possession as I could command: 'Are you not ashamed to rob a woman? I have but little money, and that I want to defray my expenses in visiting prisons and poor-houses, and occasionally in giving to objects of charity. If you have been unfortunate, are in distress, and in want of money I will give you some.' While thus speaking to him, I discovered his countenance changing, and he became deathly pale. 'Oh,' he exclaimed, 'that voice,' and immediately told me he had been in the Philadelphia penitentiary and had heard me comforting some of the prisoners in adjoining cells, and that he now recognized my voice. He then desired me to pass on and expressed deep sorrow at the outrage he had committed, but I drew out my purse and said to him: 'I will give you something to help you until you can get into honest employment.' He declined at first taking anything, until I insisted on his doing so, for fear he might be tempted to rob some one else, before he could secure work." It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes or in pistols. Had the driver kept his pistols and used them, Miss Dix and he might have been murdered. The power of a Christian woman's voice melted the heart, which resistance might have steeled for deeds of vengeance and destruction.

THE PRAYER-WHEEL AT OURGA.

MR. JULIUS M. PRICE, the special correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, in his journey across Mongolia, stopped at the sacred city of Ourga, the headquarters of Mongolian Buddhism. In describing what he saw in this city, he mentions, as a curiosity, the numerous "prayer-wheels," under rough wooden sheds, erected in the principal open places in the city. Some of them are very large, so that several persons can pray together; others are smaller. All are inscribed with prayers to Buddha, and the more they are turned the more religious they are supposed to make one. Many devout persons, especially among the old people, turn smaller wheels held in the left hand while manipulating the large one with the right hand. The Mongolian pilgrim, on the street, carries in his right hand a "prayer-banner;" in his left hand a pot containing millet seed, with which he besprinkles those who give him offerings.

Apart from the wheels are the "prayer-boards," also placed for public use in various parts of the city, and on which are continually to be seen prostrate figures lying on their faces, and thus literally humbling themselves to the very dust. From a little distance, these boards presented the appearance of a spring-board in a swimming-bath. The whole action of the people using them was exactly like that of a person preparing to make a run along the board and take a "header," rather than a prelude to a devotional exercise.

Mr. Price says: "Ourga is a strangely religious place to live in. Everywhere, at the most unexpected places, at all times, one often sees people throwing themselves suddenly face downward, full length upon the ground, saying their prayers just as the fit took them, I suppose; these curious proceedings attracting no attention. Many a time I have been riding quietly along, when all of a sudden my horse would be made to swerve violently by some hideous old man or woman, who was seized with an irresistible impulse to say a prayer just in front of the horse. And their devotions do not end here, for every "yourt," however humble, not only contains a family wheel, but is decorated outside with innumerable prayer-flags, or rather bits of rag, tied on to strings suspended from poles all round the palisades. Till I was informed what they were, I took them for bird-scares, for they could not even by the wildest stretch of the imagination, be taken for flags."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

Dr. R. W. Dale, the President of the recent World's Conference of Congregational ministers, one of the ablest living theologians and an acute observer of current events, recently said, in the course of an address, that all the signs of the times in the church and the world indicate that there will shortly be "such a revelation of the power of the Saviour as has not been witnessed since Pentecost."

APOCALYPTIC PRECIS.

The Plan of the Book and the Order of the Series of Revelations.

BY PASTOR J. L. FULLER. *

IN former articles (published in this journal on November 25 and December 2) we traced the succession of events as developed and revealed in the chapters of the book of Revelation up to the sixteenth chapter. This showed us the victorious course of the Gospel through the world and the outbreak of war, famine and pestilence. The last result of the victory of the Gospel is the conversion of Israel, not that of individuals only, but of the whole race. This brings us to

The Dawning of the Kingdom

of God; but here, also, grows Satan's rage. Cast down from heaven, where he can no longer appear as Israel's accuser, he tries to annihilate it. But, by its return to its own country, it will be secured against him. He meditates revenge. The one Church, the chosen people of the Lord, is secured against him; but there are innumerable bodies of Christians dispersed throughout the Gentile world. These are the first to suffer, though he does not give up the idea of the future destruction of Israel. To this end he calls up the Worldly Power, gives it a ruler raised from the dead, shows him to the world through the lying prophet, whom he endows with miraculous powers, as their Saviour, and establishes the worship of the Antichrist in opposition to that of Christ the Son of God. Whoever refuses to join in this worship, his life is forfeited. Thus the world is ready to root out Christianity from the earth. Three and a half years wages the rage of the Satanly inspired world-power, and side by side with it proceed the judgments of God; at first mildly and measuredly, then becoming ever sharper and more severe; at first calling to repentance, in the end crushing.

The Vials.

In the first category we place the four first trumpet-sounds. Then, as these are without their effect, the plagues become more severe, and take the character of being directly aimed woes; in other words, the trumpet woes now pass over into those of the vials. With the Fifth Trumpet, or the First Vial, there begins a terrible torture for men, lasting five months, exclusively for those who bear the mark of the beast. Having marked themselves with the mark, God now marks them with a noisome and torturing sore. As they have boycotted all true believers, God now puts an end to all intercourse between them by means of the Second Wrath-Vial. As they have shed blood like water, now (Third Vial) water for them shall be turned into blood. As they have inflicted all manner of tortures upon the believers, they are now under the heat of the Fourth Vial, to get a foretaste of all the tortures of hell. As they have worshipped the Beast as their god, the darkness proceeding from its throne (Sixth Trumpet and Fifth Vial) is to show them what salvation their god brings them. If they have found their happiness in the enjoyments and the glories of the World-City, the judgment now destroys and reduces that city to ruins.

The Two Witnesses.

They are many, and often most terrible, the judgments that will fall upon the Kingdom of the Antichrist. They to some extent explain a difficulty. In chap. 11 we see the Holy City in the possession of the gentile world, and yet the Church of God remains preserved. But how was it possible that Jerusalem should be in the power of the Antichristian power and yet the Church should so long remain unhurt? This is explained by these frequent, and often so very severe, Judgment Woes, which always keep that power in fear and dread. The eleventh chapter indicates this where it relates the extraordinary miraculous powers given to the two prophets; and in the joy of the world at their death, "because they had tormented those that dwell on the earth." We have the proof that they were the wall and the defence, against the attacks of the enemy which thus suffered defeat. We may then well be entitled to say, that the plagues which these two prophets called down from heaven, are Judgment Woes, which were pictured to us in the Trumpets and the Vials, and we understand how such judgments were able to hold that power so long in dismay.

(To be Concluded.)

* From his article in the *Prophetic News*, for December, Edited by Rev. M. Baxter, which contains also articles on The Ruler of the Ten Kingdomed Confederacy; The Elijah Missionary and other Prophetic Problems: may be had, price six cents, seventy cents a year, from Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

A NIGHT RUSH.

A STRANGE scene was witnessed in Oklahoma Territory on the night of Dec. 18. Secretary Noble's decision added one hundred and forty acres to the town of Guthrie and whoever was first on the land after midnight could claim a lot. Thousands of people were waiting and when the hour struck there was a wild rush. When the sun rose, seven lots were plowed, miles of wire fence had been set up and log huts were going up in all directions There were about ten claimants for every one of the best lots. All the following day, huts were being hauled to the land on trolleys, tents made their appearance here and there, and the work of fencing was pushed forward vigorously. There were several fights, many men coming armed and being met by prior claimants similarly prepared to defend their claims. A spectator said that in less than a week a fair-sized town would stand where there had been nothing but pasture-land. It is much to be wished that like eagerness were evinced to take advantage of the offer which God makes through Christ of a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. (II. Cor. 5: 1.)

THE LIFE-SAVERS' CODE.

FORMAL adoption has now been made of the recommendations of the International Maritime Congress which was held some time ago in Washington. They now go into effect at all the United States Life-Saving Stations, and the shipping houses have been supplied with books explaining the signals and modes of operating the life-lines. The signals are few and easily understood. A red light on shore will signify to a vessel in distress, "You are seen and assistance is coming;" a white and red light together will mean, "Do not attempt to land in your own boats; it is impossible," and so on with other combinations. The Service has met with great annoyance in times past owing to its inability to obtain co-operation from persons on stranded vessels. The book now issued will, it is hoped, remove this difficulty, also. It contains full instructions concerning the use to be made of the small line thrown to the vessel by the shore gun, and the hawser that is afterward sent to the wreck bears a tag written in several languages describing the place to which it is to be made fast, etc. The instructions are devised to prevent misunderstanding between those who want to be saved and those who want to save them. Unhappily, people in danger of spiritual shipwreck do not always want to be saved, but those who do are in need of analogous cautions to insure co-operation. The caution most frequently needed in such cases is that which the life-savers indicate with the red and white light; for the first impulse of the awakened sinner generally is to make the futile attempt to save himself. (Rom. 4: 5.)

A FATAL REMEDY.

IN a farm house near Wichita, Kan., the family is suffering from a double bereavement. Its members consisted of the farmer and his wife, several children and the farmer's father who had been a country doctor in his younger days, but had retired from practice many years ago and was spending his declining days with his son's family. He was eighty-five years of age but was still active. Two or three weeks ago the farmer's eldest daughter was prostrated with an attack of grip. The old man, who loved her dearly, prescribed bleeding. It had been his favorite treatment when he was practising medicine and he had unbounded faith in it, as his contemporaries had. His son, however, knew that modern doctors had generally abandoned the practice and he would not allow his daughter to be bled. The old man persisted, and declared that the girl's life was being sacrificed, when she might be cured as he had cured hundreds in his time. But the farmer was firm and as the girl got worse he drove off to the nearest town to get a doctor. During his absence his father seized the opportunity to apply his remedy. His eyesight was not good, or his hand may have been unsteady. He opened a main artery in the girl's arm and when the farmer returned, he found his daughter dead, and his father lying in a swoon on the floor by her bed. The latter was restored to consciousness, but when he found that his beloved granddaughter was really dead the shock was too severe for him to bear. He fell back in his chair, groaned heavily and died. Thus two lives were lost through one man's over-confidence in his own knowledge and skill. It is a dangerous disposition to have and is apt to work mischief in spiritual as well as in temporal matters. Many a soul has been misled and some driven to despair by a dogmatic interpretation and application of a passage of Scripture, by men honest in intention but mistaken in their opinions, "wresting" as Peter said, "the Scriptures to their own destruction." (II. Peter 3: 16.)

A SURGEON'S LIABILITY.

THE Court of Appeals, at Albany, N.Y., gave judgment on December 17, on an important case sent up from the Court below. It was the appeal of a hospital surgeon who had been sued by a patient for malpractice and had been condemned to pay heavy damages. The patient was a tramp whose foot had been crushed by the cars. He was sent to the hospital for treatment. The surgeon did not think it would be possible to save the foot, and recommended amputation. But the patient was reluctant to undergo the operation and other remedies were tried. After a few days gangrene set in and an operation was hastily performed to save the man's life. The leg was amputated at the ankle, but the surgeon did not perceive how far the gangrene had spread, and in a short time a second operation became necessary and the man's leg was cut off at the knee. He contended that he had suffered by the surgeon's want of skill and care, and that if the first operation had been made promptly there would have been no need of the second. The surgeon pleaded in defence that the first operation had been delayed at the man's own request. The Court decided that the surgeon must pay the damages, as he was supposed to know better than the patient what was necessary to a cure. The decision carries a lesson to those who are engaged in the cure of souls. It often happens that the anxious soul has some darling sin or evil association which he cannot bear to part with, but it is the duty of the servant of Christ who is directing him to warn him that only by giving up the sins that are as dear to him as a right hand or a right eye can he be saved. (Matt. 5:29,30.)

TWO YEARS' LABOR LOST.

AN escape of prisoners from the penitentiary at Waupan, Wis., is reported by a local journal. The labor involved was enormous, and considerable ingenuity was expended upon it. It appears that three of the prisoners were employed in the wash-house. All had long sentences to serve, and they consulted together on the possibility of making their escape. They managed to get to a high part of the building, from which they could see the direction taken by the walls and, having made a rough plan, they decided that it was possible to make a tunnel to the open country. At one end of the wash-house was a well, and that they fixed on for the starting point. They easily removed the stones from one of its sides, a few feet below the surface, and there commenced the tunnel. Only one man could work at it at a time, and they took turns at it when they were not watched. It was over a hundred feet long, and when they struck the wall of the shops, and again at the outer wall, they had to dig down deeper to get below the foundations. It was very laborious work, owing to their being unable to get proper tools. They continued it, however, toiling at it at every opportunity. Day after day for two years, they labored and at last the outer wall was reached and the excavation completed. A few days ago an opportunity occurred for making use of this subterranean exit. The three men crawled through and were free. Snow was falling but they did not mind that and they set out for the open country. For an hour or two they made good progress, but then the strength of the oldest of the three failed and he sank to the ground unable to go farther. The others took him up and carried him to a farm-house where all three slept that night. They awoke early and prepared to resume their flight, but their escape had been discovered and their tracks in the snow had been followed. They were speedily recaptured and taken back to the penitentiary. It must have been grievously disappointing to them after their two long years of hard toil. How gladly such men would have avoided that labor and the chances of recapture if the Governor had been willing to pardon them! But they knew there was no prospect of that. It is otherwise with Satan's captives whom he binds with the shackles of their own passions and appetites. They frequently go through long and painful struggles to deliver themselves only, like these men, to fall back again into bondage, though they are assured that God is ready to pardon and receive them just as they are. (Matt. 9: 13.)

A CHILD'S RIGHTS.

WHEN the immigration commissioner inspected the steerage passengers on the *Origen* which arrived at New York on Dec. 15, from Brazil, he found among them a widow and her son, a little boy about three years old. On questioning the mother he found that she was a German and had no money. He told her that she would not be allowed to land as the law forbade the landing of immigrants who were liable to become a public charge. She must return to Brazil on the *Origen*. The widow was grievously disappointed and pleaded hard to be allowed to remain. She said there was no prospect of her earning a living in Brazil. But the commissioner was inflexible. She told a sad story. Some four years ago she and her husband came to this country and, after remaining here a few months, went to Brazil where he sickened and died. When the expenses of his illness and funeral were paid, there was only enough of their savings left to pay their passage to New York. She mentioned incidentally that her little boy was born in New York. Instantly, the commissioner's manner changed and he told her she might remain. Her son had a right to enter his native land and, as the law forbids the separation of a family, the boy's right insured the admission of his mother. The incident may serve as an illustration of the way in which the Christian is assured of admission to heaven. He has no right of his own, but his union with Christ gives him a right which will surely be recognized. Christ's prayer will be answered that they whom the Father had given him should be with him where he is and behold his glory. (John 17: 24.)

A LAWYER'S OFFER.

BENEFITS that come from the friendship of railroad magnates formed the subject of conversation at a recent public dinner in Philadelphia, of which a report appears in the *Record* of that city. Ex-Attorney-General Wayne Mac Veagh, who was one of the guests, was particularly enthusiastic on the subject, dwelling on the advantage to the pocket and in personal comfort which came from travelling on a pass. A clergyman, who was one of the company, expressed his surprise and said he had understood that the use of passes was chiefly confined to men on professional journeys, and was not aware that wealthy gentlemen were in the habit of using them. For his own part he had never used a pass in his life. "But you should do so," rejoined the lawyer, who possibly did not know the speaker, and added, "I shall take great pleasure in using my influence to procure you a pass over the Pennsylvania road at any time, if you'll use yours in return to obtain for me the same privilege over the road in which you are interested." The clergyman looked sadly at the lawyer for a moment, and then said: "I am afraid there is some misunderstanding in your mind. There is only one road in which I am interested and that is one you are not likely to want to travel over." The clergyman could not have supposed that the lawyer did not care to reach the destination to which the road he referred to leads. He probably had in mind our Lord's description of the narrow way (Matt. 7: 13, 14), and thought that the lawyer belonged to the numerous class who live for the world but, like Balaam, desire to "die the *death* of the righteous" and wish their end to be like his. (Numbers 23:10.)

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T. de Witt Talmage
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TAKE THE COMFORT.

TWO or three years ago I was at Long Branch. I stood on the beach, looking off upon the sea; and there was a strong wind blowing, and I noticed that some of the vessels were going that way and other vessels were going another way. I said to myself, "How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another direction?" I found out by looking that it was the different way they had the sails set. And so does trouble come on this world. Some men it drives into the harbor of heaven, and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends upon the way you have your sails set. All the Atlantic and Pacific oceans of surging sorrow cannot sink a soul that has asked for God's pilotage. The difficulty is that when we have misfortunes of any kind we put them in God's hand, and they stay there a little while; and then we go and get them again, and bring them back. A vessel comes in from a foreign port. As it comes near the harbor it sees a pilot floating about. It hails the pilot. The pilot comes on board, and he says, "Now, captain, you have had a stormy passage. Go down and sleep, and I will take the vessel into New York harbor." After a while the captain begins to think, "Am I right in trusting this vessel to that pilot? I guess I'll go up and see." So he comes to the pilot, and says, "Don't you see that rock? Don't you see those headlands? You will wreck the ship. Let me lay hold the helm for a while for myself, and then I'll trust to you." The pilot becomes angry, and says, "I will either take care of this ship or not. If you want to, I will get into my yawl and go ashore, or back to my boat." Now we say to the Lord, "O God, take my life, take my all, in thy keeping. Be thou my guide; be thou my pilot." We go along for a little while, and suddenly wake up, and say, "Things are going all wrong. O Lord, we are driving on these rocks, and thou art going to let us be shipwrecked." God says, "You go and rest; I will take charge of this vessel, and take it into the harbor." It is God's business to comfort, and it is our business to be comforted.

JANUARY BILLS.

AMONG the storms of winter, and especially a storm that seldom fails to visit every locality about the first of January—is a shower of bills. How they come in—these great snow-flakes,—and they stick and stare at you till they are paid, and stick and stare at you when they are paid. Among the multitude of resolutions formed for the new year about to open, there is no better one than a resolve to pay as you go. It seems passing strange that the payment of debts should be inculcated upon professing Christians, and yet is there any evil habit to which Christian men are more addicted than that of incurring debt which they cannot discharge at maturity? And the causes of this condition of things are many and multiform. Sometimes it is the result of a weak desire to live in a style beyond one's means. Oftentimes it is the result of thoughtlessness, or a general unwillingness to systematize one's expenditures. Often it proceeds from a free-heartedness and a desire to do for others, especially for the family, more than one's circumstances admit; and not infrequently it is owing to a spirit of extravagance which is a legitimate inheritance from father to son. But whatever the cause may be, as a general rule debt can be avoided and much unhappiness saved. To do this, above all firmly resolve to live within your means, however limited they may be; make no promises which you have not a reasonable certainty of keeping; be firm in applying whatever money you may have on hand to the liquidation of some debt in whole or in part, and above all avoid, so far as possible, contracting a future obligation wherewith to pay a present one.

And in your purchases: when you want that for which you cannot pay at the time, wait till you can, before procuring it, and when you do get it, you will enjoy it all the more for the sacrifice which it has cost. There is a true nobility in denying yourself that which you cannot afford, which will increase your own self-respect, and raise you in the estimation of your friends. "Do you see this addition which I have just put up?" said a friend, in our hearing, not long ago. "I was offered a loan on my house; but no, I thought I would wait. I did wait. Things which I wanted I denied myself. Finally I accumulated sufficient to pay for my improvements. They cost more than the carpenter's and mason's bills: they cost a spirit of sacrifice; and don't you suppose I enjoy it all the more for this?" And he was right.

Nor do we forget that there are some who cannot pay; there are those who, unfortunate in business, simply cannot meet their obligations. They have bought on a falling market; their good name is unscathed though their credit has been dishonored by those who had engaged to protect it; parties owing them have failed to pay them, and bankruptcy stares them in the face. But for all that—and you can find such people everywhere—you do not doubt them, you are drawn to them in their misfortune as you never were in their prosperity; you are only too glad to do all in your power to help them, and in so doing discharge only a simple Christian duty. It is not of such that we speak.

Debt: there is no worse demoralizer of character. The sad records of defaulting, embezzling, and dishonest failures which we meet with so constantly in the daily press are often, indeed most frequently, the result of the demoralization of debt, and consequent desperate efforts at extrication. The financial props have given way. The little debt, which at first was as small as a grain of mustard seed, like the rolling snow-ball, has gathered weight and multiplied itself a thousandfold. And still it grows, and like the fabulous hydra which Hercules was sent to kill, you no sooner strike off one head than two shoot up in its place. The struggle is severe, but in the end decisive: either confession is made of a hopeless bankruptcy which might and should have been avoided, or integrity is sacrificed to the temptation of the moment. Debt ruins as many households, and destroys as many fine characters as rum; it is the devil's mortgage on the soul, and he is always ready to foreclose. Pay your grocer; pay your pew bills; pay your minister. Be indebted for nothing but love, and even that be sure you pay in kind, and that your payments are frequent: we especially commend this advice to old bachelors.

BRIEF NOTES.

We thank John Owens, of Philadelphia, for directing our attention to an obvious error in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD advertisement, published in *The Youth's Companion* of Dec. 24, 1891. The compositor transposed the two head-lines which are above the offers made. The words "For Two Dollars," which appear on the right, over the offer of the Olive Wood, should have been on the left, over the offer of the Oxford Teacher's Bible. The line "For $1.50," which appears on the left, over the Bible offer, should have been on the right over the offer of the Olive Wood. Readers of ordinary intelligence will not be misled by this mechanical error.

The next issue of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD will contain a complete synopsis of the opening chapters of "Aleph the Chaldean," bringing the story down to date for the benefit of new subscribers who have not read the earlier portion of Rev. Dr. Burr's wonderfully attractive story.

Rev. Arthur Crane of West Medford, Mass., has just concluded a very successful series of Revival meetings at New Market, N. H., all churches participating. He is now laboring at Rockland, Me, with excellent results.

Evangelist J. H. Weber, of Ohio, has been holding services at Perry Street M. E. Church, New York. He was heartily assisted by the officers and members of the church and there was a time of great blessing. Many were seeking Christ who have found peace.

A letter just received from Bishop William Taylor states that he has arrived safely in Sierra Leone. He travelled with the Anglo-French Boundary Commissioners, who have gone to Africa to survey the lines of frontier between the English and French territories.

An address by Rev. J. Diaz whose portrait, with an account of his work in Cuba, appeared in this journal last week, may be obtained by addressing Mr. J. S. Paine, 48 Canal Street, Boston, Mass., enclosing a two cent stamp for postage. In this address Mr. Diaz gives further particulars of his labors on the Island.

The system of Bible reading, about which some of our subscribers have written us inquiries, covers the whole Bible in three years. It is prepared by Rev. J. L. Campbell, pastor of the Lexington Ave. Baptist Church, New York. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing him, enclosing stamps for reply, at 1852 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Contributions to the relief of the Baptist Church at Kingston, Pa., for which an appeal was made in this journal on Dec. 2, have been received as follows: W. W. Smallwood, Kansas City, $2; G. E. Jones, Toronto, $1; E. Bardsley, Virginia, Ill., $2; D. N. Crane, Newark, N. J., 50 cents; S. A. Harden, Smith's Valley, Ind., $2; J. M. Hanley, Paxton Mills, Ill., $5; J. F. Dodd, Deleware, O., $1.

Rev. W. T. Lambourne is now laboring in Boston, Mass., at the Tabernacle of which Rev. Dr. Denning is pastor. He is having great success, not a service passes without some souls being brought to conviction and finding peace in Christ. Mr. Lambourne has also on week evenings, been helping Dr. Smith at Weymouth, who is doing a grand work in that delightful Boston suburb.

Rev. E. P. Telford has concluded the meetings, he has been holding in Providence, R. I. Two Methodist churches joined in the work, both of which have received large additions to their membership. On December 27, he commenced services in the Mount Bellingham, M. E. Church Chelsea Mass, of which Rev. J. H. Packard is pastor. Mrs. Telford is assisting in the services, holding meetings for women only and aiding in the personal work among the seekers in the general meetings.

Dr. L. W. Munhall's labors at Grand Island, Neb., were much blessed. Some of those far Western towns are very difficult to move in religious and spiritual things, but at Grand Island God marvellously owned the labors of his servant. At Muskegon, Mich., where he is now holding services, nearly all the Evangelical Churches are combining in the movement. Twelve hundred young men, the majority of whom were unconcerned about salvation, were at the Opera House, at the Sunday service and over one hundred of them publicly gave testimony of conversion. While this service was in progress the first Baptist Church was filled with Christian ladies to pray for the conversion of sons and brothers. At the conclusion of these services, Dr. Munhall has promised to come East, where the churches of Cohoes, N. Y., Jersey City, N. J., and other places are hoping for a visit.

YATMAN'S COLUMN.

LEAP IN TO SAVE.

WHY hold a meeting just for the sake of holding it?

What earthly use wasting time in a service of no account or help to any one?

Why take the time of busy workers in a gathering that yields no profit to any one there?

For the life of me I can't see.

If a service is for salvation, the unconverted must be gotten there, and if this can't be done, better send the Christian out where the lost are to be found, and discovering them leap in to their rescue. Says Dr. McArthur of New York:

"Years ago, in the city of Rochester, there lived a gentleman, in whose house I afterwards lived some time, and from whose lips I had an account of this incident. He had been to the city of New York and had come back to Rochester, and was walking up Mill Street. It was before the walls of the buildings had encroached upon the river, as they now do. He saw a crowd of people standing on the shore of the river, above the upper falls. He hastened to the spot, and upon inquiry, learned that a little boy had fallen into the stream, and had been carried down by the current until he had gone out of sight in an eddy. It took but a moment for him to drop his traveling-bag, pull off his coat, throw off his hat, and plunge into the water. He was out of sight a moment while the crowd watched with bated breath. A moment more and they saw the water gurgling and bubbling; a moment more and they saw him come up with the boy in his arms. Out went the hands to help; up went the shouts. But look at him! He wipes the water from his eyes and looks at the boy a moment; he lets the child fall, and he, himself, falls upon his knees and cries out, "Oh, God! It is my own boy!" That boy is a man to-night and lives in the city of Brooklyn. His father only knew that somebody's boy was drowning, and leaping in to save somebody's boy, he saved his own. Is there not some poor, wayward boy whom you could save? Leap in to save him. He is your brother in the larger circle of life. But it may be your own brother, in the nearer relations of life, who is in danger.

How to Backslide.

I certainly would backslide religiously in a month if I did nothing but listen to two sermons a week and attend one, not over-hot, prayer meeting.

Some folks can live on a pint of rice a day but I doubt it for myself. So with feeding the soul, if one grows fat there must be plenty of good food.

Three meals a day for body and three meals a week for soul is a little out of proportion, and apt to give the world, the flesh, and the devil the biggest chance for victory.

Just listening to preachers and bowing the head while others pray will no more nourish the soul than watching a train speed by will carry one across the country.

It is safe to say the following rules will prove effective in producing backsliding nine times out of ten:

1. Careless praying.
2. Superficial listening to preaching.
3. Aimless reading of the Bible.
4. Too much amusement.
5. Absence of noble purposes.
6. Total absorption of the mind by business.
7. Yielding to selfishness.
8. A criticising spirit.
9. Lack of holy endeavor; and,
10. Loose views of Scripture Doctrines.

The road from Great Joy City to Miserable Hollow is smooth in spots and just ten miles long. Some one has set up mile posts over the entire route and the above are some of the markings found thereon.

FORTY COMING WONDERS.

A NEW and enlarged edition has been issued of Rev. M. Baxter's famous work on the unfulfilled prophecies of the Bible entitled *Forty Coming Wonders*. It contains 540 pages and fifty full-page illustrations of the scenes described in the prophecies of Daniel and in the book of the Revelation. In an appendix is a resume of the opinions of eminent expositors of prophecy, ancient and modern. Price (including postage), seventy-five cents. May be had of Rev. George A. Sparks, 92 Bible House, New York.

RECORD OF THE WEEK.

Death of U. S. Senator Plumb—Ravages of the Grip—France and Bulgaria at Odds—The Quebec Cabinet Crisis—A Terrible Christmas Eve Railroad Disaster.

A STARTLING illustration of the terrible consequences that sometimes follow a momentary neglect of duty is furnished by a fatal accident which took place near Hastings Station, on the New York Central Railroad, on Christmas Eve. A train from New York was delayed at Dobbs Ferry depot for some trivial cause. Coming up on the same track was the Niagara Falls fast special, consisting of two ordinary passenger coaches and two sleepers. This train was signalled to stop, and a trainman named Herrick was sent down the track to signal the fast St. Louis express, which was due half an hour later. It was a drizzly night and the trainman, it is charged, instead of stopping on the track in readiness with his signal lamps, deserted his post and entered the little station at Hastings to smoke a cigar. It is also alleged that he even visited a barroom, although the lives of probably a hundred persons depended upon his personal vigilance and fidelity. At all events, when the St. Louis express came thundering along behind time, and flying at the rate of fifty miles an hour, it crashed into the Niagara Falls special, like a cannon-ball, telescoping the sleeping-car Gibraltar and tearing, scalding and mangling its twenty-two occupants, most of whom were travelers speeding on to spend Christmas with friends. Eleven persons were killed outright and seven others seriously injured while still others were more or less hurt by shock, escaping steam or flying debris. The dead were taken to the morgue at Tarrytown. Herrick, the trainman whose criminal neglect caused the disaster, could not be found, and it was said that he had changed his clothing and run away to avoid arrest.

* * *

Chili to Make Amends.

IT is a matter for national congratulation that the prospect of war with Chili, has been transformed during the past week into one of peace. Our State Department has received assurances that the Chilian government will make proper reparation for the assault upon the sailors of the *Baltimore*. Secretary Tracy has authorized a denial of the widely-circulated statement that any of our naval vessels have been ordered to Chilian waters in anticipation of war, or that the government has had in contemplation a conflict with Chili. Altogether the situation is peaceful and likely to remain so.

* * *

Death of U. S. Senator Plumb.

OVERWORK, which has caused the death of not a few distinguished men during the present generation, has scored another victim. United States Senator Plumb of Kansas, who had been noticeably failing for some time past, was stricken down with apoplexy at Washington a few days ago, and died within a few hours. He had been warned by physician and friends to take a needed rest, but persisted in attending to his duties, and the blow came while he was seated at his desk. Last summer he had a seizure that alarmed his family but he seemed to think little of it. Preston B. Plumb, whose portrait is here given, was born on a farm near Delaware, O., in 1837, and received a common school education. He learned the printer's trade but soon went to Kansas and after a brief farming experience, started a paper at Emporia. Soon the young editor became a recognized power in Southern Kansas. He studied law, was admitted to the bar and took an active interest in politics. After a brief army career, he was elected to the State legislature and in 1876 was sent to the U. S. Senate by the Republicans. He was twice afterward re-elected as Senator, and served continuously till the time of his death. Mr. Plumb, with his tall figure and broad shoulders, was a striking figure in the Senate. As an orator he was forcible and effective, plain of speech, and invariably well informed on his subject. There were few harder workers in Congress. With the farmer element he was especially popular, although he did not hesitate at times to vigorously oppose their favorite schemes. He has shared in almost every great parliamentary debate during the last fifteen years, and has not hesitated to vote and act independently of his party. His aggressive style and wit frequently attracted much attention. Altogether he was one of the strongest individualities Congress has known in the present generation.

PRESTON B. PLUMB.

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Quebec's Ministerial Crisis.

SOMETIME ago THE CHRISTIAN HERALD referred to the trouble in official circles in Quebec, consequent on the charges made against the Mercier Ministry in connection with certain public works, and more particularly with regard to what is known as the Baie des Chaleurs affair. On the strength of a senate inquiry, Lieutenant-Governor Angers demanded an immediate explanation from the ministers of the charges of bribery and corruption, with the alternative of instant dismissal from office. This proceeding was declared unconstitutional and a Royal Commission was appointed to investigate. That commission reported in due time, and the result was Premier Mercier's dismissal. The report, Lieutenant-Governor Angers claimed, showed carelessness and illegalities on the part of Premier and Cabinet. M. Mercier, however, is determined to fight and has replied, declaring the report to be a partisan document. Meanwhile, M. de Boucherville has formed a new Cabinet. A very large portion of the people of Quebec sympathise with the ex-Premier and the dismissal is likely to be made political capital, as it has created widespread excitement in the Province. A portrait of M. Mercier is given above.

EX-PREMIER MERCIER.

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Renewed Trouble with Chili.

WITHIN the last week, a revulsion of feeling on the *Baltimore* affair seems to have taken place in Chili, for simultaneously with the news of the close of the official investigation at Valparaiso, comes the intelligence that threatening demonstrations have been made against the American Legation at Santiago. Cipher dispatches received by our State Department from Minister Egan represent the situation as serious. The Legation a few days ago was surrounded by police and a mob of citizens, the latter threatening to burn the building unless certain refugees, said to be hiding there, were delivered up. Instructions were sent to Minister Egan to report at once concerning the attitude of the local authorities and police, to enable this government to judge whether proper protection was being afforded by the Chilian government to the Legation. It is not improbable, should Minister Egan's further dispatches show a continuance of the hostile demonstrations, that an *ultimatum* may be sent to Chili; but up to the present time, no overt act has been committed.

* * *

Captives of the Mahdists.

NEWS has reached Cairo of the Europeans who fell into the hands of the fanatical Mahdists in 1883, an Austrian missionary who was among the captives having managed to effect his escape. After the fall of Kordofan, at the height of the Mahdist war, forty Europeans were taken to Omdurman in chains by the dervish troops where they are still held closely guarded, and heavily manacled. They have lost all hope of ever being rescued. The dervishes, however, are losing their ascendancy and as the Soudan favors the restoration of control by the Egyptian government, it is not improbable that an effort may now be made to secure the liberation of the captives. Slatin Bey, a brave officer, who was also captured and believed to be dead, is still alive and has been attached to the bodyguard of the Mahdi's successor, but is closely watched to prevent his escape.

* * *

The Grip on its Travels.

WHILE one-half the European Continent is more or less affected by the influenza epidemic, the unwelcome visitor continues to spread in this country, although the type is much milder than when it last appeared here. Among many prominent persons who have been temporarily prostrated are Gov.-elect McKinley of Ohio, Congressman Mills, Walt Whithman the aged poet, and a number of others. All are now recovering. Thus far there have been very few fatal cases in the United States. The ravages of the influenza have been specially severe in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut, West Virginia and New York. It has been almost epidemic in the Ohio Valley and there are many points in different states where whole families have been stricken. In Europe, Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, is so ill that his life is despaired of. The portrait of the Emperor is given above. King Oscar and Queen Sophia of Sweden, Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen and other royalties are also prostrated, showing that the grip is no respecter of rank or title. Prof. Nothnagel, court physician at Vienna, has traced the history of the disease back as far as the ninth century, and states that it recurs three or four years with varying intensity and then disappears for twenty years or more. He knows of no remedy, but distinctly warns sufferers against the use of anti-pyrine and antifebrine and suggests digitalis, camphor and baths.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

* * *

Aiding the Hebrew Immigrants.

SIXTY-EIGHT thousand dollars have already been subscribed in New York as the beginning of a fund for the purpose of aiding the steadily increasing numbers of Russian Hebrews who are arriving in this country. The money is to be used solely for transportation, the object being to relieve the Hebrew community in New York of the task of caring for these arrivals, whose numbers are overwhelming. Seven thousand five hundred per month, have arrived during the year. Several colonies recently established in New Jersey are highly prosperous, and it is understood that the experiments at colonization in other States have also been satisfactory.

* * *

The Franco-Bulgarian Trouble.

IT now seems that the rupture of diplomatic relations between France and Bulgaria, consequent on the expulsion of the French journalist, Chadouine, from Bulgarian territory as mentioned in THE CHRISTIAN HERALD last week, is but the initial step in a wary scheme to open the way for the Sultan to interpose his Suzerain authority in Bulgaria in the interest of Russia. France, apparently, has seized the Chadouine incident as the opportunity to bring about such a situation. France, never having recognized Prince Ferdinand, can now declare her intention to look to the Suzerain for redress. It is possible that the Sultan may decline to interfere. M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at Constantinople has demanded a conference with the Sultan on the subject. Failing to obtain satisfaction, it is not improbable that France may proceed to blockade Bulgarian ports or take some other step that would at once shatter the peace of Europe. The Russian press has taken up the affair and criticizes Bulgaria's conduct as insolent. It is possible that the quarrel may result in the removal of Prince Ferdinand from the Bulgarian throne. He was chosen as Prince by the Grand National Assembly in 1889 and accepted by the Sultan as a Suzerain ruler. He has never been thoroughly popular but he is ambitious and is supported by Premier Stambouloff, who is one of the most earnest workers for Bulgarian independence. Prince Ferdinand's portrait is given on this page.

PRINCE FERDINAND.

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The World's Fair and Sunday.

"SHALL the World's Fair be opened on Sundays?" is a question that is now being very widely agitated and discussed throughout the country. Petitions signed by many thousands of names, have been drawn up by religious organizations and these have been forwarded to Congress in the form of a memorial. Some of these petitions take the ground that only on condition that the Fair be closed on the Lord's Day should Congress grant the $5,000,000 loan asked by the World's Fair managers. Several memorials of this character were presented in the United States Senate last week.

* * *

Growth of Our Indian Schools.

ONE of the most interesting phases of our civilization is the growth and usefulness of the schools established for the benefit of the Indian children. Statistics just completed show that there are now 17,926 pupils in these schools, as against 4,006 in 1882. The government appropriation is $2,291,650 for the current year, as against $135,000 ten years ago. Commissioner Morgan estimates that to support all the Indian children of school-going age in the country in government schools, furnish the necessary new buildings and apparatus, superintendence, etc., would cost $3,102,500. Through the medium of these schools the red men are being fitted for better citizenship and it is safe to assert that the next generation will be an intelligent and law-abiding race.

NEWS NOTES.

New York business men are agitating for a State appropriation of $1,000,000 for the World's Fair.

President Frances E. Willard, of the National W. C. T. U., is seriously ill of the grip at Evanston, Ill.

The London Corporation proposes to give a wedding present of $12,500 to Prince Albert Victor and his bride.

Sixty persons were killed or wounded, during a fight between troops and a mob in the streets of Pernambuco, Brazil, lately. The Governor of the Province has resigned.

Mr. George W. Childs has presented to the library of the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, his collection of rare prints, manuscripts, autographs and literary relics, valued at $100,000.

Emin Pasha is back in his old Equatorial province. He has a force of about 9,000 men, well armed with breech-loaders and muzzle-loading rifles. In view of recent rumors of a threatened attack upon him, he would seem to be able to hold his own.

The authorities of Victoria, B. C., have discovered in that city regular slave shambles, where Chinamen buy women as they would buy tea. These girls who are between 11 and 14 are disposed of at prices ranging from $700 to $1,400. The "highbinders" are the patrons and supporters of the nefarious traffic.

A Deep Waterways Convention was held last week at Detroit, at which representatives from the Boards of Trade in half a dozen states were present. The main subjects considered were the improvement of the channels of water communication through the lakes, deepening of harbors, constructing of lighthouses, etc.

A number of Southern negroes who went to Liberia some time ago as colonists, allured by the attractive reports of its fertility and the advantages offered to settlers, have returned sick, impoverished and disgusted. They declare the land open to settlement is practically worthless, and the climate unendurable to American negroes.

By the death of the Duke of Devonshire, in England, last week, the career of the Marquis of Hartington in the House of Commons is closed. He now succeeds his father as Duke of Devonshire and whatever political influence he wields in the future will be in the House of Lords. His removal will be a serious loss to his party in the House of Commons, where his powers in debate were generally recognized.

THE WITHERED HAND.

"And, behold, there was a man which had his hand withered . . . . Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, like as the other."—Mathew 11:10, 13.

NOTE well the expression. Jesus "went into the synagogue; and, behold, there was a man which had his hand withered." A mark is set, as it were, in the margin, as if it were a notable fact. That word "behold" is a sort of note of exclamation to draw attention to it. "Behold, there was a man which had his hand withered." There were persons well learned, according to the learning of the day, who came to listen to Christ, but there are no "beholds" put about their having been present. Yet in the synagogue there was a poor man whose hand had been withered, and we are called upon to note the fact.

Patients Welcome.

And to-night, dear friends, it matters very little to the preacher or the congregation that you are here, if you are some person of note or consequence; for we make no note of dignitaries here, and attach no special consequence to any one in this place, where the rich and the poor meet together. But if you happen to be here as a needy soul wanting a Saviour, if you happen to be here with a spiritually withered hand so that you cannot do the things that you would, and you are wanting to have that hand restored to you, there shall be a "behold" put to that, and especially shall it be doubly emphatic if to-night the Master shall say to you, "Stretch out thy withered hand," and if the divine power shall restore that hand and a deed of grace shall be accomplished. If you are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing, my Master does not want you. He is a physician, and those who practise the healing art look out for sickness as their sphere of operation.

The Crippled Man.

I. First, we will say a little about the person to whom the command in our text is addressed. "Then said Jesus to the man, stretch forth thine hand." This command was addressed to a man who was hopelessly incapable of obeying. "Stretch forth thine hand." It was not a sham disease. He had not made a pretence of being paralyzed, but he was really incapable. The hand had lost the moisture of life. The spirit which gave it strength had been dried out of it, and there it was a withered, wilted, useless thing, with which he could do nothing; and yet it was to such a man that Jesus said, "Stretch forth thine hand." This is very important for us to notice, because some of you under a burden of sin think that Christ does not save real sinners—that those people whom he does save are, in some respects, not quite so bad as you—that there is not such an intensity of sin about them as about your case, or if an intensity of sin, yet not such an utter hopelessness and helplessness as there is about you. You feel quite dried up, and utterly without strength. Dear hearer, it is exactly to such as you that the Lord Jesus Christ directs the command.

But, mark you, it came to one who was perfectly willing, for this man was quite prepared to do whatever Jesus bade him do. If you had questioned him you would have found no desire to retain that withered hand—no wish that his fingers should remain lifeless and useless. If you had said to him, "Poor man, would you like to have your hand restored?" he would have replied, "Ay, that I would. I wish above all things that I could have my hand restored!" But the worst of many unconverted people is that they

Do Not Want to be Healed—

do not want to be restored. As soon as a man truly longs for salvation, then has salvation already come to him; but the most of you do not wish to be saved. "Oh," say you, "we truly wish to be saved." I do not think so, for what do you mean by being saved? Do you mean being saved from going down to hell? Everybody, of course, wishes that. Did you ever meet a thief that would not like to be saved from going to prison or being locked up by the policeman? But when we talk about salvation, we mean being saved from the habit of wrong doing; being saved from the power of evil, the love of sin, the practice of folly, and the very power to find pleasure in transgression.

Do you wish to be saved from pleasurable and gainful sins? Find me the drunkard who sincerely prays to be delivered from drunkenness. Bring me an unchaste man who pines to be pure. Find me one who is an habitual liar and yet longs to speak the truth. Bring me one who has been selfish and who in his very heart hates himself for it, and longs to be full of love and to be made Christ-like. Why, half the battle is won.

The Initial Step is Taken.

The parallel holds in the spiritual world The character I have in my mind's eye is the case of a soul desiring to be what it cannot be, and to do what it cannot do, and yet desiring it. I mean the man who cries in agony, "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not." "I would, but cannot, repent. My heart feels like a stone. I would love Christ, but, alas, I feel that I am fettered to the world. I would be holy, but, alas, sin comes violently upon me, and carries me away." It is to such people that Jesus Christ's Gospel comes with a force of command. Wilt thou be made whole, my friend? Then thou mayest be. Dost thou desire to be saved from sin? Thou mayest be. Dost thou wish to be emancipated from the bondage of corruption? Thou mayest be. And this is the way in which thou mayest be saved—"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved:" his name is called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.

Who Spoke to Him.

II. Secondly I want to speak a little upon the person who gave the command. It was Jesus who gave it. He said, "Stretch forth thine hand." Did our Lord speak this in ignorance, supposing that the man could do so? By no means, for in him is abundant knowledge. He knew that the man's hand was withered, and yet he said, "Stretch forth thine hand." When I read in Scripture the command, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ," I am sure that Jesus Christ knows what he is saying. "Go ye," said he, "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Yes, to every creature. I have heard some of Christ's professed servants say that to bid dead sinners live is of no more use than to shake a handkerchief over the graves in which the dead are buried; and my reply to them has been, "You are quite right. Do not do it, for it is evident you are not called to it. Go home and go to bed. The Lord never sent you to do anything of the kind, for you own you have no faith in it." But if my Master sent me as the herald of resurrection, and bade me shake a handkerchief over the graves of the dead, I would do it, and I should expect that this poor handkerchief, if he commanded it to be shaken, would raise the dead, for Jesus Christ knows what he is doing when he sends his servants. If he does not send us, it is a fool's errand indeed to go and say, "Ye dead men, live"; but his commission makes all the difference.

Did you never notice, dear souls,

Christ's Way of Doing His Work?

His way is this,—first, to give the command, then to help the heart to turn the command into a prayer, and then to answer that prayer by a promise. Take these specimens. The Lord says, "Make you a new heart." That is clearly a command. But by-and-by, you find the psalmist David, in the fifty-first psalm, saying, "Create in me a clean heart, O God." And then, if you turn to Ezekiel, you get the promise, "A new heart also will I give you." First, he commands you; next he sets you praying for the blessing; and then he gives it to you.

"But he is not here," says one, "he is not here." Verily I say unto you in his name, he is here. His word is, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world:" till this dispensation shall be ended Christ will be where the Gospel is preached. Where his message is honestly and truthfully delivered with the Spirit of God, there Jesus Christ himself is virtually present, speaking through the lips of his servants. Therefore, dear soul with the withered hand, to-night Jesus says to thee, "Stretch forth thine hand."

III. It is time for a few words upon another point, and that is upon

The Command

itself. The command itself was, "Stretch forth thine hand." That was the very thing he could not do, and thus the command went to the very root of the mischief. As soon as the hand was stretched out it was healed; and the command went directly to the desired mark. Now, my Lord and Master does not say to any of you sinners to-night, "Go home and pray." I hope you will pray, but that is not the great Gospel command, The Gospel is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Paul stood at the dead of night, with the trembling jailer, who hardly understood his own question, when he cried, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" and Paul according to the practice of some should have said, "We must have a little prayer," or, "You must go home and read the Bible, and I must further instruct you until you are in a better state." He did nothing of the sort, but there and then Paul said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." There is no Gospel preached unless you come to this; for salvation comes by faith; by nothing short of it.

That stretching forth of the hand was entirely an act of faith. It was not an act of sense. As a matter of sense and nature the man was powerless for it. He only did it because his faith brought the ability. I say it was

A Pure Act of Faith,

that stretching out of the hand. "I do not understand as yet," says one," "how a man can do what he cannot do?" But you will understand a great many other wonderful things when the Lord teaches you; for the Christian life is a series of paradoxes; and for my own part I doubt an experience unless there is something paradoxical about it. At any rate I am sure that it is so—that I who can do nothing of myself can do everything through Christ which strengtheneth me. The man who is seeking Christ can do nothing, and yet, if he believeth on Christ, he can do every thing, and his withered hand is stretched out.

I think I hear somebody say, "Oh, sir, you would not be praising me too much if you were to say that I do wish to be saved, and saved in Christ's own way; I would give my very eyes to love him." Ah, you need not lose your eyes: give him your trust; give him your soul's eyes. Look to him and live. "Oh, that I could be saved," says one; "How I long for it." May the Holy Ghost lead you to resolve in your own soul that you will not be saved by anybody but by Christ. When this is done, I do not doubt that, through faith in the Physician you will be quickened by divine power, and you will find healing at once.

IV. So I will just lead you on, in the fourth place, to notice

This Man's Obedience.

We are told that he stretched forth his hand. Christ said, "Stretch forth thine hand:" Mark says "And he did so." That is to say, he stretched forth his hand. Now, observe that this man did not do something else in preference to what Jesus commanded, though many awakened sinners are foolish enough to try experiments. Alas, there are many, many souls that say, "We are bidden to trust in Jesus, but instead of that we will attend the means of grace regularly." Do that by all means, but not as a substitute for faith, or it will become a vain confidence. The command is, "Believe and live"; attend to that, whatever else you do. "Well, I shall take to reading good books; perhaps I shall get good that way." Read the good books by all means, but that is not the gospel: the gospel is, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." "But you do not mean to say that you speak against praying, and reading good books, and so on?" Not one single word do I speak against any of those things. Let the man search the Scriptures; but, remember, that if these things are put in the place of simple faith in Christ, the soul will be ruined. Let me give you a text: did you ever hear it quoted properly? "Ye search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; but ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." That is

Where the Life Is—

in Christ; not in searching Scripture, good as the searching of Scripture is. "Stretch forth thine hand," says he; that was the way by which the healing was to come: the man did nothing else, and he received a gracious reward.

Notice, that he did not raise any questions. Now this man had a fair opportunity of raising questions. I think he might very fairly have stood up in his place and said, "This is inconsistent, good Master. Thou sayest to me, 'Stretch forth thine hand.' Now, thou knowest that if I can stretch forth my hand there ails me nothing, and therefore there is no room for thy miracle. And if I cannot stretch forth my hand, how canst thou tell me so to do?" Have you not heard some of our friends, who like to make jests of holy things, and to scoff at our doctrines of grace, declare that we teach, "You can and you can't; you shall and you shan't"? Their description is right enough, though meant to ridicule us. We do not object to their putting it thus, if it pleases them. We teach paradoxes and contradictions to the eye, if you only consider the letter; but if you get down into the innermost spirit, it is within these contradictions that the eternal truth is found. We know that the man is dead in trespasses and sins—steeped in a spiritual and moral torpor, out of which he cannot raise himself; yet do we by the Master's own command say, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life;" or in other words, we say to the withered hand, "Be thou stretched out," and it is done. The blessed result justifies that very teaching which in it-

self seems so worthy of sarcastic remark.

I look around me, wondering where is the man with the withered hand to-night, or where is the woman with the withered hand. To such I would say in my Master's name, "Stretch out that hand of thine." It is

An Auspicious Moment

A great thing shall surely be done unto thee. Believe thou now. Thou hast said aforetime, "I never can believe." Now trust Jesus. Sink or swim, trust him.

Our Lord Jesus never casts away a sinner who trusts in him. Though you be the most unworthy wretch that ever trusted him, trust him now, that it may be told in heaven that there is a bigger sinner saved to-day than ever was saved before. Such a salvation will make Christ more glorious than he ever was; and if yours is a worse case than he ever touched with his healing hand to this day, well then, when he has touched and healed you, as he will, there will be more praise to him in heaven than he ever had before. O soul, I would I could persuade thee to draw nigh to him, but my Master can do it.

V. The last thing to consider is

The Result

of this stretching out of the man's hand in obedience to the command. He was healed. I have already tried to set before you the fact that the healing was manifest; it was also immediate. The man had not to stand there a long time but his hand was straightway healed; and yet the cure was perfect, for his hand was whole like unto the other, just as useful as his left hand had been, with all the extra dexterity which naturally belongs to the right. It was perfectly healed, though healed in a moment. You may depend upon it, that it was permanently healed; for, though I have heard it said that saved souls fall from grace and perish, I never believed it, for I have never read of any of the cases which our Lord cured that they became bad again. My Master's cures last forever. I remember seeing in the shop windows some years ago, that there was to be had within a "momentary cure" for the tooth-ache. I noticed after a few months that the proprietor of that valuable medicine, whatever it was, had discovered that nobody wanted

A Momentary Cure,

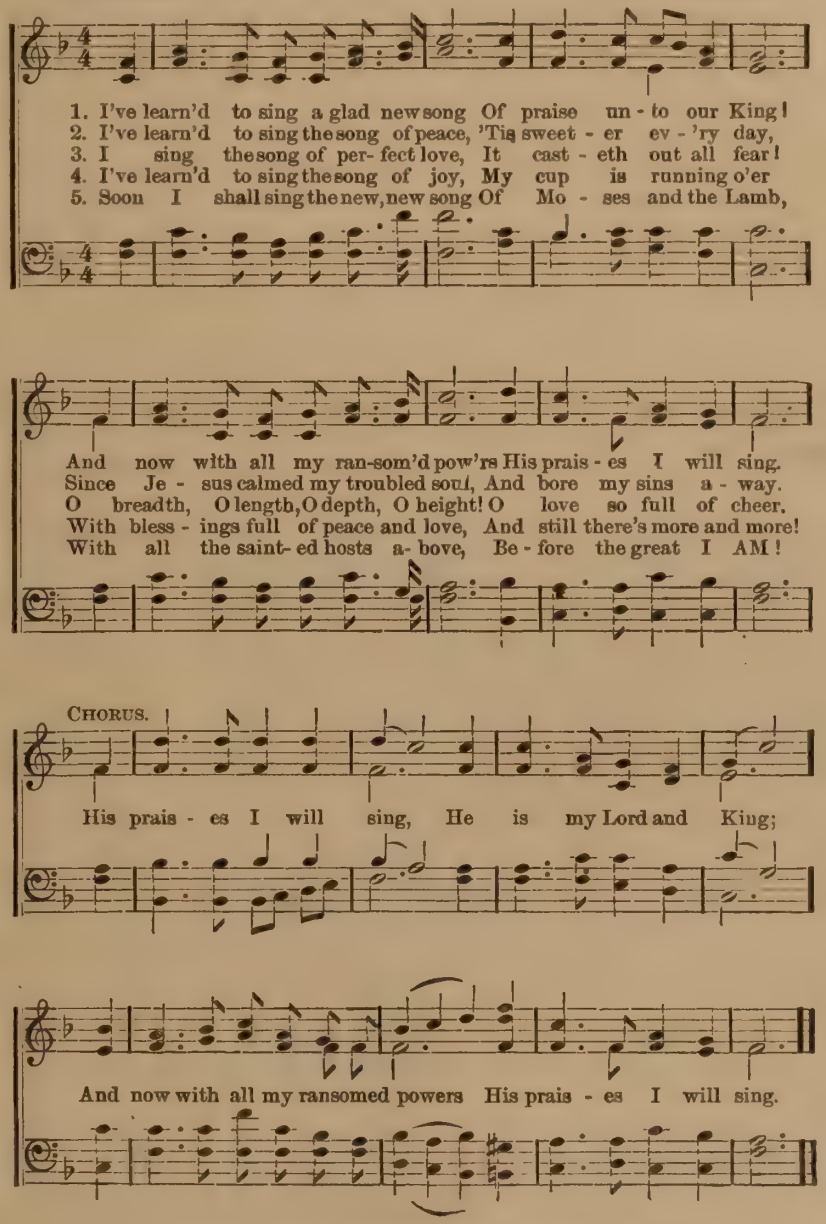
and so the word "momentary" was changed for the word "instantaneous," which was a great improvement. I am afraid that some people's salvation is a momentary salvation. They get a sort of grace, and they lose it again. They get peace, and by-and-by it is gone. What is wanted is permanence, and there is always permanence in the work of Christ.

O soul, dost thou see, then, what is to be had at this moment of Jesus? Healing for life; deliverance from the withering power of sin through life and through eternity. This is to be had by cheerful obedience to the matchless command: "Stretch forth thine hand," or in other words, "Trust, trust, trust." There can be no difficulty in that; to trust and rest upon one whom you cannot doubt must follow as a matter of course upon your good opinion of him. Your belief that he is true is a sort of faith. Throw yourself upon him now. If thou doest this thou shalt be saved. And I do not mean merely that you shall be saved from hell; for the power of faith, working in you by God the Holy Spirit, shall save you from loving sin any more: being forgiven, and you will henceforth love him who forgives you, and you will receive a new principle of action which shall be strong enough to break the bands of your old habits, and you shall rise into a pure and holy life. If the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed; and free you shall be at once if you trust him. The Lord grant his blessing, for Christ's sake. Amen.

His Praises I Will Sing.

"I will sing praise to the Lord"—JUDG. 5: 3.

J. B. ATCHINSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



FROM GOSPEL HYMNS No. 6, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER.

THE WEAVERS.

GOD works for us with ceaseless skill,
As through the world we go,
That His image, in us imperfect,
More beautiful may grow.

With Him—unthinkingly—we weave
A pattern, strange and rare:
'Tis Character, and must be wrought,
With utmost skill and care.

A two-fold weft we weaver's have;
God's half is smooth and plain,
To us belong those tangled threads
That run against the grain.

'Tis odd, this pattern that we weave!
Here interspersed with gloom,
And there, perhaps, a radiance rare
Is caught within the loom.

With laughter and with singing
Is the treadle sometimes run;
Or, again, it is with weeping,
And the wish that life were done.

Oh weave, then, well and wisely;
Though our work we may not see
Until "Life's Tapestry" is shown
To all Eternity. —D. N. E.

THE YEARLY DIARY.

BEFORE us lies an open book,
Its pages white and fair;
The coming year shall soon decide
The record it shall bear.
Not written o'er with human hands,
Nor seen by mortal sight,
That book shall hold our every deed
Borne upward day and night.

Here on the threshold of the year,
Let us review the past,
And strive to make each coming month
Far nobler than the last.
Thou who art in the morn of life,
With prospects bright and fair,
And thou so near the eventide,
Think of the record there.

Departing year, fast fleeting year,
A lesson I would learn,
That moments wasted and miss-spent
Will nevermore return.
Though life may seem a passing show,
Or but an idle tale,
We'll learn its true solemnity
When passed beyond the veil.

—N. S. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

(Continued from first page.)

been its light and strength. Now that she was gone it seemed no longer like home. The boy lost his interest in it, grew discontented and restless, and finally, after drifting around for a few months, he entered the navy as a common sailor. It was a new experience to him, for he had scarcely seen a ship before. More than once he narrowly escaped death through his inexperience. Descending the rigging with hands numbed with cold, he missed his grip and was near falling into the sea. At another time one of the huge guns was unshipped during a storm and the new recruit was within a few inches of the spot where it crashed into the ship's side. But he was mercifully preserved and for two and a half years performed his duties with increasing knowledge and ability. At the end of that time his rudimentary knowledge of medicine was discovered by the officers, and he was promoted to the position of sick-berth steward, a position equivalent to that of hospital sergeant in the army.

During this period of service the young sailor had drifted far away from his pious mother's teachings. He was the companion of the rough, drinking, profane sailors and had learned their evil habits. One day—it was a Sunday—he and a party of sailors went ashore at a little town called Queenboro to spend the afternoon in jollity. As they walked through the town they heard the sound of singing. It came from children singing in a Sunday School. That hymn sung by the childish voices not only spoiled young Dowkontt's pleasure for the afternoon, but became the starting point of a new life. It was a hymn he knew well—one his mother used to sing, "When I can read my title clear," and its words carried his memory back to the time when he was not a careless, godless sailor, but a praying boy with a godly mother. There was no fun for him that day and when his companions rallied him on his doleful face and manner, he bluntly declared that he had lived his present life long enough and with God's help was going to turn over a new leaf. They ridiculed his resolution and predicted that it would soon be broken. But it was not. He went back to the ship to pray and he did not rest until he had been led to Jesus for salvation.

With the change in his own heart came the desire to do good and he had no need to leave the ship to find an opportunity. Indeed his position in the ship's hospital gave him access to the men when they were in a receptive mood, and the young Christian made good use of it. He was the only Christian on the ship, and was ridiculed and jeered at continually but when the men were under his care, sick, they would listen willingly as he read the Bible to them and prayed with them. He also obtained from a Society in London suitable tracts at a cheap rate, which he distributed. Some very remarkable conversions resulted from these efforts and though there was still an occasional joke among the men at his expense he was cordially liked and respected.

On some of his voyages sick men from the other ships of the navy were sent on board for treatment, and when they returned, talked of the good fellow who had attended them. Dowkontt's name began to be talked of, and Admiral Sir William King Hall, a fine old Christian officer, heard of him and took an interest in him. To his surprise he was promoted to the Surgery of the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth, where his opportunities of usefulness were enormously extended. He did much good work there, notably in organizing the Royal Navy Temperance Society in which he was cordially aided by several influential friends of the sailors. Routine duties, however, necessarily occupied much of his time while he was under the orders of the naval officers, and he longed to be giving all of his time to God's service. He finally decided to quit the navy and trust his future entirely to the Lord. His decision was received with profound regret and a farewell meeting was arranged by representatives of the service to present him with a testimonial, to thank him for all that he had done and bid him god-speed.

After a brief period of labor with a Mission in Liverpool, Dr. Dowkontt yielded to a long cherished desire to come to this country, there being a manifest leading of God's providence at that time. His first halting place was at Philadelphia. There he spent an arduous time. Not only did he carry on extensive mission work in the city, but took a college course. Hitherto his medical skill had been such as could be obtained by practice in the hospital and by home study of such books to as were accessible. Now he proposed to commence its study from the theoretical

side under the guidance of acknowledged masters in the science. He entered himself at Jefferson Medical College and studied hard. At the end of his course he had the satisfaction of receiving his diploma as Doctor of Medicine with the emphatic commendation of the Dean of the Faculty. Shortly afterward he came to New York to begin the great enterprise of his life.

Many times during his sojourn at Philadelphia, he was in sore straits. Though all his time apart from his college studies was fully occupied, it was not in remunerative labor. He spent it in the missions and among the homes of the poor. More than once the last morsel of food in the house had been consumed, but prayer was made to God and always before the next meal-time came around, help arrived, and often from unexpected quarters. On one occasion the promise was fulfilled, "*Before* they call I will answer;" the dry bread and coffee which were the sole contents of the larder had just been consumed at breakfast and Dr. Dowkontt was setting out for his work, having committed his burden as to dinner to the Lord, when the letter-carrier handed him a letter containing fifty dollars. It came from England and had left there twelve days previously. In New York similar experiences awaited him. The first free dispensary was opened in Chatham Square and in a few days there was a daily average of fifty patients. Sometimes among them would be one who would offer a grateful contribution of a quarter or half a dollar to the funds of the mission, but these were few and there were rent, gas, and other expenses to be met. How the bills were paid is a marvel, but Dr. Dowkontt's faith did not waver and money always came when it was needed. Many columns might be filled with instances of divine interposition. Sometimes the gifts have been as large as a hundred dollars at a time; but the remarkable feature has been that they have always been proportioned to the need. We are glad to learn that Dr. Dowkontt has been induced to prepare a statement of a number of these incidents with a history of the Mission, which will shortly be published in book form.

From the beginning of the work among the poor of New York, Dr. Dowkontt combined with it the other work by which he is best known outside the city—that of training medical missionaries for work in heathen lands. His first pupil was Dr. Summers whose portrait, with the story of his noble life and death in Africa, was printed in this journal on Nov. 29, 1888. He acted as general assistant to Dr. Dowkontt at his Dispensary while pursuing his medical studies, had the use of Dr. Dowkontt's library and the benefit of his advice and teaching with free board until he passed his examination and went to the scene of his labors. Another and another followed the same course, until fully qualified for medical labor in the foreign mission field. Forty of these have gone out to all lands and are doing noble work there, and fifty-two were in training during the past year.

The work of educating and supporting them during their studies has been carried on, as it began, by faith in God alone. To him Dr. Dowkontt has looked for funds and the Faithful Promiser has inclined his people to give the money as it has been needed. Besides the care of this large number of future missionaries Dr. Dowkontt has now nine mission dispensaries in various parts of this city and Brooklyn, all of which are being blessed to the souls and bodies of multitudes.

Single-handed the Doctor could never have accomplished so much. He has been aided financially by many Christian men and women who have now been organized into a Society under the name of the International Medical Missionary Society, its object being to continue and extend this grand work. It is not only international but inter-denominational. The members, like the students, belong to many denominations, as all Christians can unite in a work consisting of preaching Christ and healing the sick. Dr. Dowkontt is at the head of it and he hopes by its aid to realize his long cherished hope of establishing a college and hospital in which the medical missionaries whom he is now helping to train may prosecute their studies in suitable quarters and with more advantages. Compared with the sums now lavished on personal gratification by wealthy people, the sum needed to establish such an institution would not be large. Small sums are reaching the Doctor occasionally toward this object, from Christian people who know of his aim, and these are carefully set apart for the building fund. For the sake of the poor of New York, of the heathen abroad, and the devoted young men and women who are anxious to serve Christ by ministering to the sick and needy, we heartily hope that the Doctor's project will be realized.

HOW TO OBTAIN PEACE.

Suggestions on the Christian Endeavor Topic for the Week Commencing Jan. 10, 1892
Isa 26: 3; John 14: 27.

IT is the problem of more lives than we know of—this of how to obtain peace. Every man at some period of his career has been brought to regard it as the supreme object to be sought. He discovers early in his life that there is anarchy within him. He finds that he is drawn hither and thither by his appetites, his passions, his ambitions. He is conscious of wasted forces, of rival powers struggling with each other and keeping his own spiritual kingdom in a turmoil. By and by he makes the discovery that like the fabled centaur he is half man and half beast. He begins to realize that, if he is to become what God intended him to be, if he is to accomplish anything in his life for himself and others, the higher nature must rule the lower. Then there is a fierce struggle. The brute force of the lower nature will not be curbed and controlled. It is not anarchy now within him, but the suppression of rebellion, and with many it is a life-long struggle.

Then there are disturbances from without. The struggle for a livelihood brings worries, anxieties, apprehensions. The soul is agitated, the mind restless. Disappointment, vexation, chagrin rend the spirit and produce distraction. The conduct of friends or enemies brings discomposure. Troubles come; bereavements fall like lightning bolts; domestic and social and religious problems bring perplexity, and there seems neither rest nor quiet nor composure possible to the man.

How delightful in such turmoil is the assurance of one who must have had that experience: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." There is sound philosophy as well as comfort in such an assurance. The man who is troubled by symptoms in his own health and who has taken his case to a skilful physician; the man who has puzzled over intricate legal documents and has at length confided his case to an able lawyer—knows something of the peace that comes to a man who trusts in God. Given omniscience, omnipotence and love what a foundation there is for trust! It is not surprising that the man whose mind is stayed on God is kept in perfect peace.

It is the precious legacy of Christ to his people: *My* peace I give unto you. As we read the story of that wonderful life we get glimpses of what his peace was. Poor, despised, hated, maligned, beset by enemies, arraigned on a false charge, executed; the peace he had through it all must have been a peace almost inconceivable in its profundity. It is that peace—his own peace—that he imparts. And it was no vain promise. Men who have had it have borne the loss of property and have not lost that peace. Martyrs have carried it with them through the flames. Missionaries have had it with them in the face of ferocious heathen cannibals, in sickness, in loneliness, in perils of all kinds, and have been able to say as the first missionary said, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto me." They who long for peace may find it in him. Thousands have gone to him and obtained it. That is the peace that the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

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A SCOUT COMMITTEE.

A SUGGESTIVE letter as to the functions of a new committee which may do useful service in Christian Endeavor Societies is sent by F. M. Schuyler to the *Golden Rule*. The suggestion was, it appears, originally made at the Convention at Williamsport, Pa., but there is no copyright on it, so it may be set at work wherever there is opportunity for its operation. The following are the duties it may usefully undertake but which, it may incidentally be remarked will have to be performed with tact and kindly feeling in order to avoid friction:

1. To count and report to the lookout committee the average attendance of the members of the society, at the preaching service and the after-meeting on Sunday evenings, and to keep account of all that participate in these meetings.
2. To be on the alert for any new ideas that may be utilized.
3. To watch for young people not interested in any society or church, and report them to the lookout committee.
4. To study the work of every committee, and ascertain where they can give aid.
5. To bring in reports of anything, everything, and all things, good, bad, and indifferent, that affect the welfare of the society.
6. To take the word "scout," and study its definitions; not only "to observe the movements of the enemy," but to be vigilant, brisk, indefatigable in their oversight, that "all things be done decently and in order."

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A THRIVING SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the most progressive and prosperous Young Men's Christian Associations of the South is that of Atlanta, Ga. It was established in 1857 and is now in possession of a building, which with its site, is valued at $150,000. The accompanying picture is from a photograph of it which was kindly furnished to us by Mr. J. Edgar Eubanks of Atlanta. The Association came into possession of the site, which is only two blocks from the very centre of the city, some six years ago. The managers prudently decided to proceed with the building by degrees, as the finances warranted. The basement and first and second floors were finished and occupied in 1886. Since that time efforts have been made to raise a further sum for building purposes. Within a few months, thanks to the liberality of the citizens of Atlanta and the friends of the Association, the building fund has mounted up to $10,000 and the managers have promptly added a third and fourth story to the edifice.

NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

The interior arrangements have been made on an excellent plan. The gymnasium and auditorium are each two stories high and in each case a gallery surrounds the room, to which access is gained from the floor above that on which is the entrance to the floor of the room. In the basement besides the gymnasium are the engine rooms, baths and dressing rooms, with several store rooms which are rented out. On the floor above are the secretary's office, reception-parlor, a lecture-room and reading-room. On the third floor, besides the large auditorium, are class rooms and correspondence rooms. The fourth floor has the upper part of the auditorium giving access to the gallery and there are also more class rooms and offices. A broad, winding stair-case connects the various floors. The building has all the modern improvements, including elevator, steam-heat and hot and cold water and is lighted by electricity.

The Association is worthy of its beautiful home. It has 750 members and is in a most flourishing condition, spiritually and financially. The excellent secretary, Mr. C. A. Licklider, and the enterprising Board of Directors have given much thought and personal labor to the development of the Association, and it is largely due to their efforts, enthusiastically supported as they have been by the members, that the Association is so well equipped.

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A CHURCH'S ENDORSEMENT.

THAT Christian Endeavor is heartily appreciated by the Church of the Disciples is evident by the following series of resolutions unanimously passed at its recent National Convention:

I. We hail with unfeigned delight and hearty approval the introduction and multiplication of Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor in our churches, believing them wisely designed to develop the Christian life and to increase the efficiency of our young people in every department of service to Christ.

II. We desire to note and to emphasize especially that cardinal principle of Christian Endeavor which makes each local society amenable exclusively to the local church in which it is organized, and which makes the lines of enterprise in which the churches are engaged the lines along which the societies normally direct their endeavors in Christian work.

III. In order to aid in the organization of these societies, and to bring them into more intimate co-operation with all our general enterprises we recommend: That a general superintendent be appointed to gather Christian Endeavor statistics, to aid in the organization of Christian Endeavor societies by the distribution of Christian Endeavor literature, and to co-operate with the secretaries of our different boards in enlisting our young people in the missionary, educational and benevolent enterprises of our brotherhood, said general superintendent to receive no salary, but to be reimbursed for actual and necessary expenses of his office.

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AN ENTHUSIASTIC CONVENTION.

ONE of our subscribers in Minnesota has been kind enough to send us a notice of a Christian Endeavor Convention in that State which he has been attending. It is gratifying to learn from his account that, as elsewhere, the movement is making excellent progress there, is appreciated by pastors and churches and is doing valuable work. This Convention was held at Edgerton and was the fifth semi-annual convention of the Luverne District. The subjects discussed were: "Bible Study," introduced by Mr. George Browning; "Our Relations to Our Own Church," by Mr. C. W. Hansen; "Amusements," by Mr. F. H. Day. Revs. Davis and Carter were present and made able addresses on the various subjects. The most prominent characteristic of the convention, however, which impressed every one, was the enthusiasm of the rank and file of the delegates. Every one seemed to be in earnest and happy in the work. It was evinced markedly in the singing. It came right from the heart, and when on the Sunday evening the whole convention joined in the chorus, "Throw out the Life-line," the scene and the sound of the voices will never be forgotten by any who were present.

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A CIRCLE IN INDIA.

VERY gratifying is the report of the work the King's Daughters are doing in India. The President of one circle, which meets in Bangalore, sends a very charming account to the *Silver Cross*. It appears from this report that the Order in that far-away land is following the same lines as the Order at home and with equally cheering results. It is entirely undenominational and the young ladies find that the legitimate work of the Order is performed as efficiently by members of one denomination as by those of another. In the heart where there is love and loyalty to the King there is also a longing for service and no sect has a monopoly of such hearts. The Bangalore circle is made up of members of many churches, but they have found objects of common interest. They have been making children's garments for distribution to poor children at Christmas; they wholly clothe one poor girl of eleven years old whom they took out of miserable surroundings and placed at school at their own expense. They have now funds enough to put another little girl to school, and are preparing her outfit. Another beautiful, Christlike work has now attracted their attention and is to have a share of the circle's benefactions next year. This is the Children's Home, founded by Miss Anstey, in which there are now twenty-five little girls who were readily given up to Miss Anstey's care by their parents, and who, had Miss Anstey not accepted the charge, would have been devoted to the evil life which is followed by so many of the daughters of the poorer natives.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O THE weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children!
O, the strange oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children;
Ah! the longing of the faces
Peeping through the open door—
Faces gone for evermore!

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without its sunshine—
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the lambs have "gone before,"
With the Shepherd evermore!

UNCLE JOHN'S TALKS.

He Tells about the Beautiful Flowers and Strange Creatures at the Bottom of the Sea.

THERE was an odd twinkle in Uncle John's gray eyes, as he dropped into his accustomed chair, the other evening, and called the children around him. Experience had taught them to expect a surprise in store, whenever the traveller took the initiative in the conversation, and to-night they were not mistaken.

"Let's see," he began, after he had made a rocker of his foot for little Milly, "we've been pretty much around the earth haven't we? What do you say to going to the bottom of the sea, to-night for a change, eh?"

"The bottom of the sea!" they exclaimed in chorus.

"Yes, right plumb down to the dusky hills and valleys and rocky retreats where the star-fishes and the sea-horses dwell, and see what they are all doing."

"Oh, wouldn't it be nice!" cried Ted, clapping his hands. "But how are we to go? In a diving bell?"

"I guess not," said Uncle, smiling. "There isn't a diving bell built yet that could take us all down comfortably together, so we'll have to do without one. You know there are places where the sea is miles and miles in depth."

"Oh, yes;" interrupted Tom. "I read the other day that off the coast of Japan, near that big mountain that was split by the earthquake, the sea is deeper than at any place yet discovered."

"The mean sea depth, Tom, is seldom less than fifteen times as great as the mean height of the land. There are many places where the depth is three miles and over. The deepest point known in the Atlantic (which is eight thousand miles long) is off St. Thomas, where a depression of about four miles has been found. Then there are places where vast shallows exist, showing that the sea, like the land, is broken up by mountain and valley. Changes resulting from earthquakes or other causes have altered the land surface greatly, even within historical times. Then, there are legends of populous cities—one off the African coast, another on the shores of Holland, and still another on the rocky coast of Wales—that have been swallowed up by the devouring waves. You have read of that tradition concerning the 'Lost Atlantis,' some of you? For the benefit of the others, I will explain it. Plato, the famous writer and philosopher, mentions in one of his books that there was once a great continent, known as Atlantis or Atlantica, peopled by a fierce race who were constantly at war with the nations dwelling on the northern and southern shores of the Mediterranean. A great earthquake occurred and in a single night, the continent and its cities, warriors and entire people vanished—swallowed up by the ocean! It was said that the traditionary record of this tremendous event was kept by the Egyptian priests at Sais; but in the absence of accurate history, doubt has been cast upon the story."

"Can anything live at the sea's bottom, Uncle?"

"Probably not in the lowest depths; below one hundred fathoms life diminishes, although both animal and vegetable life have been discovered at very deep points, by scientific dredging parties, in the South Atlantic. The lowest bottoms contain shells of unknown thickness and great fossils of monsters belonging to ages long since passed away. Few persons have an adequate idea of the grandeur and variety of the animal and vegetable life hidden by the sea; forests of tall, waving weeds, green, red, opaline, bluish and shaded in every imaginable tint; millions of insect-built palaces of coral, opulent in color and exquisite in design; vast parterres of richly-hued sea-flowers, strangely unlike an earth-garden. And these fairy-like gardens and grottoes of the sea are peopled by myriads of living creatures, from the tiniest speck that floats invisible save under the microscope, to the giant cetaceans, like the fabled *kraken* of the Scandinavian fishermen, which covered acres of ocean."

"What a monster!" cried the children.

"Look now at this photograph of a portion of the sea-bottom," said Uncle John, displaying a picture to the interested group. "This is taken from a bottom that is rough with coral. In his book on *The Wire and the Wave*, Mr. J. Munro, an authority on electrical literature, describes the operation of repairing a submarine cable near the equator. The cable which had been submerged several years was found covered with marine vegetation and live parasites, the dense colonies of barnacles making it appear as though plated with armor. This is how he describes it:

"It supported a thick sward of coral-lines, now in slender and translucent plumes or smoky sprays like fir, again a tangled tress of scarlet seaweed or tufts of amethystine moss. Yellow and purple sea-fans waved here and there along the pitchy rope, and curious arborescent growths, branched, horny, and crinkled, of various colors, brown, orange, mauve, or scarlet, were to be seen. Elegant crinoids or 'stone lilies' clung to the line at intervals by their tap-roots, as a bird claws to its perch, and reared their cups on delicately-jointed stalks resembling the marestail, but white as porcelain. Through the meshes of this ocean garland, this wilderness of grass and flowers, suddenly lifted into another element, crept numbers of red crabs, each with a private grove of seaweed on his carapace. Occasionally a beautiful hyaline crab, clear as glass, and stained with different hues, like those of its *habitat*, might be observed; while horrid star fishes with gorgon heads of a hundred ever-crawling tentacles, some the color of the bare earth, others long and hairy like the legs of a tarantula, were very numerous."

"What causes sea cables to break?" was asked.

"Well, Mr. Munro writes that the cable shown in the picture was probably broken by the bite of some voracious fish, as the fragment of a powerful tooth was found sticking in the core. Turtles sometimes dig their beaks into ocean cables, he explains, and occasionally a whale while rubbing his parasite-coated skin on the wire, gets entangled and dies. Submarine earthquakes and volcanoes, too, occasionally cause breaks and once a small schooner was found entangled in a cable in the North Sea. But friction against rocks and the ravages of boring insects are the most frequent causes of cable breaks."

"Can the bottom of the sea be explored, Uncle?" Tom inquired.

"In places it has been to a slight extent by dredging and divers. But it is still almost as much a realm of mystery to us as it was in the days of Job, when the Lord asked him: 'Hast thou entered into the springs of the Sea? or hast thou walked in search of the depth?' It is among those things that are beyond the reach of man in his present condition, and shows us how little we really know of the world we live in and the wondrous handiwork of God by which we are surrounded."

A GLIMPSE OF THE OCEAN'S BOTTOM.*
(From "The Wire and the Wave" by J. Munro.)

* From *The Wire and Wave*, by J. Munro; pp. 288; price $1.40; published by the Religious Tract Society, London; Henry H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago, Agents. Reproduced by permission.

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Family Piety.

HOME is sweetened and daily life brightened by the influence of a daily Gospel portion. If it does not influence the home—the fountain-head of society—it cannot be expected to have an effect on the community. "God has made family piety to be, as it were, a sort of trade-mark on religion," observes Pastor Spurgeon, "for the very first convert (Lydia) brings with her all her family. Her household believed, and were baptized with her. You shall notice in Europe, though I do not mean to say that it is not the same anywhere else, that true godliness has always flourished in proportion as family religion has been observed. They hang a bell in a steeple, and they tell us that it is our duty to go every morning and every evening into the steeple house, there to join in prayer; but we reply that our own house is better for many reasons; at any rate it will not engender superstition for us to pray there. Gather your children together, and offer prayer and supplication to God in your own room. Every man should be a priest in his own household; and, in the absence of a godly father, the mother should lead the devotions. Every house should be the house of God, and there should be a church in every house; and when this is the case, it will be the greatest barrier against priestcraft and the idolatry of holy places. Family prayer and the pulpit are the bulwarks of Protestantism. Depend upon it, when family piety goes down, the life of godliness will become very low."

***

ADMIRAL PENN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

ONE of the secrets of the greatness of William Penn, the founder of the State of Pennsylvania, was undoubtedly the fact that, as a youth, he gave strict heed to the excellent moral training he received. On his death bed, Admiral Penn, William's father, called the lad to his side and said to him:

"Son William, I am weary of the world. I would not live over my days again if I could command it with a wish, for the snares of life appear greater than the fear of death. It troubles me that I have offended a gracious God. The thought of that has followed me to this day. Oh! have a care of sin!—It is that which is the sting both of life and death. Three things I commend to you. First. Let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience; so you will keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in the day of trouble. Secondly. Whatever you design to do, lay it justly and time it reasonably. Lastly. Be not troubled at disappointments, for if they may be recovered do it, if they cannot, trouble is vain. If you could not help it, be content: there is often peace and profit in submitting to Providence, for afflictions make wise. If you could have helped it, let not your trouble exceed instruction for another time. Shun all manner of evil, and I pray God to bless you all, and he will bless you."

Golden rules for a young man, and as applicable to-day as when they were uttered many generations ago.

***

Be Forgiving.

THIS is the season of forgiveness—a season when all brooding and revengeful thoughts should be banished from the heart.

"No good," says a writer in *The Moravian* "comes from encouraging this process of inner meditation, so near of kin to melancholy. When predisposed to yield to it, let us seek to get out of ourselves, and remembering that God still lives and rules, and that good is more mighty than evil, and love more powerful than hate, seek to look upon the bright side of life. Sound advice is that given by the eminently correct, even if somewhat proverbially prosaic poet:"

Brood not on insults and injuries old,
For thou art injurious, too;
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue;
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met,
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Or learn to forgive and forget?

***

Musical Daughters.

WHY is it that our musical daughters use their talent so sparingly at home? They delight to play almost anywhere else, but it either requires too great an effort to do so for the pleasure of ones own household or she is "too tired." Writing on the subject in *The Golden Rule* Margaret Sidney says:

"I have made a sort of study of some girl musicians; and I will tell you what I saw in some instances. No matter how much money had been taken from the family purse, wisely or unwisely to educate the girl; no matter that the father and mother, have been obliged to forego society while the children were little, now had lost either the love for it, or the power to adapt themselves to it, and were therefore thrown back upon home resources for enjoyment; no matter that there were younger children to be pleased and in their turn influenced by music—I was astonished and grieved to find that these elder sisters never thought of such a thing as giving out their best music to the home circle. They would practice any amount, bravely and long, for a musicale at a friend's house, or for charity, but as for playing at home on the evenings when only the family were drawn up around them, the idea never occurred to them. I know many and so doubtless do you, who are unselfish and sweet, and untiring in their efforts to make the home people have a good time. And they succeed, too, admirably. But there are others; and, alas! many, too, who do not know how good a time they might have in cultivating their own family circle; and more's the pity of it, for their lives would be so much the richer!"

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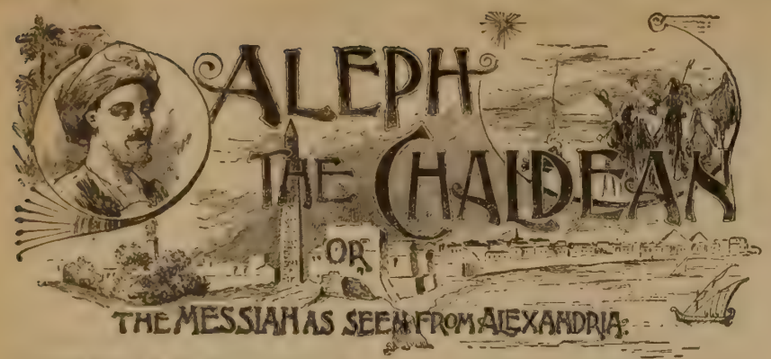
THE trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourself, a road
To bring us daily nearer God —*Keble.*



By Rev. Enoch Fitch Burr, D.D., LL.D.

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CHAPTER VI. (*Continued.*)

AND this, too, was the question that was asked at the gate of Canopus. But they reflected that, according to the prophets, Christ must have a forerunner of this Elijah-like character; and so they were prepared to hear, as they soon did, that the reformer's name was John the son of Zacharias, and that he distinctly told the people that he was not the Christ, only his forerunner. Then came rumors of Another; at first low-voiced and vague, then more distinct and emphatic—that John had introduced him to the people as the Greater One for whom he had been preparing the way; then that John himself had been slain by Herod; then that the new prophet whose name was Jesus was drawing the multitudes after him by a sublime teaching and a course of miracles such as had not been seen since the days of Moses, if ever. Of course the Alexandrian friends then felt sure that they had recovered the long-lost Child. The king of whom they had heard from the Chaldean sages, whose star had conducted that most memorable of all pilgrimages, and whose sublime childhood they had been permitted to look in upon, as by a window into heaven, was now being manifested to the nation at large. And though he had not come in the way the nation at large was expecting—was appearing as a king of wisdom and mercies, instead of as a king of battles and conquests—they felt sure that at last the Messiah had come to his own; and that, beyond all doubt, Jesus was he. In the joy of this great conviction the father died.

Such, in substance, though not in words, was the narrative of the Jew. As he proceeded in it he gradually came to speak with profound emotion. He ended with a voice that trembled and eyes that wept. Cimon was hardly less moved. They sat for a few moments in silence. Then Cimon said:

"This has been the fairest of mornings to me. Though a Greek by birth, I am a Hebrew in faith and expectations; and never did David so long for the waters of Bethlehem as I have longed for news of that Son of David and of Bethlehem, your Messiah. I say your Messiah; but I have reason to think that he is mine also; even to think that he belongs to all nations. Sometimes, perhaps, when my young friend is with me, I will explain further. But I may now say that, from what you have just told me, and from what I knew before, I am satisfied that the Christ has at last come and that Jesus is he. God be praised! Some difficulties still remain, and perhaps will always remain. Hard questions, questions that I cannot answer, stare at me out of the night. And yet, God be praised! The King has at last come."

The Jew grasped the hand of the Greek and murmured, "Brother!"

"Let me tell you another thing," the Jew added, after a moment. "I have seen him. Yes, I have seen Jesus and recognized in the full-grown man the unutterable something that spoke so powerfully to us in the child."

"When and where?" demanded the other.

"Not in dreams, though I scarcely dream of anything else, but with these bodily eyes. You see that, as news of the wonderful doings in Judea thickened upon us, I became too restless to remain quietly here while the world was being shaken only a few days' journey away. My brother, who long before the death of our father had taken this khan, felt very much as I did; and so we agreed to go together and see for ourselves, instead of having the facts filtered to us through the imaginations and prejudices, it may be, of other people. Accordingly we went; and not only recognized him as I have said, but were at once recognized by him and called by our names. None of our acquaintances were about him, we knew not a soul in Capernaum, and yet, as soon as he saw us, he said 'Shaphan and Nathan, sons of Reuben, welcome.' . . . We were with him several days and heard him teach the people as surely people were never before taught. We said, as did his other hearers, Never man spake like this man. And then the things that he did! Oh, it was good and yet awful to be there! How mightily and easily he did things which God alone can do! We saw lepers white as snow turned into sound men at his simple word: also one man who had lost a hand had it instantaneously restored in our presence. In passing through the country we met many who testified that they had been cured by him of the worst forms of disease in their last stages—cured in a moment, and without the use of any natural means whatever. Indeed, the land is full of such cases, so that not even the worst enemies of Jesus pretend to doubt his miraculous powers."

Tell me of the man whose hand was restored," said Cimon.

"A company of us were passing through a street when some blind men met us and cried to Jesus for help. We halted just before a butcher's stall where a man was dividing some meat with a cleaver. Another man and myself were pressed by the crowd close to the block where the work was being done. In his anxiety to see Jesus deal with the blind men, my neighbor laid his hand on the block suddenly, for the purpose of raising himself somewhat to get a better view, when the cleaver descended and struck off his entire hand. The blood spouted. A great outcry was made, and Jesus came up. He calmly said to the maimed man as he held up the bleeding stump, *'Be whole:* and at once I saw a new hand occupying the place of the old. The whole crowd, as well as myself, carefully inspected the substitute and compared it with the original hand that still lay on the block."

"Missing limbs are not suddenly reproduced by human art," said Cimon.

"I am tempted to mention another matter more personal to myself," continued Shaphan. "I have already said that Jesus called us by our names. We found the next day that he knew more about us than our names. As my brother and myself were sitting by the wayside, Jesus came to us and said:

"'You are troubled. When you reach home look again for the missing document and you will find it.'

"And truly we were in trouble. When we were children our father was in partnership with a young man. But this young man gradually drew off into other business, and at length sold his interest in the khan to my father, who paid him for it in full and took from him a paper acknowledging the fact. In process of time this paper was lost. Of late this loss has somehow come to the knowledge of the man, and he now claims that he has never received payment and demands both the principal and the interest on it for more than thirty years. To pay this sum would ruin us. We had been again and again to our oppressor to ask for mercy. But in vain. So we were in deep waters when Jesus put out his hand and drew us out. For since my return I have found the missing paper."

"Who is this oppressor?"

"Malus."

"Has he already begun a suit against you?"

"No: but he threatens to do so within a short time, unless payment is made."

"Can it be that he is honest, and has merely forgotten?"

"He does not say that he does not remember having received the money. He absolutely denies having received it—could make oath to that effect; has a perfect recollection of all the circumstances, and has only been prevented from pressing his claim during all these years by tenderness of heart."

"Have you yet told him of the discovery?"

"Not yet."

"Would you be willing to withhold the news from him for a while?"

"If you wish."

"I wish you would: and perhaps we may be of service in helping you bring this crafty and powerful rogue to justice. But it will be a hard matter. My fear is that the officials of the city are themselves in league with him in some of his practices, and so will be disposed to shelter him in all . . . . But this speaking of Malus reminds me of a matter that I must now attend to."

Cimon rose. It was time to proceed to the custom house. So, promising Shaphan to see him again as soon as possible: also informing him more particularly where they now lodged, in case he should have occasion to seek them ("and," said he, "I hope that your brother will soon make occasion by bringing further particulars about Jesus"), he took leave cordially.

The lake frontage was, and had long been, all alive with business. The cry of all nations was in the air. In the lake itself vessels of all sorts were coming and going; on the wharves boxes, bales, sacks were being handled with the same dispatch and carelessness that men now show in handling the goods of other people. Also, the custom house itself (a long, low building extending almost from the Gate of the Moon to the canal which joined the lake to the northern harbors) was in full swirl and roar, and had been for hours. But the chief official, like people of his sort in more modern times, did not make as early hours as his subordinates; had loitered over the morning meal and news, though not newspaper; and so had only just made himself comfortable in his office when Cimon presented himself—the first visitor.

The Roman looked up from his tablets on which he had been writing; and, seeing before him a very well dressed and dignified person, laid down his stylus and took an attitude of attention.

Cimon stated that he had waited on the chief of the customs in behalf of an eminent trader, to make certain inquiries which could not be so satisfactorily put to lower officials. Would it suit his convenience to hear them?

"What are they?" said the chief politely.

"If my principal were to send here a lot of eastern goods (silks, shawls, rugs, jewels), what duties would he have to pay?"

The Roman took down from a shelf a framed schedule and read from it certain figures. He looked up. The Greek was making a memorandum.

When he had finished, Cimon asked, "Can these rates be relied on for some time to come?"

"Doubtless: they have not been changed since the times of the Ptolemies."

Cimon made another entry on his tablets.

"Can you give me some idea what the course of trade has been in these eastern goods—what its annual amount, whether subject to fluctuations, whether on the whole increasing or decreasing?"

"I cannot," said the official. "To do this would require much time and labor in examining the registers."

"Then you register all lots of goods that come to you, and preserve the registers!"

"Certainly. We preserve them till they become too many for preservation."

"May I ask how long that is?"

"About fifteen years. At all events, we have the registry books for the last fifteen years."

Cimon made another entry, and then asked whether one willing to expend the time and labor would be allowed to examine the books, and if so on what terms.

After some hesitation the official replied that the theory was that the books should be open to the inspection of suitable persons, but that there were practical difficulties in the way.

"For example," said he, "the books of this year are in constant use for record and consultation by the officers of the custom house; the books of previous years are often needed by them for reference; and then, of course, an examination of the books by outside parties would have to be made in the presence of an official, and all the officials we now have are fully occupied with other duties from which they cannot well be spared; and one specially appointed would be expensive, if permissible."

Cimon said that he was ready to charge himself with all expenses.

The Roman hastened to say that even in that case an express permit from the prefect of the city, possibly from the Governor, might be necessary. He would make inquiry, and, perhaps, would be able to inform him within a day or two.

The Greek bowed. Meanwhile would the chief look over the memoranda he had made and see whether they were correct? He passed over the tablets.

The Roman looked them over carefully and pronounced them all right.

"Would the chief oblige him by writing as much on the tablets over his own signature?"

Yes—the chief would do that; and did it.

Cimon bowed again and withdrew.

On his way out he saw Malus entering. The two men seemed to recognize each other at the same moment. Instantly there flashed into the look of each something that told the other that the encounter was not pleasant. On the part of the Greek the flash was one that gave new erectness to his form and new gravity to his features: on the part of the Jew it was a flash of suspicion and alarm that for an instant expanded his eyes and perceptibly checked his movement. For an instant only. Then came a new woodenness into his face, and he seemed to retreat still further behind those small, half-closed eyes which yet lost nothing of their watchful expression. So on they came toward each other—the Greek unconsciously increasing the dignity and firmness of his tread, and keeping his eyes fixed on the approaching face as if bent on improving to the utmost an unwelcome opportunity for reading on that hard page whatever might be read. So they met and passed. Cimon never looked behind him. Had he done so he would have seen Malus standing at the door of the office just left and looking after him.

But the Greek did not need to see this. That steady look into the face of Malus, though brief, was enough to assure him that the suspicions of the man were all ablaze, and that he would not rest till he had found out whatever the custom-house chief could tell him. And probably he would be successful in suppressing any further light from that quarter. Cimon was thankful, however, that he had secured as much as he had. He trusted that it would be sufficient—perhaps it could be used to compel more.

He was now more than ever impressed with the necessity of hastening whatever further inquiries he had to make. It was still high day—why not proceed at once to the dealers in eastern goods whose addresses he had jotted down at the khan, and try to find out what had been the selling prices of eastern goods for as many years as possible? Why not even improve the opportunity of Malus' absence from his warehouse to go there and see what would be said by the subordinates when not overlooked by the master? As soon as the idea suggested itself, he accepted it. He would go to 110, 111, 112 Emporium St., first of all.

Accordingly, as soon as he had passed through the Gate of the Moon, turning leftward into the Greek quarter to lessen the chances of recognition, he proceeded northward till he thought he might be opposite to the warehouse of Malus, and then struck eastward into Emporium Street again. His venture was successful. Before him, stood the establishment he was seeking. As soon as he presented himself at the door he was politely saluted by a young man and invited to enter. What could he do for my lord?

My lord wished to be conducted to the chief man in charge of the department of eastern goods.

"Certainly, it would be done with the greatest pleasure. Would my lord be pleased to follow?"

This following took Cimon through a large part of the establishment. He could well believe it to be the largest warehouse in Alexandria. It was really an immense bazaar. One could find there almost anything that was bought and sold in the Roman world—from the toys of infants up to the furnishings of a royal palace, and even of a royal person. Messengers were hurrying about, crowds were coming and going, salesmen were crying out and displaying their goods from hundreds of stalls. It was a tempest of assault on the pouches of visitors. And many were evidently being captured.

The department to which Cimon at last came was specially attractive. Here, in an air through which stole the sweetness of the Indian nard and other costly aromatics, were piled or suspended miracles of the loom and needle, on some of which had been expended the labors of a lifetime—veils like sea-foams, embroideries to which the glowing oriental fancy and patient fingers had transferred landscape and legend and history and the starry heavens; gold and silver brocade from beyond the Ganges; silks, tapestries, housings, rugs, shawls from Persia and Cashmere: the whole brightened and multiplied wonderfully by polished steel mirrors judiciously placed. At the centre of the department was the collection of precious stones. In a compartment whose walls were formed by suspended tapestries richly hued and pictured, in a case whose beauty and strength seemed to certify to the great value of its contents, lay pearls from the Persian Gulf, emeralds from the Caucasus, diamonds from the Oxus, turquoises from Media, rubies from Bokhara, and many other gems—all skillfully arranged into a stony rainbow. (*To be Continued.*)

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

OUR MAIL-BAG.

Mrs. Alfred Mowbray, Stockton, Minn. The Hebrew inscription on the Olive wood souvenirs, translated, means "City of Peace."

L. B. W., Rahway, N. J. The State home for the blind is at Batavia, New York; Superintendent, Rev. A. G. Clement.

Reader, U. S. S. *Bennington.* Is a man in the army or navy responsible for having to work on the Sabbath? To refuse to obey orders is a crime.

Under the circumstances, he cannot be considered responsible.

Mrs. Charles F. Sherman, Allentown, R. I. Did Judas hang himself by the neck, as people are hanged now, or did he cast himself off some high place and was dashed to pieces?

He hanged himself; the rope broke, apparently, and he was dashed to pieces. See Matt. 27: 5; Acts 1: 18.

J. D. Richardson, Hawksville, Ontario, Can. Is the Editor of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD (Rev. Dr. Talmage) a Presbyterian in full connection, or a minister of the Congregational Church?

A Presbyterian, in full connection with the Presbytery.

David Brown, Pt. Elgin, Ontario, Can., and J. L. Gamble, Calicoon Depot, N. Y. Please give the name of moderate priced books on Astronomy, with illustrations.

Procure Proctor's *Other Worlds than Ours*, and Gillett & Rouse's *Class-Book on Astronomy*.

Louis W. Heagg, Evanston, Ill. Is a young man who owns a very fast horse justified in training the animal so that he may get the most money for it?

We see no reason why the owner of a horse may not train it to the most perfect speed and condition, so as to increase its value. Reasonable training does not imply cruelty to the animal.

A. M. S., DeMotte, Ind. When a married couple have no children does an adopted child inherit the property just as an "own child" would do? In the event of the husband's death do two-thirds of the property go to his relatives or to the adopted child?

This is a question concerning which you should consult an experienced lawyer.

Mrs. W. E. Bute, Stanhope, Ia. Where can I find a poem entitled: "The Seven Fishermen," which contains lines somewhat like the following:

"Cast in your net on the other side,"
'Twas Jesus speaking across the tide.

Perhaps some of our readers may be able to furnish the information asked.

Old Settler, Milwaukee, Wis. What will become of the reprobates after the judgment?

The Scriptures distinctly tell us that they will be cast into endless punishment. See Matt. 25: 41, for Christ's own words on the matter; also Matt. 25: 46; II. Thess. 1: 9 and other passages.

Rev. M. F. Thomas, Greenville, Miss. How was St. John cast on the isle of Patmos and how did he leave it?

History tells us that during the reign of Emperor Domitian, who persecuted the Christians, John, who was then at Ephesus, was forced to flee to Patmos, whence he returned during the reign of the more tolerant Emperor Nerva, who recalled many of the exiles from banishment. John lived at Ephesus till a great age—surviving all the other apostles. There are many traditions concerning the manner of his arrival at and departure from Patmos but no reliable historical facts.

Mrs. McClintock, Gardner, Kan. 1. In what part of Asia were the seven churches spoken of in Rev. 1: 11., mentioned by Rev. Dr. Talmage in a recent sermon? 2. Who were the Nicolaitans?

1. Sardis was the capital city of Lydia; Ephesus on the west coast of Ionia; Smyrna in Ionia, on the Ægean Gulf; Philadelphia, 25 miles south of Sardis; Thyatira on the confines of Mysia and Ionia; Pergamos the capital of an ancient kingdom in Great Mysia, and Laodicea on the confines of Phrygia, about 40 miles east of Ephesus. All were in Asia Minor. 2. See answer to A. D. Keys, Baltimore in No. 50 of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.

Reader Wheeling, W. Va., was the body of Christ after his resurrection, the same body which was crucified and laid in the Sepulchre, or if changed, in what did the change consist?

It was evidently the same body, as the sepulchre where the body had been was empty after the resurrection. But a change had passed upon it, like, but in greater degree, that which passed on it at the transfiguration. It had supernatural powers, entering the room when the doors were shut, appearing and vanishing suddenly. But it was not a spirit, as Christ explicitly stated, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have" (Luke 24: 39.) The five wounds were there and Thomas was invited to assure himself of identity by the touch. A further evidence of materiality was given when Christ partook of broiled fish and honeycomb. It was not a spirit and it was not an ordinary body, but as Paul describes it, "a spiritual body." Probably it was such a body as glorified believers will have after the resurrection when they "will be like him for they shall see him as he is."

E. W. Simpson, Norton, Va. Is it customary to use the form of the Lord's prayer as it appears in Matthew 6: verses 9 to 13, or is "trespasses" substituted for "debts?"

The custom in the Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, and other churches, is to use the form in Matthew, but substituting the word *trespasses* for *debts* in verse 12. The authority for so doing is found in the 13th verse.

The Superior

remedy
for all diseases
originating in
impure blood;
the

MEDICINE

which
may always
be relied upon
to give the best
satisfaction,
is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Cures others, will cure you

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my **Medical Discovery** come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my **Medical Discovery** cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, *Sept. 9th, 1891.*

Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my *left* eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery.**

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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WITH our Improved Elastic Truss. Worn with ease night and day. Retains the rupture under the hardest exercise or severest strain. Examination free. Lady in attendance for ladies. Send for pamphlet.
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"For about a year I had suffered on and off with a very lame shoulder, from rheumatism, and for which I did a great deal of doctoring, without receiving the least benefit. Finally, my father said, 'Why don't you try Hood's Sarsaparilla?' They advertise that this medicine has effected many

Remarkable Cures

in severe attacks of rheumatism.' The thought had not occurred to me. I bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and while it is not quite gone, I think my rheumatism is gone completely. At any rate, I have not had a twinge of pain in that lame shoulder for some time past, and we have had some pretty trying weather. Put me down as a faithful believer in Hood's Sarsaparilla." R. F. BOGARDUS, Office Christian Intelligencer, Warren Street, New York City.

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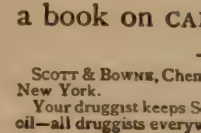

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To the Cook.

LET US SUGGEST HOW IT SHOULD BE HANDLED.

WITH A VERY SHARP KNIFE SHAVE OFF CLEANLY THE HARDENED SURFACE FROM THE FACE AND BUTT OF THE HAM. PUT IT OVER THE FIRE IN COLD WATER AND LET IT COME TO A MODERATE BOIL AND KEEP IT STEADILY AT THIS POINT. A HAM WEIGHING 13 POUNDS WILL NEED TO BOIL 5 HOURS. MANY COOKS SERVE HAM UNDERDONE.

REMOVE THE SKIN, WHICH WILL READILY PEEL OFF WHEN BOILED AS DIRECTED. HAVE READY SOME DRIED BREAD OR CRACKERS OF WHICH ROLL FINE AND SIFT A TEACUP FULL. BREAK IN TWO EGGS AND STIR WELL WITH ONE TEASPOONFUL OF SUGAR. USE A LITTLE WATER IF THE EGGS DO NOT SUFFICIENTLY MOISTEN IT. SPREAD THIS EVENLY OVER THE FAT AND DRESS WITH PEPPER AND SPICES. PUT THE HAM IN A PAN WITH A WIRE BOTTOM, OR, IF THAT BE NOT AT HAND. BLOCK UP THE HAM SO THAT THE FLESH SHALL NOT REST ON THE PAN. HAVE THE OVEN HOT AND SEND THE HAM TO THE TABLE AS SOON AS IT IS BROWNED. IN CARVING, CUT IN VERY THIN SLICES.

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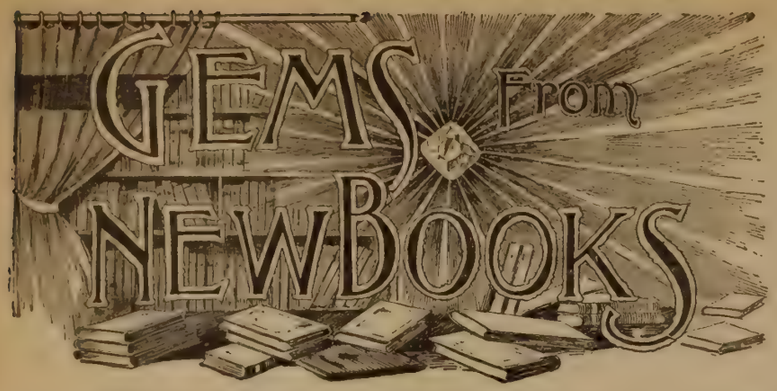

DIFFERENT MINDS.*

SOME murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of the night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has, in their aid—
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provisions made.

PEARLS FROM THOMAS A-KEMPIS.†

"CERTAIN woman," says a-Kempis, in a *Sermon to Novices*, "who loved those things which are God's, used to visit frequently the church, and to hear freely the preaching of the Word of God. Once, when coming out of church, she was asked what good she had retained out of the sermon. Answering briefly, she said: 'I know not how to tell you much; but I heard well and retain this, that I am unwilling to sin.' She answered well and prudently as she had carried with her the fruit of a good discourse, that she would sin no more. Hence our Saviour says in the Gospels to the devout woman: 'Happy are they who hear the Word of God and keep it.'"

'Study at first" he writes in his *Garden of Roses*, "to learn humbly and to perform little things, and God will give thee greater things to understand more quickly if it would be useful to thee. He who knows and reads many things, if he does not do what he has known and learnt, departs empty and hungry from a full table."

"Our own curiosity," he declares in *the Doctrinale Juvenum*, "often hinders us in the reading of the Scriptures when we wish to understand and discuss, where we should simply pass on. If you wish to drink profitably, read humbly, imply and faithfully, nor ever wish for the name of learning. Ask freely and hear quickly the words of the saints; let not the parables of the elders displease thee, for they were not produced without cause."

"Whatever things are written in the Old and New Covenant" says Thomas a-Kempis in the *Valley of Lilies*, "are written to teach our souls that we may serve God faithfully by hating evil, and by cleaving to God, our highest happiness, with a pure heart, whole and perfect here and hereafter."

OLD BEN'S TWO ANGELS.‡

Widow Marsden curtseyed as they passed, as did the rest of the neighbors and the Little Ladies smiled back their greetings with courtly grace. They knocked at the door and quite a genial voice called: "Come in." It was a proud moment for old Ben and when his guides caught sight of the blind man, they literally screamed with delight. He looked as if the whole village had raised a subscription to buy soap, and then had spent a whole day in cleaning him up. He had on a new suit of clothes and a new hat and wore an enormous red dahlia in his button-hole.

"You mus'nt ask me where I got de clo's, ladies," he said with a grin, "for I 'ave promised not to tell;" and the children for once were not curious and took it for granted that he had tidied himself up for their benefit.

"Well, you look *lovely*, Ben," said Nesta, as they walked round and round him, overcome by his appearance. "I really never should have thought you could have looked so respectable." And he grinned from ear to ear, thinking this was high praise.

"We'd better be starting now, I think," said Nesta, a little nervously. By a series of tugs and pushes they succeeded in steering the old man into the road, and then took up their position, one on each side of him, while the villagers looked on admiringly.

"They are jist like two little hangels, in their white frocks and their golden 'eads of 'air," said the washerwoman. "No one ever saw the like; no never."

ON MORNING-GLORY FARM.*

"Gran'pa," said Dotty, poking her little fist into his big, brown palm and looking earnestly up into his face, her query glowing in her brown eyes, "what's the use of heaven, if you have to go into the ground?"

Her grandfather regarded her with a rather startled expression.

"Well, now, what on airth put thet into yer head, Daylight?" he asked.

Oh, everything," said Dotty, "seed and people and flowers and church and books. Please tell me, gran'pa?"

"Wal, Sunshine," said the old man, sitting down upon the chopping-block, taking off his hat and rubbing his hand over his hair, with a perplexed, helpless sort of manner. "Wal, Dotty, 'taint exactly *thet* way. Ye see, 'taint you thet goes inter the ground, it's about the same as w'en yer gran'ma lays by yer winter clo's in the cedar chest, come summer, w'en ye don't want 'em, Dotty, ye know. Now, how does thet strike ye?" and he restored his hat to his head with an air of relief, and returned her look with a half-quizzical, half-serious one.

"Oh," said Dotty, slowly, observing him attentively and wonderingly for a moment. Then a light broke over her countenance. "Oh, yes; I know," she went on joyfully, "it's just like the dandelions. They grow and they grow and they shine and they shine, until they're all white with shining, and then they blow away to some place where there are flowers all the time, all except the stem of them, and that is all withered up and isn't any good, and it falls down into the ground, I guess, and maybe it comes up some time all nice and fresh. And that is the way with us. It's the wilted part that God hides away, so it can be made over new, isn't it, gran'pa? And the white part of us blows away to heaven?"

"Wal, wal, child, I dunno; I daresay yer right. Come in ter yer breakfast an' leave yer meditations fer sometime w'en it aint so airly in the mornin'."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ecclesiastical Amusements: Rev. E. P. Marvin with Introduction by Drs. Hall and Crosby. Published by A. W. Hall, Syracuse, N. Y

Wolverton, or the Modern Arena; by D. A. Reynolds. A story of ministerial life; Pp. 391; Price $1.50. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., New York.

For Honor's Sake; by Lucy C. Lillie. A delightful narrative of Christian Life and Character; pp. 450, illustrated. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, publishers.

Brave and True. Talks to young men by Rev. Thain Davidson, D.D. Pp. 117; Price, 50 cents; Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, Union Square, New York.

Won and Not One; by Emily Lucas Blackall; pp. 117. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, publishers; $1.25. A delightful little volume, most appropriately inscribed to the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, the Baptist Young People's Union and kindred organizations of young people.

*From *Princess Dandelion's Secret*, by Martha Burr Banks; a beautiful story for the young; pp. 238, price $1. Published by D. D. Merrill Co., St. Paul, Minn.

*From *Sunshine in Life*, Poems for the King's Daughters. Selected and arranged by Florence Pohlman Lee. Pp., 405; price, $1.50. G. P. Putnams Sons, New York, Publishers.

†From *The Story of the Imitatio Christi* (Imitation of Christ), by Leonard A. Wheatley. Published by A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York.

‡ From *The Little Ladies*, by Helen Milman, illustrated, pp. 192, price $1.50, published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The strongest reason why you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla if your blood is impure, is found in the fact that it has effected many remarkable cures of blood disorders.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Best and goes Farthest."

Did you ever wash cut glass? It is full of narrow grooves and deep furrows. They are clear, brilliant and rainbow-hued. Use ordinary soap and at once the glass becomes dull and cloudy. The resin in the soap leaves a thin, semi-transparent tarnish on the surface.

Now wash with Ivory Soap (which contains no resin) using a soft brush and tepid water. You will be amazed at the result. The brilliancy of the glass seems intensified. The prismatic colors are now almost dazzling. Ivory Soap makes all this difference.

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THE MESSAGE.

THIS the Saviour's message to thee—
"Come to me, I'll give thee rest;
I am all-sufficient for thee,
Thou shalt be forever blest."

If you will accept this message,
And it comfort bring to you;
Won't you tell it then to others?
Jesus died to save them, too.

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With joy and gladness on his head, the pilgrim enters in;
The Master bids him welcome, and on the Father's breast,
By loving arms enfolded, the weary is at rest.

The pilgrim's staff is left behind, behind the sword and shield,
The armor dimmed and dinted on many a hard-fought field;
His, now the shining palace, the garden of delight,
The palm, the robe, the diadem, the glory ever bright.

And now from out the glory, the living cloud of light,
The old familiar faces come beaming on his sight;
The early lost, the ever loved, the friends of long ago,
Companions of his conflicts and pilgrimage below.

O, who can tell the rapture of those to whom 'tis given,
Thus to renew the bonds on earth amid the bliss of heaven?
Twice blessed be his Holy name, who for our fallen race
Hath purchased by his bitter pains such plenitude of grace.

—From *The Advance*.

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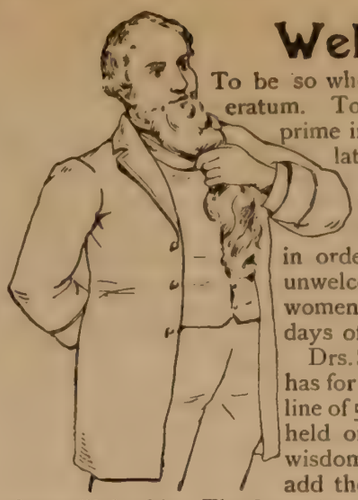

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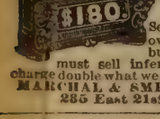

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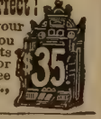

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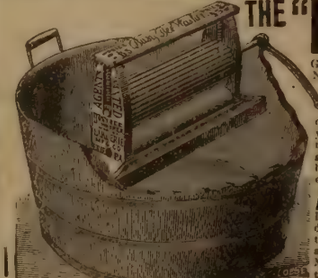

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